

eyes, as she half closed them, glittered triumphantly, and her childlike and bland expression gave way to one of cunning and shrewdness. She leaned back in her seat and watched the landscape. "Jim Watson couldn't have put that scheme through any better himself," she meditated. "I guess his wife's as smart as he is at several little tricks. To think I should have been right on the spot to catch the famous Cordover sapphires. It's a while since I have tried my hand at any little game, but seems to me I'm not so rusty."

The car in which she rode contained only a sprinkling of passengers, and she had chosen a seat far in the rear. There were vacant seats all about her, but the one in front of her was occupied by two unprepossessing-looking men, who kept staring back at her insolently. As they continued to annoy her she finally got up, determined to take a seat across the aisle. As she rose, the two men did the same, and almost before she realized what had happened, they had turned over the seat in front of her and had planted themselves, one opposite and one beside her.

"What does this mean?" she cried, indignantly. "I shall call the conductor." She jumped up quickly, but a strong arm jerked her into her place. Just then she caught the eye of the conductor who was approaching. She beckoned to him frantically, struggling meantime to extricate her arm from a tight grip which was upon it. "Help, Help!" she cried, indignantly. "these men have brutally insulted me and—"

"Be quiet," one of the men said, threateningly, while his companion turned to the astonished railway official. "This woman is crazy," he said, deliberately not noticing anything she says. We should have had her in a private section, but she seemed quiet when we came aboard; she has excited times when it is hard to manage her."

"They want to rob me—it is a lie!" the woman cried, but the conductor only looked anxiously in the direction of the other passengers. Then he remarked: "If she is troublesome you had better remove her to a private section. There are several empty ones in the next car."

"No, no," she gasped, "I will be quiet, I promise you," she sank back doggedly into her seat, the Russia-leather bag still clutched firmly in both her hands.

"I'll hold your bag for you," one of the men said, reaching out.

"You mean to rob me of it?" One of the men regarded her with an insulting leer. "I think that bag has changed hands once to-day already." The woman shrank back perceptibly. "We watched your little game aboard the ten o'clock express. It is a game that two can play at."

The woman bit her lip and eyed them sullenly. "How long do you

think you can keep up your game about my being crazy?"

"As long as you kick up a row. We saw you steal the bag and we have taken you in charge. You're in the hands of justice." The speaker winked at his companion.

"And you were after the bag yourself; you are not detectives!"

They measured each other in silence for a while. One of the men spoke finally: "You've done a pretty piece of business for us and we will treat you square. You're in our power, but you keep quiet and hold your tongue, and you will not be bothered; yet mind you, if you start to make a fuss, we'll have that private section quick as a wink."

The woman closed her teeth and glowered at them sullenly. One of the men deprived her of the bag, and she made not the slightest effort to retain it. Her game was up and she turned coldly to the window, and gazed out at the scenery. And when, after many hours, the train was nearing Minneapolis and her two companions took leave of her, she neither turned her head nor glanced in their direction.

The woman's pent-up indignation, however, found a vent when, late that evening, she was being rapidly driven in the direction of a modest dwelling in an outlying district of the city. Her husband, who was accompanying her, listened indulgently to her tirade. Jim Watson had the keenest respect for his wife's capabilities, her shrewdness and her acquisitive proclivities filled him with constant admiration, and when she stormed he never interfered until a calm ensued. While she went on with ever-increasing vehemence he only whistled faintly, but at the tale's conclusion he broke forth with a genuine enthusiasm.

"You don't say, Rosey, you put that deal through all alone, and nabbed the stuff all yourself!"

"Indeed I did, and I've have had it here this minute if I hadn't been robbed by that low trick, and fooled by idiots who hadn't sand enough to work the thing themselves," she cried frantically.

"Never mind, Rosey. Don't tell the hackman. I'm interested in the chase myself—perhaps its not up yet."

"Not up," she replied, wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"Wait till we get home, Rosey."

After an ample supper and a few cigarettes that lady's ruffled spirits were smoothed somewhat, and she discoursed with a degree of moderation regarding her Chicago outing. When at last, to the husband's discriminating eye, she seemed properly mollified, he rose and beckoned to her.

"Rosey, come here, I want you to tell me what you think of a couple of men who are waiting to see me," he touched a spring which opened a trap-door revealing a kind of ventilator underneath. Through this one

could gaze down into the room below.

The woman dropped upon her knees and uttered an exclamation. "Jim," she cried under her breath, "you sent those brutes out. I'd like to kill them." Below, on either side of a small table, on which rested a whiskey bottle and a couple of glasses, sat her traveling companions.

