

The Mysterious Package

[Original.] There was a great ado in the Stanwood home. A package had been delivered at the door addressed to Miss Grace Stanwood, had been received by the butler, and the bearer had gone away without stating who sent the package. There was nothing on the wrapper by which the sender could be identified. The Stanwoods were enormously rich and feared that some socialist or anarchist had sent them an infernal machine. Miss Stanwood looked at the thing—it rested on a table in the drawing room—studied the address, but could not recognize in the writing the hand of any of her friends. "I'll take off the wrapper, mum," said the butler, who felt somewhat responsible for having taken the package in and letting the messenger escape.

The butler cut the string, removed the wrapper carefully so as not to jar the contents and laid bare a box with a sliding cover.

There was a ring at the doorbell. It so happened that Lord Edward Tallywag, an impetuous London swell, who had come over the big pond with a view to replenish his exchequer by means of an American wife, had been invited to dinner. He had proposed for Miss Stanwood's hand, to say nothing of her fortune—no, this is technically incorrect—the settlement was to be specified in a legal document, and the matter was as good as settled. The only thing in the way had been removed—namely, Bob Otis, to whom the lady had been engaged and who had been told that in view of this splendid opportunity he must be relegated to a position as Lord Tallywag's best man at the wedding. Bob had submitted to the sacrifice so nobly that he had been invited to dine with his lordship with a view to getting his instructions as to how to behave.

Where was it? Oh, I remember! There was a ring at the doorbell. The butler pulled himself together and opened the door, admitting the guest of the evening, Lord Tallywag. His lordship took a view of the situation through his monocle, surprised to see the family all on the main floor.

"I'm so glad you've come, Lord Tallywag," said Mrs. Stanwood excitedly, "to tell us what to do. Some one has sent Grace an infernal machine."

"Some disappointed lover, I suppose," remarked his lordship.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanwood. "It couldn't have been Bob Otis, could it?"

"Mother!" Miss Stanwood spoke the word reproachfully.

Another ring at the doorbell. This time Bob Otis himself was admitted.

"Speak of Satan," Grace remarked, "he's sure to appear. Lord Tallywag, this is our old friend Mr. Otis."

"Delighted to meet you," said his lordship stiffly.

"Glad to know you," replied Bob, bowing formally.

"Some one," remarked Mrs. Stanwood, "has sent Grace an infernal machine. Lord Tallywag suggests that it may have come from a disappointed lover."

Something in the tone of Mrs. Stanwood's voice caused Mr. Otis to draw himself up stiffly. Then he said coldly:

"Since I am well known to have long been an admirer of the lady in question it is incumbent upon me to prove my innocence. Where is this infernal machine?"

"In the drawing room," Mrs. Stanwood replied.

Mr. Otis walked into the drawing room while the others looked on through open doors. Taking the box from the table, he scrutinized the address, shook it, then held it close to his ear.

"You are right," he said to those gazing from a distance. "It is indeed an infernal machine. I can hear a ticking. Lord Tallywag, if you will come here and hold the box to your ear you may hear it distinctly."

"Good gracious, man! Do you suppose I'm an ass?"

"You have seen fit to intimate that an American gentleman would send his sweetheart who had discarded him a bomb. It becomes me as an American gentleman to relieve Miss Stanwood from an unpleasant situation. I shall open the box."

He began to draw the cover. Those looking on, headed by Lord Tallywag, rushed to the rear of the house, some stopping in the dining room, though his lordship did not pause till he had gone out at the kitchen door into the yard. Some minutes passed. Grace Stanwood went back to the drawing room and looked through the open door. On the table stood the box, the cover removed, while Bob stood with an inner box in his hand—a jeweler's watch case—regarding a lady's watch of gold and enamel, set with jewels.

"Some one has sent you a wedding present?" said Bob.

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered. "I feared you would be blown to pieces. You're brave as a lion."

"Where is the man who intimidated?"— "In the cellar, I expect." She burst into a laugh.

"Let us go and find him. I wish him to see my vindication."

