

An International Episode

American Girl Interferes With the Will of the Czar of Russia

By EVELYN MOORE

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Every one said that Jack Worthington should have been a man. One may infer from the name that Jack was a man, but this is not so. Her name was Jacqueline. When she was a little girl she wrote it Jac, but as she grew older, finding that every one else wrote it Jack, she fell into line. There was nothing unfeminine about Miss Worthington. It was the strength of purpose and the daring in her that caused her friends to say that she should have been born masculine. She had a woman's heart and a man's head and courage.

But to begin at the beginning. Jack Worthington lived in Washington, being the daughter of a retired admiral in the United States navy. There are attractive young men attached to the foreign legations in Washington, who frequently find wives among the girls of the capital. The secretary of the Russian embassy was one of the finest of these fellows—tall, handsome, with blue eyes, light hair and beard; indeed, a perfect type of the sons of the north, belonging to the higher class.

Alexis Droubeloff fell a victim to a certain witchery there was in Jack Worthington. Unfortunately for his suit, she had read much of the efforts of certain noble men and women in Russia to throw off the bureaucratic yoke and had become an ardent sympathizer with the Russian revolution. While her heart went out to meet that of the secretary, she would not give him any encouragement, since he was in the service of what she considered tyranny. The result of the affair was that she converted him to her way of thinking.

Droubeloff had one of those self-sacrificing natures possessed by all Russian revolutionists. Once converted he conceived it to be his duty to go back to Russia and contend for the cause. He told Jack that though he loved her and should always love her he must relinquish her, for henceforth his life and liberty would be in constant jeopardy.

If anything was needed to attach the girl's heart irrevocably to the young diplomat this stand was quite sufficient. But, since he had determined to resign from the government service and go to Russia for the purpose of thwarting that government's will by assisting to educate the people, the lovers were obliged to part. Jack kept her affair a secret from her father, her mother and all the world, and when the secretary of the Russian legation resigned his position and sailed away no one knew that he took her heart with him.

Droubeloff had not worked long in his new field before he was arrested and sent to Siberia.

With Droubeloff shut up for life in a Russian prison in the frozen regions of the north, Jack Worthington a society belle in the western hemisphere, this story should by good rights come to an end here. But the moment Jack Worthington heard of her lover's exile to Siberia that strong will and ability to do which have been mentioned as characteristic of her began to assert themselves. She was now twenty-four years old and possessed a fortune in her own right. She informed her father and mother that she was going abroad, and going alone. Had they known her purpose, instead of permitting her to go they would have planned to place her in a lunatic asylum.

Her sympathy with the Russian revolution had been fostered by certain fugitives she had met who had been in the condition of the Russian revolutionaries and the efforts of the revolutionists in their behalf. One of these was Michael Zarowitz, who was returning to Russia, she took refuge, and the two went to the city. Before Droubeloff left Jack had introduced the two to several conferences. In going to Russia was a matter of course. They formed a determination only to chance those who one can foresee. She was no person whose friends would get him out. She would execute it. There were persons taken into consideration possible for the escape.

Worthington position as well as the money from St. Petersburg. Droubeloff was released. She re-

management and submitted it to the governor for his inspection. Her real object was to discover in what prison and what part of the prison Droubeloff was confined and to learn as much about it, its entrances and exits and rules as possible.

One day when Miss Worthington was making an inspection a squad of prisoners was being marched to the mines. In the line was Droubeloff. So changed was he that Miss Worthington did not know him. And it was perhaps fortunate that she did not, for her recognition of him might have proved dangerous. But he recognized her. Though filled with a wild joy, he managed to show no evidence that he had ever seen her before. Seeing a pair of eyes fixed on her, the knowledge that they belonged to her lover came so slowly that she, too, was enabled to avoid any appearance of recognition.

Jack recalled her parting with Droubeloff at Washington. It was after a reception at the White House, and he was in evening dress, with the insignia of several orders upon his breast. What a change in this unkempt man in the clothes of a workman with a pick and shovel on his shoulder! The meeting not only stimulated her desire to free him, but added to that daring tempered by caution which was natural to her.

