

How the Trick Was Done

Showing the Ingenuity of an Able Emissary.

By HELEN INGLEHART.

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"Mme. Chapellier?"

"Yes."

"His excellency has directed me to admit you as soon as you called."

The attendant led the way to the private office of the minister of foreign affairs, opened the door and announced:

"Mme. Chapellier!"

"The government," said the minister, "appreciating your past services, is desirous of adding to the amounts already paid you another 50,000 francs."

"And I doubt not the government expects me to add to my past services a corresponding amount."

"Can you leave for London tonight?"

"I can go anywhere at any time."

"Very well. I will explain."

The minister cast a look about the room, habitual with him before entering upon a matter involving secrecy, leaned forward in his chair and spoke in a low tone.

"The British government has made a treaty with the ambassador of the sublime porte at London by which the Sultan grants valuable concessions to Great Britain. We have been negotiating with the sultan's ambassador here in Paris for these same privileges, but we are too late.

"Sir Bradford Chichester, one of the younger members of the British diplomatic corps, has engaged passage by sea for Constantinople in a ship sailing on the 14th. He will carry with him the British-Turkish treaty for signature at the Turkish foreign office. It is our purpose to delay him either at starting or on the way."

Mme. Chapellier reached London the next morning and reported in person to Baron de Brun, the French minister.

"In order to assist you," he said, "I give a dinner this evening at which Sir Bradford Chichester will be present. Have you costumes?"

"Everything except appropriate jewels. I shall personate a wealthy American widow—Mrs. Worthington Wood."

"Where shall I send them?"

"No.—Portman square."

"Very well. I shall expect you at 8."

At the dinner given at the French embassy Mrs. Worthington Wood, who, though born of French parents, had lived the first fifteen years of her life in America, was taken in to dinner by Sir Bradford Chichester. She knew that his family, though ancient, were not rich and that he would gladly take a wealthy wife. She manifested so much interest in seeing his country seat, the Dunes, on the Irish channel and some 200 miles from London, that he, thinking to benefit in the matter of a courtship—should he deem such desirable—rang a house party to go there to remain till the 13th, when he must return to the city to be ready to sail on the 14th. Of course Mrs. Wood was invited.

The next day a small number of guests assembled at the Dunes. It was winter, but the house was cheerfully lighted and logs blazed on every hearth. Sir Bradford devoted himself to the young widow. There are women who possess the knack of carrying an impressive man quickly off his feet. Such was Mrs. Worthington Wood. She administered, so to speak, a love potion. There was in it a reason—to cause her victim to feel that he could never aspire to possess her. Eyes that shot a spark to kindle passion, feigned innocence to excite reverence.

Sir Bradford, Mrs. Wood and several others of the house party had gone up from London on the same train and in the same compartment. Mrs. Wood noticed that her host carried a leather hand bag that he never lost sight of. If he left the train for a moment at a station he took the bag with him; if he went into the smoking compartment to enjoy a cigar the hand bag went with him.

Mrs. Wood also noticed that when he entered the family equipage to be driven to his home, while he gave up his rugs, umbrella and other such belongings to the servants, he held on to the satchel. She deemed it necessary to her plans to know where the hand bag would be deposited. But as soon as the host entered the house, leaving his guests to be shown to their rooms by the housekeeper, he disappeared. When Mrs. Wood next saw him the satchel was not with him.

"I have brought with me," she said to him, "a few of my finest jewels, not daring to leave them in London. Have you a safe in the house?"

"Certainly," he said. "One moment, I will call the housekeeper. The safe is in my bedroom. She will go with us."

"Us? Is it necessary for you to go?"

"I never allow my safe to be opened except by myself."

"On second thought, I will keep my valuables locked in my trunk."

There was a faint reproach in the glance she gave him and her tone.

"Pardon me," he said. "I would trust you, but my housekeeper—"

"You would not trust?"

"Certainly, I would trust you but, but there is property in that safe that doesn't belong to me. Would I be justified in permitting any one, however trustworthy, to go in there?"

