

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.

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. We are adepts in secret methods."

"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. It was but a few minutes before I found a freshly varnished board. To remove it was very easy. You western people in such matters are as children in the hands of our orientals."

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.

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.

SPEED OF NO RETURN.

How Fast an Object Must Travel to Escape Into Space.

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 ocean of air.

Blackmore's Manners. Blackmore is said to have resembled Horace Greely. Several inches over six feet with a large, beautifully shaped head on which his hair tossed wistfully like a beard shaved away from his upper lip and chin.

Rabbits and Squirrels as Swimmers. A funny though not a swimmer is the rabbit. He submerges his body with the exception of head and tail.

Maybe It Was a Folding One. Millering had been going on among the men in an engineering works. The master spoke to the foreman, who was an Irishman, in respect to the same, telling him if he had any suspicions to search the men before leaving.

Adamantine Reminders. Young Wife—What do you think of my biscuit?—Trump—Lady, they interest me strangely. I used to be a geologist.—Philadelphia Bulletin

Accomplished. "She's a clever conversationalist." "Very. She can even make a man who is talking about himself stop to listen."—Exchange.

Politeness is good nature regulated by good sense.—Sydney Smith.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Did Not 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.

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.

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.

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.—Lauder.

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.

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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.

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.

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

"Better luck next time," and he read 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?"

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.

"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.

"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."

"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.

"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." "Done."

Inserting the points of a hairpin under the Cupid in the valentine, she exposed the letters H. S. "That stands for Helen Strong." Jimmy was game. "Oh, it was easy enough for you to write those letters in there after you received the valentine." Helen burst out laughing.

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."

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.

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 underlining and the comment seem to show that Darrell, one of the greatest masters of words, found his 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."—via 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 Darrell found striking.

THE WORD "CASUALTY."

First Used as a Battlefield Term in the Crimean War.

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 "Darrell'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!

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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.

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.