Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by MAY FUTRELLE

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SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Louise are left orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Louie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Louie advertises for a position as companion, and Mrs. Hazard replies. She offers Louie a position as her "secretary of frivolous affairs." Her chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Louie talks baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Laura Hazard. The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception and Louie meets many people high in the social world. Natalie Agazziz, to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the reception. She declares there is not another like it in the world. It develops that Natalie has lost several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Louie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalie and has been cured of his infatuation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the summer. Louie and Laura visit the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in whom Laura takes considerable interest. Duc de Trouville arrives at the Hazard place. Louie hears Winthrop's motor boat out late at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes. Natalie accuses Louie of stealing her ruby pendant. Mrs. Hazard assures Louie of her confidence in her. Hap declares his love for Louie. She reciprocates, but will not admit it as she fears what Mrs. Hazard will say. Louie is excused from dinner on account of a headache. She is bombarded with notes from Hap imploring her to see him. Winthrop is arrested in the presence of Hap and Louie, charged with robbing General Schuyler's home and shooting the general. A box of jewels is found in Winthrop's safe, among them an emerald bracelet exactly like the one lost by Natalie. Natalie apologizes to Louie for accusing her of theft. Louie is awakened at midnight and finds Hap in her room. Next morning Hap explains that he was in pursuit of a mysterious woman he had seen in the corridor and who eluded him by passing through Louie's room. Natalie identifies the emerald bracelet found in Winthrop's safe as her own. Louie's sister, Jo, arrives for a week's stay. John Crowninshield pays marked attention to Jo.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

It was perhaps ten o'clock when Jo took a notion to see the gallery. The notion was quite sudden, too. She even interrupted John to say so, apropos of nothing. We met Hap on the stairs as we went up. I remembered afterward that he looked puzzled and was flushed a little. He shouted to Burrows from the stairs.

"Who locked the card-room?"

"No one, sir."

"It's locked; have it unlocked. Where is Thomas?"

"I don't know, sir."

There was more anger in the way he spoke to Burrows than such a simple thing warranted. He came up to the gallery with us, glaring at the card-room door as we passed.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Do you want to play poker?"

"No, but I want the room unlocked. It's not supposed to be locked."

We climbed upward in silence.

"Well, you might quit looking like a thundercloud," I suggested presently. "I haven't been horrid, have I?"

He glanced up to where Jo and John Crowninshield were disappearing into the gallery, and apropos of nothing he seized my hand and pressed it to his lips.

Inside the picture gallery was Thomas, the footman about whom Hap had asked Burrows. When Jo and John Crowninshield entered they found him standing in front of the Velasquez, staring at it oddly. He should have been below, of course. Upon our entrance he turned and stalked out. Hap looked after him with a pucker of perplexity in his forehead.

Jo was surprised at the size of the gallery, just as I had been. She hadn't expected it. She walked the length of the room, then turned back.

"Are all these pictures originals?" she asked.

"No," John answered her. "A few are copies, but valuable copies."

"Let's see if I can pick the copies," she suggested, and walked the length of the gallery again.

Hap and I dropped down on a bench, but John followed her.

"That one," said Jo presently.

"Oh, that's easy, Jo," I cried. "The original is in the National Gallery, and you know it."

"And this?"

"No, that's a Greuze," John explained.

"Sorry," smiled Jo. "Greuze made so many heads, didn't he? Is the Lely next to it genuine?"

"Yes."

"Is that a Velasquez, or a copy?" Hap asked her, and indicated the disputed picture before which we were sitting.

"I don't know," Jo replied. "I'd say—" She chose her distance and looked at it a long time—"copy!"

"It's disputed," John told her. "Five experts say it isn't, twelve say it is. Fred—Mr. Hazard—believed it was an original and bought it."

"The old geezer used to frighten me when I was a kid," Hap remarked, "but he doesn't seem so fierce now. His eyes always looked so—well, clean through, you know—baleful, a novelist would say. I'd call them watery, now." He regarded the "old geezer" smilingly. "Pleasant looking customer, isn't he?"

