Enigmatical Calamity.

Men have often abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had—being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity.—Demetrius Phalereus.

Skillful Driving.

First Irishman (in London tube)—"Sure an' 'tis a mighty strange way of traveling." Second Irishman—"Bedad, it is a wonder we don't sthrike and burst some wather pipe."—Punch.

Breaking in Shoes.

Frederick the Great had tender feet and used to have an old double who broke i nnew boots for him. Hot weather is a mad time to break them in. Every one should keep old shoes on trees for wet and hot emergencies.

False Pretense.

Mrs. Hyup—"I was so disappointed in Dr. Pullem!" Mrs. Hyer—"In what respect?" "Mrs. Hyup—"I understood he was a great bridge expert, but he was only a dentist."—Puck.

Applied Learning.

See the man!

Oh, yes, the man is swearing rapidly.

Now he is putting his thumb in his mouth.

That is why he has stopped swearing; not because his thumb has stopped hurting.

How did he do so?

Do you not see the book on the floor?

It is entitled "Every Man His Own Carpenter."

Yes, the man was holding it in his left hand and reading the instructions for driving nails while he tried to follow them with his right hand.

Now he has removed his thumb from his mouth and is saying some more things.

Ha, ha!

We should not laugh so heartily had we not smashed our own thumb once or twice.

We learn from this that in the onward march of time we often learn that from our misfortunes of today we glean our joys of tomorrow.

Is not that helpful?

Let uswatch the man. Maybe he will attempt some more hammering and we will be helped even more.

Brownies.

A small boy's ideas of brownies: "They live in very hot countries. They eat with their fingers and wash their teeth with sand and water. Some are like savages, hunt for their prey and they worship ideals. Some boys and girls who have never seen these brownies think they are fairies, but of course they are not."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Succinctly Put.

"He dances beautifully," said the summer girl, "but he hadn't been here a week before he was engaged to be married. "Ah!" replied Miss Cayenne; "he two-steps better than he side-steps."—Washington Star.

A Practical Youngster.

"Why do you think your baby is such a clever child?" "Because," answered the sensible woman, "he just laughs and plays and has a good time instead of thinking up smart sayings for us to repeat to the neighbors."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

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The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Snaith" introduced himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she 'phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl," the hiding place in the latter's rooms, when Anisty heard her words. Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned.

CHAPTER XV.

The Price.

Slowly Maitland returned to the study and replaced the lamp upon his desk; and stood briefly in silence, long fingers stroking his well-shaped chin, his face a little thin and worn-looking, a gleam of pain in his eyes. He sighed.

So she was gone!

He laughed a trace harshly. This surprise was nothing more than he might have discounted, of course; he had been a fool to expect anything else of her, he was enjoying only his just deserts both for having dared to believe that the good in human nature (particularly in woman's nature) would respond to decent treatment, and for having acted on that asinine theory.

So she was gone, without a word, without a sign!

He sat down at the desk, sidewise, one arm extended along its edge, fingers drumming out a dreary little tune on the hard polished wood; and thought it all over from the beginning. Nor spared himself.

Why, after all, should it be otherwise? Why should she have stayed? Why should he compliment himself by believing that there was aught about him visible through the veneer acquired in a score and odd years of purposeless existence, to attract a young and pretty woman's heart?

He enumerated his qualities specifically; and condemned them all. Imprimis, he was a conceited ass. A fascinating young criminal had but to toss her head at him to make him think that she was pleased with him, to make him forget that she was what she was and believe that, because he was willing to stoop, she was willing to climb. And he had betrayed himself so mercilessly! How she must have laughed in her sleeve all the time, while he pranced and bridled and preened himself under her eyes, blinded to his own idiocy by the flame of a sudden infatuation—how she must have laughed!

Undoubtedly she had laughed; and, measuring his depth—or his shallowness—had determined to use him to her ends. Why not? It had been her business, her professional duty, to make use of him in order to accomplish her plundering. And because she had not dared to ask him for the jewels when he left her in the morning, she had naturally returned in the evening to regain them, very confident, doubtless, that even if surprised a second time, she would get off scot-free. Unfortunately for her, this fellow Anisty had interfered. Maitland presumed cynically that he ought to be grateful to Anisty. The unaccountable scoundrel! Why had he returned?

How the girl had contrived to escape was, of course, more easy to understand. Maitland recalled that sudden clatter of hoofs in the street, and he had only to make a trip to the window to verify his suspicion that the cab was gone. She had simply overheard his concluding remarks to the cabby, and taken pardonable advantage of them. Maitland had footed the bill. She was welcome to that, however. He, Maitland, was well rid of the whole damnable business. Yes, jewels and all!

