

# Her Hired Suitor

By T. S. STRIBLING

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Cranleigh Hume swung himself into the Manayunk car, thrust his thumb and forefinger into his waist-pocket after the small change he usually kept there, and found nothing. "Hurrup!" growled the conductor, standing at the waiting line behind the trim young fellow. The boy's fingers rummaged nervously through other pockets. "Ah, here," snarled the bluecoat, "trying to beat your way for a few blocks!" He jerked the bell violently for a stop. "I have nothing but this bill," Hume thrust into an inside pocket and drew forth a twenty dollar note. The car came to a grumbling stop. The conductor was angry. "No, you don't. You know I can't change a double X. Don't have to. Get off." The young fellow hesitated, a flush crept up his face into his closely clipped hair. Two or three passengers were smiling at his dilemma. He turned on his heel and stepped into the night. At the same moment a fat, white-haired, red-faced old gentleman stepped from the crowd on the car platform. The car rushed away with its usual ascending whine. Cranleigh found himself and companion dropped in the midst of a row of dwellings of uncompromising respectability. The young man stood for a moment under an arc light, wondering vaguely into which house the old gentleman would turn when, to his surprise, he spoke. "Pretty rotten company, that." "Rather," returned Hume cautiously, looking up and down the street for the light of a drug store where he could get his bill changed. "Don't bother," said the old man; "I have some small change. We'll go out Manayunk way together." Hume glanced suspiciously for a moment, but the broad comfortable face and prosperous clothes were reassuring. "Then why did you get out?" The old gentleman nodded emphatically. "Because you did. Boveril's my name. Elziver Boveril,

light song ought to be a regular wild west show, and a few words whispered in window lattice, a charge up San Juan hill. Are you on—salary twenty-five per week till the drug clerk fades?" "Twenty-five per," laughed Hume in amazement, "to court a girl?" "Money's no object, Mr. Hume; I want the work done. I wouldn't quarrel about a lawyer's fee when he writes my will. This is like that. Yonder comes our car. We can't talk this inside. Is it a go?" "Sure thing." The two men boarded the car and were flying on their way to Manayunk. They sat side by side, and Mr. Boveril handed the blue coat a dime, lifting two fingers. It takes some think like three-quarters of an hour to ride from the heart of Philadelphia to Manayunk. Hume could not forbear smiling at this whimsical adventure upon which he was engaged. Suddenly a thought struck him. He leaned over to the hectic ear of his companion. "Suppose I should—suppose—" Mr. Boveril turned and gave him a steady look. "I'd get somebody to head you off." "She must be young." "Too young to marry." "What age?" "Eighteen." The car fled on up past Fairmount park. There was a full moon in the sky that wore a pale filtering of light over the massed trees. As they passed the Wissahickon the tumbling waters at the dam gleamed white and managed to send a note of its bartone into the rattling car. "A fine night for it," suggested Hume, his heart warming to his task. Mr. Boveril nodded, pulled out a fat gold watch. "Nearly eleven. That's not very late. You might borrow a guitar from somewhere. I'll listen to you a little bit to see how you perform. After tonight let me know when you're coming around to sing, and I'll stay away at the club. I'm not much on music." "Sure," replied Hume easily; "neither am I. I used to sing in my boarding house until the gentleman below came up one night and offered to throw me out. You understand, he just took a fancy to do something for me, just as you did. I stopped, however, not wanting to put him to any trouble." Mr. Boveril smiled. "We get off at the next corner," he said. The Boveril mansion was located on a hillside in Manayunk over toward Roxborough. It stood white and stately in the soft light on a terraced lawn, up which clambered many flights of marble steps. Hume caught a breath of admiration at the pile, which was not wasted on the owner. "Tis pretty, isn't it?" he said, "and to think that wasted on a drug clerk—she's my only child." The old fellow's voice shook a little. "I wish I could buy her half a dozen drug clerks until she got tired of 'em." As they walked through the streets of the suburb Hume visited many of the despised drug stores until he hit upon a guitar that could be had. Armed with this the two plotters approached the mansion. When they had climbed the third terrace, Mr. Boveril took a seat on an iron settee, and looked at the summer moon while his accomplice stole around to the designated window for his work. Presently Mr. Boveril heard a thrum of chords and then a rather pleasant tenor voice singing "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," an air then running in a popular musical comedy. "What a night," murmured Mr. Boveril, "and his voice isn't bad, though it seems to me I've heard it before somewhere." Within the heavy window frame a girl's head appeared with the first notes, "Oh, Cranleigh," she whispered, "you must go away, darling. I'm expecting Pop home any minute." But Cranleigh's arms were about her shoulders. "He's already here, down on the third terrace, listening to me sing." "What, Cranleigh," she whispered in astonishment. "How did you get away from the drug store?" Cranleigh explained, struck his guitar again, and once more Mr. Boveril heard the lilt. "Cuddle up a little closer, lovey mine, lovey mine." This time it was in duet, and Mr. Boveril wondered.



