

# TOLD IN THE DARK.

THE clock in the hall had chimed 2 a. m., but Janet Kimbolton still lingered by the dying fire in the great, lonely drawing room, absorbed in the memory of a long-dead past. "Jean!"

She started violently. Had she heard it or only dreamed it? Dreamed the stifled, stricken whisper? Only one human being ever called her that, and it was twenty years—

At that moment the electric light was switched off, and a curt, incisive voice came to her out of the darkness. "Don't scream. You needn't be afraid. I swear not to harm you."

Then Janet Kimbolton realized the situation. She had dreamed it, of course—dreamed that whisper. But she was no coward, though her bravery was of the kind that comes when life has lost its savor, the bravery that fears nothing because it hopes nothing.

"I am not afraid," she answered composedly, and waited.

For a few moments only the faint tinkle of gems striking against a polished surface broke the stillness, for the man was struggling hard for self-control.

"You are a brave woman," he said at last with genuine admiration.

"I am not going to take your jewels," he went on; "when I have gone you will find that they are all here."

"Are they not worth the taking?" she questioned, with a touch of the humor that never deserted her.

"They're worth just about \$10,000," he answered quietly. "That's not much to me. You see, and his voice took on a certain note of pride, "I am the man they call Dandy Dick."

"Oh!" And a little ripple of laughter came to him out of the darkness. "Then I have the honor of conversing with the most notorious burglar in Christendom—the man who splits away the jewels of duchesses—the bonds of stockbrokers—the money bags of banks, and the treasures of princes?"

"You have heard of Carshilton, the American; the King of Millionaires, as they call him? Well, I am he."

A sudden horror seized her. Was she shut up alone with a madman, and not a mere burglar, as she had been supposing?

"Oh, I am not mad," he told her, reassuringly, his quick intuition divining her thoughts. "When I am supposed to be in the Rockies, in Russia, in Italy, I'm here, or in Paris, or Vienna, anywhere there happens to be anything worth taking."

"It's dangerous," she hazarded, at a loss what to say in a situation so bizarre.

He laughed joyously.

"Dangerous? I live for danger. It's the sap of life. If it weren't for that, I should be a respectable citizen tomorrow."

She listened, amused, perplexed, sorry.

"Of course, I have realized before this that you are what the world calls a gentleman. Why, then, do you do this horrible thing?"

His face fell, and his voice took on a humbler tone.

"May I tell you why?"

"Yes," she said, "do. It is all very interesting, and it's a long while since I have been really interested."

"And you're not afraid?" he questioned.

"You have given me your word," she answered with quiet serenity.

"Thank you."

In the darkness she could almost see the flush that dyed the man's face.

Then she sat down on the cushioned window seat and a ray of moonlight stealing through a crack in the shutters fell upon the silver-gray of her hair. The man came quite close, and stood looking down at her, then suddenly he bent and touched her arm. A curious magnetic thrill seemed to pass through her and she leaped to her feet.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "In heaven's name, who are you?"

He stepped swiftly back, and controlling himself by a supreme effort answered in a dull and measured monotone:

"Dandy Dick, burglar. Francis Carshilton, millionaire."

There was a short silence, then he began to speak.

"I was born too late. I ought to have come into the world two hundred years ago, the world of Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh, the world when men lived and dared, not the world of to-day, when they stagnate and exist. The curse of some bygone ancestor was in my blood, the curse of restlessness, of lawlessness, of untamed ambition. From my very babyhood I was a rebel, and rebellion grew on me. I could never be as others were, could never bear the shackles and trammels and the emptiness of civilized life. For long, long hours I would sit and ponder on a way out. There were things—the exploration of wild and savage lands for instance, but they were for the rich, and I was poor. So the years dragged by, and I tried many things, and my lawlessness grew and grew, and then—"

"Yes? She leaned forward, forgetful of the hour, the circumstances, of everything but the quiet, monotonous voice, with its ring of absolute truth, the voice that seemed to be giving her kaleidoscopic glimpses of a strong soul, hopelessly hampered; a soul that had somehow lost its way in time and space, and strayed into a wrong century."

