

# Seaborough's Mystery

YOU will always love me, Dick?" "Till my death, Flossie!" The unpleasant memory of those words came to Richard Filby as he sat on the cliffs a mile away from the little village of Seaborough painting, or rather attempting to paint. What a fool he had been! He had flirted disgracefully with the innkeeper's daughter, Flossie, who had seemingly taken all his attentions in earnest, perfectly unaware that there was another young woman up in London to whom he was engaged. Last evening they had walked out together as usual, wending their way along the shore, and there the declaration of love recorded above had been made. How on earth was he to get out of this imbroglio?

After a few minutes Filby dropped palette and brushes. Ambitious as he was to be famous, he really could not paint this morning. He slipped off his camp stool, and, throwing himself full length on the grass, gazed up reflectively into the sky. What a nuisance this artistic temperament was! He was formally betrothed to Freda Withers at Forest Hill, and had no desire to end the betrothal, and yet down here in this romantic little spot the temptation to enjoy himself with Flossie Barnett, who had attracted him the very first moment that he arrived at the inn, had proved too strong to be resisted.

"Nice day, sir!" Filby looked up. It was the coastguard on his round.

"Yes! Rather warm for working, though, and for walking, too, I should imagine."

"Oh, I don't mind that, sir. Used to it, you see. That's a grand bit of cliff you're painting, sir."

"If I could only get it right it would be."

The coastguard mused, his hand stroking his chin, his eyes taking in the points of the picture.

"Ah, I mind that spot well. There was a suicide from there about a year back. A chap (he was the son of a farmer round here) as was gone on a girl that he couldn't get jumped right off there into the sea. His coat was found on the cliff—he'd taken it off before he jumped—but his body must have been washed away by the sea, for though we searched high and low, we never found it. It was a sad case."

Directly the man had passed on Filby began pacing up and down on the cliff. An idea had come, the execution of which might solve the difficulty he was in, and with free movement of his limbs Filby always thought better. The notion presented difficulties at first, but one by one he saw his way out of them. What a lucky thing to have had that conversation with the coastguard! The means of relief from all his troubles was at hand.

That night an unusual thing occurred at the Seaborough inn. Unseen by anyone, a man stole out at midnight, holding some dark objects under his arm, and made straight for the edge of the cliff. Not a soul was about; only the distant sighing of the waves broke the stillness. Hour after hour passed by, yet the man did not return. But the wind rose, the sighing of the sea became a tumultuous roar, and by the time the light broke a regular tempest was in progress.

Two hours prior to that mysterious midnight flight Flossie Barnett sat in her bedroom, her usually smiling face most seriously set. A letter on foreign note paper and bearing the Cape Town postmark was in her hands, and she had committed the contents to memory for about the tenth time. It was from her soldier-lover, Jack Preston, written a couple of days before he was to embark on the transport for England. In a very short while the writer would be here in person, with the plainly stated object of claiming her as his bride.

Now Flossie was in a quandary. Her little flirtation with her visitor, Mr. Filby, had taken a far more serious turn than she had anticipated. She had merely intended to amuse herself with him during the absence of her real lover, and surely a girl left by herself for two whole years had liberty to seek some mild amusement. On a higher social level than herself, she had treated her as an equal, and that had rather turned her head.

Leaving that side of the question, however, Flossie turned to the consideration of the more practical matter—what was to be done now? Mr. Filby must be informed, and that speedily, of Jack Preston's existence, but how could the information be most delicately conveyed? A personal interview would be most satisfactory, but Flossie shrank from cutting a poor figure at that. What would be the gentlest way of letting this artist lover down?

Ah, she had it! Mr. Filby was returning to town on the morrow. She had his London address, and would write him a letter, which would reach him soon after his arrival home, explaining as best she might her previous commitment to another. It was an easy and capital solution of the difficulty.

Directly she was up next morning Flossie went out and posted her letter. A blustering gale was raging and the wind lashed fiercely in her face, but her mission was far too important to admit of delay. On returning to the

inn she ran in the passage into the arms of Bell, the barman.

