



They didn't even know each other's names, for they had never been correctly introduced according to the rules prescribed by Mrs. Grundy. But, perhaps, that was half the charm of it.

It happened one afternoon that her lesson at the Guildhall School of Music concluded, she went into Lyon's, the little shop in Fleet street, which is much loved by journalists. It happened too, that he went there soon afterwards, and perceiving the pretty, shy looking girl who sat at the table in the corner with her violin case beside her, he had the audacity to take a seat at the same table, instead of seeking the smoking room below.

The succeeding staves were simple and commonplace. He diplomatically kicked over her umbrella and she graciously forgave him. He hazarded the remark that it was raining heavily, and she went so far as to admit that it was "very wet."

Conversation trickled demurely. He recommended the hot tea cakes, and she laughingly acknowledged a weakness for the same. They met again the following Tuesday and again an afternoon that he discovered that her Christian name was Daisy.

On this particular afternoon they dalled over tea longer than usual. It was the last day of the Guildhall term, and they would not meet again for some weeks.

With a sigh of reluctance he reached for his hat and picked up her violin case. They sought the bus, thoroughfare side by side, and he saw her into the lucky bus that had the privilege of carrying her to the paternal suburb.

Then at last he returned to the office. Here he was met with a chorus of irreverent exclamation, "Look at his hat!" "Where did you get it?" and the like.

If there was one thing that the Magazine Page Editor prided himself upon it was his hat. It was shining, polished, immaculate, the latest cut, the best make, an example and a model to the whole of Fleet street.

He took it off. Heavens! It was not his own hat, but a strange alien article of headgear, which needed ironing, and was obviously rising two years.

What had happened? Ah, he had hung up his hat in Lyon's and must have been so occupied watching sparkling eyes and slim fingers that he had walked out of the shop with somebody else's headgear.

"Perhaps the brute has left his name inside," he muttered. "Good luck here it is," Smethwick, the Lindens, Highbury Wood, N."



THEY DALLED OVER TEA LONGER THAN USUAL.

He had found a plain card with the above address written on it tucked carefully in the lining. "I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you tonight, Mr. Smethwick," it read.

It was nearly 8 o'clock in the evening when at last he was able to present himself at the Lindens, Highbury Wood. It was a large and very handsome house, and Mr. Jarvis with journalistic self confidence, set down the owner's income as being "two thousand a year, or perhaps three."

The maid servant opened the door and welcomed him with a smile of benignity. "Come in, sir," she said with an air that betokened a hearty welcome from the servant's quarters at any rate.

She led the way into the drawing room. "The family have not quite finished dinner, sir, if you wouldn't mind taking a seat," she said. "But I expect one of the young ladies will come to see you."

He heard a light step at the door. It was pushed open and in came Daisy—the heroine of the tea shop. In fact, his own particular heroine.

When she entered the room there was a look of shy mischief on the girl's face, but upon catching sight of him the expression changed to an alarming mixture of disdain, astonishment and haughty indignation.

"Is this where you live?" he asked. "I believe so," she said frigidly. "May I ask you how you come to be here?" "Well, the fact is," began Mr. Jarvis, "when we left Lyon's this afternoon, I picked up the wrong hat and—"

"Pray don't trouble to explain," she said freely. Before he could speak she had left the room, and he could hear her light footsteps scampering upstairs.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS SUED FOR TAXES

Interesting Records Discovered in an Old Pennsylvania Court House.

"APPEARETH NOT TO LIKE TAXES"

So Wrote the Humorous Old Clerk—Documents Signed by Franklin and Other Illustrious Characters.

Globe Democrat: Workmen who were employed in repairing the Westmoreland county court house, at Greensburg, Pa., a few days ago, uncovered a great oak chest in the garret, which, on being opened, was found to contain many rare and interesting records of colonial days.

The old court house where the papers have lain unnoticed for many years was built back in the early portion of the century, and is a rare bit of classic architecture. Built of a beautiful brown sandstone, the finger of time has rested kindly upon it, the action of the elements serving but to augment the beauty of its coloring.