What were the jewels to him? Beyond their sentimental associations, he did not hold them greatly in prize. Of course, since they had been worn by his mother, he would spare no expense or effort to trace and re-collect them, for that dim sainted memory's sake. But in this case, at least, the traditional usage of the Maitlands would never be carried out. It had been faithfully observed when, after his mother's death, the stones had been removed from their settings and stored away; but now they would never be reset, even should he contrive to reassemble them, to adorn the bride of the Maitland heir. For he would never marry. Of course not.

Maitland was young enough to believe, and to extract a melancholy satifcation from, this.

Puzzled and saddened, his mind harked back forever to that carking question: Why had she returned? What had brought her back to the flat? If she and Anisty were confederates, as one was inclined at times to believe—if such were the case, Anisty had the jewels, and there was nothing else of any particular value so persistently to entice such expert and accomplished burglars back to his flat. What else had they required of him? His peace of mind was nothing that they could turn into cash; and they seemed to have reaved him of nothing else.

Maitland Woke Up. "What's That?" He Questioned Sharply.

But they had that; unquestionably they had taken that.

And still the riddle haunted him: Why had she come back that night? And, whatever her reason, had she come in Anisty's company, or alone? One minute it seemed patent beyond dispute that the girl and the great plunderer were hand-in-glove; the next minute Maitland was positively assured that their recent meeting had been altogether an accident. From what he had heard over the telephone, he had believed them to be quarreling, although at the time he had assigned to O'Hagan the masculine side of the dispute. But certainly there must have arisen some difference of opinion between Anisty and the girl to have drawn from her that frantic negative Maitland had heard, to have been responsible for the overturning of the chair—an accident that seemed to argue something in the nature of a physical struggle; the chair itself lay upon its side, mute witness to a hasty and careless movement on somebody's part.

But it was all inexplicable. Eventually Maitland shook his head, to signify that he gave it up. There was but one thing to do—to put it out of mind. He would read a bit, compose himself, go to bed.

Preliminary to doing so, he would take steps to insure the flat against further burglarizing, for that night at least. The draught moving through the hall stirred the portiere and reminded him that the window in the trunkroom was still open, an invitation to any enterprising sneak-thief or second-story man. So Maitland went to close and make it fast.

As he shut down the window-sash and clamped the catch he trod on something soft and yielding. Wondering, he stooped and picked it up, and carried it back to the light. It proved to be the girl's hand-bag.

"Now," admitted Maitland in a tone of absolute candor, "I am damned. How in the dickens did this thing get there, anyway? What was she doing in my trunk closet?"

Was it possible that she had followed Anisty out of the flat by that route? A very much mystified young man sat himself down again in front of his desk, and turned the bag over and over in his hands, keenly scrutinizing every inch of it, and whistling softly.

That year the fashion in purses was for capacious receptacles of grained leather, nearly square in shape, and furnished with a chain handle. This which Maitland held was conspicuously of the mode—neither too large, nor too small, constructed of fine soft leather of a gun-metal shade, with a frame-work and chain of gun-metal itself. It was new and seemed well-filled, weighing a trifle heavy in the hand. One face was adorned with a monogram of cut gun-metal, the initials "S" and "G" and "L" interlaced. But beyond this the bag was irritatingly non-committal.

Undoubtedly, if one were to go to the length of unsnapping the little, frail clasp, one would acquire information; by such facile means would much light be shed upon the darkness. But Maitland put a decided negative to the suggestion.

No. He would give her the benefit of the doubt. He would wait, he would school himself to patience. Perhaps she would come back for it—and explain. Perhaps he could find her by advertising it—and get an explanation. Pending which, he could wait a little while. It was not his wish to pry into her secrets, even if—even if—

It was something to be smoked over. Strange how it affected him to have in his hands something that she had owned and touched!

Opening a drawer of the desk, Maitland produced an aged pipe. A brazen jar, companion piece to the ash receiver, held his tobacco. He filled the pipe from the jar, with thoughtful deliberation. And scraped a match beneath his chair and ignited the tobacco and puffed in contemplative contentment, deriving solace from each mouthful of grateful, evanescent incense. Meanwhile he held the charred match between thumb and forefinger.

Becoming conscious of this fact, he smiled in deprecation of his absent-minded mood, looked for the ash-receiver, discovered it in place, inverted beneath the book; and frowned, remembering. Then, with an impatient gesture—impatient of his own infirmity of mind—for he simply could not forget the girl—he dropped the match, swept the book aside, lifted the bowl.