Lord Tallywag was found in the back yard and shown the contents of the box. Then Bob Otis excused himself from dining with one who had charged him with intent to do a cowardly murder and departed.

The episode overbalanced Miss Stanwood's desire for a title. She shipped his lordship and married Bob Otis. It was not till after they were married that Bob confessed he had sent the infernal machine.

FLORENCE NORTON.

Call of the Wild.

She—Did you ever hear the call of the wild?

He—I just guess I did! I wrote a piece once, and I heard the audience calling for the author.—Yonkers Statesman.

SAYSHAZEL WAS HYPNOTIZED

Mrs. Drew Advances New Theory in Case of Daughter.

AUTHORITIES AT WORK

On New Line—District Attorney Is Hunting for Two Men in Connection With the Pond Mystery.

Troy, July 29.—"Hazel was hypnotized and then murdered," declared Mrs. John Drew, mother of the dead girl, in an interview yesterday. There was a pitiful tremor in the woman's lip as she made the assertion. She had been asked to comment on the testimony of the witnesses at the coroner's inquest into the death of her daughter.

"I've thought this matter over," continued Mrs. Drew, "and I am sure Hazel did not commit suicide. Why should she? She was happy and had everything she wanted. If anything has been wrong she would have come to me. She always did, and I gave her everything she asked, including money. "She would not have gone to Uncle Will for money, as has been said. That never made her go out to Averill Park on that Tuesday night. But I don't believe it was Hazel that Frank Smith or those other people saw on the Tauberton road that night walking alone. She was taken out there in an automobile or a carriage, by some one, maybe from Troy.

"I believe it was some one who was well to do, and who had Hazel in his control. He hypnotized my Hazel, and she did whatever he asked of her. He took her out there while she was under his influence and murdered her."

Mrs. Drew became greatly excited as she told this strange story, but nothing could change her belief in the new theory. Asked if she had any person in mind who might have exerted a hypnotic influence over her daughter, Mrs. Drew slowly shook her head.

The district attorney was notified of Mrs. Drew's statement and promised to investigate it fully.

Search is being made in Rensselaer county today by Dist. Atty. O'Brien's entire detective force in an effort to find some trace of the two mysterious men described at the coroner's inquest by William Huffey and his wife.

Mr. O'Brien said that, while the incident has been brought to his notice before, he was now determined to run down this case, as it was the only particle of evidence heard so far that might indicate how Hazel Drew came to her death in Teal pond. William Huffey described with much detail the carriage, horse and the appearance of the two men, and his description was borne out by his wife when she told her story of riding down the mountain road on the night of July 7.

Mrs. Huffey's testimony was given with such positiveness that it was learned that considerable feeling had developed among the mountaineers in the neighborhood of Saad lake at what they termed the "persecution" of William Taylor by the district attorney's office. It was believed that the remaining sessions of the inquest were decided to be held in the court house at Troy on that account.

WILL TALK OVER

NEW YORK POLITICS

Timothy L. Woodruff to Visit Roosevelt at Oyster Bay.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 29.—The announcement was made that Timothy L. Woodruff, chairman of the New York state Republican committee, had asked for an appointment with President Roosevelt, and that the president had designated Wednesday as the day. The conference, it is expected here, will have to do with New York state politics, and especially with regard to the recent announcement of Gov. Hughes that he will accept a renomination if it is tendered him.

It is not known here as yet whether it will be convenient for Mr. Woodruff to come here to-day, but if it is not, a date to suit him will probably be named.

TORPEDO FLOTILLA REACHES NEWPORT.

Stringham, Barney, Tingey, DeLong and Thornton to Take Part in the Manoeuvres.

Newport, R. I., July 29.—The third torpedo flotilla, consisting of the Stringham, the Barney, the Tingey, the DeLong and the Thornton, arrived at the torpedo station yesterday.

They will participate in the coming manoeuvres of the naval militia. The submarine Plunger sailed yesterday for New Bedford, Mass.

BRYAN BACK AGAIN IN HIS FAIRVIEW HOME.

Satisfied with the Selections of the National Sub-committee.

