

THE NEW HOUSE-KEEPER

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"Well, that is too bad!" She was sitting on the floor of one of the rooms of a Fifth Avenue hotel, anxiously examining the contents of a small traveling valise, which were presently scattered in a semi-circle before her. That the search was unsuccessful was apparent from the gathering frown on her face. At last she thrust the various articles back into the valise and walked impatiently to a window.

Several minutes of silent consternation, then the frown vanished in a clear, ringing laugh.

"Sure, this is one on you, Miss Flighty Head," she cried, merrily. "Wouldn't Reggie reign triumphant if he knew! But he shall not find out. No, indeed!" with a grimace. "He would never let me hear the last of it if he did. But what shall I do? Three thousand miles from home, with only five pounds in my purse, and not the remotest idea in what part of this hurry-scurry New York Reggie is to be found. Well, nil desperandum, as papa says. A Fitzgerald never gets to his wits' end. But what a ninny to lose that address."

She remained for a long time gazing abstractedly at the kaleidoscopic tides of humanity in the street below, then a sudden flash came into her eyes.

"Why, of course," she said, as though she had come to the one natural conclusion; "I will earn my living until I can get the address from papa. He will be up at Ballyshannon with his guns and dogs before this, and it will take at least six weeks to hear from him. I have often read letters to the servants from their people in America, and they always go to an intelligence office. I will go to one myself."

The hotel clerk was experienced in his profession, and prided himself on an intuitive recognition of breeding. He had been rather impressed by the young lady when she put her name on the register, an hour before, and he now bowed very low as she approached.

Did he know of an intelligence office? Certainly, several of them. And he wrote the addresses for her with ceremonious courtesy, and even told her at which place she would be likely to find the best servants.

When she thanked him and turned away he reversed the register and stared meditatively at her signature.

"Esther Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ireland." "Name suits her," he muttered. "Some of the old nobility, most likely."

On this very day it happened that Mrs. Van Maurice, of Advanced Thought fame, was unexpectedly deprived of a housekeeper. She was in the midst of a round of engagements and social duties, and this defection filled her with momentary consternation. She visited the intelligence office and the young lady who rode home with her—"Esther Geraldine," as she called herself—suited her very much.

Before the end of the second day she had all the details of the ménage at her command, and Mrs. Van Maurice was already congratulating herself on her acquisition, the only drawback to her satisfaction being that said acquisition refused to engage herself for more than two months.

One morning Esther was in the music room arranging some folios on a table when she heard quick, approaching footsteps. Thinking it was Mr. Van Maurice, she went on quietly with her work.

"I beg your pardon, I didn't know Aunt Lisa had company," said an eager, almost boyish voice. "A servant told me she was up here."

"Mrs. Van Maurice just went into the library," and Miss Esther turned toward him quietly. It was a very handsome, athletic young man she saw, and as their eyes met, a puzzled expression of dawning recognition appeared on each face.

"Thank you. But—excuse me—haven't I seen you somewhere?"

"Why, on board the Aurora, of course!" cried Miss Esther, suddenly, as she stepped forward with outstretched hands, and then for some time they exchanged reminiscences of the trip.

The next day the young man called on his Aunt Lisa again, and again in the evening. And the next day and the next and the next, and after that two or three times each week. Aunt Lisa was pleased with his devotion, and gave him small errands to execute, and allowed him to turn her music when she played; and chess-loving Uncle Van Maurice grew more and more urbane, and actually told him one evening that he really played a fair game.

The young man went through it all heroically, and never even by a change of expression indicated that he was bored. And for reward he saw Miss Esther several times in the distance and once actually spoke to her as he passed through the hall.

"Why don't you bring your friend

with you occasionally, Harold?" asked Mrs. Van Maurice, one morning. "He must be a remarkable young man. Your mother was telling me about him the other day."

"He is a remarkable young man," answered Harold, warmly. "Just now he is absorbed in a new invention, and can hardly be dragged away from it. But perhaps I can bring him out tomorrow."

The next evening they were all gathered in Mrs. Van Maurice's cosy music room, when the hostess suddenly turned to her guest.

"Would you mind telling us something about yourself, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she asked. "Something about your meeting with Harold, I mean. It must have been very romantic."

The young man looked embarrassed. "It was nothing," he demurred. "I just pulled him out of a hole."