The next day she found a way of meeting Zarowitz. He had represented himself as from the country round about Kara, who had come for the purpose of getting employment about the prisons. Miss Worthington told him of the prison in which Droubeloff was confined, and it was agreed that he should concentrate his efforts upon that particular prison. This was all that could be done at present.

It was two months before Zarowitz secured one of the most unimportant positions in the prison where Droubeloff was confined, but once there he gave evidence of such vigilance that it was not long before he was promoted to be keeper.

Miss Worthington's plans were now nearing a head. She had succeeded in getting a very daring man in as keeper of the prison in which her lover was confined. Methods of getting Droubeloff out were plentiful, but would any of them be successful? There is one, or a part of one, that has been often tried with success. Prisoners have been enabled to gain time by leaving a dummy in their cells, and this was the first matter for preparation. In order to have a dummy ready Miss Worthington gave Zarowitz certain materials for its composition, which he took with him to his quarters in the prison.

Meanwhile the prisoner and his keeper had come into secret communication, and Zarowitz was watching for an opportunity to connive at the former's escape. A failure was not only to be dreaded for Droubeloff, but for Zarowitz, and what appalled both men was the possibility of Miss Worthington being implicated. Zarowitz would suffer untold miseries if as keeper he assisted a prisoner to escape, and should it become known that the Russian police had long been hunting for him it would add to his tortures. If Miss Worthington were arrested as an accessory she would doubtless remain in the Kara prison for the rest of her life. For this reason Droubeloff asked Zarowitz to beg her to go away and leave the two to work out the problem by themselves, but she resolutely declined.

The escape was attempted in the evening. The prisoners were marched after a day's work into their cells. The keeper went to Droubeloff's cell and spoke a few words in a whisper. Droubeloff took the dummy from under his cot and placed it on the cot with the face toward the wall. Zarowitz, who had left him, presently returned with a workman's suit of clothes. Droubeloff put it on and, leaving the cell, walked boldly down the corridor.

There was no way to eliminate the guards standing at different places on the line of exit. The prisoner must run the risk of their recognizing him. The chances were that, not being personally acquainted with the prisoners, they would not recognize one of them in the garb of a workman. But this was not certain. Droubeloff passed the first guard in his exit from the building. Walking on deliberately, he passed the one in the yard. It was hard for him to resist the temptation to make a dash through the gateway, but he resisted. Passing out as any ordinary laborer would do, he was beyond the wall. The temptation to run was all but irresistible. When he knew his figure was growing dim to those at the gate he hastened his step.

At an appointed place he found a sleigh. He stepped into it beside Miss Worthington, who pulled a robe up over him, and the driver, who was none other than the keeper, drove away before him, drove

Not a word was said as they trotted leisurely out of the prison. The keeper, who was the only one of the prison who knew the role of the escape, was not to be taken into consideration.

According to Stebbins

A Story of a Lover's Spat and an Obstinate Pony

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Luke Prentice carefully reread the letter a second and a third time. When he had learned it quite by heart he tore it into a hundred bits and flung them to the four winds of heaven.

"I reckon there won't another girl give a chance to throw me down," said Luke sullenly as he dug his spurs into the cow pony's flank. "Hump yourself, Stebbins, if you want a rubdown and a bite tonight!"

Stebbins humped himself to such good effect that it lacked an hour of sundown when he loped into the corral of the Three X ranch. His rider dismounted, and, nodding grimly to the circle of cowboys gathered around the fire, he rendered the promised services to Stebbins and then entered the bunk house, where he made a careless toilet.

"Wednesday night's beau night," remarked Fletcher, scanning Luke's blue flannel shirt with a lifted eyebrow. "You know, Luke, we kinder look to you to keep up the reputation of the ranch, you being the most popular courting gent in the outfit. You ain't going to back out and stay home?"