"Oh, miss, I was looking for you everywhere! There's some one in the parlor as wants to see you most particular!"

"Who, Bell?"

"A sailor man, I should reckon, by his rig-out. He seems most excited."

Wondering who her visitor could be at this early hour, Flossie turned the handle of the parlor door. A man whom she recognized as one of the local coastguards rose and touched his forehead.

"Beg pardon for disturbing you so early, miss, but I've some very bad news. There's been, I'm afraid, another case of suicide from the Seaborough cliff."

"Who?" queried Flossie, turning pale.

"A gent as I've had one or two chats with of late. I don't know his name, but he was stopping here, he told me. One of those painter chaps."

"Mr. Filby? You can't mean it. You must be mistaken." A wild look came into the girl's eyes.

"Don't think I am. Perhaps you recognize these articles."

Going to the back of the chair upon which he had been sitting, the man picked up some objects from the ground. They were a man's coat and waistcoat, of a rather pronounced check. Startled recognition stood in Flossie's face.

"Ah, I see you know them, miss. They're the very clothes—a little stained with paint, you see—that that artist fellow was wearing yesterday. But that's not all. When I found those on the cliff, I turned them over, and there, pinned to the inside pocket, was this envelope. I'm not much of a scholar, but I think it's addressed to you, miss."

"Dearest Flossie," it ran. "Forgive me the step I have taken—believe me, it was the only one. We loved one another too passionately to be happy apart for a single moment, and there was a life between that would always have divided us. I cannot explain, but, dearest, I could never have lived without you, so I have chosen what they say is the pleasantest method of departing from existence. Treasure the lovely time we had together. Your broken-hearted DICK."

"I should like you to keep the one painting I did at Seaborough as a souvenir."

Flossie read it through twice, and at last the sense began to beat in upon her brain. She had driven the man who loved her into a watery grave.

That same afternoon Richard Filby in the flesh arrived at his lodgings in West Kensington. He did not look like a man who had lately undergone a fatal experience. His cheeks were bronzed and his step was brisk—in fact, the first remark which his landlady made was to compliment him on his improved appearance.

A knock at the door. The maid entered with a letter. He looked at the envelope and started. It bore the Seaborough postmark. It was from Flossie Barnett. He was thoroughly roused now. Had his trick been discovered?

Three minutes later Filby was pacing the room, waving the letter irritably in the air. His scheme had gone for nothing; all his trouble had been wasted. This chit of a girl had been simply playing with his affections all the time, and here was her confession.

He seized pen and paper. That night the following communication was dropped into the post:

"Mr. Richard Filby begs to inform Miss Flossie Barnett that he is still alive and well, and has returned to town. On second consideration, he did not think Miss Barnett worth drowning for, and her letter to hand this evening confirms him in this opinion. Mr. Filby hopes that Miss Barnett will attain happiness in her projected union and that his little picture may find a niche on her walls."

But by return of post, without line or comment, Filby, to his great indignation, got his picture back, disfigured almost beyond recognition.—New York News.

**Large as Lake Erie.**

Lake Winnipeg, or "The Muddy Water," is quite a large sheet of water, being about 300 miles in length and sixty in width, or about as large as Lake Erie. One solitary schooner of some fifty tons burthen is all the vessel that sails over its broad surface. If we except the bark canoes of the voyageurs. The sail vessel belongs to the Hudson Bay Fur Company, and is employed in transporting furs and supplies on their way to from the Hudson Bay, the chief factory of the company.

Little is known of the great northern lake, with its solitary vessel and its limited business; it is what Lake Superior was to the world twenty-five years ago, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that as in the case of this lake unknown resources and unforeseen circumstances will in twenty-five years more surround its shores with civilization and cover its waters with steam and sail vessels. That it is a region rich in minerals there is no doubt, from the testimony of many travelers. The time may come, says the Winnipeg Globe, when Lake Superior will be only the half-way place for business and travel to the northwest.

