

"Unrecorded"—An Interesting Short Story

By Chris Sewell, in M. A. P.



HE thin man hesitated, turned his face nervously left and right, and made two steps forward.

The latest millionaire was proverbially careless. He was American, but not of the artificial, mechanical Northern States variety. He was a Californian of the Californians. There, where might is right, and man deals with man as the need arises, burglar alarms, watch dogs, and even an over-careful manipulation of locks are considered a little childish.

The latest millionaire banked largely, but he also kept considerable sums haphazardly in bureaux and safes in his own opulent London mansion.

It was on record that twice policemen had aroused him in the small hours to tell him that he had left his study window unlatched. It was also on record that he had laughed thereat thrown a light curse at them, and a heavy tip, and told them he could look after himself, and a murrain, or something worse, be upon the knock-kneed pavement-trotter who dared to break his sanctuaries.

This being so, the thin man with cheeks which burnt very hotly beneath his black cloth mask, and lips which twitched against the high turned-up collar of his seedy top-coat, was not so very surprised to find a window not only unfastened, but open a little way as well.

He pushed it wider and stole like a shadow over the sill. In his hand, he held a small dark lantern, but he managed it in an uncertain amateurish way, so that it constantly cast shadows in the wrong places. At the top of the staircase which led into the massive hall, he paused.

The place was in outer darkness—not a sound but his own hurried breathing was discernible.

The millionaire and his household were evidently in bed. Caution and a few agile movements and with luck the thin man would be out in the deserted room in ten minutes, his desperate mission accomplished.

He tip-toed on, casting his weak rays on a dancing marble nymph which grinned uncannily down at him out of the dense blackness of the staircase.

On he went into the study—the room which he had watched and the position of which he had mapped out when he had prowled round the mansion for three successive nights, spying. He stopped for an instant—held his breath—listened, and went in. He slipped over to a bureau which stood in a corner, and putting down his lantern set himself to search systematically. And as he searched his long, thin fingers shook.

"There's nothing there!"

A voice spoke suddenly out of the darkness at his elbow—a soft, emphatic voice—a woman's voice calm and arresting. He gave a

convulsive start, and would have cried out hoarsely, but kept a check on himself.

Staring through the sockets of his mask he saw the shadowy outline of a woman's figure. She was thin and slight and young, and appeared to be wearing an opera cloak, with a hood drawn over her head and a veil of some thick material across her face.

A daughter—a niece of the house late home from a dance, perhaps—a plucky girl who would tackle him single-handed and rise to the situation as only an American woman can rise. So ran his thoughts. He stood up and turned the lantern away, so that the shadow should more entirely conceal his face.

Possibly she hid a revolver beneath that cloak; American women are built that way. He felt suddenly impotent and feeble—the little pluck which despair had given him evanesced.

A horrible impulse assailed him to burst into tears then and there, and to fall upon his knees and to crave for mercy.

"I beg your pardon," he began. He disguised his voice as much as possible, but coming muffled from his wraps it needed little disguise.

"Don't apologize to me," the woman whispered.

"Why?" he asked, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Because I'm on the same errand," and she laughed a harsh laugh. "I'm a thief too!"

"Great heaven!" uttered the man's sheer surprise.

"I've searched this room," she went on in a dead weary tone; "there's nothing—absolutely nothing here. I'd gone into the drawing room hoping for better luck, but my candle was blown out by a draught, and I'd left my matches in here. So I groped back, and then I saw your light, and I guessed what you were after. We'd better join forces and be systematic, hadn't we? It's more sensible than quarrelling over it."

"What do you mean?" he asked helplessly. This whispering, shrouded figure from the shadows frightened him—frightened him horribly.

"You're new to this kind of work?" she asked.

"Yes, oh! yes," he said, his sensitive face twitching under its hot covering. "I only mean to borrow—it's to save a life. I must have money—I must."

"Curious," she said, interrupting him, "mine is to save a life, too—the most precious life in the world; and I mean to pay back. It's no self-deceptive boast; if I work my fingers to the bone, I'll pay back, so help me God!"

