

The Redmond Mystery

By ETHEL HOLMES

During the last decade of the nineteenth century William Redmond, an eastern merchant, in business for himself, seeing that large corporations must eventually absorb his trade, decided to put his stock into money and go west with it where big business was still comparatively unknown. He cleaned up \$30,000 and started westward to find a new field for investment.

Since he was uncertain just where he would locate he put his capital in thirty bills of \$1,000 each. His wife made him a bag in which to keep them, and the bag he hung around his neck. His family consisted of two persons, his wife and a little daughter ten years old. These he left behind him, he being his intention to send for them when he found a suitable place.

During his journey Redmond wrote home from different points through which he passed. When about to enter New Mexico he wrote that he would leave all regular conveyances, proceeding on horseback. Quite likely he might not have another opportunity to send another letter for some time, since he was about to pass through a rather wild country.

A fortnight passed and Mrs. Redmond was beginning to expect another letter from her husband, but was disappointed. Another two weeks went by and still no word from him. Then the weeks of his silence became months. When half a year had passed without hearing anything from her husband the poor woman gave him up for lost.

Friends of hers who had corresponded in the west wrote them, giving them such data as they possessed of where Redmond was when last heard from, and they investigated the matter. No trace was found of him after he left the place where he had written his last letter to his wife. When told that he had \$30,000 on his person the investigators declared that he had doubtless been murdered for his money.

Mrs. Redmond did not assent to this theory. She knew her husband to be a very secretive man and did not believe that he would permit any one he did not trust implicitly with a knowledge of the bills he carried on his person. She rather inclined to the theory that he had been robbed.

However, after several years had passed and nothing was learned of her husband's fate Mrs. Redmond gave up all hope of his ever returning to her. He had taken all her capital with him, except enough to supply her wants till he should become permanently located. She made this amount last for a year, and then was obliged to work to support herself.

Mrs. Redmond lived ten years after her husband's disappearance. He had left in the east a record of the numbers of the bank bills he took with him, and these numbers were sent to banks all over the United States hoping that some one might come of the lost man through one or more of the bills. But none of the bills was ever presented at any bank. This added to the mystery and reflected on the theory that Redmond had been murdered. If he had not been murdered, what had become of him?

When Mrs. Redmond died her daughter Flora was twenty years old. Her mother before her death told her that she was heir to \$30,000 and would some day come into possession of her fortune.

Flora formed an attachment for a young man named Trevor, but since Trevor had nothing except a small salary neither he nor Flora could bring themselves to accept the burdens of matrimony. One day a letter came addressed to Mrs. William Redmond from an official in New Mexico. It stated that in opening a road quicksand had been struck. While endeavoring to secure a foundation the body of a man on horseback was found some distance under the surface. From papers found on the body the man's identity as William Redmond had been learned. The body had been placed in a burial vault.

Flora read this letter with great interest. Both Trevor and Flora had been saving money for some time, thinking that they might, after all, unite their lives and by this time had enough jointly to pay their expenses to the west. After much deliberation the pair decided to be married, go to New Mexico, and if the fortune was not recovered they would settle, where there was more opportunity to make a career than in the east.

On reaching New Mexico, without making themselves known, they learned where the body of John Redmond had been placed, and one night visited an acre of ground used for a cemetery. There was but one vault in it, and the fastenings to this were insecure. Trevor forced them by means of a file and an iron implement he had provided for the purpose. Then he went in and opened a rude box containing the only body there. Striking a light he began to feel for the bag under the clothing. About the shoulders he found tape and the tape led to the bag.

"The latter was difficult to get because it was between the shoulder blades. Trevor finally secured it and opening it, found the bills. In a few moments he had examined and counted them. There were thirty \$1,000 bills. Leaving the vault, he embraced his wife, assuring her that she had come into her inheritance.

The Trevors decided to remain in the west and are now among the wealthiest people of their state.

CARE OF THE REEL

A Few Words of Expert Advice For the Man Behind the Reel.

