The Better the Quality
The Greater the Quantity
LIPTON'S
TEA
GOES FARTHEST FOR THE MONEY

TWICE ESCAPED SHIPWRECK

THE ASTOR FORTUNE TRACES TO THE SEA.

Early Struggles of Great Grandfather of Late Col. John Jacob Astor.

It is recalled that John Jacob Astor, the great grandfather of Col. John Jacob Astor, who went down with the Titanic, twice escaped shipwreck, and that the fortunes of the great house were really laid on board the vessel in which the German lad sailed to America. In September, 1783, Astor, who was destined to become the richest man in the New World, was working in London for his brother George, the proprietor of a flute factory. He had worked in the factory for two years, and at the end of that time was the possessor of fifteen guineas and two suits of clothes. When the news came that Benjamin Franklin and his associates in Paris had at last signed the treaty which completed the independence of the United States, young Astor determined to seek his fortunes in the new land. He took a steerage passage for Baltimore and paid five of his guineas for the accommodation which entitled him to sailor's fare. He took with him seven flutes and when he stepped aboard had £5 of capital remaining.

LOCKED IN THE ICE.

This early sailing took two months in fair weather, and the vessel in which Astor was a passenger encountered very rough winds, so that it was the middle of January before she reached Chesapeake Bay. There as far as the eye could see, was nothing but ice. The ship was buffeted about, and was forced against some of the bergs with such force that she threatened to sink. Astor in alarm changed his everyday suit for his Sunday clothes, so that if he had to swim for it and was saved, he would have his best clothes with him. It is also recorded that he ventured on the quarter deck only as he roughly ordered forward by the captain, and that in less than twenty years he owned a vessel manned by the same officer. Within a day's sail of Baltimore the vessel became locked in the ice. Some of the passengers were able to walk out on the ice and reach the shore, but young Astor declared that as the owner of the ship had contracted to land him in Baltimore and edge him in the interval, he would remain on board.

TOLD OF THE FUR BUSINESS.

One of his companions, was an elderly German who was returning to America after a visit to his native land. He and the young countryman became quite friendly, and it was from this chance acquaintance that Astor learned about the money to be made in the fur business. The older man had been a penniless immigrant himself, but had made a fortune out of furs, and did not hesitate to give young Astor many pointers that later on were invaluable to him. They remained on the ship until the ice broke up in March, and it is to be assumed that the owners of the vessel lost money on the contract of lodging Astor. On his arrival on shore he went to New York, and took employment with a furrier at $2 per week, and the practical knowledge he acquired there, coupled with the information about the buying and selling of furs which he had picked up from his fellow-passenger as they whiled away the long winter nights on the icebound boat, were the foundation of the great fortune that he built up in the course of the next forty years.

A SEASICK MILLIONAIRE.

His second notable adventure with the sea was half a century later. He had been to Austria and had spent three years with his daughter, who had married Count Rumpf, and was on his way home in consequence of the panic that had been caused by President Jackson's attack upon the Bank of the United States. At this time Astor was worth $40,000,000 and was the richest man in the United States. He reached the boat shortly before she left Havre, and induced the captain to give up his stateroom for his use. No sooner had the vessel cleared the port, however, than Astor, who had been so eager to embark, wanted to be set ashore. Head winds kept the vessel in the channel for several days, and the millionaire became convinced that he would die on shipboard. So he asked the captain to put him ashore on the English coast. At first, frugal soul that he was, he did not offer any inducement except the very obvious one that the captain would be rid of a passenger who was becoming a nuisance. Finally he said he would give $1,000 if the captain would send him ashore.

THE ILLEGIBLE DRAFT.

It was arranged that he would be sent back the next day, but the wind changed and the vessel got out into the Atlantic. In a couple of days she was driven back near the coast of Ireland and the terrified millionaire offered $10,000 if the captain would put back with him. The captain refused, because of the dangers of the Irish coast. Finally he agreed to turn back if Astor would insure the ship against loss and would write a draft for $10,000 besides securing the consent of the other passengers. All these conditions were complied with, except that the draft was illegible and the captain refused to accept it. The seasick millionaire went below to write another draft, but was so long about it that by the time he reappeared on deck the vessel was many miles on her way, and the deal was declared off. This was the last time John Jacob Astor went to sea, though he lived for 14 years after.

