

## Miss Maxwell's Heart

By A. M. Davies Ogden

Copyright, 1904, by A. M. Davies Ogden

Miss Maxwell was angry. Her blue eyes blazed like stars. Her red lips were quivering. For three days to have led the long procession of carriages that each morning started across Norway's smiling landscape and now on coming out from luncheon to find her pony untethered, her carriage pulled to one side! The stout Englishman regarding her waited and was secretly rather alarmed at the storm he had evoked.

"But it was not safe," he declared, with much dignity. "You must wait until your boy turns up. Of course he had no business to leave you," seeing an ominous frown on the white forehead. "But as he did!"

The people, beginning to come out from the posting house, cast curious glances in her direction, and the girl felt her throat swell. That hateful boy! How dared he run off this way? Noting the empty shafts, the loosened pony, a young man came forward.

"Can I be of service?" he asked. "I speak a little Norsk. What! Your boy is lost? Oh, pray take mine. It would be a pity for you to lose your place," with a glance at the purpling Englishman. And Miss Maxwell, anxious to have the matter settled before the arrival of her mother and sister, after a moment's consideration consented.

"And I am so glad you did," declared Rita later. "I would just have hated to give up our place to that horrid man, who has been trying every day to get it. I believe he bribed our boy to get lost."

But Miss Maxwell did not answer. She had just discovered the loss of a tiny gold heart that belonged on her watch chain, and she remembered distinctly having seen the tall young man as he turned away stoop and pick up something from the ground. Could it have been her heart? And did he not know that it was hers?

In the long evening twilight the stout Englishman, Renfrew, joined the girls. "I hope that you did not consider me intrusive this morning," he began pompously. "I spoke purely in your own interests. And regarding that young man—I saw you speaking with him before dinner—I certainly would not advise you to form an acquaintance there. My boy tells me that he takes



"AND YOU REALLY DID HAVE MY HEART ALL THE TIME, THEN?"

only the very poorest rooms and bar gains for all his meals, while no one seems to know his name. Curious way to be traveling—in conscious superiority. "Wouldn't pick him up if I were you."

Miss Maxwell, her lip curling, drew back.

"I thank you," she responded quietly. "We, as you say, have no desire to pick up acquaintances of any kind. So I wish you good night."

But up in her room the girl's face grew troubled. It was true that she had been talking with the tall young Englishman before dinner. Meeting him coming down the stairs, she had stopped and uttered a word of thanks for his courtesy; then, plucking up courage, asked if he had found a golden heart. His answer puzzled her.

"And if I had found you expect from a mere mortal resolution enough to reject the gifts of the gods?" Before this response Miss Maxwell had beaten a hasty retreat, but now it arose again in her mind. What could he mean? Had he queer views on community of property? Was he—after what Mr. Renfrew had said—actually in need of the money? For it was impossible that he would willingly steal. The problem worried and irritated her, keeping the young man constantly in her thoughts. And when, Christiansen reached at last, Mrs. Maxwell took her girl to the Grand hotel, unconsciously Mabel felt her spirits droop. Was this the end then? Was she never to recover her heart?

A week slipped by uneventfully, and as the girl dressed one night for a dinner at the embassy a sigh rose to her lips. How stupid such things were! In the same uninterested mood she followed her mother into the brilliantly lighted room. There the sight of a tall young fellow caused her heart to beat violently for a second, then stop. It could not be he! But the main turn-

ing, caught sight of her, and seizing his opportunity drew her behind the heavy curtains of a convenient window. For a moment both stared without speaking. A familiar voice from without broke the silence.

"No, no. The man I mean is tall, and some people might call him good looking were it not for his lack of breeding. The fellow arrived with us last week. He could not be Sir Nigel's nephew. Why, he hasn't a penny."

His companion laughed.

"Yet I fear, just the same, that it would be Sir Nigel's nephew that you mean. He left here awhile ago that you say, arrives without a penny. It is just like Lionel Carteret. Yet I suspect there must be something at the bottom of it. Were there any pretty girls in your party?"

But Renfrew was past speech.

Miss Maxwell, in whose eyes a dawning wonder had banished aghast, glanced swiftly at the stricken Carteret, but at his expression of mingled entreaty and conscious guilt the corners of her mouth began to curve relentlessly. A quick gleam of amusement shot through her astonishment.