"I'd hate to meet him up a dark alley," John laughed.

"That's a copy, isn't it?" asked Jo, and pointed to a picture on the opposite wall.

"No, a real Van Dyke," John replied.

"I'll quit guessing!" Jo exclaimed, but she crossed the room and stood for a long time before the Van Dyke.

"Aren't you afraid to leave all these beautiful pictures here in the country?" she asked finally, coming back where we were.

"They are insured," Hap answered.

"Against fire, or theft?"

"Fire. No one wants to steal them. No one has an opportunity. I'd like to see a thief get away with that big fellow. Jenkins sits on the steps all winter with a gun."

"Are they protected now?"

"Well, not with a gun. There's no need when we are here."

Hap tried the card-room door as we descended; it gave to his touch and swung open. He switched on the lights and looked about. The room was quite in order. I couldn't see any cause for the pucker between his eyes. He lighted a cigarette and smoked it thoughtfully as we descended the stairs. He smoked where he pleased; he had learned to put the ashes in his pocket. Occasionally he would remove his cigarette from his lips, regard the lighted end intently, then smile, or frown, and smoke again. I watched the performance, highly amused.

"A clue, Monsieur Lecoq?" I whispered.

"I'm a fool," he replied. "I'm letting my imagination run away with me."

"I can prove an alibi this time," I pursued flippantly. "I haven't been in the card-room for a month."

"Please don't, dear," he said quickly.

He was quite serious about it. A silly lump got into my throat. My feelings were always near the surface when he was serious. I glanced up and met that look in his eyes I was never going to be able to take care of.

"Who locked the door, Burrows?" he asked, when we reached the lower hall.

"It wasn't locked, sir."

"You are quite sure, Burrows?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"What was Thomas doing in the picture gallery?"

"I didn't know he was there, sir."

"How long has he been here, Burrows?"

"Since we came to the country, sir."

Whatever else Hap intended to say was not said. There was a commotion in the drawing-room, a scurrying of feet and the overturning of a chair. Natalie had fainted.

Some one, Mrs. Higginson I believe it was, was shrieking excitedly to get her into the open air, but Jo reached her first, stretched her on the floor, flopped her over, and deftly and quickly unhooked her dress. She gave Natalie's corset strings a pull and re-

Hap and I Dropped Down on a Bench.

leased them. Hardly a minute later Natalie, with her head on Jo's knee, opened her eyes. She was a bit bewildered and confused, but all right.

Jo sent for a wrap to cover Natalie's somewhat disarranged toilet, and when she had quite recovered John Crowninshield and Benny Bliss assisted her upstairs.

"I wonder if she lost anything that time?" Jo said to me when we were alone.

I stared at her, startled.

"Then you think—?"

"I think if she did the thief is a woman, as Mr. Hazard thinks," Jo replied calmly. "The men got out when I started to undress her."

"It almost looked as if you did it purposely."

"I did. When I saw her fall I thought of what you told me of her fainting at the reception in town. I acted more quickly than I thought. I tried to remember who was near her—"

"Well?" I demanded excitedly, when she didn't go on.

"Some one in dark blue."

"Mrs. Sargent," I said.

"And the very fat one?"

"Mrs. Higginson."

"And—really I don't remember. She was standing near a window, I think—"

"Jo, where was the duke?"

"At the piano, all the way across the room." She regarded me questioningly. "I'd really like to know if she—she lost anything."

"I know a way to find out," I said. "Ask her."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Midnight Watch.

I knocked upon Natalie's door; Minette opened it. Instead of finding Natalie in bed, as I expected, she was sitting near an open window, surprisingly rosy.

"Can I do anything for you?" I inquired.

"Nothing, thanks, unless you'll stay and talk to me," she replied, rather cordially. "I feel quite well and cheerful, and I can't account for fainting. Won't you sit down? It's sweet of you to come, dear."

I looked after Minette's retreating figure.