His tone was growing more decided.

Interests of state were asserting themselves.

"You would be a fool to do so. Here is my box. I intrust it to your care."

A temptation came to him not to be outdone in a matter of confidence, but he resisted it. Taking the box, in which there were only a few gems for informal occasions, he went away and placed it in his safe.

The next evening at dinner the young widow was entranced. She seemed to be in a light, happy mood. She told the story of how the host had refused to permit her to visit his safe without his being present and set all the guests laughing by its humorous telling. The host laughed with the rest, and had he not been coming under a spell that would have ended the matter. As it was he winced. There was underneath Mrs. Wood's humor a faint suspicion of ridicule. He tried to excuse himself, but only got tangled in his own excuses.

"Don't you think," said the lady to the others, "that Sir Bradford owes me some reparation?"

All heartily agreed that he did.

"Well, this is the last night of our visit here. Let him intrust me with the key of his safe till tomorrow morning."

All declared that such an act would not necessarily be showing any confidence whatever. But the widow insisted that it would satisfy her, and she smilingly held out her hand for the key.

The thought flashed through Sir Bradford's head that the safe, being in his own room, would be under his control through the night. There was a pretty woman smiling at him, daring him—a woman with whom he was fascinated and whom he thought it advantageous to marry. Nevertheless he did not consent. Then suddenly there came a flash from the woman's eyes, a haughty look as if she deemed such a denial of confidence insulting. Sir Bradford put his hand in his pocket and tossed the key on the table before her.

Amid a burst of laughter she seized it and placed it in her corsage.

The diplomat had no sooner yielded to an impulse than he regretted his act. A man under a woman's spell is liable to rush from one extreme to another. One moment he trusts her implicitly; the next he fears that he has fallen into the toils of a devil. At any rate, such was the fear of Sir Bradford. Never for a moment during the evening did he leave the side of the woman who possessed the key of his safe—the safe where was deposited that which if it passed into the possession of another would ruin him. If he turned away from her for a moment it was that she should not see the expression on his face when he cursed himself for a fool.

The widow rallied him continually. "Aren't you going to give me one moment alone?" "Be comforted! I am not in the habit of visiting any but my own room when I visit."

"Will you sleep with a revolver under your pillow tonight?" These were some of the banterings she gave him, much to the amusement of the guests. At midnight, when the party broke up, she had made no move. She rose with the others and went up to her room.

The moment Sir Bradford heard her door close he went up to his own apartment. With his eyes fixed on his safe he gave himself up to tumultuous musing. It contained his possible ruin, and the key was in the possession of a woman he had known but a few days.

"Pooh, pooh! What an ass! She only did it to bedevil me. Nonsense! I have a revolver under my pillow, and if any one should come in here tonight—More nonsense! Who's to come?" Thus he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. But, oh, if he only had the key!

He went to bed and tried to sleep. Slumber would not come. Fancying he heard a movement in his room, he arose and struck a light. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but left it burning. This made him feel a trifle more comfortable, and toward morning he went to sleep.

He was awakened by his valet bringing hot water. After a glance at the safe, which showed no evidence of having been tampered with, he arose, dressed and went down to breakfast. A maid approached him and said:

"I took the hot water to Mrs. Wood, room 6. She didn't answer when I knocked, and I went in. She isn't there."

Sir Bradford blanched. Like lightning the thought flashed through his brain that the key of his safe had gone with her. Then he saw that he was ruined. He was to sail that afternoon for Constantinople. The only way to get the treaty was to break into his safe. But it was a new and perfect one, put in since he had entered the diplomatic service. Only in London could men be found of sufficient skill to do the work, and London was 200 miles away. He put his hand to his head, staggered up to his room and locked himself in.

Twenty-four hours later the minister of foreign affairs in Paris received the card of Mme. Chapellier. He directed that she be at once admitted.

"Well?" he said.

"I left the diplomat at his home far from London with the treaty locked in his safe. There is the key."

"And how much time do you think we will gain?"