HATS WORN AT TABLE.

This Rule of Etiquette Laid Down in 1673.

Seventeenth century etiquette prescribed that hats should be worn at table. "The Rules of Civility, or Certain Ways of Deportment," published 1673, gives some directions on this point. Under the supposition that "a person of quality obtains you to dine with him," it is laid down that "when the person invited is seated he must keep himself uncovered till the rest sit down and the person of quality has put on his hat. . . . If the person of honor drinks a health to you, you must be sure to be uncovered. If he speaks to you, you must likewise be uncovered till you have answered him. If one rises from the table before the rest, he must pull off his hat."

A trace of this etiquette lingers in the House of Commons, where a member is always allowed to wear his hat only when seated.—London Chronicle.

NOT AVAILABLE.

Maud—"Well, dear, have you found your ideal man, yet?"
Kitty—"Yes, but he's in a book."

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Extra Hands

Mr. Charles Grimwood, otherwise "Chalky Charlie," was gazing at the glittering array in the shop-window of Mr. Carl Ziegelheimer, jeweller, with covetous eyes, when a motor-brougham glided up and stopped just behind him. A stylishly-dressed lady descended, and passed into the shop with an impressive sweep.

"Mr. Ziegelheimer!" she exclaimed, in a high-pitched treble.

"Yes, my lady?"

The stout German proprietor—naturalized in England—hurried forward, and a tall young man who had been choosing a lady's ring stepped back quickly into the darkest corner of the shop.

"Oh, I want you to send someone to see to the grandfather's clock—the one on the first landing, you know. It has stopped striking."

"Certainly—the very first thing in the morning, my lady."

"Oh, but cannot you see to it this evening?"

Mr. Ziegelheimer looked perplexed.

"I am afraid not, my lady. All the men have left."

"Oh, how provoking! The servants rely upon it so."

The jeweller pondered a moment; then his face cleared.

"I will come myself, my lady, after eight o'clock, if that will do?"

"Oh, quite well, so long as it is seen to to-night! I shall depend upon you."

"I promise vaithfully, my lady." And the stout German puffed obsequiously around to bow his distinguished visitor out.

The brougham whirred off, and the tall young man came forward.

"Lady Veringham — rich — ach!" said Mr. Ziegelheimer proudly.

"Hasn't she got more than one clock?"

The jeweller shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Always wants everything at once—immediate. Lady Veringham is vat you call impulsivious—so!"

"Ah," sighed the young man, "I want things, too; but I can't get them at once—luck if I get 'em at all!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer smiled benignly.

"Now, dis ring," he began, with a view of returning to business. But the young man had grown suddenly thoughtful.

"Give me one of your cards," he said, "I'll look in again, or possibly write you."

Mr. Ziegelheimer gave a little sigh, and did as he was requested, whereupon the tall young man left.

Meanwhile, Mr. Charles Grimwood had strolled away, deep in meditation. He had ascertained from a communicative errand-boy that the brougham was that of Lady Feringham, of the Cloisters—"at the top of the hill."

Here was a better game than the other. Risky, of course; but there was risk in everything worth doing at all. He was "broke." To-morrow it would be absolutely necessary for him to seek work, and, worse still, he might, by some unfortunate chance, find it!

Work! He was sick of the very word! Only yesterday he had completed a Government contract; entirely one sided, it was true, but it had been none the less binding on that account, and the Dartmoor quarries had given him his fill of manual labor.

Mr. Charles Grimwood's mind was made up. Firstly, he bought a small brown leather hand-bag; then a pair of wire-nippers and a tiny screwdriver. Whilst the latter articles were being made up into a parcel, he casually annexed a packet of screws from the counter and slipped it into his pocket.

