

GETTIN' WASHED.

At breakfast, when I'm kinder late an' hurry to my place. An' wanter eat, some person says, "Oh, what a dirty face!" Or, "Leave the table right away, those hands are a disgrace!" An' when I come back nice an' clean, my mother says she fears I didn't take a lot of pains to wash behin' my ears. An' lots o' times when I've been out an' haven't touched a thin' That could have dirtied me a bit, why some one's called me in- An' what they want an' said was dirt was shadders on my skin. But s'pose that cedar-tree I climbed did leave some teeny smears, I don't see how a bit could get 'way up behin' my ears!

PEBBLES IN THE TIDE.

"I absolutely refuse to hear another argument against my alliance with the house of George! Do you suppose a self-respecting man, deeply in love, with his wedding announced and the bride procession completed, would permit a trio of muttering, cinder-hurling Peles to stand in the way?"

Frank Hogan, whose individuality a half hour before was as unpronounced as that of the average fashion plate, waxed warm, and his fine face and baritone voice were remarkably expressive as he gave utterance to the monosyllabic climax.

The three women addressed responded with exclamations of varying intensity, Aunt Jane Canot, the loftiest and most annoying of the Peles, bursting into tears. She was sitting between the other two, playing the mild, injured role and tactfully exhorting the others to combat, as was her custom. Frank's mother, a gray-haired woman, whose dignity of mien suggested ancient coats-of-arms and rivers of blue blood, sat erect in her chair, looking much pained, while her daughter, Josephine, a debutante of ten years before, flashed her gray eyes disparagingly at her brother and stroked Aunt Jane's hair soothingly.

"I don't believe you realize that you are addressing your mother," jerked Mrs. Logan, with an incisiveness by no means maternal.

"I didn't mean to be disrespectful to you, mother, but nothing vexes me so much as insinuations," continued Frank, half apologetically, as he advanced a step toward her; but she held up one of her slim, white hands as if to ward him off, and resumed.

"If this marriage should prove unhappy, remember you are warned."

"Oh, you've all warned me enough and kept me constantly on the grid-iron with your protestations, but you always speak in enigmas. You have no faith in Jeannette or her ability to fill up the little niche that has always seemed vacant in our family; you—"

"It isn't our fault if you have been unhappy," croaked Aunt Jane, wiping her eyes and assuming the expression of a martyr, which transformed Frank's filial affection to a mad desire to annihilate her existence.

"I'm sure you all suppose you always did the best you knew how to make sunshine. But there was always something lacking in my life until Jeannette happened along and filled it so snugly and sweetly. If you folks would only receive her, I can't tell you how glad I should be."

"My son, I have always indulged you with reasonable bounds, but can't you see that Miss George and me would be as incompatible as cherry juice and cream? You should consider your family before taking such a step," said Mrs. Logan in solemn tones, tinged with the unpleasant ring of duty.

"You know she's not quite like us," shied Aunt Jane while Frank gazed as if he were thankful such was the case.

"I see," he replied heroically, resisting the impulse to fly off on a tangent with Aunt Jane as usual. "I see the vast chasm between you now—stupid man that I was! You, mother, and you Aunt Jane, are Canots. Your ancestors probably sipped near with the Olympian gods; your grandfathers in company with Cadillac and De Tonty founded Detroit; your position in the old, exclusive French set of Jefferson Avenue is secure. You pride yourself upon your conservation, when the truth of the matter is, you are simply slow. In the last two days a rival clique has sprung into existence on Woodland Avenue, just as refined and vast as yours, yet you won't recognize it—you won't tolerate it. You sit in our ancestral coop with its tapestries moth-eaten and falling to pieces and venerate every warped shingle of its historical roof; but you won't expand and assimilate the newer and more invigorating society of the larger circle to which Jeannette George belongs."

"So you and Miss George wish to emulate Romeo and Juliet and affiliate the Capulets and Montagues," answered Josephine.

"It would take more than our deaths to accomplish that," replied Frank bitterly, as he glanced reproachfully at the youngest of the implacable triumvirate.

"My son, it is hard for a mother to give up her children, and each one imagines that no girl is good enough for her son; yet, in this case I have not taken my firm stand from selfish motives. I should feel reconciled to giving you up, if you could decide upon someone that would reflect credit upon you and your family—Myrtle Robinson for instance. She is such a sweet, modest, little thing and never committed a rude act in her life. In the Robinsons you would find both wealth and family, and the head of the house never was a clerk, nor did he make his money all in a heap from cereal foods," ventured Mrs. Logan, devouring Frank with wistful eyes.