"That's just what I'm going to do," said Mr. Prentice, turning a dangerous glance toward his tormentor. "I've heard it said that I ought to stay home and give some of you other fellows a chance with the girls. Of course I don't want to stand in anybody's way. I'm taking a few courting days off, see?"

They all saw and passed the wink to Fletcher. That gentleman pulled at his long mustache, turned it fiercely upward and smiled thoughtfully.

"Thank you, Luke," he said at last in a velvety tone. "I've been waiting a long time for a chance, so as you've dropped out of the game I'll just mope along the Chinacpin trail tonight. I got a box of candy laid aside for just such an emergency."

The Chinacpin trail led to the Chinacpin ranch, and there was where Estelle Blair lived with her brother Frank. It was said that Luke Prentice mounted on Stebbins had worn the Chinacpin trail down to bedrock. It was a fact that he had fallen desperately in love with Estelle Blair and that for a time at least she appeared to reciprocate his feeling. Later, however, Estelle had grown cool and distant, and now their friendship had been severed by the curt little letter she had sent advising him that she would not be at home hereafter on Wednesday nights.

Luke could not understand why matters had turned out this way unless it was that Estelle had learned to love somebody else. He knew that Fletcher occasionally called at the Chinacpin to see Frank Blair, and he must at the same time have opportunities of meeting Frank's lovely sister. But both Fletcher and Blair were rival suitors for the fair hand of Miss Gertrude Gibbs, the schoolteacher at Lone Tree, and it was not supposed that either ever wavered in his allegiance to the plump little beauty. As a matter of fact, the two rivals were close companions, and it was whispered that in this way each kept track of the other's movements.

Nevertheless Luke felt a fierce stab of jealousy as Bert Fletcher emerged from the bunk house immaculate in a white shirt and wearing in his bosom the large yellow topaz pin he had won from Mexican Pete. His mustaches were twisted fiercely, and his black eyes sparkled maliciously as he looked at Luke Prentice playing solitaire by the light of a lantern.

"Any messages you want to send, Luke?" teased Fletcher as he passed by.

Prentice lifted a dangerous eye and surveyed his companion's getup with contempt. "You might tell Miss Gertrude I can't get over tonight, but I'll be around sure thing next Wednesday," he said, lazily gathering up the cards and snapping them into a rubber band.

"Miss Gertrude?" Fletcher reddened uneasily. "I didn't know I was going to Lone Tree, did I? I didn't know—"

tening to Miss Gertrude's vivacious chatter, enjoying the conventional music she chattered from the tiny piano and even joining in the chorus of that popular melody "Because I Love You So" until old man Gibbs pounded on the parlor door and requested silence that he might snatch a few hours' rest before he arose to pursue his daily vocation of engineering the stagecoach down to the nearest railroad station.

Later in the evening Bert Fletcher appeared, and close at his heels came Frank Blair. When the rivals found Luke Prentice installed as court favorite they unburdened themselves of large boxes of candy and took a gloomy departure, Blair galloping back to the Chinacpin to tell his sister of the faithless Prentice. Estelle sneered openly and then fitted off to bed without even a good night.

Back in the Gibbs house Luke Prentice and Miss Gertrude opened the boxes of candy and enjoyed the contents hugely, and when Luke departed Miss Gertrude tied a handful of chocolates into a corner of his cleanest pocket handkerchief.

Seven Wednesday evenings Luke Prentice called upon Miss Gibbs, and then the following seven Wednesdays he rode down the Chinacpin trail, but in every instance, strange to relate, he did not find Miss Estelle at home. The Swedish housekeeper eyed him blankly the seventh time.

"I wouldn't think Miss Blair be seen' youse. Her says her ain't to home, but her is!" she explained with a world of pity in her light blue eyes.

Stebbins, muzzling the parched grass in the dooryard, brought up his head with a jerk as Prentice passed through the gate. Suddenly he halted and looked back at the ranch house where he had known many pleasant hours picketed under the trees where the herbage was green and succulent and where lumps of sugar were tendered him in Estelle's pink and white palm.

