

Mademoiselle Jolie's High C

By John Louis Berry

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"Ah-h-h-h-h!"

The note was long, loud, clear, full and smooth. With its sudden, brilliant attack and soft, gradual cadence it disturbed fantastically the silence of the night.

"As God lives," cried Angelo, "the High C of my dreams!"

He rushed into the hall and knocked staccato agitato on the landlady's door. She knew that knock of Angelo's.

"I'm going to bed, signor," she called, cruelly. "Good night."

"One word, most merciful of landladies!" begged Angelo. "See, so as not to wake your blessed and respectable roomers, I fall on my knees and whisper through the keyhole. That High C—that heavenly High C! Whose was it?"

The landlady laughed—most irreverently and irreverently, thought Angelo. "Mlle. Jolie's," she answered. "Mademoiselle came here only to-day. She's a contralto soloist at the ten-cent vaudeville."

"Contralto!" groaned Angelo. "But that High C! Coloratura or nothing?"

"She's trying to raise her voice to a soprano," explained the landlady. "Wait, signor Angelo—" and she opened the door ever so little and handed him a photograph. "Mademoiselle's, in costume—" with another little laugh. "Good night. Feast on her beauty in your dreams."

"Most charming of landladies," cried Angelo. "I kiss you—will you withdraw your hand? Then I kiss this blessed keyhole—and this thrice blessed picture! Signora, good night." And Angelo hurried back to his room.

For a long time he sat in darkness trembling with eagerness, with hope, with despair. Then he dared light the lamp. But even then he dared not



"When I Heard Your Heavenly High C, Little One."

look at the picture. What if that divine High C came from a throat not so shapely and swan-like? What if mademoiselle had a bad nose, frizzy hair, a set and implacable mouth? Surely the gods—

"Jolie," murmured Angelo, tenderly. "With such a name she must be beautiful! So he turned up the light and looked at the photograph. "Thou art beautiful, little one—almost as beautiful as thy superior High C. Thy hair—it must be Titian. Thy skin—it must be as white as the moon. Thy little nose—no, it is not too retroussée. Thy little mouth—no, it is not too big."

He rose tremulously and drew the frayed tapestry across the one window. "No one must see us, little one—and no one must hear what we say." He went to the door and stuffed his handkerchief into the keyhole, then returned to the picture, which he clasped with eager fingers. "Little one, I introduce myself to you. I am only Angelo—but I had the bliss of being born in Milan the musical, the divine. I have been in this terrifying America long years trying to teach the art of singing, trying to build voices where there are none, trying to create High C's half as round and full as yours. Alas, the unkind horror of it all!" He hurried to the door, took his handkerchief from the keyhole, wiped the tears from his eyes, then stuffed it into the keyhole again.

"Most exquisite of mademoiselles!" he exclaimed, returning and pressing the picture to his breast, "I am poor—frightfully. I am old—dreadfully. I am ugly—unspeakably. But I cherish a superb ambition! Listen, little one. Almost one year ago I gave up teaching—forever. I saved a little money on which I planned to live one year—one year to the day, the hour, the minute. In this year I was to write the great opera. The theme had haunted me for a quarter of a century. It had dogged, deafened, blinded, choked, stifled me, demanding my life, my soul, until I had to surrender myself to it unreservedly. The great opera had to be written. It had to write itself—through me. But alas, where should I find the voice? I began the awful search. I went to operas, musical comedies, churches and concerts. The days, the weeks, the months slipped by—and I found it not. I hunted for it everywhere—in the street, in poverty's holes. In vain. So tonight with but one week of my year left I had given up hope when I heard your heavenly High C, little one—and oh, the burden it lifted from my soul. In this one little week I shall write the great

opera—but you must not fail me! For at the year's beginning I vowed that if at its end I had not written the opera and found the voice, I should die. See, here is the pistol, loaded—here, beside you on the table—Hush! your High C again?" He listened. "No, only my imagination. Well, I kiss your lily hand anyway—ah, you have no hand? Your cherry lips, you say? No, no, I am not worthy. Just the hem of your garment—ah, but I see you haven't any on! See, as a compromise, I kiss the name of the photographer. Thrice happy man to have possessed you!"

