

A Band of Velvet Ribbon

By JOHN Y. LARNED

At a summer hotel in the Adirondack mountains, where there were the usual quantum of young girls and the usual deficit of young men for them to flirt with, Albert King, who needed recreation after too much work, found himself in demand. But King was not a ladies' man, and he demurred.

Nevertheless, there was one girl who attracted him. She was not one of the rocking chair brigade, as the ladies who sat on the piazza were dubbed, for she was not admitted to their charmed circle. Why, King did not know.

King made her acquaintance and was thereafter tabooed by the patrician girls, who had no use for a man who would divide his attentions to them with one of another caste. But he did not mind this, for Ellen Bickford, the young lady in question, interested him and relieved the monotony of his stay in the mountains. Besides, he discovered her superiority in one respect, courage, for when a large party were caught out on the lake in a terrific squall and it looked as if their boat would be swamped Miss Bickford displayed no terror whatever, while other girls were desperately frightened.

Miss Bickford never wore short sleeves to her dresses except at the hotel dances, when she displayed a well rounded neck and arms. But at such times her right arm was invariably encircled with a broad strip of velvet. The fact that this part of her arm—midway between the shoulder and the elbow—was never exposed soon began to excite comment. That there was something on her arm to be concealed was evident; curiosity stepped in and would know what it was. But there was a dignity about Miss Bickford that caused curious persons to abstain from making inquiries, so the matter remained unexplained.

King was ignorant of the gossip concerning what kind of blemish was hidden under the velvet. He had noticed the fact of Miss Bickford's wearing it, but had not troubled himself as to the cause. If he thought of it at all he very likely set it down to the concealment of a scar, probably caused by vaccination. But one day the rumor reached his ears that Miss Bickford was the daughter of a common sailor who, when she was a child, had tattooed on her arm an anchor. Since King had been smitten with the young lady this report naturally interested him.

Whatever he may have thought of Miss Bickford's origin, it seemed to him unlike her to conceal any mark of it. He would rather expect her to permit the whole world to know her for exactly what she was.

Miss Bickford, it seems, was as much attracted by Mr. King as he was by her. Moreover, she noticed that after a certain period he seemed disposed to draw away from her. She knew that what she was concealing was causing a smothered commotion among the young ladies at the hotel and inferred that some one of the many stories that were floating about concerning it had reached him. One day she frankly said to him:

"Mr. King, have you heard the story that I am the daughter of a common sailor who tattooed an anchor on my arm?"

"I have," said King, "and I am the only person in this house whose opinion I care for, but I do care for yours and do not wish, so far as you are concerned, to sail under false colors." Mr. King is or was a landsman and had nothing to do with what is under the direct I wear. But I do wear it to conceal something that has been tattooed on my arm."

"Thank you very much for the preference you have shown me and your frankness. For the first time my curiosity as to that ribbon has been excited, and since you have caused it I look to you to gratify it."

"I assure you that it is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Is it anything to be proud of?"

To this she assented haltingly.

"In that case I insist upon seeing it."

After some persuasion she pulled the ribbon down toward her elbow, and there in blue ink under the skin were the letters "Heroine."

King looked at the word, then up at the girl's face and, with a smile, said: "Come, tell the story. I am dying to hear it."

"It is not much of a story. For years my family had a cottage on the seacoast. My summers were spent there from the time I was six years old. I learned to swim like a duck and could handle a boat as well as a boy. Our cottage was on one side of a neck of land, and a life saving station was on the other side. One day on our side a ship came ashore. The life men did not know of her being there, and there was not time in which to tell them. There were six men about to drown. I pulled out in my boat and saved them. I was but thirteen years old and didn't know enough to refuse to permit one of the life savers to tattoo my arm."

"You have hurried through your story," said King, "as though it was something to be ashamed of. I'm glad that you are so indelibly written on your person, and if you were mine I would never consent to an attempt to eradicate it."

In time she became his, and there was nothing he was more proud of than the proud title his wife continued to conceal.

An Important Occasion

By JOHN TURNLEE

During the summer heira of Americans to Europe Miss Virginia King met on the steamer outward bound David Redwood. He dived with her through galleries in Dresden and Munich, climbed mountains in Switzerland and parted with her in Paris, he being obliged to return to his native land early in September.

The result of this sightseeing was an engagement, and it was agreed that Mr. Redwood on his return to America should seek the acquaintance of the young lady's father and make a formal application for her hand. She was of course to write her father of the acceptance of her suitor, and as she was prone to decide things for herself the only part Mr. King was to take in the matter was to go through the formalities.

