

# A STOLEN GEM

By ALAN HINSDALE

When Edward Worthington, millionaire and globe trotter, was in India he bought a large ruby, not knowing its value.

When Worthington reached London he submitted his purchase to a precious stone expert, and the report was surprising.

It was evident from this that the ruby had been stolen, and Worthington would have liked to return it to its owner.

On the steamer coming over he carried his ruby on his person by day, planning it in his inner vest pocket.

Worthington pondered long as to his discovery, for he suspected at once that some one was in possession of the secret of his having the ruby.

He did not care to part with the jewel by having it stolen from him.

Going to the ship's carpenter, he borrowed a few tools and, returning to his stateroom, took up a board in the floor.

Having thus put the gem where he was sure it would be safe, he felt easier, though he was careful not to go to lonely parts of the ship.

At the end of the voyage while the ship was being docked Worthington removed the board under which he had placed his gem.

He was more disconcerted at not being able to return it to its owner than at the loss of the price he had paid for it.

The morning after Worthington's arrival at his home in New York he was told that a visitor wished to see him.

"Mr. Worthington," he said, "a ruby was recently stolen from the rajah of Bimpure, in India, by one of his servants.

"But why," asked Worthington, "did you not tell me that the ruby had been stolen and ask me to return it?"

"Yes, but you western people have a saying, 'Possession is nine points in the law.' We Indians have something much better than the law.

"I shall certainly not dispute that," said Worthington. "Now that the matter is finished I wish you would tell me why you think it necessary to return me the price I paid for the gem."

"His highness has many English and American friends and does not wish to do an injustice."

"I came over in the same ship with you. I took an impression with wax of your lock, from which I made a key. Soon after you left your room, where you had hidden the jewel, I entered it. I smelled varnish. I knew at once what that meant.

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# UNDER SIX FLAGS.

Texas in Her Career Has Had Some Exciting Experiences.

Six flags have flown over Texas, including the banners of three foreign powers—France, Spain and Mexico. First came the French flag, which was carried down the Mississippi river to the gulf of Mexico by the Interlop La Salle.

The stars and stripes followed the Lone Star, but was supplanted for a time by the stars and bars of the Confederacy.

In the struggle for ascendancy among these various groups it is needless to say that much blood has been spilled and countless tragedies have taken their places on the pages of history.

A province of 30,000 people won independence from a nation of several millions. But these 30,000 were generally men of sturdy Anglo-American stock.

A few years later these same fearless and independent Texans voluntarily gave up their sovereignty to become part of the galaxy of stars under the banner of the United States.

The speed of no return is that speed which one would have to send a body, a bullet, for instance, straight up in the air so that it would never come back.

He did not care to part with the jewel by having it stolen from him. The price he had paid for it, the fact that he had unwittingly bought a stolen property and that he was de-stitute of returning it to its owner.

As to the possibilities of anything ever attaining this speed, no one can say. Scientists say all they know is that the friction of the air would probably melt and then vaporize the body before it succeeded in getting through the earth's atmosphere.

Going to the ship's carpenter, he borrowed a few tools and, returning to his stateroom, took up a board in the floor, placed the ruby, wrapped in cotton, in the cavity and replaced the board.

Returning to the tools, he grew some varnish and re-varnished the disturbed place. While doing this work he made sure that no one was in any of the adjoining staterooms.

Having thus put the gem where he was sure it would be safe, he felt easier, though he was careful not to go to lonely parts of the ship.

At the end of the voyage while the ship was being docked Worthington removed the board under which he had placed his gem and was thunder-struck to see the place empty.

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# ROMANCE AND WAILS

By M. QUAD

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For many years Captain Date was proprietor and captain of the sloop Janet. Then his wife died, leaving a little daughter, Mary, eight years old.

Most of the inhabitants of the town of Shore Cove were a bit jealous of the captain, for he generally had luck at fishing or gathering clams and oysters.

By the way, the women and girls were also a bit jealous of little Mary. She was a handsome, sparkling child, and when it was known that her father intended sending her away to school to be educated he was called foolish for not keeping her in her station in life.

At eleven years of age Mary was sent to live with an aunt in Connecticut. She remained there six years, going home for a short stay once a year. At such times she met with no welcome except from her father.

Then came the calamity. Miss Mary was finishing her last term at school when she received news of it. The Janet had been wrecked in a storm and most of her crew drowned.

Among those who were beaten on the rocks and cast ashore with a little life left in them was Captain Date. He had many bruises and lacerations and several broken bones, and he had to have his leg amputated and could never hope to be the man he was.

When able to get around he had to use a crutch, and the other leg was none too strong to do double duty. He tried to be cheerful through it all, but there were many black hours for him.

