The Daughter's Debut.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

AMONG the most brilliant and beautiful of social functions is the debut of a daughter. During the years of childhood she is the joy and delight of her home, and in fashionable circles her education is watched over with the minutest care from the hour of her birth. The nursery, the kindergarten and the schoolroom have done their best for the little maid before she grows up and goes to college. Throughout this time her mother is looking forward to the days when she shall have her as almost her second self, her companion and friend with whom she has everything in common and who is the object of her ambition and the crown of her life as no other possession is.

The old couplet says:

"Your son's your son till he marries a wife,
But your daughter's your daughter all the days of her life."

American mothers are not in haste to be rid of their daughters; they look forward with pleasure and anticipation to the daughter's triumphant girlhood.

When a daughter is to be introduced to society her mother sends cards of invitation to an at home and so far as she may she omits none of her own friends and also asks the young people of her friends' families. Old and young throng to the house to meet and honor the young woman who yesterday was in the background and of no account to anybody outside her home. Of no account socially, I mean, for until she has been formally presented a girl does not figure to any extent in her mother's world. She has had her birthday parties and other pleasures incidental to juvenile years, but she is not in the least a personage, nor can she be until after her debut. That event immediately puts her in the front rank, a young person to be treated with consideration, properly chaperoned and expected beyond everything else to have a good time while she remains young, beautiful and full of interest in all that is going on.

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The daughter whose debut takes place under happy auspices is as like her mother as if she were a younger sister. The mother is still young and charming, gracious in demeanor, and all fait in all the requisitions made upon her in society. Very likely this girl has a grandmother who is still a social queen, wearing velvet, satin, lace and diamonds, with an air of royalty; a woman who looks back over life and surveys a series of conquests. There are sure to be courtly old beaux who remember when the grandmother was a slip of a girl with the world at her feet.

Society is by no means left to the sparkling beauties who are in the first freshness of their bloom. It enlists all who remain attractive, and girls and boys, though they enter it with zest, have by no means the monopoly, nor do they take precedence of older people. Yet there is nothing in the world so sweet, so bright and so bewitching as a girl in her early twenties, particularly if she is an American girl.

On the occasion of her debut the daughter receives with her mother and is surrounded by a bevy of friends of her own age. She is robed in simple white, but you need not fancy that her toilette shall be inexpensive because it does not look elaborate. One pays a round sum for simplicity when a French dressmaker sends in her bill. Whatever this young girl wears will be certain to suit her. Youth sets off dress, and she needs no ornament of gold or jewels. Flowers are her only adornment. She holds them in her hand and the house will be heaped with them and fragrant with their incense, for friends send them in lavishly, and every time the bell rings a florist's messenger will be at the door. Flowers are banked on the mantels, they stand on the piano, they fill every available space, and this, not in summer, when they may be had for the picking, but in winter when they cost a goodly sum.

After a few words of greeting and congratulation to the mother who presents the daughter, a smiling compliment or two to the girl herself, and a little desultory chat with friends, the guests naturally drift to the dining-room, where they find a table shining with silver and lighted with candles and spread with delicate viands. Here there are more beautiful girls, or else young matrons pouring tea and coffee. Somewhere behind a screen of palms there is an orchestra and music lends its charm to the elegant occasion. It is not good form to linger too long in the dining-room, as the guests at a large function are coming and going and must be served in successive relays. Never should one protract her stay in a crowded house, and a house is usually crowded at a reception of this importance. Do not forget to look for and have a few minutes' conversation with the girl's father, who though the master of the house is much more likely to remain in the background than to appear with any prominence. This is one of the times when husbands and fathers, who have furnished the sinews of war, are not very conspicuous.

During the season when everybody has a feeling of haste and rush is in the atmosphere, there are many entertainments in progress on the same day. Guests go from one home to another, in the same afternoon, meeting the same people over and over. This adds not a little to the gayety of life.

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When a girl has ben formally introduced she is eligible on every joyous occasion at which she is properly chaperoned. Her mother is usually her chaperone, although her father may officiate in this capacity, or her married sister, or any youthful matron of her acquaintance. A woman who is an acknowledged spinster and has passed the border line of 40, may also act as chaperone to a debutante. While chaperonage is not rigorously insisted upon in small villages and rural communities, it is indispensable in the scheme of life in our larger cities. Girls and men lose nothing by having with them when they go to dances, theaters and other festive gatherings, the presence and support of an older woman, who imposes no disagreeable restraint, but is really a protection.

