

Their Hero

By RICHARD MARKLEY

One of the idiosyncrasies of youth is an overappreciation of what is pleasing to the eye. A boy of sixteen is more absorbed in the cut of his clothes than ever again in his life. The love of personal adornment is supposed to remain with a woman so long as she lives. One out of her teens she is won rather by devotion than good looks. But a girl from fifteen to twenty is as much charmed by what is usual, demure and unassuming in dress as the boy is by resplendent new wear. Neither the boy nor the girl attaches much importance to merit.

Tom Berrymann, aged eighteen, the son of a well-to-do widow, persuaded his mother to permit him to give a house party in her country home, which she did not intend to occupy during the summer. The house party was to be composed of boys and girls of age varying from fourteen to eighteen, though none of the girls was quite seventeen. Six boys and six girls were invited to the house party, and all accepted at once for none of them had ever been so honored before.

Mrs. Berrymann had an intimate friend, a Mrs. Archibald, whose only son, Reginald, was of a proper age to be invited to the house party. Mrs. Berrymann, desiring to show attention to her friend, made it a condition of giving up her country home to her son and her friends that Reginald Archibald should receive an invitation to be one of the party.

Tom consented and had been sufficiently trained in social dealings to notify the other boys that Reginald Archibald, being a stranger, should receive special attention from them. As to the girls, Tom knew that if they did not happen to fancy young Archibald they would not be likely to put them selves out of the way to do him honor.

When Reginald appeared on the scene he was found to be what a girl of sixteen would call handsome. His complexion was pink and white. He was rather tall for his age and delicately formed. He possessed a well-turned neck and throat and wore a byronic collar—not at all in fashion—which showed the features to advantage. He at once gave the impression that he honored the company in appearing among them and that he expected to be treated with special consideration.

THE GREEN VAULTS

They Hold the Sultan's Vast Store of Hidden Wealth.

By EDWARD MACFARLAND

BILLIONS IN RICH TREASURE.

Besides the Gem Laden Throne of Beaten Gold, These Heavily Guarded Caves Secrete the Hoardings of All the Greedy Rulers of Turkey.

In the green vaults of the porte lies hidden what is perhaps the greatest treasure in the world, collected for centuries by Turkey's greedy rulers and hoarded away from the gaze of any inquisitive mortal. No one has ever been able to estimate the value of the sultan's jewels, for the treasures are guarded by day and night. There are at least twelve sets of heavily barred doors to pass before the actual entrance is reached to the hidden vaults. For every lock there are two keys, entrusted to as many custodians, each having twenty-four guards. These are supposed to spy on each other, as well as protect the guardians of the keys.

The green vaults of the sultan's treasure caves are called, are within the grounds of the palace. Approached through a court called Tur es-Saadet, the low domed, white-washed building with an arched doorway, enriched with marbles and tiles, the jewels appear to consist mainly of diamonds, sapphires and emeralds set in mosaic, in the most dazzling array covered, had you in the treasury of the Shadow of God. There was never a clearer case on Earth. How Selim I ever brought it from Persia away back in the fifteenth century, when traveling was so difficult, is quite beyond human comprehension.

Nowhere in the world are there precious stones to compare with the two great emeralds which adorn the top of his turban. He was convicted of burglary the sultan's throne. One of them and sentenced to six years in state prison. The day he was sent up his wife came to see him. She knew he had a hidden treasure and had seen that he had hidden it in the vaults. Before the burglar had been committed to a platter wrought of the purest gold, the sultan's treasure vaults were filled with diamonds, pearls, turquoises and emeralds. The magnitude of the treasure makes one gasp with amazement.

There are effluvia of the sultans clad in robes of state from 1151 to 1829. With jewels on the feathers of their turbans, dazers and swords will be precious, as are the wonderful cups and emeralds in the cups of Ibrahim and Selim II.

