

A DEAD GIVEAWAY

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Mother and I one summer rented a furnished house, the owner of which went to the country. The lady of whom we rented asked us if we would object to keeping her parrot. I told her I would make myself personally responsible for the bird, called Gip, and she need feel no anxiety about him whatever. She was much relieved at this, for it would have given her a great deal of trouble to take him with her, and he was a very valuable bird.

Two or three days after the owner's departure and our entrance to the premises a young man called at the house and asked for Miss Barrows, a young lady member of the family of whom we rented. The maid told him that they had all gone away, but could not tell where, so I went downstairs to give him the information.

He told me that he was an old friend of the Barrows family; that he had been out of town and was much disappointed that they had gone away, because he had counted on having them in the city to visit when most persons were away. As it was, he should be very lonely. He had especially counted on using the library. He said all this so promptly that I felt it incumbent upon me to say to him that he would be welcome to use the library whenever he liked. He thanked me very much and departed.

There is an unwritten, unspoken language between the sexes, and Mr. Blinder was talking it all the while, especially with his eyes. I knew perfectly well that he cared nothing about the books, but wished to make my acquaintance. And I doubted not that he knew I understood his real purpose. Had I not felt toward him something akin to what he felt toward me there would not have been any such understanding between us.

Several days later when I was dressed for the afternoon Mr. Blinder called and asked for me. I went down to see him, and he told me he had taken advantage of my kind permission to read in the library. I knew very well that he had called to see me. But I told him to make himself at home among the books and returned to the upper floor. As I expected, he soon called for the maid and told her to ask me if I would kindly come down and help him find a book he wanted. I consented, but the book was not in the library. He had made sure that it wasn't there before sending for me.

He began to talk about books so interestingly that I sank into a seat and listened to him. I was charmed with his knowledge of any subject he touched upon or I suggested. The result was that the afternoon passed without his reading a word, devoting it all to conversation with me, though I confess he took the first opportunity to switch off from literature and had the art to set me to talking. In other words, he was not only a good talker, but a good listener. And I sometimes think that a good listener is more entertaining than a good talker.

Mr. Blinder called three times during the first week to use the library. Two of these visits were taken up with me. Then one day he said that my kindness to him, a stranger, needed some acknowledgment and asked me to go with him to the theater. I accepted, of course. During the evening he read to me a passage from a letter from Miss Barrows. "Thank our tenants in my behalf for permitting you to use the library, but I hope Gip will not be disturbed from his customary habitation."

The meaning of these words about Gip was that his cage usually hung in the library. I told Mr. Blinder to assure Miss Barrows that Gip had not been moved.

The result of Mr. Blinder using the library was what might have been expected from the first—a love affair between him and me. And I confess it was a very strong love affair. He told me that the moment he had seen me at the time of his first call he knew that I was the woman he wanted for a wife. And he blessed that meeting because he had intended to marry a woman whom he supposed he wanted and had not known what love was till he met me.

That was the summer of my life. I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a new born love, and when the season drew to a close and our lease was about to expire I mourned our anticipated departure.

The library was used for the living room and the day the Barrows arrived we all went in there together. Why she did I don't know, but Miss Barrows asked Mr. Blinder if he couldn't call that day for a 5 o'clock tea. He came and before he left I was made aware of her object in asking him. While we were all in the room together Miss Barrows went up to Gip's cage. Gip was delighted to see her and made a great flutter.

"Hello, Gip," she said, "have they been good to you while we have been away?"

"Kiss me, Ethel," squawked the parrot.

"Good by. One more."

My face and Mr. Blinder's were both as red as a couple of beets.

Meanwhile the parrot was ruffling up his feathers and dancing about on his perch. Miss Barrows gave Mr. Blinder a withering look and swept out of the room. They had been on the eve of an engagement.

ESCAPED BY HIS WITS

By OSCAR COX

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"Well, I declare!"
"What's the matter now?"
"Matter? Matter enough. Oh, dear, why did I ever engage myself to you?"
"Polly, will you be good enough to tell me what I have done?"
"To think that you could not be true to me for a single week!"
"How in the world have I been untrue?"