## WANTED THE CHEST AND GOT IT.

**Trials of a Detroit Man Who Thought He'd Cut His Wisdom Teeth.**

"I thought I had cut my wisdom teeth a good many years ago," said a Detroitier the other day, "but a little thing happened in Chicago the last week to make me doubt it. In wandering about I entered an auction-room on State street, while some 'family effects,' as the auctioneer termed them, were being sold. There was one old chest which caught my eye, as it appeared to be of ancient make, and must have knocked about a good bit. I looked into it to find a lot of deeds and bonds, and my curiosity was at once aroused. Who could tell what wealth that old chest might hold. If nothing more, there must be deeds to at least 1,000 acres of land in California. I was sawing wood and saying nothing, but expecting to bid on that trunk, when a man beckoned me aside and said:

"I hope you won't bid against me on that chest. The family owed me a debt of \$90, and perhaps the contents will help me to get even."

"I didn't say whether I would or not, and he continued:

"If you'll stand clear and let me bid it in I'll make you a present of \$25 in cash."

"That was enough for me," continued the story teller with a long-drawn sigh. "I shook the man off and started the bidding at \$5. He looked reproachfully at me and went a dollar better. We had the bidding all to ourselves and the auctioneer sized me up as a man who never let go of a good thing and encouraged me from time to time. I thought I had the other fellow downed several times, but he came back at me, and the result was that the chest was knocked down to me for \$85. I hired a cab and had it driven to my hotel with me and I lost no time in going through it."

"And the deeds and bonds?" was asked.

"Just 10 pounds altogether, and worth a cent a pound! It was a 'plant,' of course. They were looking for a sucker, and they found one."

"But you—"

"Oh, you try to make out that I'm not the biggest ass in the world, but if you'll take the trouble to go up to my house my wife will soon convince you that I lead the procession. Eighty-five of the long green, and my eyes were wide open all the time!"—Detroit Free Press.

## A WOMAN'S CURE FOR DIVORCE.

**Advocates Plan Which Would Make Separation Matter of Choice.**

Dr. Frances Dickinson, president of the Social Economics Club of Chicago, has found, or professes to have found,

a solution for the divorce evil. It is an interesting solution, but one which we believe few persons can accept.

"When people marry," says this twentieth century sage, "they should have two contracts—one to satisfy the demands of the church, and the other a contract just among themselves. In it each should agree to release the other whenever called upon to do so."

By some process of involved thinking Dr. Dickinson argues that such a contract would have the tendency to make each of the parties to the marriage contract more desirous of retaining the other's affections. "There would be," she adds, "less carelessness, less taking things for granted and less indifference in dress and manner among married folk."

Dr. Dickinson is unmarried, and thus finds it as easy to solve problems for other people as the beggar does to advise the millionaire how to spend his money or the childless person to direct parents how to rear their children. She would have people enter into a contract with the church, with a mental reservation attached—the letter of the law without its spirit. The private agreement, according to her, would be in certain contingencies superior to the public contract—the latter for show, the former for use. Such a scheme would make a hollow mockery out of the most sacred relations of life and place the married state on a level with the conditions which prevail among savages. Divorce, as it is, is too easy. To render the married state less binding is to invite disaster to the home and the state.—Utica Globe.

**The Louis Styles.**

It was the French king, Louis XI, who invented gold lace, and it was Louis XIV, who ordered all the silk upholstery of the palace done in white with figures of gold and blue and a touch of red. The louisine silks are named after him, and all the French kings of the name of Louis have had their names brought down to posterity through the invention of some article of dress, whether it be a Louis Quinze heel or a Louis Seize coat, while to Louis Quatorze belongs the honor of a cuff and a hat.

**In Good Faith.**

The young man kissed her and she screamed.

"What's the trouble, Nellie?" demanded a stern voice from upstairs.