No museum in the world can boast a richer collection of armor, scimitars, shields, pistols, saddles, scabbards, and the like, all bejeweled or wrought of gold.

When the sultana gives a banquet in her harem the treasure is generally displayed for the occasion. At one of these revels a banquet of diamond food, when one night a burglar was caught creeping from chamber to chamber. Her were worn by the sultan's favor. The sultana herself was adorned with ropes of pearls of unparalleled size, and in her ears were birds that sparkled gems. The sultan's grand daughter, a mere infant of eleven, used to be tortured by having her hair done up in a knot on top of her head inside a diamond crown, the front of which was covered with diamond orders. While her hands were laced with the golden mittens studded with precious stones.

Few are aware that the sultan is in receipt of the largest income paid to any earthly sovereign something like \$1,000,000 a year and has the right to ask for more should his privy purse run short. The treasury of useless wealth is converted into cash and used for national purposes, would transform the miserable Ottoman empire into one of the richest powers of the world.

A little loss frightens; a great one tames.—Spanish proverb.

A Grievous Error

A Labor Day Story

By EDWARD MACFARLAND

Little Mamie Swift was taken very ill in the night, and her father was called up to go to the doctor. Swift feared the child would die and began to fret. From fretting he increased his pace to a run.

He was perfectly unaware that he might be taken for a suspicious character, tearing around at night, cutting corners to make short cuts and his general appearance, to say the least, did not inspire confidence.

He heard footsteps behind him, and they were coming on him. But he thought nothing about it. For his mind was on his sick child. So blindly the pursuer clipped a hand on his shoulder and hand-outs on his wrist.

"What's this?" he asked, astonished. "You're wanted," replied a policeman. "Let me go. My child is sick, and I must get a doctor."

On the doctor's racket he had been working for some time. It was no good. Swift was in agony but could do nothing. He was taken to a police station, where a complaint of burglary was entered against him. A woman came to the station, looked at the prisoner and said: "That's the man, and the doctor."

Meanwhile the mother waited for the doctor. Morning came but neither the doctor nor the mother came. As the information regarding the burglar was kept secret because of the improper condition of the country, and if for the exact amount of the sultan's wealth, the burglar was arrested. During the day the tools, tighteners, leaders might be tempted to break in and steal. The gossipers of Constantinople said that if a person took a photograph of the sultan's treasure vaults, he would be hanged. The woman who had made a great bargain, identified the prisoner the night before.

Perhaps the thimble of the burglar, adorned with millions of rubies, pearls, diamonds, sapphires and emeralds set in mosaic, in the most dazzling array covered, had you in the treasury of the Shadow of God. There was never a clearer case on Earth. How Selim I ever brought it from Persia away back in the fifteenth century, when traveling was so difficult, is quite beyond human comprehension.

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FAMILIAR WITH GREATNESS.

Mere Generals Didn't Impress the American Camera Man.

By EDWARD MACFARLAND

A newspaper assigned an American to make a portrait of General von Bissing in the palace in Brussels. The photographer applied for permission to the authorities at Berlin, who received him courteously, and after considerable formalities, detailed an officer to accompany him to Brussels. An appointment was made, and the two were admitted to the general's room.

The officer, however, it had been explained to the American that under no circumstances was he to address the general. The officer began his explanation, but became confused at finding himself face to face with so distinguished a personage.

"Your excellency," he began, "we have come from Berlin that is, if you will be so kind." In his confusion he came to a full stop.

General von Bissing was seated at a desk and seemed to be very busy. The American photographer stepped forward.

"General, I am an American," he began without embarrassment. "I see that," said the general, with a smile.

"I have come to take your picture," the photographer added without waste of time.

The situation was unprecedented. The officer stood aghast. "Very well," replied General von Bissing. "Go ahead. What do you want me to do?"

"If you will step to the window," the photographer explained. "Now step this way, a little farther please. No, this way." And to the horror of the attending officer, the photographer did his hand on the general's arm and arranged the pose. The picture was taken in a few seconds.

