

For the time being gasoline is the favorite perfume.

People who keep their sidewalks clean deserve at least honorable mention.

If one swallow doesn't make a summer, what don't three robins make? Spring?

Manuel is to get \$39,600 a year. Perhaps there is something in the king business after all.

When rats are not disseminating the bubonic plague they are engaged in other nefarious practices.

All the world loves a lover, but as to these noblemen who seek American girls with money it is merely curious.

If those New Jersey people think that "hello" verges on profanity" what must they think of "line is busy"?

Think how many hen's eggs young McLean could have bought with the money he paid for that Hope diamond!

Paris is making a move to elevate the moral tone of its literature and its art. There is room for the exercise of its efforts.

A Colorado couple who were divorced in 1875 have just been married again. Sometimes second thoughts come a long time afterward.

A Chicago girl captured a bandit who tried to grab her pocket book. Bandits will learn in time to confine their operations to the less resourceful male sex.

If they take the exaggerated show' ders away from the men and the rats away from the women hotel mattresses might achieve additional softness.

A Boston theologian declares that the story of Adam and Eve is merely a parable. But the old Adam, who blamed everything on his wife, is nobody's fiction.

Thirty per cent. of the students at the University of Wisconsin are round shouldered. Another argument against the over development of gray matter in our youth.

A man was sent to a hospital in New York for examination as to his sanity because he thought himself a fish. Maybe somebody told him he was in the swim.

Asheville, N. C., has a "Jack the Klisser" scare, but we dimly perceive that this may only be an advertisement for the place as a summer resort for old maids.

The aeroplane has been developed far enough to warrant less enthusiasm in offering prizes for flights and more attention to the development of a practical parachute.

One marriage out of every three in San Francisco ends in divorce, according to one who delves in such things. Apparently matrimonial earthquakes are common there, too.

Innovating dressmakers may try to banish the waist line from the feminine form divine; but enterprising man will continue to seek, locate and restore it with his strong right arm.

Not content with the hobble skirt, those Parisian intriguers have sprung the "trouser gown" on us. Possibly the pantaloon effect is expected to make a hit with suffragettes.

Corset coats for men are reported to be recommended by the fashionable tailors. Evidently the fashionable tailors have faith in the theory that men are turning from foolishness.

And now a physician blames the spread of infantile paralysis on fleas. What? Fleas on pitty itty tootsie wootsie? Let the doctor prepare for an onslaught of highly insulted mothers.

A beauty expert says that to keep their mouths beautiful, women must shut them. Here is the sex confronted with the most harrowing alternative ever presented to distracted human choice.

An educator asserts that aeroplanes will abolish war. Which looks like working up a movement to have the Carnegie Peace board use a half million a year in subsidizing aeroplane factories.

New York women say that the feminine throat loses its beautiful contour in making the hissing "s" sound so characteristic of English. As in "Yes?"

The Aero Club of America has acted commendably in taking steps looking to lessening of danger in aviation. One proposition is that machines shall be examined more closely before any attempt at flying is permitted. This is a simple precaution which should be easily taken.

A New York physician tells us that he can cure old age. We have also heard of men who thought they had discovered the secret of eternal motion. Strange to say, a physician is not a Mattheawan.

The Repentance of Hartz

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief United States Secret Service

It was sometime in the fall of 1859 that a stranger came trudging along the turnpike. He was short and fat. His round red face was covered with a stubby growth of blonde whiskers. He wore a broad flat blue cloth cap and a long brown linen duster a little out of season. A bundle tightly rolled in black oilcloth was strapped to his back. He stopped in the middle of the road. Looking about, his eyes rested upon a weather-beaten sign board upon which had once been painted the picture of a black bear resting upon its haunches. For more than a hundred years this sign board had been swinging to and fro as if beckoning and inviting passersby to enter the little inn that was standing some 15 or 20 feet back from the road. It took Mr. Herman Weisgarber several minutes to decipher the inscription beneath the faded picture. When he had succeeded, as he thought, he muttered audibly, "Dish ish de black. Der black bear vas inn, and I shust myself vill walk in mit him."

