

**OLD FAMILY SECRETS**

**Regarding the Manufacture of Good and Wares.**

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**THIS WEEK**

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and many a wiser girl than Tony might tell you so. Perhaps that was the reason she stammered and blushed slipping her chinela on and off at the heel in embarrassment, when he said, "Have you ever thought of selling your property, Miss Lopez?"

Miss Lopez, to his surprise, he found non-committal to the last degree. All his cross questioning elicited nothing more than a laconic "Nope." Then Lambert deliberately trained his gray eyes upon her and smiled down into her little freckled face, with the result that she told him the whole story.

"Ye gods!" he ejaculated inwardly as she explained that Johnson of the Mammoth Mineral monopoly had made her an offer at a figure that the Original Oil oligarchy could never touch, much less outbid. So this was not his own exclusive scheme, after all! The new debts he had incurred on the strength of his prospects arose before him as he stared blankly at the wall. Johnson's company was rich, backed by substantial business men, while his was worse than poor, its heaviest stockholder a miserably spendthrift up to his ears in debt, his one hope now shattered by Johnson's eagerness to get the land was only another proof of its value. He must have it, he simply had to have it, and he would have it, he was saying to himself, while Tony, her tongue once loosened, babbled on, telling him the terms of Johnson's proposition and ending by saying he had pledged her to secrecy as to his part in it.

Lambert smoked long and furiously that night over this new phase of his difficult life, and as the smoke wreaths grew denser, they evoked the vision of a rosy girl, with laughing eyes, who had promised to share his fortunes, however great they might be. Tony's little freckled face, he remembered, always beamed with pleasure from the depth of her bonnet when she saw him, and Tony, with a rich oil well back of her, and foreign travel, private tutors, Paris gowns, might in time become like other people, but here the laughing blue eyes arose through the smoke wreaths to mock him. He drew the difference between this lovely creature, the finished product of care and cultivation, and little Mexican What's-her-name slipping her chinela on and off at the heel as she talked to him. Still, Tony was a good little thing, she was slim and straight, and if she could be induced not to tog herself out in such outlandish colors she might be almost pretty, he mused. Then he stopped short and laughed at himself decisively. What could it matter to him whether she were pretty or not?

Tony was waiting for him the next time his trap clattered down the dusty road. She had that confiding manner that is so flattering to a man who knows the weakness of his strength. Johnson, she told him, had raised his offer for the whole tract, several thousand rocks, unproductive acres. Lambert groaned. He had to have it; there was no choice. So, with the figure of Johnson's offer staring him in the face, the prospect of bankruptcy pursuing him from behind and the only means of obtaining the prospective millions walking close beside him, blue eyes were forgotten and he did it.

It was quickly said. Then he kissed her blushing cheeks, and the coveted land was his—and Tony. He had discreetly refrained from saying anything more about her property after hearing Johnson's offer, so she did not know he cared anything about it, and there was no doubt as to his sincerity in her simple little heart.

Johnson was the first man Lambert met when he went back to the hotel. He made a strained effort to be affable, and Lambert, who could afford now to be generous, pitied him for the disappointment in store for him and tried to outdo him in forced friendliness. They walked up to the bay like two old friends, and Lambert proposed a toast to "success." Each man drank deep to himself, eyeing the other commiseratingly for the shock he was about to receive.

Tony was indubitably a good little thing, although Lambert regarded her merely as his means of escape from insolvency, and his only feeling for her was a vague sort of gratitude. She bore him by the abject devotion she lavished upon him. Once, however, it had really touched him, when she had said, "For you there is nothing in the world I would not gladly sacrifice."

But he had only said: "Yes, yes, that's a good girl; but you shouldn't wear bright pink. It is not becoming."

Lambert's success went to his head and made him long to throw his arms around the neck of the world and treat. He spent money with a princely lavishness, and Johnson came in for all his share. And Tony too, was happy. She went about with a suppressed mirthfulness in her eyes, as if she had a secret source of happiness nobody but herself knew—and so they were married. The little bride was decked out in shimmering white, but in all the gaudy colors her primitive soul loved—a gorgeous yellow gown with variegated turles and red ribbons. Lambert wondered if she would slip them on and o'er at the beel during the ceremony. But nothing could ruffle his serenity; he looked his animated rainbow over in good natured amusement—she would soon be wearing Paris gowns, her tawdry finery left behind.

As soon as he could bring the sub-

ject up he said, as if he had not thought it all out weeks before: "If you would rather, deed this ranch over to me to save you the trouble of looking after it, I suppose I could attend to it. You know you are of age now and can do as you like!"

