

Caught in the Toils

WHEN I—John Jubber, veteran butler at the Grange—took in the five o'clock tea things one evening (it was the footman's place, strictly speaking, to do so, but knowing that the two old ladies preferred me, I always made a point of doing so), one of them, I think it was Miss Matilda, said:

"Well, Jubber, and what do you think of the new housemaid? Tell us candidly, do you think she will suit?"

"I think, ma'am," I replied, "she is a remarkably good-looking young woman. You see, ma'am, she only came yesterday, so it is impossible for me to tell exactly, I can only say she seems a respectable girl enough, and certainly very clean and tidy, ma'am."

"Yes, she is very presentable, certainly," chimed in Miss Jane; "but you know, Jubber, we want something more than good looks."

"You see, Jubber, Ann Preedy had been here so many years, and my sister and I were so familiar with her ways, that we cannot get used to a new maid very quickly. Still, you understand, we have such very great faith in your opinions upon all domestic affairs, Jubber, that if you expressed yourself satisfied with Mary Blake we should feel quite easy in our minds."

"So we will ask you, Jubber, to keep your eyes on her, and to report to us on her general conduct, and so on, in—say, a week's time from now."

Well, I did keep an eye on the young woman, as I was told, and a week of her acquaintance only confirmed my original impression—namely, that she was as good-looking a girl as one would wish to see—a slim girl, slightly inclined to red, tiny, compact little figure, and such a foot and ankle! I wouldn't give a blank you for the prettiest woman in England, I assure you, if she hadn't that feet and ankles. And those Mary Blake certainly possessed, she was wonderfully quick, and neat, too, in her housework.

The first morning after she came I attended in person her dusting of the old china in the drawing room. I could not have done it better myself. Well, it's a remarkable circumstance, that every blessed morning after that did I find myself drawn toward the drawing room, where Mary Blake was busy dusting the ornaments.

"Are you fond of china?" said I, one morning, as I watched the new housemaid tenderly taking up a little Dresden shepherdess.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed. "I can assure you, Mr. Jubber, that dusting this room of a morning is a labor of love to me; it is, truly. My late mistress gave me a book all about old china, and I—I know something about it, sir. Next to listening to music I think I like to look at beautiful china. And, oh! Mr. Jubber, how lovely you do perform on that violin! When you was playing last night in your room I sat and listened, and it was a treat to a poor girl. You, and when you played 'Home, Sweet Home,' oh! Mr. Jubber, you don't know how I felt."

"Oh! Mr. Jubber, I could not help crying. I—I e—cannot help it now. Oh! Mr. J.—Jubber, f—forgive me, won't you? I e—can't help it, you are so k—k-kind to me."

And, with that, blessed if she didn't throw herself into my arms, sobbing as if her heart would break. Well, all I can say is, when a young and lovely woman in distress twines her arms round the neck of a susceptible man, and goes on as Mary Blake did to me that morning, I imagine there is only one thing that man can do under the circumstances, and I did it, you may be sure. I—in short—kissed her!

I beat a somewhat undignified and hasty retreat.

Curiously enough, that very morning made up the week that my mistress had given me in which I was to form an estimate of the character of Mary Blake.

"I am happy to say," I reported "that I consider Mary Blake perfect in every possible way. She is modest and unassuming in her manner, and I am bound to say that as a housemaid I never yet saw her equal. I think, ma'am," I wound up, "the most fragile china in the world would be perfectly safe if she had the handling of it."

"My dear Jane," exclaimed Miss Matilda, clapping her hands together in great delight—"my dear Jane, never were, I do believe, such lucky people as we are. We have actually found another treasure."

Well, dear reader, the interest I took in Mary Blake's career still continued, and I found myself every morning superintending the dusting operations in the drawing room. The English blue eyes (no longer with tears in 'em) would still look into mine in the same pleading, trustful way; the brother and sisterly kiss would still pass between us.

"John Jubber—John Jubber!" I said to myself, "this will not do, my lady. You who have made a vow of perpetual celibacy to go falling in love like this, for that's what it is, there's no mistake about it; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The next morning I avoided the drawing room at dusting time. Result—there was a reproachful look

in the blue eyes. I determined, though, to be firm, and the next morning, as before, to keep clear of the drawing room. Alas! for my resolution.