The apartment where the records at present lay is a gloomy, box-like room, near the main staircase. Here are stored nineteen large boxes, each package with weathered tomes, some of which date back as far as the seventeenth century.

The signature to the map is almost obliterated, though it resembles considerably that of William Penn. Records bearing the name of John and Richard Penn are numerous. The most important of these is the commission of Arthur St. Clair, signed by Richard Penn, which reads as follows:

"The Hon. Richard Penn, Esquire, Commander of Pennsylvania: Arthur St. Clair, of the county of Westmoreland, within said province, reposing special trust and confidence in your loyalty, knowledge, care and fidelity, know I have ordained, constituted and appointed you by these presents and do ordain, constitute and appoint the said Arthur St. Clair to be prothonotary or principal clerk of the county court of Westmoreland county; to have full possession of the books, records, writings and papers of said county and to collect fees and emoluments, lawfully due, until my further pleasure shall be made known."

"Given under my hand and seal at Philadelphia on the 27th day of February, in the thirteenth year of the reign of our sovereign lord and King George III, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and in the year of our Lord 1773. (Seal) "Signed Richard Penn."

Down in the corner of the great chest a priceless bit of parchment was found in the form of a land warrant issued by Benjamin Franklin. This warrant reads: "Land warrant No. 3,144: John Weitzell hath made application for 800 acres of land on the old road leading to Pittsburgh, near the Creek mountain, about four miles below said creek, adjoining Kelly's land."

"(Signed) Benjm. Franklin. President. Wm. Thompson, Deputy Surveyor. Dated Philadelphia, 21 April, 1769."

Under a date of 1783, an old record shows that one Ephraim Blaine of Washington county petitioned the court to escape a debt under the insolvents' law. The Ephraim Blaine referred to was the grandfather of the distinguished statesman, James G. Blaine. In the same book is found recorded the warrant of Abram Hendricks, a justice of the peace, who authorizes the sum of \$3 to be paid to one Wm. Pips, for killing a wolf. Thomas A. Hendricks, vice president under Cleveland's first administration, was a grandson of the Abram Hendricks referred to.

During the year 1774, according to an ancient record, James Bradon, an innkeeper, entered suit against a Captain William Christy to collect a debt of \$39 8s 8d, incurred in the tap room. The plaintiff avers "that he hath sundry and divers times besought" his worshipful debtor to settle the score, but instead of complying, the captain, who was a thirsty soul, but increased the bill. The court finally gave the plaintiff judgment for the amount of the bill and 12 interest.

During the year 1773 the court of Westmoreland county hit upon an unique plan to prevent overcharges by innkeepers. A list was prepared and a schedule of prices fixed, which innkeepers were instructed to follow under penalty of wrath. The list follows:

- Whisky, per gill 4d
- Toddy, per gill 1s 0d
- West India rum, per gill 6d
- Continent rum, per gill 4d
- Rum toddy 1s 6d
- Cider, per quart 1d
- Strong beer, per quart 3d
- Madera wine, bottle 7s 6d
- Lisbon wine, bottle 6s 0d
- Holland wine, bottle 5s 0d

The court gravely adds in a note, "There be no objections if these rates are lowered."

Elizabeth Blake, "a made of sound health," during the year 1761 intended herself to Morris Stansland "to be instructed in the trade or mystery of housewifery." In consideration of eight years' service in the capacity it was stipulated that she receive "meat, drink, wearing apparel and three quarters of schooling." Meanwhile, she was forbidden "to play at cards or dice, or any unlawful game."

THE BEES HOLD UP A PASSENGER TRAIN

Strange Honeymakers, Attracted by Those Incased for Shipment, Cause Trouble.

ANGRY AT ROUGH USAGE

Attack Crew and Every Living Thing on Platform, Delaying Train—Driven Away by Owner of Apiary in Transit.

Wabash passenger train No. 51, the St. Louis accommodation, was held up by bees at Edwardsville recently. The passengers did not realize the cause of the delay, but the trainmen did. The "hold-ups" were several swarms of bees, and they put that part of the road completely out of business for a few minutes.