He saved a few hundred dollars, but these seemed to go like leaves before an autumn gale. When he said they would soon feel the pangs of poverty it was Mary who put her arms around his neck and said:

"Don't worry, old daddy. Providence has seen you through many troubles and will not desert you now."

There came a day when the captain looked over his bank book and found that only \$10 was left in the locker. He huddled his way out among the sand dunes and made some remarks on the situation, and he was glad that Mary was not along to hear. He threw himself down on the sand and passed black hours.

He was painfully aroused at last it was to turn his eyes seaward and gaze with lively interest for a greater part of an hour, and when he entered his cottage it was to say to Mary:

"There are whales about five miles off shore. They are playing and having lots of fun."

It was half an hour later, and there had been silence between the two, when Mary brought her chair over to her father's side and quietly said:

"Daddy, I have kept something from you. A young man up the country wants me to be his wife. I did not dare say so to him. He did not know that I lived at Shore Cove and that I was only a fisherman's daughter."

"He hasn't written to you since you came home?"

"No. I ran away from him, and he doesn't know where I am, and I don't want to write to him."

"You tell me not to worry, Mary, and that Providence will see to these things. Let me tell you the same."

Mary ran outdoors and down the shore path, and she had hardly reached the beach when she heard a great splashing off shore. It was a moonlight night, and in the wake of the moon she saw a big whale headed straight for the beach.

"Daddy! Daddy!" called Mary as she entered the cottage, with her hair flying and her eyes looking very big. "There's a big whale just run ashore. He is down there now, and he is dead. I guess he was badly injured in a fight at sea."

"Lord alive, girl, there's Providence for you. If it's that big whale I saw this afternoon there's all enough in him to keep us for a year. Where's my crutch?"

With the help of Mary he got down to the shore and there saw that there was no mistake.

"He is on my land," he said, "and no one can lay claim to him. The tide will lift him up farther on the shore, but I'm going to sit here all the rest of the night and give the Cove fellows no chance to put in a claim."

And he did. Mary brought him down the old fowling piece and came down about once an hour to cheer him up. At daylight the people of the Cove saw the whale on the beach, and twenty or thirty made haste to put in a claim. For an hour or more the crowd from the Cove argued and protested and threatened, and Captain Date had to warn them over and over to keep hands off. Then a young man appeared and took the captain's part with such vigor and sarcasm that they gave over. Then Mary came running down and shook hands with the stranger and blushed and sobbed and called him Dick.

"Is this the young man you told me had fallen in love with you?" asked the captain.

# MOST POWERFUL ORGAN.

Famous Old Instrument in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The organ of St. Paul's cathedral in London is the most powerful in the world. There is a weight of three tons on the bellows, and some of its giant pipes disappear from view in the recesses of the enormous dome.

Some of the smaller pipes are up by the altar, and the rest are either hidden away behind the long row of choir stalls or are seen towering on either side of the choir gates. But all are controlled from a little organ loft which is scarcely room for anyone beside the organist seated at the keyboard.

There are five rows of keys and two tiers of over 100 ivory handle stops. The organist showed how, by pressing with his thumb one of a row of buttons as he played, whole combinations of stops were pushed out or pushed in. He demonstrated, too, how with the slightest pressure he could transform the sound of the organ from the softest and sweetest of tones to a volume which rolled and seemed to shake the entire building.

The organ is a very ancient one. It was built between the years 1624 and 1700 by one Bernard Schmidt, a celebrated German organ maker, and cost over £2,000. Schmidt was merely responsible for the inside work, the case being supplied by a joiner for just over £333, while the carving on the case cost nearly £116. The organ has since undergone entire reconstruction, but all Schmidt's pipes have been retained and are now doing as good service as when they were made.—London Mail.

# RICHMOND AND WRITERS.

The Literary Renown With Which the City is Associated.

Richmond may be likened to Boston as a literary center. In an article published some years ago in Book News Alice M. Tyler refers to Colonel William Byrd, who founded Richmond in 1733, as the sprightliest and most genial native American writer before Franklin.

In the time of Chief Justice Marshall Richmond had a considerable group of novelists, historians and essayists, but the great literary name connected with the place is that of Edgar Allan Poe, who spent much of his boyhood in the city and later edited the Southern Literary Messenger.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, the great scientist, was at another time editor of the same periodical, as was also John Reuben Thompson, "Poet of the Confederacy," who wrote, among other poems, "Music in Camp" and who translated Gustave Naudeau's poem, "Carcassonne."