The butterfly of fashion starts on a round as relentless and strenuous as the routine of a working bee in the business hive. It makes a good deal out of her, and in a great house pains are taken to keep her fresh and untired. If she is up late at night, she is allowed to sleep through the morning, and the house hushes itself that she may not be disturbed. Her maid arranges her bath, takes care of her clothing and waits on her hand and foot. She soon learns the art of selection and chooses her pleasures, and if she have a sensible mother she is encouraged to devote a portion of her time to reading, music, her home and her younger brothers and sisters.

Society girls are not wholly selfish. They are today actively engaged in parish and settlement work; they are the unofficial aids of clergymen; they assist the deaconess and the visiting nurse and their sweet faces are seen in homes of poverty. These girls often reach out a helping hand to those who are toiling all day long in shop and factory.

After a while, perhaps two or three years after her debut, our princess royal is again the central figure on a bright occasion. This time instead of the silver strains of the Hungarian band, there are deep and solemn chords from the organ loft, where a practiced hand is playing the wedding march. Down the long aisle sweeps the bridal train. All in white with a floating veil and eyes modestly downcast, comes the girl on the arm of her father. The man she has honored by her preference waits at the chancel to meet her. The fateful words are soon said, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, till death us do part. The mystic rite that binds true hearts for all the years are spoken. Our society girl has taken upon her the vows of a wife. Here she will prove herself what an American woman should be, efficient, capable, trustworthy and loving, a good wife and, if children are given her, a good mother.

This is the evolution of the butterfly.

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The American Exchange Bank Robbery.

Continued From Page 1.

money and other valuables, and then, under cover of night, dropped down the river again, put out to sea forthwith, and crossed the bay of Honduras to Puerto Cortes, in Spanish Honduras, the country of all Central America in which Mr. Pinkerton preferred to have him. In short Mr. Pinkerton's strategem had worked perfectly.

Mr. Pinkerton's reason for wishing to get Crawford into Spanish Honduras was not because the treaty arrangements were more faovrable there than in British Honduras, but because the Pinkerton agency enjoyed unusual personal relations with the Honduras government. Several years before, when President Bogram had in contemplation the federation of Central American states under one government, he had applied to the Pinkerton agency for reliable detectives for secret service work. In consequence of this the present head of the Honduras secret force was no other than a former Pinkerton employe who had been recommended by the New York office to the Honduras government, and upon whom Mr. Pinkerton knew he could rely absolutely. Another man equally disposed to favor him was Mr. Bert Cecil, a member of the cabinet, and at the head of the telegraph service, and thus in a position to render most valuable service in the apprehension of Crawford.

As soon as Mr. Pinkerton learned of Crawford's flight, he hurried in pursuit, crossing the bay to Livingston, in Guatemala. In so doing he risked his life, first by putting out to sea in a little dory, and then by trusting his safety to a treacherous Carib boatman, who, when they were several miles out, evinced a strong disposition to take possession of the detective's overcoat, in order, as he explained with a cunning look, to turn its silk lining into a pair of drawers. At this Mr. Pinkerton carelessly produced his revolver, which had a quieting effect upon the fellow, and the voyage was completed in safety. But soon after landing Mr. Pinkerton suffered an attack of fever, and being warned by the doctors to return to northern latitude, he got the government machinery in motion for the apprehension of Crawford, had photographs of the former bank messenger spread broadcast through the country, and then having cabled the New York bureau to send responsible detectives to take his place he sailed for New Orleans.

Mr. Pinkerton was succeeded in Central America by Detective George H. Hotchkiss, one of the best men in the country, who arrived in Balize on the 18th of March. A telegram from Pinkerton's former employe, now chief of the secret police in Honduras, informed him that Crawford had been seen in San Pedro, Spanish Honduras, on the previous Saturday, and was being closely pursued by Spanish soldiers accompanied by Pinkerton men. Hotchkiss sailed at once for Puerto Cortes, where he learned from the American vice consul, Dr. Ruez, that Crawford had left San Pedro hastily the previous Monday night. On further investigation the detective discovered that a San Francisco bully and former prize fighter, "Mike" Neiland, had called at Crawford's boarding house on Monday, and warned him that detectives were pursuing him from Puerto Cortes on a handcar. Neiland had pretended to be Crawford's friend, and said he would keep him out of the hands of the detectives. Crawford, very much frightened, grabbed up some of his luggage and left the house with Neiland. It was generally believed that Neiland had designs on Crawford's money, and would not hesitate to kill him, if need were, in order to get it.

