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Thought She Ought to Know

By EDITH V. ROSS

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Young Mrs. Hardenburgh was a creature of impulse. She was not only swayed by impulse, but would take the most important steps without realizing what she was doing. Decisions that another would only make after long deliberation she would make on the instant.

Nevertheless Mrs. Hardenburgh was a dear little woman, kind hearted, lovable and popular with all who knew her. The only trait that interfered with her getting on with all the world was that if told anything to one's disadvantage she would not stop to question the truth of the information, but proceed at once to strike the culprit's name off her list.

Now, there are persons in the world who think nothing of making trouble between other persons, even to the members of families. A woman one day gave Mrs. Hardenburgh information about her husband's doings which if true would have marked him for a very dishonorable and contemptible person. The informer had got the news from another, who had got it from some one else. Her ground for telling Mrs. Hardenburgh of it was that she thought she ought to know it. It did not occur to the tale bearer that it might not be true, and if it were true it was just the thing of all others the guilty man's wife should not know. Nevertheless the above named reason is the universal excuse of those persons who carry such information.

Mrs. Hardenburgh was thrown into hysterics by the story and, instead of giving her husband an opportunity to defend himself of the charge, ran away to her mother as fast as she could go. Being an only child, her mother was used to humoring her and on this occasion gave her unbounded sympathy. Whether the good lady doubted the truth of the story and intended later to pave the way to a reconciliation does not appear. For the time being she comforted her child as best she could. When the latter had recovered her equanimity her mother suggested that she send her husband the reasons for her flight. The young wife did so, sprinkling her note with such words as "perfidious," "disgraceful," "iniquitous," and the like.

When Hardenburgh returned home in the evening and found the letter, instead of running right around to his wife to explain matters he sat down to think. It was certainly not pleasing that he had married a wife who, when a firebrand was thrown into the family, instead of picking it up and tossing it back at the thrower had proceeded to set the house afire with it. If he were going to live with his wife it was certainly necessary that he eliminate this trait in her, and if he could not eliminate it it was perhaps better that they should remain apart.

He had for some time meditated going to a distant city to settle a long standing matter of business, but had put the trip off from time to time on account of having just been married. Within an hour after his return to his home he had announced to the servants that he was going away and started for the railway station.

The young wife meanwhile was passing through the transition common to all persons who act hastily. When she had been somewhat calmed her mother ventured to suggest that the charge might not be true. To this the daughter responded that the informer had no object in giving false information and had done it only since she thought the wife ought to know it. Nevertheless Mrs. Hardenburgh began to be worried. She noted the hour that her husband usually returned home and gave him time to come to her. After several hours had elapsed and Mr. Hardenburgh did not appear she could not conceal her trepidation. She gave her mother as a reason for it that she feared something might have happened to him.

When 10 o'clock came and there was no news from the culprit husband the butler was sent to the house to reconnoiter. He returned reporting that Mr. Hardenburgh had gone away.

The result of this information which Mrs. Hardenburgh's friend "thought she ought to know" opened with the most frightful night the young wife ever spent. From her previous condemnation of her husband she swung to the other extreme, and it rushed upon her with overpowering force that the really good man who had married her could not possibly have been guilty of any such conduct as had been imputed to him. After a sleepless night she went home, hoping to learn something of her husband's movements. She was disappointed. The servants only knew that he had gone away the night before. The disconsolate wife went to her husband's office, but elicited no information there.

And now Mrs. Hardenburgh bethought herself to make inquiries of the informer as to where she got the information. The dear woman who had so great an interest in her friend's affairs said that she had "heard it as coming from"— And, Mrs. Hardenburgh's investigations never got any further than "as coming from."

After two weeks' absence Mr. Hardenburgh returned to find his wife waiting for him, a very penitent woman, not likely to make the same mistake again.

Strange to say, the young wife after all did not appreciate having heard what she ought to know and does not speak to the informer.

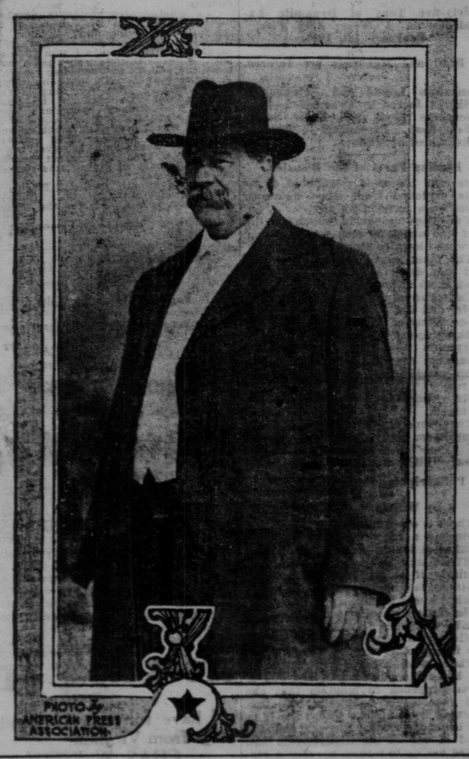
CUSTOM.