"It is only what was to have been expected, considering your reputation."
"My reputation? What's the matter with that?"
"I was warned that you couldn't be with any girl five minutes without making love to her."
"Polly, this is becoming unbearable. Have a care. There is a limit to the endurance of an innocent man wrongfully accused."
"Haven't you just come out of that room?"
"Certainly."
"And left there Lena Brittan?"
"Yes."
"And has she not worn all this day a bit of court plaster on her chin?"
"Suppose she has."
"Go and look in the glass."
He went to a mirror, glanced at his chin and saw a bit of court plaster there.

"Very well; I have looked at my chin. What next?"
"Are you not convicted?"
"Convicted of what?"
"You have kissed Lena Brittan, and the plaster she has been wearing came off and stuck to your chin. How are you going to explain that?"
"I'm not going to explain it."
"I should say not. You can't."
"I said I would not. It is I who say I can't, not I."
"If you can, why don't you?"
"We have been engaged a week. You have become suspicious and have accused me without good reason—indeed on an absurdity. If this is the beginning of such accusations, what is going to be the end? If you should happen to find a hair on my shoulder—a long hair of a different shade from your own—you would assume that some girl's head had rested there."
"What's that?" She made a dive for his shoulder and caught just such a hair as he had described.

"I told you so."
"It's the exact shade of Lena's. I have been a fool to trust you."
"You haven't trusted me. Had you done so you would not have brought these accusations. You will be finding gold powder on my shoulder next."
"It's there! Heavens, what a man!" She dusted a few golden specks from his coat collar with her handkerchief.

"I accept my dismissal."
"Oh, that I should receive such brutal treatment!"
"It is I who have been treated brutally."
"You! What do you mean?"
"I have you not accused me of the most dishonorable conduct?"
"And are you not guilty?"
"Be it so. If I am guilty surely you have no further use for me. Farewell!"

He strode to the door through which he has recently entered.
"Are you going back to her?"
"Who?"
"The girl from whom you got the court plaster."
"Bought it?"
"Yes, in a drug store."
"Do you mean—"
"When a man is married must he explain every time he cuts his chin shaving from whom he got his court plaster?"
"Oh, Edward!"
"Now do you blame me for accepting my dismissal?"
"But the hair?"
"It is your own."
"Mine? My head has not rested there since—let me see—the night after we came home from the opera, more than a month ago."
"And I have not had on this evening dress suit since then."
"And I wore gold powder in my hair that night, didn't I?"
"You are convicted by your own words."
"Forgive me."
"Suppose I forgive you today, shall I not have to forgive you tomorrow and the next day and the next?"
There was no reply to this, but a sign of coming tears. He went to her and put his arms around her. She looked up with a pathetic appeal. He kissed her. There were some tender words and more kisses. Presently he saw sticking to her chin the bit of court plaster that had made all the trouble. Conscious of the fact that there was no cut on the spot from which it had been removed, he knew that a new danger confronted him. Instantly he placed his lips on hers and pressed his chin against her chin, hoping to bring back the accusing plaster. He failed. Again and again he repeated the experiment and at last succeeded. Then, without taking any further risk, he arose to go. She pouted for one more kiss.

"No," he said, "I prefer to leave you hungry."
When he got away from her the rascal drew a long breath and exclaimed, "By Jove, what an escape!"

DEFENSELESS MAN

By JANE PINKNEY BENNETT

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The happiest day in my life was when Alan Constable proposed to me. I had been expecting a declaration of love, and perhaps this added to my weight. Alan is a steady, slow going fellow, who never does anything in a hurry.

There is a girl in this town who was once engaged to Alan. I met her at Carrie Watson's last week. Her name is Wentworth—Kate Wentworth—and from all appearances she must be a lovely girl. At any rate, Kate says she is. It must have been embarrassing for Miss Wentworth to meet me, knowing that I was engaged to the man who was once her lover, but she didn't show it. Kate says she has got all over that affair long ago. She said something else I didn't like—that Kate wouldn't marry Alan now if he were worth ten millions.

