

HIS CRACK JOB

By Jeannette Benton
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Occasionally the gov'ner did society. He seldom went into any but the best, because there he found the "smart" young women who emphasized their social standing by minute accounts of their mistresses' diamonds. The gov'ner had often materially increased his bank account by those financial pointers.

One Tuesday night he dropped into Willey's. It was sometimes a little mixed there, and he met almost immediately a flirtatious young woman who, he found, was general housemaid to a young couple in the suburbs. She prattled interesting things while they were sitting out a dance.

"I am dead tired tonight," she confided. "We had a 1 o'clock luncheon today—twenty-four covers laid, an' the tables one glisten of solid silver an' cut glass. We are 'it' when it comes to solid silver."

"You must have the coin," the gov'ner remarked casually.

"Oh, not special. It's weddin' presents. They've both got rich folks, an' they give them just seeds an' seeds of solid silver."

The gov'ner regarded her with beaming interest.

"A gauzy butterfly like you oughtn't to wear themselves out with work. What's your push out there?" he inquired tenderly.

Miss Nellie tossed her head.

"Just me an' him an' her an' the baby, an' he gone half the time."

She unconsciously lowered her voice.

"He's gone now, an' she thinks I'm there in bed. I am goin' to Mulhall's party tomorrow night too."

"Suppose the crooks do the house, an' her alone?" he suggested.

Miss Nellie squealed.

"Mercy me! You don't think I'd fight 'em if I was there, do you? Oh, she's got a telephone right in her room. She could get help easy enough."

The gov'ner smiled. It was a leisurely matter to finish a job and get comfortably away after the telephone bell had called for help. It was surprising no one had got on to a dead open and shut job like that.

Three o'clock the next morning found him padding gently up the still half country street. Just ahead of him were the dim outlines of a large lawn heavily shaded with trees.

He vaulted the fence and strolled leisurely up through the trees. "Not even a bloomin' dog!" he murmured pitifully.

Ten minutes later he walked quietly into the house and found his way into the hall. He generally found the hall first and radiated from there.

He had hardly stepped in when a door on the upper floor opened sharply.

"Nellie! Nellie!" called a frightened voice. "There is something dreadful the matter with the baby, and the telephone won't work! Nellie!"

The voice rose to a shriek of terror. There was a rush of muffled footsteps through the upper hall.

The gov'ner listened sympathetically.

"Nellie is at Mulhall's an' good until 6 o'clock," he murmured.

There was an instant's silence; then the voice broke out afresh in deeper terror:

"Oh, she's dying—she's dying!"

The gov'ner scratched his head distractedly. He hated to see folks in trouble.

"Baby! Baby!" The voice was heart-breaking. "Isn't there anybody to help me?"

An instant later he stood at the door of the lighted chamber.

"Can I do anything for you, ma'am?" he inquired politely. "I heard you as I was passin'."

A woman knelt by the bed. She was very childlike looking. She swept the hair back from her face and regarded him with terror-stricken eyes.

A baby lay on the bed. Little rings of dark hair curled damply on its pallid forehead. Its little face was ghastly blue and pinched. Suddenly its head drew back more violently and its limbs commenced to twitch in long, convulsive shudders.

She clutched the gov'ner's arm and shook it fiercely.

"Can't you do anything?" she demanded.

"I don't know," he said; then his face cleared. Heaven knows from what recess of his life he drew the information, but he found it.

"I know," he said briskly. "It's hot water. Go get some hot water in some 'shin' big enough to put the kid in."

She disappeared like an arrow loosed from a bow.

The gov'ner slipped his long, dexterous fingers soothingly along the clammy little body.

There was a sudden splash in the hall, and the girl mother came breathlessly in with a small tin bathtub.

"Get its duds off!" he said authoritatively. "This water ain't hot enough, but it'll have to pass now."

The poor little mother's fingers were trembling, so they were nearly useless. She turned great, imploring eyes on him.

"Please put her in!" she half-whispered. "I am afraid to lift her."

"Blest!" murmured the gov'ner; then she stooped and lifted the tiny convulsed body into the water. He felt it relax slightly in his hands as the water submerged it.

"Throw a blanket or something over to keep in the heat!" he commanded.

"Then skin out, can't you, an' get some hotter water? Get a move on you too." She had already gone.

He knelt by the chair, regarding the small face he was supporting above the blanket anxiously. It was less pinched now and lay limply on his hand, small and pathetic.