Hotchkiss immediately requested Mr. Bert Cecil, at Tegucigalpa, the capital, to cover all telegraphic points, and, if possible, have Crawford and his companion arrested on some trivial charge. The day after he reached San Pedro, on March 22, he received a telegram saying that Crawford and Neiland had been arrested and taken before the governor at Santa Barbara. They had been searched, and about $32,000 had been found on Crawford's person. The money was in old and worn bills that in every way resembled those in the stolen package. Whether they were the identical bills or not it was impossible to say, as the bank had not recorded the numbers.

On receipt of this news, Hotchkiss, accompanied by Jack Hall, a guide, set out across the country for Santa Barbara. The journey was accomplished, but only after the most terrible suffering and many privations and dangers. Moreover, the fever got its deadly clutches upon Detective Hotchkiss; and when he had finally dragged himself into Santa Barbara, he cabled the New York office: "Crawford and money held for extradition. Am sick. Cannot remain. Coming on steamer Tuesday. My associate takes charge."

Before sailing for New Orleans Detective Hotchkiss had an interview with Crawford, in the presence of the Spanish officials, and obtained from him a written confession of his guilt. While admitting that he had been a party to the robbery, the absconder tried to lessen his own crime by declaring that the plan to plunder the bank had been suggested to him by two men, named Brown and Bowen, whom he had met accidentally on a railway train in New York, and with whom he had afterward become very friendly. These men had taken him to Brown's house on Thirty-eighth street, somewhere between Eighth and Ninth avenues (Crawford could not locate the place more precisely), and introduced him to a fine-looking woman presented as Mrs. Brown, who was also in the conspiracy. They told him that he was earning very little money for a man in such a responsible position, and that he might easily make a fortune if he would put his interests in their hands and be guided by their advice.

The outcome of several conversations was a plan to get possession of a valuable money package on some day when Crawford should know a large sum was to be sent away from the bank. He claimed that on the day of the robbery one of his fellow-conspirators, Bowen, followed behind himself and Earle after they entered the Adams Express offices, and managed to substitute a bogus package for the real one while the two messengers were going up the stairs. He did not make this attempt until he saw the bank detective, McDougal, turn back up Broadway. Crawford said that he managed it so as to precede Earle in going up the stairs, which gave Bowen, who was standing at the first turn, in the shadow, an opportunity to open the satchel and quickly make the substitution. Crawford declared that the conspirators gave him only $2,500 as his share of the booty, although promising him more. This sum he put in two envelopes and sent to his aunt, the one to whom he afterward intrusted the package supposed to contain gloves.

Crawford stated further that Brown and Bowen, having been forced to flee the country, sent him word from Paris, some time later, in a letter written by Mrs. Brown, that the greater part of the stolen money had been buried in a flower bed in the southeast corner of a yard on West Thirty-eighth street, and asked him to dig it up and send it to them. A remarkable fact in this connection is that the yard referred to on West Thirty-eighth street belonged to the house of the friend and benefactor with whom Crawford was living at the time of the robbery.

Crawford claimed to have carried out these instructions, and deposited the package of money taken from the flower bed in the safe deposit vaults in the Fifth Avenue hotel building, where, as a matter of fact, he was known to have rented a box. He gave as his reason for not sending the money to Paris that he was in trouble himself, being under constant surveillance, and thought it best to keep the money secreted for the time. He admitted that he had carried this money with him to Honduras, and that it was the same found on his person by the detectives. By his description of Brown and Bowen, the former was a man about 25 years old, of slight build and light complexion, while the latter was ten years older, two or three inches taller, with a sandy mustache and very fat hands. Mrs. Brown, Crawford described as about 25 years old, a blonde, with regular features. He had no idea what had become of these people since he left America, having had no further communication with them. None of the alleged conspirators has ever been found, and they are believed to be purely mythical.

Detective Hotchkiss also had an interview with "Mike" Neiland, Crawford's companion in flight, who described his first meeting with Crawford at his boarding house in San Pedro, and acknowledged that he had deliberately frightered Crawford into running away by his story of the pursuing detectives. He described their adventures and hardships in trying to escape over the rough country, the difficulties they experienced in buying mules, their sufferings from exposure in the swamps, and finally their capture by the soldiers. Neiland said that Crawford gave him $3,000 in $50 bills, and also allowed him to carry, a part of the time, a large package wrapped in oil-cloth paper and sewed up tightly. Crawford had told him to throw this package away rather than let anyone capture it; for, he said, it contained money which would send him to prison if found upon him.