"And then—I met a woman and loved

her, loved her as such a man would, but I left her. I was an elemental person; she the product of an overripe civilization."

He paused, but she sat silent, spell-bound.

"Finally I took to burglary, because for me it was the one way out. It responded to the two strongest chords in my nature, lawlessness and love of danger. Oh! I don't say it was the best, but it was the second best, and one mostly has to be content with that. I soon became a power, and for twenty years now I have planned and helped to carry out all the most daring robberies that have startled the social worlds of Europe. For the wealth it brings I care nothing; for the danger and excitement, everything. When I am Carshilton, I am bored to death. That gives me the stimulus for devising new schemes. And the end? Well, I have a plan for that, too."

"And the woman?" asked his listener, quietly.

There was a just perceptible pause. Then he said slowly, hesitatingly:

"I don't know. Yet to stay meant inevitably to break her heart. And she was young. I hope, I have always hoped, that she learned to forget. You are a woman—do you think she has forgotten?"

"I pray she may have," said Janet Kimbolton softly. "Yet—women do not forget—easily. I could tell you a tale of a woman who tried hard to forget—for twenty years. But she didn't succeed."

"Tell me," he whispered.

"He had the double curse—ambition and poverty. So he left her. And a week later she came into a fortune. But it was too late. He had gone, why or where she never knew."

"And the end?" queried the burglar huskily.

"There is no end. She is just going on loving him. That is all."

The man turned and moved unsteadily to the door.

"Good-by," he said, "your jewels are there."

As he stepped outside the street door he turned and taking her hand reverently in his, kissed it. At the same moment a ray of moonlight fell across his face.

"Dick!"

He dropped her hand and fled down the broad, shallow steps.

"Too late!" he groaned. "Good-by, little Jean, good-by!"

"Come back! Come back!" she sobbed, stretching out her arms to him. He turned a white and haggard face to her.

"I can't."

The words floated back to her in a stifled cry as he fled through the square.

And she understood. He had gone back to his life. She must go back to hers.—New York News.

### LADIES FIRST.

The Mississippi Man Was Not Used to White Servants.

Representative Williams, who comes from the Yazoo District of Mississippi, tells in the Washington Times, an amusing story of the first time he ever saw a white domestic servant. Reared on a Mississippi bayou, he knew, throughout his boyhood, no other indoor help than the negro.

I was just out of the University of Virginia, said Mr. Williams, and was going North on my way to Europe. It was before the days of dining-cars, and the train stopped twenty minutes for refreshments at Centralia, Illinois. There was, of course, a great rush for the dining-room, and I was a little late in getting in.

Down toward the end of the table I saw a vacant chair, and was about to seat myself, when I noticed a comely young woman standing close by. Of course I would not be so rude as to take a seat when a lady was standing, so I politely asked her to be seated, and withdrew. She said something I did not quite understand, and I went around to the other side of the table, where there was one more empty chair. I was about to take that when I noticed another young woman standing beside me. Again I bowed, and requested that she be seated, remarking that I was not very hungry and could wait.

By this time I realized that I was attracting some attention, but I could not account for it, and wondered if the boorish crowd were laughing at my manners. Just then a big Hoosier caught hold of my coat-tails, and said: "Say huddle, where do you come from, anyway?"

I was beginning to get a bit angry, and replied rather sharply that I failed to recognize any kinship between us, and resented his impudence; but as he had asked me, I would inform him that I was from Mississippi.

"I thought so," he said. "Now sit down and eat. That girl is a waitress, and is standing there to serve you."

I sat down, but I was so much astonished and embarrassed that I did not enjoy the meal.

Shad Changed Their Homes.