"Cuddle Up a Little Closer." Corner of the Boveril cotton mills of Manayunk. You may have heard of Hume coughed apologetically. "You will excuse me, Mr. Boveril, but Manayunk has so many millionaires that er—Hume is my name, a Manayunk man myself." "Good. I size a man up quickly," said Hume, "that's the reason I'm now where I am. I want to employ—" "But I have a profession." "This is an odd job, in a way. You don't take up your professional time to have a daughter. Mr. Hume—you don't know what a daughter is, Mr. Hume." The old gentleman's business-like tone trailed off into a sigh. "I've seen them," remarked the young man. "Oh, I mean to own one, bring her on, let her get to the fool stage and you're crazy." "I don't know, what that is," admitted Hume. "Well, my daughter Bella thinks she's in love with a drug clerk in Roxborough. It's ridiculous. I asked her what she admired about him any day. She said she thought it was the dare-devil way he lung her sodas. She's so young! I told her she couldn't marry him. She said she would. I've had her mother and can't tell her she shouldn't, but believe she will. Then I hit on my scheme, and there's where you come in." Hume looked at the old fellow's flushed face under the arc light, after a burst of confidence. "What am I to do?" "Well, when she told me a soda singer looked dare-devil I decided then to fight a dare-devil with a soda. I looked you over. I like your pitch and twill, Hume. I want you to pitch in now and make that drug clerk as dead an issue as free silver abolition. Can you sing—play a guitar?" "A little bit." "All right, I fancy if drawing sodas looks dare-devil, a guitar and a moon-

## GETS A BROKEN ARM IN POOL BALL DUEL

ATMOSPHERE FOR A FEW MINUTES IS FILLED WITH FLYING IVORY.

A shining pool ball, thrown with the accuracy of Mathewson "putting one over," put an end to a fight in a Pittsburgh pool room the other night. The well-aimed shot broke the right forearm of Julius Rosenberg, aged 23, of 1034 Vickroy street, and landed William Kelsky, aged 18, of 707 Wylie avenue, in the Center Avenue police station. Detectives Dillon and Morgan were the arresting officers. The pool ball that placed Rosenberg hors de combat was not the only one that left the table in the billiard hall. For a few minutes the air was crowded with them and the manager of the place spent nearly an hour searching for a "fifteen ball" after the fight was over. It was finally recovered from a cuspidor into which it had caromed during the argument.



Duel With Pool Balls.

No person seemed to know what caused the scrap. Rosenberg and Kelsky, who were believed to be friends, were watching a game of pool when one hit the other. Who struck the first blow nobody seemed to know, and they didn't want to see who scored next. All the pool balls available were seized by the combatants, and placing several tables between them, they opened fire. From the street the crowd gazed in through a window at the unique battle. According to witnesses, neither fighter scored until Kelsky, who is said to have some reputation as a diamond star, threw an incurve which caught Rosenberg in the right forearm. Rosenberg took the point, and the crowd followed the detectives back to the pool room and helped the manager gather up the balls.

## KNOCKS OFF GIRL'S BIG HAT

Offending Headgear Obstructed Nebraska's View of the Stage and He Lands on the "Lid."