Louis Werner, proprietor of the Cakhola Valley apiary at Edwardsville, prepared several colonies of fine Italian bees for exhibition at the world's fair. They were shipped from the uptown station and unloaded at the junction for transfer to the main line. They had not been on the truck more than ten minutes when the boxes were covered by thousands of strange bees that gathered from all directions, attracted by the scent of the honey and the other bees inside.

When train No. 61 came in the express messenger put on gloves, tied a handkerchief over his face and heaved the boxes aboard.

The bees were angry at the rough handling, and attacked everything in sight. They drove Wm. Eaton, the messenger, to another car. He demanded their removal.

The train could not start, because every time Conductor Jones started toward the steps he was driven back by a red-hot pepper of stings. The branch messenger forbade throwing water on the boxes because of the probability of killing the unoffending bees inside the cases.

Every living thing on the 200-foot platform literally hurried to shelter from the vicious insects, and a dog that was being shipped in the baggage car was stung almost to death.

The train was compelled to stand at the platform until a messenger was sent up town for Werner, who hastened to the scene by a special train. He carried the strange bees aside by handfulls without receiving a sting, after the manner of bee men.

He put the boxes in one of the freight houses and dislodged the strange bees by smothering them with a blanket. The exhibit hives were forwarded by a later train without further incident.

DECLINE OF PROFANITY

Gentle Slang Has Supplanted Cuss Words of Old.

Savannah News: Many purists bewail the prevalence of slang in the spoken language of the period. Has it never occurred to them that in the vast majority of instances, slang is relatively soft and harmless, that it is seldom profane, and what common speech has suffered from interjections of slang and cant phrases has been more than counterbalanced by the disuse of hard old Anglo-Saxon swear words? Thus the language is the gainer and usage is making much of the good slang English.

Take any good dictionary lately from the press, and it will be found to contain literally hundreds of words that were considered slang, and not to be spoken in polite conversation, a dozen or twenty-five or fifty years ago. Likewise take any standard novel of three, four or five generations ago, which reflects the customs and people of its period, and it will be found that some of the leading characters in it were given to politely damning various parts of themselves and about everything else on the slightest provocation, in any conceivable degree.

In the days of Sheridan it was considered good form for the gallant gentleman to consign himself to perdition, piecemeal or as a whole, while paying tribute to the charms of the ladies with whom he was conversing. The round and benevolent Mr. Pickwick himself was not averse to using a judicious oath while in the most charming society. Thackeray, in person and in his novels, let drop swear words occasionally that would not now be tolerated in a gentleman's parlour. There was a famous and brilliant lawyer of Charleston, who flourished not long before the outbreak of the civil war, who swore plausibly, artistically and easily in the most select circles; and he was accounted among the most delightful company to be found within the large expanse of the country. In the "good old days" of long ago, it was regarded as a gentleman's privilege to swear, and if his oaths were wisely chosen, no offense was felt. It is not so now. Not that profanity is obsolete, but it is pretty nearly so in polite society. It is principally indulged in by incultured persons or by the tipsy.

When the gentleman may let slip an oath, under provocation, but in such instances he is careful to note that there is no woman within earshot. The "d—d" at the dinner table or in the drawing room is unknown in modern and better days. Men have a higher and finer respect for women, for themselves and for the language, than in former times.

German Element in the United States. Harper's Weekly: A German writer says that in 1790 German blood ran in the veins of about one-fifth of the population of the United States. In 1830 the Anglo-Saxon-Puritan element numbered 2,964,717; the German element 2,695,167; and the American population, which the several European strains had already become so thoroughly blended as to be no longer easily distinguishable, 4,852,717. At the century's end he finds in the United States 25,477,683 Germans, as compared with 11,132,026 descendants of the "American" inhabitants in 1830, and 12,118,640 Anglo-Saxons. The Teutonic element (Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch and Belgians) is given as 43 per cent. of the total white population; but very little reflection upon the foregoing figures will be required to convince our readers that in the course of a century, a large part of the German element, which was important even at first, and has been increasing so rapidly that it now holds the first position numerically, and is indeed twice as strong as the Anglo-Saxon in that sense—must have become by intermarriage thoroughly amalgamated with the descendants of British colonists and the nineteenth century emigrants from Great Britain.

