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Adventures That Could Fill A Book.

Financing a Revolution and A Treasure Hunt - Debtor's Career.

Seldom outside the pages of romance does one encounter a career so crowded with adventure as that of a debtor whose history was detailed in London recently to a meeting of creditors.

Donald Francis Stuart-Seton of Mall Road, Hammersmith, was trained for the Army. But he failed in the examination. He read for the Bar in Canada, and was never called. Finally he went cattle and horse ranching in Montana, U. S. A.

That the chairman explained, was all fifteen or sixteen years ago. He had come of age a few years before, and then fortune smiled. His guardian handed him £25,000. The money had been left in trust for him. After about a year in London the debtor had run through the greater part of the fortune. He went to Canada, taking with him about £7,000 all that was left of his fortune.

He bought for £5,000 a share in a ranch, but eighteen months to two years later he sold out at a loss, receiving £1,200. About the same time he purchased a share in the Green River Valley mining claim and out of that he made a profit of some £800. In addition he received as his share of the sale a sum of £1,000. He next ranched again for eleven months at El Paso, New Mexico.

More than once in his life the debtor has lost all his money in some daring venture. One of the most romantic of these was the fitting out of an expedition for a treasure hunt at Yucatan, Central America. The expedition lasted for six months. At the end of that time he drifted to New Orleans with no means whatever.

He then tried pearl fishing. He sailed to Australia, and was engaged for two months, jointly with another person, in pearl fishing and dredging on some islands north of the Caroline Island. He afterward made his way to San Francisco and received the sum of £6,000 as his share of the sale of the pearls found.

A further stroke of fortune came his way. With that money he acquired shares in the Red Star Mining Company

and cleared in a few days £11,000.

Then he turned to revolution. He went to New York, and put £9,000 into an expedition having as its objective a revolution in Honduras. In that venture however he lost his money.

In 1896, he further stated, he was in Matabeland and cleared about £2,000 in trading. There he joined the Balawo field force. He afterward went to Angola, where he was again engaged in trade, making about £1,500, but in 1898 he was compelled to return to England in consequence of illness.

He was, however, in the same year able to go to Canada again. He bought for £2,000 some land at Vancouver, but in the following year was back in England again with a batch of options. In 1904, after another deal in land in Vancouver, the debtor took to the writing of short stories, and afterward worked a betting system in which he lost £1,500.

In February 1909, he began to develop his land at Vancouver, which was becoming of value by reason of its timber. The debtor had roughly estimated his liabilities at £4,200 and disclosed no assets of any value.

One of the misfortunes which befel him was the destruction of timber and sawmills in Vancouver, and to this he attributed his failure.

He did not appear in court, and a resolution for the appointment of a trustee was declared not carried.

The matter was thus left in the hands of the Official Receiver.

An hour late.

A New Yorker tells of a pleasant evening spent by him and a friend at a cafe in Paris, where the fare and the music were so good that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the New Yorker's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of a hat is it monsieur?" inquired the polite individual in charge of the hats and wraps.

"It was a new silk hat," said the American.

"Alas! monsieur," exclaimed the attendant, "all the new hats have been gone for half an hour." - Press

Advertise in Greetings.

"BROWNIE'S" PRINCESS

By Shell Barry

The clock in the outer office had just struck nine when "Brownie" tripped into the chief's room with the keys. The great man looked up at him with a genial expression softening the usually severe lines of his face. Observant and far-seeing, almost to the point of genius, he knew none better — that in the person of Philip Dodson the firm of Gates Bros., wholesale hardware merchants, Wingate Street, S. B., possessed a jewel of a cashier.

He was also well liked, for laughter was no stranger to the shining brown eyes, and the little, dun-colored hands were quick to do a kindly service.

"One moment, Dodson! You will re-commence your duties on Monday next, at an increase of salary amounting to five shillings per week! and I should like to add what, I think, you will not be displeased to hear, that your services up to the present have given us the fullest satisfaction."