One cannot bear to pay for articles he used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils at some fruit stall in Mesopotamia I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard where he had so many for nothing.—Lamb.

MIND.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

—Edward Dyer.



SENATOR CLAPP, CHAIRMAN OF INTERSTATE COMMERCE.

EVER since Moses Edwin Clapp was elected prosecuting attorney for St. Croix county, Minn., away back yonder in 1878 he has been looked upon in his state as a rising young man. He was only about twenty-eight then, but he is older now; also he has profited by experience, and he has risen. He sits in the United States senate when he is not standing on his feet making oratorical appeals for some of his favorite bills. Senator Clapp is not essentially an orator. He is a working senator. As chairman of the highly important committee on interstate commerce he has become almost without his own co-operation one of the leading figures in the American house of lords, we were about to say, but we won't. Mr. Clapp succeeded Senator Cushman K. Davis when the latter died in 1891 by appointment first and election later, and he was re-elected in 1905. Now he is going back for a third term—Senator Clapp has no compunctions against third termism in so far as it relates to senatorships—and no doubt will be continued at the head of the interstate commerce committee. Senator Clapp is a native of Indiana, but he left his native state too early to be sidetracked as a mere author.

DODGING THE LAW

By M. QUAD

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Josephus Henderson was a man of forty when a startling event took place in his life. He was also a widower. He was exactly five feet high and weighed 110 pounds. These figures will convince you that Josephus was not numbered among the mighty men of earth. He had tried various ways of making a living, and in pursuing them he had got the reputation of being keen. He had at last turned peddler and was driving a horse and wagon around the country with dry goods, notions, groceries and tinware. That's the way he came to meet the widow Sopher, who lived on a farm.

The widow had passed forty. She was large and bony and strong. She was not handsome. The only thing on earth she feared was the law. She had once been arrested for kicking a man and had spent ten days in jail. The sheriff had made her stay as pleasant as possible, but she had never recovered from the shock.

Peddlers are a jovial lot, and so are widows, and in time these two came to call each other Josh and Sally.

Things would have gone no further but for the little man's keenness. He never made a sale to the widow without cheating her, and one day when he heard that she had come into possession of $5,000 in cash through the death of a brother Josephus saw his way clear for the future. That money would set up a store in the village, and he would become a thriving merchant.

Josephus went courting. He found the widow behind the plow in a field. As he courted she plowed. He had no objections, as time was money to both of them. Josephus confessed that he had entertained a sneaking affection for the widow since his first call, and, though she didn't say much, she seemed pleased.

Josephus was told to call two weeks later, but at the end of nine days he was back again. He said it was his beating heart that fetched him. He had cut the time down, but the widow was ready for him. Several days previous she had gone to the village and paid a lawyer $5 to answer the question:

"Can the law trouble a wife who licks her husband?"

And his answer had been:

"Not if you do not lick him too hard. There is neither assault nor battery in what may be called a moderate licking. Don't break any bones and don't seriously injure his eyes."

"I have been thinking," said the widow to Josephus; "I have been thinking and wondering if you loved me."

"Heavens, can you doubt it?" he exclaimed.

"And you will always love me?"

"Forever and forever!"

"Then we'll say two months hence."

"One month—a week—a day!"

Josephus knew of a store to rent in the village, and he wanted that $5,000. The widow insisted that she must have two weeks at the very shortest, and a date was settled on. The marriage was to be private and be celebrated in her home. In due time the happy day came round—a preacher and two witnesses and the deed was done. An hour later, as the happy couple were left alone, the widow changed her dress, rolled up her sleeves and brought out a new horsewhip bought for the occasion.

"What's up?" asked the wondering Josephus.

"Take off your coat and stand out."

"For what, love? I want to talk with you about opening a store in town."

"Plenty of time for that, Josephus. The first sale you made to me was five yards of roller toweling. You beat me on the price and on the measure. I'm going to tan your jacker for it!"

"But, love"—

She took him by the collar and laid on the whip till he hollered. A woman who could twist a plow around in clay soil could handle the little Josephus.

"The second sale," continued the wife as she rested, "was five tin pans. Four of them leaked, and you beat me out of 10 cents beside. Here is licking No. 2."

"But I am your dear husband!" he protested as he squirmed about.

"And that's why I can lick you and dodge the law. Here goes!"