Omaha.—Judge Bryce Crawford of the Omaha police court has suddenly jumped into popularity by reason of one of his decisions. Harry Buckley, a young man about town, was at one of the theaters and occupied a seat directly behind a young woman, who wore a hat that carried a brim fully two feet wide, hiding the stage from Buckley and the persons to his right and left. Leaning over, Buckley said: "Will you please remove your hat, so that I can see the play?" The girl answered back that she had "paid for seeing the show and didn't propose to be insulted." Instead of calling an usher, Buckley struck the hat and sent it spinning



Off Went Her "Lid."

several feet away. Buckley was placed under arrest, charged with disturbing the peace. When the case came to trial Judge Crawford held that if there was any disturbance it was caused by the owner of the hat and that her big "lid" was out of place in the theater. Buckley was discharged.

Pig "Kidnaps" Bear Cubs. Selins Grove, Pa.—When John Weller, a farmer of Summit Village, near here, entered his barnyard in the morning he was surprised to discover that his prize sow had adopted two bear cubs. Near by was the mother bear, apparently indifferent over the fact that the cubs had forsaken her.

## GYPSY QUEEN THE CHILD OF BANKER

JESSIE HABERSHAM MITCHELL WAS SCION OF DISTINGUISHED BALTIMORE FAMILY.

## PASSES AWAY IN CINCINNATI

Remarkable Story of Her Life With the Nomadic Band Whose King She Married—Was a Descendant of Francis Scott Key.

Cincinnati, O.—Jessie Habersham Mitchell, wife of J. H. Mitchell, king of the Romany gypsies, who, it became known, was the daughter of H. G. Habersham, a wealthy Baltimore banker, and a great-granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," died here recently.

The discovery that the gypsy queen was a scion of one of the oldest families in Maryland created a sensation in St. Louis some time ago. Detectives and agents who were sent by the woman's relatives and who tried to get her to return to a life of luxury and ease, failed to impress her. She said she preferred the life of a nomad.

According to the death-bed story, told by Mrs. Mitchell at the hospital in Cincinnati, she was stolen from her home five years ago by a band of gypsies and sold to one of the tribes for \$900.

During all this time her father spent several fortunes in searching for his daughter. Last April she was located in St. Louis, but the search was all in vain. Jessie had become inured to the life of the nomad and refused to shake off its fascination and lure, despite the prayers of her relatives. Her mother died several months after her abduction.

During the first few years she was held in bondage and not allowed to communicate with her father. The tribe would quietly leave a neighborhood whenever she was suspected of having made any attempt to get in touch with her own world. Accounts of her abduction and the endeavors of her parents to trace her, which appeared in the newspapers, she was compelled to read to all the gypsies. Later she was wooed and won by King John H. Mitchell and married



The Gypsy Queen.

him. While in camp with her band of rovers south of St. Louis she made a small fortune from the curious society girls who took the long journey to the gypsy tent to see the white queen. Like the women of her band, she was learned in the art of telling fortunes.

Cincinnati folks were apprised of the strange life of the American gypsy queen only after her death. Her conception of her career to the Sister Superior of the Seton hospital was the channel through which her story became public. She told the sister that she was not allowed her freedom until she really became infatuated with the life led by the roving people.

Mrs. Mitchell was a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Marie Lloyd Key, one of the most famous beauties of the South; grand-niece of Roger B. Taney, the Justice of the Supreme court; cousin of Lloyd Lowndes, a former governor of Maryland; great-grandniece of the first postmaster general of the United States, and niece of a commander in the United States Navy.

Gets \$10,000 if Sober Three Years. New York.—If Andrew L. Colvin of Brooklyn takes a seat on the "water wagon" and is still there when he reaches the age of forty, which means abstinence for at least three years, he will become the sole owner of a \$10,000 estate left by his mother, Mrs. Susan Colvin. If he falls he will get only the interest on the estate during his lifetime.

Mrs. Colvin's will was filed in the Kings county surrogate's office and it contains a long clause providing for her son to inherit her estate if he is leading a life of sobriety at the age of forty and has not been under the influence of intoxicants for the previous three years.