Thomas Nelson Page made his home in Richmond for thirty years. Amelia lives was born there and still maintains her residence in Albemarle county, Va., while among other writers of the present time whose names are connected with the city either by birth or long association are: Mary Johnston, Ellen Glasgow, Marion Harland, Kate Langley Bosher, James Branch Cabell, Edward Peple, dramatist, J. H. White, biographer of Poe, and Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, soldier, historian, essayist and local character.—Julian Street in Collier's Weekly.

Didn't Believe It Had Gone. Cases of ignorance on the part of telegram writers are now rare, but many incidents could be cited from the early days of the telegraph.

Several are given in F. E. Balcan's "On the Track of the Mail Coach." In the late forties he received from a north of England man a message and promptly sent it. But the man flatly declined to believe that it had gone, because he could see it (the form he had filled up) still hanging there, and the operator had to push the form into the instrument and ring the bell to pacify him.

A woman in a Norfolk town insisted upon enclosing the telegram she had written in an envelope, so that no prying eyes might read it as it went along the wire.

Disguising Epsom Salt. Seeking for various ways of disguising the taste of Epsom salt has become something of a fad. Here is the very latest suggestion, and a very good one. To each teaspoonful of salt add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a little sugar. Dissolve in a little hot water and add cold water. A smaller dose of salt is required when the cream of tartar is used, since it hastens the action of the Epsom salt.

Had No Nerve. Disreputable Looking Party—Gimme a nickel, mum. Elderly Woman—I should think a big, strong man like you would be ashamed to ask for money. D. L. P.—I am, lady, but I ain't got the nerve to take it without asking.—New York Times.

Politeness. "Politeness costs nothing," observed the sage. "That's right," agreed the fool. "Politeness is merely the art of not letting people know what you think of them."

No Foreign Element. "Why don't you have your son examined by an alienist?" "I'd rather have a good American doctor than any of them foreigners."—Baltimore American.

A Hopeless Task. He—I left poor Billie cudgeling his brains. She—Gracious! What's he doing that for? They haven't done anything.—Town Topics.

A happy life is not made up of negatives. Exemption from one thing is not possession of another.—Landon.

# A Valentine Return

By SADIE OLCOTT

"What's the use of spending money for valentines with an array like this already at hand to cost nothing but a stamp?"

The words were spoken by Jimmy Emerson on the 13th day of February. He had gone to a box in his closet and taken out a bundle of valentines he had received the year before and was trying to remember from whom they had come.

"This one is a daisy. This bay window built out from the main part is a peach. If there's no mark on it I'm going to take the risk of using it."

He examined the valentine with a hand magnifying glass and, not finding any mark on it, laid it aside to send to his best girl. Then he selected another to send to his next best girl and in this way made use of not less than a dozen valentines.

On the valentine he sent to his best girl, Helen Strong, he wrote a couplet indicating that he was pining for an expression of her love, which, if received, he would treasure forever. "Forever" was the last word of the second line and rimed with "sever," the last word of the first line. He didn't disguise his handwriting, for he was proud of his couplet and didn't wish it or the beautiful valentine to go to waste.

Jimmy addressed, stamped and mailed his valentines early in the afternoon of the 13th of February. The next morning the postman brought him a batch of valentines. The first one he opened he recognized as one he had sent out himself the day before. There was an indorsement on it as follows:

My love for you is just as warm as when I sent you this just one year ago. The blood mounted to Jim's cheek at being detected in using an old valentine.

"Better luck next time," and he opened another. The luck was certainly better, for he had never seen the inclosure before. The third and the fourth were also new to him. On the fifth, which was one he had sent, was an indorsement: "What did you send it back for? I don't want."

Jim had grown somewhat callous by this time, but the truth is he was looking for his valentine from Helen Strong. Beside hers the rest were of very little importance. However, he opened them all without coming upon one that bore any trace whatever of having been sent by her.

"I'll get it by the next mail," he muttered and tossed those he had received on to a table from which they were destined later on to be brushed into a waste paper basket. During the day he lounged about the house, and whenever he heard the postman's whistle he went to the door himself in eager expectancy of his valentine from Helen. But no valentine came. In the evening he called up on the telephone:

"Is that you, Helen?" "I'm Jim."

"Got anything on hand this evening?" "Well, I'll run in for a little while. Did you get many valentines today?"

"I sent you one. It was a beauty; cost \$2.50."

"Yes, mine was the one with the couplet."

"I'm glad you liked 'em."

"Yes, I flatter myself that protruding what d'ye call it—is very pretty. I didn't write anything under the Cupid."

"Can't you tell me what it was on the phone?" "Well, I'll be over in a few minutes."