After a moment of incredulous awe, the young man rose, with eyes a-light and a jubilant song in the heart of him. Now he knew, now understood, now believed, and now was justified of his faith!

After which depression came, with the consciousness that she was gone, forever removed beyond his reach and influence, and that by her own willful act. It was her intelligible wish that they should never meet again, for, having accomplished her errand, she had flown from the possibility of his thanks.

It was so clear, now! He perceived it all, plainly. Somehow (though it was hard to surmise how) she had found out that Anisty had stolen the jewels; somehow (and one wondered at what risk) she had contrived to take them from him and bring them back to their owner. And Anisty had followed.

Poor little woman! What had she not suffered, what perils had she not braved, to prove that there was honor even in thieves! It could have been at no inconsiderable danger—a danger not incommensurate with that of robbing a tigress of her whelps—that she had managed to filch his loot from that pertinacious and vindictive soul, Anisty!

But she had accomplished it; and all for him!

If only he could find her, now!

There was a clew to his hand in that bag, of course, but by this act she forever removed from him the right to investigate that.

If he could only find that cabby.

Perhaps if he tried at the Madison square rank, immediately—

Besides, it was clearly his duty not to remain in the flat alone with the jewels another night. There was but one attainable place of safety for them, and that the safe of a reputable hotel. He would return to the Bartholdi at once, merely pausing on his way to inquire of the cabmen if they could send their brother-nighthawk to him.

Maitland shock himself into his topcoat, jammed hat upon head, dropped the jewels into one pocket, the cigarette case into another, and—on impulse—Anisty's revolver, with its two unexploded cartridges, into a third, and pressed the call button for O'Hagan, not waiting, however, for that worthy to climb the stair, but meeting him in the entry hall.

"I'm going back to the Bartholdi, O'Hagan, for the night. You may bring me my letters and any messages in the morning. I should like you to sleep in the flat to-night and answer any telephone calls."

"Yiss, Misther Maitland, sor."

"Have the police gone, O'Hagan?"

"There's a whole bottle full yet, sor."

"You've not been drinking, I trust?"

The Irishman shuffled. "Shure, sor, an' wud that be hosphitible?"

Laughing, Maitland bade him good night and left the house, turning west to gain Fifth avenue, walking slowly because he was a little tired, and enjoying the rather unusual experience of being abroad at that hour without company. The sky seemed cleaner than ordinarily, the city quieter than ever he had known it, and in the air was a sweet smell, reminiscent of the country-side—reminding one unhappily of the previous night when one had gone whistling to one's destiny along a perfumed country road.

"Good 'eavings, Mister Maitland, sir! It carn't be you!"

Maitland looked up, bewildered for the instant. The voice that hailed him out of the sky was not unfamiliar.

A cab that he had waited on the corner to let pass, was reined back suddenly. The driver leaned down from the box and in a thunderstruck tone advertised his stupefaction.

"It aren't in nature, sir—if yer'll pardon my mentionin' it. But 'ere I leaves you not ten minutes ago at the St. Luke building and finds yer 'ere, when you 'aven't 'ad time—"

Maitland woke up. "What's that?" he questioned, sharply. "You left me where ten minutes—?"

"St. Luke buildin', corner Broadway an'—"

"I know it," excited, "but—"

"—'avin' took yer there with the young lady—"

"Young lady!"

"—that comes outer the 'ouse with yer, sir—"

"The devil!" Maitland hesitated no longer; his foot was on the step as he spoke. "Drive me there at once, and drive for all you're worth!" he cried. "If there's an ounce of speed in that plug of yours and you don't get it out—"

"Never fear, sir! We'll make it in five minutes!"

"It'll be worth your while."

"Right-O!"

Maitland dropped into his seat, dumfounded. "Good Lord!" he whispered; and then, savagely: "In the power of that infamous scoundrel—!" And felt of the revolver in his pocket.

The cab had been headed north; the St. Luke rears its massive bulk south of Twenty-second street. The driver expertly swung his vehicle almost on dead center. Simultaneously it careened with the impact of a heavy bulk landing upon the step and falling in a heap on the deck.

"My worrd, what's that?" came from aloft. Maitland was altogether too startled to speak.

The heap sat up, resolving itself into the semblance of a man; who spoke in decisive tones:

"If yeh're goin' there, I'm goin' with yeh, 'r yeh don't go—see?"

"The sleuth!" gasped Maitland, astounded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REFUSED TO GIVE TESTIMONY

Youngster's Attitude Put Mother in Something of a Dilemma.