It was quite dark and beginning to drizzle. Mr. Grimwood made his way leisurely up the hill. The carriage-drive seemed miles in length; but at last he saw lights ahead. A clock somewhere struck six. They wouldn't be dining before seven, probably. Mr. Grimwood crept cautiously around to where he could command a view of the interior of the kitchen through a huge window. At length there were signs of bustling activity, and Mr. Grimwood, from his point of vantage beheld a large soup-tureen depart as vanguard of greater things.

"Na, then," he muttered, "play up, Chawlie!" with which self-exhortation he marched boldly to the back-door, bag in hand. An apple-faced maid answered his ring.

She shook her head.

"Nothin' wanted," she said.

"That's a good job for yer!" retorted Mr. Grimshaw. "But, as it happens, I ain't offering anyfink. I'm come to put that clock o' yourn to rights."

He distrusted his memory as to the pronunciation of Mr. Ziegelheimer's name. There was a brief consultation, and the apple-cheeked servant was deputed to conduct Mr. Grimwood to the upper regions, via the back stairs. Arriving at the clock, whose hands pointed tranquilly to half-past three, he placed his bag on the floor, and opened the case with a professional air.

"Na you can run away and play," said Mr. Grimwood, "or you'll hev the 'igh chief butler on your track."

"Butler's got nothin' to do with me," answered the maid. "I'm kitchen-'elp, Hi am!"

"Well, go an' 'elp the kitchen," retorted Mr. Gromwood.

"Struck forty-nine last night," said the girl. But receiving no reply, she tossed her head and vanished, much to Mr. Grimwood's relief.

"Na, then!" he whispered softly.

He stood on a roomy landing, with several corridors branching from it. Mr. Grimwood, after a moment's careful listening, left his professional outfit convincingly arrayed on the floor, and, choosing haphazard, turned a handle softly and entered one of the rooms. He visited more than a dozen in this way, listening carefully each time he emerged.

He could hear the subdued clatter of the diners below, but not one came his way. The two or three people who knew of his presence in the house had probably forgotten all about him. There were other rooms—plenty of them—but the spoil already secured quite filled his little bag, and he had gathered enough cash—gold and silver left on dressing-tables—to keep him in luxury for a month. The contents of the bag, if Mr. Grimwood knew anything of jewellery—and he had had some experience—was good for at least a couple of hundred from the most close-fisted "fence."

So Mr. Grimwood resolved to let well alone, and "get out" as expeditiously as possible, without risking a longer stay. The sudden sound of footsteps, however, caused him to drop his bag and imitate the proverbial ostrich by thrusting his head into the clock's interior.

A tall young man appeared, accompanied by a footman, and carrying a small handbag about the size of Mr. Grimwood's own.

"Hello," said the menial familiarly, "here's somebody afore you!"

"That's all right," said the young man hastily. "I didn't know the governor was sending you, Jenkins," he continued, addressing all that could be seen of Mr. Grimwood. "By the way, here's your keys. You left them at the shop."

Mr. Grimwood withdrew his head from the clock, prepared for trouble; but the young man, standing somewhat in advance of the footman, was winking strenuously, and holding out covertly what Mr. Grimwood's widening eyes saw to be a sovereign.

He took it as in a dream.

"That's orl right," he said, dazedly.

"Well," said the footman, in high good-humor, "I dessay you'll be able to manage the job between you. She struck forty-seven last night when we turned in; but it wasn't so late as that." And, with a chuckle at his own wit, he left the pair alone.

"You're a brick not to give me away," said the young man rapidly. "Fancy old Ziegelheimer sending somebody after all! I have reasons for doing this, but I've no time to explain."

Mr. Grimwood suddenly grasped the situation. This was a fellow-practitioner on the same lay as himself, and who took him—Chalky Charlie—for the genuine article! Well, there were plenty of fish left for the new hand; but so far as Mr. Grimwood was concerned, he——

Then there occurred another development, which almost took Mr. Grimwood's breath away.

Running swiftly and noiselessly up the stairs came a young girl in white evening-dress.

"Oh, Reggie!" she exclaimed, in subdued tones. "I got your note—but how could you?"

