

The Times' Daily Short Story.

Original Justice

[Original.]

Sparkline & Co. were the proprietors of a large dry goods store. They lost so many articles by theft that at last they organized their own detective force to watch shoplifters, reclaim goods taken and at times prosecute the offenders.

Mr. Sparkline, the head of the firm, was an excellent man. He had a way of managing his affairs to suit himself, but was very kind hearted and treated his employees with a great deal of consideration.

Among Sparkline & Co.'s employees was Mabel Wainright, a girl of eighteen. She had a very sweet face, but a sad one, for she was the oldest of several children, some but herself being of an age to earn money, and her mother was an invalid and a widow, so that Mabel produced about all the family had to live on.

Mabel had gone home one of the firm's detectives while looking about for some articles that had been missed found several pairs of gloves, a dozen handkerchiefs and some silk stockings on a shelf under her counter.

Mabel and the case passed into oblivion so far as Sparkline & Co. were concerned, and goods continued to be sold and stolen as usual till three years had slipped by; then one morning the head of the firm read a letter containing a check that had come in with the mail.

Dear Mrs. Sparkline:—When you receive this I shall doubtless have passed away, for I am dying. On Sept. 20, 18—, my little daughter, who is a kleptomaniac, while in your store with me stole a number of articles. I found an opportunity, when one of your clerks was taking down some goods to show me, her back being turned, to slip them under the counter. I know I should have returned the goods, but you will sympathize with if you do not excuse a

mother whose dear little girl suffers under so grievous a malady. I have directed after my death that this be sent you, including payment for the articles, as they may have been lost to you, and I cannot die feeling that I have not atoned for what was dishonestly on my part, though not criminal in my child.

The letter was not signed, and there was nothing to indicate from whom it had been sent. Mr. Sparkline knit his brows. The writer had either been unconscious of the gross injustice to the clerk under whose counter she had hid the stolen articles or had ignored it. Tapping a bell, he gave directions that the case be investigated and waited a report.

It was some time before the report came in, and when it did it was not calculated to alleviate the merchant's indignation. Mabel Wainright was the clerk who had suffered. She had been found in a condition of great distress, which had been continuous since her discharge. Her mother had succumbed to her misfortune, and Mabel was left to struggle on to keep alive her brothers and sisters, which she did by plying her needle from early till late. Mr. Sparkline directed that she be requested to call upon him.

She did so with terror, fearing that the firm had after all determined to prosecute her for theft and send her to prison. When one morning she was ushered into his private office and the merchant looked at her with face his kind heart was overflowing with sympathy.

"Miss Wainright," he said, "we have received a confession exonerating you from the theft you were accused of committing three years ago. I have raised your salary from the time of your discharge till today, and here is a check for the amount. If you wish to come back with us you will receive a position bearing the highest salary paid to any saleswoman."

Mabel was only too glad to be restored, especially on such terms, and resumed her connection with the firm the next day.

This was not all. Mr. Sparkline, who was a law unto himself, determined that those belonging to the better class of kleptomaniacs should contribute to atone for the injustice done this girl. The way he contrived it was this: He directed that bills for various amounts be sent to those responsible for them. He was not required to explain the matter, for each person who received one of these bills, supposing that the one for whom he was responsible had stolen the goods, promptly sent a check. The amount, adding largely to Mabel Wainright's capital, was placed to her credit.

Mr. Sparkline continued his interest in Mabel. Finding that her health had been undermined during the days of her hardship, he took her out of the store and after sending her on a trip which completely restored her took her into his family as a governess for his children. While there one of his guests, a young lawyer, fell in love with and married her. ALICE CHEEVER.

Deuz Elm—When you receive this I shall doubtless have passed away, for I am dying. On Sept. 20, 18—, my little daughter, who is a kleptomaniac, while in your store with me stole a number of articles. I found an opportunity, when one of your clerks was taking down some goods to show me, her back being turned, to slip them under the counter. I know I should have returned the goods, but you will sympathize with if you do not excuse a



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ill peculiar to the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, MRS. ROSA ADAMS, 819 13th St., Louisville, Ky."—\$5000 (value of original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced).