Hiccoughs Kills Pastor. Asbury Park, N. J.—Rev. James W. Laughlin, retired Methodist Protestant minister of Belmar, who after an attack of hiccoughs lasting four days, became unconscious, is dead. Water on the brain developed as a result of the hiccoughing and other complications.

## ONE REDEMPTION

When Papa Hears It He Ought to Grab Girl Quick.

The only son had just announced the family his engagement. "What, that girl?" remarked his mother. "Why, she squints." "She has absolutely no style," commented his sister. "Red-headed, isn't she?" asked auntie. "I'm afraid she's flighty," was grand-mother's opinion. "She hasn't any money," said uncle. "And she doesn't look strong," chimed in the first cousin. "She's stuck up, in my opinion," asseverated the second cousin. "She's extravagant," was the opinion given by the third cousin.

"Well, she's got one redeeming feature, at any rate," remarked the only son, thoughtfully. "What's that?" chorused the charitable band. "She hasn't a relative on earth." Papa had not yet spoken, but now he did. "Grab her, my boy, grab her," he said.

## The Great Art of Dying.

To die without rebellion and without weakness is the masterpiece of a man. A mountain guide—whose name the London Daily Mail does not mention in narrating the story of his heroism—with two others, was leading a party over one of the most dangerous passes of the higher Alps. The men, as is usual, were tied together by a long rope. As they scaled a wall of ice they slipped on the edge of a frightful chasm. The guide was at the end of the rope. Without his weight there was a chance for the others to regain their footing; with it, his experienced eye told him, there was none. With instant courage he drew his knife from his belt and said quietly to the man next him: "Tell mother how it happened, Edmond."

He cut the rope and fell, never to be seen again. New York and Philadelphia. She was a beautiful and statuesque blonde who had changed her residence from New York to this city and secured a position as stenographer in the offices of a staid, dignified citizen of good old Quaker descent. On the morning of her first appearance she went straight to the desk of the boss. "I presume," she remarked, "that you begin the day over here the same as they do in New York?" "Oh, yes," replied the boss, without glancing from the letter he was reading. "Well, hurry up and kiss me then," was the startling rejoinder, "I want to get to work."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malarial and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 30 years. Price 50 cents.

## At the Door.

"Yes, my mind is made up. Tonight I shall ask her to be my wife. B-b-y Jove, I hope she's out!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Stop guessing! Try the best and most certain remedy for all painful ailments—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. The way it relieves all soreness from sprains, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, etc., is wonderful.

It is often a shorter way, and more useful, to fashion ourselves to others than for them to adjust themselves to us.—La Fontaine.

## FOR COLDS AND GRIP

Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediate relief. 10c, 25c, and 50c at drug stores.

A collapsible conscience may be more comfortable than an ingrowing one, but it works as much harm.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

You possess only as much faith as possesses you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The big fences are not always around the best fruit trees.

Itch Cured in 30 Minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

The trouble hunter always bags game.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

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For Lorn—I have loved and lost. Jack—Well, don't complain; you haven't a mother-in-law on your hands.

The Significant Wink. "I think," said the weary stranger, "that I'll go somewhere and take 40 winks."

The hack driver looked puzzled. "What's the trouble?"

"I was wondering whether you wanted me to drive you to a hotel or a drug store."

"What's that?" chorused the charitable band.

"She hasn't a relative on earth."

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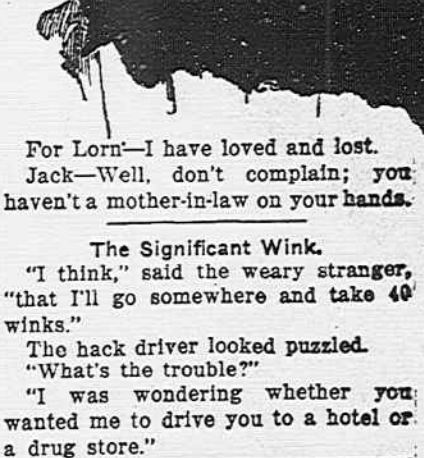
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