I haven't been able to sleep nights since I heard that Kate Wentworth wouldn't marry Alan if he could. I spoke to Alan about his old flame, and he said that he didn't care to discuss the matter. I wonder why. There certainly can't be anything about it that he's ashamed of. Yet what Carrie said about it troubles me. That a girl formerly betrothed to the man one is to marry wouldn't marry him if he had \$10,000,000 is not a pleasant thing for his present fiancée to hear. Suppose he has some weak or bad spot in him that she happened to find out. Pshaw! I resolve solemnly that I'll think no more about it.

I went to call on Carrie the other day and asked her what she meant by saying that Kate Wentworth wouldn't marry Alan now. Kate said she didn't know. When I urged her to tell me something about it she said she never mixed herself up in other people's affairs. So I let the matter drop. Just as I was about to leave her she said that out of pure friendship for me she would tell me something she thought I should know. Then she told me that Kate had broken off her engagement with Alan because he had treated her shamefully. I asked what the shameful treatment had consisted in, to which she replied that there were so many things that she didn't care to name them, and Kate wouldn't care to have her do so.

My engagement with Alan is broken. I just couldn't drive out of my head what Carrie had told me about his treatment of Kate Wentworth. At last I told him about it. Instead of hurling back the accusation like a man, he didn't even deny it. All he said was that I had nothing to do with his previous affairs of the heart nor be with mine. That's all he would say about it. Then I told him that if such things were not cleared up before marriage they would be a thorn in our sides after marriage, and so long as he wouldn't give me any satisfaction in the matter we had better call our engagement off. To this he agreed. I gave him back my beautiful ring. And oh, how I did hate to part with it! I'm very miserable.

Oh, my goodness gracious! I surely shall have nervous prostration. Something awful has happened. The engagement between Alan Constable—my Alan—and Carrie Watson is out. But this isn't all. I've been told by Grace Fuller, Carrie's most intimate friend and one of my own, too, that Carrie is wearing the engagement ring which Alan gave me and which I returned to him. To think that Carrie—the serpent—should have told me all those things about Kate Wentworth and Alan, breaking my match with him, then accepting him herself. I do believe she told them to me purposely to part us so that she could get him. Oh, my dear stars! I think I shall go mad.

It is three months since I heard that Alan was engaged to Carrie Watson. Today I have received a note from him saying that his engagement with Carrie lasted only a week and he had only brought it about to show me how silly I was to listen to tales about him. He denies that he ever was engaged to Kate Wentworth. He sent with his note the engagement ring and asked me to accept it as a friendly gift, saying that he has no fault to find with me. I was simply caught in a trap by an unscrupulous woman. He closed by saying that the incident had prejudiced him against marriage and he had decided to stick to his club.

I thought a long while before deciding to accept the ring as a "friendly gift," but finally decided to do so. I alone was at fault. My brother, whom I have told all about the trouble, says that a man attacked by a woman is practically defenseless and when I was told that he had treated a former fiancée badly I should not have expected him to accuse her or her friend of falsehood. This is a man's view of it. I can't see any harm in one who is maligned by a woman defending himself. To this my brother says that there may be no harm in it, but a thoroughbred will never do it, and if he does it won't do any good. I don't understand this, but I know that Carrie Watson has separated me from the man I love and will always love.

Thirty years later. Neither Alan Constable nor I have ever married.

A COLORED WITNESS

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

In the days of slavery Colonel Augustus Picard, a Louisiana planter, had an altercation with a neighbor about the boundary line between the two plantations. The neighbor, Silas Green, a southernized Yankee, used offensive language to the colonel, who kicked him out of his house. Green sued him for assault, and one of the defendant's slaves, Mark Antony, by name, having seen the fracas, was the principal witness. He was a sleepy looking old chap, and the lawyers feared that he did not have intelligence sufficient to give an account of what he had seen. The lawyer for the defense, not wishing to draw out all the darky had to tell, asked him but a few questions, then turned him over to the counsel for the plaintiff.