"Such a little kid," he said softly—"such a bloomin' little kid!"

The long lashes slowly lifted, and the dark eyes gazed into his. Slowly the purpled lids closed again, and a tremor shook its body.

He swore softly. "Ain't she ever comin'? This layout will freeze the kid in a blasted minute!"

He gathered the baby up in the blanket and commenced to pace the floor, watching the tiny face with strained attention.

The blue shadows deepened under its eyes; the tiny waxen nose pinched closer and closer; the small mouth seemed settling into a terrible calm.

He swore as he walked. In that way he managed in a measure to relieve his feelings.

"Is she dead?" asked a choked, breathless voice at the door.

The girl mother's face was ghostly, but the only thing he saw was the steaming kettle in her hand.

"Naw," he snarled; but he was not so sure.

He lowered the child carefully into the water.

"Now, just keep pouring—a little, a little, to keep it warm'n' up."

Ten, fifteen, minutes passed.

A faint white glimmer of life commenced to tremble across the baby's face. The blue shadows slowly faded, and the wax white nostrils filled.

The gov'ner heaved a mighty sigh.

"She's comin' through," he announced triumphantly. "Now give me a dry blanket."

He wrapped her warmly in it and laid her, weary and sleepy, but palely pink, on the bed.

Then he shook himself like a man coming out of a trance. He suddenly remembered his burglar's kit in the lower hall. Dawn was breaking, too, and it might not be so easy getting back with it to town.

The girl mother looked at him with moist, grateful eyes.

"You are so good," she said, with quivering voice. "Baby would have died if you hadn't!"

She hesitated. Some way she could not quite place him. He did not look like a workingman. He was not a gentleman. She dimly remembered that he had sworn at her dreadfully.

She went to the dresser and picked up a little steel meshed purse. Inside lay a ten dollar bill and a dollar.

"Would you mind," she said desperately, "if I gave you a dollar? I wish I could give you more, but it is all the money I have, and Fred won't be back until the last of the week."

Her small, tremulous fingers clung to his an instant, and a tear splashed down on them.

"I can't thank you. I can't thank you," she sobbed.

The gov'ner looked at her helplessly, at the \$10 in the purse and the little heap of diamonds over on the dresser.

Then he went down stairs, the dollar in his hand.

Started the Tailor.

A London tailor was once measuring Dr. Parker, who had a quaint sense of humor, for an overcoat, when suddenly the doctor broke forth in his most sepulchral voice:

"Can you measure the ineffable?"

The assistant looked up and saw that the doctor was extremely grave. He said:

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

The doctor raised both his hands with a grand upward sweep and said:

"Can you measure the ineffable? Can you comprehend the infinite?"

"We'll make you a nice coat, sir," returned the puzzled assistant. Tapping the doctor's shin, he said:

"That's about the length, sir?"

"Longer!" ejaculated the doctor in determined tones.

"There, sir?"

"Longer!" thundered the great man.

The tailor remonstrated. As a technical professional he could give points on tailoring to any preacher that ever wore a head.

"If you have it any longer, you won't be able to walk," he remarked conclusively.

The doctor looked on him compassionately and, once more extending his arms toward the skies, said confidentially:

"I don't want to walk; I want to soar!"

A History Making Trifle.

It was but a trifle that gave Spain for so many generations the lordship of the new world and enabled her by the wealth which she derived from that source to become the most powerful nation in Europe. It is well known that Columbus, discouraged with the refusals which he met at so many courts, dispatched his brother Bartolomeo to ask aid from Henry VII. of England. But on the way the messenger fell into the hands of pirates, and by the time he reached London was so destitute that he had to try to earn the money to clothe himself in proper style before he could be presented at court. But by that time it was too late. Even the fact that Ferdinand and Isabella furnished the funds to equip the expedition was mainly due to the accident that Juan Perez de Marchena, the queen's confessor, happened to be passing when the weary mariner was knocking at the door of La Rabida monastery to beg a little bread and water for his boy Diego and was impressed with the noble face of the dusty traveler. Had Bartolomeo reached London in time, had Columbus been a little later or earlier at the monastery door, the fate of Europe might have been changed and the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race altered.

Useful in the Business.

The reasons which lead men to choose a certain trade or profession are often perhaps no more sensible than the reason the boy in the following story from a New York paper gave for wanting a place in a bank. The president of a bank told the story at his club.

"I don't think I ever told you of our redheaded office boy, Brickbat," remarked the bank president after the rest had each told a story.