Then she saw Mr. Grimwood, and shrank back. "Who is this?" she gasped.

Mr. Grimwood promptly took in the new aspect of matters.

"That's all right, miss," said he. "I'm just off."

"Stop, you fool!" exclaimed the young man, in an urgent undertone. "You haven't finished, have you."

"Quite," replied Mr. Grimwood laconically. And, picking up his bag, he vanished in the corridor leading to the back stairs, whence he found his way into the open air without being challenged.

"Lummy!" he whispered as he sped down the dark drive. "Just a case o' Romeo an' Joolie!—an' I took him for a high toby-man! Hello!"

He stepped softly aside in the shrubbery just in time to avoid a portly form panting up the drive.

"Old Ziegelheimer!" exclaimed Mr. Grimwood, under his breath. "An 'arf an hour afore his time!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer's statement of his business was received with what seemed to him disrespectful levity on the part of the footman. Information as to his predecessors, and an emphatic denial on Mr. Ziegelheimer's part, however, cast a more serious light upon matters, and Lady Feringham herself was consulted, discreetly, under cover of proffered dessert. She came out at once, and was admirably cool and decisive.

"No disturbance, if it can possibly be avoided," she said. "Sir Philip's heart would not stand it. John, get the butler and the chauffeur, and any other menservants about. That ought to be enough."

The entire posse crept upstairs quietly, Lady Feringham herself fearlessly in the van, and Mr. Ziegelheimer forming rearguard. Her ladyship arrived at the stairhead, to behold a light overcoat in painfully close proximity to a white dinner-dress. She turned slightly pale, and wheeled around sharply.

"Go down, all of you," she gasped, with commendable presence of mind. "A foolish practical joke!"

The startled servants obeyed; but Mr. Ziegelheimer, his curiosity overcoming his respect for the British aristocracy, lingered on the stairs.

"Mr. Gilbraith, what does this mean?" asked her ladyship haughtily.

The young man was pale, but quite self-possessed.

"I am entirely to blame, Lady Feringham," said he. "I said for South Africa to-morrow"—the girl standing with her face buried in her hands gave a little sob—"and I could not leave without bidding Lucy good-bye. I suddenly found my opportunity, and managed to make an appointment here. I know it was wrong, and I regret my action now, though had not Mr. Ziegelheimer been early——"

The German nodded violently.

"It vos a vet evening," said he; "I shoot oop mein shop early."

"But to bring an accomplice—that was inexcusable," said Lady Feringham. "The scandal—abominable."

This led to further explanations and denials, until at last the truth evolved itself.

"Der bolice!" exclaimed Mr. Ziegelheimer.

As he spoke he stumbled over something in the dim light, and, stooping, picked up a handbag.

"That is mine," said Mr. Reginald Gilbraith, somewhat confusedly. "I had to bring something, you know. It only contains a lot of old rusty keys— But, hallo! That isn't my bag, either!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer opened the bag, and plunged in his hand, which he withdrew grasping a tangled mass that sparkled and gleamed in the subdued light.

"Gott in himmel!" he exclaimed, momentarily forgetful of his company. "Dimonts—chewels!"

"He has taken my bag in mistake—it was on the floor, I remember!" excitedly cried Reginald Gilbraith. "Egad, it was lucky I came here."

Lady Feringham regarded the speaker dubiously. Then she turned abruptly to the girl.

"Lucilla," she said, "bathe your eyes, and go downstairs. Say I shall rejoin them in a few minutes. You may as well accompany me, Mr. Gilbraith," she added grimly.

Mr. Ziegelheimer was left alone with the clock, which, in response to his touch, struck eighteen, and then subsided with a husky whirr.

"Ah, loaf, loaf!" sighed Mr. Ziegelheimer sentimentally. "Dot vos vot makes de veels go round. Dot young man I vorgif; boot de odder—ach, he vos a misvit! Ach, yes—goot!"—London Answers.

SO HE HAD HEARD.

"Who can tell me the meaning of leisure?" asked the teacher. "It's the place where married people repent," replied the boy at the foot of the class.

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