"I came to ask you a question—an impertinent question," I said frankly, for it was that, and I hated to be hypocritical about it. "But I'd like to stay with you if you really care to have me. I hope you'll think I'm interested and not curious. Did you miss any of your jewels when—when you fainted?"

"No?"

I can't say that I was surprised; I know I felt absurdly relieved.

"I'm awfully glad. It looked so very much like—once before, that I was afraid you had."

"You have no cause for worry. You were not even there, my dear."

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed. "I was not thinking of myself."

"I'm going to tell you something," she said suddenly, "something I had decided to keep to myself. It's true I did not miss anything when I fainted, but I was not wearing all my jewels. Tonight I yielded to an impulse in wearing them. I had what the poker players call a hunch. I was sure if I left them here they would be taken. But there were too many, they looked absurd, and at the last moment I removed six bracelets, a pendant and a rope of pearls." She arose and crossed to her dressing-table. "I've been keeping everything locked since the ruby was lost. Every day I have put the jewel box in a different place. Tonight, when I decided to leave some of the jewels behind, I put them in the box, yielded to another impulse, and slipped the box under the pillow on my bed, where it never had been before. I didn't lose anything when I fainted, but the jewel box is empty!" She opened it.

Poor Natalie!

"But you must tell it," I urged when I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of it. "It's too important not to. Everybody here is in danger unless—" I did not go on, but involuntarily I glanced at the door where Minette had gone out.

"I will not suspect Minette," she said firmly, noticing the action. "She was with my mother when I was born, and she doesn't steal. There are a thousand ways to prove her innocent."

I knew that in the same thought I suspected her, and I remembered Laura's argument that Minette was not at the reception in town, or the Abercrombies'. Also that at the very minute the ruby was stolen Minette was giving Natalie a massage. Minette distinctly was innocent.

"No, I shall not tell it," Natalie pursued, "not yet, anyhow, it's too absurd. And I shall rely upon your discretion, my dear. When we see what happens to Mr. Abbott, then—"

I came to my feet with an exclamation.

"You believe Mr. Abbott guilty!"

"I refuse to believe anything," she replied coolly.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I thought you once told me you were sure Mr. Abbott was not a thief."

"That was before I knew about the emerald bracelet. My dear, I can't reasonably believe he's innocent now. There isn't another emerald bracelet like that in the world. Detectives found it in Mr. Abbott's possession. he doesn't deny it; he can't."

"But they didn't find the ruby, and whatever it was you lost at the Abercombies,'" I protested.

"A sapphire and a diamond bracelet," she sighed.

"And before that? He's shielding some one," I burst out. "I know it; I feel sure of it."

"Who?"

I shook my head. Every time I tried to conjecture I brought up against a blank wall.

"Mr. Crowninshield will surely make him tell—will find a way," I declared. "That's what a lawyer is for. Anyhow, he didn't have anything to do with the ruby." I clung to that tenaciously. "He was at home. Laura telephoned, and he answered."

"I don't want to think of it any more," Natalie drawled. "I don't understand it and I'm not trying to. I'm not going to sleep tonight if I can help it. I shall sit here all night with the light on, my remaining trinkets in my lap, grasped firmly—so! In the morning I shall go to town and lock them in a safety deposit; then I'm going to Europe, unless I have to stay here about the trial. When the detective comes tomorrow he can look after everything else. He won't have to bother about me."

"I'll sit up with you," I told her. I went toward the door. "I'll be back presently when my sister is asleep, and we can amuse ourselves with double dummy. I don't mind sitting up."

"You haven't such a thing as a revolver?" she asked.

"Jo has," I replied. "She carries one in the car, but I wouldn't pull the trigger for an empire. I'll bring it, though, if you want it."

"Bring it," she said.