On Mr. Redwood's arrival he wrote Mr. King a note, stating that he had met his wife and daughter abroad and with their kind permission would be happy to call on Mr. King if he would inform him what time and place would be agreeable. The young man was invited to dine with his prospective father-in-law on the following evening at his suburban residence at East Arlington, a dozen miles from the city.

On the train Redwood sat next a gentleman who, when the conductor came along, offered a commutation ticket to East Arlington.

"Pardon me," said Redwood. "I see you are from East Arlington. Can you inform me what direction I shall take to reach the residence of Edward King?"

"Edward King? Oh, yes! I can tell you where he lives. I go right by his house. I'll show you the way with pleasure."

The gentleman—Barbour was his name—proved quite genial, and before their journey was ended Redwood had told him that he had met the Kings in Europe, and since King had told Mr. Barbour of his daughter's engagement the latter was not long in divining the young man's errand.

"Is Mr. King a—ahem—a genial man, a man of the world?" asked Redwood.

"On the contrary, he is very strict. Can't tolerate tobacco; never drinks any wines or liquors and is very attentive to formalities. But if you are going to see him on a matter of importance I would advise you to beware of him. He has a way of finding out about people by throwing them of their guard. They say that before employing a man in his business he will pretend to be a roisterer to him, and if there is anything wild about the fellow it will show itself."

"Thank you very much for the information," said Redwood, and turned the subject.

On the arrival of the train the gentleman showed Redwood to the King residence and went to his own home. The visitor was admitted by a butler and told that Mr. King was dressing for dinner and would be down presently. Then the butler disappeared and returned in a few minutes with a cocktail and a box of cigarettes on a salver.

"Thank you; you needn't leave that," said Redwood, looking at the liquor and the cigarettes longingly. "I neither drink nor smoke."

But the butler left the refreshments on a table and departed without a word.

Mr. King came down and received his visitor cordially. Naturally knowing the object of the call, he was a trifle disconcerted.

"I see you have not drunk your cocktail," he said. "Do so, and I will join you in another. Now, bring two cocktails."

Redwood protested that he never drank wines or liquors—they didn't agree with him—and, as for smoking, he regarded it a filthy habit. Mr. King looked at him with an expression of disapprobation. When the butler brought more refreshments he drank his cocktail, apparently much disgruntled at being obliged to drink alone. Then they went into dinner.

A bottle of champagne was on ice beside the host's chair, but Redwood declined to drink any of it. Of course Mr. King could not urge his guest to break through his accustomed habits.

During the dinner Redwood mustered the necessary courage to go through the formalities of asking Mr. King for his daughter, and the matter being over with the host regretted that his prospective son-in-law would not join him in a glass of wine to the health of their beloved Virginia. It was hard for the young man to resist the temptation, but, fearing he was being tested and might lose the girl he loved if he yielded, he stood firm.

During the awkward pause that followed there was a ring at the doorbell, and the gentleman Redwood had met on the train entered. Mr. King's expression changed.

"Hello, Jim!" he exclaimed. "You're just in time to prevent my drinking alone. I'm glad to see you. The engagement. This is Mr. Redwood, to whom I have just given her."

With a twinkle in his eye, Mr. Barbour took up the glass that was filled for him and said:

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Redwood, for perpetrating a huge joke on you. The temptation was too strong for me. My friend Ned King is a temperate man, but not such as I pictured him to you. I am glad to join you both on this very happy occasion."

And the three drank the health of the absent one with great gusto.

HUNTING A SPY

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Shortly before the war broke out in the Balkans between the Turks and the allies I left Adrianople one evening about dark for Belgrade. There was one passenger in the compartment besides myself, and I noticed that while waiting for the train to start he was very ill at ease. When the guard shut and locked the door he seemed to breathe easier, but was still evidently impatient for the train to be off. When at last it began to roll out of the station he put his head out of the window eagerly.

Following the direction of his eyes I saw a man, whom I knew to be a Turk by his fez, running for the train. He ran like a deer, my fellow passenger watching him breathlessly. The latter occupied the window so that I could not see if the Turk caught the train, but presently my companion fell back gasping.

"Lost!" he moaned. I had some knowledge of one or two of the many languages spoken in the Balkans, so that I understood the word. I also spoke some French and German and tried the man in both, getting an understanding in the latter tongue.

"What is your trouble?" I asked. "Are you German?" he asked instead of replying.

"No, American."

"Oh, American. You then are a lover of liberty. Certainly you have no sympathy with Turks. I am doomed. I have been in Adrianople spying on the fortifications. I was arrested, and drawings were found on me. I was sentenced to death. While waiting to be executed I caught my guard napping and escaped. I hoped to get away by the train, but this man, in whose charge I was placed, will go through the train when it stops and recover me."