Jim Watson laughed and patted his wife's arm reassuringly. "Never mind, Rosey, the lion's share belongs to you. Let's go down and have a peep at the Cordover jewelry," she drew back angrily. "No," she said, "go near those brutes! Never!" Then curiosity prevailed. "Jim," she said, pettishly, "I've often told you I ought to know your men by sight. You see what comes of you fool cautiousness. I think I will look at the jewelry."

The express from Chicago was half an hour overdue. Royal Cordover, pale and tense, was pacing back and forth outside the gates in the big, chilly station. One needed but to glance at him to see that he was laboring under some heavy nervous strain. For the twentieth time he scrutinized the bulletin board and read the words: "Chicago express thirty minutes late." The minutes since he came had seemed like hours, and they dragged by intolerably. He had experienced a series of dreadful days since the departure of his wife. There had been a panic in the stock-market, and for a while he had despaired of stemming the rushing tide that had risen against him; for two days he had feared to see himself completely ruined, but the crisis had now almost passed and he felt it was possible to extricate himself. He should, however, need to tax his resources to the uttermost. His mind reverted to the sapphires—as he had said, they were as good as cash at any time. Then came the crushing news by wire telling him of the theft.

Since the receipt of Sophie's telegram, twenty-four hours earlier, he had not left a stone unturned in the direction of their recovery. All the police had been advised and they had placed able detectives upon the track. Every moment that Cordover could spare from business had been devoted to wiring and telephoning; he had been harassed by glaring headlines in the morning papers which had exploited the loss but had not soothed his feelings, while pictures of himself and family grinned at him from every sheet. And now, in a most miserable mood, he was awaiting his wife's arrival.

At last the tardy train made its appearance. Royal Cordover headed the line of those waiting to meet the incoming passengers. He espied his wife among the first to emerge through the gates.

"Royal, how pale you look," she cried, with keen anxiety.

"I have been worried about you and the jewelry."

"And Sophie?" his wife questioned. "have you heard from her? She jumped off the moving train after the woman who stole my bag."

"She is all right; she wired me about the loss and I've made every possible effort to trace the thief. The morning papers are full of the affair. I'm about sick with this on top of the panic in Wall Street. . . . Here is John with the carriage," he added, as he left the station.

As they rolled homewards Mrs. Cordover placed her hand gently on her husband's arm.

"Royal," she said, "you made me take the jewelry."

"I know it."

"You told me not to worry."

"I was a fool."

"I did not say so, Royal, and I have never been a woman who said 'I told you so.' Have I?"

"No, but say it now and get it off your mind."

"Well, Royal, if you'll acknowledge that my way generally is best, I'll tell you something."

"Go on, I'm listening."

"In spite of your commands, I had decided it wasn't wise to travel with my jewelry, and a brief consultation with the jeweler resulted in the clever substitution of paste for all my gems. Everything I had with me was imitation, and you will find my sapphires securely stored in the safety deposit vaults."

### Facts and Figures.

New York City has provided new flat houses for 586,000 tenants during the last five years.

The Postmaster-General of Great Britain has an army of 200,000 employees, 50,000 of whom are women.

What is said to be the highest dam in New England is being erected near Ellsworth, Me., in Union River. It will be 60 feet from base to crown, with a bulkhead 11 feet above that, and will cost about \$600,000.

New York City department of water, gas and electricity is one of the few departments that actually makes money, receiving about \$3,000,000 more in the year than it expends.

The largest parish in England is Lydford, which comprises a large portion of Dartmoor. It covers 60,000 acres, and the rectory is 20 miles by road from two outlying hamlets.

Germany exports more than 3,000,000,000 lead pencils every twelve months. They are shipped to foreign countries at the rate of over 10,000,000 a day counting six days to the week.

The begging business is more thoroughly organized in China than anywhere else. The beggar chief of Soochow, who is the king of the Chinese beggars, has an income said to be \$15,000 a year.

## Two Good-Night Verses---By Eleanor C. Hull.

### The City Child's Good-Night.

Good-night, dear, noisy, happy street!  
The clanging bells and hurried feet,  
When I am safely tucked in bed  
And all the daytime thoughts are fled;  
Are just like music to my ears,  
And drive away the night-time fears.

Good-night, dear street. Your lights so bright  
Shine in my window all the night,  
And company they are to me.  
But oh! how lonely it must be  
Beyond the city and the park  
When everything is still and dark.

### The Country Child's Good-Night.

Good-night, dear hills! So still you lie  
Against the bosom of the sky,  
I know you must be fast asleep,  
And all night long the stars will keep  
Their tender watches over you,  
So must I soon be sleeping, too.

Good-night, dear hills, for now I go  
To slumber, trustfully and slow;  
But bedtime must be cheerless, gray,  
To those who can't look out and say,  
(My heart with pitying it fills!)  
One good-night to the friendly hills