Bracing up a little and stroking his chin he stepped with a lengthened stride into the little front room that served as an office for the Black Bear Inn. Here he found himself in the presence of a pleasant-faced woman who smiled coquettishly. He greeted her in his own tongue, in which she replied, and the conversation was now carried on briskly in the German language. It was a buxom widow on the one hand and a rascally counterfeiter on the other. He was a long-time rogue, but she was honest and unsuspecting. With her the world was good, with him it was dog eat dog and the devil take the hindmost. The widow Hartz was altogether too unsophisticated to penetrate the dark recesses of the hollow-hearted man that had by chance come suddenly into the affairs of her life. She judged him by her own heart and little dreamed of the misery soon to follow her chance acquaintance with Herman Weisgarber.

Her husband had died about two years before. At this time her heart was centered on her son, a young man nearly twenty years of age. John Hartz, thanks to the training of his father, was honest and industrious. The Black Bear Inn and the little farm adjoining was a sacred inheritance from his paternal grandfather.

The inn was now somewhat out of date, but was still doing its part towards furnishing the mother and son a living and a little to lay up for a rainy day. John's father had taught him to stand firmly for the right in all things.

Mr. Weisgarber's gray blue eyes were shining brightly beneath his overhanging brows as he stood explaining to the widow Hartz regarding himself. The word tramp, now so aptly applied to the tie-path tourist, had not been coined in that day and men of his like were little understood. He said he was just out on a pleasure tour and that he traveled on foot as a matter of choice. He was moving leisurely along that he might better enjoy the lovely scenery and pure mountain air. His words were well chosen and deeply impressive as he cautiously worked his way up to the point of offering to remain for a time and assist in the work about the inn and farm. He had a smooth tongue.

The turn-pike, winding its way along up and down the sides, over and across the Allegheny mountains was then the popular highway for drovers and wagoners upon their way to and fro between Eastern Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh. The people along this route were principally Germans. Some of them could neither read nor speak English. They lived mainly on what they produced and had little occasion to spend their money. Almost anything that looked like money would pass. In those days much of the paper money in circulation was of the wild cat kind. Between the counterfeit and genuine issue there was but little choice. One passed from hand to hand almost as readily as the other.

Herman Weisgarber, as he called himself, had for many years been dodging about from place to place making a living by shoving the queer. Under pretence of his inability to understand the English language he was able to deceive the officers and escape arrest. It was always "Nicht vorstehe" with him. "He shust didn't know nothing 'bout baper monies."

To the widow Hartz he appeared a man of honor. She measured his character by her own and could see no farther. Six months had scarcely passed from the time she met him until he became her husband. When John Hartz came in contact with his step-father he was honest, and had he followed in the footsteps of his own father he would have remained so. It did not take long to prove that he was susceptible and easily drawn into ways that were dark and forbidding. Step by step he was led along and craftily initiated into the mysterious doings of counterfeiters.

One day a drover came along the pike with a long string of oxen and stopped at the Black Bear Inn, and engaged a pasture for his cattle over night. The drover was new in that part of the country, and for safety he handed his pocket book, containing several hundred dollars, to John Hartz for safe keeping. In the presence of Weisgarber. Shortly afterwards when the drover was out attending to his cattle, Weisgarber suggested the idea to John of changing the good money in the pocket book for an equal amount of counterfeit that he had on hand. John was easily persuaded. He thought his step-father knew best. In the morning the drover received his pocket book and proceeded to count its contents. He at once saw that the bills were of a different kind than those he had been carrying. He pulled a counterfeit detector from his pocket and examined them. Having satisfied himself that they were bad, he charged John with having substituted them. The accused man's face turned red and he began to stammer, but his step-father who was standing by, came at once to the front and commenced to talk in German to John. Turning to the drover he protested in badly broken English that the young man was honest and hadn't even opened the pocket book. Between the two the drover got a tongue lashing for his accusation that so completely upset him that he was none too sure that he ever had any money. He was now in a bad fix; a long ways from



home with a pocket book full of counterfeit money as his only wherewith to pay his expenses.

After everything had cooled down, Mr. Weisgarber, in a burst of generosity, was good enough to loan the drover one or two hundred dollars to pay his way until he could reach Strasburgh, a little town at the foot of the Three Brother mountains. The drover was silenced but not altogether convinced. His money was all right the day before, but he wasn't quite sure it was of the right stamp when he handed it over to the young man for safe keeping. Here was an exemplification of the little difference between the truth and a lie well stuck to. Time rolled on and John Hartz' career in crime became more and more firmly fixed.