Then, taking out a pencil and tearing a bit of paper from an old letter, he wrote his name and address on it and handed it to me.

"When you reach Sofia," he continued, "will you tell my wife what I have told you and what follows? Say that my last thoughts were of her and our dear children."

"If you are sure to be executed, why not take the chance of jumping from the train?"

"I am going to do that, but death is as sure as if I suffered myself to be taken back to Adrianople."

"You may strike soft ground."

By the time I had spoken the words he was on the footboard. I put my head out through the window and saw his thin figure not far from it. It was very dark. Presently I ceased to see him and believed that he had jumped.

The first stop the train made was at Tschiven, which we reached in about half an hour after the spy had disappeared. The guard unlocked the door, but would not let me alight till after the compartment had been examined by the man whom I had seen running for the train. As soon as he had passed I stepped down on to the platform and followed him to see if he got his quarry. He did not find him, and the train moved on.

I wondered what had become of the spy. He must have jumped or he would have been found on the train. Nearly all the passengers were Turks, and I noticed the moment I alighted that there was a chain of men wearing fezzes surrounding the train, probably passengers who had volunteered to help the official in his efforts to arrest the spy.

Before we passed over the Turkish line to enter eastern Roumelia the train stopped for a long while, and I felt sure that it was for the purpose of making a final search for the spy. In time we started on and in a few minutes were among a different nationality. "What a pity," I said to myself, "that the man could not have concealed himself on the train till we had passed the border! In that case he would have been safe."

The first stop we made in Roumelia was at Heraklan. There I alighted to stretch my legs, slowly walking toward the forward end of the train. I saw a man coming who I supposed was a coal shoveler on the engine, only he was blacker than any stoker I ever saw. What was my surprise when, rushing toward me, he threw his begrimmed arms around me.

"Don't you know me?" he said. "I am the spy."

Then in the blackened features I recognized the man with whom I had sympathized.

"Is it you, and alive?" I asked. "Yes it is I, and very much alive."

"How did you do it?"

"I walked forward on the footboard till I reached the locomotive tender. Climbing over the coal, I told the engineer, who was a Servian, my story. He suggested that since the train would be searched I had better hide under the coal. So I lay down on the floor of the tender, and they covered me with the coal."

When we reached Sofia nothing would do but that I should go to the man's home with him. I did so, and so begrimed was he that his family did not at first recognize him. His wife knew the errand on which he had been to Adrianople and his danger. He was a week overdue, and she had given him up. Covered as he was with coal dust, she embraced him. I was entertained royally at his house and left it with regret.

Back From The Dead

By EDITH V. ROSS

"Oh, papa!" said Georgie Trevor. "What do you think?"

"What do I think? Why, I think my little boy looks very happy about something."

"I saw mamma in the park!" A pained expression came over the father's face. His wife, the mother of the boy, had been dead a year. The child was at the time too young to understand the nature of death and had been told that his mother had gone away and would not come back to him. When the father recovered from the shock his son had given him he said:

"You were mistaken, Georgie. You couldn't have seen mamma, for she is in heaven."

"Yes, I did. While Nanny and I were walking in the park I saw mamma sitting on a bench by the fountain. I ran up to her and said, 'Oh, mamma, where have you been so long, and why don't you come home?'"

"And what did mamma say?"

"Why, she kissed me and said, 'I can't come to you, but you can come and see me at my home occasionally.' Then I asked her where that was, and she said, 'I'll tell you nurse, and she can bring you.'"

The father took his boy in his arms, kissed him and, putting him down, sent for the nurse and questioned her. She told him that the lady Georgie had referred to was the image of his lost wife—that she had humored the boy and had given her address, at the same time telling her that she might send him to see her if she found he was looking for her."

The next day Georgie asked to be taken to see his "mamma," and the nurse, having referred the matter to his father and received his assent, took the child to see the lady, Miss Marian Hill, who petted him and gave him candy and sent him home loaded with favors. Many times during his visit she was about to explain to him that she was not his mother, that he had made a mistake, but that he might consider her as such, and she would love him the same as if she were so, but the child seemed so sure about her identity, and it was evident that she would only pain him by setting him right, so she could not bring herself to correct his error. When he parted from her he said:

"Why don't you come home, mamma, and see papa? He looks so sorry because you went away!"

Miss Hill found it more difficult to parry this part of the error than any of the others. However, she was no prude and yielded to the necessities of the case. Her heart was touched by the motherless boy, and she placed his comfort above all else.