As they pushed along in their flight, Crawford declared repeatedly that he would put an end to his life rather than be taken prisoner; and when the soldiers surrounded them he drew his revolver and tried to blow his brains out. One of the soldiers, however, was too quick for him, and struck the weapon out of his hand. After the capture Crawford vainly tried to bribe the guards to let him escape, offering them as much as $10,000. When the large package was opened, it was found to contain bundles of bills sewed together with black thread, and with about a dozen rubber bands wrapped around them, and a stout covering of buckskin under the oiled paper. The money amounted ta $32,500, all in United States bills—fives, tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds, but mostly fives. Ultimately the money was returned to the American Exchange bank.

When organizing the pursuit of Crawford, Detective Hotchkiss had arranged with the Honduras government that any letters and telegrams that might come addressed to the absconder should be delivered to him. Several letters were thus secured from the young man about town in New York who had befriended Crawford so constantly in the past, and who seemed now disposed to stand by him even in adversity and disgrace. The letters contained counsel and reproaches, and seemed to indicate that relations of unusual familiarity had existed between the two men. Besides these letters, two cablegrams were intercepted from the same source, both being sent through an intermediary. The first was dated March 15, 1890, and read:

"Tell Crawford go back. Papers bluff. No treaty exists." The second, sent two days later, read. "Inform Crawford will meet him in Puerto Cortes."

It is needless to say that the young man did not carry out his intention of joining Crawford in Honduras, for the same mail which would have brought him Crawford's reply carried the startling news that his protege and friend was under arrest in Santa Barbara, a self-confessed bank robber.

The government of Honduras consented, thanks to their friendly relations with the Pinkertons, to deliver Crawford over to one of the representatives of the agency, and Superintendent E. S. Gaylor, who had meantime replaced Detective Hotchkiss, took him in charge. A guard of Spanish soldiers brought the prisoner to Puerto Cortes, where he was placed in a hotel pending his transfer to a vessel sailing for the United States. Superintendent Gaylor himself was present to see that everything was managed properly, and he was seconded in his oversight by the former Pinkerton employe, the head of the secret police in Honduras. The final arrangements had been made, the government having taken advantage of a law authorizing the expulsion of "pernicious foreigners" in order to get rid of Crawford. The superintendent had actually taken passage for himself and Crawford, and selected berths, on an American vessel that was to sail on the morning of May 2, 1890; but the night before Crawford made his escape from the hotel, going without the money, which remained in the detective's keeping. How he escaped is still a matter of conjecture. The hotel stood on the water's edge, and from a balcony to which Crawford had access he may have managed to spring down to a wall built on piles. From there he may have reached the hotel yard at the back, and escaped over one of the picket fences that separated the hotel from the adjoining property. There is also a possibility that the Spanish soldiers were bribed; but this has never been proved, and is scarcely probable as Crawford at the time of his escape had not more than $7 in Honduras bills in his possession.

During the following days and weeks untiring efforts were made to recapture him. The swamps were searched for miles, and soldiers were sent out in all directions. Mr. Gaylor believing that Crawford succeeded in making his escape into Guatemala, which was only thirty miles distant. He was undoubtedly assisted in his escape by the fact that people in the surrounding region sympathized strongly with him and would have done anything in their power to conceal him from his pursuers. At any rate, the man was never recovered.

Several years have passed since Crawford's escape, and all this time he has been left undisturbed in Central America, where he has been frequently seen by people who know him, and where he seems to be thriving. At last accounts he and his brother were engaged in business on one of the islands in the Mosquito reservation of Nicaragua, where they were regarded as dangerous men by the government, likely to incite revolution. So strong was this feeling on the part of the Nicaraguan officials that some years ago advances were made to the United States government to have Crawford surrendered, the Nicaraguan officials declaring that they would gladly give him up if a demand for his extradition was made by the proper authorities in Washington. For some reason the demand has never been made, and probably never will be.

Immediately after Crawford had made confession, the American Exchange bank, realizing that there was no longer any doubt that the robbery was committed by one of its employes, voluntarily refunded to the Adams Express company the $41,000 that had previously been paid to it by the company, together with interest thereon for two years, and a large part of the expenses. Therefore the only complainant in the case now available would be the bank officials, who, for some reason, have seen fit to let the matter drop.

Mr. Pinkerton's theory of the way in which this robbery was committed is that Crawford had an accomplice who had previously prepared the bogus package, and who, by previous appointment, was standing on the stairs in the express office when the two messengers arrived. It has always been a question in Mr. Pinkerton's mind whether the old man, Dominie Earle, told the exact truth in his testimony before the bank officials. Not that he suspected Earle of having been implicated in the crime, but he has wondered whether Earle might not have been simply negligent to the extent of leaving Crawford in sole possession of the valise at some time after they entered the office. There is no doubt that Earle was very anxious to catch a 4 o'clock train at one of the New Jersey ferries, in order to get home early. He may, in his haste, have allowed Crawford to go upstairs with the valise unaccompanied.