"Thank you, sir," said the cashier. The chief nodded kindly, and pushed a small white package — one of many of his kind — towards him. "A trifle you will no doubt be able to make use of," he observed genially, "something pretty for the wife, eh? — or, I beg your pardon!"

A quick flush had dyed the thin cheeks of the little cashier, and his head moved negatively several times. "I'm sorry," supplemented the chief apologetically, "but I was certainly under the impression that you were a married man, Dodson."

"No, sir, not yet — at least —"

"Ah! I understand. Selected, but not yet acquired, eh? Well — a hump! I wish you luck, Dodson, a happy Christmas, and — good-night!"

"Good-night, sir; and the same to you."

At the corner of the street, "Brownie" overtook a fellow-clerk — a big, hulking man with heavy features and a sullen expression.

"Going down by this train, Bob?" he queried briskly.

The big man nodded, and the pair walked on, side by side.

"Not half a bad set — the boss," he said warmly. "What do you think? He's raised me five bob!"

"Humph!" commented the big man. "Besides the usual half-quad for a Christmas Box," went on the other cheerfully, "I got it liberally."

"Do you?" Mr. Robert Dredge was emphatic. "A mere flea-bite!"

The little cashier rushed breathlessly on to the station-platform just as Dredge was in the act of entering an empty third-class compartment, and he screamed in behind him.

"Look! I invited the little man, twisting the paper wrapping off a gaudily-colored china vase, in the shape of a Neapolitan shepherdess, and holding it aloft."

"That's father's proxy, do you think?"

"Bob, old fellow," he communicated abruptly, "there's something I've got to tell you before it bursts me. The fact is, I — I've found my woman!"

"Well, I suppose that's better than finding somebody else's!" he vociferated grimly.

"I pulled her out from under a cab-horse's feet," went on "Brownie" quietly. "Of course I walked with her as far as the corner of the street, and there I left her. The following evening, I met her again, at almost exactly the same spot. We walked the length of two streets this time, and the next night it was three. Then for two nights I missed her; but she came the next, and I got her to promise she'd meet me at the station this evening."

"And that's all, I think, except that I've named her 'The Princess,' and that I feel sure we were meant for each other from the beginning of things. She's just what I need, Bob, old man — and good. Oh, I know she's good! But scarcely so happy as she might be, I fancy."

"Chuck it, 'Brownie!' he said with a short laugh, "you don't know anything about women, and that's a fact. You think they're first cousins to the angels. Wait till you've lived with one."

"By-the-by, Bob, you've been spiced a little over a year, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And I've never met your wife!"

"Your fault," retorted the other. "I'm under the impression that I wrote, inviting her to the wedding."

"Right; and I stayed away. Shall I tell you why? You remember that girl from Snigrove's that we used to travel down with every night in the train — the one we — er — quarrelled about? And that other one later on we met at Yarmouth during the holidays. Somehow or other we have always seemed to want the same things, haven't we? And I was awfully afraid to fall in love with the same woman, so — Don't you understand?"

A minute later the pair stood side by side on the crowded platform.

Presently Dredge, whose weight had carried him on ahead, halted suddenly in front of a woman, conspicuously pretty and becomingly dressed, who was scanning the stream of passengers moving towards the exit with eager eyes.

"Why, Mary?"

The big man did not seem altogether pleased, and the woman — a small, frail creature — took a step backwards, her eyes dilating as if with fear.

"At last, Bob, old man! What a terrible crush! Oh, for a burly form and muscles of — Why, what — oh —"

The words died on the little cashier's tongue, as his eyes suddenly encountered those of the woman. Dredge stopped forward hastily.

"Allow me," he said, "to introduce you to my wife."

The Neapolitan shepherdess crashed on the stone paving.

"Brownie" had met his "Princess," according to appointment.

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WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT.