"You can bring papa to see me if you like," she said.

"And then will you come home with us?"

The lady kissed him and said that she couldn't do that, and she couldn't explain to him why, but doubtless his father would understand.

So when Georgie's father came home that evening the boy told him that mamma couldn't come home to see him, but he could go to see her.

One afternoon Mrs. Trevor made a call on Miss Hill. She was struck with her likeness to the lost wife and was not surprised that Georgie had mistaken her for his mother.

"I would have brought Georgie with me," she said, "but thought that we had better first arrange what we should tell him to satisfy him, for our stories may not disagree."

"I fear that I shall have to rely on you to tell him that I am not his mother. I fear I have not the heart to do so."

"I will think the matter over. There is no need for haste. I am not sure that we could make him understand his mistake even if we tried to do so. For the present we may permit him to remain in ignorance."

Miss Hill made no reply to this. She knew that it would be embarrassing for the child to continue in supposing that she was his mamma, living in another home than theirs. Mr. Trevor also realized this, but he had thought of a remedy. The moment he saw Miss Hill he was seized with a desire that she should fill the gap left by the wife he had lost. Indeed, from the time he thought of this possibility he became a different man. Being a widower, he knew how to lay siege to a woman's heart and realized that his motherless child had opened a way for him. When he arose to leave after his first call he had formed a definite purpose that would bring him a companion and his boy a mother.

He began by sending trifling gifts by Georgie when he went with his nurse to see his mamma, principally flowers and books, following up these by invitations, which at first were such as might include Georgie. From this he stepped to invitations and gifts of such frequency that his ultimate intentions were obvious.

One day he made his boy dance for joy by telling him that "mamma" was coming home.

"I knew she would come some time!" cried the child, clapping his hands. "When is she coming?"

"Papa is going to take her for a short journey, and when we come back she will be here all the time."

Georgie never knew but that he had found his mother, who for some unaccountable reason had gone away, but had come back to him.

A Fortunate Meeting

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"There's a new boy coming!" Half a dozen youngsters ran to the porte-cochere of Mr. Sanford's boarding school to see the new pupil. He jumped out of the carriage, and when he had done so stood stock still, staring at one of the boys who had come to look him over, all the others staring at him.

"Why, he's Bob Archer!" was the exclamation of several of the self-constituted reception committee.

"Are you Bob Archer?" asked the newcomer of the boy who was gaping at him.

"Yes."

"Then you're my twin brother."

"Reckon you're right."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Archer eight years before this meeting had separated, having made an arrangement that the father should have one of their twin boys, aged four, and the mother should have the other. Thomas had gone with his father, Robert with his mother. From the time of the separation these two divisions of the family had never met. Their parents, unknown to each other, had sent them to the same school.

The affection twins have for each other is accounted for physiologically. Tom and Bob Archer from the time they met at the Sanford school were inseparable.

"Bob," said Tom one day, "do you remember father?"

"No. Do you remember mother?"

"Just a little."

"What do you suppose was the matter between them?"

"Don't know. I don't think fathers and mothers have a right to quarrel, do you? It's mighty hard on the kids."

"No, I don't. When vacation comes I suppose we've got to separate again."

"I move we don't."

"What can we do?"

"I'll write father that I'm going to spend my vacation with you somewhere, and you write mother your going to spend yours with me."

"It would knock mother out not to have me with her."

"Humph!" I don't think it would trouble father so much to part with me, but it might. Fathers don't show how they feel so much as mothers."

"Where can we go for our vacation?"

"Let's go to a farm."

The upshot of this conspiracy was that the boys wrote to their respective homes that they would not be separated and were going to spend their summer vacation together on a farm. This struck each parent with consternation. Mrs. Archer wrote her husband to know if he had any objection to her spending July and August with the boys. Mr. Archer replied that he had. Then each boy was informed by the parent with whom he lived that he must come home; if he remained away no remittance would be sent him. The boys, who had come to their resolution to stay together some time before the end of the term, had saved up the money sent them from home for spending, and each had enough to pay \$2 a week board for eight weeks. So they wrote that they could get on without remittances.

There was a farm a few miles from the school that they had often visited, and there they made arrangements to pay \$2 a week each for board and \$2 work a week, which consisted principally of milking. On leaving school they went to this farm, and since the work was a novelty to them they quite enjoyed it.

Mrs. Archer endured her son's absence as long as possible, then gave way to a desire to see both her children together. So, filling her purse with money and her suit case with good things for them, she went to see them. Putting an arm around each of them, she sat weeping that she could not have both of them with her always. She remained with them two days, when, fearing that her husband might hear of her presence there, she bade the boys goodbye, intending to go home. She was embracing both at once, tears streaming down her cheeks, when the door opened and there stood her husband.

