

LODGES.



WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A.F. & A.M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

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Fate of a Japanese Traitor.

Traitors among the Japanese officers are not treated pleasantly when their misconduct is discovered. Bonnet Burleigh in his new book on Japan tells of an instance. Two Japanese transports laden with men, stores and heavy siege artillery had been suddenly attacked by the Russian Vladivostok squadron. One was sunk, and the other escaped with difficulty. Who had given the information of the sailing of these ships? "The Japanese made search to find out who had blabbed and ultimately traced it to a high official in Tokio, one holding sea rank and engaged in the admiralty. A Russian check for a large sum was traced into his hands. He was confronted with it and his receipt signature thereon, where a number of his fellow officers had gathered. They stripped him naked, spat upon him and kicked him to death."

A Modern Desdemona.

The London papers are printing the story of an English girl, Clara Casey, who married a Moorish acrobat, Mohammed Ben Bulkhasan, and who now in far off Tangier sighs for her Albion home as follows: "I wish I were in England again. I am quite miserable and lonely here, and it makes me feel it more when I see how Mr. Abdullah treats his wife and the way Mohammed treats me. "There is a great difference. He is always hitting me, and he laughs at me now he has got me here and tells me I will never see you again, that I shall live and die here. "Dear mother, I hope and trust to God I will soon be able to return to England again. What a fool I have been to give myself to this man!" So far the intervention of the British vice consul has led to nothing, for Miss Casey had previously become a convert to Islam, and she stated that she had the approval of her parents.

His Pitiful Story.

There is a pitiful story told in the Bookman of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours, and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly. "The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheet of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's oil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again."

SURPRISE SOAP

PURE HARD SOAP



SURPRISE

For Injuries
Received

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

"I am so sorry," said the girl.

"Don't mention it," responded Stafford.

"Are you badly hurt? Can you stand up?"

Stafford made an effort to rise. It was curious. There was no particular pain, but so far as any usefulness or sense of feeling went he might as well have had no legs at all.

"I don't believe I can," he said. "It's awkward, isn't it? Did you run clear over me?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know! It was the snow, and I was in a hurry. I didn't even know that you were in the road at all until the machine hit you and jumped. It might have gone over you. Just think if I had killed you!"

Stafford looked up at her with contented, speculative interest. He was bareheaded. His hat lay about a hundred feet down the road—at least what there was left of it. There did not seem to be much snow on his hair.

He wondered if she had been holding his head in her lap.

"Don't think of it. It isn't pleasant. Anyway, it would have been my own fault if I had been. I was trespassing."

"Yes, that's just it!" cried the girl eagerly. "You know these are private grounds, and I never thought for a moment that there could be any one on the road. How did you get past the gates?"

"I didn't get past," replied Stafford calmly. "The person with the dog who guards the gates informed me that I couldn't get past, so I concluded not to argue with him. I walked down the highway a mile or so and climbed over the stone wall."

"It's such a high wall."

Stafford laughed. Some vagrant lines recurred to him from the Capulet orchard, lines about love's light wings and high walls.

"I didn't exactly climb over it. I tried the nearest tree and dropped over. It was very simple."

"Oh!" she looked down at him in a puzzled fashion. He hardly appeared



"WE WANT YOUR VIEW ON THE STRIKE SITUATION."

to belong to the tramp genus, but his methods were decidedly tramp-like. "Did you want to see any one up at the house?"

"Well, I did," Stafford confessed cheerfully. "But they wouldn't let me in, so I was going back by way of the gates this time."

The girl laughed a trifle nervously and drew on her gloves.

"They'll have to let you in this time, because I mean to take you back with me. Lift the gentleman in, please, Andrew."

Stafford managed to suggest something about going to the hotel at Unionport—he would be all right there; he could wire to New York—when the chauffeur raised his hand and with the rush of sudden agonizing pain there came a slipping back into silence and darkness.

The silence remained when he found light again. It was very still. He looked lazily up at the yellow tinted walls, at the window next his bed. There were yellow curtains at it, and on the window sill was a jar filled with blossoming daffodils. They looked pretty in the sunshine. Stafford was so engrossed in watching them that he did not notice the girl standing at the half opened door until the nurse had left the room and she came to the foot of the bed and smiled down at him.

"Was it yesterday?" asked Stafford. She laughed.

"You have been bad, haven't you? It was day before, day before, day before yesterday—last Tuesday."

Stafford stared steadily up at her. Last Tuesday! And he should have turned in the interview by Wednesday, so Curtis could hustle the illustrations.

"Did you wire to New York?"

"We couldn't. We didn't know where to wire. You're the prince in-cog, you know. We don't know a blessed thing about you, who you are or where you came from. It's very interesting."

"So it is," assented Stafford seriously. "May I ask if Mr. Houghton has seen me?"

