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"To admit that because things have long gone wrong it is impossible to make them go right is a most fatal doctrine," said Ruskin.

The Dayton Herald remarks that: No matter whether lying comes from indigestion or indigestion from lying it's a hard matter to cure either.

It is a sad fact, to the Somerville Journal, that even more people would gamble in the stock market if they weren't afraid that they would lose.

"Too much business; too much rush; not enough attention to the finer arts and graces of life." Thus the European visitor unburdens himself after two weeks' stay in America.

Why should a husband be liable for his wife's debts in addition to his own, demands the New York World, while she is liable neither for his nor hers unless she distinctly charges her separate estate?

The young physician begins to have some hopes of success, asserts the Somerville Journal, when he can conceal from the friends of the patient that he doesn't know what the matter with the patient is.

President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, in a recent address at San Francisco made the statement that the Japs were once white, and that they acquired their color by intermarriage with the yellow races.

A cosmopolitan citizen tells the New York Herald that the foreigners, artists, philanthropists, editors, scientists and sociologists who come to New York City to study America are likely to be led into all sorts of errors if they confine their studies and observations to the Metropolis, for New York City is less typical of America than any other part of the country.

The Diaro Espagnol, of Havana, which after ten years came forward with the accusation that the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor by American forces acting upon specific orders from the War Department, is lamentably lacking in enterprise, opines the Louisville Courier-Journal. Such a sensation as this should have been discovered by its journalistic sleuths and unfolded to a gasping public at least nine years after the event. Ten years is entirely too long.

Undoubtedly many Cubans, suggests the Salt Lake News, would be glad to have the United States take the responsibility of protecting their property and maintaining peace on the island. Under the protectorate of this country the turbulent agitators would have very little chance of maturing their revolutionary plans, under which life and property are insecure. There are those who firmly believe that the United States made a mistake in not annexing the island in the first place.

Writing in Bird-Lore, Mr. Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist, says of the eagles appearing on the new ten and twenty dollar gold pieces: Is it due to the greatly increased interest in birds that the eagles on the new ten and twenty dollar gold pieces have met with so much criticism? Twenty years ago these coins might have appeared without occasioning more comment than has been aroused by other mint-born birds, whereas, now, the correctness or inaccuracy of the eagles depicted upon them is one of the questions of the day, and the professional ornithologist is asked to decide controversies in regard to this point or that.

Paterson has given the world a great improvement on the old cumbrous, annoying and irrevocable suicide, announces the New York American. By smearing his throat with catsup and exclaiming that he was tired of life, a Paterson husband frightened his wife into a—temporary, at least—forgiving state of mind, and was still as good as new when the tomato juice had been washed off. The advantages of such a plan are obvious. A man who commits suicide may make his friends feel bad for a while, but he can't come back to hear them say: "Well, Jones was a good fellow—who do you think will get the nomination?" The catsup method does nothing worse than soil a collar.

Dr. Savary, of Paris, has issued a warning against people getting up too quickly in the morning. He says the man who sets an alarm clock, and then, when it goes off suddenly jumps up and plunges into the rush of daily life, especially starting off with a cold bath, is liable to give himself heart disease, or any one of a variety of ailments. The sudden inshing of the faculties into action puts a great strain upon the vitality. Dr. Savary, however, does not object to early rising, notes the Pittsburg Press. He merely says that after the alarm clock goes off it is better to lie in bed for five or ten minutes until you are thoroughly awake and then get up. If you think you haven't time for this you should set the alarm clock ten minutes earlier.

A DREAMER.

Here lies a little boy who made believe;
Who found in sea and city, hill and star,
What wise men said were not; who loved to weave
Dream warp and woof more fair than things that are.
He made believe that heavy toil and stress
Were only play, and sang the while he wrought;
He made believe that wealth and fame are less
Than faith and truth—that love cannot be bought;
That honor lives; that far beyond the goal
That lures our eyes, to nobler ports we steer;
That grief was meant to forge the living soul,
And death itself is not for men to fear.
At last he made believe his play was played;
A kindly Hand the darkening curtain drew.
So well he made believe he nearly made
The world believe his make-believes were true.

—Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

A SNEAK INTO ARCADIA.

BY MRS. JACQUES FUTRELLE.