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. S. M. Perkins, a well known temperance worker and club woman of Cleveland, has reached the age of eighty.

After conducting a Bible class in Chester, Pa., for forty-two years, Miss Laura Hard has been compelled to give up the work on account of ill health.

Mrs. Jane Y. Stanford, the surviving founder of Stanford university, recently returned to her home in Palo Alto, Cal., from a year's trip in the orient.

Mme. Emma Calve has founded a sanatorium at Cabrières, France, where sixty young girls who need pure air and medical attendance will be received every summer, all expenses being borne by the singer.

Miss Stella Snyder, a Missouri schoolteacher, was recently sued for \$1,000 damages for whipping one of her pupils. She won the case, and as a result of the publicity attending the trial she has secured an appointment in the state reform school for girls.

Mrs. Arthur Bishop of Newark, N. J., has in her possession a copy, printed on white satin, of the famous proclamation of President Jackson to the people of the United States on Dec. 10, 1832, known as the "edict as to nullification" drawn up by South Carolina.

Miss Ione Moore of Fort Collins, who was recently elected a daughter of the Union Veteran legion, the highest honor that can be conferred upon a veteran of the civil war, is the second young lady in the United States to receive this recognition. Her father is Thomas L. Moore.

Clara Morris grows old gracefully and humorously. She says that she long since said goodbye to the waist line, to tight boots, high heels, toilet powders, mirrors and all other tokens of vanity. And yet she is younger than a good many women who still continue to rely on these and other rejuvenators.

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

Ray Moulton, a boy of eleven years living in Meredith Neck, N. H., recently saved five cords of wood in six days.

A Gullford (Me.) man split open a squash which was as sound on the outside as when harvested. He was surprised to find that the seeds had sprouted, each sprout bearing a well developed leaf.

A quiet hunt is being made by members of a family who reside on a farm on the Alfred road, in Bladeford, Me., for \$300 in silver and bills which the father of the family buried somewhere in the ground while in a state of insanity.

Lightning at Cape Neddick village, York, Me., recently struck the house of Silas Norman, passed through the body of a man named Fernald, who was working in the house, killed a dog at the latter's side and set fire to the building. Fernald was critically burned.

Loyola's Convent. The old Basque convent in which Loyola was raised is still one of the handsomest monasteries as regards the interior decoration in Europe. It is beautifully adorned, the rafters and ceilings being covered with thick gold leaf.

The First Paved City. The first modern city to receive the attention of the paver was Nuremberg, whose streets were paved with grauit in 1368.

Cigar Store Signs. The custom of tobaccoists exhibiting effigies of highlanders outside their shop doors originated in London, and, though at one time it was greatly in favor in both Scotland and England, the custom is now gradually dying out.

STORIES OF THE SLOCUM DISASTER

Dramatic Incidents of the Excursion Boat Horror.

BOY IN PRAYER ON PADDLE BOX

His Head Burned Off as He Knelt in Supplication—Heroic Rescues by Young Boys and a Plucky Waitress. Tragic Stories Related by the Survivors.

When the steamboat General Slocum with her merry party of Sunday school excursionists dashed for the shore of North Brother Island wrapped in flame and smoke, her decks crowded with maddened, struggling women and children, there was enacted a series of dramatic and unusual incidents quite apart from the tragic horror of the panic on board.

When the flames were at their height one boy climbed to the top of the flag pole in the bow and hung on until the boat was beached. Then the smoke wrapped him in its folds, and he lost consciousness and tumbled into the furnace beneath just as rescue was near, says the New York Journal.

Another boy, in the last moments of the run, climbed to the top of the paddle box and knelt in prayer. Those around him had a momentary vision of the little figure with hands clasped and eyes upturned; then the flames swept over him. When the boat was beached the first arrivals found the little form still kneeling on the paddle box, but the head was gone. The long flaxen curls had caught in the first gust of fire, and the boy's head was burned to a crisp without disturbing the posture of the body.

One of the women victims was found to have in her clothing cash, securities and bank books representing a fortune of \$30,000.