She handed him an item cut from a newspaper stating that Sir Bradford Chichester had sent to London for men to open his safe; that they had failed and others more skillful had gone up. He had offered the latter £1,000 if he would do the job in three hours.

"That will do," said the minister. "Our treaty is on the way."

He drew her a check for 50,000 francs.

TAKING A LAW CASE

By DAVID WATERS. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

"Here is a letter from a client of ours, a Mme. Dubois," said the head of the firm, "asking us to send a man to her at L. about litigation as to real estate she is interested in. Take the afternoon train. She'll meet you."

It was Saturday, and I feared to get caught in a country town over Sunday, but I was not accustomed to make suggestions to my chief and did not dare propose a delay. I arrived at L. just before the dinner hour, and, passing out of the station, I saw a lady about twenty-five years old sitting alone in a buggy and keeping her eyes on the throng of arrivals. It occurred to me that she might have come to meet me, and I stopped before her. The moment her gaze was fixed on me a sudden look of joyful wonder came into her eyes.

"Are you Mme. Dubois?" I asked.

"I am."

"And I am Edmond Boyer, with Twining & Twining, attorneys."

"Ah, c'est vous (it is you) I have been expecting."

I got into the buggy with her, and she drove me to her home. As soon as we alighted she began to stare at me. Then she said to me in broken French:

"Pardon. You are the image of my late husband. When I saw you at the station I thought for a moment you were her arisen from the dead. You bear a French name, I see. You must be of French extraction."

"My father came to America from Dijon before I was born."

"From Dijon? My husband's family live there. I came from Paris a few months ago. I am here to secure some property that was owned by my uncle, who came here years ago."

Mme. Dubois showed me her husband's likeness, and my resemblance to him was astonishing. It was evident that he and I had sprung from the same stock. His widow must have loved him very dearly, for she could not disguise her feelings at meeting one who resembled him, and she treated me as though I were he who had returned to her.

My feelings at this treatment were singular. While it was pleasant to be coddled by a pretty woman, my amour propre was ruffled at being the recipient of special attentions as the representation of another—a dead man. At one moment I would experience a delicious gladness, at the next would knit my brows at the thought that I was being worshipped as a wooden idol. Then when Mme. Dubois said that I was troubled she would give me a piteous look from her big black liquid eyes, and I was in heaven again.

My widow spoke but little English and I not a word of French. The consequence was that we fell into pantomime, and pantomime is often more expressive than words. Indeed, love can be better indicated by one look than by a dozen languages. I soon got used to representing another and discovered that any omission of a display of affection for the dead had a harrowing effect on the living.

Of course I did not get a proper knowledge of the business Mme. Dubois wished to intrust to the firm of Twining & Twining before the last train had left Saturday night. She declined to take the matter up on Sunday. My inquiry was what would be the amount charged for legal services. I had been instructed to ask for a retaining fee of \$50, but declined to name any future amount. Next she gave me an account of how the property had been acquired and lastly a statement of claims made upon it by builders and others.

I had been looking into the case of Mme. Dubois three days when I received a note from my employer asking when I would return. I replied that, since our client spoke very little English, much time must be spent in getting the facts. Two days later I received a peremptory order to return at once.

I was standing in the hall bidding Mme. Dubois goodbye when she said to me:

"Ze retaining l'argent? Must I pay now?"

"My firm usually collects that before taking a case."

"Combien—how much did you say it was?"

I had forgotten that I had given her an amount and replied that it would be \$100.

"Cent dollar!" she exclaimed, surprised. "You are dearer to me than when we were first engaged."

Her love affects are as likely to be produced by blunders as by properly expressed ideas. Lovers may be separated or united by mistaking the meaning of a word. I knew full well the widow meant that my charge was greater than when I had first named it, but I refused to put any such interpretation upon her statement. Clasp her in my arms, I cried:

"And you are dearer to me than my life!"

It mattered not to her that I had apparently mistaken her meaning, and it mattered not to me that I was to stand not for myself, but in the place made vacant by her late husband. She yielded to my caresses, and before leaving for the train I was "engaged" not as an attorney, but as a lover.