Angelo placed Mlle. Jolie upon his little old wobbly piano, draped a wreath of withered autumn leaves around her, blew out the light, drew back the window curtain, then in a moonbeam sat down to compose. The Muses must have been aiding round about, for in a moment he was playing softly. The inspiration fairly flowed. Angelo was in heaven. That greatest of joys, the joy of artistic creation, was his. He played a long time—until the moon went down. Then by the yellow lamplight he wrote down what he had played.

For two days and a night he slept but little and ate nothing; the divine fire needs no replenishing! The happiness that the years had denied him was his at last to measureless extent. Like Israel's, his heart-strings were a lute, and the Cosmos itself was busy playing upon him!

The second night he felt a quite earthly faintness within him. "I am not hungry, little one," he said to Mademoiselle Jolie, "it is simply my stomach."

Early next morning there was a knock on Angelo's door. He knew the landlady's peremptory tap, so, shivering with terror, did not answer. But the landlady knew Angelo, too. She threw a little card through the transom—and then laughed that jarring laugh of hers.

"A ticket to the vaudeville to-night, signor," she called. "Mademoiselle Jolie, who is much interested in you, wants you to hear her new song."

Angelo sat motionless. With horror-struck eyes he gazed at the ticket on the floor. It was red. It seemed to burn. It seemed to burn into him. Vaudeville! A ten-cent show! Instinctively he put on his scrogles and stuffed his ears with cotton. Go? Never!

He awoke late the next morning. The most golden of sunbeams lay across him, but alas! the landlady's strident voice was calling him through the transom.

"Signor Angelo!"

"Yes."

"Mademoiselle Jolie was terribly cut up because you weren't at the vaudeville last night. She leaves for a swing around the circuit the end of the week and wants to see you before she goes."

All that day he worked feverishly, unremittingly. That night the compassionate gods pressed down his eyelids and made him sleep. In the morning he dared write a little note to Mademoiselle Jolie stating that he should do himself the honor of calling on her that night after the theater. More singular still, he dared tiptoe down the hall and slip it under her door.

That evening with the ending of Angelo's year came the finishing of Angelo's opera. The wretched little piano was glad. So was Angelo's scrawny pen. So must have been the overworked muses.

In the remains of his ancient dress suit Angelo, primed, pruned and primed, waxed, polished and perfumed, sat waiting. He was dreadfully excited. He was hot and cold by turns. But he was resolute.

As the clock struck 11 he heard footsteps on the stairs. They were rather heavy, but whose could they be but Mademoiselle's? He waited awhile so she might have time to change her frock, then with a glacier around his heart and a mountain in his throat he went out into the hall.

Yes, there was the light under her door. In a daze, a maze—somehow—he moved toward it, knocked, opened and found himself face to face with a vision of loveliness beyond the wildest dreams of amorous sultans.

"Say, old man, this is too good," laughed Mademoiselle Jolie, in her deepest contralto. "You're daffy on me, ain't you? Well, look here." And she took off her golden hair, her bosom and her hips. "Say, grandpa, I'm just a nice, clever little half-way decent man, that's all—Willie Wilkins, the greatest female impersonator on earth!"

No "Peaceful" Boycott There.

This significant news item relative to the ending of the Chinese boycott against Japanese goods was printed in a Shanghai newspaper: "Although order has been restored in Hongkong, the fear struck into the hearts of owners and employees of shops in Canton and Macao selling Japanese goods has been such, owing to the conduct of the secret society men in Hongkong, that in both cities the shops in question have taken down their sign boards. The 'Do or Die' men have, however, given out that they are ready to cut off the ears of all offenders the moment they are discovered trafficking in the forbidden goods."

MEMBER OF GERMAN EMBASSY



Count von Wedel, newly appointed counselor of the German embassy at Washington, who recently arrived in this country. He succeeds Count Hatzfeldt, who has been promoted to the post of minister to Cairo, Egypt.

KEEPS RIVAL IN JAIL

BUT IT COSTS BELLEVILLE, ILL., MERCHANT \$1.50 A DAY.

Competitor Happy in Cell—Takes Plenty of Tobacco Along and Is Willing to See Other Man Pay Costs.

Belleville, Ill.—The board and lodging of Harry Joseph, a prisoner for debt in the Belleville jail, is being paid for at the rate of \$1.50 a day by Harry Rosenberg, who had put him there.