Lincoln, Neb., July 29.—William J. Bryan arrived in the city yesterday forenoon and went at once to his home at Fairview. The trip from Omaha was without incident.

Mr. Bryan expressed satisfaction at the selections of the sub-committee of the national committee, and was highly gratified at the reception accorded him in Iowa and in Nebraska.

EXPERIMENTING ON A TRAMP.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.] The widow Gregg was a natural reformer. One afternoon she left her farm for the village to do some "trading." At 4 o'clock, when she returned and drove into the yard, a strange spectacle greeted her. What might be called the north end of a man was protruding from a kitchen window. The case was plain. His trousers and shoes showed him to belong to the genus tramp. He had called and, finding the house alone, had forced up the sash of the window and started to climb in. At the halfway point the sash had come down on the small of his back, and he was held as securely as if he had been handcuffed and shackled.

The widow's face beamed with satisfaction as she entered the house to take a look at his plight. Yes, it was a tramp, and a hulking big fellow at that. She went outdoors with a look of anticipation in her eyes and hunted up a bit of board of just the right shape, and for the next half hour she was a busy woman. She stood off at just the right distance from the window, and the board rose and fell with amazing regularity and vigor. The tramp kicked his legs about and indulged in remarks, but the whalloping did not end until the woman had tired herself out. Then she took down the clothline and wrapped it around the tramp's legs about forty times, entered the house and tied his wrists securely, and then raised the sash and let him fall backward on the grass. As he lay there she came out to bend over him and ask:

"Well, how do you feel now?"

"I—I don't exactly know," was the reply.

"This is an experiment on my part. I want to bring you to a state of humbleness. Do you think I have accomplished it?"

"Yes; I feel humbler than I did. It's a new feelin', and you must take the risks of it."

"Oh, I'll look out for the risks. Just make yourself as comfortable and as humble as you can, and when the hired man comes up I'll see to your case further."

Two hours later the tramp's hands were unbound and food set before him. The food consisted of bread and water. There was a consistency in a humble man eating humble fare. When he had finished eating he was again made secure and dragged to the barn and locked up in the granary for the night.

"The next step is to arouse your ambition," said the widow as she left him, "and I'll tell you my programme in the morning. I hope to find your humbleness greatly increased by then. Do you still feel humbly bubbling up in your soul?"

"I do, marm, and I am sorter afraid of it. It's a new feelin', and I don't know what it's going to lead to. It's an experiment, is it?"

"Then you must take the risks, as I said before. I understand myself as a cheery tramp, but when you come to make a humble tramp of me that's different."

Next morning the fellow was hauled out of the barn and asked if any additional feeling had come to him during the night, and he replied:

"I think there has, marm. I think I'm feeling what you call ambitious this morning. I find myself thinkin' of work without the usual feelin' of dread accompanyin' it. That's ambition, I take it?"

"Yes."

"But don't blame me, marm, if anything happens. When you go for to implant new feelin's in the breast of a tramp you can't tell what he's goin' to do."

"Will you take a hoe and go to work in the field if I give you a good breakfast?"

"I will, marm. I'm sorter curious myself to see what's goin' to result from this new feelin'."

The first result was a breakfast that should have done for three hired men. It kept the widow on the jump to keep the table supplied. He wasn't eating on his humility appetite, but on his ambitious one. When he had finished at last he was asked to cut some wood before going to the field. In the course of ten minutes he shivered two ax handles and gave a cherry tree a mortal blow. Started for the field to assist the hired man, he tripped over a potato and cucumber patches, tore down a panel of rail fence getting over it and in the course of another half hour had vided his hoe so vigorously among the turnips that he had dug up two bushes with the weeds and broken the blade. The hired man sought to curb him. He was a lusty hired man that had licked over a score of tramps, but they had been tramps without ambition. When he tackled this one he was laid on his back forthwith.

Then the tramp headed for the barn, and with a club he smashed the spokes out of three wheels of the family carriage. He pulled the harness down and dragged it about, kicked the horse out of the stable, broke up the wheelbarrow and pounded the fanning mill, and he was shoveling oats out to the granary window on to the ground when the widow came out and said:

"This was an experiment on my part, you know?"

