

# A FOOTBALL MYSTERY

## Story of the Gridiron

By F. A. MITCHEL

Aunt Augusta, it's time you were married. You must be thirty years old.

I shall not be married. Ethel, dear I were to have a husband I would have had one a dozen years ago.

A romance! Why, aunty, I never knew you had one. You are such a nice, prim little body. Was he as tall a man as you are a woman?

Not at all. Persons of opposite sexes are more apt to mate than those who are similar. My lover was young giant in strength. He once tried me over a stream of water deep enough to cover him to his waist with a current so swift that few could have kept their feet in it if burdened. I repaid him by coaching him for an examination.

You coached him! Why, aunty, I don't know you went to college. I didn't take the college course, but lived here in this college town and owed Arthur through his studies.

On purpose to help him?"

Yes, but I enjoyed it."

Tell me all about your romance. I'll jilt you?"

No; he died. But I wouldn't like to you about it, because there was a story concerning his death—something uncanny. Though it was twelve years ago, I can't to this day talk about it without being appalled as I then."

There was a brief silence, after which the lady continued:

Nevertheless, there is one person,

only one, for whom I shall make effort. I shall give you, my dearest love, the story of all I know of it,

when I have told it to you I shall never speak of it again."

"Oh, aunty!" The girl put her arm around the speaker.

Arthur and I attended the high school together," the lady began, "and was the opposites of our makeup or drew us together. Arthur was not a scholar, but was born with a special leaning to athletic sports. He knew the ways of making a baseball do what he wished it to do, was a splendid ball player and had won a championship at golf.

But it was on the football field that won his most brilliant triumphs,

so distinguished himself at this

in the high school that repre-

sents that he might become a mem-

ber of the university team, some of

us offering to pay his way through

if he would join them.

These big, strong fellows are apt to some weakness. Arthur's weak

was an inability to decide small

things. In this he relied upon me. He

told me which, if any, of the propo-

nations he should accept and I, wish-

to keep him near me, told him I

ought he better enter our own col-

lege. Besides, my father was a

professor here, and I was interested in

college. I didn't wish him to ac-

complish pecuniary assistance for play-

athletic games, and our univer-

versity being one of the smaller ones,

paid nothing.

Arthur stayed with us, and it

well he did, for I was enabled to

him through. He had the great-

admiration for my ability to solve

a mathematical problem or compre-

end a logical sequence, while I loved

admired him for his manly

strength. What drew me to him most

his unconsciousness of the value

of strength which I prized so highly.

But it is natural for weak women

admire physical strength in men.

Having Arthur here, we took an in-

terest in athletics that we had never

before, and, since he was devoted

to football and would add greatly to

chances of any team he played in,

our boys became interested in

the field in the annual game

the big colleges. While Arthur

in college John Spangler was here

were made captain of the football

team. Having a tower of strength in

our, Spangler succeeded in making

the team, especially the one that

defeated the annual game against

other colleges, for the autumn pre-

recess Arthur's graduation.

Arthur ordinarily was lazy. It

reduced something very exciting to

him to use his strength, but was thoroughly aroused he was like

an elephant. Captain Spangler

constantly coming to me bewail-

the fact that he couldn't get his

man to be regular at practice

when he did practice it seemed im-

possible to wake him up to his work.

At a time I was obliged to get sev-

eral girls together and go out on to

the ice field in order that my pres-

ent might inspire Arthur to do good

thing of great importance was

from me. Spangler knew it and

had told me, but he felt sure

if he did tell me the team would

be deprived of Arthur's assistance in

game. And without Arthur the

team would have no chance for win-

ning the annual game. What they

taught from me for fear of losing

and what he concealed from me

## MIGHT HAVE SNEEZED IT.

Showing the Wisdom of Knowing Your Own Name.

A Frenchman with a name spelled a la Paris and pronounced something like Ca-choo had never learned to read or write, but he managed to disguise the fact pretty well until he moved to a new community where the name was not common. Going to the postoffice one morning, he inquired:

"Get any mail for Joe Ca-choo?"

"What's the name?" inquired the clerk.

"Ca-choo—Joe Ca-choo."

"How do you spell it?"

"Can't you spell Joe Ca-choo?"

"No," said the clerk. "I never heard it before."

Then the disgust of the Frenchman, which had been constantly rising, boiled over, and he snorted:

"Well, if you can't spell why don't you sell your old postoffice to some one who can?"—Kansas City Star.