On Frank's fifth birthday his mother told him solemnly that henceforward he must be a man. He must be kind and gentle, and, above all, must be perfectly truthful, etc. A few days later on entering the children's playroom she caught her younger son, Robert, in the act of striking Frank a blow in the face.

"Why do you strike Frank, Robert?" the mother asked.

"He hit me first," answered Robert hotly.

"Did you, Frank?" she inquired.

"No, I didn't," asserted Frank.

"See here, Frank," said she sorrowfully, "don't you remember what I told you—now you are five years old—that you must be a man, and must never tell a lie—tell me—did you strike him? Now remember, the Lord sees and hears everything you do and say and—"

"Does He know?" interrupted Frank, "whether I struck Robert or not, mother?"

"Yes, my son, He knows."

"Well, you just ask the Lord if I did, will you?"

The Magic Tomato.

Don't give a week's salary to the ticket agent to send you back to the old farm. Get a ripe tomato, dip it in salt, close your eyes and take a bite—and in a twinkling you will be standing in the dear old garden between the house and the orchard, with the trumpet vines climbing over the fence and the hollyhocks rising at the far end, and the dry, sweet, grassy, minty-tomato-viney smell of perfect summer in your nostrils, and a voice will be calling to you from the kitchen door, "You let those tomatoes alone, do you hear?"

A ripe tomato, dipped in salt, can outfly the strongest magic carpet in Arabia.—Newark News.

MME. MELBA'S FIRST ENCORE

Her Concert Was a Big Success, But Little Playmate Saw Her Garter.

When six years of age Helen Mitchell (Melba) appeared at a school concert, organized by her aunts in Richmond, Melbourne, the suburb of her birth. At this entertainment she sang "Shells of the Ocean" with such effect that the audience asked for an encore, and the child on her reappearance, created a still greater impression by her singing of "Comin' Through the Rye," for which her grandmother had taught her the Scottish accent.

At the earliest opportunity she hurried to her favorite playmate, who lived in the same street, and breathlessly waited for reference to the entertainment of the evening before, but the little comrade was adamant and ignored the whole subject. After many attempts to introduce it, Nellie at length found herself unable to wait longer, and exclaimed excitedly: "But the concert, the concert! I sang last night and was encored." And she looked with eagerness in the face of her friend, who answered witheringly: "Yes, and, Helen Mitchell, I saw your garter." Little Miss Mitchell had been particularly pleasedwith her neat attire, and the unexpected shaft coming in place of the looked-for compliment, in an instant blotted out the memory of the intoxicating encore, and drew the little singer from the seventh heaven of her brief delight to limbo.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

His Size Was Known.

"I want some collars and neckties for my husband!" she snapped.

"Yes, madam."

The clerk offered her the latest thing.

"What size are these?" asked the lady.

"Why, twelve and a half, madam!"

"How on earth did you guess that?"

"Ah," replied the clerk, smiling, "gentlemen who let their wives select their collars and ties always take that size!"

Carnations Go to Sleep.

Florists often suffer losses through a habit carnations have of sometimes "going to sleep" and never opening again. A series of experiments made in the Hull botanical laboratory and described in the Botanical Gazette makes it seems probable that this "sleep" is caused by the effect of illuminating gas, to which, even in very small quantities, these flowers are surprisingly sensitive.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Its Troubles.

The family skeleton complained.

"I wouldn't mind being exhibited once in awhile," said the skeleton, articulating with difficulty through its set teeth, "but they air me so frequently in the courtroom, where the air is always notoriously bad."

But who ever thinks of looking at such exhibitions from the family skeleton's point of view?

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The Old Man's Joke.

"Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?"

"No, pa," replied the maid. "But he's going right now."

"Then ask him to empty the pail underneath the ice box before he goes, will you? I forgot it."

Her Bathing Suit.

"Papa, the stuff I want my new bathing suit made of costs ten dollars a yard."

"Well, here's $1.50—get what you want, my dear."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

In India there are nearly 26,000,000 widows.

Where Sitting Bull Was.

Doane Robinson, head of the department of history of the state of South Dakota, says of Sitting Bull and the Custer massacre: "The Indians tell me that Sitting Bull was a medicine chief; that he was the greatest influence among the Sioux at that time by reason of his constant agitation against the whites, and that he did not personally engage in the fight against Custer, but that he was back on an elevation between the Little Big Horn and the Big Horn making medicine."—Indian School Journal.

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 39-1909.

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The strong man has a strong stomach. Take the above recommended "Discovery" and you may have a strong stomach and a strong body.

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