"Yes, marm, and I told you to look out for results."

"I think you'd better drop your feelings of humblity and ambition. Here's a five dollar bill, and you may go along."

M. QUAD.

Often Se.

First Motorist—Whose make is your machine?

Second Motorist—Well, about one-third the manufacturer's and two-thirds the repairer's.—New York Evening Journal.

PORTUGUESE PLOT FOILED

Government Checks Republican Conspiracy

A WIDESPREAD UPRISING

Planned, It Is Reported—Three Hundred Chinese—Perish in Typhoon—Steamers Founders Off Canton; Six Ashore at Hongkong.

Lisbon, July 29.—The government, according to the newspapers, has discovered and frustrated a widespread Republican plot for an uprising scheduled for yesterday, the anniversary of the abortive revolt of July 28, which was suppressed by ex-Premier Franco.

This announcement follows a large number of mysterious arrests made during the past few weeks.

Senor Magro, the chief of police, says there was a conspiracy afoot and that many men are implicated, including officers of the army.

The colonels of all the regiments in the capital were summoned before the minister of war and informed that they would be held responsible for the loyalty of their men. Ball cartridges have been served out to the members of the municipal guard. The Diario Popular, the official organ of the government, says the authorities have taken the measures necessary for the suppression of any revolutionary outbreak.

STEAMERS DRIVEN ASHORE AND ONE SUNK.

Typhoon Causes Loss of 300 Lives—The Public Gardens in Hongkong Wrecked and Fifteen Houses in Ruins.

Hongkong, July 29.—As a result of a typhoon, which lasted two hours, the steamers Schuykill, Persia, Powhattan, Lai Sang, Charles Hardison, and the British torpedo boat Whiting are ashore. An unknown steamer and several lighters foundered. There were numerous casualties ashore and afloat.

The public gardens, the chief attraction of the city, were wrecked and the streets blocked by debris.

Canton, July 29.—The Chinese steamer Ying King, engaged in the local passenger trade, foundered during the typhoon. Three hundred Chinese are now known to have been drowned. Only 12 of those on board were rescued.

LAST DAY AT QUEBEC FOR PRINCE OF WALES

Large Crowd Sees Him Plant Tree in Victoria Park.

Quebec, July 29.—Yesterday was the last day of the Prince of Wales' visit and preparations were made for his sailing on the Indomitable, which sailed last night shortly after midnight. He visited Victoria park during the day and planted a tree in the presence of a large crowd. Later he was present at a garden party at Spencer Wood, where Vice-President Fairbanks is among the guests of the lieutenant-governor of Quebec.

The prince gave a final dinner last night on the battleship Exmouth, and shortly after the guests departed he went aboard the Indomitable and prepared to sail. The other foreign warships will depart to-day.

AGAINST TURKISH OFFICIALS

Reform Party Demands a Clean Sweep.

Constantinople, July 29.—Now that the first rejoicings over the constitution granted to Turkey by the sultan last week are at an end the people already clamoring against the high officials who were responsible for the abuses of the old regime. Public opinion is demanding a clean sweep. The sultan, it is learned, broke into tears at the conference of Thursday at which it was decided to grant a constitution. The Young Turks in Constantinople yesterday imposed the new constitution upon a number of high officials, making them swear to support it under threats.

WANTED FOR EMBEZZLEMENT BANKER RETURNS IN AUTO.

Gazell Drives Up to Police Headquarters in Cleveland.

Cleveland, July 29.—Henry W. Gazell, wanted for the alleged embezzlement of \$32,000 of funds from the defunct Farmers and Merchants' bank, Monday night drove to police headquarters in an automobile and gave himself up. He was released at once in \$8,000 bail.

Gazell would make no statement as to where he had been since the warrant was issued for him Friday night. He reached headquarters at midnight. Waile arrangements for bail were being made, the accused banker sat quietly by, taking no part in the affair.