Josephus' hide was tickled again. He attempted to fight, but was taken by the hair and his head banged against the wall till he grew quiet. When the performance was over and the wife had got her breath she said:

"You sold me ten yards of calico for a dress and warranted it to wash. It was three-quarters of a yard short on the measure and the colors ran into each other. Josephus, some more horsewhip!"

"I'll have you arrested for this!"

"You can't. That's what I paid $5 to make sure of. Come to time!"

And Josephus was licked for selling short weight groceries, and for charging 50 cents too much for a pair of shoes, and for selling black stockings that crocked, and when he had got his last stroke the wife said:

"Josephus, darling, it was a cousin of mine that got the $5,000 that you've got me, and here we dwell, and you do the farm work and do it well or you'll get some more of this. The mercantile business is not for us, dear. What we want is the free air of the country with honest prices and good measure thrown in."

STRIKES.

The impression of the prevalence of strikes is exaggerated. Most persons fail to recognize that they are exceptional. The average workingman loses less than one day a year in this way. A strike lasts just twenty-three days on the average, and the average employer carries on his business just thirty years without a strike. It can no more be said that labor unions desire strikes because they are ready for them than that the United States wants war because it has a large fleet and army. Unionism has made its mistakes, but the life of man is short and evolution is sure. There will be the ebb and flow, and the movement is onward and upward.—John Mitchell.

WHAT IS BEST.

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after last returns the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Not what God blessed once prove accurst.

—Robert Browning.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

The solution of the unemployed problem in the big cities is in the transportation of men who want to work to places where men are wanted to work.—Terence V. Powderly.

LEGALLY HANGED

By CHARLES LEWIS PHIPPS

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"Which one of all your cases," I asked Wilcox, the celebrated criminal lawyer, "has most excited your interest?"

"That of Mathews, who was accused of murder."

"Was he innocent or guilty?"

"Innocent."

"Did you secure his acquittal?"

"No."

"Hanged?"

"Yes; legally hanged."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'll tell you. Mathews was in the employ of Henderson, the man who was murdered. I don't care to go into the details of the case; I will only say that there was so much circumstantial evidence against him that from the first I despaired of saving his neck. I knew he was innocent, though he could no more explain the circumstances that pointed to his guilt than I could."

"How did you know he was innocent?"

"By both experience and intuition. I defy any of my clients to deceive me in this regard. I simply look them in the eye, and that tells me the story.

"There was everything about Mathews' case to interest me. He was a younger son of a British country gentleman and in love with the daughter of another British gentleman. His mother had no knowledge of his having been accused of crime, much less having been convicted, for I could do nothing to prove him innocent. He showed me his mother's letters, and it was distressing to read them. His betrothed was also writing him without any knowledge that he was under sentence of death. A week before he was to be hanged a letter from solicitors in England was handed him, informing him that a bachelor uncle had died and left him a large fortune."

"Upon my word! It was an interesting case, wasn't it?"

"I should say so. If ever there was a man who had everything to live for Mathews had. And to be judicially executed without ever having wronged any one in his life was simply awful. You have no idea how having a life on your hands wears on a man, and this case nearly drove me insane.

"But I braced myself for a gigantic effort. After conferring with Mathews I decided to cable the solicitors in England, giving them the situation and asking how much funds they could cable me within a few days. They placed £20,000 to my credit, and with this sum I went to work. There was no use in trying to secure delay or a new trial. What I must do was to interest the sheriff. I had a long secret conference with him, but could not move him to act for money, though I so far secured his judgment that he must do an official wrong in hanging Mathews that he consented to wink at any game I might practice, provided it could be kept secret.

"I got a friend of mine who was a professor in a medical college to apply for the body of Mathews as soon as he was dead. This enabled me to gain possession of the condemned man the moment the hanging was over. Then I "fixed" every official who was to be present at the hanging. Mathews put in a request that there should be no spectators present. I could not even be present myself. But there was not one of the officials to whom I paid less than $10,000, and the hangman got $25,000. My friend the doctor was the only one present who got nothing. He had a coffin ready for the corpse as soon as it was taken from the gallows and a hearse to carry it to the hospital.

"Well, that night I went to the hospital and found Mathews locked in the doctor's room."

"But how was the hanging managed?"

"I don't know; I never asked. There were half a dozen men paid by the state to see that Mathews was hanged, and I paid every one of them—in all $100,000—to go through the process without hanging him. All I know is that I paid the money and found Mathews alive in the doctor's room. Some burnt cork, a woolly wig and a suit of clothes procured from a Jew tailor fixed him so that no one would know him. I had a steerage ticket for him in an outgoing steamer, and early the next morning he was on his way to England."

"He must have been very grateful to you."

"Grateful! I should say so. Before parting with me he made me promise that I would come over as soon as possible and see him. I couldn't go for a year, and then I found him in possession of £50,000 a year income and married to the woman he loved. He met me on the steamer, and the first thing he did was to impress it upon me that neither his mother nor his wife nor any one living except his solicitors knew that he was judicially dead in America. He had often tried to bring himself to unburden his secret to his wife, but had always failed.