Happening to pass the door—quite by accident, of course—I heard a sound as if of some one choking within. Mary, I thought, I thought to myself, and at once opened the door. Yes, there she was, sitting on the sofa with her head buried in the cushions, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, Mary, my dear?" I exclaimed, drying her eyes with her own duster as I spoke.

"Oh! go away—go away—y—y," she sobbed.

"No, no; tell me what is the matter—what are you crying for?" said I.

"Oh! Mister Jubber, I lo-o-ve you so-o, and you're s-s-so cruel!" she replied, sobbing away louder than ever.

Well, here was a pretty go. Of course, I made a fool of myself, and as I loved her in return, and all the rest of it, if only to keep her quiet.

"And you will be k-kind to me, and let me help you clean the p-p-plate, as you promised?" said she.

"Oh! yes, of course I will, Mary, my dear," I replied, sealing the promise with a kiss. "And now be off, and I'll finish your dusting for you."

Well, I dusted away at the china ornaments, thinking all the while what a fool I had made of myself, and was about to leave the room, when by the sofa on which I had found Mary reclining, I caught sight of a crumpled piece of paper. It was a letter, and as it commenced "Dear Polly," I guessed at once who it belonged to. So I pocketed it, meaning to hand it to Mary when I next saw her alone.

Now, I am not an inquisitive man, as a rule, but before I got to my pantry I could no more resist reading that letter than a moth could avoid going at a candle. This is what it said—

Dear Polly—Hasn't that there old Spooney let you have a sight of the plate yet? Get to see it immediate, as Bill and me want to do the crack next week, and Oliver's (the writer alluded in his sang, to the moon) hold of the old girl's diamonds, you can do 'em up ready for us at the same time. Further pertiklers on hearing from you.

The kids is all well, and so am I, and I remain, yours affectionate,

Joseph Maggs.

P. S.—Is there a Barker on the premises?

It didn't want much wumen to understand this precious epistle. It was as plain as day that the party who wrote it meant carrying off my mistress's plate, and that the newly found treasure (?), Mary Blake, was in with the thieves.

The next thing to be done, thinks I to myself, is to see whether "Old Spooney" can't get the best of Mr. Joseph Maggs. With that in view, after making a copy of the letter, my first act was to go and replace it exactly where I found it. And it was lucky I did, as it happened, for just as I came out Miss Mary Blake bounced in. She came to look for her duster, she said, and it was quite refreshing to note the dash she made for the letter the moment she saw it. Of course, I pretended not to notice that part of the performance.

Apparently much relieved in her mind, she now turned her attention to me.

"Is my dear old Johnny—you are my Johnny now, aren't you?—going to show me his pretty plate, as he promised to-day?" says the artful little mix, looking up into my face with those great blue, innocent-looking eyes of hers, and putting up her face for a kiss, which I hadn't the faintest objection to giving.

"Of course, I will, my dear," I replied. "Come to my pantry about 11.30, and I'll show you the lot."

"Dear old thing!" exclaimed she. "I'll come, never fear."

At the time appointed she duly made her appearance in the pantry, when out came the plate for her edification. There was a tremendous lot, and I showed her every bit of it.

Directly after luncheon, finding that several things were wanted for the house from town, I volunteered to go myself and see about them. Now Mr. Benjamin Bagshaw, who was an inspector of police at that time (you recollect he retired last year) was a particular friend of mine. So straight to Ben's house I went.

"John, my boy," said Ben, when I had told him my story, and showed him the copy of the letter to Mary Blake, "give us your flipper." Ben was always a bit slangy when excited. "I think that if we only use discretion and hold our tongues we shall make such a haul as will astonish 'em at Scotland Yard. Now, look ye here, John," says he: "in the first place all letters to and fro between Mary Blake, housemaid, and Joseph Maggs burglar, must be intercepted. That will be, of course, my business."

"In the second place, you must go home and make love to blue-eyed Mary—oh! the dear, sweet little innocent," laughed Ben—"fiercer than ever."

