

# THE ARCHITECT

By EUNICE BLAKE

Julia Edmonds after leaving the high school was eighteen years of age and obliged to make her own living. Seeing an advertisement in a newspaper for a governess, she replied to it and was invited to a conference. A lady, Miss Ashford, who said she was the aunt of the children to be taught and cared for, received the applicant, asked a number of questions and for references, and Julia was engaged.

The lady was a woman past forty, the sister of the father of the children. Their mother was dead, and their father at the time was abroad, his little girls being left in charge of their aunt. The home was near a suburban town and a very attractive one. Spring came on, and one of the children needed a change of air. Miss Ashford decided to take them both southward to meet the coming summer, leaving Julia where she was until their return.

One warm morning the governess went out into the grounds with a book and seated herself on a rustic bench supported on either side by a tree. While reading she heard a step on the walk leading from the gate and, looking up, saw a gentleman apparently about thirty-five years old approaching. He paused before her in his walk and said:

"You look very contented and very beautiful."

"I am both," was the reply.

"Will I find Miss Ashford at the house?"

"Miss Ashford is away. She took the children to the country for a change of air."

"Him." The gentleman looked about him, then turned again to Julia.

"It is unfortunate that Miss Ashford is absent. I've been sent by the owner of this property to make plans for additions to the house. I fear I shall have to intrude myself upon you for awhile."

Julia made no reply to this. She had no authority either to prevent or permit his doing what he mentioned. He went on to the house and entered it without ringing the bell. When Julia went there herself the housekeeper told her that the gentleman was an architect and would remain while he laid his plans. He made himself at home, but as to making plans Julia could not see that he devoted much time to the work. True, he did some diagram drawing in pencil, but on this he did not spend an hour a day.

The rest of the time he divided between the library and Julia. When he had of books, there being no one besides her to chat with, he seemed disposed to utilize her for company. He interested her in what he said, and she was of an age to appreciate the ideas of an older man. The housekeeper and the servants were deferential to him, gave him everything he desired without question and obeyed all his orders.

Every day Julia found the architect—every one in the house spoke of him as the architect—more and more engaging. A day which he spent in the city she was surprised to find a very long one to her. When he returned and they sat down together for dinner she could not conceal her pleasure.

A week passed, at the end of which building materials were brought into the place and dumped beside the house. The next day workmen came, and the architect spent some time with the contractor over diagrams. Julia asked the former with a beating heart if he were going to superintend the construction of the additions. He said he was and they would require at least a month. The housekeeper informed her that Miss Ashford and the children would remain away until the work was finished.

An attractive man of thirty-five shut up in the same house with a girl of eighteen is not likely to have much trouble in winning her. Before the additions were finished the architect had made havoc with poor little Julia's heart. She did not think of marriage. All she desired was to live on just as she was in the companionship of this delightful man.

But the architect was thinking very much of marriage. He was a widower—so he told Julia—and very lonely without a companion. He asked her how she would like to spend her life where she was, to which she replied that she would like it very much, especially if he were to continue making additions to the house. He saw through this ingenious reply and, taking her in his arms, told her that if she chose she might remain there always and he would remain also.

She did not press him for an explanation, which he did not seem ready to give. She was happy and contented and trusted him implicitly. A few days later Miss Ashford returned with the children and the latter jumped into the architect's arms, covering him with kisses and calling him papa.

The next day he asked them if they could bear to part with their governess, to which they replied that they could not, whereupon he told them that she was to remain with them always.

David Ashford had dreaded to come to his home from which his wife had gone forever. When he saw an attractive girl there the idea occurred to him to keep her there. So he told the housekeeper and the others to preserve his incognito, and "the architect" began to win the governess.

## Noah's Ark and Other Vessels.

It is generally agreed that Noah's ark measured about 450 feet in length, 75 feet in breadth and 45 feet in depth. The Greeks and the Romans constructed several large vessels measuring upward of 500 feet. These were built for the emperors or rulers, and were little more than enormous scows, without any means of propulsion.