"Hole!" echoed Harold, indignantly. "Do you call a crevasse like that a hole? And is my life nothing? Look here, Fitz, if you can't tell a better story than that, just keep still. I will do the yarning myself, Hole, indeed!"

He settled himself comfortably in his chair, and then looked across at his friend.

"You don't mind my giving the whole yarn, do you, Fitz?" he asked. "Aunt Lisa is getting interested in you, and will not be satisfied with less than the whole story. Well, then, here goes."

"In the first place, and as a sort of preface, I wish to say that I am an honorary member of Fitz's family. He has told me so much about his people that his brothers have become my brothers, and his sisters my sisters. I have never seen any of them, but am going across some day and put in my claim. His father is a gentleman of large estate and colossal mortgage, and numerous children. Cornac, the oldest, was given a fine education, and two years on the continent; and then he joined the Royal Engineers, where he is now a shining light. Reginald Cuan Fitzgerald, the second son—our friend here—with a low bow—early displayed signs of mechanical genius. He received the customary education and tour, which was somewhat curtailed by an unfortunate stringency of the family purse. It was on this tour that he pulled my unworthy self from a hole, and thereby endangered his neck and broke an arm. Naturally we vowed eternal friendship and continued the trip together. When it was finished, I induced him to cross the Atlantic with me. My father was an extensive manufacturer, and it seemed to me that this was a golden opportunity for the encouragement of fallow genius. Time proved I was right. Reginald Cuan Fitzgerald among machinery was as dry gunpowder in a burning building. Before we could collect our dazzled senses he had flashed across the horizon of inexperience into a position as superintendent of the works."

He paused a moment to sip the tea which Mrs. Van Maurice handed him, and then went on:

"The third scion of the family is Miss Essie, a musical genius, who was obliged to assume charge of the household on account of her mother's invalidism. Stress of finance and this duty have hitherto kept her genius somewhat in abeyance, but now," waving his hand toward Reginald, "this young Croesus comes forward with his savings of four years, beseeches her to cross the big pond and avail herself of all the musical advantages offered by our proud city. There is a family consultation, in which it is decided that Elizabeth Tara Fitzgerald, the fourth aspirant, is competent to assume the family dictatorship, and that suppressed genius, in the shape of Miss Essie, shall find its natural expansion in America—and—er—I believe that brings us down to contemporaneous history?" glancing at his friend.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Reginald, with a wry face. "When I have occasion for a biography I shall certainly apply to you." Then his face grew serious. "It seems strange that I have not heard from home. Essie wrote that she was all ready to start, and at least five or six steamers have been in since then. But at this season father usually goes up to Ballyshannon for a few weeks' hunting, and perhaps she concluded to wait until his return."

"It is all right, undoubtedly," said Harold. "From what you have told me of her, she is like the traditional pussy—or, more happily, like her illustrious brother—when she strikes America she will be on her feet."

During the conversation Mrs. Van Maurice had occasionally regarded her guest with a puzzled, inquiring expression. She had never seen him before, but somehow his features seemed familiar; and that peculiar way he had of throwing back his head—why, she had seen it dozens of times.

Suddenly a mirthful gleam of recognition swept the uncertainty from her face, and she rose quickly. With her a thought was to act.

"I suppose you and your sister resemble each other, Mr. Fitzgerald?" she asked.

"People used to say so, I believe; but Essie appropriated all the beauty and grace which rightly ought to have been divided between us."

"Those attributes naturally go to the sister," said Mrs. Van Maurice, smiling. "But would you mind going downstairs with me a moment? I have something to show you."

As they left the room, Mr. Van Maurice rose with the remark that he would go into the library after the chessmen. Hardly had he disappeared when Harold heard a slight rustle at the door.

"Is Mrs. Van Maurice here?"

"Esther!" Harold's face was in a glow as he stepped eagerly toward her.

"No, don't go," as she drew back. "I must speak to you, dear. I have been coming here for weeks, and have only just been able to catch glimpses of you as you flitted through some distant door. I cannot endure it any longer. Uncle Van Maurice and the others will be back in a moment, and I want this settled before they return. Darling, will you—"

She raised her hand quickly. Her face was in a glow now. She had not been prepared for this precipitous denouement.