When Jimmy arrived he found Helen sitting by a table in her own private parlor with a stack of valentines beside her. Before she would answer any questions she insisted upon showing her love missives. Jim took no interest in those that had been sent by any one except himself, but Helen forced him to look at every one of them and to take a lot of time in doing so. When the last one had been admired she took up Jim's valentine. She read the couplet over several times and said she hadn't believed that he could "write poetry like that." This made Jim very proud of himself.

"But, Jimmy," she said at last, "aren't you mistaken about the cost of the valentine?"

"Certainly not. It took all my savings."

"Why are you sure?" "Because I bought it myself a year ago, and paper wasn't near so high then as it is today."

This was said with a twinkle in her eye. Jim resolved to make a bluff.

"I've heard before this of girls accusing fellows of sending back their own valentines. You can't come that racket on me."

"What'll you bet?" "Bet what?" "That I can't prove you sent me back a valentine I sent you."

"Make it a pound of candy against a box of cigars."

# TEMPLES OF JAPAN.

Hundreds of Thousands of Them Dot the Island Empire.

The choicest examples of the marvelous art crafts of Japan are to be seen in the temples founded by the shoguns of old Japan. A German traveler, visiting the sanctuaries of Shikima, remarks, "One is overwhelmed at each step by the richness of the materials, the prodigality of the decoration, the fineness of details and the solemn magnificence of the entire spectacle." Idols, or sacred images, as they are sometimes called, are much in evidence. Millions of sculptured Buddhas of all sizes, both wood and stone, embellish the buildings and the temple gardens.

There are today more than 200,000 sanctuaries, both Shinto and Buddhist, scattered up and down the island empire. There are 10,000 in and about Kyoto, once the sacred capital of Nippon. For thousands of years it has been a Japanese custom to build a shrine by the roadside where the wayfarer may enter and refresh the soul. Here the rank and file go to pray and woo the favor of the gods. A priest dressed in a long robe of red silk conducts the service, preaching two short sermons for the edification of a handful of women, girls and old men.

In the large temples of the cities a company of priests in white, yellow and brown robes takes part in the services, regularly held on the 1st and 15th of the month, usually in the afternoon or evening. The opening hymns are sung, accompanied by flutes and other instruments. Of late years some of the Buddhist leaders have introduced the organ to aid them in making the temple music more pleasing and inspiring.—Exchange.

When did the word "casualty" first assume the modern specialized meaning with which it is associated in war reports? I think it may have been at the time of the Crimean war, for the latest volume of "Dixwell's Life" have come across the following passage, dated Sept. 2, 1855: "Lady Londonderry is in despair about her son, who is now in the trenches. Casualties, she says, and truly, what a horrible word to describe the loss of limb and life!"

The underlining and the comment seem to show that Dixwell, one of the greatest masters of words, found the use "unusual." Murray's Dictionary does not give much assistance on the point, for all its quotations, such as one from the Duke of Wellington's dispatches in 1810, "the casualties of the service," do not necessarily imply anything except loss by unavoidable accidents.

My suggestion, however, is borne out by the following from Stocqueler's "Military Encyclopedia," published in 1863, which says, "Casuals or casualties, a term signifying men that are dead (since first enlisted) or have been discharged or have deserted"—and other words, total losses. No mention is made, it should be noted, of the application of the word to temporary losses caused by wounds. It was Lady Londonderry's use of it in this sense perhaps which Dixwell found striking.—Westminster Gazette.

He Was in a Hurry. Charles Monselet in his "Curiouses Litteraires" tells of a friend of his living at Bordeaux who, glancing through a Paris bookseller's catalogue, saw the title of a book which had been valued at the clock, he found there was just time to catch the morning express for Paris. Stopping only to take some money from his cash box, he dashed off to the station and arrived at the bookshop in time to secure the price. As he wrapped up the book the shopman remarked, "I suppose you live in this street, monsieur?" "No; I have just come from Bordeaux," was the reply. The man looked astonished, and the bibliophile discovered that in his eagerness he had traveled 300 miles in dressing gown and slippers and had never noticed any deficiency of attire.

A Bird Much Like a Fish. The "birds of a feather" that "sock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on, but under, water, never keeping more than its head out, and when fishing coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Industry. "Biggles says he got on by burning the midnight oil."

"Well, keeping late hours did help him somewhat. He danced all night three or four times a week till finally he met a rich girl and married her."—Washington Star.

Combination of Beth. "What have you there, Lucille—a business letter or a love letter?" "I hardly know how to answer that question. This letter is from a duke, proposing for my hand, and addressed to my lawyer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Rice Dessert. Boiled rice served with chocolate or hard sauce makes a simple and wholesome dessert. Raisins can be cooked in the rice if desired.

Contentment is not only better than riches; it is richer.