I didn't tell Jo the whole truth. I said Natalie didn't lose anything when she fainted, and she didn't. When Jo was asleep I went back to Natalie and took the revolver. We played double dummy with the wicked little weapon on the table, and talked about everything except thieves, until two o'clock. Nothing happened. A little slice of the dying moon hung in the west, but it cast only a pallid light outside. I couldn't keep from yawning. Both Natalie and I were growing stupid. Finally she suggested that I get some sleep, and she would read. She wasn't afraid with the revolver, for she said she could shoot and shoot straight, but perhaps she, too, would go to bed. The scare petered out as the morning advanced; our night vigil began to look a bit wild and absurd.

I yawned good-night and went. I think I was asleep before I touched the bed. I dreamed, and the dreams were not pleasant. I saw Winthrop, his arms covered with emerald bracelets! He plucked at them and they became little green snakes. Looking on, smiling, was His Grace, but instead of being small and dark he was tall and fair, with a saber-cut across his cheek. Then the emerald bracelets were chains, and I was pushing frantically against the card-room door when it gave, and I was in a cell

The Blaze of an Electric Light Was Flashed in My Eyes.

where Winthrop was walking up and down, up and down, dragging his clanking chains.

I awoke. Everything was quite still. I listened; I heard nothing. After deciding I wouldn't get up, I did. The doors were securely locked, I knew, but I tried them each in turn. Jo was sleeping soundly. I went into the sitting-room and looked out. There was the faint light of early dawn, just enough to distinguish the dim outline of trees. After a while I became conscious of the fact that some one was moving below. I strained my eyes to see, my heart beating wildly. Then I knew it was—Winthrop! He moved across the lawn. I saw him stop, raise his arm and rub the back of his head. I couldn't be mistaken in that gesture. I think he turned back once, then the dim outline of his figure retreated, and was lost in the direction of the beach.

While I stood there wondering, my brain in a muddle of conjecture, staring after Winthrop, something else moved on the lawn below! I looked, straining my eyes through the pale dawn. A man, yes; that much was obvious. Vaguely the figure seemed familiar, and suddenly it came to me—Thomas, the footman! But not the rigid, liveried servant now; a quick-moving, alert, crouching, creeping Thomas. He darted across the lawn and vanished in the direction Winthrop had gone.

I was getting back into bed, too bewildered for connected thought, when I heard a sharp, quick noise like the falling of a hammer or some heavy object on the floor. The sound seemed to come from overhead. There was no one overhead, unless some one was in the gallery! I had no business investigating, but I did. A sudden thought pushed forward in my now wide-awake mind that Jo had acted strangely about the gallery.

I unlocked my door carefully. Natalie's light was out. No doubt she had decided to go to sleep. I stood there beside my door for perhaps two minutes, perhaps ten—it seemed to be a century—and finally my waiting was rewarded. The sound came again just overhead, but this time muffled, and I was sure I heard footsteps. It never once occurred to me that I was going into danger when I went toward the steps leading from the wing to the floor above. I wanted to know who was in the gallery at that time of the night—or morning.

I reached the top of the steps, feeling my way carefully. The corridors were quite dark, for the shades were drawn, keeping out what little light there was, but I knew the steps to the gallery were just to my right. Before I turned to ascend that second flight I felt there was some one near me. I put out my hand, but drew it back quickly. I had not touched anything, but I was scared blue. My fright must have made me lose my bearings for the moment.

My hand came in contact with a door—I knew it was the card-room door. I pushed it open and went in while I tried to control my wildly beating heart and my stampeding courage. Once I thought of switching on the light, but I—I was afraid of the light. It occurred to me that I was in a ridiculous position. The duke's suite was just beyond. If he should hear me, and he, too, should decide to investigate—

I knew one thing, that I was going back to my room instantly and let the noise in the gallery take care of itself.

When I moved, my foot came in contact with something. Again my absurd fright until I had assured myself that whatever it was it was not going to harm me. I stooped and picked it up. It was soft—a cloth bag. A thought came like a lightning flash: A bag—with jewels! I clutched it to my breast and jerked at the door. When I turned in the direction of the wing I felt, I knew, some one again was in the hall. I couldn't find the stairs to the wing! Whoever was there near me moved!