"Why—I—" Then she burst into a merry peal of laughter. "What absurdity! We do not even know each other's names."

He looked blank, but only for a moment. Something even in her raillery gave him courage.

"What of it?" he asked, boldly. "Names don't signify. We know each other. And, besides, the names can be easily remedied. I am Harold Allyn Ferrers, at your service."

"What?" The glow faded from her face, and then came back in a quick flood of eager questioning. "Not my brother's friend?"

It was his turn to look surprised. "Your brother? I—don't—understand."

"Reginald Fitzgerald. He is my brother."

"O—h!"

There were sudden footsteps, then: "Here you are, Esther. We have been looking for you everywhere. I wish to introduce you to my friend, Mr. Fitzgerald."

An hour later, Reginald and his sister were standing in the hall, waiting for the carriage that was to take them home.

"It has come out all right, Essie," he said, a little soberly, "so perhaps it will be as well to say no more about it. But why did you not look in a city directory?"

Her hands went up with a quick gesture of dismay.

"Reggie, I never once thought of it."

Harold remained half an hour longer. When he left, his aunt followed him to the door.

"By the way, Harold," she said, as she reached up to brush a stray fleck of dust from his coat, "you must allow me to congratulate you."

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NOVICE GOT THE MONEY.

Twice-Told Tale of the Noble American Game.

"One thing is certain, and will never be disputed; I will never play poker with a beginner again."

The man wiped a perspiring forehead and then took up his tale in awe-struck tones.

"I sat in a little game last night. Two of the players were old friends of mine and old hands at the game. The third man was a stranger to me and a novice at poker. All of us older hands said we would show the green man how to play, so after telling him the principles we stacked the chips and started the game.

"Never in my life before did I see a man hold such hands, and never did I see a man have such a continuous run of luck. That novice fairly chewed us up. He didn't play the game. He didn't need to, he simply held his hand and raked in the pots.

"I remember one time I had two pairs. Well, I opened the pot, and everybody but myself, including the novice, discarded three cards. It was a cinch that nobody had anything higher than two of a kind. I didn't draw anything on my own discard, and everybody but the novice dropped out. He bet against me and kept on raising the pot no matter how high I went. I thought that he was bluffing me at first. Then I began to get scared, so at last I threw in three chips.

"I call you," I said. "What have you got?"

"He didn't say a word, and words, heaven knows, were idle things then, for he held up four face cards of a kind. He had drawn four of a kind on a discard.

"Well, sir, the bunch of us got cleaned out after awhile. Just to try his luck I dealt three hands.

"Throw out the face cards and count the spots," I said.

"The novice had just twice as many spots as any of the rest of us.

"No, sir, I don't play cards with greenhorns any more. If anybody says to me in the future: 'Come, I have got a young friend here who wants to learn the game,' I am going to tie my pocketbook in my trousers pocket, and hike out."—Washington Post.

Troubles Endured by Austria's Ruler.

As to Francis Joseph, the man, it has been always the same. Blessed with the most beautiful and gracious lady in all royal Europe as his consort, he early suffered estrangement from her, which, although an effect rather than a cause, brought him the consciousness that as a husband, in the eyes of his empress and queen, he was amenable to the same rules which governed the hearth of the humblest of his married subjects. He saw their only son grow up a reflection of his own weaknesses, unredeemed by his own worldly honesty and mental and physical strength; and he saw this son die a tragic, mysterious death. His beloved brother, Maximilian, found an unpitied grave in Mexico. One of his wife's sisters, the queen of the Two Sicilies, lost her throne in vanity and strife; another, Duchess d'Alencon, lost her life in the horrible Charity Bazaar fire of Paris. And then, at Geneva, September 18, 1892, came the hardest blow of all—the death of his saltiest consort by the knife of an assassin.

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY METCALF



In connection with the recent sailing of the Pacific fleet the name of Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy, has often come in the public print. Mr. Metcalf for two years held a seat in the President's cabinet as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. He is a native of California and was a member of congress before entering the cabinet.

COAL TRADE GROWING

BITUMINOUS TONNAGE FAR MORE THAN OF ANTHRACITE.

Business in Soft Coal Has Quintupled Since Year 1885 and Has Grown 80,000,000 Tons Since 1903.

