

Mistaken Identity

By E. A. Roebuck

(Copyright, 1901, by E. A. Roebuck.) Mr. Emley was a burglar. He was, however, a select burglar, an artist in the profession. On a very dark night in March several years ago, he walked up the front stairs of the finest house in Circletown. The house had been sold a few weeks before to a gentleman in France and Mr. Emley's reasons for visiting the place before its owner returned from abroad were known only to himself. He was a cool man, never taken unawares, prepared for any situation which might present itself and if on that dark night he was surprised to see the door before him suddenly open no one would have guessed it. Certainly the servant on the inside of the threshold did not. He started back in dismay, believing it to be his new and unknown master who stood confronting him. "Good evening," said Mr. Emley, raising his hat. "Why—why we didn't expect you for several days, sir," stammered the servant. "Indeed!" "And nothing is ready, sir, but if you will come in we can fix up something."

"You have a message? Who for?" "Mr. Jenkinson, sir." "Yes? Well, I'll take it. I have charge of everything here and will know just where to find Mr. Jenkinson should he not be at the house." Mr. Emley coolly appropriated the message and the messenger's book. After signing the book, he gave the boy a quarter and sent him away happy. "Now I wonder," said Mr. Emley, "who this is from?" He turned the message round and round in the brilliant sunlight, but no answer to his question shone forth. "If I were in reality Mr. Smith I'd take this to Jenkinson, but as I am not—"

"You came rather unexpectedly, did you not?" "Yes. It has never been my custom to herald my movements from the house." "Well," said Miss Lormer, rising and brushing the flower to the ground, "I hope you weren't disappointed in your expectations." "I did not imagine that anything could have so far exceeded them," replied Mr. Smith, picking up the rose and pressing it to his lips. They were constantly meeting after this and although Mr. Smith was not in love he was headed in the right direction. The third week seemed hardly begun ere it was finished and he was gazing with dismay upon the unavoidable ending to his adventure. Another telegram announcing the exact date of the real Mr. Smith's return threw him into a momentary whirlwind of passion and defiance. "I will not give it up! I will not!" he cried. But things finally readjusted themselves to their normal condition and Mr. Smith was but a thin mask covering Dick Emley, smartest burglar, content man of Chicago. "I have had my taste of high life and it has been perfect," he soliloquized, "and the only thing to do now is to gain some lasting benefit from it; a sort of interest on my money, as it were."

before some one stepped out from the shadows and caught hold of the bridle rein. Mr. Emley sprang to his feet, only to find himself looking into the barrel of a revolver. "I beg your pardon," said a soft voice, "but could I speak to you for a few moments?" For the first time in his life Mr. Emley was stunned, helpless, at the mercy of his opponent. The voice was that of Miss Lormer. "If you will get down from the cart," she said, "I will put this gun away. I am a very good shot," and she laughed, "but the thing makes me nervous." "Who would have thought that you were in the profession, too?" Mr. Emley mused in dazed tones as he mechanically climbed down from the cart. Miss Lormer laughed again, more heartily than before, and it was then he saw that she was not alone. A man stood at the horse's head. One of his legs was bandaged and he was leaning on a cane. It was a tall, good looking young man, and he returned Mr. Emley's survey with great interest. Noticing the exchange of glance, a Miss Lormer turned to Mr. Emley, slightly embarrassed. "Allow me to introduce to you, Mr. Smith, my fiancé."

relished to be well digested; this has been so clearly revealed it seems a waste of time to risk a repetition of the truth. But in view of the fact that it is quite impossible in too many cases to get our food in just the right condition, with the osmazome unchanged and the natural flavors intact, we are therefore forced to substitute the natural flavors of the food substances with those nature with evident and kindly intent furnishes us for substitutes in the aromatic herbs, seeds, flowers and fruit acids. All foods of the nature of condiments, which are merely incentives to the appetite, and to be partaken of in very homopathic portions, are to be regarded in the light of necessary evils, harmless in the hands of the intelligent and temperate, but calculated to do serious harm if used in excess. The acids of vegetables and fruits form but a very small per cent of the substances contained in our foods, but their presence is necessary to maintain a healthy condition of the system. Acetic acid, which is best known to us in the form of vinegar, is extensively used as a condiment in sauces and salads and in the preparation and preservation of many vegetables and fruits known as pickles. Aromatic or flavored vinegars are so easily made and are of the greatest value to the cook, especially when fresh herbs cannot be obtained. They are used principally in salads and sauces.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE Timely Articles By Eminent Writers that have appeared in The Twentieth Century Farmer

during the first six months of 1901.