Shad are very scarce in Connecticut waters, but appeared in large numbers in the Ohio river, a profitable catch having been made within five miles of Cincinnati. Before 1876 shad were never caught in the Ohio. The first one taken in that year was considered such a curiosity that it was sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

## BIRTH OF NATIONAL AIRS.

Writing of "Yankee Doodle" and "John Brown's Body."

In one sense national music is any music which is beloved by a nation. Under this head would come "Home, Sweet Home," and "Swanee River," a more tender lyric of home and of its memories than Stephen C. Foster's "Old Folks at Home," of which about 500,000 copies were sold, would be hard to find. It was often under interdict during the civil war because it made soldiers down-hearted. Another kind is of a patriotic nature.

Often a national song is at first of local fame and interest, and by merit becomes national, and may even be spread the world over. Thus, as the voice of friendship and loyalty, "Auld Lang Syne" is known the world over, and the "Marseillaise," which began as a marching song for a corps of the army of the Lower Rhine, became the universal cry of liberty in patriotic struggles everywhere. The whole composition came to Rouget de Lisle in one night, 1792.

Two French songs sung during the reign of terror were in some degree induced by American events, and these form a preliminary to our American music. In revolutionary times and previously there was but little music in America.

During the revolution there was no American composer of note. No American tune during the revolution took root as the one which began and ended the war, and existed in England in 1775 or 1776—"Yankee Doodle." The words were written during the French and Indian war by Dr. Richard Shuckburg, a British surgeon, in a sort of parody way on seeing some of the New England troops marching into Albany, and set to an English dancing tune.

In Europe "Hail, Columbia," is considered our chief national anthem, and has certain rights to be so considered, as it was composed on American soil, only they put the cart before the horse, and the tune was composed and played nine years before the words were fitted to it. The tune was known and immensely popular as "Washington's March," and played till it was threadbare.

Nine years after it was written Gilbert Fox, an actor, was to have a benefit. He was announced to sing a new patriotic song, and got Joseph Hopkins to write words for him to the tune of "Washington's March." A new patriotic tune meant everything in those times. The theater was crowded. Fox sang the song, and had to sing it over eight times, and then the audience sang the chorus. This was in 1798, and it was called the "The New Federal Song."

The oldest of our national tunes is the English national anthem, "God Save the King," and even during the revolution people sang the tune with patriotic words. Several songs were sung to the tune with varying success, and in 1832 the melody was given in good earnest by the Rev. S. F. Smith at a children's temperance celebration at the Park Street Church in Boston, and it has taken such root that "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" became our national melody.

Now a word about what we call our chief tune, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The words were formed here, the music abroad, and there is much false history about it. It began as a drinking song in 1765, of an English club which met at the Crown and Anchor Inn, on the Strand. Later, in 1802, it was used as a Masonic tune, and in 1798 Thomas Paine, at Boston, put words to it, called it "Adams and Liberty," and it was sung everywhere. In the darkest part of the war of 1812 Francis Scott Key, watching the British bombard Fort Mifflin, wrote, in a moment of inspiration, this national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"John Brown's Body" was first sung in a purely local way at Fort Warren, but it became the chief marching song of our army in the rebellion, and Julia Ward Howe set to the inspiring tune the great hymn, "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord," and thus was a song of war transformed to a song of peace.—Boston Herald.

### Rans Through a Desert.

A well-known civil engineer, H. B. Carpenter, who has recently completed the survey of the southern line of Utah, says the boundary between that State and Arizona does not cross a foot of cultivated land. It traverses a desert, which is cut up by great canyons that are almost impassable. The length of the line is 277 miles. Landmarks along the line will make it possible for the boundary to be located without any difficulty in the future. Just east of the Colorado River a sandstone butte rises 1,000 feet above the plain, and the very peak of this butte is exactly on the boundary. Mr. Carpenter named the peak State Line butte. Not far from this butte is another, which stands 1,300 feet above the plain, and was named Tower peak. These two gigantic stones will always be a guide to persons who have enough curiosity to penetrate the desert in search of the State line.