Booth, Taking Advantage of Guard's Temporary Neglect, Rushed Through the Box Entrance and Accomplished His Deed.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their party sat down in their box at Ford's Theatre the fateful night the President was shot, the guard who was acting as substitute for Col. McCook, took his position at the rear of the box, close to an entrance leading into the box from the dress circle of the theatre. His orders were to stand there, fully armed, and to permit no unauthorized person to pass into the box. His orders were to stand there and protect the President at all hazards. From the spot where he was thus stationed, this guard could not see the stage or the actors; but he could hear the words the actors spoke, and he became so interested in them that, incredible as it may seem, he quietly deserted his post of duty, and, walking down the dimly lighted aisle, deliberately took a seat in the last row of the dress circle. It was while the President was thus absolutely unprotected through this guard's unwatched recklessness — to use no stronger words — that Booth rushed through the entrance to the box, just deserted by the guard, and accomplished his foul deed. Realization of his part in the assassination so preyed upon the mind of the guard that he finally died as a result of it.

Women Jurors.

The invasion of the jury box by women has begun in earnest in the State of Washington, and will be watched by the rest of the country with great interest. Our ancestors, in their blindness, fancied that the revelations of the law courts were sometimes unfit for the ears of the gentler sex. But the women of Washington have repudiated the gentler sex idea, and countless women of other States are trying to do likewise. Women have for years defied the old conventions, and the proprieties, too, and thronged court-rooms in which evidence really unfit for any ears had to be endured by Judges, lawyers and jurors, and they have seemed to enjoy it. That line of logic was withheld from has been frequently asserted, though never proved, but the logic of male jurors in the State of Washington has not been noticeably strong.

There is no privilege the men would more willingly resign to the women than jury duty. So long as the women of Washington seek for it with the avidity they now display, they will get their full share. The report that in the first experiment a single woman "hung up," the jury is not unlikely. It is so likely,

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indeed, that the report is probably a mere guess. But one stupid or obstinate man will often keep a jury in conference many hours.

Clearer headed, sounder minded jurors are needed everywhere. There are many cases in which a jury of women might be found quicker in judgement and fairer than a jury of men. Women are susceptible to sentimental argument, of course, but too many male jurors are at fault in this respect. Washington's jurors may be influential in reforming the trial courts. We doubt it, but we are willing to wait until the new system has had a fair trial. McCall's Magazine.

Lines Written on the Death of Mrs. Percy Spinnie, by Lizzie Murray.

Your Beloved Wife has left you,
Gone with angels for to dwell,
It is God who has bereft you,
And He doeth all things well.

She is now a shining angel,
In that far off better land
With a wreath upon her forehead,
And a harp within her hand.

Called in the strength of her young womanhood,
Called in the dawn of her youth,
She has entered the gates of safety,
Entered the ways of truth.

How sad for her to say "Farewell!"
To a Husband kind and dear,
She faded like the summer rose
After four short happy years.

What's a home without a Mother.
The Children thus will say,
But a voice that comes from Heaven
Answers in this far off way.

She sleepeth not;
But wakeful above this valley here,
From God's eternal highlands
She'll send them words of cheer.

Those dear Children left so lonely,
That devoted loyal band,
She is waiting by life's river
For to greet them, hand in hand.

She has joined the course immortal;
Of our great commander fleet.
Now her cares in life are ended,
And her joys in Heaven complete.

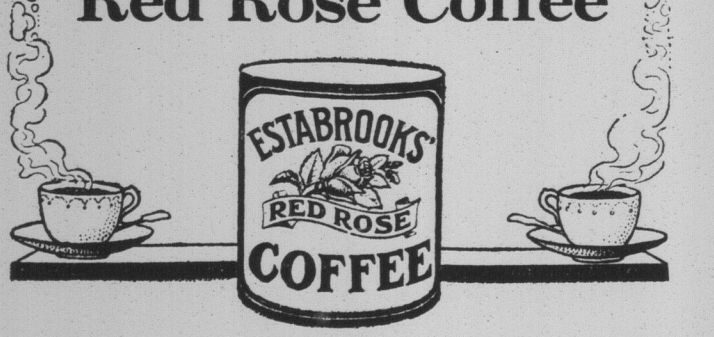
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Life's battle now is ended,
Her final victory won.

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Fragrance

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