"Thirdly and lastly, you must go out every afternoon and meet me at four in the little spinney as runs along the Wallington road, so that we can keep each other well posted."

What we were anxiously waiting for the letter from Joe Maggs to Mary Blake, saying when the plate was to come off, and at last, on the eighth day, Ben, with the very broad-

est grin you ever saw on a human countenance, announced that it had arrived.

Joe Maggs thanked his dear Polly for the plan of the house and the particulars of the swag, and he and his pal would be waiting outside the house at 2 o'clock in the morning on Thursday. She was to undo the bolts of the front door, so that they could slip in, and they would then go straight to "Old Spooney's" room, gag and bind 'em if necessary, and walk off with the plate. Finally, she was to give some of "she knew what to the dog."

"Ah! that bit about the dog reminds me," said Ben; "you'd better get the noble animal away somewhere, John, for the night."

We settled all our plans. When everybody had gone to bed I was to let the inspector and two of his men into the house, and secrete them on the drawing room landing. My next move was to undo the bolt, so that any one could walk in. Finally, I was to go to bed and await results.

When I kissed "Blue Eyes" behind the pantry door that evening, I felt more like Jadas than ever. The only consolation I had was that she was as false as I was. On Thursday night, having seen the last of the servants off, I went softly to the hall door and let Inspector Bagshaw and his two men in the house.

Now, though I was not jealous of my friend, the inspector, yet I did not see why I should not contribute my mite toward the capture. Therefore, before I went to bed (which I did with my clothes on, underneath my nightshirt) I was careless enough to leave a decanter three parts full of port wine doctored, do you think, expressly for the burglarious party? Well, I shouldn't wonder if it was.

At 1.30 o'clock I went to bed. Shortly after 2 I heard a noise, and I set up the most awful snoring you ever heard. I kept my ears open, though, all the time. I heard them at the plate chest; I had foolishly left it open. I heard 'em shift its contents into a bag or bags, and then and then (and I give you my word I almost burst out laughing) I heard 'em pegging away at the wire.

"Blimey! the cove might ha' been genteel enough to ha' left us out a wineglass—what do you think, Ben!" I heard some one say, as he filled one of the tumblers which I had purposely left on the table so as to be handy.

I had not long to wait for what I had expected.

"Joe," I heard the other man say, "I feel precious queer—quite drowsy like."

"Oh, you'll be all right directly you gets into the fresh air," growled Joe, in reply. "Come, fill up once more, and then we'll mizzle."

A loud snore was the response.

Again I listened and then cautiously took a peep at the burglars. They were both fast asleep.

Out of the bed I jumped like a harlequin, fished out some strong cord I had purchased expressly for the occasion, and bound the legs and arms of the insensible Joe Maggs and his friend until they looked for all the world just like a pair of trussed fowls. Next I lit my lamp and every candle I could lay my hands upon, and finally I blew my whistle for help.

In rushed Inspector Bagshaw and his two men, and stopped paralyzed with wonder at the sight before him—the plate all packed, the two burglars neatly secured. Ben, for once, was fairly puzzled.

"Why, how thee—what thee—what's the meaning of it all?" he stammered, looking from me to the two men and then at me again.

I struck an attitude, and, pointing to Joe Maggs and his friend, observed quietly, after the manner of a conjurer at the conclusion of a difficult feat of sleight-of-hand—"That's how it's done!"

Wild Ducks Stocked Fish Pond.

Many people, not without education and a general knowledge of natural history, are mystified by the presence of fish in enclosed waters. For many years there was open mouthed wonder over the perch, bream and crayfish found in the newly cut dams near the Maguarie River in New South Wales. In some cases the water had scarcely settled after the rain had filled the dam when the fish were observed, and the Australian farmers started a theory of spontaneous production.

This obtained and gained wide credence until a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild duck and found its breast feathers well dotted with fertile and almost hatched fish ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.

Clogs Worn by English Workers.

An acknowledged authority has estimated there are at least 4,000,000 pairs of clogs sold in the northern counties of England every year.