"And—*and* you really did have my heart all the time, then?" she queried demurely. Carteret bent forward.

"Have I?" he demanded. "Have I, indeed?" The girl reddened.

"Of course I mean the gold one," she retorted. Carteret produced the tiny golden symbol.

"I saw you in a shop at Bergen," he confessed shamefacedly. "And then I found this, and it seemed a message of hope. At least it told me that you were free. Would you have had me give it back without a try? Did your challenge mean nothing?"

"Challenge?" repeated the girl.

"Is it not a challenge to fate?" Opening the locket, he showed a paper inscribed with two words, "To let." The girl, uttering a little cry, felt the color flooding even to the tendrils of curly brown hair.

"I had forgotten," she gasped. "Rita put it there one day for a joke, and I had forgotten. You opened it, then?" with keen reproach. Carteret laughed.

"I had to try for some clew," he declared, with a cheerful lack of contrition. "I was not sure at first that it belonged to you, and when I discovered the fact I somehow took my finding of it as an omen. Was I wrong?" his tone changing suddenly. "Should I have given it back? Must I do so now? Is there no chance that I might ever meet your requirements for tenant owner, what you will? Won't you speak to me?" as the girl's lashes fluttered uncertainly. "Ah, Miss Maxwell—Mabel—answer me."

Almost the first present that Sir Lionel Carteret gave to his fiancee was a tiny heart all set in diamonds, and hidden within it, neatly folded, was a slip of paper, on which was heavily penciled the word "Taken."

In No Hurry For the Doctor.

"Almost always when my patients send for me," said the physician, "they instruct the messenger to tell me to come at once. In fact, this custom of trying to hurry the doctor to the bedside of the patient is general, and all physicians expect it, and it is such an old story to office attendants that they do not as a rule bother to remember it. But the other night I had a surprise.

"It was about 7 o'clock, and a gentleman had called an hour before to request me to see his wife. What was remarkable was the fact that he had told my office boy to inform me not to call until the next morning if I did not find it convenient to visit his wife that night before 9 o'clock, which he said was the usual hour at which they retired.

"Tell the doctor," he said, "it is nothing very important. My wife has only something the matter with her mouth that prevents her from talking. It will be all right if he cannot find time to call before the morning."—New York Press.

### When the Life Saver's Work Begins.

After the last summer visitor has gone and the little craft that sail over the shallow bay have been hauled up high and the bathing houses boarded up, the beaches take on a new aspect. The sun shines with a cold gleam, and the surf has an angry snarl to it as it surges up the sandy slopes and then recedes, dragging the pebbles after it with a rattling sound. The outer line of sand bars that in the summer breaks the blue sea into sunny ripples and flashing whitecaps then churns the water into fury and grips with a mighty hold the keel of any vessel that is unlucky enough to be driven on them. When the keen winter winds whip through the beach grasses on the dunes and throw spiteful handfuls of cutting sand and spray, when the great waves pound the beach and the crested tops are blown off into vapor, then the life saver patrolling the beach must be most vigilant.—From "Stories of Inventors," by Russell Doubleday.

The Value of Today.

"I believe," said Senator Hoar once, "that today is better than yesterday and that tomorrow will be better than today."

Contentment and hope! With these two, and no more, we can solve the riddle of life.

"Today is better than yesterday." Believe it and remorse flees; regret it not and memory becomes what it legitimately should be—joy.

Yesterday is what we made it—and there is no yesterday which should be perfect in the light of today, wherefore be thankful that there is a today and that with it comes the opportunity to build better, nobler and stronger upon the mistakes of yesterday.—Magazine of Mysteries.

### BEVERIDGE'S SPEECH

Commenting on the speech of Senator Beveridge, opening the Republican campaign in Marion county, the Indianapolis News said:

"He thought that the fact that Judge Parker voted twice for Mr. Bryan proved him to be weak, and not qualified for the office of President. Yet almost 7,000,000 American citizens followed the course adopted by Judge Parker. And if we are honest with ourselves we must admit that most Republicans would have voted for their ticket in 1896 even if it had stood on a free silver platform. The partisan habit is strong—far too strong. Mr. Roosevelt himself has voted for protectionist candidates at a time when he himself was a believer in free trade. So we should all try to be charitable to partisan zeal, for we can never tell when we may need charity ourselves."