"Mr. Boyer," said my chief sternly when I next stood in his office, "you have been away an interminable while. We have needed you greatly."

"I am—I mean we are engaged," I stammered.

"Big case?"

"Immense. I'm going into it heart and soul."

UNION HILL

The choir meets with Miss Maud Schott Friday evenings.

Mrs. Addie Schott was a Kankakee passenger last Saturday.

There was a shooting match in town last Saturday afternoon.

George Van Voorst has received a car load of Indiana block coal.

Mrs. Addie V. Schott and son, Alfred, were Essex callers Monday.

Miss Carrie Hellmond, who has been quite sick is able to be out again.

Quite a number of the little folks went sleigh riding last Sunday afternoon.

Quite a few from here attended the dance in Bonfield Friday evening of last week.

The L. A. S. held an all day session with Mrs. Geo. Van Voorst Thursday of this week.

Miss Emma Geiger and brother, Edwin, were among the passengers to Kankakee last Saturday.

Quite a number from here attended the dedication of the Grand Prairie church last Sunday morning.

The M. W. of A. Lodge treated their wives, sisters and sweethearts to an oyster stew last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. White, of Clark City, spent last Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. A. T. Dyer and family.

Percy and Willie Cook and Miss Pearl Van Voorst spent last Sunday with the former's sister, Mrs. Harry Cooper, of Essex.

Miss Lillie Geiger, who has been visiting for a month with relatives and friends in Chebanse, returned home last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cook and Misses Hattie and Stella Vyer attended the funeral of Mrs. R. H. Charter in Essex last Tuesday afternoon.

Curtis Baird, of Cabery, came last Sunday to return with his wife's mother, who has been the guest of Mrs. Addie Schott and family for some time.

Miss Grace Schott returned to her home in Dwight last Saturday morning, after several days visit with her mother, Mrs. Addie Schott and family.

T. C. Schobey, of Kankakee, spent a few days on his farm at the home of Emil Dornburg and also called on a few of his old friends the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Young have returned from a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Thos. Curtis, of Delaware, and are now spending a few days with another daughter, Mrs. A. T. Dyer and family.

Walter Hendrix's family, of Buckingham, passed through this neighborhood last Sunday on their way to spend the day with Mrs. Hendrix's mother and brother and Mrs. Miller and son, Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burkhardt and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Burkhardt came over from Dwight last Saturday to visit relatives and friends and also attend the dedication of the Grand Prairie church last Sunday morning.

Saving and thrift are matters of pride to every housewife. At the same time, one should never sacrifice quality to cheapness in preparing food for the family. To save money and improve your baking, try a can of K C Baking Powder. It will save you 30 cents on a pound can. If it doesn't please you better, it won't cost you a cent for the trial can.

ODELL

Mrs. Bellot, who has been sick, is improved.

Arthur Smith was in Chicago Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Lawrence Feehan spent Monday with friends in Joliet.

William Savage, of Streator, spent Sunday with his mother and sisters.

Miss Nora Solon is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Beggs, in Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pernet, of Pontiac, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Hassack were in Bloomington Tuesday visiting relatives.

William Walker has returned from Chicago, where he recently underwent a successful operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayet and children were guests of Chas. French and family in Dwight last Saturday.

C. C. Christianson was in Dwight a portion of Monday calling on friends and attending to business matters.

Mrs. Mary Brumbach left Tuesday for Bloomington, where she attended the state executive board meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Purity, perfect results and economy are combined in K C Baking Powder. Guaranteed the best at any price. You are wasting your money to pay more for any baking powder. 25 cents for a 25 ounce can.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN
A Worker for the Good of Humanity.

A warm-hearted, earnest woman, serene, simple, sincere and sympathetic, with a special talent for human helpfulness and inspiration to higher living—this is Lady Aberdeen.