"I just saw a mouse," she fibbed. Presently the young man claimed another kiss and the scream was repeated. Again came the stern voice:

"What is it this time?"

"I just saw another mouse."

Then the old man came down with the house cat, a mouse trap and a cane and sat in a corner to watch developments.

## JEW IN AMERICAN WAR.

**Many Shining Instances of Their Patriotism.**

"What Have the American Jews Done for America? What Should They Do?" was the subject of an address by Rabbi Leon Harrison before the People's Synagogue in the Social Settlement Building on Friday evening.

He said in part: "In the war of the revolution, though there were probably not 3,000 Jews in the country, 27 Jewish officers fought for our independence. Manuel Mordecai Naoh was a staff officer of George Washington, and gave to the government \$20,000, I may mention the generous service of Hayne Solomon, the friend of Madison, Randolph and Robert Morris, who loaned \$300,000 to the government that was never returned, and in many other ways helped his country in dire need. I will simply mention that in the war of 1812 Jewish brigadier generals, colonels and captains abounded in the Mexican war the same is true.

The list of Jews distinguished in the regular army and navy of the United States is disproportionately large. Commodore Uriah Levy, the highest naval ranking officer up to the civil war, abolished corporal punishment. I have in my hand a partial list of 8,000 Jewish Americans who fought in the civil war, among them being sixteen Union and twenty-four Confederate staff officers. Their record is distinguished by eminent valor and numerous awards of medals by Congress. The old warriors from the South recall Judah P. Benjamin, the brilliant Secretary of State for the Confederacy. May I mention among many shining instances in North Carolina six Jewish brothers took the field. In South Carolina five brothers, and likewise in Mississippi, four being Confederates and one Union. There is an instance of fourteen Jewish families sending fifty-three men into battle. In the present regular army and navy from Commander Marix down, dozens of Jewish officers evidence that they are descendants of the Maccabees. Twelve Jewish sailors went down with the Maine."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**HOW MRS. TRUMBULL HELPED.**

**Her Activity Gave Her Husband a Bad Half-Hour, However.**

When Mr. Trumbull was a candidate for the office of Mayor he had many strange experiences, not all of them pleasant. From his political opponents he naturally expected some hard knocks, but he was not prepared for the severe blow which his faithful and well-meaning wife dealt him.

"I'm getting used to unpleasant things," he said, one night at dinner, "but I must say I've had a blow today. I really flattered myself I was popular in this district, even with the ragmuffins over on Sea street."

"And so you are," interrupted Mrs. Trumbull.

"No," said her husband, "that bubble was pricked to-day. I find that the two posters on the old Higgins fence that announce me as a candidate have been almost torn off, evidently by sticks and knives, and the face of each poster has been almost obliterated. I felt quite depressed when I saw it on my way home."

"You needn't," said Mrs. Trumbull, with rising color, "for I did all that work with my umbrella and a hat pin."

"You?" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes, Henry Trumbull, I did it, and I should do the same thing again if I had the chance. There was nobody in sight as I came by there, and when I saw those dreadful pictures, not really like you at all, and with that hideous turn-down collar that you never ought to wear, it's so unbecoming, I just couldn't bear it!"

"I took and looked at them a minute, and then I went right to work. And the next time you run for any office, you send the men that make the posters to me, and I will let them have the negative of one of your good photographs with your glasses on, so the little scowl between your eyes doesn't show, and a high collar. Then they'll be fit to put on Higgins' fence or anywhere else."—Youth's Companion.

## THE ORIGINAL JOHN BULL.

It is not every one who knows that there really was a John Bull. This gentleman was a musical doctor and some of his biographers declare, also a medical doctor.

Be that as it may, he is the man who wrote the music of the British national anthem, "God Save the King," the words of which were supplied by Ben Jonson. The anthem was originally sung June 20, 1605, to commemorate the escape of James I. from the gunpowder plot. The portrait of Dr. J. Bull, herewith reproduced from a recently resurrected volume published in 1822, seems to indicate that the original was in person at appearance not in the least degree like the familiar caricatures of himself.