"I know—I know," he said softly and sympathetically, and suddenly his fear left him, and he felt curiously drawn to this fellow-criminal of his—the woman whom despair and poverty had rendered as hopeless as he had

rendered him. Was it a beloved mother, he wondered, whose chance of renewed health lay in the carrying out of this desperate extremity; or did a delicate sister's future perhaps hang on this night's work? Or maybe it was a lover? Her outline was so young and slight that, though he could see no hint of her face, he decided it must be a lover. Will a woman, and a good woman (he felt sure in spite of everything that she was good) break laws human and divine save for the man she loves? It was a strange fate, he reflected, that had driven them here together. An infinite pity welled into his heart. He felt at all costs he must protect her—must show her again, though her instinct had already discovered it, that he was no common marauder—must tell her his pitiful tale and must hear hers.

"This darkness stifles," he breathed. "There are plenty of electric lights—can't we turn on some?"

"No," she answered, "it would not be safe; besides, I would rather you never saw me, just as I am sure you would really rather. I never saw you. The world is small—we might meet again—we might—"

"Come, then," he muttered, cutting short her sentence, "there's no time to lose; we must go elsewhere."

He took up his lantern, and walking very softly before her, reached the door.

Click—click!

In a second the whole room radiated with dazzling light!

The housebreakers were too blinded for the first moment to see that in the doorway stood the short, thick-set figure of a man.

His eyes gleamed under bushy brows. He smiled an unpleasant smile of victory. And in his big right hand he held a revolver.

"So," he said slowly, and his voice was rough with the burr of the Southern States, "the police dew not exaggerate the lawlessness of this astonishingly pious community. So you bring your women up to burgle here—wall! it's a new idea."

The two burglars were so entirely dumfounded that for a short space there was a dead and absolute silence. They stood blinking and peering before them and trying to see their accuser. Then all at once, acting on impulse, the woman threw herself on her knees. "For the love of Heaven and the mother who bore you," she implored, "listen!"

"Wait!"

"I wanted money—wanted it as no woman has ever wanted it before."

"They mostly dew, I serpose," the little man said dryly—"drive on."

"My little child's life—my only little child—depended on fifty paltry pounds. She is desperately ill, but a certain course of treatment costing fifty pounds would cure her. Without that treatment she will die. My husband is a journalist—he has been unfortunate. We have nothing—my friends

couldn't help me; we live near you, and I could see this window from our lodgings, and often and often I've watched you casting money about so carelessly. You cannot realize what it was, sir, when so little would have made all the difference between hope and despair to us."

"Grit along with the narrative, young woman; don't let's have any flourishes."

"Yes—yes—I will. As the child grew worse, it became a hideous temptation, and today I reached the climax! That's the truth, sir; don't charge me, or my child will die without me—don't—"

And then even as she spoke the thin man sprang suddenly to her. He had stood back shaking and confused, while she had been telling her tale. He cried: "Mary!"

She drew back. "How do you know my name?"

He took off his mask and threw his arms around her. "Look!" he cried. "It was for the child I came too. I left you watching, as I thought safely, and I came because I was desperate. I'd watched this window as well—it seemed the only way."

She put a shaking hand on his shoulder, searched his face and understood.

"Fred, how could I know, how could I suspect?" she gasped.

The millionaire still held his revolver, and still he smiled disagreeably. "Seems I've struck a pretty average cool gang this time," he remarked, "with no limelight effects left out. I'll get you to spin that yarn to a constable if you've no objection."

The man threw back his head with a little gesture of amazed pride. His arm was still round his wife. Somehow, even though in this most desperate situation, it had never struck him that his word could be doubted.

"It's true," he said, "every syllable, and we only meant to borrow; before God, we only meant to borrow—for the child."

"Say that kid's kinder useful, isn't it?" said the millionaire dryly. "I'd like to see it."

His sneer was entirely thrown away on the woman. She took him at his word.

"Will you come?" she said. "Oh! will you? It's only a few steps—one of those lodgings at the back there. Hold your revolver to our backs if you're afraid we'll escape, only come."

There was that in the woman's face as she made this request which the most finished actor on earth might emulate in vain. It carried such irresistible conviction that the millionaire lowered the muzzle of his weapon at once.

"I'm darned if I don't!" he said.

He herded them both out of the room, and made a pretence of buttoning the revolver in his coat.

In reality, when their backs were turned he softly laid it down on a table.