"Oh, yes! He came up the very first

thing and said he thought you were all right. We didn't want a Raffles, you know. One must draw the line somewhere. But papa said you were all right, so we kept you. Otherwise he would have sent you to a hospital and settled the damages with you later. As it is, you are here and have daffodils and—"

"No damages."

She laughed at him again.

"Oh, you might even collect damages in spite of the daffodils! What shall I tell papa you want?"

"Tell him I want an interview," said Stafford grimly. "And, say, will you please give me the pad and pencil in the inside pocket of my overcoat—no, the other side—thanks. Before he comes up."

When Houghton entered he gave the occupant of the bed a quick, direct look. The girl was behind him. Stafford punched another pillow back of his head and tried to sit up.

"Keep still," said Houghton. "Grace will take your notes for you. Is this what you came after?"

"Yes. From the Record-News, New York." Stafford fumbled weakly to get his old grip on the pencil. "We want your view on the strike situation. The elevated men went out Monday, and the subway followed them Tuesday morning. If the surface men go out it will tie up the whole town. Bixby heads the committee of arbitration, but they say you are back of him and won't arbitrate."

Houghton opened his mouth to speak and shut it again as he looked down at the white, dogged young face on the pillows. When he left Stafford held eleven pages of notes the girl had taken down for him. It was the broadest interview of Houghton had ever given out to any newspaper.

Stafford smiled lazily at the daffodils and thought first of what Curtis would say and, second, of how the sunlight had danced and flickered around a certain girl's blond head as she sat by the window taking notes.

It was six weeks before he left Benkesmere. He had not noticed the time. It had been February when he had dropped over the stone wall. It was April before he wired the Record-News he would be back at work Monday.

Houghton went himself to the station with him. The two men had passed many a comradely ten minutes together during Stafford's convalescence, and it made things a little easier for Stafford as he told Grace and the promise he held from her.

"It's all right, Tom," said Houghton. "Nothing to say at all. I've got six of them married, and they've married everything from a broker to a duke. I am inclined to compliment Grace on her choice. You ought to see the rest of them, especially the duke. He's taxing me for damages yet. But about that interview, you left out one important feature. You wanted my views on the strike situation, didn't you, and you thought I was holding Bixby back on the arbitration?"

"Well, weren't you?" demanded Stafford.

"My boy, that strike was arbitrated and settled and called off the night Grace ran you down with her auto. But you can hold up your head in town all the same. That was the only interview I gave out, and it clinched Bixby's stand. So I guess your damages are about settled, eh?"

Stafford smiled, but he was thinking of a girl standing among the daffodils in the garden, her face upraised to his.

"Settled in full for injuries received," he said.

What They Might Have Done.

A good story is told of two young Englishmen traveling in Europe. They had never thoroughly mastered any of the languages commonly spoken on the continent and were particularly weak in their French, knowing that language well enough by sight, but not having a speaking acquaintance with it.

Finding themselves in a small French town one evening, they were desirous of obtaining a good cup of coffee. Knowing that cafe was coffee and that it was milk, they endeavored to call for a judicious mixture of the two, but their articulation was so remarkable an order that they succeeded only in getting the coffee. Cafe au late they tried without success. Then du lay-it was attempted unavailingly. The suggestion that lait might be pronounced "light" was adopted equally in vain.

Finally in despair one of the struggling youths exclaimed:

"Well, it's mighty queer we don't know enough to get a little drop of milk."

"Do you want milk?" asked the waitress, opening her mouth for the first time.

"Yes," stammered the travelers, overwhelmed with surprise.

"Then why didn't you say so at first?" queried the girl as she flounced off.

And again the young men didn't know.—London Tit-Bits.

A Plagiarist and Mr. Howells.

"When W. D. Howells," said a publisher, "was the editor of Harper's, a young man of humble and rough exterior one day submitted personally to him a poem."

"Mr. Howells looked over the poem. Then he said to the young man: 'Did you write this poem yourself?'"

"Yes, sir. Do you like it?" the youth asked.

"I think it is magnificent," said Mr. Howells. "Did you compose it unaided?"

"I certainly did," said the young man firmly. "I wrote every line of it out of my own head."

"Mr. Howells rose and said: 'Then, Lord Byron, I am very glad to meet you. But I was under the impression that you had died at Miss Lough's a good many years ago.'—New York Tribune.



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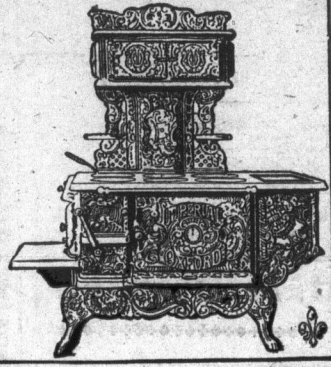
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