They are rival clothing merchants at Lebanon, Ill. Rosenberg sued Joseph for \$2,000, alleging that Joseph slandered him and said things about him which injured his credit as a merchant.

Before the case went to trial there was an agreement by which Rosenberg accepted a judgment of \$50 against Joseph. But he didn't get the money.

Joseph refused to pay, alleging that he did not have any property above the value of \$400, which was exempt from judgment under the law.

To make matters worse for Rosenberg the court decided that as Joseph had no seizable assets the costs in the case, amounting to \$28.30, would have to be paid by the plaintiff.

So, instead of being \$50 ahead as a result of the litigation, Rosenberg was out money.

"Isn't there any way I can get even with him?" he asked his lawyer.

"Yes, you might use a *capias ad satisfaciendum* on him."

"Is that a single-barreled or a double-barreled weapon?"

"Single, I think. I'll look it up," said the lawyer.

Rosenberg told him to go ahead. Too late he learned that the weapon was double-barreled.

Under the authority of an old statute the *capias* was served on Joseph. This provides that in a case where a debt is contracted through a violation of the law the person to whom the money is owed can have the debtor imprisoned for a term not to exceed one year. But he must pay the debtor's board to the state.

Joseph was taken to the Belleville jail and locked up. He kissed his wife and baby by good-by and took with him a plentiful supply of smoking tobacco, books and magazines.

As he was being taken into the jail he said:

"All right. I'll stay here as long as Rosenberg pays the bill. Business is bad anyway, and I might as well loaf in jail."

Joseph's imprisonment has presented a strange legal tangle to members of the Belleville bar. It is the first time the statute has ever been enforced in St. Clair county and lawyers are talking of nothing else.

Joseph himself is not asking for legal advice. "I'll stick and make Rosenberg spend his money on me," he says.

"What could I do?" said Rosenberg to a reporter. "He wouldn't pay me. Yes, I've got to spend money for his board. But when I get mad I don't care for money."

"He talks bad about me. I sue him. We compromise. He owes me \$50 and he hangs the costs on me, too. Wouldn't that make anybody mad."

"I can't get my money. I put him in jail. Yes, I pay his board. That's the only way I can keep him in jail."

"Well, he's got me, all right," said Joseph smiling. "Jail isn't such a nice place, but I can stand it. I wasn't in business for myself. I opened a store in Lebanon for Harry Shapiro of St. Louis. That made Rosenberg mad. He didn't want competition in the clothing business."

"I got mad, too, and I said some-

thing about him and he had me arrested. Maybe it was slander. I don't know."

"We settled for a \$50 judgment. When I told him I could not make good he offered to take \$20. But I wouldn't give him one cent."

"I don't know how long I'll have to stay in jail—maybe six months. All right. I'll stick till Rosenberg gets tired of paying my board. I've got it fixed so my wife and children will be cared for."

PUBLIC PRINTING COST GREAT.

Bill for Year 1905 Over \$7,000,000, According to Report.

Washington.—Constant growth of cost of public printing has increased this item of public expense from \$200,000 in 1840 to more than \$7,000,000 in 1905, according to the report of the printing investigation commission, created four years ago, which recently submitted to congress a report covering its extensive inquiry. The commission consists of the two committees on printing of the two houses of congress, and Senator Platt is its chairman.

The report states that under recent legislation 279,598,837 printed pages, including such expensive publications as the Congressional Record, the publications of the geological survey and the year book of the department of agriculture, were eliminated from the surplus printing which had formerly been piling up in warehouses to be finally condemned and sold as waste.

This printing was an undistributed surplus, these copies being equivalent to 559,197 volumes of 500 pages each for the year 1907. These publications had been piling up until there were more than 9,500 tons in storage, enough to fill an ordinary railroad train more than three miles long. Rent for that portion of these publications stored outside of government buildings was more than \$13,500 a year.

Is Oldest Funeral Goer

Pennsylvania Woman, Now 81, Has Attended 4,007 Obsequies.

Pottstown, Pa.—A peculiar fascination to attend funerals, that seemed to have charmed her when yet a little girl, and which she has been unable to resist in her long life of more than 81 years, has given Mrs. Rebecca Wentzel a reputation far and wide as a mourner for everybody's dead. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," does not apply to her, as her record of attending 4,007 funerals attests.