Upon a kind but distracted neighbor who

watched the pale face of a little child and listened, quite unable to arrest its whimpering cries, broke the unexpected vision of the child's parents, with a strange, short, thick-set man of weatherbeaten appearance following. At first the neighbor thought he was another doctor, which the mother had fetched as a forlorn hope.

The child opened heavy eyes, and stretched out its arms directly they entered.

"Oh! Mummie—I've wanted you so—Oh! Mummie, stop zee pain—go 'way, man."

The last part of the sentence referred to the sudden appearance by the bedside of the short thick-set stranger.

The short, thick-set stranger did not answer, but remained for some time gazing down at the mite's face.

"Go 'way, man," said the little girl feebly again; and then, seeing something, maybe that it is not given save to the clear vision of perfect innocence to see, she suddenly stretched out a small weak hand. "Poo! man," she said in a different voice.

There was dead silence in the room.

And then the miracle happened which was none the less a miracle because it took the commonplace form of two slow large tears which splashed down the hard cheeks of the latest millionaire.

"What's the damage?" he asked fiercely of the child's father as he timidly touched the child's hand with his rough forefinger.

"It's her heart," the father told him miserably: "there's some treatment in a foreign spa that would cure her—if she could be taken there within the next fortnight. The doctor said at her age it's a certain cure, if great care can be taken on the journey."

The latest millionaire loosed the child's hand very gently, and extracting a pocket-book from some inner recess of himself counted twenty five-pound notes down on the table.

"I had a kid once, 'bout the same age," he said; "before my luck came, it was. There was no one anxious to chuck these kinder things at me, and I hadn't the dern'd pluck to go an' an'—help myself to 'em, so she died. Your child won't die now, I take it. Good night!"

He stumped away without another word and was gone before her father could recover himself sufficiently to answer him—gone before the mother could lay the child back on the top pillow and follow him—gone, banging the door after him.

The neighbor, who, like all neighbors, had her share of curiosity, could suppress it no longer.

She tied on her bonnet and made ready to leave. "A very open-anded gent," she remarked as she wriggled into a seedy black jacket. "I suppose he's an old friend?"

The man and woman looked at each other across their child's bed.

"Er—not exactly," they said.—Chris Sewell.

Stories About Gladstone



NE of the most delightful collections of gossip of and about Mr. Gladstone that have yet seen the light is contributed to the Cornhill Magazine by a writer under the initials C. R. L. F. The old statesman was in residence at Oxford for a week in February, 1890, and he talked at large on all manner of subjects, falling back from time to time on Homer or political reminiscence, as it were for refreshment, and then dashing off on some new scent. The common-room was greatly favored; the diarist benefited by a momentary misapprehension as to his identity; but it must be said that Mr. G. was most fortunate in his diarist.

The mention of the impossibility of recovering marriage fees leads him to interject, "It's the same with doctors," which was a mistake, but he goes on:

"Now my doctor, Sir Andrew Clarke, he's a very clever man and a very hard-working man. Eight hours a day? Sir, he works more like sixteen. He often gets no fees, though he has made a fortune larger than any doctor ever made. People send for him long distances into the country, and then give him nothing or the ordinary fee. He takes what he can get. He is utterly unmercenary. But you would be surprised to hear that no less a person than Dr. Hawtrey told me that I would never believe it if he were to give me the name of people who never paid their sons' bills."

"H. H. H." asked him: "Do you expect London to go on growing?"

Mr. G.: "Yes, continually. In another century London will have ten millions of people."

H. H. H.: "But will not the decay of the docks and all the industries depending on them affect London very much?"

Mr. G.: "We can't tell yet. London is not like the great towns of the north where there are a few great industries liable to suddenly upset. Why do we never hear of great distress at Birmingham? Simply because its industries are so subdivided. Small industries are preferable to great ones for the prosperity of a town. Now everything is made at Birmingham, all the sham Oriental curiosities you buy as you jump ashore through the surf at Madras (Why Madras—he's never been in India, has he?) are made there. But the whole system of Lancashire industries will be upset by the Manchester Ship Canal. That

will cause a stupendous industrial revolution."

Mr. Gladstone, says the diarist, "has the prettiest way of turning round to people and changing the address of his conversation. To an old Westminster boy he put a string of questions with the comment: 'In the seventeenth century it was much the greatest school in England: Eton only took the lead from the time of the Walpole family.' To the butler who always poured out his tea he said, 'Oh, thank you, thank you.'"