"Never did," was the answer.

"Well," continued the speaker, "he came to me with recommendations from his father, who was a schoolmate of mine up in Steuben county. After I read the note from the father I told the boy to take off his hat, sit down in a chair and tell me why he wanted to be a banker. His answer was:

"'Cause I'm good at multiplying."

"Well," said I, "can't you subtract and divide too?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "but because a banker wants to make all he can I thought you wanted a boy who could multiply."

"I hired him on the strength of that."

Old Time "Simples."

In the family Bible of a Roxborough man there are a number of medical rules, written over seventy years ago by the great-grandmother of the Bible's present owner. Among the rules are the following:

"A stick of brimstone worn in the pocket is good for them as has cramps."

"A loadstone put in the place where the pane is is beautiful for the Rheumatiz."

"A basin of water gruel, with half a quart of old rum in it, with lots of brown sugar, is good for Cold in Head."

"If you have hiccupps, pinch one of your wrists wile you count sixty, or get somebody to skare you and make you jumpe."

"The earra-he—Put onion in ear after it is well roasted."

"The consumption—Eat as many peauts as possible before going to bed."—Philadelphia Record.

The Real People of "Adam Bede."

On my mother's and grandmother's side I am a direct descendant of George and Mary Evans, and it is among the Evans' household we must look for several of the characters mentioned in George Eliot's story of "Adam Bede." Thus George and Mary Evans may be taken as typical of Thias and Lisbeth Bede. Robert Evans is undoubtedly the original who suggested Adam Bede. Samuel Evans, the youngest son, was certainly the prototype of Seth Bede. George Elliot (Mary Ann Evans) was the daughter of Adam Bede and the granddaughter of Thias and Lisbeth. It will thus occur to the reader that in portraying Adam Bede our author was thinking of her own father and had the very best reasons for the statement concerning her hero that he had a dash of Celtic blood in his veins.—W. Mottram in Leisure Hour.

Jackstones.

Most girls and some boys have played in their time the game of dibs or knucklebones or jackstones, but few of them know that the game has existed since the third century B. C. and is probably still older. How it was played in ancient days no one can tell, but the ankle joint bones of the sheep, ox, deer and pig were used, and the game was called "astragal," from the Latin word for the ankle joint. In Scotland pebbles are often employed, whence the name "chuckles." Even precious stones and gold and bronze "stones" have been used, and in some countries the bones were marked with numbers and colored to represent kings, queens, knaves and pawns.

To Pop Corn.

Here is the proper way to pop corn: Put the regular quantity—that is, a very small quantity—into the popper and hold it under the cold water faucet long enough to thoroughly saturate the kernels. Shake the popper and place it on the back of the range to allow the corn to dry. Then pop. The kernels will be very large, and there will be no hard center. The red popcorn is thought to be the best.

The Evil Eye.

One of the remarkable things about the superstition of the "evil eye" is that it is often attributed to whole peoples by others who dislike or hate them. In ancient times the Thebans, the Illyrians and the Thracian women were so regarded. In these latter days the Christians of Asia Minor have the same feeling about the Turks and the Turks about the Christians.

Really a Professor.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said the toastmaster after the dinner was over, "for introducing you inadvertently as 'professor.'"

"That's all right," replied the principal speaker of the occasion. "The title fits me better than 'doctor' does. I profess to be a doctor, but I get mighty little practice."—Chicago Tribune.

Positively Brutal.

"Let me see," mused the young wife as she picked up the cookbook. "I have mixed the batter for the angel cake. Now what do I do next?"

"Telephone for the doctor," answered the heartless husband, who happened along in time to overhear her musings.

As She Remembered Him.

Mr. Skimmerhorn (as the participants in the debate became personal)—I was a thundering fool when I asked you to marry me!

Mrs. Skimmerhorn—Well, you looked it, dear.—Exchange.

Impossible.

Caller—What will you do, doctor, when all your patients get well?

Physician—All my patients will never get well, madam.—Baltimore American.

HAD TO WAIT A LITTLE.

The Reason Lizzie Could Not Marry Ted on the Instant.

Late in the sixties actors still had their costumes carried to and from the theater in champagne baskets by the "basket boy," and the very first and most important duty of the actor or actress after rehearsal was to get the basket ready and place it outside the door; then only one might feel free.