**New Telephone Invention.**

A French inventor has communicated in the Academie des Sciences a process by which, he asserts, the features of a person telephoning can be conveyed through the instrument to the person with whom he is in communication.

**Dangerous Shoals.**

Three hundred and fifteen shoals in various parts of the world were declared dangerous to navigation last year by British admiralty surveys.



## HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

**Tomato Soup.**

For this soup use one-half of a can of tomatoes, or one pint of fresh stewed tomatoes. If you use the canned goods, don't leave the other half in the can; pour it in a china bowl, and if convenient cook it a little before you put it away. It will keep in a cool place two or three days. It is said that people are poisoned by using canned goods, only because the article is allowed to remain in the can after it has been opened. But about the soup—one-half can of tomatoes, one pint of water, a small onion chopped, a bay leaf and a sprig of parsley boiled together for fifteen minutes. Press through a fine colander, return to the kettle and add a teaspoonful of salt, two of sugar and a shake of pepper. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, and stir into the soup when it boils; stir until it thickens. Serve with squares of toasted bread.

**Chocolate Creams.**

Dissolve two cups of fine confectioner's sugar in a half cup of water, set upon the fire, and let it boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Turn out on a platter and stir with a large spoon till cool, adding at the same time a tablespoonful of vanilla extract. When well creamed, butter the fingers and work it up in small balls. Prepare half a pound of chocolate by setting it over a steamer till melted; then thrust a long pin into the balls and dip them in the chocolate, laying them upon buttered paper to dry.

**Escalloped Eggs.**

Six hard-boiled eggs, one-fourth pint of cream, butter the size of an egg, a little parsley chopped fine, one-half tablespoon flour. Mix the cream, butter and flour and cook until thick. Place in a buttered baking dish alternate layers of sliced egg and bread-crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper, until the dish is filled, having a layer of crumbs and bits of butter on the top. Mix the cream and parsley together and pour over the whole. Bake in a quick oven till brown.

**Cream Puffs.**

Into a pint of boiling water stir a half-pound of butter. Stir until it boils; put in three-quarters of a pound of flour, boil for a minute, turn into a deep dish and cool. When cold beat into it, first, the well-whipped yolks and the stiffened whites of the eggs. Drop by the spoonful upon oiled paper spread in the bottom of a baking pan and bake to golden-brown puffs. When cold cut a slit in the side of each and fill with a cream filling.

**Cream Toast.**

One-half cup cream, one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoonful salt, a small lump of butter. Melt the butter and add enough sifted flour to make it stiff. Mix the milk, cream and salt and pour slowly over the butter and flour, keeping the mixture smooth by stirring. When thickened, strain and pour over toast. Serve hot.

**Rice C-ke.**

Beat up three eggs to a stiff froth, put them in a double boiler, and stir briskly on the stove for eight minutes, then add slowly three ounces of fine sugar and quarter of a cup of ground rice, also flavoring to taste. When all is well mixed, pour into a buttered pan and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

**Peanut Brittle.**

Boil together a cup each of molasses and brown sugar, a tablespoonful of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. When a little dropped in cold water is brittle add a cup of blanched peanuts; remove at once from the fire, add a teaspoonful of baking soda, beat hard and pour into buttered pans.

**Stewed Squabs.**

Clean, tie down the legs and wings and put a piece of bacon on the breast of each bird. Put a few slices of bacon in the bottom of a kettle and put the squabs on them; cover with stock and let them stew gently until tender. Serve on toast, and pour the stock slightly thickened around them.

**Brief Suggestions.**

A little salt will make a delicate, wholesome supper for children.

If mutton chops are rubbed over with lemon juice before broiling, their flavor will be much improved.

Rice cooked in milk instead of water has a much richer flavor. It must be watched closely while cooking, as it will burn quickly.

To soften hard water add a little borax. Water thus softened is wholesome for cooking purposes and is useful in laundry for whitening clothes and effecting a saving of soap.