"Confusion to little Myrtle Robinson," cried her son disdainfully. "The emolument you figure upon would be unevenly balanced, for a half million isn't so much when divided among thirteen children, of whom Myrtle is the youngest. There is more family than wealth in that house. Besides, Myrtle is chasing the butterfly of fame now and is singing in vanderbilts. I believe I forgot to tell you, Jeannette's

father was a self-made man and you forget that I am only a book-keeper myself."

"It isn't your poor mother's fault that you haven't accomplished more," whined Aunt Jane, while Frank fixed his eyes upon the audacious and bit his lips.

"I have always tried to be obedient, mother; but in this, I refuse," he finally responded. "The man who wavers an instant when his family slurs his sweetheart without reason, is unworthy of her. Ever since you first went to Germany I have tried to win you over to my way of thinking, but you still remain obstinate. I am willing that you should act according to your convictions in the future, but when you three make friends with Jeannette, it shall be by your own advances."

Mrs. Logan smiled scornfully. Josephine snickered and Aunt Jane, with always an eye for the tragic, commenced to cry softly again.

"Before I go, however, I should like to know your great reason for opposing our union, and in what respect you consider her unfit to be my wife. In this letter, dated Berlin, you said you would tell me when you returned. It must be something dreadful since you would not trust it to your pen and made me wait for a year. Now is the opportunity!"

He fumbled hastily through his pockets for the missive, but could not find it. "Confound it! I left it on the bureau; but you doubtless remember the context," he said, still searching among the papers he carried in his pockets.

Mrs. Logan looked knowingly at Aunt Jane and Josephine, who exchanged glances that dictated their ability to divulge monstrous scandals if they chose; but none of them spoke a word.

"That's right—keep it to yourselves. If you can't tell me, it's safe from the ears of others who might make harm out of it. I do not want to know it. Good-by, I must go."

"Where are you going," asked Mrs. Logan, starting somewhat anxiously, as she quickly associated Frank's impulsiveness with the Detroit River.

"I am going to my own cozy flat," he replied gaily. "I have been preparing you gradually to survive the shock—Aunt Jane gets your kerchief ready—I am married."

"Married!" shrieked the trio in dismay. Mrs. Logan clapping her hands to her head as if it would burst.

"Yes, Jeannette and I have been married a year—only one short poem of a year, replied Frank, smiling broadly, as if he were relieved that his deception had taken wings, leaving them with the tables turned.

"And we never got an invitation or an announcement card," wailed Aunt Jane.

"No one else did. We eloped."

"Eloped!" shrieked the chorus with still more crescendo, while Aunt Jane's lavender aigrette fell limply to the floor.

"Oh the disgrace—the shame!" cried his mother as she reached for her smelling salts.

"The only alternative left was for us to elope," responded Frank, calmly. "My people refused to recognize her, and hers refused to tolerate us."

"How dared the parvenus refuse to recognize you!—A leader in society—member of one of the most eminent and respected families in America—old French stock—Huguenot nobles in the time of Henry Fourth of Navarre—military forefathers—descendant of leaders in the War of Revolution and Mexican War—"

Mrs. Logan trembled violently and turned ashen pale about the lips, while Josephine, understanding the symptoms, staggered to the bell to ring for the water.

"True, mother; but these vulgarians—these queer new people you scoff at—have their own set of pros and cons in the consideration of matrimonial alliances, as well as people who boast of family. Papa and Mama George wouldn't hear of the amalgamation, so we told them we were going to slip over to Windsor to have the knot tied, and we did. The bridal day was tainted with maternal expostulations and paternal curses, thunder, lightning, torrents of rain and other bad omens, but we were too foolishly happy in each other to be superstitious. We didn't even regret the absence of parental blessings, claret punch, rice showers and old shoes."

"And of course you didn't get written up in the society columns," gasped Josephine.

"The event would have been rather scant material for the society editor; but it did nicely for the suburban reporter, for he made us the principals in an elopement story a column long under glaring flash headlines."

"What a scandal!" wheezed Aunt Jane.

"Yes, there is always more or less scandal connected with an elopement, especially if the daughter of a rich man elopes with a poor scoundrel," laughed Frank, sarcasmicaly. Papa and Mama George were so out up they disowned Jeannette, but we loved each other enough to be content with my salary, and we went to housekeeping. We began life in earnest—real, genuine life, and I don't know but what we got on just as well without so much wealth and so much family to mar its sweet simplicity."

"Never before in my life have I so lost my senses," shuddered Mrs. Logan, sniffing faintly at her bottle.

"I came to give you one more chance to put the stamp of approval upon my choice," continued Frank bravely. "We can win the Georges over when they find that you will countenance us. They will never take up until you do, for their pride is something appalling."

"What must I do?" asked the poor mother, helplessly.

"Call on Mrs. George tomorrow, for she moved to the city since you did, and bid 'em your place to call her. The Woodward Avenue set are as great sticklers for conventionalities as your Jeffersonians. It's up to you, mother."