And the News might have added that there has been no more hide-bound partisan in the Senate than Mr. Beveridge. He has supported every measure advanced by his party and has shown no independence whatever in that body. Continuing, the News says:

"Senator Beveridge in his discussion of the relation of the tariff to trusts said that the Standard Oil company could not be the product of the tariff, as there is no tariff on oil. But there is a tariff on oil imported from countries that impose a duty on our oil. Further than this, the Standard company gets a rebate on the tins in which it exports its oil. The Rockefeller company is pretty well protected.

In 1892 the sugar trust paid a dividend of 10½ per cent on its common and 7 per cent on its preferred stock, and in 1895 the dividends were 2½ per cent on its common and 7 per cent on its preferred. Since August, 1894, the prices of sugar have risen from 2.69, 3.12 and 4.35 cents a pound—which is a decided increase."

The people should bear in mind that the General Assembly, under Republican majorities, shows an alarming increase in expenses every two years over the preceding session. And this in the face of the fact that there has been no increase in the number of senators and members of the house nor in the length of the sessions. The party came into power in 1895 and the legislative session cost the people \$99,722. In 1897 the expenditures were increased to \$105,817, and two years later they jumped to \$114,768. This would be supposed to be the high water mark, but it was not so, for in 1901 they were boosted to \$125,791, and in 1903 they were \$120,999. Republican majorities in the legislature and reckless extravagance have come to be synonymous terms.

There are indications that the Republican leaders are trying to arrange for the importation of colored votes from Kentucky and Tennessee, and Democrats in the cities and especially in the Ohio river counties, should be on their guard against such frauds. The sixty-day poll will show whether the voter was in the precinct at the legal time, and no man, whether he be white or black, who is disqualified under the law, ought to be allowed to vote. Republicans have become so used to practicing frauds at elections that the greatest vigilance may be necessary to prevent their repetition on November 8.

Of course, it was expected that the Indianapolis News would declare for Roosevelt and Fairbanks before the election, and the expectation has been realized. Mr. Fairbanks permits his newspaper to flirt with political situations till the real battle is on, and then he brings it around to the support of the Republican party. He thinks Democrats may be led to believe that the News is independent, and therefore when its choice is finally made, its influence will be enhanced.

To take the photograph the light is turned upon the mirror in a darkened room, and the tuning fork is set in vibration, while a sensitive plate is rapidly passed in the path of the reflected pencil of light. On development the plate shows sound waves recorded as a wavy line, and each note has its characteristic curves.

### SEEING NOISE.

#### The Method by Which Sound Waves Are Photographed.

Sound can be photographed by taking advantage of the motion produced in a tuning fork. Sound travels in waves, each corresponding with an oscillation in the fork, which remains in a state of continuous vibration while the note is sounded.

To photograph these sound waves a small mirror is attached to the end of one of the prongs. On this a powerful beam of light is projected by a lens, so as to strike it at an angle of forty-five degrees. The light is again reflected from its surface, but in a new direction, and a very slight alteration in the position of the mirror makes a large one in the reflected beam.

To take the photograph the light is turned upon the mirror in a darkened room, and the tuning fork is set in vibration, while a sensitive plate is rapidly passed in the path of the reflected pencil of light. On development the plate shows sound waves recorded as a wavy line, and each note has its characteristic curves.

### The Mad Ambassador.

There was a tragic little scene immediately preceding the marriage of King Edward VII, when he was the Prince of Wales. With several of his royal relatives he was staying at the Prussian embassy in Rome, where his host was the German ambassador, Baron von Kanitz.

The responsibility of entertaining so many august personages under his roof was too much for the ambassador. He appeared at dinner one night in his dressing gown and slippers and to half the royalties of Europe exclaimed: "Is this to go on much longer? I am heartily sick of it, and it must come to an end at once."

They carried him to his room and the next day removed him to an asylum, a raving lunatic.

### Rocking and Sleep.

Dr. Manacoin, the famous Russian authority on sleep phenomena, says that rocking is an artificial method of inducing slumber. The process fatigues consciousness by a series of monotonous sensations and incidentally deprives the brain of its blood supply. Absence of blood from the brain makes sleep. The influence of the lullaby is objectionable, but not equally so. A baby will go to sleep unaided when it needs sleep.