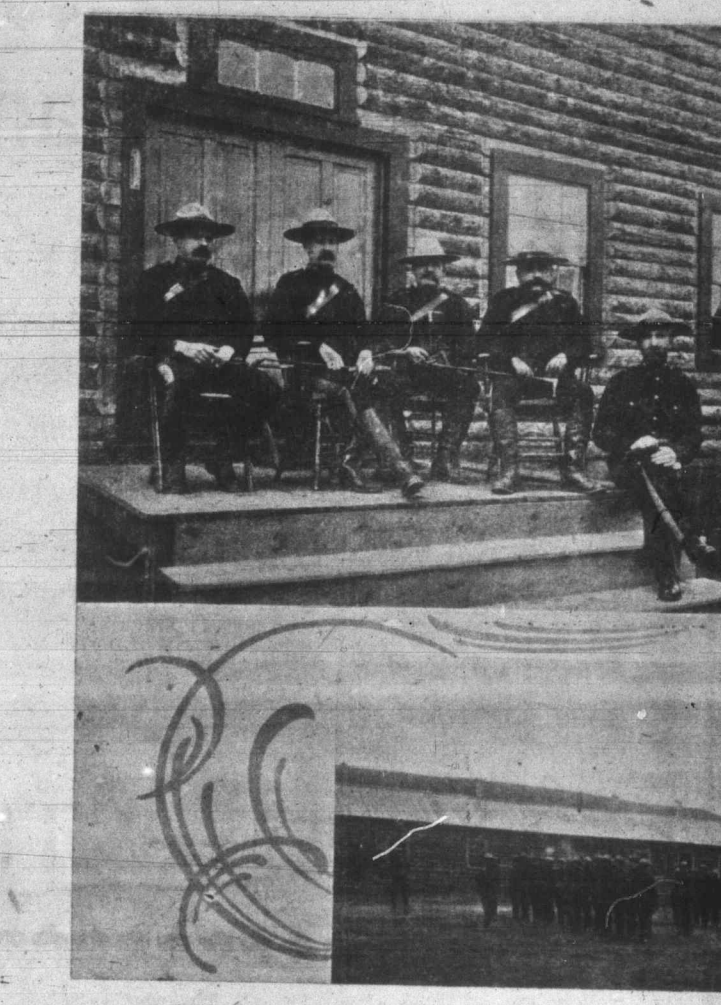
But Tony, the glow of pride still in her heart from the conscious success of her wedding gown, looked up and answered sweetly, "Did I not tell you there was no sacrifice I would not gladly make for you?"

"What?" cried Lambert. "What are you saying?"

"I could not think of letting you be ashamed of my clothes among your fine friends, so I have made a surprise for you." She glanced up archly, expecting the approbation her surprise deserved. "I know you don't care for the money, because you are so rich yourself!"

"What are you saying? Are you crazy? Say, quick, what have you done?" shrieked the "happy bridegroom."

"Why, I sold my ranch to Mr. Johnson," she explained, while her eyes widened in childlike wonder. "That cleared off the mortgage and bought all my beautiful wedding



clothes, and, oh, I have got trunks full of the sweetest things!"—Argonaut.

**A Study in Poker.**

One journalist who is an expert in practical psychology walked a couple of squares with a member of the cabinet trying to elicit an expression of opinion on a certain matter of moment. The secretary's lips were firmly closed as low water so far as the desired "last" word was concerned or even a hint of the situation. He was not so completely self-contained, however, that his actions and manner were inscrutable. The reporter hazarded a guess founded on his impressions and wired the result to his paper. The next day the secretary met him and said:

"How did you get that information Mr. —?"

"From you, sir," said the reporter, smiling.

"From me, sir," said the secretary. "I never said a word."

"That is so," replied the correspondent, "but you acted it."

"Well, you were wrong in some things, anyhow. Still I think I'll have to take a course of congressional poker playing until I can disguise my thoughts."

"Such people are the easiest of all to read."

"And how do you do it?"

"Why, you read their hands by reversing their expression. The man who seems to bet on an ace will probably hold a boottail flush, and the disconsolate surveyor of a probable boottail flush is likely laying for you with the ace full, and there you are. There is always some way to figure it out."—Washington Star.

**Reflect on a Spinster.**

Only a cowardly man is afraid to forgive a woman.

The man who "raises the devil" should use a long fork.

A faultless gown of Paris make not infrequently elicits the masculine remark, "What a pretty woman!"

A comprehensive study of the life of any living man will strengthen the adage, "The good die young."

If a man spent half as much money in keeping the affection of a woman as he does winning it, marriage might not be called a failure.

Men are more sensitive about age than women, and the man who tells his age before being asked always looks older, than he says he is.—Toronto News.