"Yet he could be sharp, too. He quite politely, but firmly, shut up one of us who, with singular want of tact, tried to draw him about the reasons of the unpopularity of the London county council. 'Indeed, he had not heard of that—was not much in the way of hearing current gossip.' Again, when some of the Junior Fellows tried to draw him about the Ionian islands, 'there was a momentary and very characteristic lifting of that well known right eyebrow; and then, with perfect courtesy, he rose, saying: 'And now I think it would be pleasant to see the moonlight in the quadrangle.'"

"C. R. L. F." speaks of Mr. Gladstone's Lancashire accent, and his laugh, "a deep guttural sort of chuckle." He gave a lecture on Homer and modern Assyrian studies. The Union "wondered what it was all about," but "got the real thing" in "ten minutes of genuine oratory" in reply to a vote of thanks.

"Tennyson," Mr. G. declared, "was the greatest poet of the century. Swinburne, yes, great, but rather tame." W. R. A. depreciated Swinburne. G. to a certain extent stood up for him, and also spoke of the extraordinary sale of Lewis Morris's works; all depreciated him.

W. R. A.: "Have you read Bryce's book on America?"

Mr. G.: "Not all of it. I can't say all, but enough to see what a valuable and laborious book it is. The Americans are astonished at it."

"The development of millionaires in America is extraordinary. Now there's Carnegie. Carnegie began at four shillings a week and is now making £350,000 a year. He wrote a book about it which I did my best to have disseminated in England, but without success, but I got him to write an article in the 'Magazine,' which I regarded as most remarkable. He there argues for the duty of making great fortunes, and enumerates three ways of

spending them. Two are bad—one is good. The bad ones—mind I don't go with him here—not in the first one—not for a moment—are (1) bequeathing it to your wife and children; (2) bequeathing it to anything else—in fact, to charitable institutions. There I agree with him, every word (slapping his hand hard on the table). The good one is (3) giving it away in your lifetime. He's always giving away, in England as well as in America, giving £50,000 to a public library in America every now and then. Extraordinary thing the number of public libraries in America; they say there are over two thousand of them; there are no circulating libraries there."

"I dined with him (Carnegie) not long ago at the Hotel Metropole, but no pomposity, all very simple and nice. Yes, but a mere leveller, a mere leveller in politics; quite seriously, I dislike his politics. He has been taken up by someone whom I won't mention, in the political world, who had made use of him and floated a newspaper. No, I never see that sort of newspaper."

He thought Mr. Morley had failed to do full justice to Cobden—"a noble character, so simple and so strong." "There isn't a country in Europe that has a sound system of finance except England." "The English people are extraordinarily difficult to work up to excitement on any question." The chapter is full of these obiter dicta.

The whole of the woman element in modern Oxford was profoundly distasteful to him. "T. R." further elucidates this point: "He spoke kindly of efforts to improve the education of women; one of his own daughters was a tutor at Newnham, Cambridge; but college for women at Oxford—a deep 'Ah' indicated that Mr. Gladstone has misgivings. When Mrs. Gladstone was in Oxford a lady spoke of her visit as a 'pleasant surprise.' 'Not at all, not at all, ma'am,' said the old man in a tragic voice, 'there are far too many ladies in Oxford already.'"

Ernest Flagg, the New York architect who designed the Singer building, peculiarly enough, is of the belief that skyscrapers are not justifiable outside of New York. A statement to this effect is brought out at this time by the introduction of a skyscraper in Springfield, Mass., by the Massachusetts Mutual Life. In New York, Mr. Flagg points out, area is contracted and land values have been adjusted to the right to build high and the great pressure for floor space makes it desirable or necessary to resort to expedients for which there would be no excuse elsewhere."

Wright Bros.' Aeroplane



NEW YORK, May 29.—What purports to be a complete description of the Wright brothers' successful aeroplane is published here today. The description is taken from drawings and description filed with the French patent office when application was made for patents which the French government issued last January. To the partial description of the invention given by the Wrights themselves only one new fact is advanced, the plan by which the aviator is enabled to maintain the equilibrium of the aeroplane despite sudden and variable currents.