The life of any reel will be mighty short if it is not given care and attention. The finest machine in the world will not run without oil, yet many fellows will use a reel week after week and not think of feeding it a little soothing sirup until it begins to scrape and rattle like the 5:15. When this stage is reached they will drop a little oil in the cups, but the damage is done through overheated bearings and pinions, and the reel will never again run with freedom from friction and as smoothly as before the rough grind was handed it.

A reel should be cleaned and oiled after each day's fishing. The ordinary thin oil is not sufficient, as no thin oil will last through the different temperatures to which a reel is subjected during a day's casting. Heated by the hot sun and chilled by the night air, as well as drenched with water during the day, make a combination that would eliminate any thin oil. On the other hand, the thick oils soon churn into a creamy paste and hamper and clog the reel so that you think you are losing your speed at the game when your casts slow up. You make no mistake when you invest in a bottle of "reel" oil, and the best comes from the jaw bones and blubber of the porpoise. This oil is refined in the arctic circle and will stand the gauntlet of any temperature. After you buy the oil, use it. Don't stand it away in the tackle cabinet and forget it.

Oiling the reel is not all that is necessary to keep the little old pleasure producer in good shape. Like the line, the reel should be entirely dried after each day's fishing. Although German silver does not rust, it will corrode, and the main cause for corroding is dampness. Be fair to the reel and dry it thoroughly in the open air or sunlight and drop a little oil in each cup before you tuck it away for the night.

As a final tip on the reel, old man, here's hoping you won't take it apart every once in a while to see what makes it go. The smooth running qualities of many a fine reel have been ruined by the impulsive cuss with the itching pain and a screwdriver. Of course you would never think of taking your watch apart and assembling it again. If anything goes bad with the reel, take it down to a reel doctor and let him feel its pulse. This will save you time and money, and for practice at mechanics you can have as much fun tinkering with an old alarm clock as a victim. From "Lake and Stream Game Fishing," by Dixie Carroll.

RUSSIA'S ICY MARSHES.

The Vast Frozen Desert of the Region of the Tundras.

In the extreme north of Russia, from the White sea to Bering strait, there lies the region of the tundras—vast frozen marshes stretching inland from the sea for from 300 to 1,000 miles. It is often difficult to determine the point separating the land from the sea, for the surface of the ground is frozen some forty feet deep. Even the heat of summer can thaw only about two feet of top soil.

The only possible vegetation consists of moss and a few berry bushes scant food for the millions of birds and herds of all kinds that flock northward in July and August to escape their enemy, the hunter. By the end of August, however, the heavy frosts set in, and the tundras become a barren, lifeless desert, covered with snow for hundreds of miles, with never a living speck of any kind on which to rest one's eyes.

To the south of the tundras is the great coniferous forest belt, which stretches from Finland to the Sea of Okhotsk. At its western end, where it is more settled, this is perhaps the most beautiful part of the great Russian plain. The countryside is dark with the shadows of the fir trees, but frequently shot with the light, little trunks of silver birches, says the Geographical Review. The aspect of the land, too, is slightly rolling in parts, and cradled between these slight elevations there are thousands of charming little lakes fringed around with reeds.

In China sausages are made of meat from the hind thighs of hogs, which are chopped fine, mixed with four drams of sugar, rice wine and table salt, eight drams of soy and a pinch of pepper to every one and one-third pounds and dried in the sun until ready for tinning. Dried oysters and ducks' livers are added to some varieties.

It Would Help.
"My dear, we can't afford to pay \$30 a month rent."
"Of course we can't, my dear. I've thought of that. But there's a lovely garage on the back of the lot which we can surely rent for \$5 a month, which will help a good deal."—Detroit Free Press.

Presumption Resented.
"Be good," said the philosopher, "and you will be happy."
"Not necessarily," replied the man of sensitive conscience. "If you undertake to be good some envious people are likely to think you are trying to put on airs."—Washington Star.

Classified.
"Mrs. Flubdub wants to borrow some sugar, some eggs and some flour. Evidently she is going to make some sponge cake."
"Sponge cake is right. But why does she sponge entirely on us?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is absurd for a man either to commend or depreciate himself.

Treasures of the Tiber's Bed.