A vessel 420 feet in length was built by Ptolemy, which was propelled by 500 rowers, arranged in five banks, using oars fifty-seven feet in length. The fame of the Thalamagus still lives. This boat, which measured 300 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth and 60 feet in depth, was said to have been the most beautiful craft in antiquity, and was used exclusively by the emperor.

A king of Syracuse is also credited with having built a very palatial boat, whose cabins were hung with costly silks and decorated with rare statues. After the decline of the Roman empire no great ships were constructed for more than 1,000 years. Pearson's.

## Wisdom of a Czar.

About a hundred years ago the Emperor Alexander I of Russia returned to St. Petersburg after an absence of many months during which time he had taken an active part in the war against Napoleon. Alexander was one of the wisest and most magnanimous rulers of his time. It was to a great extent his firmness and wisdom that led to the overthrow of Napoleon, and after that event his magnanimity preserved the city of Paris from the fury of the Russian soldiers. Liberated 150,000 French prisoners of war confined in Russia and sought to obtain for his fallen foe the most liberal terms compatible with what he deemed the safety of Europe. One of the first acts of the emperor after his return to Russia was to grant an absolute pardon to all his subjects who had taken part against him in the late war.—Pittsburgh Press.

## David Garrick.

Feb. 20, 1710, was born David Garrick, the greatest actor who ever appeared on the English stage, for he was equally great in comedy and tragedy. Every one who saw Garrick came under his spell. The actress, Mrs. (live) who avowed she hated him, stood in the wings one night watching Garrick and alternately crying and scolding. At last, disgusted with her exhibition of emotion, she stalked away, exclaiming: "Hang him, he could act a grid-iron!" But an even greater compliment was paid by Rousseau, in whose honor Garrick gave a special performance. The first part of the bill was a tragedy, the second part a comedy, both in English. At the end of the evening Rousseau said to Garrick: "I have cried all through your tragedy and laughed all through your comedy, without knowing a single word of your language."—London Chronicle.

## Burns' Cottage.

The Burns cottage at Ayr is under the charge of trustees, who purchased it in 1881 from the Ayr Shoemakers' Incorporation for the sum of £4,000. The birthplace of the poet had up till that time been in use as a public house. The trustees abandoned the license and after a time removed the hall and other extraneous buildings which had been added to the premises and restored the cottage buildings as nearly as possible to the state they may have been in in Burns' time. A new museum was built at the northwest corner of the grounds. Most of the relics were removed to the museum, which now contains a priceless collection of a first or Kilmarock edition of the poet's works, for which £1,000 was paid, and Burns' family Bible, acquired at a cost of £1,700.—London Answers.

## Weak on Geography.

Geography flows most of us occasionally, and Dean Hole has recorded an instance when even a bishop nodded. Hole and Dean Spence were staying with Dean Pigou at Chichester, and their host began to talk about Korea. Suspecting some ignorance, he asked if they knew where it was. Hole said he thought you looked for Charing Cross and Spence that you got out at Baker street. There was laughter, and a bishop who had been listening asked in perplexity wherein lay the joke.—London Standard.

## Great Famines.

The worst famines of modern times were the famine in Ireland in 1847-7, in which 1,000,000 people perished; the Indian famine in 1866, which claimed 1,500,000 victims; the Indian famine in 1877, in which 500,000 people perished; and the great famine in China in 1878, in which 9,500,000 died.

## When It Broke.

Bill—Did you ever try to stand on an egg?  
Jill—Oh, yes.  
"And what did you learn?"  
"That the inside of the egg was stronger than the outside"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Plenty of Practice.

"I wonder how Mrs. Igleigh got her start as a writer of fiction."  
"Composing references for her disgraced heir. I understand"—Boston Transcript.

## Cheerfulness.

To be free minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, of sleep and of exercise is one of the best precepts of long lasting Bacon.

## Superfluous.

Mrs. Crawford Do you tell your neighbor all your family affairs? Mrs. Crabshaw—It isn't necessary. She's on the same party line.