### It Didn't Matter Anyway.

The following explanatory note accompanied a young man's wedding gift to a friend: "My Dear Girl—You will find in the box a thingamajig, which has something to do with eating. It's a cross between a harpoon and a bay-fork. It may be for spearing pickles or stacking chopped cabbage. Anyway, you will be so happy that you won't care."

### When we see the gay socks the men wear, we are filled with pity for their women folks who have to chase around town for darnin' cotton to match.

## THE KING'S COUNTER-THRUST.

William Bluntly Spoke Out What Was in His Mind.

To the end of his days William IV. of England was a sailor, bluff and even rude in speech and behavior, but, as a sometimes said of unroyal persons, his "heart was in the right place."

His brother Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, was far more kingly in looks and manners than he, and his heart was quite as easily located, but it was slightly out of its normal position, having been crowded by ambition. For the duke felt his peculiar fitness for the throne of England; he longed to reign in his brother's place, and he hoped to come after him.

When King William suspected the duke's ambition he put him in another way of thinking, with characteristic bluntness.

The duke was at Windsor for the night. The royal brothers dined alone together; Queen Adelaide was ill, and did not appear, and the suite dined in an adjoining room. During dinner loud voices were heard, which soon became more vehement. Both brothers had drunk more than usual, and the duke lost his temper and his head.

Then, for the first time, King William suspected the idea which from that time was never out of Duke Ernest's mind, that he ought to be the next King of England should no male children survive his brother, William IV.

The duke, rising, said, "Call in the suite. I am proposing a toast: 'The king's health; God save the king!'"

The duke came in and drank it. Then the duke said, "May I, also, sir, propose the next toast?"

"Name it, your grace," replied the king.

"The king's health," proudly said the duke, "and God bless him!"

A dead silence followed; then the king, collecting all his energies and wits, stood up, and called out, "The king's health—God bless her!"

Then, throwing his glass over his shoulder, the king turned to his brother and exclaimed, "My crown came with a lass, and my crown will go to a lass."

Every one noticed, wrote a witness of this dramatic scene, that the duke did not drink the toast; he left the room abruptly, scarcely bowing to his brother, the king.

### Their First Ice Cream.

Seven hundred immigrants were spending on Ellis Island their first Sunday in the New World, and through somebody's kindness ice cream had been added to the bill of fare. This was a novelty to most of the immigrants—so great a novelty, indeed, as to amount to a puzzle. The New York Times reports some of the comments which it called forth.

"Sure, an' there's frost in th' milk," said an Irish girl, when the first cold spoonful had surprised her throat.

"Milk, did ye say?" said a North of Ireland lad. "Ah, but it's more like sweetened snow, it is!"

"An' how did they kape it from meltin'?" inquired another.

Some Italian immigrants did not take as kindly to it, and tried to make the attendant understand that they would like to have it warmed.

"Oh, what stuff this would be to cruise with in hot weather!" exclaimed an English fisherman, smacking his lips.

### Where Thieves Hide Money.

According to Chief of Detectives Miller, there are curious changes of fashion among women criminals, just as among their more honest sisters, says the Philadelphia Record. "Take, for instance," said he, "the matter of how women pickpockets conceal upon their persons the coin which they steal. Did you ever know that the place of concealment varies with them from year to year? Back in 1890 they hid it in their hair, and in searching a woman thief the head was always the first thing to be examined. In the neighborhood of 1895 they hid it in their shoes. 'Try her shoe first, miss,' I always used to say to the female searcher in hunting over a woman thief. Nowadays they hide it in a small pocket sewed on their skirts in just about the place where on a man's trousers the little watch pocket is sewed, and police matrons find on seven out of ten women thieves pockets of this kind—invisible patches that a lay mind would be bound to overlook."

### Overworked.

"The old man was overworked and had to take a vacation."

"Has he been engaged in some big deals?"

"No; he took a notion that he wanted to understand the provisions of his fire insurance policies. A few weeks' rest will put him all right again, we hope."