Father Tiber must be trembling in his bed over the quest for the gold supposed to lie in the foundations of the old temple of Jove, for the river has more than once been threatened. Locky holds that its periodical flooding and bequest of marshes and malaria have been the salvation of Italy in preventing the Italian parliament, for reasons of health, from sitting long in session. Garibaldi had other views. He meant to dig the old river from Rome to Tivoli, so sent for that prince of engineers, Sir John Fowler. Fowler made the necessary surveys for diversion of the Tiber into the Anio—to canalize the malarial area and drain it into the sea. It would have been a great and romantic feat of engineering, but honest John loved Garibaldi as faithfully as did the red shirted Thousand. "It will cost you nine millions for the work and as much again for compensation. Don't think of it," he bluntly said. "Oh, you stubborn English!" laughed the hero. "Americans here would do the work for nothing merely to get the antiquities in the Tiber bed." But he took Fowler's advice.—London Chronicle.

The Misunderstood Shark.
There seems to be some misunderstanding concerning the way in which sharks attack victims. Some claim that they turn over as they attack so as to bite more readily with their receding underjaw. Others claim, according to the Popular Science Monthly, that they attack head on, swimming to their victim in a straight line. According to J. E. Williamson, whose work in photographing the shark under water for motion picture plays has been notably successful, the "head on" description of attack is the correct one.

"I can prove by my pictures that a shark does not turn over to bite," states Mr. Williamson. "If a shark wants to pick up anything from the bottom of the sea he goes right down to it as a cat pounces on a bone and picks it up. A shark does not turn over to bite any more than any other fish does."

Dealing in Diamonds.

There is no other form in which human wealth is so compact and so durable as in diamonds. A paper three inches long and an inch and a half wide will hold a king's ransom in a form that a million years will not harm and that not even fire itself, except the heat of the electric furnace and of the Bunsen burner, will destroy. You would think that anything so precious would be hedged about with a host of precautions. Just the opposite is true. Men go into the offices of wholesale diamond dealers, sh packages of uncut stones worth thousands of dollars into their pockets and go away with no record of the transaction except a "memorandum." Half the business of many dealers in precious stones is done by letting good-gone "on memorandum." The one thing that the men in the trade guard more carefully than their diamonds is their credit.—Youth's Companion.

Lions Fear Mice.

Large beasts of prey have a strong antipathy to rats and mice, says the London Tit-Bits. When a mouse was thrown into a cage where there were two lions the animals leaped away roaring, apparently with fright, and making efforts to get away from the tiny creature. A tiger roared with rage when first introduced to a mouse. Then he lowered his muzzle to smell it, but would have no more to do with it and made violent efforts to break from its cage.

Elephants screamed and trumpeted when mice were introduced, shrinking from them as far as their chains allowed. One elephant, however, more knowing than the rest, when a couple of mice were placed on the ground before him quietly placed his foot on them.

Steel Ships.

Steel ships differ from those of wood in that their hulls are made of steel plates riveted together instead of the old method of using wooden planking. They are enabled to float because, being hollow, they have what is called buoyancy. A steel ship displaces a volume of water equal in weight to its own. The principle of buoyancy may be tested by floating an iron pail in a bathtub full of water.

Sense of Security.
"Do you find that your constituents agree with you?"
"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "But that doesn't cause me any apprehension. If they refuse to be gulled, there is plenty of time for me to come around and agree with them."—Washington Star.

Hang Up the Broom.
Brooms should always hang when not in use. Have a hole bored through the handle four inches from the end and large enough to slip over an ordinary nail. When left on the floor a broom soon loses its shape and will not do good work.

Truly Grateful.
Footpad—And now I'll trouble you to take off that suit of clothes Jones. Thanks awfully. Only for my wife would have made me wear it for two years more.—Boston Globe.

No Last Word.
"Have you seen Bill's new wife?"
"Yes, and they do say she's the last word in wives."
"Nonsense! There isn't any such thing."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds.—Mark Twain.