"Mathews entertained me royally and begged me to suggest some way for him to pay the debt he owed me, even if it required every cent of his fortune. I assured him that I took more comfort in his case than in all the cases I had ever won, though I had lost it.

"After spending a month with him I left him to return. He could hardly bear to part with me and regretted that it wouldn't be safe for him to come to America or he would cross the ocean with me. He shed tears when I came away."

BORROWING.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—Shakespeare.

CENSURE.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If true they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble; if false they cannot hurt him unless he is wanting in character.—Gladstone.

THE TWO DETECTIVES

By WARREN GRANT FOX

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I was sitting in a railway station waiting for a train. A man sat near me, but I didn't look at him. All I remembered afterward was that he was a man. Presently I turned and saw on the seat where he had been a rectangular package. I looked about for its owner, but could see no one who appeared to have missed it. I took it up, not doubting for a moment that the person who had left it would come back for it. But although I remained there some time no one came. Then I opened the package, which proved to be a box containing jewels. It was plain to me that they were of considerable value.

While I was looking at them two men came up to me. Seeing them approach, I closed the box, but they told me to open it, and as soon as they saw its contents congratulated each other on finding, as they expressed it, the "Huntington jewels." They believed the story I told them of how I had come into their possession, "for," they said, "the man who has stolen them would not be examining them in a public place." They had received orders to watch this station for the thief, and he, doubtless suspecting that he would not be permitted to leave it without being searched, in order to avoid being caught with the plunder on him had left it on the seat.

"Let us act like friends met by chance," said one of them, "for the fellow is doubtless watching us, his intention being to shadow you and trick you out of them."

So I put the box in my pocket, and the two men went away. I remained a few minutes longer, then left the station and went home. I was quite sure I was followed not only by the thief, but by the two detectives, but whether the former knew anything about the latter I did not know. I had not been at home ten minutes when there was a ring at my doorbell and the detectives entered.

"Well," said the spokesman, "I think we may at once turn in the jewels. The thief doubtless has marked your house and will try, either by diplomacy or stealth, to get possession of them. You'd better be prepared for him tonight; he may break in to your house and try to get them by force."

"I'm always prepared for such things," I replied, and, pulling out a drawer from a cabinet, I took up a six shooter.

"Good for you," said one of the men. "I don't think any one breaking into your house will get much. Let me have the jewels. I'll take them to the police station, and if you'll call tomorrow I dare say you'll be paid a handsome reward by the owner."

"All right," I replied, "but you must give me some evidence that you're authorized to receive them."

"Authorized!" exclaimed the spokesman. "We have found you in possession of the property, and it's our duty to run you in with the jewels. But you've told so straight a story that we don't wish to inconvenience you. If you don't give up the stolen goods we'll have to take you along."

"I'll go with you willingly," I said.

For the first time a suspicion came to me that possibly these detectives might put me in a hole. When I said that I would go willingly they gave each other a look. It seemed to me that they didn't wish me to go with them; they preferred to take the gems themselves. They went into another room for consultation. This proved to me conclusively that they were not detectives, but very likely had themselves stolen the jewels, that they had feared arrest and had taken this method of getting their plunder out of the station. When they returned I had slipped the revolver up my sleeve. One of them stepped to the telephone and called for a carriage.

Now, if he had called for a police patrol wagon I should have known that he was a bona fide officer. As it was, I knew he wasn't; that they were going to pretend to take me in a carriage to a station, but really to secure the jewels on the way.

When the carriage arrived I had backed into a corner. They told me to come with them, but instead of doing so I shouted "Hands up!" and pointed my weapon toward them. Fortunately they were very near together and I could cover both at one time. One of them put his hands up at once, but the other made a move of his hand to his hip. I shivered the hand with a bullet, and the bloody hand went up immediately. Then, backing to the telephone, I held both men in position while I called up the police.

My two detectives were in a box. I could kill them if they moved, and if they didn't make a move to get away they would go to the penitentiary. But it was with them a choice between death and prison, and they chose prison. In a few minutes a patrol wagon dashed up to the house and several policemen, carrying cocked revolvers, came in.

"Hello, Tom Dugan!" said the sergeant in command. "Caught again! And you, Pete Miller! I thought you were working the west."

I had captured the Huntington jewels.

But this wasn't all. The property was worth a hundred thousand dollars, and there was a reward offered of ten thousand. This reward, with a bonus, was paid me, for I had risked my life in retaining them.

WASHINGTON.

No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam, but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath the humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior, the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good. To that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage to it as to a shrine, and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.—Edward Everett.

SALE Bills printed at this office cheap and attractive.

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