Four hundred and fifty Blackwell's island prisoners who are being kept under guard during the summer at Hiker's island, near North Brother Island, were detailed to assist in searching for the bodies. All of these men are "trustees," and although many have long terms to serve none attempted to escape. Overwhelmed by the horror of the disaster, they lost sight of their own condition and worked with a will in bringing bodies ashore. As fast as these bodies were secured they were sent over to North Brother Island.

One of the "trustees"—a gray haired man—returned to headquarters only a few minutes after he had been sent out, saluting a guard, said:

"I have just found a body, sir." He was trembling from head to foot, and his eyes were filled with tears.

"Have you turned it over to the proper authorities?" asked the guard.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, and at the same time the man broke into a sob.

"What troubles you?" questioned the guard.

"Well, sir," sobbed the man, "the body was that of a girl, a little fifteen-year-old girl. She had flaxen hair, and her eyes—they were wide open—her eyes, sir, they were blue, and—"

"Well," interrupted the guard, "did you know her?"

"No, sir," answered the old man. And here he broke down and cried like a baby. "I didn't know her, sir; but, if you please, I'd like to be excused from searching for any more bodies. I don't want to see nothing like that again. Years and years ago I had a daughter, and she had flaxen hair and blue eyes and was just like this poor little girl that I found. She died when she was just fifteen. I'd like to go back to my cell. I ain't strong enough to do no more work today. I guess my old age must be taking on me. I ain't strong enough to do no work that a man's supposed to do."

Tenderly the guard told the old fellow to go to his cell.

Deeds of heroism by those on the steamer and rescuers from the shore were plentiful. Arthur Link, thirteen years old, of New York, found a baby soon after the fire started lying on the upper deck and being trampled on. He put the little one on a camp chair and lay on it to save it from being crushed, says the New York World. When he felt the deck falling beneath him he picked up the baby and jumped into the water with it. Then, with the baby tucked under one arm, he struck out for the shore.

The load was too much for him, and he was about to sink when a man in a rowboat took the baby from him. Arthur refused to get into the boat, and, calling back to the man to "take care of the baby," he struggled through the current till he reached the shore.

Peter Wingerter of New York, who is only thirteen years old, picked up four babies whom he found deserted on the upper deck. Going to the railing, he dropped two upon a tugboat. Then, with the other two huddled under his left arm, he slid down a deck post to the lower deck, where he passed them to a man in a rowboat. Peter then jumped to a tug.

A moment later he saw an infant tossing in the water, and he ran to the side of the boat and dived for it. Just as he went over the side a man grabbed his foot and pulled him back. The baby went down, and Peter fought to go after it, but he was held back.

One of the pluckiest actions of the day was that performed by Emma O'Connell on North Brother Island, says the New York Journal. She is employed as a waitress in the Nurses' home, and, like every other able-bodied person in the place, had gone out to play her part in the work of rescue.

As she stood by the ladder at the top



The Housekeeper's Delight Is the Soap Sunlight. Every housekeeper can have her home cheerful and bright if she uses Sunlight Soap. It whitens clothes, brightens wood-work, makes bric-a-brac and cut glass sparkle, and the kitchen utensils shine. It's Soap Perfection. ASK FOR "LAUNDRY" SHAPE SUNLIGHT

of the bank, watching the bodies being brought ashore, she saw child after child carried by beyond the reach of the eager hands stretched out to rescue, which for all their willingness were all too few for the crowded need of the moment. Miss O'Connell is an excellent swimmer, and the sight of the helpless little ones drowning before her eyes was more than she could stand.

"I must go in," she cried. "I can't see those children drown!"

Those who knew how dangerous the tide in Hell Gate is, even to the best of swimmers, held her back, telling her it was no work for a woman. But the girl would not be deterred.

"I will only save the babies," she pleaded. "I won't try to bring any out except the little children."

Next moment she had jumped in, not even waiting to slip off her skirt, and was swimming out in the full run of the current where the bodies were drifting thickest. She brought in five children in all, two of whom were brought back to life.