An Army Officer's Story

By F. A. MITCHEL

The old United States army was formerly not what it is today. It was largely made up of men who had failed to make a living and had enlisted that they might be taken care of. Afterward, when the army was made larger, educated young men enlisted, hoping by diligent service to win a commission. Since the breaking out of the world's war many men of refinement who feel it their duty to fight for their country are to be found in the ranks.

At a time the army was full of low grade men I was in what was then the far west in command of a two-company post. There was little to do and my men were much given to drink. Where the liquor came from I did not know. Liquor was prohibited, and I kept a man I could trust at the only entrance to the fort to inspect all supplies that were admitted, to make sure that none was brought in.

Nevertheless the drunkenness continued. In those days when a man in the army was found drunk he was taken to the pump and water was pumped over his head. I remember an amusing incident when one of my men was being wetted down. He said in his maudlin way, starting on his defense:

"I tell you, major, there's a lot of rascality in this post."
"So I see by your condition," I replied, "and we're trying to work you out of it."

I had no detective to put on the track to find out how the liquor was smuggled in. So I must remain in the dark. Undoubtedly some of the men knew how the trick was done, but how many I could not find out. Probably the number was limited, for if there had been many in the secret it would have leaked out. It is the duty of a noncommissioned officer who knows of any irregularity going on among the men to report it, but I got no such report. They were all good men, and I judged they were not in the secret.

Farmers living about the fort brought in provisions, consisting of vegetables, fruit, butter, eggs and such like. It occurred to me that some one of the farmers who were furnishing these supplies must be bringing the liquor. But my sentry at the gate declared that they exposed all their wares when they entered and there was nothing that could contain liquor. One could not carry fluid of any kind in an onion or a crock of butter—that is, unless the crock had a false bottom. Every receptacle like a crock, a basket or a tin-can had been repeatedly examined and no spirits found.

Chickens and ducks were plentiful about us, and it occurred to me that a small glass or tin can might be hidden in each fowl, the birds being always brought in dressed ready for use. I had a number of them cut open, but found nothing.

My wife had a maid, who was receiving attention from one of the men. I asked my wife if she could not use her maid to find out through her soldier lover where the men were getting their liquor. My wife had a talk with the woman, who declared that her soldier never drank himself, consequently she was never caught in any of the drunks that occurred I was forced to believe the story.

Through a mistake of the maid the secret was made plain to me one morning without the assistance of a detective or any one else.

I always ate an egg for breakfast. On the morning in question our cook was on the sick list and the maid cooked and served the breakfast. She brought me in my coffee, my toast and my egg, the latter in an egg-cup. I usually ate my eggs boiled—and sat them all down before me. Then she retired, leaving me alone with my wife, who sat opposite me. I broke the small end of the egg, which was uppermost, and removed the broken part with my knife.

Instead of the odor of eggs I smelled the odor of whisky. Bending over it, I perceived a yellow fluid. Pouring a little of the fluid into a glass, I sipped—whisky.

The secret was out. The shell had never been laid by a hen, but had been manufactured of plaster of paris.

Realizing that I must discover who was bringing in these egg drinks I emptied the whisky into a bowl and put the shell in my pocket. Then my wife sent the maid out with a message to a friend, and while she was gone we searched our larder. We found concealed there several dozen whisky eggs. They were being stored by myself, the commandant of the post.

It was evident that the maid was favoring her lover, who was undoubtedly the dealer in these drinks. When the maid returned from her errand my wife took her to the hiding place of the liquor and broke one of the egg-shells. The maid was, of course, much disconcerted. In some way she had unintentionally got hold of a whisky egg instead of a hen's egg and served it to me for breakfast.

I ordered the arrest of her lover, and he was tried by court martial. It came out that a sleek country man who supplied us with eggs had brought in the accused whisky eggs, which he sold to the men. He received a proper sentence. The maid, of course, was discharged.

Just how she got hold of the wrong egg never came out. I am inclined to think that the farmer unintentionally put it in the same box with real eggs.

JAPANESE KNOTS.

They Have a Language of Their Own, and Their Making is an Art.

The Japanese have no use for buttons, buckles or hooks and eyes. Cord serves every purpose of fastening and furnishes artistic possibilities seemingly without end.