- "What the Government Has Done for the Farmre," SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE JAMES WILSON. "The Advance Made in the Study of Insects," Prof. LAWRENCE BRUNER, State Entomologist of Nebraska. "Some Leading Features of Kansas Agriculture," F. D. COBURN, Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture. "Why Live Stock Men Oppose the Grout Bill," J. W. SPRINGER, President of the National Live Stock Association. "Arguments in Favor of the Grout Bill," J. B. RUSHTON, Ex-President of the Nebraska Dairymen's Association. "New Department of Agriculture in Iowa," G. H. VAN HOUTEN, Secretary of the Iowa State Board of Agriculture. "Review of the Last Century in Dairying," Prof. D. H. OTIS of the Kansas Experiment Station. "Redeeming the Semi-Arid Plains," C. S. HARRISON, President of the Nebraska Park and Forest Association. "Pertinent Facts About Seed Corn," N. J. HARRIS, Secretary of the Iowa Seed Corn Breeders' Association. "Question of Feeds for the Dairy Farmer," E. A. BURNETT, Animal Husbandman of the Nebraska Experiment Station. "Proper Care and Treatment of the Soil," R. W. THATCHER, Assistant Chemist of the Nebraska Experiment Station. "History of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture," Ex-Gov. ROBERT W. FURNAS, Present Secretary and First President of the Board. "Irrigation and Farming," GEORGE H. MAXWELL, Executive Chairman of the National Irrigation Association. "Making Winter Wheat Hardy," T. L. LYON, Assistant Director of Nebraska Experiment Station. Articles on Soil Culture and Conserving the Moisture in the Semi-Arid West, H. W. CABELL. Special Articles each week, JAMES ATKINSON, of the Iowa Experiment Station at Ames. Letters of Travel—FRANK G. CARPENTER. Other writers contributing to The Twentieth Century Farmer, are: Chancellor E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, of the University of Nebraska. Prof. CHARLES E. BESSEY, State Botanist of the University of Nebraska. R. M. ALLEN, President Standard Cattle Company. C. R. THOMAS, Secretary American Hereford Breeders' Association. B. O. COWAN, Assistant Secretary American Shorthorn Breeders' Association. Prof. H. M. COTTRELL, Kansas Experiment Station. Dr. A. T. PETERS, Nebraska Experiment Station. Hon. J. STERLING MORTON, Former Secretary of Agriculture—Father of Arbor Day. Prof. A. L. HAECCKER, Nebraska Experiment Station. E. F. STEPHENS, President Nebraska Horticultural Society for five years. E. WHITCOMB, Friend, Nebraska, Supt. Bee Exhibit at Nebraska State Fair. O. H. BARNHILL, Shenandoah, Iowa, Secretary Southwestern Iowa Horticultural Society. Women's Department conducted by Mrs. NELLIE HAWKS, of Friend, Neb. Veterinary Department in charge of one of the best veterinarians in the west.



THEY WERE CONSTANTLY MEETING AFTER THAT.

"I am hungry, and ah—ah—" "Jenkinson, sir." "Thanks. If you have something to drink, Jenkinson? It is a trifle raw outdoors. And—by the way, has there any mail come for me?" This was an excellent stroke of diplomacy on Mr. Emley's part. He was anxious to know who he was. The address on the envelope would tell him. "A letter came a week ago, sir, but we forwarded it to Paris."