CARNEGIES IN CRASH.

Shocked, But Drive on, After Auto Collision Near Skibo.

Inverness, Scotland, July 29.—Andrew Carnegie, with Mrs. Carnegie and their daughter, while automobiling yesterday in the vicinity of Skibo castle, came into collision with another auto. All three were severely shocked, but they were able to continue their journey. The car was only slightly damaged.

JINGLES AND JESTS

Locating the Trouble. It is not the wind that matters, though it blow a howling gale. Nor the pranks it plays with garments, nor the wreck of hat and veil, but the cad upon the corner. Who delights to stand agape, grinning, as at Eve's confusion. Doubtless granted his parent age.—New York Life.

Getting Solid With the Court.

Judge—Was there any particular mark by which you would be able to identify the dog which you say this man stole? The Plaintiff—Yes, your honor; he had a red nose just like yer hogor's.—Harper's Weekly.

Sudden Fall.

Two in a hammock beneath a linden tree. Long came Dan Cupid, and then there were three. Everything just lovely until just for fun A bad boy cut the rope, and then there was none.—Chicago News.

Forsole.

Elsa—The paper says that the bride was unattended. Stella—That notice was written up in advance of the wedding, but it was a good guess. The bridegroom failed to show up.—Puck.

The Old Melodrama.

"I'll make myself plain," the heroine said. As the hero softly weened her. "You are plain enough!" cried Ugly Jim. And the villain still pursued her.—St. Louis Republic.

No Other Boss.

"Potter is his own boss now." "Indeed? I didn't know he had been so successful." "He isn't. He's looking for a job."—Success Magazine.

The World's Way.

The world doesn't care for the trouble as long as it covers the ground. In that, as in pleasure and glittering treasure, it still wants enough to go round.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Treatment Wrong.

"I tell you the scientists are making the mosquito fly." "Are, eh? Well, I'd like to see them treat the mosquito so's it couldn't fly."—New York Times.

Didn't Look It.

Gerald—I am a self made man. Geraldine—I shouldn't say that you had been connected with the building trades very long.—New York Press.

Two Different Propositions.

The candidate with glance severe, which all the world may note. Exclaims: "I care not how you cheer; just tell me how you vote!"—Washington Star.

In Ineluctable Concomitant.

Father—I told you not to go with that boy. Bobby—I had to, father, 'cause he had hold of my hair.—Comic Cuts.

Try It.

Would you adopt a happy plan? "Twill cost you naught to try it. Then praise the weather when you can, and when you can't keep quiet."—Denver News Times.

The Summer Schedule.

"You spend your week ends in the country, you say?" "Yes. And from Monday to Friday I rest up at the office."—Puck.

The Garden Handicap.

The suburban handicap—what is it? Oh, the dicken! The suburban handicap is—Our neighbors' chickens.—Houston Post.

Something on Foot.

"There's something on foot." "Why do you think so?" "I saw him going into a chiropodist's."—Judge.

Do You Know the Answer?

Why is it that a small boy whose ways are hard to trace will swim all day, then cry because he is made to wash his face?—Chicago News.

PLAYING A TROMBONE

Rather Easy Matter, the Musician Seemed to Think.

SIMPLE INSTRUMENT TOO,

Somehow or Another Explanation Only Muddled Man Who Wanted to Learn and Who Decided to Tackle an Accordion.

The band was playing loudly in the Trinkfestbergarten and the little bald-headed man had his eyes fastened intently on the trombone player. When the players stopped to recuperate he beckoned the man who works the loose horn over to his table and ordered two glasses of schoenesbraue.

"My name is Biggs," said the man whose hair was absent. "One of my lungs is trying to quit work, and the doctor advises me to break up its shiftless habits by blowing a brass. The careless way you yank that pump horn looks good, and I want you to put me on."

"What do you want to know?" asked the musician. "Just a hint about how you handle that wind machine so nonchalantly."

"The trombone is very simple," replied the musician, wiping his lips, which curled in thick, red volutes. "The slide is divided into seven shifts, or positions, about three inches apart."