This would explain how Crawford found opportunity to open the valise and make substitution of the bogus for the genuine package. Assuming that the accomplice was standing at a turn of the stairs, which are winding and rather dusky, it is perfectly conceivable that such a change of packages might have been effected with scarcely a moment's delay.

But consenting that Earle told the exact truth, he admitted that he lingered behind Crawford a little in ascending the stairs, and in so doing he may have furnished sufficient opportunity for the substitution. An old man going up rather steep stairs naturally bends his head forward to relieve the ascent, and in such position he might fail to see what a man close in front of him even was doing. The trouble with this theory is that it supposes the label on the bogus package to have been a forgery.

There is still another theory suggested by Mr. Pinkerton to account for the presence of the bogus money package in the valise when the two messengers reached the counter of the receiving department. It is that Crawford's confederate had provided himself with a second valise, similar in all respects to the one used by the bank, and that in this had been placed the bogus package with a forged label, making the substitution a matter of merely changing valises, which could have been accomplished in a second. It has also been suggested that Crawford might have managed the whole scheme himself, by having prepared a valise like the one he carried daily, arranged with two compartments, in one of which was placed the genuine package received from the paying teller at the bank, while out of the other compartment was taken at the express office a bogus package previously placed there. What makes it more reasonable to suppose that Crawford accomplished the theft single-handed is the fact that when arrested in Honduras the bulk of the stolen money was found on his person, while it was known that, in addition to the $32,000 then recovered, he had previously spent considerable sums in various ways. His voyage, for instance, must have been expensive; and it was found that he had given at various times to members of his family sums ranging from $20 to $50. This would have left out of the original $41,000 a very meager remuneration for a confederate.

Perhaps the most remarkable explanation of the robbery lies in the assumption that Dominie Earle, honest, but simple-minded, did not go upstairs at all with Crawford, but left him at the foot of the stairs, influenced by his eagerness to get home. Granting this supposition, what would have been easier than for Crawford, left alone at the foot of the stairs, to have turned back with the valise and gone into the back room of some neighboring saloon, or other convenient place, where he could manipulate the label and substitute the bogus package? There is reason to think that the bogus package had been prepared weeks before, which would have accounted in a measure for its worn and slovenly appearance. The time occupied in doing all this need not have been over fifteen minutes, which would not have been noticed at the bank, especially as the robbery occurred after banking hours. It is highly improbable, however, that Crawford could have accomplished the substitution on the stairs of the express office; for, while these are winding and somewhat in the shadow, they are by no means dark, and are plainly in view of clerks and officials who are constantly passing. Besides that, Crawford could not have carried the dummy package concealed about his person without attracting attention, for the original package with quite bulky, being about twenty inches long, twenty inches wide and fourteen inches thick. The bogus package was not quite so thick, and more oblong, but could not easily have been hidden under a man's coat. Finally, even supposing Crawford did carry the bogus package with him in some manner, he would never have dared to expose himself to almost certain detection by cutting off the label from the genuine package, pasting it on the bogus package, placing the latter in the valise and hiding the genuine one in his clothes—and doing all this on the busy stairs of an express office where at that hour of the day a dozen men are going up and down every minute.

The sum of all these theories is, however, that, in spite of the fact that the author of the robbery is known and the bulk of the money has been recovered, the manner of the robbery is to this day a mystery.

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PERILS OF THE DESERT

Fate of a Party That Undertook to Survey the Desert of Seistan.

(London Times.)

The Seistan boundary commission, which has now returned to India, was one of those hazardous enterprises that the survey officers of the government of India are every now and then called upon to undertake in remote, unfrequented and inhospitable regions, to penetrate into which, even with such supplies and escort as are feasible, is practically to carry one's life in one's hand.

For many months the heat in Seistan is overpowering, while a wind known as the "120 days wind" blows from the northwest with the force of a hurricane, its pace varying up to seventy miles an hour. In the winter there are violent snowstorms and blizzards, while the thermometer falls almost to zero. In a great blizzard which raged for five days in March, 1903, during the progress of the mission, the wind actually rose to 120 miles an hour.

One conspicuous piece of devotion on the part of a native surveyor, named Mohi-ud-din deserves mention. He was a man of some distinction who had won the title of Khan Bahadur by previous notable surveys on the frontier. While in Seistan he was particularly desirous of exploring the Dasht-i-Margu, a very forbidding desert between the Helmund and Kash rivers, and in June, 1903, in spite of the extreme heat, he struck out from a point west of Rudbar on the Helmund, on a course nearly due north, his party consisting of four survey assistants, four Afghan guides and two camel men.