The Japanese have hundreds of knots, made necessary by the ornamental use of cord. Some are as old as the time when history was recorded by a series of knots, just as it was in China and Peru before writing was invented. There are dozens of knots in common and ceremonial usage, and these every child can tie.

In one educational museum of Japan is a great frame of the most beautiful knots, tied in silken and gold thread. This had formed a part of Japan's exhibit at a certain world's fair. For six months this wonderful collection had hung upon the wall and only two visitors had noticed and inquired about it. Even these thought the knots must be industrial samples intended for dress trimmings. No one offered to buy the unique exhibit, no museum begged for it, and the wonderful knots were taken home again.

There is an appeal to the imagination even in the knots intended for common use. There are plum blossom, cherry blossom, iris, chrysanthemum and pine tree knots. There are fuyunama knots, turtle and stork knots, the "old man's," which is easy to tie, and the "old woman's" also.

There is only one way of knotting a cord when sending a New Year's or birthday gift and another for doing up a funeral offering. There is one way to tie the broad bag of the tea jar when it is full and another when it is empty. A sword bag, a flag or spear bag, a dispatch bag, or the box containing some precious piece of porcelain or lacquer, must each be tied in a certain way.

The ill bred person classes himself with the foreigner by tugging such niceties of custom, and an object tied in a slovenly manner may not only be witness to the sender's ignorance, but may carry with it a deadly insult.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE ALBUMEN WE NEED.

Feeds That Produce It and How They Compare With Meat.

"Why do we eat meat?" asks Dr. Daniel Claude in an article in Nature, and he answers his question by saying: "First to supply the albumen necessary to our bodies, then because meat is a pleasant food, easily digested and assimilated."

Many physiologists have estimated the quantity of albumen necessary to our systems and have given widely differing figures, but today it is generally held that one grain per day per kilogram of body weight is sufficient. It is to say that a man weighing 100 pounds actually needs only between five and six ounces of albumen a day. Children and growing youths need more. Meat, however, is not the only food that is rich in albumen. A quarter of a Brie cheese, for instance, contains as much albumen as half a pound of beefsteak. Lentils, peas and beans are from 20 to 25 per cent albumen, which means that these vegetables are worth actually more than steak and cost far less.

According to Dr. Claude, our daily needs in the way of albumen can be satisfied by any one of the following:

Beefsteak	14 ounces
Chicken	14 ounces
Codfish	14 ounces
Salmon	14 ounces
Shrimp	14 ounces
Silk	14 ounces
Lentils	29 ounces
Peas	29 ounces
Eggs	9 ounces
Cheese	6 ounces
Almonds	25 ounces
Haricot beans	14 ounces
Lentils	29 ounces
Bread	29 ounces

From these it is easy to make a selection, picking those that cost the least.

Warfare in the Air.

A high powered airplane engine of the best type—say 120 to 150 horsepower—cannot be purchased for much less than \$3,000. And the whole airplane, a big one, may readily cost \$10,000 to \$20,000.

A fast modern airplane has an average life of only about two or three hundred hours of active service—say two months at the outside. This means that to keep 10,000 airplanes on a battle line you have to be able to build 6,000 per month or more. The cost would be almost unthinkable. That is why warfare in the air for any length of time would bankrupt the world. And that in turn is why warfare in the air means the end of all warfare.—Collier's.

No Cheating.

A young man visited a jeweler's and asked to look at some wedding rings. He selected a very handsome ring, and the jeweler said:

"Hm! That one is dearer than the others. Yes, sir; I have to charge \$10 extra for that one on account of the chasing."

The young man flushed.

"You won't have to chase me, mister," he said coldly. "I pay cash."

Don't Get Bored.

Don't let yourself get into the habit of being bored. It is not worth while. When you feel it coming on plunge at once into some task that will take all your time and energy. It is better to run away from certain things than to let them irritate you.—Exchange.

With the Sea Flavor.

Friend—What kind of car did you buy? Retired Sea Captain—Well, she draws about fifty feet of dust and displaces half my bank account.—Life.

Catty.

Miss Sharpe—She's her own chaperon Greene—How's that?
"You ought to see her face."—London Answers.