### Accelerating Brain Activity.

In the early days of Wisconsin two of the most prominent lawyers of the state were George B. Smith and I. S. Sloan, the latter of whom had a habit of injecting into his remarks to the court the expression, "Your honor, I have an idea." A certain case had been dragging along through a hot summer day when Sloan sprang to his feet with his old remark, "Your honor, I have an idea."

Smith immediately bounded up, assumed an impressive attitude and in great solemnity said:

"May it please the court, I move that a writ of habeas corpus be issued by this court immediately to take the learned gentleman's idea out of solitary confinement."—Popular Magazine.

### Social Excuses.

Miss Inez Milholland, at a luncheon in Newport, lamented the loss of the suffrage in the recent Ohio election.

"Why did we lose?" she wailed. "Our opponents' arguments are always so silly! They're as silly and false as the average social excuse."

She smiled and added:

"Apropos of the average social excuse." A Newport man was invited to a house party in Maine and wired:

"Regret can't come. Lie follows by post!"—New York Tribune.

### Complete Information.

"Where's your father?" asked the man in fancy outing clothes.

"Lemme see if I can remember," said the boy with one suspender. "If you're the man to collect the interest on the mortgage he's gone to town and I don't know when he'll be back. If you're a Democrat or a Republican or a bull moose he'll be home all day Sunday, and if you're the man that owes him for a bushel of potatoes he's right around there in the woodshed."—Washington Star.

### Practical Application.

A Sunday school teacher, after a talk to her small boys on the cruelty of cutting dogs' ears and tails, asked:

"What does the Bible say about it? Who can tell me?"

"I can," said a small boy holding up his hand.

"Well, what is it, John?"

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."—Judge.

### Labor Saving Suggestion.

Mrs. Bacon—I see that to an Illinois woman has been granted a patent on a screw hook made of a single piece of wire so shaped that it serves as a shade roller bracket and curtain pole holder at the same time.

Mr. Bacon—Too bad the lady didn't go a step further and make it to button a woman's dress up the back!—Yonkers Statesman.

### It Had Been Read.

First Jeweler—I have had proved to me that advertising brings results.

Second Jeweler—How?

First Jeweler—Yesterday evening I advertised for a watchman, and during the night my shop was ransacked by burglars.—Penny Pictorial.

### Pedestrianism.

How is this? Twenty cents for cheese? But it walked by itself!"

"Exactly, madam; we figure in the cost of training it!"—Le Sourice.

### The Trouble.

"By Jove! I left my purse under my pillow!"

"Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?"

"That's just it. She'll take it to my wife."—Boston Post.

What She Will Sometimes Admit.

"Does your wife ever admit that she is wrong in an argument?"

"No; the nearest she ever comes to it is to say that I'm not as big a chump as I look!"—Detroit Free Press.

## EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of

MATTHEW FARREL,

Late of Honesdale, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and those having claims against the said estate are notified to present them duly attested, for settlement.

C. P. SEARLE, Esq.

Honesdale, Pa., Oct. 8, 1912.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the

Court House in Honesdale, on

FRIDAY, NOV. 15, 2 P. M.

All the defendant's right, title, and interest in the following described property—viz:

By virtue of the annexed writ of fieri facias I have this day levied upon and taken in execution the three following described pieces of parcels of land situated, lying and being in the township of Damascus, county of Wayne, and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

All those two certain parcels or

pieces of land situated in the town-

ship of Sterling, County of Wayne

and State of Pennsylvania, bounded

and described as follows:

The First—Beginning at a stones corner of Lot No. 1 and the north-east corner of lot No. 2, in subdivision line of the Adam Swegart lots, and in east line of original survey; thence south thirteen chains and eighty-five links to a corner between Lots 2 and 3; thence west fifty-eight rods and four feet to a corner; thence north thirteen chains and eighty-five links to a corner; thence east fifty-eight rods and four links to the place of beginning, said to contain exactly twenty acres, be the same more or less. The Second: Beginning at a stake and stones corner, the southeast corner of Lot No. 4 and southeast corner of the original survey of said Adam Swegart warrant; thence west one hundred and forty rods to a corner; thence north ninety perches to the place of beginning, containing seventy-four acres, be the same more or less. The Third: Beginning at the northwest corner of Lot No. 4 of said lots at heap of stones; thence south thirty-four and eight-tenths rods to a stake and stones corner; thence east one hundred and forty rods to a stake and stones corner; thence west one hundred and forty rods to a stake and stones corner; thence north ninety perches to the place of beginning, containing seventy-four acres, be the same more or less.

The Second—Beginning at a corner of public road between Sterling and Dreher townships and running from Edward Hazelton's place to North and South Turnpike; thence along land of