They marched all night, called a halt in the early morning and continued the march during the day. At nightfall the water carried by the camels had given out, and the guides urged that either the return journey should be begun at once or a route taken due west, so as to strike the northern bend of the Helmund. Mohi-ud-din, however, was determined to push on and a guide was sent off on a camel to find water. He returned with a leather skin full, but it was so brackish that those who drank it fell ill and could not eat their food. The party had then to march on, and they were fortunate enough to reach another well where a small supply of drinkable water was obtained.

At midnight on the fourteenth they started again still steering northward, and at daybreak they halted on a high desert plain. There was no sign of water, and, the position being critical, Mohi-ud-din reluctantly recognized the futility of further exploration. He agreed to return, but by night, after great sufferings from thirst, two of the guides became insensible. A third guide, Sultan Mahomed, tied each of them upon a riding camel and himself on a third camel. The animals were then linked together and left to go whither their instinct would lead them. Sultan Mahomed fell unconscious during the night and remembered nothing till he came to through water being poured down his throat. He and his friends had been rescued by a hunter who had wandered into the desert in quest of wild asses. The party were within an ace of death, but were taken to Chakansur, an Afghan village on the Kash river, and under careful treatment recovered.

The rest of the party under Mohi-ud-din met with a melancholy fate. They were too weak to march, and the first to die was a camelman, who wandered into the desert and never returned. The others remained all night with Mohi-up-din, and in the early morning, seeing he was nearly dying, they crawled to a ravine close by and dug for water. No spring was found and their only relief was to throw the damp earth over their bodies. In the evening some of these men succeeded in struggling back to camp, where they found Mohi-ud-din dead alongside of his horse.

His faithful attendant, strong in his sense of duty cut the map off the surveyor's plane table and wrapped it round his body in his waistband. He afterward explained that he was afraid to carry it in his hand, for fear he might become insensible and lose it. They then wandered from the camp and finally all but Saidu lay down in the shade of a high mound to die. Saidu struggled on the whole day, but must have become delirious, for he remembered nothing till he regained consciousness for a time by stumbling into a pool of water. On coming to again he found himself being carried on a man's back to Chakansur. He had been discovered by some villagers, and, as in the case of the three guides, his life was saved with difficulty.

The Afghan authorities sent out search parties with water, and eventually recovered the bodies of Mohi-ud-din and the three sub-surveyors, together with the camp kit. The bodies were reverently interred by the Afghans at the shrine of Amiran, a place of peculiar sanctity, as Amiran is said to have been a first cousin of the prophet. Mohi-ud-din's death, although on perhaps by too venturesome a disregard of danger, was a conspicuous instance of the devotion met with in the native ranks of the Indian survey department, and it is gratifying to learn that a fitting reward has been accorded to the faithful Saidu.

Some Little Christmas Stories

(New York Press.)

"At this time last year we had a happy home," said the Central Park West man, sadly. "It was ruined by Christmas," he continued.

"How about it?" said his friend.

"Last year," said the West Side man again, "we had the queen of cooks. She had come recently from the heart of Europe, where cooks do not regulate the domestic economy of the country as they do here. She did not know her rights, and we basely took advantage of it and breathed. She was too good to be true. To be sure, when she came to us all she could cook was lebkuchen and lutfisk; but my wife had taught her until Katrina became an artist in chicken croquettes. Her puree always made a hit with company, and her codfish balls a la Katrina were hard to beat.

"Well, Christmas came along, and we felt that we owed Katrina something. My wife said: 'Poor girl! She is all alone in this country. She has no one to give her presents. We must make it up to her.' Besides, we wanted to make her happy and contented so she would stay with us.

"So my wife bought her a near-seal jacket that bore an almost startling resemblance to the real thing. I got her a $4.50 watch, the kind that pins on outside. The girls took her measure and bought her a brand new ready-made silkolene dress and the boys finished up the outfit with a large hat with feathers. When Katrina got all those things last Christmas morning she forgot she was in America. The manners of her native land came back to her, and she courtesied and kissed my wife's hand and then came around and wanted to kiss mine, only I would not have it. The tears came in her eyes and we almost cried, too, to think how good and kind we'd been, and when she went out to bring in the waffles we looked at each other in solemn joy and said: 'We've got her solid. She'll never leave us now.'