"Mark Antony," said the lawyer, "do you know what it is to state anything before this court that is not true or to keep back anything that you know?"
"Do I know dat?"
"Yes. Do you understand what it means, and the punishment?"
"I reckon dat would mean in de fust place de same's if I said de moon was made o' brass. And de second part would be de same's if I say Mistah Green draw a knife on my man's head and didn't say nothin' at all about it." A smile passed over the faces of the judge, the jury and the spectators. The lawyer showed embarrassment.
"Do you know the punishment attached to perjury?"
"Perjury? Is dat if Mistah Green blackguard Cunnel Picard behind his back?"
Another ripple of smiles passed through the courtroom.

"No. Perjury is telling an untruth and not telling all you know after being sworn. State what you saw on June 1st last at de Colonel Picard's home."
"Mark," the defendant spoke up, "tell it all. I'm not ashamed of what I did. Don't keep anything back."
"Thus reassured, Mark gave an account of the fray."
"Well, sah, on dat afternoon Mistah Green he come to de plantation—"
"What plantation?"
"Ou' plantation, of co'se. Yo' don't suppose Cunnel Picard go on any wha' to meet a specimen ob de po' white trash? Mistah Green he come to de plantation, and I was waitin' at de do' with de horses and carriage to drive de cunnel out fo' de mawnin' inspection. Mistah Green and de cunnel was in de cunnel's offis right off de gallery and de winder war up. I hearn 'em talkin'."

"Mistah Green war sayin' to de cunnel dat de line betwixt de plantations run right through de cunnel's eyeglasses and de cunnel say, 'Yo' mistaken, sah; de boundary line war laid down by de su'vey, sah, and I am sho' it run through yo' gya'ding.' Den Mistah Green say, 'Yo' lie, Cunnel Picard.'"
"This is what you heard. Now tell the jury what you saw."
"What I see? Why, when de po' white man told one of de fus' gentlemen ob de souf dat he lied, wha' yo' spee I see?"
"Go on."
"I see de po' white man comin' fru de do' like de ball comin' out o' de cannon."

"Did you see Colonel Picard eject him?"
"I don't know wha' dat means, but I didn't see it."
"Didn't see Picard push, shove or kick Green out of the door?"
"No, sah; I didn't see dat."
"Where was Colonel Picard when Mr. Green came through the door?"
"Don't know, sah."
"Didn't you see him or any part of him?"
"No, sah."
"What did you see besides Mr. Green?"
"Nottin' but a boot."
"Oh!" (An embarrassed smile.)
"Well, suppose you tell the jury where that boot was with reference to Mr. Green."
"Mistah Green was settin' on it."
"Sittin' on it?"
"Yes, sah; he was settin' on it in de al."

"Do you mean to say you don't know to whom the boot belonged?"
"Don't know nottin' 'bout dat, sah."
"Tell the jury how it was that you could see the boot, yet could not see the owner."
"Well, sah, de steps leadin' down to de driveway are on de side ob de gallery. I was lookin' sideways. I couldn't see whose foot dat boot was on wid-out lookin' fru de side o' de house."

The counsel for the plaintiff gave up trying to identify the assaulter by means of Mark Antony and rested his case. The defendant's counsel merely stated that, while it had been proved that an assault on the person of Green had been committed, no proof had been adduced that his client had made the assault.

The judge instructed the jury that if they considered that it had been proved that Picard assaulted Green they were to find for the plaintiff; if not, for the defendant. They found for the defendant.

"Yo' honah," said Colonel Picard, "will yo' be good enough, sah, to permit me to pay de costs in this case and a fine of \$10?" I reg'ard it a cheap price to pay fo' de privilege of havin' kicked de plaintiff out of my house."
"The case is closed," replied the judge.