# A Very Naughty Girl

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Mrs. Ferguson was John Ferguson's second wife. Lucy Ferguson was her stepdaughter. The former was also stepmother to a son of John Ferguson, who had been wild, half quarreled with his father and left home. Since his departure he had never been heard from.

John Ferguson had brought his daughter Lucy up with the understanding that she should marry a wealthy man. Lucy had her own notions about that, but said nothing. Her father communicated his ideas on this subject to his wife and charged her to keep an eye on his daughter's associates, seeing that she did not become involved with some poverty stricken young fellow who would give her a life of hardship.

Mr. Ferguson was a very busy man and was much away from home. This made it especially essential that his wife should look after Lucy. One day before starting on a long trip he charged Mrs. Ferguson not to permit Lucy to receive any one young man at the house often than once a month during his absence and not to allow her to go out with any young man at all. Lucy was in an adjoining room during the giving of these instructions with her ear to the keyhole in a connecting door.

For a couple of weeks after her father's departure Lucy appeared to be perfectly contented at home. No men called on her, and she never went out in the evening. There had been no more sympathy between her and Mr. Ferguson than there usually is between stepmother and daughter, but during this period of her father's absence Lucy evinced so much feeling for her father's wife as to quite win her heart. "Lucy," she wrote her husband, "is much changed. She seems contented with me only for a companion and has taken to calling me 'mamma.' You have no need to worry about her. There is no one at all attentive to her."

One afternoon when Mrs. Ferguson and Lucy were in the sewing room the doorbell rang. Lucy went downstairs and opened the door. Then Mrs. Ferguson heard the following dialogue:

Lucy—Oh, my goodness gracious!  
Man's voice—Do you know me, Lucy?  
Lucy—Know you? Indeed I do.  
The voice—Who am I?  
Lucy—Why, Tom, of course. Oh, Tom, how could you be so cruel as to go away as you did?

The voice—I deserved to be shot, but I've changed. I've come home repentant and will try to make up for my misdeeds. Do you think father will forgive me?

Lucy seemed hopeful as to this, but said that much would depend upon how the matter would be broken to their father. He was away at the time, and if he knew that his son had returned she believed he would write to have him sent away. But if they waited till he had returned and Lucy should announce the arrival of the prodigal at the same time imploring for him her father's forgiveness, she believed she could obtain it.

"But you must meet our new mamma," she added. "She's perfectly lovely, and I'm sure she will help us."

So Lucy took Tom up into the sewing room and introduced him to the stepmother. He was dressed very handsomely and seemed to have had a hard time of it. Mrs. Ferguson, who was a kind hearted woman, pitied him, and she knew that her husband had grieved over the conduct of his son, and if a reconciliation could be effected it would be pleasant for all concerned. She invited her stepson to take up his quarters in his former home, but Tom declared that he would on no account do that till after he had received his father's forgiveness.

So it was agreed among the three that Tom should make himself at home in the house during the day, but should occupy a room elsewhere. Mrs. Ferguson acceded to Lucy's plan that the husband and father should not be notified of his son's return till Lucy broke the news to him after his arrival.

Never were there a more affectionate brother and sister. Mrs. Ferguson several times surprised them sitting in close proximity, and every time Tom came in or went out they kissed. This continued till the evening of Mr. Ferguson's arrival. He came unexpectedly and was received by his wife, Lucy and Tom. Lucy and Tom knelt before him, and Lucy said pleadingly:

"Papa, forgive me. This is my husband. We were married a week ago." What Mr. Ferguson said in reply is not necessary to this story. What Mrs. Ferguson said was:

"Oh, heavens, what have I done?" Mr. Ferguson regarded his wife sternly. He had relied upon her to keep his daughter from an alliance of her own choosing. He asked some questions as to how the young man had effected an entrance to the family circle, whereupon Lucy confessed the trap she had laid for her stepmother by introducing her lover as her brother and took all the responsibility upon herself.

The couple were finally forgiven—indeed, there is nothing else to go in such cases—and all ended happily. The real Tom came back later on, but it took a good deal of time to convince his stepmother that he was not an impostor. It must be acknowledged that Lucy was a very naughty girl, but how can a girl choose a husband for herself in opposition to her parents without being naughty?