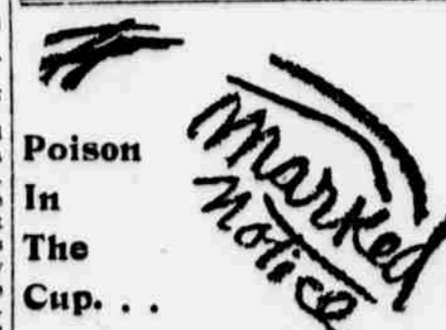
he easily adapted himself to his new surroundings. And it was no wonder that under the smile of fortune he forgot he was wanted by the police of almost every large city in the country, and walked through the ball room with head held proudly erect. It was thus that she first saw him. "Who is that?" she inquired of a friend. "Where? Oh! that is Mr. Smith of The Grange." "Or The Grange? Up here on the hill?" "Yes. Haven't you met him yet?" "No," she answered, looking curiously at him. "I have not."

home, he was gratefully thanked and the offer accepted. Two evenings the exhibit lasted and all Circletown turned out. The affair was one of great social magnificence. Under nodding palms the silverware reposed upon velvets of ruby, green and gold. Subdued lights flung their rosy radiance upon gleaming statuary and soft strains of music throbbled through a bowser of ferns and lilies. The host was impeccable. With a dignified and reserved, yet cordial welcome, he put all at their ease, establishing for himself an enviable reputation. Such a social success had never before been known in Circletown. The real Mr. Smith was having a precedent established for him that he might find difficulty in living up to. As was to be expected, Miss Lormer was the object of Mr. Smith's most marked attentions. The town had recognized this and the feminine portion of it was honestly endeavoring to accept the fact graciously. "Now he will always live here," said the matrons, wisely nodding their heads. "If he had not fallen in love with one of our girls, he would probably grow weary of so small a place and return to Paris."

Table and Kitchen

Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

- Daily Menu. SUNDAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cereal. Cream. Sweet Breads Baked and Fried. New Pegg. Cream Sauce. Toast. COFFEE. DINNER. Tomato. Onion. Baked Spring Chicken. Rice. Stewed Tomatoes. Lima Beans. Fruit. SUPPER. Marinated Salmon. Sliced Tomatoes. Fruit Compote. Cake. LEMONADE. THURSDAY. BREAKFAST. Peaches. Sliced in Cereal Mush. Grilled Tomatoes. Bacon. Sally Lunna. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Corn Pudding. Fried Okra. Stewed Apples. Cream. Soft Gingerbread. Tea. DINNER. Cream of Pea Soup. Veal Croquette. Hollandaise. Rice Croquettes. Grape Sauce. Tomatoes and Cucumbers. Fruit Tapioca. Coffee. FRIDAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Cereal. Cream. Plain Potatoes. White Muffins. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Creamed Codfish. Plain Potatoes. Squash Fritters. Cold Catsup. Cereal. Coffee. DINNER. Baked Salmon. Hollandaise. Mashed Potatoes. String Beans. Creamed Cauliflower. Apple Float. Cream Sauce. Coffee. SATURDAY. BREAKFAST. Fruit. Plain Omelet. Tomato Sauce. Rice Wafler. Coffee. LUNCHEON. Curry of Vegetables. Rice. Peach Puffs. Orange Sauce. Tea. DINNER. Cream of Lima Bean Soup. Braised Pigeons. Brown Sauce. Spiced Peas. Stewed Carrots. Mayonnaise of Tomatoes. Stuffed with Corn. Pear Compote. Cake. VINEGARS AND CATSUPS. To the Appetite Add Taste, and Health to Both. "If all the world should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse, Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze, The All-giver would be unthank'd, would not half his riches known, and yet despis'd. And should serve Him as a grudging master." There is a happy medium to be attained between the pulse and water diet and a riotous and extravagant variety of dishes. The natural and normal appetite is one that is satisfied with simple foods. But we must be reasonable in our deductions and understand the principal reason why we are not content is not so much because we have lost our relish for plain and natural foods as owing to the fact that bad cooking renders these foods "fat, stale and unprofitable."



That's why tea and coffee make so many people nervous, dyspeptic and rheumatic. The poison is known as caffeine. Tea contains 6 per cent, and coffee 2 per cent, of this poison, of which 7/16 grains will kill a cat. If you have sick headache or indigestion, stop tea and coffee at once. It's no trouble at all when you drink Caramel Cereal, the Battle Creek Sanitarium scientific substitute for coffee. Has a fine aroma, a pleasant flavor. Made from pure cereals. No molasses or cheap sugar factory refuse which many so-called cereal beverages contain. The genuine bears a picture of the world famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. Ask your grocer for it.

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