This is accomplished by means of building the main planes in three sections, the center one of which is rigid while the wings are so pivoted that a turn of a wheel at the operator's hand causes one wing to lift slightly while the other is correspondingly depressed, thereby increasing the angle of resistance in one wing and decreasing it in the other, the effect of which is to return the machine to an even keel.

To prevent a rotary movement being given to the machine by the action of the air currents on the wings, a "fish-tail" rudder is set at the rear of the machine which is connected by cables with a similar rudder on the front of the machine by the manipulation of which the rotary movement is prevented. A horizontal rudder is also fixed to the front of the machine.

This is the only portion of the machine which is not described by Orville Wright, who is quoted as follows:

"Approximately it consists of a boxlike frame 40 feet wide, 7 feet long and 7½ feet deep, made of spruce and ash. At the center and top front is a front rudder, a feature which the Wrights introduced and which has proved superior to the old method of a rear rudder."

In the center, to the rear, is the tail of the machine, approximately twelve feet in length, less than one-third the length of those on French flyers. This consists in different models of one or two vertical cloth-covered frames.

At the rear, balancing the machine and as near the center as possible, are two propellers. Below the framework and toward the rear is a skid, similar to the runners of sleds. This is used for landing and differs in this

particular from the French machines, which are equipped with wheels. For a portion of twelve feet at each end the upper and lower framework is provided with a surface of strong cotton cloth.

In the center of the machine at the bottom is a small double-wheel truck, which, running on a monorail, is used while the machine is acquiring speed enough to leave the ground. The monorail is easily movable in any direction. The Wright machine weighs about 800 pounds, and, in addition to its own weight, including a four-cylinder motor of between twenty-five and thirty horse power, devised and made by the Wright brothers, the machine can carry two men and fuel enough to drive the machine 300 miles. It can carry enough fuel with one man aboard to travel 500 miles.

Paris, May 29.—Wilbur Wright, the aeronaut, one of the Wright brothers of Dayton, O., arrived in this city today from America. The European representative of the Wrights, M. Hart O. Berg, of Philadelphia, says the purpose of Mr. Wright's visit here is to demonstrate in Europe the capabilities of their machine. The preliminary arrangements for the demonstrations are complete, a suitable inclosure two miles square having been secured in western France. Parts of the aeroplane shipped here from America last year will be put together at the location selected. The model to be used has been constructed here after the same model used by the Wright brothers in their experiments in the United States.

Several weeks probably will be required to get the machine in order. The important features of the invention have now been protected by European patents. If certain tests are fulfilled at the coming experiments it is understood a company will be formed for the purpose of exploiting the machine in Europe.

The French government, it is stated, has offered to buy the exclusive European rights for three years, provided the machine, carrying the weight of two men, flies thirty miles, returning to the point of departure.

Teacher—If a hundred men work a hundred days at a dollar a day, what do they get.

Small Fred—Get mad and go on strike, I guess.

CO ON THE DOG

ments on the effects of food by animals are described in (Paris). This paper notes the results of experiments on subjects to the direct, indirect, as well as its products or on in various liquids, such as alcohol, ether, etc. These guinea pigs, rabbits, rats and tobacco-smoke inhalation tissues. We read further, the conditions of ordinary life, they administered the dry inhalation (the case of the smoke) and by bucco-larynx of the smoker who does not

mented on three kinds of tobacco, (2) Mervin, and (3) said to be deprived of its experiments with acclimated animals experimented upon of lucerne.

ts were as follows: After the of several whiffs of the ration and increase of amry movements. Sometimes by a momentary stoppage by little, the respiration re-re underwent a great and proportional to the quantity moment the heart slowed up rt interval the pressure rose and the heart began to beat little by little, the pressure or sometimes a little below sure was falling the kidney asconstriction, followed by went through inverse varia-lation (without taking, the ve the same results with less e produced no vasomotor ef- of the effects were clearly

RMOSA'S SUGAR INDUSTRY

United States Consular and city at present in South For large modern sugar mills, representing an outlay of \$1,000,000, is at present being awaited transportation. To Experts declare that the soil of Formosa are peculiarly of sugar cane. The Foring everything possible to cane in the island. Furth-erment is determined, that nt supplies but 20 per cent-ation, shall supply the entire enter the markets of China the Far East. That are every confident in the ossa is attested by the fact as been subscribed to sugar in Formosa.