## Ever Have the Feeling?

Who has not felt the sensation which the French call "deja vu" or "deja entendu," meaning that he is doing or seeing or hearing something he has experienced before?

"In a perfectly new situation," writes a physician in the Government Hospital for the Insane, in the Popular Science Monthly, "in a place which he has never before visited, a person believes that he has been a visitor there at some previous time. These feelings of having already experienced such situations are frequently due to memory defects."

"It is probable that what takes place is that one or several elements in the present situation are like those which had been experienced in the past, but that the dissimilarities in the situation are not observed. The individual has a memory defect in that he parallels or identifies a complex present experience with a similar complex past experience, although in the present experience the number of elements which are the same as those in the past may not be very great."

## House Chimneys.

Chimneys were scarcely known in England in the year 1200. One only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor house and one in a great hall of a castle or a lord's house, but in other houses the smoke found its way out as it could. The writers of the fourteenth century seemed to have considered them as the newest invention of luxury. In Henry VII's reign the University of Oxford had no fire allowed, for it is mentioned after the students had supper, having no fire in winter, they were obliged to take a good run to get heat in their feet before they retired for the night. Holland in the reign of Elizabeth describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life.

"There were," says he, "very few chimneys. Even in the capital towns the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out of the door, roof or window."

In the year of 1639 a tax of 2 s. 11 d. was laid on chimneys.—London Strand Magazine.

## Woods We Use in Our Toys.

"It must not be considered that dolls are the only wooden toys in the manufacture of which American industry has been progressing," says the Southern Lumberman. "Among the toys made in this country from American woods are toy animals, blocks, boats, canyons and forts, children's chairs, circus sets, dolls, doll furniture, games, Christmas tree holders, swing jumpers, children's pianos, pastry sets, babies' play yards, toy shooting galleries, hobbyhorses, poggans, toy wagons, toy autos and wheelbarrows. Basswood is the principal material for wooden toys and for wooden parts of metal toys. Next to basswood, sugar maple, beech, birch and white pine are the principal woods used for toys. The amount of woods used annually in the United States for toy manufacture is nearly 29,000,000 feet."

## A Prohibited Inscription.

In the west cloister of Westminster Abbey, in the oldest part of the building, imbedded in the pavement is a slab of marble marking the grave of John Broughton, who was a verger in the abbey for more than thirty years and before he obtained the situation was the champion prizefighter of Great Britain, holding the belt for more than twelve years. The guides who show people around the abbey say that when he was buried in the cloister some of his admirers wanted to immortalize him with an appropriate epitaph, they indicate a blank space under his name which was left for the inscription. "For twelve years champion prizefighter of England," but it was prohibited.

## "Landlady."

The distinction which the possession of land used to give is still exemplified in the titles of "landlord" and "landlady." Persons are amused at the colored washerwoman, for instance, who insists on the term "lady." But let the same woman run a rooming house of whatever description and she is not a "landlady," but a "land lady."—Kansas City Star.

## Exasperating.

"The phrase 'He hates himself' is intended for sarcasm when applied to an idiot, I believe."  
"Quite right, but it's the unvarnished truth when applied to a man who starts to tell a funny story and forgets how it ends."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Self Protection.

"I always take my wife with me when I buy a new hat."  
"That's considerate."  
"No, it isn't. If I buy one by my self she blames me for the way I look in it. If she goes along I blame her."—Washington Star.

## Too Familiar.

"I suppose you are familiar with the works of Bobby Burns?"  
"Certainly, and also with the works of Billy Shakespeare, George Byron and Jack Milton."—Boston Transcript.

## Don't Be Concoited.

If you make yourself the center of the universe all your perspective is skewed. There is only one moral center of the universe, and that is God.—Woodrow Wilson.

## Scared Her.

Third—Why did you accept him the third time he proposed? Dora—Because he said it would be the last time.—Judge.