One day the sheriff came with a warrant for the "Flying Dutchman," which meant Herman Weisgarber.

"Gott en Himmel! Vot ish dish?" he exclaimed.

A long explanation ensued and the sheriff was greatly puzzled regarding his duty. He was convinced that the accused man was innocent, and he thought it might be a safe thing to leave him at his home and go back to the county seat and report before making the arrest. When he reached there he was told to return at once and bring his man. When he got back to the Black Bear Inn Mr. Weisgarber was out. He had saddled up and rode away and might not return for several days, perhaps never. But the good-natured sheriff didn't see it that way. He would come back again, or he might present himself voluntarily at the sheriff's office.

The mother had now experienced enough to satisfy her that she had made a great mistake and that she was tied to a bad man. Her life became a burden to her. One day she suddenly disappeared. After a long search she was found dead with a rope tightly drawn about her neck hanging to a stout hook in the smoke house. The scene was too much for

John. He now became dazed with fear and excitement. He left the home of his boyhood on foot and made his way to Philadelphia, where he chanced to meet his step-father who was a member of a gang of counterfeiters. John was easily persuaded and he suffered himself to be led along step by step until he was deep in the mire.

Our Civil war had brought a great change in the finances of the country. Wild cat banks had gone out of existence and a new kind of money was in use. There was a great deal of counterfeiting going on and John Hartz was one of the number engaged in it. Like the most of the men of his stamp he was unsuccessful in accumulating wealth.

A counterfeit beer stamp made its appearance in Philadelphia and I found it necessary to visit that city. The night was dark and stormy and it was about the portentous hour of 1:00 a. m., when ghosts are said to stalk abroad in ghastly white array, that four detectives left their comfortable quarters in the hotel with the expectation of making an important arrest. The man they sought was invisible during the day time and a difficult man to encounter at night. He had frequently been heard of but had seldom been seen by the government detectives. When the officers reached the appointed place they scattered and took up their positions where they would attract as little attention as possible. Their mysterious mission had been fully explained; a deal was expected to be pulled off. One of the detectives was rotund of person. He had, through one of the counterfeiting gang, been introduced as a beer dealer who said he was willing to take his chances with bogus stamps, and he had bargained with one of the counterfeiters for five thousand counterfeit lager beer stamps, and was to receive them at a certain hour at a designated place.

When the man put in an appearance to make the delivery he was to be arrested. This individual, owing to the darkness of the night, was unable to see the detectives stationed about, and he walked with his carpet bag in

the slightest information. I had offered him his liberty and \$1,000 in money as an inducement, but he stubbornly refused. He seemed to have deluded himself into the idea that treachery among a gang of criminals was much worse than the unlawful deeds performed by them.

I learned from the prisoner that he had a family. When this was mentioned he shuddered a little. Coming to the conclusion that I could learn nothing from him I was ready to lock him up. Before doing this I suggested the idea of taking him to see his wife and children. Early in the morning I procured a carriage, and after a 20 minutes' drive we stopped in front of a large tenement house which we entered, ascending the stairs to the second floor.

Knocking at a door to our right we were after some delay admitted by a woman wearing a calico wrapper, and we entered the room which was dark and dismal as a tomb. Two or three broken chairs, a rickety table and a mattress spread upon the floor and covered with ragged quilts, constituted the furnishings. Peeping from beneath the tattered covering I saw the bright eyes and curly heads of two young children.

"Is this your home, Mr. Hartz?" I inquired.

"This is where I stay," he replied. I saw at once that I was up against a species of delusion for which I had no ready-made speech of condolence, and I was just a little embarrassed. There was a depth of seriousness in the affair that I had rarely met with. I was confronted with the genuine woes of humanity and at a loss for the moment to know just what to do or say. After deliberating a short time I came to the conclusion that it was best to explain all to his wife. She looked like an intelligent woman and I proceeded to recount her with the facts concerning her husband's arrest and the punishment that was sure to follow. I likewise pointed out the door through which he might escape. I demanded a clean breast without reserve. I was to know all the particulars in regard to the conspiracy, and he was to act in good faith and to assist the detectives in plans to capture the engraver and all others connected with the affair; besides, he was, if it became necessary, to go upon the witness stand and testify against his confederates. Counterfeiters as a general thing are treacherous towards one another when in a tight place; it is anything to save themselves. With John Hartz it was different; he preferred to sacrifice himself rather than to give away his confederates.