"Well, New Year's eve the Lithunian Pan-Slav Pleasure and Political society gave a ball, and Katrina asked leave to go. We couldn't refuse her; but say! When Katrina sailed into that hall in her near-silk and near-seal cloak and near-gold watch and picture hat she caused a sensation. She made a hit. She was the belle of the ball. Masculine Lithunians and Pan-Slavs surrounded her and one of them saw her home. He was a well fixed butcher with a shop on Avenue A, and before the happy New Year was a month old our Katrina had left us forever. Since then my stomach has been the battleground for four dozen cooks."

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"If people would only study you a little and give you something that fitted your needs and character," mourned a certain married business woman, "how much more satisfactory and complimentary Christmas presents would be, and how much waste of money would be saved at Christmas time. Now last year I had good reason to expect a very nice present from some rich friends of mine. I had been able to do them a favor which was very welcome to them. They couldn't give me money, but from a tiny hint I knew they intended to make it up to me Christmas, and as they were well able to do it, I hugged my soul in contemplation of something extra nice, which I could take without feeling that it had cost the giver a sacrifice.

"Now, it so happens that I haven't a single good piece of jewelry, and never have had in my life. I make my own money, but my tastes are extravagant in certain lines. I must own books, I must have a certain amount of theatre and opera, and I must travel a little every year. These things take all the spare cash we can afford, and I have always felt that I couldn't spend any money on jewelry or let Jack spend it for me, for I'm just as careful of Jack's money as I am of my own. We save something every year, and we calculate exactly what we can afford to spend in luxuries. Nevertheless, I would like to have a pretty diamond sunburst or a handsome diamond ring just as well as any woman. Somehow I had got my mind made up that that was what my plutocratic friends would send me.

"Well, when it came, it was a big box of perfectly elegant solid silver. I simply cried with disappointment. You know Jack and I are Bohemians. We never entertain formally. If any one ever eats at our house it is just some one who sits down and takes pot luck with us, and wouldn't mind if they ate with steel case knives. When we go on our little sprees we go to a good restaurant or the theatre. There that box of silver is, locked in the trunk! We have never had it out but once. Then some folks came up to have some Welsh rarebit one Saturday night after the show, and we took out the box and opened it and propped it up against the wall, just to show them we had some silver. I'd like to sell it, but I feel that's a little too bad; and there the stupid thing lies, with all that good money locked up in it!"

* * *

"I put in a very profitable episode studying my wife's character last Christmas," said a man who smokes.

"You see, I've got a meerschaum that I have used so many years that few people care to stay in the same room with it. It is an artistic color now, and the joys of coloring a new one began to weigh on me. I decided to buy me a new pipe, something fine and artistic, with carvings on the bowl, you know; something to cost about $16.50.

"Well, I told my wife of my intention, and she pooh-poohed the idea. She said two of the evil-smelling things around the house was too much. She said it was foolish to put so much money into a pipe and that the old one was good enough, anyway.

"It made me feel pretty sore, and as the days went on toward Christmas I brooded over it and got sorer every day. I thought of all the bills I'd paid for her and how few luxuries I indulged in, and how she wasn't willing I should have a new pipe after so many years. I finally decided that I wouldn't buy her any Christmas present. I'd just go down to breakfast Christmas morning and say sarcastically that I had decided I'd got to economize. I couldn't afford to buy myself a pipe, and I couldn't afford to buy her a present.

"Well, Christmas morning came, and I went down to breakfast all right, but the sarcasm didn't flow. There on my plate was the new pipe—a beauty, with Omar Khayam roses all carved around the bowl most artistic. My wife knows how to pick out a nice thing in the stores. She was beaming at me behind the coffee pot.

"'I was so afraid you'd go and buy it yourself, you stupid thing,' said she, 'and I got it at a bargain sale and paid $5 less for it than you'd have paid.'

"I was dumfounded. There I was without any present for her. But I brazened it out.

"'Did you like it?' said I.

"'Like what?' said she.

"'Why, your present.'

"'I haven't seen it yet,' said she.

"'Well, if I wont jack those monkeys up,' said I; 'I told them to deliver it here before breakfast this morning.'

"It was a holiday and I couldn't get into the stores. But the next night I took her home a mighty pretty thing in an inch square box, and I was so remorseful that it cost me about three times what Christmas usually does. It doesn't pay to try to read your wife's character."

"There's an opportunity for a new profession in this town," said the man from out west, wearily.

"You see, we only moved to New York this year, and as I've a father and mother and several brothers and sisters back home, and it was the first Christmas we were separated, I wanted to send them all something nice.

"Last night my wife suggested that we'd better pack the box, so as to get it started in good time before the Christmas rush began in the express offices. I had a good book and wasn't enthusiastic; but when she remarked, in a slightly injured tone, she had had all the trouble of buying the things, and as they were all for my folks, she should think I might help a little, that settled it.