# A DEAF MUTE

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Dan Goodwin, an American globe trotter, when the big European war broke out was in Brussels. Dan always wanted to be in everything, but in an independent capacity. As for seeing the fight in the ranks, that was not to his taste. He had no mind to be bossed, and, as for living in a trench, he infinitely preferred a front room in a hotel.

Leaving Brussels, he went to Liege, then to the top of a high hill and watched the Germans smash the works defending that city. He found it very pleasant looking on from a safe distance, watching successive missiles and noting the damage they did or their failure to do damage. He enjoyed the bombardment for some time without getting into any danger, then one morning woke up to find the city in possession of the Germans. This was getting too near to the other side, and, availing himself of his American passport, he withdrew to Brussels.

One morning Dan went to the front to look for a good place from which to see a battle. Suddenly a troop of uhlan came down on him. Seeing their approach, he felt in his pocket for his passport. It was gone.

Though the uhlan when he made this discovery were but a few hundred yards away, Dan did a large job of thinking before they reached him. He had heard a great deal of the looking out for spies on both sides, and it occurred to him that he would be mis taken for one. What should he do? A spy must be able to see. If he couldn't see he couldn't be a spy. He would pretend to be blind.

Fortunately he carried a cane and began at once to tap the ground before him with the evident intent to feel his way. The Germans, seeing this when they reached him, drew aside to let him pass, but the captain of the troop pulled up and said in German:

"Who are you, and where are you going?" Dan understood enough German to know the question he had been asked but he didn't. He walked right on till he ran against the captain's horse, then started back, imitating the action of a blind man.

"He's a deaf mute, captain," suggested a lieutenant.

"Deaf mute be hanged!" replied the captain. "He can hear and see as well as any of us."

This gave Dan the idea to play that he could neither see, hear nor speak, and he decided to play the three cards instead of one. He made the throat sounds of a mute.

"Bring him along," said the captain. "They can find out about him at headquarters."

The captain ordered a couple of men to dismount and put Dan upon a horse behind a third man. This was done, Dan making sounds as if in protest and when he was in position the troop moved on.

When they reached headquarters Dan was taken before an officer whose mustaches alone were fierce enough to strike terror. He heard those who took him there say that he was either a deaf mute or a spy—they did not know which whereupon the officer said he would soon find out. Dan expected to be searched, but the officer evidently preferred to test him first. Taking a cigar out of his mouth, he extended the lighted end toward Dan's nose. Dan had the nerve to wait till the fire touched the skin, then jumped.

"That will do," said the officer. "He's shamming. He must have felt the heat before the fire touched his nose, but he showed no sign till it burned him."

Dan saw his mistake, but said nothing, keeping up the vacant stare of a blind man. The officer looked doubtful of his discovery and, drawing his sword, brought it to a level with Dan's face and slowly moved it toward his right eye. Dan found that a more trying ordeal than the other test. But he had excellent nerve and did not budge till he saw the point so near his eye that the officer could not be sure he had not touched it. Then he sprang back, with grimaces and guttural sounds in his throat.

The officer, whether convinced or not of his prisoner being a deaf mute, ordered him to be searched. From a hip pocket his passport was taken. When Dan saw it an expression of mingled relief and joy passed over his face, which betrayed him. While those standing about him were still looking at him curiously he broke into a laugh.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed in German. "I thought I had been robbed of it."  
The officer opened the passport, saw the seal of the United States, compared the description with the original and, finding that they agreed, was much puzzled.

"What did you pretend to be a deaf mute for?" he asked sternly.

Dan explained the matter, but the German refused to believe him. In Ford, Conn. This included the neighborhood of freeing him he sent him to the general, who asked him a great many questions which would prove or disprove that he was the original of the passport. Dan spent a month in limbo, every day fearful that he would be shot as a spy, but in time the Germans became satisfied that he was what he pretended to be and released him. Had he been any but an American he would doubtless have been shot.

## Speed of Railway Trains.

Among the fast records of railway trains for short distances are the following: New York Central and Hudson river, one mile in thirty-two seconds; Pennsylvania, five and a half miles in three minutes; Burlington route, two and one-fourth miles in one minute and twenty seconds; Plant system, five miles in two and one-half minutes; Philadelphia and Reading, four and eight-tenths miles in two and a half minutes.