Well, Cupid had been taking a little flir behind the scenes, and a young comedian had been stricken with love for a bit of a girl who danced between the first play and the farce. One day he saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow, and the awful familiarity was too much to be endured silently. He walked home with her, and in the boarding house hall he spoke. A minister's name was mentioned, a number, a street, something about a license. Nothing seemed very clear except his love and his desire to get married at once, at once!

"Oh, Lizzie, will you marry me? Dear little Lizzie, will you?" he implored.

And Lizzie, who was about the height of a nine-year-old child, but was full sixteen, very pink and very pleased, looked coyly up, then modestly down and answered, "I'm awfully glad you love me, Ted, but—but, really you know, you'll have to wait a little!"

Down went Ted's face. "Wait!" he cried in a tragic voice. "Wait! Good kingdom! Why? What for? How long?" And Lizzie, with wide, reproachful blue eyes, said, "Why, Ted, you know well enough you'll have to wait till I get my basket ready!"—Clara Morris in McClure's Magazine.

Some Smart Answers.

Here are some samples of what the British schoolboy can do when he tries hard:

"John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the Poets' corner at Westminster abbey."

"The sublime porte is a very fine old wine."

"The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you."

"The plural of penny is twopenny."

"In the sentence, 'I saw the goat butt the man,' 'butt' is a conjunction because it shows the connection between the goat and the man."

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas."

"The difference between water and air is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot."

SICKROOM PHILOSOPHY.

Never confine a patient to one room if you can obtain the use of two.

Never play the piano to a sick person if you can play on strings or sing.

Never stand and fidget when a sick person is talking to you. Sit down.

Never complain that you cannot get a feeding cup if there is a teapot to be had instead.

Never read fast to a sick person. The way to make a story seem short is to tell it slowly.

Never judge the condition of your patient from his appearance during a conversation. See how he looks an hour afterward.

Never put a hot water bottle next to the skin. Its efficiency and the patient's safety are both enhanced by surrounding the bottle with flannel.

Never allow the patient to take the temperature himself. Many patients are more knowing than nurses where there is a question of temperature.

Hot Cross Buns.

In its early days, when, it is to be hoped, it was more toothsome than it is now, the hot cross bun played some part in converting the people of these islands to Christianity. Pagan England was in the habit of eating cakes in honor of the goddess of spring, and Christian missionaries found that though they could alter the views of the people in reference to religious matters they could not induce them to withhold from the consumption of confectionery. So they put the sign of the cross upon the bun of the Saxon era and launched it upon missionary enterprise which has extended through the intervening centuries and survived till now.—London Tit-Bits.

A Wet Umbrella.

Never leave an umbrella standing on the point in the ordinary way when wet. The water trickles down, spoiling the silk and making the wires rusty. It is also a mistake to open it and leave it standing, as this stretches the silk, making it baggy so that it is impossible to fold it smoothly. The proper way is to shake out as much of the water as possible, then stand the umbrella on its handle to drain.

Comparisons Are Odious.

Perkins, Jr.—Why don't ye buy that horse of Seth's, pop? He's got a fine pedigree.

Perkins, Sr.—Pedigree! The question is, is he worth anything? Why, boy, them sassify folks what comes here in the summer has pedigrees.—Brooklyn Life.

The Real Need.

"I'd like to have some good old fashioned home cooking," said the man with a permanent sour expression.

"What you mean," said the physician, "is that you would like to have the digestion that you had when you were a boy."—Washington Star.

Didn't Need It.

"Have you given Mr. Staleight any encouragement?" asked the impatient mother.

"No, mamma," replied the confident daughter. "So far I haven't found it necessary."

When Johnny comes marching home again with crackers in a bag— Send Johnny a marching back again and write upon the tag—

Uneeded Biscuit

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5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

A Pope Related to a Sultan.

We learn from a Swiss writer of the seventeenth century that Pope Alexander VII., whose pontificate extended from 1655 to 1667, was related to the sultan Mohammed IV. The connection between these two contemporary sovereigns is traced to one of those occurrences which in the times of Moslem invasion and predatory aggression often led to strange blood relationships between representatives of Christian and Mohammedan houses.

The story is told by Wallichius, a contemporary of Alexander VII. and Mohammed IV. Some Turkish corsairs attacked and pillaged the castle of the Marsills in 1525 and carried off Margherita, the daughter of Nani Marsilli, and this fair lady was reserved as a present for the Sultan Solyman, who made her one of his wives. By this union she became the mother of Selim II., ancestor of Mohammed IV.