A thin flexible steel knife is one of the most useful of kitchen utensils. This can be used for many purposes, for loosening cakes from the tins, for icing cakes, scraping dishes or cutting delicate cakes and puddings whose lightness would be quite ruined by using a heavy dull knife.

If the paraffin paper, which comes in the packages of fancy biscuit is saved and used to wipe the bottom of the irons on ironing day the effect on the smoothness of the irons and the temper of the maid will be quite noticeable. There is just a sufficient quantity of wax in the paper to make it a splendid cleanser.

## GIVING HIM A SHOCK.

**Did Chief Insist that It Was Mighty Power that Hoisted Him.**

"I was a clerk in the trader's store at the Pawnee agency for three or four years," said a Detroit grocer the other day, "and, of course, I had a good chance to study the Indian. There was a chief named Leaning Tree who never smiled or laughed. He had no curiosity. He had no interest in anything belonging to the white man—not even whisky. He was the nearest thing to a stone man you could find, and his imperturbability vexed me. I made up my mind one day to arouse him or perish."

"The chief used to come down to the store every morning and sit on an empty barrel on the porch. I put half a pound of powder under that barrel one summer's morning. Leaning Tree took up his usual roost. I waited about fifteen minutes and then fired the fuse. Ten minutes later there was an explosion that sent the chief twenty feet high and ten rods away, and of course, there was a rush from every side to learn what had happened."

"The old chap must have felt his hair curl and been greatly mystified, but he got up without the slightest loss of dignity and when asked to explain he struck his breast and replied:

"Heap lightning—heap strike—heap go up, but no heap hurt me! Let more thunder come."

"His dignity was a good thing for me," said the ex-trader, according to the Detroit Free Press. "There was an investigation, and they would have made it hot for me, but when the officers questioned Leaning Tree he proudly answered:

"No powder—no blow up. Lightning—thunder—earthquake—big wind. But was I a child to be afraid? Barrel—humph! Powder—humph!"

## AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE FOR CATS AND DOGS.

The automobile has been applied to a wide variety of uses since it became popular in America, but it is believed that the city of Cleveland has the only one which is used as an animal ambulance. Dr. W. H. Stanforth, of that city, has an infirmary for dogs and cats and makes a specialty of their treatment. For some time past he has used an auto especially designed for taking patients to and from his hospital.

**She Wasn't the Real Thing.**

**Betrayed a Woeful Ignorance as a Social Queen.**

She looked like "the real thing." The women in the corridor, who were also becomingly groomed, looked after her enviously as she swished rhythmically past them into the reception room at the end of the hall and the men supplemented this attention with admiring nods and softly modulated "Whew-ew-ews."

The dozen people already gathered in the reception room reading and talking were likewise visibly impressed with the general excellence of her manner and appearance and every one of them would have been willing to take oath that there wasn't a kink in up-to-date life that she was not familiar with.

By and by the charming creature began to give evidence of an uneasiness that went a little ways toward dispelling the illusion. She looked doubtfully about as if seeking something she wanted badly, but didn't know how to get. Presently she spied a little black knob far up on the wall near the door and she stood up on her tiptoes and turned it gingerly. In an instant darkness had settled upon the face of the reception room and all who sat therein.

"O-o-oh!" squealed the women and "Thieves!" ejaculated the men. The apotheosis of grace and culture wailed loudest of all.

"What has happened?" she cried. "You've turned off the electric lights," said a porter who had rushed in to prevent a possible crime. "What did you want?"

"I wanted to call a bell boy," sobbed the apotheosis, according to the New York Times. "I thought that was the button."

**Plausible.**

Pa—"I've noticed most children prefer chocolate candy to any other kind. I wonder why that is?"

Ma—"Doubtless because it makes their hands and faces dirtier than any other kind."—Philadelphia Press.



DR. DICKINSON.



THE ORIGINAL JOHN BULL.



AUTO DOG AMBULANCE.