Mrs. Logan sat for a few minutes frowning darkly at a dingy painting of one of her ancestors in a blue coat trimmed with brass buttons, and Aunt Jane for once allowed her sister's deliberations full play without shaping results with a word or two of advice.

"Mrs. Frank Canot Logan," announced the footman, and before the patriots could change their look of astonishment the portiers of the drawing-room entrance were lifted, and a tall, shapely girl with black eyes and an abundance of auburn hair, a wide, kissable mouth and a dazzling complexion, stood before them, neatly but plainly attired.

"Jeannette!" cried Frank in pleased surprise, as he caught her in his arms and kissed her; but she tore away from his embrace and rushed toward the group of trembling women, all of whom rose and clung to the backs of their chairs. The color in her cheeks deepened, her upper lip curled a trifle, and her black eyes swept them over with a flash of unmistakable scorn.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Logan, for my intrusion, and rest assured that this is not a

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Because of his peculiar actions Cochran was suspected. He was arrested, and immediately confessed. By means of a long stick, terminating in an iron hook, he had pulled bars of bullion to the floor whenever occasion offered, and dragged them to the side of the cage.

THROUGH HOLE IN FLOOR.

There he had loosened a bit of board in the floor, which he would remove, thus enabling him to haul the bars under the bottom of the cage and thence out.

Replacing the board each time, he would secrete the bars in his lunch basket, a capacious affair, and carry them home.

When the government officers seized the Cochran house in Woodland avenue, Darby, they found that the walls were covered with secret closets, each of which held its share of the gold pilfered treasure. In a safe were ingots of gold worth \$4,000. In an upper room was a smelting apparatus, in which Cochran melted down the bars, prior to selling the metal.

In various orations about the Mint Cochran had hidden \$70,000 worth of gold. There was \$508 in coin in his desk. These funds, with what was recovered in the Cochran house, and \$30,000 which the prisoner's bondsmen paid, nearly made the government whole.

In a book, which fell into the government's hands, Cochran kept what he called his "conscience account." His predecessor in his office received \$2500 salary yearly. Cochran got \$2000. He estimated, therefore, that the government owed him \$500 a year, and more besides, for overwork. Against this debt he credited the government with the worth of the gold which he filched.

The Cochran estate in Darby directly adjoins the Old Folks' Home, where Cochran died yesterday. The land was long ago dug into building lots, and is covered with houses.

U. S. Money Increased \$463,991,862 Since 1900.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14th.—Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States, has submitted to Secretary Shaw the annual report on the transactions of the Treasury during the fiscal year, which ended here 30th of 1904.

Net ordinary revenues are shown to have been \$540,631,749, a decrease of \$19,764,925 as compared with 1903, and the net ordinary expenditures \$582,402,321, an increase of \$7,303,314.

In the receipts the principal falling off was \$23,205,017 in customs, while in the disbursements the important increases were \$11,423,446 in commerce and labor, \$60,788,580 in Treasury proper, and \$20,338,067 for the navy.

Annual expenditures were \$50,000,000 on account of the Panama canal and \$4,000,000 lent to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company, which latter has now been nearly all repaid.

But for these, the recorded deficiency of \$41,770,577 would have been changed to a surplus of \$12,929,428.

Aggregate receipts for the year were \$1,240,292,690, and the aggregate disbursements \$1,221,336,701.

Since July 1, 1900, there has been a growth of \$463,991,862 in the money in circulation, or an average of nearly \$116,000,000. On October 1 the circulation reached the maximum of \$31.26 for each person, and the proportion of gold to the whole 44.03 per cent.

In the current fiscal year the demand for small bills, in spite of all previous additions, has been increasing.

May See Through Telephone.

When J. P. Fowler, of Portland, Oregon, gets his new "seeing by telephone" device perfected it will be possible for any user of a phone to see the persons to whom he is talking, or tell what "Central" is doing when she does not answer rings.

Mr. Fowler has achieved the result Edison and others long have sought, but his method is a secret so far, as he has kept his apparatus in his own residence. In testing the apparatus Miss Lillian Fowler went to a receiver twenty-five feet away in another room and men at the telephone could see her plainly in sort of camera over the telephone proper. They looked into a lens-like glass and there saw Miss Fowler's face brightly illuminated. They could see her lips move as they heard her speak.

—F. Potts Green says I never tire talking about Vin-te-na. The great work it is doing simply astoundes every one. I do not believe that indigestion or dyspepsia can exist when Vin-te-na is taken for a short time. So strongly do I believe that it will relieve all forms of stomach trouble that I am willing to run all the risk in the matter and will return the money if you take Vin-te-na and are not satisfied. Come in and get a bottle to-day.

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