In that instant the blaze of an electric light was flashed straight into my eyes.

"Miss Codman!" I heard in a tone of utter surprise: I had no recollection of ever having heard the voice before.

I screamed, and turning, rushed blindly in the direction, as I thought, of the wing. My feet touched—space! I plunged forward headlong and went down, down, down into darkness.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Bag of Loot.

When I regained consciousness, John was putting me on the couch in my sitting-room, and there was a jumble of faces before me—Jo, and Laura, and Mrs. Hazard, all badly frightened, clutching at unfastened dressing-gowns. Natalie was there, too, but I did not see her at first.

"I'm afraid she's badly hurt," John was saying. "Did Doctor Graham answer, Hap?"

Hap was crushing my hand within both of his, hurting me, but I didn't want to say so. Everything was terribly confusing. My right shoulder was hurt; the doctor said afterward I must have struck the wall as I plunged down the steps into the wing, and that saved me, perhaps, from breaking my neck. It was later I discovered that my right arm was broken, when I remembered the bag I had picked up and couldn't feel it.

"The jewels!" I cried.

"Jewels!" everybody repeated in one tone—a tone of surprise.

"I had them when I fell," I said. "A bag of jewels."

Hap groaned. I'm sure he thought I was out of my head, and after a great deal of fuss he managed to get a drink of brandy down my throat—what he didn't spill down my neck. But John went out and came back presently with the bag. It was a dark green cloth bag like lawyers carry their—whatever they do carry in them. And thrown into it, like so many potatoes, was about the most beautiful collection of jewels I have ever seen. There was a silk stocking—Lydia's—containing more jewels; and Mrs. Higginson's hot-water bottle.

"A thief would never look for jewels in a hot-water bottle," I quoted hysterically.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURE IS NEVER UNKIND

Provides Compensation In Some Way for Those Who Suffer From Affliction.

When the third question put to the girl who was tinting a customer's hair a fashionable shade elicited no reply the woman turned to the manager of the beauty shop and said: "What is the matter with that girl, anyhow? Is she deaf?"

"Very nearly," said the manager.

"How does she hold her place?" said the woman. "It seems to me that a person employed in a place like this stands in need of her five senses."

"That is just what they do not need," was the reply. "If one sense is lacking the other four make up for the deficiency and become more valuable because more acute. Your hairdresser cannot hear, but her sight is marvelous. She can detect a gray hair half a block away and her gift for shading and matching colors amounts to real genius. No woman with all her faculties is so consummate an artist as she is in touching up a difficult head of hair. When you are ready for massage I shall bring you a blind girl. All her art is centered in her finger tips. She can find and smooth away wrinkles that less sensitive fingers would not discover. Another deaf girl in the establishment is particularly sensitive to scents and is invaluable in mixing and applying perfumes. The manager in a place of this kind needs her five senses and as many more as nature can provide, but for her assistants, elimination and concentration are desirable."

Russia's Hunting Bag.

The hunting season in Russia has come to an end, and the following particulars, says a St. Petersburg correspondent, relate to the booty, which has far surpassed that of the preceding year.

The largest number of animals killed are squirrels, which head the list with 4,525,300 victims. The most sought after fur is of course black sable, of which 12,250 were caught. Last year a clear profit of 2,500,000 francs was made on sables, which fetched as much as 1,000 francs apiece.

The remainder of the "bag" was composed of 200,000 ermine, 1,500 brown bears, 180,000 skunk, 100 blue foxes and 16,500 gray wolves.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS

Alma. — Paul Morgan of Alma and Albert Papworth of Howell had a narrow escape from drowning here when a canoe in which the young men were paddling was capsized by a strong wind which was blowing. The lads, one of whom could not swim, and the other who could swim but slightly, hung to the canoe, which was overturned, for over 15 minutes before their plight was seen and they were rescued with a boat. Morgan, who is a prominent young man of Alma, expects to leave for the Philippines, where he will enter the civil service. Papworth is a sophomore in college here.