Filipino Are Lazy.

The Filipino strikes me as unbearably lazy. He has had roads built for him, schools run for him, good government and peace secured to him and an unusual measure of confidence placed in him. He has graduated from almost no clothes into spotless white, with patent leather "kicks," a clean shirt and a resplendent tie, so that he looks like the swell member of a pair of black face comedians. He has had "sitting down" jobs created or discovered for him and has taken with remarkable alacrity to the ice cream soda habit, just like any other cultured being. He has learned to speak English very well and has been trained into a really good athlete. But, as far as I can see so far, he is not much changed since the days when he dawdled into school, followed by a servant to carry his books and ink bottle. I doubt very much whether he will work as hard or as intelligently to make something of himself and the islands as Uncle Sam has worked for him.—Christian Herald.

Northcliffe's Test.

In Everybody's Magazine Isaac F. Marquand furnishes a concrete incident which explains in a manner Lord Northcliffe's wonderful success as a journalist. It shows why Northcliffe and his ramified interests have forged ahead:

He once met a subeditor in the corridor of the London Mail building and asked him how he was getting along.

"Splendidly, thank you," was the reply.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Six months, my lord."

"What money are you getting?"

"Seven pounds a week."

"Are you happy and contented?"

"Yes, but I have lots of leisure."

"Then you are not the man for me. I don't want any member of my staff to be happy and contented on 7 a week."

He himself has never been content with man or machine when he could get a better one.

Cadets of Switzerland.

Although no Swiss is legally liable for military service until the year in which he reaches the age of twenty, nevertheless a very large number of boys begin at the age of twelve to train as cadets and learn to carry and use rifles and to drill. These boys are supplied with their rifles by the government, but keep them at home and are responsible for having them always in proper condition. Should a rifle be found on inspection not to have been properly cleaned the boy's parents are liable to a heavy fine, and should this neglect occur a second time the boy may be punished by being dismissed from the cadet corps, this naturally being a disgrace from which every boy shrinks. These cadets all wear uniforms, which are supplied by the parents or, if the latter be in poor circumstances, then by the cadet corps association. Some of these Swiss cadets now have even light artillery.

The Girl Who Fused.

The fussy girl sat next us in the car this morning. And she fused and she fused and she fused. She settled herself three times, hunched up her right shoulder, took off her right glove and patted her hair, pulled the back of her collar into shape, shrugged up her left shoulder, pulled off her left glove and patted her hair, pushed her hat a little more to one side and put on both gloves, patted her hair and crossed her right ankle over her left, squared both shoulders and patted her hair, settled herself in a new position and pulled her coat down at the waist, patted her hair, surveyed her nose in the tiny glass at the bottom of her bag and patted her hair, pulled her hat a wee bit more to one side and reversed her ankles, then began at the top of her program and repeated it.—Worcester Post.

Her View of It.

A certain lady attempted to open an account at a department store. The store asked her for a reference, and she named Coutts' bank.

Coutts' bank, on being appealed to, replied that as a credit proposition the lady was an uncertain and even dangerous risk, and accordingly the department store wrote to her:

Madam—We regret to say your reference is unsatisfactory.

To this the lady wrote back:

You certainly surprise me. I always considered Coutts' bank a most respectable and solid institution.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Virtue and Immortality.

Men passionately desire to live after death, but they often pass away without noticing the fact that the memory of a really good person always lives. It is impressed upon the next generation and is transmitted again to the children. Is not that an immortality worth striving for?—Kropotkin.

Grease on White Goods.

To remove cream spots from embroidered centerpieces or dollies dampen the spot with liquid ammonia, then lay a fresh piece of blotting paper over it and iron lightly. This treatment will remove any grease from white goods.

You've Been There.

Invald Down For a Rest Cure—Is this a restful place, boatman? Boatman—It used to be, sir, afore folks came 'ere to rest.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Hire the Higher.

Teacher—What is the difference between "I will hire a taxi and I have hired a taxi?" Kid—About \$6.50.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We would willingly have others perfect and yet amend not our own faults.

—Thomas a Kempis.