"Starting with the lowest note in the first position—the slide closed—you get B flat. Push out the tubes and you hit successively A, A flat, G, F sharp, F and E."

"That's only seven notes," objected Biggs. "Yes. Getting the rest depends on how you pucker your lips. In the first position you can make, figuring upward, B flat, F, B flat, D, F, B flat and C. In the second you obtain A, E, A, C sharp, E, G and A. The third gives you A flat, E flat, A flat, C, E flat and A flat. It works out the same all the way down."

"There are higher notes that I didn't mention, but you won't want to monkey with them. But a good player has a compass of more than three octaves."

Biggs looked troubled. "Let me see," he said. "You start in the first position with B flat?" "Yes," replied the other—"that is, provided you are playing in the bass clef. In the treble clef the first position is C."

"What?" exclaimed Biggs. "It's one note one time and another another?" "In the treble clef," explained the musician, "the trombone is a B flat horn. In the bass clef it is a C horn."

Biggs mopped his brow. "Say that again, will you?" he appealed. "Don't you see?" came the answer. "When the first position is C it's a B flat horn. When the same shift is B flat it's a C horn."

Biggs unbuttoned his coat. "You may call this thing simple," he said, "but if it is I'll give myself up at the nearest asylum. You are talking antonyms."

The musician grinned. "We'll take one thing at a time," he said. "In getting at what a B flat horn is let's consider a cornet."

"Let's, if it's simpler," said Biggs hopefully. "It's because it's always a B flat horn," replied the other. Then he added, "Except when it's an A horn."

Biggs gave a sickly smile. "The lowest note on a cornet when open—when no keys are pressed down—is really B flat," said the bandman. "But it is called C."

"That doesn't make it C," said Biggs. "For all practical purposes it does," was the reply. "There is a reason for

doing this, but it's complicated and at present I'm keeping to simple facts."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Biggs. "In an orchestra, for instance, when the first violins are playing in C natural the cornetist's score is two semitones higher and is thus written in D or two sharps. When the violins are playing in D the cornet player is footing in E or four sharps. But if things kept on this way the cornetist would soon be lost to a confusion of sharps and double sharps, so he slips on a C crook on his instrument. That raises the signature three semitones. When the fiddles play in A or three sharps the cornetist is blowing along the easy path of C natural."

"Look here," said Biggs. "If my wife is playing 'Under the Pink Lilac Bush' on the piano, couldn't I play with her from the song score?"

"Not unless you can mentally transpose as you go along," said the musician. "The system looks queer at first, but it's logical. Its purpose is to bring the same music within the natural compass of all the instruments of a band or an orchestra. But if you are going to play the trombone you won't have to bother your head about any of this, as trombone music is nowadays always written in the bass clef."

"Then what have you been talking about it for and mixing me up?" shouted Biggs, jumping up. "What are you getting mad about?" asked the trombonist.

"I'm not mad," replied Biggs. "I'm only going to make my will and buy an accordion."—Washington Post.

Things Theatrical.

"The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" has been revived by a stock company in Buffalo. Amelia Stone is to be starred in a new musical play next season by John P. Stocum. Herbert Kealey and Edie Shannon have been playing "Taps" in San Francisco.

The comedy by Rupert Hughes in which Douglas Fairbanks will star is called "All For a Girl." Frederick Lewis has been engaged for the Henry Miller company. Geraldine Farrar will sing at forty performances a year for five years at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, having contracted to that effect.

Woman's World.

The California State Federation of Women's Clubs has endorsed the effort to secure school suffrage for the women of the state.

Twenty-five high school principles in Kansas are women. They are said to do their work so well that no one has ever suggested putting men in their places.

Portland, Me., has three women on the school board, two women on the board of overseers, one woman policeman who is also agent for the state board of protection for children, a woman as assistant city clerk and a woman as city librarian.

State Lines.

Out of eighty-three Michigan counties fifty-eight nominate their officials by direct vote.

There are now more cultivated farms supporting prosperous families in Minnesota than there were men, women and children in the state fifty years ago.