Here are some stories told by survivors of the disaster:

Michael Brannigan, a waiter on the General Slocum, swam to shore with two children, so young they were unable to identify themselves. The man performed this act of heroism despite the fact that he had suffered frightful burns about the face and hands, says the New York American.

In trying to speak Brannigan had to clutch at his throat in order to secure control of his voice.

"My own two little children were burned to death," he said. "I tried to get to them. They were upstairs. I fought and fought, trying to get up that stairway to them. I got trampled on, and I guess I trampled on others. I could not reach them. When I turned back I saw the two little children—somebody else's children. They were pretty little things. Just as I caught sight of them a man, yelling and waving his arms, struck one of the little girls and knocked her down. I ran to them then and took them in my arms and jumped.

"As long as I couldn't save my own, I made up my mind to try to save others. It's hard, though, that my own little ones died."

At this the agony of Brannigan's burns and mental suffering became so intense the physicians had to give him an injection of morphine.

William R. Trimbley, deck hand on the General Slocum, told a story that was substantially as follows, says the New York Times:

"We left the Third street pier on schedule time—I think it was 9:30 o'clock. We were going soon after we started at the rate of about twelve miles an hour. I do not know the exact place where the fire was first discovered, but they tell me that it was opposite the Sunken meadows.

"There had been smoke noticed on board for a considerable time before the alarm of fire was given. I was below deck when the first assistant engineer came to me and told me that there was a fire on the forward side of the ship. My first impulse was to go for the life preservers, and I pulled about four of them down. I put one of them around me, grabbed two children and jumped into the water.

"There is a place under the paddle

wheel—a sort of a shelf—and I made for that with my burden. There were others trying to get there as I was struggling in the water. My life preserver was pulled from me, and several who were struggling near me grabbed my arms and sunk their teeth into them.

"I noticed that a child was dangling about my head. It was being lowered into the water by a string that, in the glance I got as I looked at it, seemed like the strips of a skirt, torn and tied together. About that time I noticed some kind of a float near me, and I got my two children safely on that. I then swam back for the child dangling at the string, pulled it off, and so got it safely on the float on which I had put the two others.

"I should have told you that before I began to pull down the life preservers I extinguished the dress of a woman, who was burning, with my cap. Oh, yes, there were lots around me that were burning." He shut his eyes for a moment and stopped. "I can't describe it—it was hell, that's all—hell."

"I myself struggled for awhile longer in the water trying to land on some floating thing. Then I lost consciousness. When I awoke I was in the cabin of a tugboat."

Dragged from the water by the crew of a tugboat only to be stripped of her jewels and cast among the dead and struggling victims of the General Slocum is the remarkable story of Miss Martha Wiert of New York. After her first experience she was rescued by a deck hand of a second tug and taken to her home, says the New York American.

She said: "I was swept from the second deck of the boat when the rail gave way, and in falling my head struck a timber, and I was dazed for a few moments. I cannot swim, but somehow I kept my head above water.

"I grabbed a rope and was pulled aboard a tug. A man who looked like a cook tore the rings from my burned fingers. He also took a medal and a diamond studded gold heart from around my neck. I saw another man take a pocketbook from a woman who lay unconscious on the deck.

"The man who had taken my jewelry came back and, giving me a kick, said, 'You're too far gone to be any good.' I pleaded with him to let me lie where I was, but he shoved me off the deck into the water. I grasped a piece of driftwood and kept above the water until a rope was thrown to me from another tug and I was saved."

Conditions in Greece. Greece is overrun by well educated men who do not know how to earn a living. The country swarms with doctors who have no patients and lawyers who have no briefs, while laborers to till the soil are at a premium.

School For Climbers. Mountain climbing is taught systematically at Meudon, near Vienna, where the low but abrupt mountains present many of the most difficult Alpine problems.

Tyrian Purple. The famous Tyrian purple dye was rediscovered by a lover who desired to gratify his sweetheart's desire for a dress of a new shade of color.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Sally Carleton, a well known Boston girl, is the understudy for the role of the nightingale in "Woodland."