Mr. John Wallace Van Courtland Rhodes took a running jump into a suit of flannels, a soft shirt, a pair of tennis shoes and a mussed linen hat, kicked his evening dress into a corner, and made for open country. He dodged behind a hedge to avoid a man who was aiming a camera around rather carelessly, passed out a gateway at the end of a graveled walk, then turned and shook his fist at the marble palace with which some idiot had thought to adorn the country.

Adorn! Bosh! It was a sight, that huge, grinning pile that reared its head out of a Noah's Ark forest, with its little trees just set so far apart, and so nicely matched that the eye ached at sight of them.

He got away from it all as quickly as possible, and scrambled down into the wood, where a little stream gurgled and there was a smell of the soft, mossy earth. Now this was country, this little wood with the sun light filtering through the trees, this little stream, coming out of the nowhere and dancing merrily on to the same place. He dug his hands into his trousers pockets and chuckled. Ages ago, he remembered, he had gone to the country—to grandma's. She had thrown away his socks, whacked off his curls, slapped him into overalls, and turned him loose. What a time he had! He whistled softly at the recollection.

He ventured across stream, and standing half way on the biggest rock, stooped to scoop up the water with his hat.

And then he wandered on. By George, there was a little house! It was just a camp, set off in the heart of the wood, where a chap would be alone with nature. He stumbled upon a sign 'To Let," and he went closer. The house was furnished; he could see pots and pans hung upon a row of pegs as he peered into a window, and farther along, in another room, was a bare table and some chairs set against the wall. He climbed upon the porch, and turning the corner, he ran plump into a—goddess! a nymph of the wood, a little maid of Arcadia in a print gown. In one hand she was clutching a big sun hat and in the other some wild flowers.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, pulling the mussed linen hat from his head, and scraping a low bow. "Er—do you live here?"

She gave him a big baby stare out of the two most wonderful blue eyes, then the lids dropped. Ah, shy little maid of Arcadia!

"No," she replied. "Er—do you?"

He ventured a smile, just a little one, for she looked awfully scared.

"No. But—er—I'd like to," he dared. "Er—wouldn't you?"

She spread out her hands in a little gesture of exasperation.

"I've dreamed of it," she burst out, "and I've set my heart on it."

"Really?" he asked politely.

"Really! But no one seems to know who owns it; no one seems to know who lets it. It's just here with that exasperating little sign to tantalize me, when I so much want to have it."

She looked so pretty in the little print gown with the big hat and the bunch of wild flowers that he almost lost the drift of what she was saying.

"I suppose you don't belong hereabouts?" he inquired.

"No." Then she looked him over, and added, "Do you?"

He nervously twisted the mussed hat between a thumb and forefinger as she giggled into the flowers.

"I'm ashamed to tell you where I belong—so I won't," he laughed.

"We'll pass that," she said after a moment, "if you'll be so very kind as to find out who owns this place."

"And then?"

"Then I want the key."

"Oh!" He waited a moment to watch a smile that threatened. "And then?"

"Then, of course, I'll take possession. Why," she went on quite breathlessly, "why, I've watched here for days and days to keep any one else from getting it."

"Piggy-wiggy!" he ventured.

She tossed her head into the air.

"Why?"

"Watching here for days and days when I've only just come."

"It's a great place to be alone," she remarked coolly.

"Alone by yourself or alone with—"

"I wish I could get in," she interrupted. "I peeked in at the window and it looks so dear."

He pushed a window open; it wasn't even locked. She looked surprised.

"Why, I could have been in days and days ago!" she exclaimed. "I think I'm silly."

The remark was really a question. She looked at him as if she expected him to contradict her, but he didn't. Instead, he thrust his head in at the window, and hers followed.

"Oh, it's dearer and cuter than even I imagined," she gurgled. "Don't you think it darling?"

"Yes, I do think it—darling!"

She looked at him quickly.

"What a big room," he added hurriedly.

Suddenly she drew back.

"Why, this—this is house breaking."

"We haven't broken anything."

"We are breaking in."

"I'd call it climbing in."

He put one foot across the sill, and then the other.

"Oh" she said breathlessly. Such daring was quite beyond belief.

"Won't you climb in, too?"