From the same noble family Alexander VII. was lineally descended on the maternal side. Leonardo Marsilli, brother of the captive Margherita, had a son, Cesare, whose daughter, Laura, married into the Chigi family and became the mother of Fabio Chigi, known on the roll of pontiffs as Pope Alexander VII.

Time in Japan.

The Japanese divide the twenty-four hours into twelve periods, of which six belong to the night and six to the day, their day beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset.

Whether the day or night be long or short, there are always six periods in each. To attain this the characters or numerals on the scale are adjustable.

Two of them are set, one to agree with the sunrise, the other with sunset, and the four characters between them divide the space into equal portions.

Thus when the period of daylight is longer than the night the day hours will be proportionately longer than those at night.

Another peculiarity in their scale is that they use only six characters, those from four to nine, and these read backward.—London Express.

Didn't Move on Time.

A typical tough boy, aged thirteen, was committed to a certain asylum not long ago by a city magistrate.

"What did you do that they sent you here?" asked the superintendent mildly.

"Huh! They sent me up just for playing a game," snarled the boy.

"What game?" asked the superintendent.

"Checkers wid de police," he explained. "It was me move, an' I didn't move, so dey jumped me."

He had been arrested for loitering.—New York Tribune.

The Carat.

We talk of a diamond being so many carats in weight. The carat was originally the seed of the Abyssinian carat flower. These seeds are very equal in size and so were at one time used in weighing gold and precious stones.

Today the carat as applied to gold means simply the twenty-fourth part of the weight of any piece of gold or alloy of gold.

You may refuse to believe a compliment, but it was a good deal like a snowball. It left a spot on you.—Athlison Globe.

Hubbub—How bright and clean everything looks out here!

Subbub—Yes; we had a couple of detectives scouring the country last week.—Philadelphia Record.

Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble minded and puzzled spirits.—Disraeli.

Nightcaps.

For external application the nightcap is rarely seen. It is first mentioned during the time of the Tudors. In the inventory of Henry VIII.'s wardrobe we come across the following item: "A nightcap of black velvet embroidered." No wonder, with such gearing, that, as Shakespeare suggests, "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." Poor old Bishop Latimer was not content with one nightcap. Fox in his "Book of Martyrs" describes him as follows: "He held his hat in his hand, having a handkerchief on his head and upon it a nightcap or two and a great cap, such as townsmen use, with broad flaps to button under his chin." They evidently believed in keeping their heads warm in those days.—Health.

The Danger in Cocaine.

The great danger of cocaine lies in the fact that it is the most agreeable and alluring of all narcotics. It causes no mental confusion; only a little more talkativeness than usual. There is no headache or nausea, and the pleasant effects are produced with a comparatively small dose, but symptoms of poisoning are rapidly developed, and within three months of the commencement of the habit there may be marked indications of degeneration, loss of memory, hallucinations and suspicions.—London Lancet.

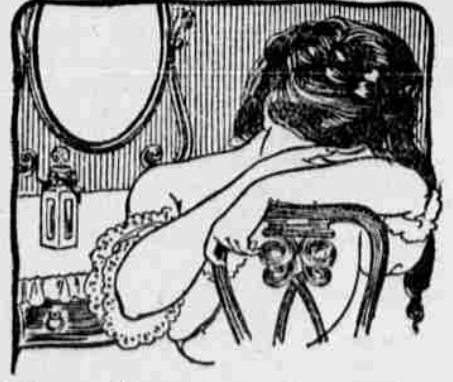
Soil and Forage Crops.

Those states which are noted for the production of forage crops not only have maintained the original fertility of the soil, but they spend for commercial fertilizers less than 1 per cent of the annual value of their crops, while those states which pay least attention to forage crops have impoverished the soil and spend annually for fertilizers from 5 to 9 per cent of the total value of their crops.

Apply Expressed.

Small Boy—I got two lickings today, one from pa and one from ma.

Big Boy—Yes; they are a spanking team.—Princeton Tiger.



The Human Lottery

"Ah, if only I were beautiful how happy life would be."

Many a forlorn maid has said this as she looked into the mirror. It is the one possession in the lottery of human life which woman would not refuse.

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for young girls on the threshold of womanhood is invaluable. When they become pale and languid, the eyes dull, aching head, feet and hands cold, appetite gone or abnormal, obstructed periods and painful menses, and their systems generally run down, they need a tonic, building up and their blood cleansed.

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