In her carefully kept diary she has noted that of these funerals there were 17 double ones of children, 11 where husband and wife were buried together, and seven where three persons of one family were interred at the same time. In one of the latter cases a mother and two of her children were laid in one grave.

In talking of one of the triple funerals, Mrs. Wentzel recalled a cloud-burst many years ago that resulted in the drowning of three members of one family at Mauger's Mill, near this town. Mrs. Joseph Wentzel, daughter of Jacob Mauger, the proprietor of the mill, had gone from her home here with her five children to help pull flax at the old homestead. A cloudburst about eventide had swollen the mill-race, but Mrs. Wentzel's brother, Henry Mauger, felt confident he could drive her and her children across in safety, so they could reach home; but the waters engulfed the rig, and three of the children and the horse were

UNEARTH AN OLD LEDGER.

Order for Sword from Gen. Winfield Scott Found in Records.

Chicopee, Mass.—An old ledger dating back to 1836 has been unearthed in the attic of the Ames Sword Company, and is a striking commentary of early times. From a glance through the pages of the ledger one would think the whole country was being armed for war. The early struggles of Texas as an independent state can be traced bit by bit by orders recorded in the book.

One of the most famous swords turned out by the firm was one designed for Gen. Winfield Scott. The order was sent by the Mexican war hero December 11, 1843. The sword was of the very finest steel and was heavily finished with gold mountings.

The famous old Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, S. C., presented one of its captains, Henry Ravenel, with one of the Ames swords February 22, 1837. Capt. James Armstrong, one of the family of famous American sea fighters, purchased a navy sword September 1, 1837, while two years later the citizens of St. Augustine presented Lieut. W. R. Hanson, U. S. A., with a sword costing \$150.

Orders for swords from foreign countries are noted in the ledger and large quantities of ordinary swords were sent to Texas and Mexico. Several noted bells are also included in the list of orders. The ledger covers a period of eight years.

HIS STOMACH A JUNK SHOP.

Human Ostrich Swallows Many Indigestible Things.

Ottawa, Ont.—As showing the extent to which the human stomach can be made the receptacle of articles not of the ordinary food list, Dr. Burgess, medical superintendent of the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, Montreal, reports a remarkable case that recently came under his care. The patient, who had been an inmate for nine years, was so secretive about his abnormal taste that it was entirely unsuspected by his attendants. The articles taken from his stomach were:

Three bundles of broom fiber, one piece of whalebone, eight inches long; one piece of insulating tape, seven inches long; one bundle of hair, one four-inch nail and a piece of wire, bound with string; one three-inch nail with a piece of cloth attached, one piece of wire, four inches long; one button hook, six pieces of tobacco pipe stem, 21 tobacco tags, 39 small pieces of wire, four screws, one paper fastener, one boot-eye, two gum stones, one piece of twisted picture wire, nine pieces of glass, nine pieces of iron, one steel spring, one iron nut, one piece of stone half an inch square, another piece an inch long, half an inch wide and half an inch thick; 27 pins, five one-inch nails, 52 two-inch nails, seven 2½-inch nails, 32 three-inch nails, one five-inch nail, one horse-shoe nail, four tacks and four hairpins.

"COFFEE HABIT" GRIPS AMERICA.

United States Leads World in Importation of That Commodity.

Washington.—In the consumption of coffee and cacao the United States leads the world, while it holds third rank among the nations in her imports of tea. The imports amount to more than one-third of the coffee, nearly one-fourth of the cacao and about one-seventh of the tea entering the world's markets.

The "coffee habit" has evidently grown upon the people of the United States, the per capita consumption of this article in 1873 being 6.24 pounds, while in 1888 it was 6.81 pounds. In 1898 it had increased to 11.68 pounds, and in 1908 it was 10.04 pounds, according to figures of the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. During the same period the annual per capita consumption of tea decreased from 1.33 to 1.07 pounds. In cacao the importations in 1908 were more than three times as large as in 1898.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."

—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."

—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter months to be kissed.

Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

The best cure for bad breath is a cleansing out of the body by use of

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also Lane's Tea)

the tonic laxative.

This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists. It saves doctor bills.

It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases. 25c. at druggists.

RHEUMATISM

WANT EVERY CHRONIC RHEUMATISM to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—MURPHY

Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Law.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest.

Stop Coughing!

Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE.

Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. Fits for children.

At all druggists, 25 cts.

PISO'S CURE