When the wife was made acquainted with the proposition that had been made to her husband she appealed to him in language that seemed irresistible.

He hung his head. There was an expression on his face that was indefinable. A fresh link in misery's chain had now reached his heart. The scene was absolutely painful and I soon saw that he was weakening. A man's character varies in accordance with the position in which he is placed. Criminals are human, like our selves, and if we would learn the dangers lurking in our pathway, we should know how they chance to stumble and fall. Some men are weaker and more prone to vice than others. There is a never-ending battle between right and wrong. I never yet found a man so bad that there was not something in his character upon which to base a hope. I never yet saw a man that was so good as to be free from danger. There is a thread of gold running through the character of the worst of men; the difficulty is to reach it.

The prisoner's eyes fell and were filled with tears. We have no pity for the tears shed by criminals. They are deserved, but they are tears just the same, and sometimes come from a heart unjustly pierced. His wife now approached him and said, "Where is the money to come from to pay the rent for this miserable room we are living in? How am I to obtain food and clothing for our children when you are in the penitentiary?"

Accustomed as I was to scenes of this kind my heart was deeply touched and my hand went almost involuntarily to my pocket. I pulled out a roll of bills. It was the government's money. Peeling off five twenties, I handed them to the woman. "Take this, my good woman, I cannot save your husband, but I will give you something with which to supply your immediate wants. Buy these children some clothes."

I handed her an additional twenty. The counterfeiter and his wife stood looking earnestly into each other's faces. Both seemed well nigh broken-hearted. He stepped towards me as he said: "You are the only decent man I have ever seen in the detective business and I am going to tell you all about it."

I have seen crime in its many phases and have noted the effect of a long term of imprisonment upon men as they received their sentence, but John Hartz appeared as the most repentant criminal I had ever met. He had been caught red-handed and could have been easily convicted, but the result of his confession and assistance was many times more important to the government. It led to the breaking up, root and branch, of an extensive group of dangerous counterfeiters. The engraver, procurer and six others were arrested with the evidence of their guilt in their hands. All were convicted and sentenced to serve various terms in the penitentiary.

My promise to Hartz was religiously kept. He was suffered to go at large. What became of him I am unable to say.

Worms

"Cascarets are certainly fine. I gave a friend one when the doctor was treating him for cancer of the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape-worm 45 feet long. It was Mr. Matti Freck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cascarets. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood." Chas. E. Condon, Lewistown, Pa., (Liffin Co.)

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Give a girl a present, and she will not worry about the future.

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

The test of whether you are educated is, can you do what you ought, when you ought, whether you want to do it or not?—Herbert Spencer.

FOR COLDS AND BRUISES. HICK'S CARBONIC is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

I honor any man anywhere, who, in the conscious discharge of what he believes to be his duty, dares to stand alone.—Charles Sumner.

Tasted Good. "I saw John, the butler, smacking his lips, just now, as he went out. Had he been taking anything, Katlo?" asked the mistress.

"What was he doin', ma'am?" asked the pretty waiting girl.

"Smacking his lips."

"Sure, he'd just been smacking mine, ma'am!"—Yonkers Statesman.

His Aspiration. Richard, aged 12, Warburton, aged 14, and Gordon, aged 10, were discussing what they would do with a million dollars.

Richard said: "I would buy a motor boat."

Warburton said: "I would spend my million for music and theater tickets."

Gordon, the 10-year-old, sniffed at them derisively. "Humph!" said he, "I'd buy an automobile, and spend the rest in fines!"—Harper's Bazar.

Consumption Spreads in Syria. Consumptives in Syria are treated today much in the same way as the lepers have been for the last 2,000 years. Tuberculosis is a comparatively recent disease among the Arabs and Syrians, but so rapidly has it spread that the natives are in great fear of it. Consequently when a member of a family is known to have the disease, he is frequently cast out and compelled to die of exposure and want. A small hospital for consumptives has been opened at Beyrout under the direction of Dr. Mary P. Eddy.

UNGALLANT. Bloom—I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me. Gloom—Did she? I wish you'd met her sooner.

HONEST CONFESSION A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly admission of the fact.

A case in point is that of a practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all muchly advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons.

"I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eruptions (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does.

"I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pigs for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason." "Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

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