"Thank you, general," said the unabashed American easily.

Her Dowry

By RUTH GRAHAM

In the Rocky mountains, not far west of Denver, there lived William Harrison, who had taken his wife and daughter into the gold region for the purpose of looking in the ground for a fortune. He settled himself and them in a log cabin on Clear creek. He would waste for gold until he found himself possessed of one such of the precious metal to keep his family for a while, then he would start out on a prospecting tour, to the look in the ground, hoping to find gold in paying quantities.

But Harrison's diggings resulted in nothing. Each day he became more disappointed and discouraged. One day a stranger came to Harrison's cabin and asked for a night's lodging. Mrs. Harrison took him in and gave him what she had, which was little enough, for they were very poor. He was waited on by Isabel at supper and chatted with her while he ate. He drew from her the story of her father's efforts to win a fortune for her out of the ground, besides a secret that was unknown to her parents. She loved a young man who was hunting for gold and had believed no more success than her father. He was able to obtain only a precarious living for himself, and it would be a sin for the couple to marry while doomed to such abject poverty.

The stranger seemed much interested in the girl's story and asked many questions concerning the young man. Isabel assured him that he was of good character and not liable to a change of one following an ignominious fall. He was every body in that region. Was a gold hunter. He was the son of a prospector. Therefore he might be said to have been born to the occupation.

The stranger seemed to be a peculiar man, with strange ideas. Instead of beating Isabel's father or her lover for wasting time in a hunt that there was not one chance in a thousand of being successful, he said that life consisted of taking chances, for no one could tell what a day or an hour might bring forth. "Life," he said, "is not even a speculation. It is sure to end in the grave."

This was said with a melancholy spirit. The man was ill and possibly was influenced by his illness. He remained a month in Harrison's cabin, ministered to by Mrs. Harrison and Isabel. But he showed such interest in Isabel that he fell entirely under her care. He was delayed by a snowstorm that came early in the winter, and the snow was likely to remain on the ground for many months. Isabel told her friend that she regretted this because it covered a little grove near her house where, in fair weather, she used to go and sew or read. He replied that life was only enjoyed by contrast and the longer she was kept out of her grove the longer she would be glad to get into it again.

When it ceased to snow the stranger took his departure. Before going he said to her: "You will receive a dowry which will enable you to marry the man you love." Isabel looked at him in astonishment and asked him when the dowry would come to her.

When the sun is warm enough to melt the snow," was the reply.

The stranger was such an odd individual that Isabel thought little of this statement, thinking that he was not aware of what he said. She certainly did not place sufficient faith in it to tell it to her father and mother or to her lover.

That was a long winter and her father found prospecting difficult on account of the deep snow. The family lived for the spring to come to release them from their cabin and enable them to enjoy the out of door life, so living, orating in the mountains.

REGULAR HABITS.

They Go a Long Way Toward Building Up Good Health.

By EDWARD MACFARLAND

Regular habits for retiring must be considered as one of the best methods for securing good sleep.

The human body has a wonderful periodicity in all its spontaneous actions, and by studying these much of the machinery of health may be made to work smoothly.

Witness one habit of waking at a certain hour to which we have been accustomed.

Regularity in eating is most important for health. The digestive tract will respond at regular times just as other habits will repeat themselves.

Proper food properly digested will do much for one's health and happiness. It is a mistake to eat too much.

We should try and enjoy our meals by paying attention to the taste of food. Do not gulp it down. It should be masticated and tasted so as to stimulate those nerves which reflect their sense on the other nerves controlling the glands of digestion.

When you feel indigestion after eating a meal note the ingredients eaten and should it repeat itself try to convict the guilty food and dismiss it from your dietary.

Don't make eating a task, but make it a pleasure, so that the food will digest and be assimilated and applied to the different necessities of the activities of life.

Youth demands a greater variety and quantity of food than does old age and especially does it require more protein and meat.

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