CLAYTON'S CORDIAL

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

When you take a splinter who has got to be forty years old, who has got a large mouth, whose nose tilts up at the end, who has a cast in one eye, who is tall and scrawny and has a limp, you must figure out that her chances of getting married are not more than one in a thousand.

Such a woman was Sarah Clayton of Harpersville. For thirty years she had been the champion homely girl and woman of Bennett county. She realized it, but she couldn't help it. Sarah's father and mother didn't like her looks at all. Some folks were mean enough to say that hastened their end. Sarah had two brothers. They ran away and went west to be killed by the Indians. Some folks say that if Sarah had been a reasonably good looking girl neither brother would have left home. At the age of twenty-eight she was an orphan and brotherless, and, while the property she inherited was enough to give her a comfortable living, it was not enough to bring a husband.

While Sarah realized all the drawbacks, she was not entirely discouraged. She had a belief that something would happen some day, and she didn't give up making herself and other folks miserable. Twelve years came and went and nothing happened, but she was still on the job.

At the state election, with the temperance question as an issue, Bennett county and four others surrounding it went dry—no more of the foamy, no more corn juice.

You can't figure out what this temperance question had to do with Sarah Clayton, who scarcely knew what was going on until Bennett county was as dry as a bone. Well, homely as she was, Sarah understood the man side of human nature very well. She knew there would be an intense longing for the unattainable.

After the temperance movement was in full swing and the pinch was on "Clayton's cordial" appeared. It passed as a soft drink. Some folks said it was cider, some root beer and some thought it came under the head of ginger ale. Whatever it was, it bore the label as above, and it jumped into popularity at once. It filled an aching void. It soothed and comforted. It quenched that longing in the neck. It did more. It saved hundreds of homes on the point of being wrecked. It had got so that not one husband out of twenty in the five counties could speak a decent word to his wife once in three days. And then there were loss of ambition, indigestion, headaches, pains in the stomach and giddiness, and all these things the cordial was warranted to and did drive away in short order.

Sarah made the first fifty bottles with her own hands. Then she had to hire a boy, then she had to hire a man as well, then she had to put it on sale at the drug store. Nothing ever made a name for itself as fast as "Clayton's cordial." It could not be made and bottled fast enough to supply orders. Of course the splinter had calls from men who wanted to buy her secret. A dozen in her own town stood ready to pay a good price for it. There were two sorts of men came—married and unmarried. The married men were turned down at once. The secret was not for sale. The unmarried men stayed in the family. That wasn't saying right out that no one but a husband would be given the recipe, but the unmarried callers caught on one after another. There was money in that recipe, but there was Sarah behind it—Sarah the homely. They thought of the balmy cordial and then looked at the homely woman. No, no! It was too much. Sarah understood and did not blame them. Neither was she cast down. She just went right ahead turning out the great and only discovery and supplying other markets, and the orders and dollars kept rolling in.

One day he came. He was an old bachelor of forty-five. He had spent most of his years in the woods and far from women. He had never even thought of marriage. He wasn't a bad looking man, and he bore a good character. He happened to see Sarah Clayton in the postoffice, and in the jerk of a lamb's tail he was in love. In his eyes she was the most charming woman he had ever seen. She must be his or life would be naught to him. Without having heard of her cordial from any one he followed her home and told his love and gave her half an hour to make up her mind.

"But I am afraid you are actuated by mercenary motives," she said.
"Why, I've got enough to keep us both and am making more all the time."
"But you see I have made a whole lot of money out of my cordial."
"Cordial be hanged! If you have any money use it to buy clothes with."
"And you are not after the recipe?"
"Never had a recipe in my life and don't want one. I want you."
After the marriage Sarah was willing to sell the recipe. When the best offer had been reached she wrote it down:

"Old cider, twenty parts.
"Ginger, two parts.
"Horseradish, five parts.
"Brandy, seventy-three parts."
"That is all," she said.
"And you've made \$5,000 and a husband out of it?"
"Why—why, I think I've done fairly well for a homely old maid!"