The fastest time on record for a distance over 440 miles was made by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern from Buffalo to Chicago, in June, 1905, when the distance of 625 miles was covered in seven hours and fifty minutes. The fastest long distance run less than 440 miles was on the New York Central, on Sept. 11, 1895, from New York to Buffalo, 434 miles, in 407 minutes. The average speed was sixty-four and one-third miles an hour, with two stops and twenty-eight slow-downs, and on Jan. 1, 1903, from Albany to Buffalo, 302 miles, in 236 minutes.—Philadelphia Press.

## Griding Up the Loins.

In Biblical times the strong man "grided up his loins" when about to undertake some feat of physical endurance. And the custom is by no means obsolete among certain orientals at the present time. Thus in preparing for a fatiguing journey the oriental winds a piece of cloth about fifteen feet long and twelve to eighteen inches wide tightly around the abdomen and back. It is put on by having a person hold one end while the wearer winds himself up tightly in it, and the orientals believe that this gridle relieves fatigue and guards against intestinal troubles by preventing chilling. This explanation of the sustaining effect of the gridle is probably incorrect, although the good effects themselves cannot be doubted. In all probability it is the support given the abdominal muscles, rather than the protection to the skin, that explains the beneficial results.—Los Angeles Times.

## Odd Sheets of Note Paper.

A good way to use up odd sheets of note paper for which you have no envelopes is to make them, with the aid of your sewing machine, into a package of correspondence sheets that need no cover. Cut the note paper into halves along the folded edge and fold each half again. Remove the thread from your sewing machine needle and carefully run the paper under the guide of the machine, leaving an accurate quarter of an inch margin on three sides. The fold of the paper should remain untouched. That makes a double sheet, three of the four edges of which are perforated. When you are ready to send a letter write on the inside of the folded sheet, then moisten the edges with glue, seal them and write the address on the outside of the folded sheet. The person to whom the letter is addressed can open it by tearing off the margins that seal it.—Youth's Companion.

## Unquestioning Obedience.

Much trouble as well as much amusement was caused during the early stages of the Panama canal work by the inability of the Jamaican negroes to take any except a strictly literal view of orders. In unloading a vessel at Colon a rope in a pulley at the head of the mast got jammed, and a Jamaican was ordered to climb up and release it. He did as ordered. Some minutes later the boss of the gang missed him and asked with some impatience where he was. He was pointed out sitting calmly at the masthead. "What are you doing up there?" roared the boss.

"You told me to come up here, sah," the man answered, "but you haven't told me to come down."—Joseph B. Bishop, Secretary of Isthmian Canal Commission, in Youth's Companion.

## A Chicago Milk Story.

A family living in South Chicago found a good deal of cream on a bottle of milk which had been standing overnight, and when the driver called in the morning the pleased servant held it up to the light and said, "Look here: I have never seen anything like this before on your milk!" The man looked at it for a moment, scratched his head and replied, "Well, I don't know what's the matter, but you can throw it out, and I'll give you a fresh bottle in its place."—Chicago News.

## Can You Beat It?

She—Oh, Jack, do excuse me for getting here so late! You poor fellow, you've had to wait an hour for me!  
He—Oh, no; it's all right! I've only just come. She—What? So that's the way you treat me, is it? If I'd come at the time agreed you'd have made me wait a whole hour.—Boston Transcript.

## Named the Bird.

Irate Diner—Hey, waiter, there's not a drop of real coffee in this mixture. Fresh Walter. Some little bird told you, I suppose. Irate Diner—Yes, a swallow Princeton Tiger.

## The Hartford Constitution.

The first written constitution in America governed the people of Hartford, Conn. This included the neighboring towns. The year was 1639.—Magazine of American History.

## Wasted.

Sluggs—People are inexcusably wasteful of writing paper. Floggs—That's so. I've got creditors who write to me every week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Know this, that troubles come swiftly than the things we desire.—Plautus.