It is a fair presumption that the influence of German blood—the inheritance of "the best of the German nationality"—may be traced in the more or less early careers of every many of the prominent Americans whose names give no certain indication of their German origin, or of German blood derived through some ancestress.

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Progress of the War.

Managing Editor:—Have you had that special illustrated article on the defenses of the Yalu thrown away? War Editor:—Several months ago. M. E.—And the Peng Wang Cheng story was melted up? W. E.—Yes.

And that illustrated account of the positive impregnability of the works at Liao Yang—how about it? We used it two weeks ago and are trying to forget it. How about the one on the impossibility of taking Harbin by assault or by siege? We've got it in type waiting to see whether the Russians stop running when they get there.

Well, have you had Irkutsk written up as the real Gibraltar of north-central Asia? The boys are working on it now. And are you touching up Moscow, showing that the Japs wouldn't dare attempt to take it? Yes, it's in the hands of the military information bureau.

Well, you'd better have a story assigned for a detailed account of the defenses on the east side of St. Petersburg. Don't delay it.

The Reason Why. Drummond, Wis., Sept. 19.—(Special).—Whole families in Bayfield County are singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the reason why is given in experiences such as that of Mr. T. T. Wold, a well-known citizen here.

"I had such pains in my back that I did not know what to do," says Mr. Wold, "and as I came across an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills I sent for a box. That one box relieved me of all my pains. My wife also used them and found them just what she needed. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as a sure cure for Backache and other Kidney Troubles."

Backache is one of the earliest symptoms of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it promptly and permanently and prevent it developing into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease.

Stenography Ancient Art. Chicago Tribune: Shorthand writing as we now know it—the verbatim record of human speech—is generally supposed to be quite a modern art. The ordinary books of reference confirm this impression. They note the existence of systems of abbreviated writing in antiquity, but give the inference that these were incapable of doing what is now done by shorthand.

Leon Goudallier, writing in Paris Cosmos, produces evidence that this inference is erroneous. Apparently he has made a thorough search of ancient literature for allusions to shorthand, and he produces such facts as these: As the church council of Carthage, A. D. 411, eight shorthand reporters were regularly employed. St. Augustine says his hearers took down his discourses in shorthand. Socrates, the church historian of the fourth century says the sermons of St. John Chrysostom were so preserved. Eusebius, writing a century earlier, says a theological debate between Malchion and Paul of Samosata was so recorded. Plutarch accounts for the preservation of an extempore speech by Cato Uticensis in the same way. But the most renowned shorthand writer of ancient times were Marcus Tullius Tiro, the slave, freedman and secretary of Cicero the orator. Undoubtedly to his efforts we owe the preservation of those rhetorical efforts which not only drove Cataline into open rebellion, but which still inspire incendiary thoughts in the minds of American schoolboys, especially during the base ball season.

Hence it would appear that life in ancient Rome might have about as strenuous as it is now. For, of course, Cicero was not the only statesman attended by a stenographer, and it cannot be supposed that the business men of the time would omit to supply themselves with the assistance to rapid work.

The Difference. Detroit Free Press: Miss Gasoline to Miss Benzoin—"Oh, you're not so much!" Miss Benzoin—"I'm better than you are, anyway. I'm more refined."

Of Course. Wags—I refused a supplicant woman's appeal for money, and as a result I didn't sleep any all last night. Her voice was ringing in my ears all night. Wiggs—You felt remorse at your hardness of heart, eh? Who was the woman? Wags—My wife.

CHANGE FOOD

Some Very Fine Results Follow. The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Missouri says:

"For two years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work. "My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains. "I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach, but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed, and so finally I turned to food."

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required, so I went to eating it."

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again, and from that time I haven't used a bit of medicine for I haven't needed any. "I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays, and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table nowadays. It is a wonderful sustainer, and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts will show one the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."