In "Guisachan," the romantic Scotch estate in Invernesshire, Lshel, youngest daughter of Sir Dudley Couits Marjoribanks, later Lord Tweedmouth, was born in 1857. A right royal welcome was given to visitors in this hospitable home in the Highlands, and from the lips of the prominent statesman that gathered there little Lshel learned politics at an age when she should still have believed in fairy tales. When she was eleven, a young man of twenty-one who had ridden across the country, lost his way and unknowingly trespassed on the Marjoribanks estate. A chance interview with Sir Dudley proved him to be John Campbell Gordon, son of Sir Dudley's good old Parliamentary friend, Earl of Aberdeen, and he was invited to spend the night. The love at first sight between the two young people led to their marriage in 1877.

In 1886, Gladstone offered to his friend, young Lord Aberdeen, the post of Viceroy of Ireland. It was a delicate, difficult position, strewn with pitfalls which taxed the watchfulness, tact and diplomacy of the Viceroy to avoid. There was great distress in the country; the crops and fisheries had failed, the people grimly tolerated the occupants of Dublin Castle because protest was useless; but soon the sunshine and glow of affection from Lord and Lady Aberdeen melted the stolid, sullen reserve, and love reigned where force had proven worthless. Perhaps the Countess, herself a descendant of the old Irish and Scotch kings, struck some sympathetic chord that vibrated in kinship and unity. Her practical nature realized that the people should be helped to help themselves through their own labor, not pauperized by gifts. She devoted herself with great energy to reviving the domestic industries of Ireland—weaving, knitting, embroidery and lace-making—and made the wearing of Irish poplin an essential to admission to official functions at the Castle.

In Canada, where Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General from 1893-8 they endeared themselves to the people by their many acts of kindness. The Countess' first effort in syndicalizing sunshine and sweetness was her organization of the "Onward and Upward Society" among the tenants, domestics and the poor on the Scotch estates, which has spread over the world. The Women's Liberal Federation which she organized and led as President has over 80,000 members; but her club work and labors for humanity never for a moment eclipse her home, with her three children remaining in her loving care.

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SAUNEMIN

All enjoyed the refreshments served by Harvey, especially Henry Elbert.

Robert Gall, a farm hand who worked the past season for Ed Riffey, fell under the Banner limited Washburn train Wednesday evening at Campus or Cardiff and had one leg cut off.

PONTIAC

John Barry, of Odell, attended to business matters here Thursday.

Miss Harber, of Bloomington, is a guest at the A. M. Legg residence.

Miss Agnes Keenan left Wednesday evening for El Paso for a visit with friends.

Mrs. G. W. Patton was the guest of relatives and friends in Fairbury Thursday.

Fred G. White returned Wednesday evening from a short business trip to Springfield.

William Butler, of Cornell, was in this city Wednesday evening attending to business matters.

Chas. McIntosh returned to his home in Watseka Thursday morning, after a short visit here with friends.

Mrs. J. McGreevy, of Odell, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kane and Mr. and Mrs. McGreevy of this city a portion of Wednesday evening.

Fred Burch, of Fairbury, was in the city a portion of Wednesday evening advertising his concert and dance which will be given here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McMullen returned to their home in Forrest Thursday after making a short visit with the latter's sister, Mrs. A. Harmon and husband.

William Norton returned to Campaign Thursday, where he will resume his course of study at the University of Illinois, after an extended visit with his parents here.

Don't waste your money. There are plenty of good uses for it. Don't pay 40 to 50 cents a pound for baking powder. K C Baking Powder is guaranteed to do better work, and it saves you 30 cents on a pound can.

Wretched Mistake.

To endure the itching, painful distress of Piles. There's no need to. Listen:

"I suffered much from Piles," writes Will A. Marsh, of Siler City, N. C., "till I got a box of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and I was soon cured." Burns, Bolls, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, vanish before it. 25c at West Side Drug Store, John A. O'Maley, Prop.

Pneumonia Follows A Cold.

but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar which stops the cough, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from your system. Take at first sign of a cold and avoid a dangerous illness. Sold by all druggists.