Now, Mrs. Archer in her troubles with her husband had yielded to irritation and when he said disagreeable things to her had hurled them back in kind. She had never resorted to woman's trump card, tears. Her husband, seeing her embracing their boys, weeping, began to weep himself. Tears, like laughter, are contagious, and, seeing their parents weeping, the boys followed suit. The father approached his sons to embrace them, shedding a few tears over Bob, whom he had not seen for years, and thus got mixed up with Tom and the wife and mother. Their arms were around each other promiscuously.

"Belle," said Mr. Archer, "these boys have got ahead of us. We can't continue the situation without its pertaining to them. In separating from them, if you'll come home and bring them with you, you'll be welcome."

"Do it, mother," pleaded both the boys.

That was the end of the separation in the Archer family. Both father and mother placed a guard over themselves, for they knew that as soon as they parted the boys would part from both of them. But time had changed them, and loneliness had taught them that scrapping is the result of nervousness and, after all, doesn't mean much. However, scrapping was never resumed between them.

ORGAN RECITAL.

Prof. Ebisch of Erie, Pa., will give an Organ Recital in Amity Reformed church on September the 24th, under the auspices of the Guild. Proceeds to go to the organ fund.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of John A. Shumaker, late of Harnessedville, Somerset County, Pa., formerly of Hyndman, Bedford Co., Pa., dec'd.
[Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned, at his residence in Meyersdale, Pa.]
NORMAN R. SHUMAKER, Executor.

Baltimore & Ohio
EXCURSION TO
CUMBERLAND
AND RETURN
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20
ROUND TRIP \$1.00 FROM Meyersdale
Special train leaves at 11:10 A.M.

Light of a Horse.
The horse is one of the most interesting and unexampled pieces of mechanism in animal structure. The hoof contains a series of vertical and thin laminae of horn, amounting to about 500 and forming a complete lining to it. In this are fitted as many sensitive laminae as the coffin bone, whose both sets are elastic and adherent. The set of a quire of paper, inserted leaf by leaf into another, will convey a sufficient idea of the arrangement. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminae in all the feet, amounting to about 4,000, distributed in the most secure manner, since every spring is acted on obliquely.

Light of the Stars.
According to some computations made by Dr. Chapman and read to the Royal Astronomical society, the total amount of light from the stars is about equal to that which would be given by 630 stars of the first magnitude.

The light given by stars of each magnitude decreases from the first magnitude down to the tenth, the decrease in brightness of the individual stars of the successive magnitudes being more than compensated for by the increase in the number of stars belonging to that magnitude.

But below the tenth magnitude this is no longer the case, the light falling off rapidly as we descend the scale.

Peas and a Piano.

You have heard the old story of the great pianist who used to lay six beans—or was it peas?—on the piano and compel himself to play a most difficult and intricate composition through six times without an error. Every time he went successfully through he took up a pea and put it in his pocket. Every time he made a mistake he took all the peas out of his pocket and began again, even if almost at the end of the sixth time. Many of our young music pupils seem to think an error makes no difference. They expect to make them, so of course they do make them. You can not build great achievements of art upon these faulty foundations.—Christian Herald.

Cuban Bees Cannot Sting.

The native bee of Cuba, unlike the American honeybee, has no stinger and can be handled without fear. An American apiarist in a Pinar del Rio town imported some American bees recently, says the Times of Cuba, and because of their superior armament they soon became masters of the surrounding sweetness, much to the discomfiture of the native honey raiser. The American bees stung their rivals to death, carrying off the stored honey in triumph.

"What chance has a Cuban got against the Americans?" exclaimed one owner of vanquished honey gatherers. "They even arm their bees!"

LOST TIME.

The most reckless spendthrift is the one who squanders time. Money lost may be regained, friendships broken may be renewed, houses and lands may be sold or buried or burned, but may be bought or gained or built again. But what power can restore the moment that has passed, the day whose sun has set, the year that has been numbered with the ages gone?

"Queer People I Have Met."

I've seen Kentuckians who hated whisky, Virginians who weren't descended from Pocahontas, Indians who hadn't written a novel, Mexicans who didn't wear velvet trousers with silver dollars sewed along the seams, funny Englishmen, spendthrifts, Yankees, cold blooded southerners and narrow minded westerners and New Yorkers who weren't too busy to stop for an hour on the street to watch a one armed grocer's clerk do up cranberries in paper bags.—From O. Henry's "A Cosmopolitan in a Cafe."