Baltimore, Md.—In a recent issue of the Manufacturers' Record, Mr. Frederick E. Seward, the New York authority on coal industry, noting that the United States is now mining more than 1,000,000 tons of coal a day, writes:

"The year of 1907 was a record one for coal production of all kinds, and particularly is this shown in the output of bituminous coal, which aggregated a volume that would have been unthought of, say, even five years ago. Here we are with over 1,000,000 tons a day put out of the mines, and until a few weeks ago there was not 'enough to go around.' A few facts in regard to the growth of the soft coal trade of this country are of more than passing interest at this time.

Only thirty-odd years ago Illinois and Pennsylvania took a year to produce a tonnage that now could be (and is) turned out in one month, while West Virginia in 1907 produced in less than a week as much coal as was produced in that state in the year 1869.

Particularly noticeable is the growth of the soft coal tonnage in the last half dozen years. It might reasonably be supposed that with output on such a large scale the rate of increase would become smaller, but it goes forward with mighty strides, and a prolongation of the line of output indicates a tonnage of 500,000,000 tons, 1,500,000 tons a day for every

day in the year, practically, at a time no further distant than 1912. At present the bituminous tonnage is more than five times as great as the anthracite output. Pennsylvania continues to supply its full proportion of the entire output, and (including anthracite output) turns out nearly as much coal than 1894, and five times as great as in 1885.

The bituminous coal trade has quintupled since 1885. The increase alone of the year 1903, as compared with 1900, is as much as the whole aggregate output of the United States in all years prior to 1857, and since 1903 the tonnage has grown 80,000,000 tons.

Since 1896 the increase in tonnage has been constant (save for a standstill in 1904), and has amounted in all to 230,000,000 tons, and has nearly trebled the tonnage in ten years. The bituminous trade may now be said to be six times as large in volume as the anthracite business. It is three times as great now as it was no further back than 1885.

The output last year was as great as the total production for all years prior to 1874, and adding the output of 1906 and 1907 we have a tonnage equal to all the business prior to 1882. Scarcely less noticeable than the volume of bituminous business is the concentration of control, so that now a score or more companies control a tonnage equal to fully one-third of all the soft coal used in the United States, and as to the utilization of bituminous coal, there appears no reason, despite the large increase in tonnage, to change the assertion of a few years back that nearly one-half of the whole output, aside from that exported or used for coke-making, is used by the railway and steam navigation companies of the United States and Canada.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Mother Burns It Nightly for Ten Years Till Son Returns.

Whitings, N. J.—Given up as dead by all the family except his mother, George Harrington returned home the other day and occupied the place at the table where she had always kept a plate for him during the ten years of his absence.

Tiring of farm work and having a quarrel with his father, young Harrington ran away from home and went on board a ship to China, and finally to India. He wrote home, but, receiving no answer, thought that his family was too angry to care for him any more, so he did not write again.

Throughout the years of his absence his mother would not permit any one to sit at her son's place at the table, where a plate was always put for him, even after all the others believed he was dead. She lighted a lantern the last thing she did before going to bed every night, and placed it at a window, so that if the wanderer ever came back he would know a welcome awaited him.

To Alaska for Leap Year.

Freeland, Pa.—P. B. Ferry and James Brehm, handsome and athletic young miners of Upper Lehigh, have declared their intention of spending leap year in Alaska, "in order to avoid the importunities of young ladies who may ask us to wed."

MAUD HAS HER BUSY DAY.

Meek-Eyed Mule Slips on Street and Seeks Revenge with Heels.

San Antonio, Tex.—Maud the mule, a lop-eared quadruped who earns her daily alfalfa by hauling a Mexican peddler's cart, created great excitement on West Commerce street the other day. Maud was a meek-eyed mule with a look of patient resignation in her mournful eyes, but she carried a charge of dynamite in each hind heel.

While ambling down the street she slipped on the wet pavement and fell down, tangled in a maze of home-made harness. With great presence of mind she lay quietly until her driver sought to unravel the harness. Then she handed him a left foot jolt in the short ribs that sent him careening into the gutter.

"Johnny Buttinsky," who is present in every crowd, volunteered to release Maud from her toils. He got a swift kick on his hip pocket which placed him hors de combat, and thereupon he withdrew to the background. Finally Maud grew tired of her recumbent position and calmly arose.