Different woods are preferred in different districts. The workers in factories and other indoor occupations in such districts as Bolton, Oldham and Preston prefer a sole made from either alder or birch, while in the colliery districts, such as Wigan, beech, birch and ash are most generally used, the first named in such instance being in greatest demand. Some idea of the immense quantity of soles used may be gathered from an estimate that each pair of clogs will be resoled twice before being replaced by a new pair, thus averaging three pairs of soles to the life of one pair of clogs.

Motor cars are now carried to sea by some of the officers of the British navy, for use in foreign ports.

NO TIPS IN FINLAND.

Maid's Surprise on Receiving Money from Mistress' Guests.

A country where there are no tips and where small services are rendered to the stranger without hope of reward would seem hard to find—yet such a country is Finland.

So far the tourist has not appeared in any great numbers, and consequently the commercial spirit which his advent always marks has been absent. As an example of this, Mme. Aimo Malmberg, a Finnish lady, who is paying a visit to this country, tells an amusing story. Two English friends whom she had met while over here had been staying with her at her house in Helsinki, and on leaving gave the maid a tip.

She was very much astonished and did not know what it meant. Seeing Mme. Malmberg's son coming downstairs, she ran to him and said, "They gave me money. Did they give you any?" Hearing that they had not done so, she was much mystified. "I cannot understand why they should give it to me and not to you, when they know you much better than me," was her perplexed comment on the incident.

Ossawatimie and Pottawatimie.

The spelling of the two words Ossawatimie and Pottawatimie causes considerable confusion to this day; but that is the way maps have them now, and that of course makes them "official."

Ossawatimie, famed in Kansas history, is located between the Osage River and the Pottawatimie. It is named from these streams. In the early days two "ss's" were frequently used in its spelling, but the impropriety of their use was shown and pointed out by the school teachers by simply explaining the word's derivation.

The name of Pottawatimie, though, had about ten different spellings, according to an old settler of that community. "The tribe of Indians," he said, "left the State and did not leave us the correct spelling of the word. So we people along the creek finally got together and decided to spell the word the shortest way possible—Pottawatimie. Now they are using two 'ts' on the map, and I guess that is the way to spell it—now. We spelled it the shortest way, and I have often thought that we were the original simplified spellers."—Kansas City Journal.

Sermons in Ancient Times.

St. Augustine's sermons lasted about 18 minutes, but in that ancient day it was no uncommon thing to have several at the same service. When two or more bishops were present it was usual for them and the presbyters to preach one after the other, reserving the last place for the highest dignitary. Some consolation, however, was to be found in the fact that applause was permitted and many of St. Chrysostom's sermons were hailed with the "tossing of garments and waving of handkerchiefs."

A Personal Matter.

Clarence was usually so restless and fidgety in church that his mother was obliged to remove him from time to time. One Sunday he was so quiet and well-behaved that his mother noticed it, and spoke approvingly.

"What a good little boy Clarence was in church to-day," she said. "Mamma was so proud of him."

"Well," said Clarence, "I had to be. The choir looked right at me, and sang over and over again. 'Please be still, please be still!'"—Youth's Companion.

Happy Eskimos.

Eskimos are all children, contented, peaceable, honest and hospitable, without rulers and without ambition for fame or power. They live almost entirely on raw animal food, and this explains the absence of a number of diseases which are common to civilization. Salt water contains iodine, and all sea animals, as well as all who eat them uncooked, absorb more or less of this delicate substance.

Capital Punishment.

Capital punishment prevails in all the States and Territories of the Union except Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Kansas and Maine. It was abolished in Iowa in 1872, and restored in 1878. It was also abolished in Colorado, but was restored in 1901. In New York and Ohio execution is by electricity.

One Thing Yet to Learn.

We have learned how to telegraph without wires and fly without gas bags, but the article for a common ordinary cold still knocks the fabled searchings of the human race.—St. Louis Republic.

Can't Eliminate Him.

This country has given up shirt-sleeve diplomacy and quit electing presidents who were born in log cabins, but the man who picks his teeth in public continues to be visible.

Do Pretty Well Yet.

"This motoring game isn't what it used to be." "Speed ordinance too carefully enforced?" "No; but pedestrians are getting so careful."

Berlin's Linen Factories.