—Indianapolis News.

### Fashion's Edicts.

Mrs. Style—I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style.

Shopman—Kindly take a chair, ma'am, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing.—Tit-Bits.

### Over the Wire.

Hewitt—Do you know that telephone girl?

Jewett—Well, I have a speaking acquaintance with her.—New York Times.

### All Depends.

The beauty of the thinking cap depends upon the head that wears it.—Puck.

### What a Healthy Country.

The United States has a physician to each 637 persons.

Every man on earth has his faults, but the girl who is engaged to be married is positive there is one exception.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

### Jokee and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Traveler—I want a bed for the night. Clerk—Haven't got one in the house, sir.

"Got one out of the house?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I'll take that. Where is it?"

"Out in the back yard, sir. It's the strawberry bed. Don't roll over on the berries. Good-night, sir."

### Quite Different.

Wesley—Yo' look troubled, Rastus! Haven't you got de nerve to propose to her?


Rastus—Oh, I popped de question, but I ain't got de nerve to question pop.

### Handicapped.

Madge—How is it you're not going out yachting with Charlie again?

Dolly—I took both his hands to manage the boat.—September Smart Set.

### How Can It?



Eddie (aged 6)—Say, pop, ain't the world round?

His Pop—Yes.

Eddie—Then how can it ever come to an end?

### In the Wrong Pew.

Lady Customer—Give me a package of hairpins, please.

Green Salesman—You'll find those in the hair mattress department, madam.

—Ohio State Journal.

### Cautious.

Stern Mother—Were you in swimming, Bobbie?

Bobbie—What if I'll say yes?

Stern Mother—Why, I should whup you.

Bobbie—Then I refuse to answer.—Ohio State Journal.

### Farsighted.

Dolly is going somewhere with that young man this evening."

"Yes, going to sit with him in the hammock. Right after dinner she went upstairs and put on a dark shirt waist."

—Portland Oregonian.

### The Southern Philosopher.

"You look happy," ventured the tourist.

"Couldn't be more so, stranger," replied the lanky native.

"Didn't the lightning strike your place?"

"Yes, hit the woodpile an' split up enough kindling to last six weeks."

"How about the cloudburst?"

"Oh, that saved the old woman a week's washing. Just hung the clothes out an' the water did the rest."

"But the earthquake?"

"Well, that saved some more work. Churned up all the milk aroun' into butter. Nature is man's greatest help, stranger."

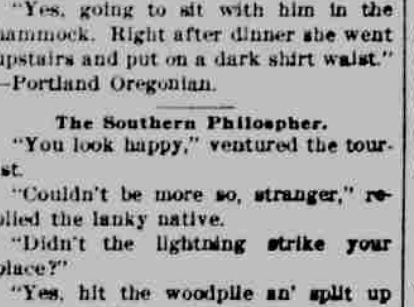
### Disappointed.

The Lady—Did any one call while I was out?

The Maid—No, ma'am.

The Lady—That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an "at home day" for.—Moonshine.

### A Hot One.



Cholly—In what profession would yo' like me to distinguish myself?

Miss Kiddem—Oh! Any at all—a life-long explorer in Africa, for instance.

### Scheme that Failed.

Tom (teasingly)—Would you be sorry to hear that I am going to marry Edyth?

Mayme—Indeed I should.

Tom—Why?

Mayme—Because I really like Edyth.

### At the Minstrels.

Bones—Yess, sah. Ah kin prove dat Noah didn't take enuf to eat on dat voyage.

Tambo—How kin yo' prove it?

Bones—Don't de good book say he only took one Ham? ?

### A Mortal Enemy.

"Aunt Sally is a good old soul. I suppose she hasn't an enemy in the world."

"Indeed, she has! I know one. She once spoke of Miss Bleachblood as 'that girl with the sandy hair.'"

—Puck.

### Love's Golden Dream.

She—And will you speak to papa tomorrow, dear?