Shaking her long ears in a coquetish manner, she meditatively kicked an innocent bystander into the gutter and then went to sleep, while the wounded driver attached the guy ropes to the cart.

Would Stop Sunday Funerals.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Undertakers and ministers of this city have combined to stop Sunday funerals. The undertakers will insist that all funerals be held on week days and the ministers will refuse to officiate at Sunday funerals.

WILL AID MARRIAGE

PACIFIC COAST BACHELORS FORM AFFINITY CLUB.

Scarcity of Maids Results in Society Which Plans to Import Women—Organization to Pay Wedding Expenses.

Spokane, Wash.—Designed to solve the problem of the scarcity of marriageable young women in the island empire, the Spokane Affinity club has been organized in this city by 25 bachelors under 30 years of age.

The society proposes to bring 5,000 young women into the Spokane country from the eastern states, find employment for them, and act as general sponsor. When any of the imported young women is convinced that she has found her soul-mate all marriage expenses will be borne by the club, including the license, the minister's fee, a wedding dinner and flowers.

J. C. Power Brown, secretary of the Spokane mining brokers' exchange, is president of the new society. The secretary and treasurer is Wallace A. McBurney, vice president and manager of the Falls City Lumber company, and the manager of the society is Cadwallader Jones, manager of the United States-Steel and Equipment company.

The membership is drawn from the best circles of Spokane society. As a member must have property of value greater than \$1,000, they are all eligible young men and entirely liable in case they find their affinity among the importations. Branches are to be instituted in every city and town of more than 500 inhabitants throughout the inland empire.

Shortly after the organization of the club President Brown gave out the following statement:

"The purpose of the club is to induce young women to come into this district. There is a scarcity of young women in the northwest, and the inland empire is no exception. I am not overestimating the fact when I say that 5,000 women between the ages of 20 and 30 years could find good husbands and comfortable homes in Spokane alone. This may seem an extravagant statement in a city of nearly 100,000 population, but the fact is that many more men than women have come into the city during the last 18 months.

"The first step in the campaign to bring young women into the country will be to write to our friends and acquaintances in the old homes in the middle, western, eastern, southern and New England states and eastern Canada, urging them to come to the northwest, and then prevail upon them to write to their girl acquaintances. In that way a chain system will be established and the problem finally solved.

"Any man between the ages of 25 and 40, industrious and of good character, and possessed of at least \$1,000, or its equivalent in realty, is eligible to membership in the club."

PAID WITH KISS; LOSES SUIT.

When Girl Grew Cold Carpenter Sent in Bill Demanding Money.

Mineola, L. I.—Bennette Bonanno of Manhattan sued John Lester and his wife Mary of Rockville Center, here for \$509, which he said was due him for carpentering and other work done for them. The defense set up the claim that the work was paid for with a kiss.

It was asserted by the Lesters that the work was done in a friendly way and was not to be paid for. Bonanno made no demand for pay until he and Rosie Vitro, the pretty 16-year-old daughter of the Lesters, ceased to be friends.

Mrs. Lester told about a bird house which she said Bonanno had given her adopted daughter. In his bill the bird house figures as a \$35 charge.

She, her daughter and Bonanno were admiring the house and the girl exclaimed:

"Oh! how can I pay you?"

To this, Mrs. Lester said, Bonanno replied:

"I'd take a kiss for pay."

"Was the kiss given?" asked the court.

"It was," responded the witness.

Miss Vitro told the same story. She said she had done some sewing for Bonanno, who was calling on her very frequently, and he promised her a present and sent her the bird house. She admitted paying with a kiss.

Justice Garretson granted a nonsuit.

GIVES CANNON THE IRON GRIP.

"Baby" Member, with Viselike Handshake, Makes Him Wince.

Washington.—A mild-mannered and unathletic-looking young man is Representative Harry Wolf of Baltimore, aged 27, the "baby" of the present house, and who began life as a newsboy. He was introduced to Speaker Cannon.

The speaker extended his hand. Wolf took a good, firm grip on it. The speaker winced and pulled his hand away as quickly as he could. The fingers were in a bunch and almost paralyzed. The "baby" member has a grip like a vise and works it all the time without thinking.

"Young man," said the speaker ruefully, as he shook the circulation back into his crushed paw, "if you have a grip on your district like that I'm afraid I won't live to see another Republican elected from it."