Berlin has about a hundred factories for linen goods—for more than the kingdom of Saxony.

The Truth, in Most Cases.

A man tries to control his children before he has learned to control himself.—New York Press.

Good Advice.

Whatever you do, do wisely and think of the consequences.—Gesta Romanorum.

WORLD NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Covering Minor Happenings From All Over the Globe

DOMESTIC.

Agnes Booth, formerly a noted actress, died at Brookline, Mass.

Demands of the employees for conferences on wage increases were served on thirty-two Eastern railroads and Jan. 20 was set as a date for the officials to agree.

Mayor Gonzales of Hoboken, N. J., made his first Sunday in office a "blue" one for that city.

United States Judge Hough in deciding that Charles W. Morse, the convicted banker, had no right to a new trial, declared that one bottle of liquor a day was not to be allowed a jury.

Wu Ting-fang, former Chinese Minister to America, sailed for home.

Employees of Eastern railroads decided to make formal demands for the wage increase they decided fair and conditions were declared ripe for a strike of 200,000 men.

Newark's Mayor issued a proclamation warning persons bitten by a dog in shopping crowds last Thursday that the animal had hydrophobia and that the victims are in grave peril.

The New York Stock Exchange inquiry into the Rock Island flurry revealed the fact that orders to buy 30,000 shares at market were placed by a broker who has sometimes acted for the Rock Island syndicate.

Governor Hughes is expected to be a candidate for renomination if the Legislature refuses to enact reform measures.

Fifteen lives were lost and \$5,000,000 damage was done by the storm which swept New England's coast Sunday.

Wall Street was nearly thrown into a panic by a mysterious rise of more than 30 points in Rock Island within twelve minutes.

WASHINGTON.

The Senate committee which has been inspecting the Panama Canal, returned to Washington on the dispatch boat Dolphin.

Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, declares that meat men have caused typhoid fever in schools to be reported as poisonous poisoning.

There are 582 persons out of every ten thousand of population arrested and lodged in jail each year, according to Census Bureau figures just made public.

Railroad switchmen of the Northwest plan to seek federal intervention by laying their grievances before President Taft.

Secretary James Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, is prosecuting an investigation into the retail prices of food products.

President Taft in his forthcoming message to Congress will point out the advantages of federal control of corporations.

The State Department is still in favor of Estrada for President of Nicaragua, but is most anxious for a bona fide election, at which the people's real choice shall be chosen.

The State Department demanded from Mexico an explanation why James A. Cook, an American, is held in prison without trial.

Investigation of the naturalization system under the present law showed it to be a pitiful absurdity.

FOREIGN.

The negotiations between China and Portugal over the Macao boundary failed and China notified Portugal to evacuate all the territory in dispute except the city of Macao.

English peers are showing feverish anxiety as the time approaches when they must cease their electioneering.

Nicaragua's army has been so reduced by defeat and discouragement that Estrada hopes to march to Managua without much opposition.

The centenary of William Ewart Gladstone's birth was celebrated at Westminster and in his favorite church at Hawarden, many foreign countries being represented.

Joseph Chamberlain, in a manifesto issued to Birmingham electors, said Great Britain was threatened by foreign nations as never before.

Ex-President Zelaya's statement that he was offered asylum on the British ship *Suezwater* was denied in Managua.

General Stewart I. Woodford, on behalf of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, presented a commemorative gold medal to Queen Wilhelmina of Holland at The Hague.

The French Foreign Minister lauds the system of international ententes as a preventative of war.

Balloon thermometer sent up by Prof. Hergesell over Jamaica registered colder weather than has been found at the same height in the Arctic regions.

Rear-Admiral Kimball arrived in the capital of Nicaragua. Zelaya reached Mexican territory and said he would remain six months.

Justice Pitt's Successor Named.

Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 29.—Randall J. Lebeck, when Governor Hughes named to the supreme court to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Pitts, was a graduate of the Cornell College of Law in 1892. He was a student when Governor Hughes taught law in this college, and one of the governor's favorite pupils.

Too Much Curiosity.