Muskegon. — With 12 years of prison life at the Michigan state reformatory at Ionia staring him in the face as a result of the violation of his terms of parole, Alexander Klinkhammer attempted suicide in his cell at police headquarters by endeavoring to strangle himself with a shoestring and a piece of wire. Klinkhammer was unconscious and his face swollen black when Police Chief Dowd discovered him. "I wanted to die," Klinkhammer moaned afterward; "why didn't you let me alone? Death is better than 12 years of hell at Ionia."

Monroe. — Longing for the sights of their old home, Fred Brice, ten, and Albert, his brother, twelve years old, ran away from their home at Monroe and failed to tell their father of their intended journey. The lads, with nothing to eat and no money to procure food, were found wandering the streets of East Toledo, O. They were cared for by a friend who recognized them. The case was brought to the attention of the juvenile court. The mother and father were separated and the boys had a step-mother.

Saginaw. — Wallis Fraley, seventeen, and Edward Collier sixteen, are confined at the West side police station charged with larceny and malicious injury to property belonging to the Saginaw Canoe club, and vandalism done at Riverside park. The boys were out on bail for burglary at the National fireworks warehouse when taken into custody for the other offenses. The damage sustained at the Canoe club property will amount to $400.

Bessemer. — After a week's trial Victor Westerberg obtained a verdict in circuit court for $17,500 against the Montreal Mining company, for personal injury in a mine west of Hurley. Westerberg was drilling in a drift when a sudden fall of ground crushed him and his left side has been paralyzed since. This is the largest verdict ever rendered in a personal injury case up here.

Grand Rapids. — The body of Albert Huisman, who had been missing from his home here for over one week, was found in Grand Rapids. It was discovered by a fisherman. Huisman was 40 years old and leaves his widow and two children. He disappeared after drawing his factory wages, and $3 was found on his person. It is believed he committed suicide.

Cadillac.—Mrs. Marie Payne of this city received word from a chum of her son, Wesley, who is an infantryman at Columbus, O., barracks, that Wesley had not been seen since the first day of the big flood in Columbus. The friend writes he believes Wesley was drowned while trying to save others.

Cadillac.—Miss Opal Penrod, seventeen years old, domestic in the family of Mrs. D. E. McIntyre of Boon, was close to death through having taken a dose of laudanum. The persistent efforts of physicians saved the girl's life. Miss Penrod came to Boon from the industrial school for girls a few months ago.

Flint.—The highway commission of Genesee county asked the board of supervisors to issue $100,000 in bonds for proposed improvements on roads this season. Ninety miles of highways are in the list of roads which the commissioners wish to improve. Action on the request was deferred pending a committee report.

Saginaw.—The paperhangers of Saginaw went on a strike, demanding 40 cents an hour for all work. They assert that the wages paid heretofore have varied from $2.50 to $3.25 a day and they demand a uniform wage.

Bay City.—In the case of William Ecker against the Michigan Central Railroad company, wherein the plaintiff sought to recover the value of a horse, which strayed onto the company's tracks and was killed, Circuit Judge Collins directed a verdict for $250 in favor of the plaintiff.

Grand Rapids. — Robert Rilley, confessed forger, who was captured in Michigan City after being sent to a Chicago Catholic institution that he might reform, but from which he escaped, was sentenced to 14 years in Ionia by Superior Judge Stuart.

Monroe. — Deputy Game Wardens Otto Rohn and Willard Ely captured Frank Pero and Centennial Morrino, Erie township, out in Lake Erie near the state line with undersized pickerel in their possession. Justice Mathews fined each $35.

Midland.—Several days ago Herman Schmidt, eleven-year-old son of Otto Schmidt of Mills township, Midland county, was bitten by a dog which showed symptoms of rabies. The animal was shot but not before it had bitten other dogs and several calves and colts. The head was sent to Ann Arbor, where examination showed unmistakably the presence of rabies' germ. The township board deemed an early action advisable and the boy was taken to Ann Arbor for the Pasteur treatment.