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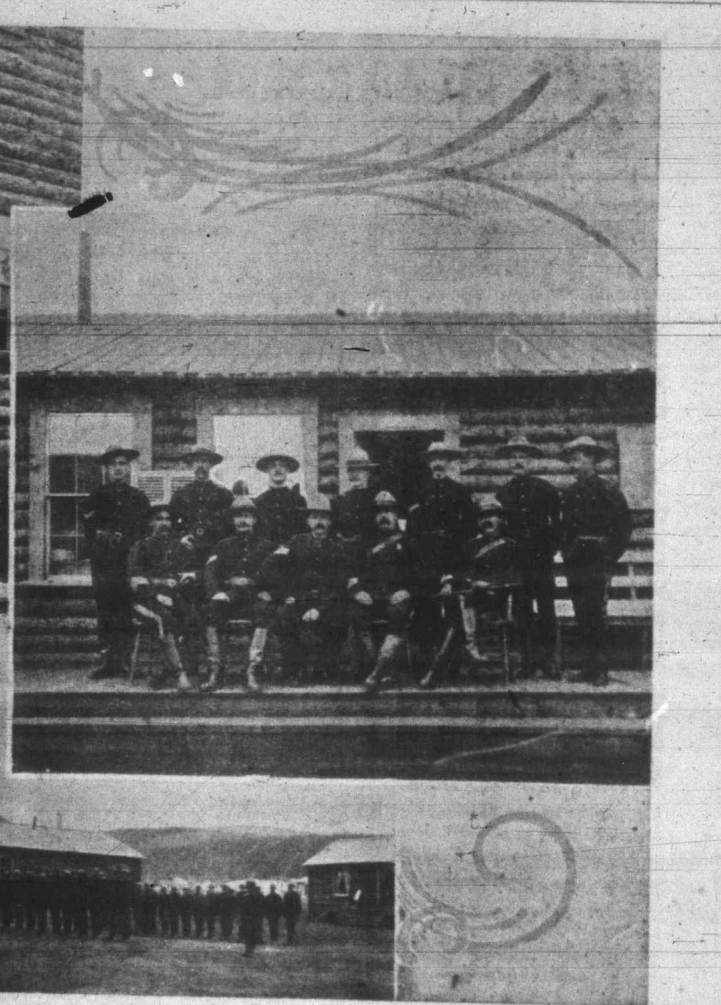
**HE MARRIED HER FOR LAND**

**And Thought That by Doing It He Was Making a Stake.**

**Later He Hears She Had Sold Her Land to His Rival and Bought Her Wedding Finery With the Money.**

That silence is golden no one will deny, but they who will most readily admit the truth of this maxim are the members of those families whose silence, lasting in some cases for centuries, has brought them untold wealth. And the most curious part of it is that outsiders, try as they will, have been unable to discover the secrets these lucky families possess.

Few people know where the Bank of England note paper comes from, and fewer still how it is made, because its manufacture is a family secret, and has been so for nearly two centuries. In 1717 a man named Portal discovered how to make this paper, and the government thereupon contracted



while the equally famous Lachrymae Christi cannot be procured except from the family of Adrienne, the owners of the vineyards on Vesuvius. Maraschino, too, is made in secret solely by a Dalmatian family called Nassis, who first discovered the recipe three centuries ago.

**When She Was**

It is interesting to sit in a large window overlooking the street, watch the women who pass and notice their peculiarities of gait. It is a fact that men as a rule walk more easily than women, but every woman has more or less of an "I know every one is looking at me" gait in passing a window. A skirt is a hindrance to an easy walk. In the house a long skirt is the most satisfactory. If it angles well, it is a delight to the average woman. It gives her a feeling of dignity, and its comfortable weight dragging behind puts her bearing a certain self reliance that she may not have at other times. Some women like to walk in short skirts, and they do so with more freedom if they are not self-conscious. To walk well any skirt must hang properly. If it is not well cut, the folds swing to one side or the other in walking in a way which makes the wearer awk-

**Curious Vienna Law.**

They have curious laws in Vienna and enforce them too. Recently Marie Friedl and Felix Kopsstein, aged 15 and 13 years respectively, were walking along a street in the Austrian capital when they came across an old woman staggering along under the weight of a heavy package. Moved by pity, they offered to carry it for the old woman, a proposition to which she readily acceded. The kind-hearted children had not gone far before they were arrested by a policeman for carrying parcels without a license. The children were taken to a police station, where the officer in charge lectured them upon the enormity of their offense. They were kept under arrest for six hours and then released with a warning. "It seems that there is a corps of 'messengers' in Vienna to which a municipal statute grants the exclusive right of 'carrying' inside the city. The boy and girl had violated the law by carrying the old woman's burden, and under such an interpretation of the statute a man who carries a package for a woman with whom he is walking may be run in by the first policeman who sees him.

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