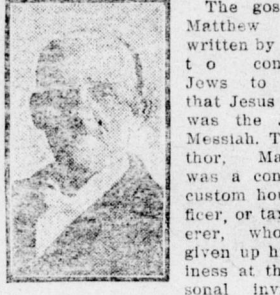
"My curiosity is getting the better of me," gasped the side-show proprietor as the three-legged man kicked him one in the solar plexus.

SAT. NIGHT TALK.

By REV. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

KING INAUGURATED

International Bible Lesson for Jan. 9, 1910.—(Matt. 3:13-17; Matt. 4:1-11).



The gospel of Matthew was written by a Jew, to converted Jews to prove that Jesus Christ was the Jewish Messiah. The author, Matthew, was a converted custom house officer, or tax gatherer, who had given up his business at the personal invitation of Christ, to become an itinerant preacher of the gospel He proclaimed, fully persuaded in his own mind that his Master was what He claimed to be—the King of the Jews. Hence, the gospel of Matthew is full of references to the Old Testament, the Jewish scriptures, 65 passages being quoted from the prophecy and the hope of Israel. The genealogy of Christ he traces back to King David to show that he has the right to sit as David's son upon David's throne. Thus we find the word kingdom 53 times in this gospel, the phrase, "the kingdom of heaven," 32 times, and nowhere else in the New Testament. Matthew, all the way through sets forth the fact that "This is Jesus, the king of the Jews. We have seen the herald of the king in John the Baptist. Notice now, the inauguration of the king."

Inaugural Ceremony.

Monarchs are inducted into office by solemn ceremonies, and from the moment when they are invested with the purple they break away from the old life and all things become new. Baptism was an ordinance of God, introductory to the new dispensation, and as such Jesus submitted to it. And while, in His case, it was not an act expressive of confession of sin, it was His investiture with the awful dignity of the Messiah, a ceremony in which the opening heavens and the descending Spirit bore witness to the divine approval and consecration. For the people, baptism was the symbol of their separation from sin and consecration to God; in His case it was the symbol of separation from His hitherto private life and the assumption of His royalty as Messiah-King. John had opened the door of the new kingdom. From the wilderness of sin the people had flocked into it. Now from the seclusion of thirty years of preparation Jesus entered it as both King and Priest. Here is where He took up His royal prerogatives. Here He received the seal of His Father's approval, the fullness of power by the Holy Spirit. And here the Father made His will known in revealing His Son to the opened heavens, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased!"

The King Tested.

No sooner was the King inaugurated than He was tested as to His kingly qualities. It must be shown to all the ages that He reigned by divine right, that He was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. Or, as the Scripture puts, "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Whatever else is involved in those words, it is pretty certain that during that forty days, two kingdoms met in inexorable warfare, and at its close Christ stood forth the conqueror over every possible temptation that can appeal to man.

Three-Fold Temptation.

Lyman Abbott sums up the temptations: The temptation was three-fold and it took place in regular progression. The first appealed to the body; the second to love of admiration; the third to love of power. The first was to mere bodily appetite; the second to a more honorable desire for fame; the third to a noble ambition perverted. The first called for an act inexcusable; the second for one ostentatious and presumptuous; the third for one blasphemously wicked. The first was disguised as an appeal to reason; the second was speciously an appeal to the Scriptures; the third was a bold and naked revelation of Satan. The first was the most deceptive; the second the most plausible; the third the most audacious. In the first Satan tried to mislead by lulling the sin; in the second, by sanctifying the sin, because of the greater good to be accomplished by it; in the third, to compensate for sin by a promised reward.

The First Adam and the Second.

It is interesting to trace in Christ's temptation, a perfect analogy to the temptation in the Garden of Eden. There, as here, the appeal was made to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. The appeal was first to appetite. Eve saw that the tree was good for food. The appeal was next to the aesthetic nature. She saw that it was pleasant to the eyes. And thirdly, the appeal was to spiritual pride. She saw that the tree was to be desired to make one wise. In the first instance the attack succeeded; in the second it failed. The first Adam fell in a garden; the second Adam was a victor in a wilderness; Adam the first was conquered in a garden and made it a wilderness; Adam, the second, conquered in a wilderness, and made it a paradise.