Does Backache Worry You?

Many who suffer with backache and weak kidneys are unnaturally irritable and fretful. Bad kidneys fail to eliminate all the uric acid from the system, keeping you "on edge" and causing rheumatic, neuralgia pains.

When your back aches, and you notice signs of bladder irregularities, suspect your kidneys and begin using Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. Mary A. Rider, ... Franklin Street, Pendleton, Indiana, says: "I believe Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life. I was in agony with gravel and was confined to bed. I became so bad I wasn't expected to live through the night. On a friend's suggestion, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and in a short time they cured me. I have not had a symptom of kidney trouble during the past nine years."

"Every Picture Tells a Story."

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Both True.

"I heard quite a paradoxical remark the other day."

"What was it?"

"That though there is no excuse for crime, there is generally a warrant for it."

Uncle Josh's Joke.

"Gee!" said old Uncle Josh, as the wail from the parlor waxed louder and more piercing. "I wish that there female summer boarder'd stop that infernal practicin' on her singin' fer a leetle. She hez a voice like a fish."

"Like a fish?" demanded Mrs. Josh, scornfully.

"Ya-as," said Uncle Josh. "Mostly scales an' flatter'n hokey."—Harper's Weekly.

Keeper of Secrets of Kings.

Lord Knollys, who is retiring, after having been private secretary to King George and the late King Edward, has received many tempting offers to write his autobiography, but, needless to say, has steadfastly resisted them all. An enterprising publisher, from the United States, once ran him down during his vacation, and placed a blank check before him, inviting him to fill it in for any sum he liked to name in return for a book of no fewer than 50,000 words.

"My terms would be five million dollars," Lord Knollys remarked, quietly. The publisher gasped. "Good gracious, sir, are you serious?" he asked.

"Quite," Lord Knollys rejoined, and then, with one of his merry twinkles of his eyes, he said:

"Would it not be worth a good deal more to you if I had to say frankly all I know?"

The publisher realized the force of the argument, and was bound to admit that it would be a hopeless task to induce an indiscretion on the part of the veteran courtier.

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Nourishing, economical, delicious, "more-ish."

RATHER A PECULIAR HOBBY

Chief Executive of New York Said to Have a Marked Fondness for Pigs.

"Pigs is pigs" with Mayor Gaynor of New York. They are his favorite animals, on foot. Besides raising quite a number himself at his farm Deep Wells, at St. James, L. I., he always displays an interest in pigs owned by his neighbors.

He insists on them raising pigs. The pigless folk of St. James hear from him (and he uses just as sharp language in his neighborly conversation as he does in writing letters to rat catchers, etc), and hear from him often until they annex a few "porkers" as a side line. Several denizens of that locale admit they keep a few pigs just to keep peace in the village.

Once a boy did him a really good turn and he desired to show his appreciation of the act. Of course the boy got a pig for his reward. When the mayor goes for his jaunt through the countryside he calls on all the farmers who raise pigs. The others do not receive a visit from him.

Whenever he hears that a pig is ill, no matter if it is six miles away, he goes to see that pig. And he usually prescribes some home remedy for the animal. He has been known to walk ten miles on the hottest day to visit an indisposed pig.

When the mayor visits his country place at the end of each week during the summer there is always a group of villagers on hand to greet him. As he goes among them shaking their hands, instead of inquiring about their health, he says: "How are your pigs?"—New York Herald.

Sick of It.

"I wish," said the poet's wife, "you'd try writing prose for awhile."

"Why? I have been able to keep you in fairly comfortable circumstances, haven't I?"

"Yes; but every little while I meet some one who asks me if I have read this or that thing you've written, and I'm getting sick of having to pretend all the time. Write something that I can read."

For Utility Only.

"What do you think of the Neverhome Magazine? I see you take it."

"Yes, we take it, but I never read it."

"Probably your husband subscribes to it?"

"No, I subscribe to it, but not for its reading matter. It's the best fly swatter I've been able to get hold of."