Luke dug his spurs in Stebbins' flanks and flapped the reins about the pony's ears. "Get along, you son of Satan!" he muttered angrily. "You trying to make more kinds of a fool out of me than I naturally am? Hump yourself!"

The pony started forward just as a shutter opened cautiously in a second story window and a low whistle sounded softly across the yard. A soft, seductive whistle it was, and in the old days it always served as an invitation to partake of a lump of sugar from Miss Blair's hand. Luke did not hear the whistle, but Stebbins did and instantly turned and shot through the gate and galloped wildly toward the house, while Luke sawed at the reins, mad clean through at the mortifying spectacle he was making of himself before the round eyed Swedish woman who gaped at him around a corner of the house.

"She says she wouldn't be to home," she mumbled excitedly as Stebbins curveted and pranced and balked and utterly refused to leave the hospitable Blair doorstep.

Then it was that Prentice brought forth a Mexican blanket beneath his saddle blanketed by Stebbins once across the yard. As a result he found himself in the ground ten feet away with a wrenched arm, while Stebbins nipped sharply near the fence.

Luke dragged himself toward a convenient fence and leaned wearily against it, closed his eyes. In his troubles, when to consciousness he awoke kneeling beside him, strong cool bandages, a woman held his aching head.

"I can get along ma," said Estelle the woman had dropped almost to a sorry, Luke! It was see, I whistled to see he didn't want better than his master ought to do. Why and make me give y Luke? I wanted y around, only you and I thought may stay away from me out. There, I'm n all!"

Luke Prentice saw such good effect from the Chinacpin smile on his hands.

At the forks Prentice riders turn the other way Blair.

"Miss Gertrude?" Fletcher reddened uneasily. "I didn't know I was going to Lone Tree, did I? I didn't know—"

The Beginning of Satin.
The discovery of the principle of the manufacture of satin was a pure accident. The discovery was made by a silk weaver named Octavio Mal. During a dull period of business one day he was pacing before his loom, not knowing how to give a new impulse to his trade. As he passed the machine each time he pulled short threads from the warp and, following an old habit, put them into his mouth and rolled them about, soon after spitting them upon the floor. Later he discovered a little ball of silk upon the floor of his shop and was astonished at the brilliancy of the threads. He repeated the experiment and eventually employed various mucilaginous preparations and succeeded in making satin.

Dangerous Smoking.
Natives of Central America are inveterate users of pimento tobacco, which they make from dried pimento berries or allspice. It invariably gives the smoker a sore throat and often causes cancer of the tongue. The natives of South Africa are affected in a peculiar manner by the smoke from the dried leaves of the camphor plant. The smoker trembles with fright at nothing, weeps bitterly and uses all sorts of words which do not in the least express his meaning. The wild dagga, another South African plant, poisons slowly those who use it.

Social Trickery.
A number of North Atchison girls recently invited their friends to a party, saying that a feature of the entertainment would be a swimming match between two girls. Every one went and found that this part of the programme was carried out by two girls sitting at a table with a bowl of water between them in which a match floated. The men felt that they had been cheated.—Atchison Globe.

The Planet Mars.
The planet Mars resembles the earth more closely than any other unit of the solar system that we know anything about. Mars is smaller than the earth, and its specific gravity is less. Its atmosphere is rarer than that on the highest mountains. It has probably no oceans and very little free water, except in spring, when the snow melts.

Nothing Doing.
It is the soft answer that successfully turns the attention of the persistent borrower who never by any chance turns up on settling day.

The other day a particularly absent minded borrower asked:

"Will you lend me \$5 for a week old man?"

To which came the natural inquiry:

"What is the name of the weak old man?"

Didn't Want Much.

Country Visitor—What's for breakfast? Walter—Porridge, soles, kidney and bacon, grilled ham, sausages, chops, steak and tomatoes. Country Visitor—Right! I'll have what you mentioned and some eggs.—London Opinion.

Household Hint.

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