He (in dismay)—Oh! Don't, darling—don't wake me up!—Puck.

### The City Editor Was Troubled, not to say angry.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, as he read the letter addressed to his department, "my wife has been asking me that question for the last week and I refused to be bothered." He looked at the letter again and jumped out of his chair. "Thunder and guns," he cried, "it's her handwriting, too. Now that she has learned the trick she'll make me settle every social household and historical question that comes up, and I'll be right on hand to take the blame if I make a mistake."

For a long time he remained buried in thought. Then he resigned.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### As He Understood It.

Smith—Where are you living now?

Brown—in St. Louis. Ever been there?

Smith—No.

Brown—Well, come over and spend a week with us and you'll never live anywhere else.

Smith—Why, is the climate that fat tal?—Chicago News.

### Cozy in Name Only.

Cholly—I'm awfully tired—and want to rest a bit.

Carrye—Then don't sit in the cozy corner.

### His Only Request.

Judge—The jury has returned a verdict of guilty. Have you anything to say for yourself before sentence is passed?

Prisoner—Only one thing your honor I trust you will see your way clear to deduct the time occupied by my counsel's speech from my term of imprisonment.

### Nearing the Age Limit.

Firstnight—Mollie, DeKliquor is billed as having appeared before many of the crowned heads of Europe. I wonder who they were?

Frontrow—All those who reigned previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century, I imagine.

### Good Advice.

Hix—Green sent \$1 to a man who advertised to impart information that would enable any one to save money.

Dix—Did he get the information?

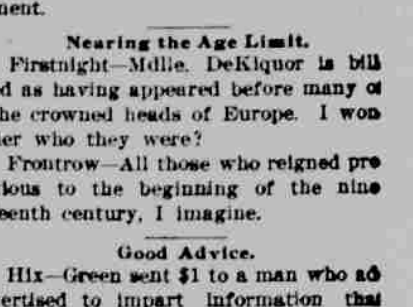
Hix—Yes. The advertiser wrote and told him not to send any more.

### Took It for Granted.

Guide (at the capitol)—See that man across the way? That is the speaker of the house.

Jay Green—Dew toll! How long has his old woman been dead huh?

### Evanson.



"How do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"Not a bit longer than it is now."

### His Observation.

"There are two critical periods in every married woman's life," observed the bachelor philosopher.

"Put me next" said the very young man.

"One" replied the b. p. "is when she has a hired girl and the other is when she hasn't."

### His Experience.

Hix—They say that every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life.

Dix—Don't believe a word of it.

Hix—Why not?

Dix—A man kicked at least a wheel off my life recently because I laughed when a banana peel upset him on the sidewalk.

### A Pointer.

You can sometimes see pretty well into the future if you get the right focus of the past.—Puck.

### How He Felt.

"Is it a severe attack?" asked his wife.

"Is it?" said the dyspeptic. "I feel as though I had eaten everything ever mentioned in a cook book!"—Puck.

### Too Philosophic.

"It's terribly warm," said the person who could not suffer in silence.

"Yes," answered the man who is a good-natured that he irritates. "But it's a great comfort to think that you are not in danger of being arrested for forgetting to clean the snow off your sidewalk."—Washington Star.

### Not Exactly a Compliment.

Hewitt—Ignorance is bliss.

Jewett—You'd better get your life insured.

Hewitt—What for?

Jewett—You're liable to die of joy.—New York Times.

### Appropriate Expression.

Reginald—Miss Woss, don't you think my imported Egyptian cigarettes are fine?

Miss Rose—Yes, they are perfectly killing.

### Well Watered.

Stubb—You complain about these streets being damp. Why, I know a city where the streets are always a field of water.

Penn—What city is that?

Stubb—Venice.

### Not Not Satisfied.

The Author—This is all nonsense; about the literary profession being unhealthy.

The Poet—Of course, Why, it is the greatest appetite producer in the world.