A Consignment of Wine

By J. B. PAGE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

I was born in Madrid, Spain, and my father was a wine merchant there. Having more fancy for an out of door life than a counting room, I persuaded him to give me a position in his business of buyer. I traveled through the grape growing districts and bought wine at the vineyards.

One day I was traveling on horseback over the southern slope of the mountains when I heard a voice:
"Halt!"
The first idea that came into my head was that I was stopped by a brigand, and I was right.

"I must trouble you, señor, to clasp your hands on the top of your head."
A brigand jumped over a wall and, holding a gun in the hollow of his arm, came toward me. He wore the costume of the country, which is picturesque, and had a devil may care way with him. He asked me to hand him a weapon I carried at my hip, keeping me covered meanwhile and his eyes fixed on mine. He might detect in time any indication of a purpose to use it. As soon as he had possession of it he told me to proceed, conducting me to a camp where a dozen men were lounging.

From papers on my person the brigands discovered that I was the son of a rich wine merchant in Madrid and resolved to demand a large ransom for my return. The man who captured me went out in search of some one to carry the message to my father and returned with a peasant girl about twenty years of age. I wrote a note to my father, giving an account of my capture, informing him of the amount that must be paid for my release. If it were not sent by the girl I would be killed. I requested that she be well paid for carrying the message. Before she departed I heard the captain of the band tell her that if she in any way aided in an attempt to rescue me or in an attack on the band she and all her family would be killed.

I knew nothing that was passing in her mind and supposed that she would not dare to give any information that would jeopardize the brigands. I knew my father would pay the ransom, though the amount was so large that it might ruin him financially. But I was very much deceived by the girl. The day after her departure, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the only sentinel of the camp was stabbed in the back and every sleeping brigand jumped upon by a soldier and pinioned before he could use a weapon. The band had long been the terror of that region, and the girl had resolved to risk the sacrifice of herself and her family to rid the country of them. She knew every foot of ground about their camp and had guided the soldiers, enabling them to surprise the brigands. They were taken to the capital, tried and every one of them executed.

This was just before one of those revolutions by which my country has been so often disturbed. The uprising was unsuccessful, and the government determined to strike such terror into the revolutionists that they would not repeat the attempt. One morning a girl came to see me whom I at once recognized as Pepita, who had been instrumental in destroying the brigands.

The girl told me that her betrothed, Jose Sanchez, had been implicated in the revolution and had been taken in arms against the government. He had been in prison in Madrid and she had by a ruse effected his escape. But she was unable to get him out of the capital. Every exit was closely guarded, and as Sanchez had been one of the ringleaders in the rebellion the government was making every effort to recapture him. Pepita begged me to aid him to leave the city.

"Where is he now?" I asked.
"Hiding in a sewer."
"Can you bring him to our storehouse tonight?"
"I can try."
That night I went to the storehouse, and Sanchez, disguised in Pepita's frock and headgear, which partly covered his face, came in. I had everything arranged. The vehicle by which I proposed to take him past the guards was a wine cask. I had one prepared for him and in the morning put him into it with sufficient provisions to guard against hunger. A team was driven up to the storehouse and loaded with a number of casks of port wine. One of the casks contained the living body of Jose Sanchez. I rolled it on to the wagon myself, that its contents should not be injured. Then I got up beside the driver, and we started to carry the wine out of the city.

On arriving at the post, where all persons going out were critically examined, the officer scrutinized me and the driver critically. He even thumped on the casks that he might judge by the sound whether they contained liquid or solid substances. But I had prepared for this. "Give me a cup," I said, "and I will convince you that there is wine inside the casks, and the very best." This pleased him, and he produced a cup. I took a sip from my pocket and, drawing wine, gave it to him. I filled him full and all the guard besides. He had sounded most of the casks, but the libation stopped him, and after drawing a few gallons to leave behind we were permitted to go on.

I shipped the casks to France, going with them all the way, and liberated the prisoner on the other side of the border.