"When she had brought out all the things they covered the table. That was bad enough, but when it transpired that there were several breakable articles among them the situation grew truly ghastly. Each breakable article had to be packed in a box by itself, with cotton wool around it. I had to go out and get some. I had on my slippers and had to put on my shoes. I had to go over to the avenue, and, if you'll believe me, I was obliged to walk five blocks before I found one of those little notion stores that keep cotton wool. Five blocks and back makes ten blocks, besides the one long one, and it was cold, and all for 15 cents' worth of cotton wool. I didn't feel good, but I said nothing.

"First we packed all the breakable things in their own packages. Then we tried to pack the big box. For this we had chosen the box my new overcoat came home in. It was a splendid box to keep my Sunday clothes in, because it slipped under the bed just right. But I sacrificed it without a murmur. My wife had a lovely ball of string. It was made of all the string that had come in the house in six months, wound on. Some of it was hemp cord, and some of it came off candy boxes. I sorted the pieces that matched the best and tied them together. They looked like a crazy quilt. My wife, who was a saving soul, had also plenty of wrapping paper. She brought in a pile of it, stout and in good condition, but there didn't happen to be a single piece in the lot big enough to wrap the box in. She ingeniously suggested pasting three pieces together. She made a little hot flour paste, pasted them up and ironed them dry with a flatiron. It looked very neat, but the instant we tried to wrap the box every seam burst.

"I picked up my overcoat without a word and started out again to get paper. 'And while I'm about it I'll get some decent string,' said I, and went out without waiting for her to answer. When I came back there was something wet glistening on her eyelid. I went up and kissed her and put her head on my shoulder and said: 'I'm so sorry Jim, that I didn't think to get the things. But I thought there was so much paper in the house that it would do.'

"'That's all right, honey,' I said, 'forget it.'

"We finished packing the box then, and when it was done there were bits of cotton wool, paper, string and paste all over the room. It took her three-quarters of an hour to clean up. Then we footed up the account: 'One spoiled evening, two trips out in the cold, one temper, one weep.'

"And the worst of it is," concluded the western man, "that those breakable things are in my mind all the time. I can't forget them, and I shan't have any mental peace till I hear in what condition they arrived. Packing them impressed me so strongly on my mind that they haunt me. If some smart man would go from house to house packing Christmas presents about now, I'll bet he could make money and earn the thanks of a grateful public at the same time."

STUFFING THE TURKEY.

Arguments Unavailing Against "Filling" Mother Used to Make.

(Ohio State Journal.)

There are cranks and cranks pushing themselves into public notice at all times and seasons of the year, but the most pronounced and aggravating one is the deluded epicure who suggests that there should be no stuffing in a roast turkey. He says it conflicts with the sweet flavor and delicate aroma of the bird. Not a bit of it. That fellow has never tasted stuffing—not the mild, mild-dewed, crumbly dressing that is scraped into the side of the plate, but the real stuffing, spooned out of the rich chambers of the fowl, in great masses that fill the room with fragrance and the heart with joy.

It is the soul of the turkey, stuffing is. With the turkey itself, one is always bothered about what part one will have; whether he will have white meat or dark meat; a drumstick or a pinion; but with the stuffing it is always the same; the only question is how much one dares to eat. And then that little sagey odor floating about—it's just as sweet as the smell of orange blossoms on a wedding day. And perchance that far-away, sublimated suggestion of an onion, fluttering about one's nostrils like the dream of some dear home-coming realized at last.

Turkey straight, without stuffing; no, indeed. It is the longing of civilization to mix with naked nature the sweet subconsciousness of the human heart and garnish it with dream, and poetry, and the love of things, undefined and divine. That's stuffing. Down with any reform in roast turkey. The grandmothers gave it a sanctity that will be downright sacrilege to rob it of. It will never be improved while the world stands. Another piece of the white meat and more stuffing, please.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(Chicago News.)

A diplomat's jawbone is mightier than his sword.

Memory is a Nemesis that is constantly on our trail.

Cyclones will never break into the "popular air" class.

Beware of him who finds it necessary to boast of his honesty.

He who marries well marries neither his inferior nor superior.

A diet of pleasure is apt to result in a bad case of moral dyspepsia.

There are men, manly men and gentlemen. In which class are you?

Much of the bitterness of life comes from swallowing one's own words.

The girl who dislikes the odor of tobacco should never choose a man who chews.

When words fail to express a woman's contempt for a man he enjoys a moment's peace.

There is nothing better than a cheap phonograph for starting undesirable callers on the homeward path.