In London Mrs. Bandman-Palmer recently celebrated her four hundredth performance of "Hamlet" in Shakespeare's tragedy.

Ben Greet and his "Woodland" players recently gave a performance of Lawrence Houseman's miracle play, "The Star of Bethlehem," at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Next fall, if Charles Frohman keeps to his present plans, New Yorkers are to see Henry Jones' "Joseph Entangled," with John Drew in the chief part.

Though the New York theatrical season has been the most disastrous in a decade, sixty-seven new plays and thirty-two musical comedies have been produced.

Peter F. Dailey and Fay Templeton are known as Billy Hurlingham After and Aurora Daye-Knight respectively in "A Little of Everything" on the roof of the New Amsterdam theater, New York.

Class Yell of a Nurses' School. The Wichita (Kan.) Training School For Nurses recently graduated a class of ten students, says the Kansas City Star. Mrs. L. C. Jackson, president, presented the diplomas and ex-Governor Stanley presented the badges to the new nurses. The distinguishing feature of the class is its yell, the like of which few college classes ever had it is as follows:

- Staphylococcus, staphylococcus, Microbes all! Sterilize and fumigate, Watch them crawl! Big germs, little germs, Shut and kill! Fat germs, lean germs, We kill them all! Antiseptics, that's our call, We're the largest class of all!

Cleaning Brickwork. Any brickwork raised off with ammonia and water and then carefully dried will be wonderfully brightened by the process.

Dogs to Suit the Occasion.

Fifty years ago the British minister at Dresden, Mr. Forbes, had three little dogs of the Pomeranian breed, one black, one gray and one white. When the court was in mourning he went out with dog No. 1, when it was in half mourning with dog No. 2 and when all was going well with dog No. 3.

Human Blood.

Seven hundred and seventy-nine parts in every thousand of human blood are water.

MILE RECORDS.

Swimming.—25:13 2/5. T. Jarvis. Skating.—2:12 2/5. T. Donohue, Jr. Horse (pacing).—1:56 1/4. Dan Patch. Horse (trotting).—1:58 1/2. Lou Dillon. Rowing.—4:28. James Stansbury in Australia.

Man (walking).—6:23. W. Perkins, June 1, 1874. Horse (running).—1:35 1/2. Salvator at Monmouth park in 1890.

Man (running).—4:12 1/4. W. G. George in London, Aug. 25, 1886.

Steam Yacht.—1:19 9/10. Arrow in trial on Hudson river off Yonkers.

Electric Train.—28 1/2 seconds, rate of 125 miles per hour. Berlin-Zossen railroad, in Germany.

Bicycling.—57 4/5 seconds. C. M. Murphy, March 22, 1900, behind Long Island railroad train.

Railroad Train.—32 seconds, rate of 112 miles per hour. Locomotive 969, New York Central railroad, May, 1893.

THE ROYAL BOX.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is one of the best revolver shots in the world. Members of the Saxe-Coburg family occupy five thrones in Europe, those of Great Britain, Germany, Portugal, Belgium and Bulgaria.

Queen Helena of Italy is an untiring walker. She was accustomed to take long tramps with her father and brothers on the hills of her native country, Montenegro.

The Duke of Cambridge has been succeeded as duke of the Knights of the Garter by King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, became a knight companion of this order at his birth.

A few years ago only three lives stood between Lady Alexandra Duff and the British throne, one of them that of the present king, then Prince of Wales. The young lady has but just celebrated her thirtieth birthday and is now eighth in the succession lists.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Itch, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and makes the skin soft and smooth. It is the best of all skin preparations, and is so harmless that it can be used by the most delicate. It is the only preparation that does not dry the skin, and it is the only one that does not irritate it. It is the only one that does not make the skin red and raw. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel tight and uncomfortable. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel itchy and sore. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel hot and burning. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel cold and numb. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel dry and cracked. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel rough and scaly. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel flaking and peeling. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel itchy and burning. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel sore and painful. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel swollen and red. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel itchy and burning. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel sore and painful. It is the only one that does not make the skin feel swollen and red.



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