OUT OF THE SAVAGE STATE

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

From the time America was discovered to, say, half a century ago there were repeated cases of white children being carried away by Indians and brought up in the tribe. Those that were raised by red men were boys. At any rate, I never read of a girl having received such treatment. Doubtless any girl falling into their hands was killed. Savages are not orburbed with respect for the value of women.

Some forty years ago I was a young lieutenant in the 4th U. S. cavalry, and my principal business about that time was fighting Indians. In one of our skirmishes with the Sioux we captured one of the white boys who had been brought up as an Indian. He was a handsome little fellow, tall and straight, about fourteen years old, and his originally white skin from having been exposed had turned brown. He could speak only the Sioux language; could not remember any life but that of an Indian, any father or mother or other relative. When captured he was fighting like a little devil.

The colonel turned him over to me to see if I could discover his identity. I questioned the Indians who had been captured with the boy, but they knew nothing of his antecedents, since they had captured him from another tribe when he was about four years old. I then questioned the boy himself—through an interpreter—and found that he had once been shown the clothes in which he had been captured and some trinkets that were taken from those to whom he had belonged. These were a pocketbook, a gold watch and chain and various other things the boy could not remember. They had been kept by an old squaw, who received them at the boy's second capture from another squaw, to whom they had been given by the chief of the tribe, who had taken the baby from his parents.

Having reported this to the colonel, he directed me to ride under a flag of truce to the main body of the Sioux, secure the articles and bring them back if possible. He authorized me to pay \$50 for them, if necessary. I went to the Sioux camp, purchased the articles for a song and brought them back with me.

Besides the watch and the pocketbook was a tincture of a baby, and a resemblance could be traced between it and the boy. There were also some lace and a bunch of keys on a silver ring. I examined the contents of the pocketbook. It was a long leather one such as is used to carry unfolded bills. If there had been any bills in it they were not there when I looked into it. There were papers the use of which were very plain to me, but would mean nothing to an Indian. For instance, there was a deed to a lot in the county of Cook, state of Illinois. There were a draft on a bank in San Francisco and two little books that I recognized as savings bank books.

I reported the find to the colonel, and he forwarded my report to Washington. After a long period, during which we kept the boy—much against his will—at Fort G., to which we returned after the campaign, the colonel received an order to detail some one to take the boy to the places indicated by the deed and the savings bank books, with a view to learning who he was. The colonel gave me the job.

Looking on the map of Illinois, I discovered that Cook county was the site of Chicago. One of the bank books indicated an account in a bank at Peoria and another in Quincy, both in the same state.

I set off in company with the boy, who by this time had learned a little English, and on reaching Chicago found the lot in question to be in the heart of the city. The deed was in the name of Edgar Kyle. This also was the name on the savings bank books and the draft on San Francisco. The draft was for \$3,000, the accounts in the savings banks amounted to an aggregate of \$6,743, and the lot in Chicago had within a few years become worth about \$100,000.

Pursuing my investigations, I discovered that Edgar Kyle some twelve or thirteen years before had emigrated or started in a plains schooner for California with his wife and baby, but had never been heard from after leaving the Missouri river.

I felt very sure that they had been murdered by Indians, their baby carried off, that I now had him under my care, and he was doubtless heir to a very good property. But I saw very little hope of his possessing it. On his baby clothing were the initial letters "E. K.," and on this evidence I collected the draft and the amounts in the savings banks for him. With this as a starter I succeeded in having the court of chancery appoint a guardian for him, and proceedings were begun to secure the lot, which had been bought in under a foreclosure of a mortgage for \$2,600. A flaw in the foreclosure was discovered which enabled young Kyle's guardian to recover the property for him by paying the mortgage with interest.

Meanwhile Kyle was being educated and is now a prominent resident of a western city. He still holds the Chicago lot, which is worth three-quarters of a million. He says his boyhood, passed with the Indians, now seems to him like a weird dream, though for several years after becoming civilized he often had longings to return to a savage life. But realizing that a better life was before him he resisted and now rejoices that he did.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE WORLD" AND

SECURE A RURAL MAIL BOX. Do It Now!