### Her Recommendation.

Cholly—So Miss Tartan loosened up and said a good word about me, did she? Archie—Yes; she said that when one got better acquainted with you one found you were not half as big a fool as you appeared to be.—Exchange.

### Has a Distinct Advantage.

Addipus—Don't you hate to be as mean as you are? Skimpies—No; sometimes I find it's a decided help. I can cross my legs in a crowded car without taking up any more room than I did before.—Chicago Tribune.

It was not expected that Governor Durbin and other Indiana Republicans of the office-holding variety would like Judge Parker's letter. Well, hardly.

The noblest question in the world is,

What good may I do in it?—Franklin.

### FORMIDABLE GUNS.

#### The Bombs Used by the Turks in the Fifteenth Century.

In 1478 Mohammed II, in forming the siege of Scutari, in Albania, employed fourteen heavy bombs, the lightest of which threw a stone shot of 370 pounds weight, two sent shots of 500 pounds, one of 750 pounds, two of 850 pounds, one of 1,200 pounds, five of 1,500 and one of the enormous weight of 1,640 pounds, enormous even in these days, for our 80 ton guns throw only a 1,700 pound projectile, our 100 ton throws one of 2,000 pounds, and the 110 ton throws an 1,800 pound shot with a high velocity.

The stone shot of Mohammed's guns varied between twenty and thirty-two inches in diameter, about the height of a dining table, 2,534 of them fired on this occasion weighing, according to a calculation of General Lefroy's, about 1,000 tons, and were cut out of the solid rock on the spot. Assuming twenty-four inches as the average diameter of the shot fired at the siege, the total area of the surface dressed was nearly 32,000 square feet. At this siege the weight of the powder fired is estimated by General Lefroy to have been 250 tons. At the siege of Rhodes in 1480 Mohammed caused sixteen basilisks or double cannon to be cast on the spot, throwing balls two to three feet in diameter.—Chambers' Journal.

### WHEN A MAN STARVES.

#### How It Feels to Go Without Food for Seven Days.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, un-speakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still in a great measure the body retains its strength. On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea.

On the fifth day his cheeks appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated; his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes dizzy; the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The mind wanders.—Chicago Chronicle.

### SEEING NOISE.

#### The Method by Which Sound Waves Are Photographed.

Sound can be photographed by taking advantage of the motion produced in a tuning fork. Sound travels in waves, each corresponding with an oscillation in the fork, which remains in a state of continuous vibration while the note is sounded.

To photograph these sound waves a small mirror is attached to the end of one of the prongs. On this a powerful beam of light is projected by a lens, so as to strike it at an angle of forty-five degrees. The light is again reflected from its surface, but in a new direction, and a very slight alteration in the position of the mirror makes a large one in the reflected beam.

To take the photograph the light is turned upon the mirror in a darkened room, and the tuning fork is set in vibration, while a sensitive plate is rapidly passed in the path of the reflected pencil of light. On development the plate shows sound waves recorded as a wavy line, and each note has its characteristic curves.

### The Mad Ambassador.

There was a tragic little scene immediately preceding the marriage of King Edward VII, when he was the Prince of Wales. With several of his royal relatives he was staying at the Prussian embassy in Rome, where his host was the German ambassador, Baron von Kanitz.

The responsibility of entertaining so many august personages under his roof was too much for the ambassador. He appeared at dinner one night in his dressing gown and slippers and to half the royalties of Europe exclaimed: "Is this to go on much longer? I am heartily sick of it, and it must come to an end at once."

They carried him to his room and the next day removed him to an asylum, a raving lunatic.

### Rocking and Sleep.

Dr. Manacoin, the famous Russian authority on sleep phenomena, says that rocking is an artificial method of inducing slumber. The process fatigues consciousness by a series of monotonous sensations and incidentally deprives the brain of its blood supply. Absence of blood from the brain makes sleep. The influence of the lullaby is objectionable, but not equally so. A baby will go to sleep unaided when it needs sleep.

### Her Recommendation.

Cholly—So Miss Tartan loosened up and said a good word about me, did she? Archie—Yes; she said that when one got better acquainted with you one found you were not half as big a fool as you appeared to be.—Exchange.