He offered a hand to assist her. She put forth hers—a little Dresden china hand—and prepared to climb. Then she hesitated.

"It's house breaking in the eyes of the law."

"It's—I'll explain the law," he began, which delayed matters and allowed him to hold the hand for one long, delicious moment.

"Don't bother," she burst in. "You would only waste your breath, for I'd not understand one thing. But I'll come in if you insist."

She chewed her lip and gave him a look out of the wonderful eyes that made his heart do a lap in quicker time than it had any business doing.

"I do insist—I most emphatically insist," he insisted.

"Oh, since you insist!" And the next instant she stood within the room.

He ecstatically watched her little excursions about the house, poking into cubby holes and examining nooks and corners. Finally she sat down at the big table and clasped the Dresden china hands under her chin.

"Isn't it dear?" she asked, her eyes shining.

He only nodded to that, for he couldn't quite think of any words wonderful enough to express more.

"If I had this place," she went on, "I'd fill those shelves with books, I'd scatter magazines here, there, all over. I'd have an easy chair here and another easy chair there, and still another easy chair there, and I'd stuff pillows everywhere."

"If I had this place"—he caught the tone—"I'd have a book there—any old kind of a book—a tobacco pouch there, a pipe here, another pipe there, my hands in my pockets and my feet on the mantel."

"Is that a man's idea of being comfy?"

"It's my idea of living in Arcadia."

They laughed outright, happily, riotously. Suddenly she remembered something.

"How do you like my gown?" she asked.

"Perfect!"

"A simple, pink, checked gingham gown," she mused. "And my flowers?"

"Wonderful!"

"Picked in Arcadia."

She nestled them against her cheek and kissed the petals lovingly.

"Don't you love to be free?" she breathed, "to be just yourself, to get away from the position you've got to uphold?"

"I wish," he replied fervently, "I never had to look evening dress in the face again."

"What is evening dress?" she asked.

"It's the most awful, most horrible—"

"Hush," she interrupted. "We won't speak of such things in Arcadia."

Their eyes met and his hand closed over hers among the flowers.

"Oh, little maid of Arcadia," he said softly, "where have you been so long that I am only just finding you?"

"I wonder!" she mused softly.

He came round the table to take her in his arms.

"Wait," she begged. "I want to tell you something."

He sat down upon a corner of the table and obediently waited. She was a long time beginning.

"I'm going to be married in the morning," she said finally.

"Yes," he agreed after a long time.

"It's going to be a wedding that the newspapers will call brilliant, and all that sort of thing. Columns have already been written about my gown, and there will be dozens of bridesmaids. Why, reporters have been snooping down about the place for days, and I've been dodging cameras until I'm tired."

"Poor little girl!"

"I'm making what the newspapers call a great match."

"Really?"

"Really."

"A prince?"

"I think so."

"Anything else?"

"Everything else."

"Well?"

"Well—then I'm going to Europe."

"Yes."

"I don't want to go to Europe!"

"No?"

"No."

"You mean," he questioned, "you don't love the man you are going to marry?"

"Not that. I do love him, but I've been to Europe ever so many times, and this—this little place is Arcadia."

"I suppose," he suggested, "Europe is just to get away?"

"I suppose."

They were both silent for a time, she pulling at the wild flowers with uervous fingers and he twiddling the mussed linen hat. Suddenly he leaned forward and imprisoned the little hands within his own, then he kissed them extravagantly.

"Well, why go to Europe?" he asked. "Why not live here in Arcadia?"

"Really?"

"Really."

"But who has the key to Arcadia?"

"The man in that awful marble palace on the hill."

"Uncle George?"

"Uncle George."

"Why, how foolish. It's like the window that only needed a push. I never even asked." Something else occurred to her. "If Uncle George knows, everybody else will know," she complained.

"Did you ever notice that Uncle George was sentimental? I think he can keep a secret."

"Of course we will start for Europe."

"Of course."

"And sneak back here when no one's looking?"

He nodded.

"And bring my books?"

"And my pipes."

"And I'll read to you while you put your feet on the mantel."

"Really?"

"Really."

They gathered up the wild flowers from the table, where they had fallen, closed the window behind them and climbed the hill to the marble palace at the top. Mr. John Wallace Van Courtland Rhodes pulled the evening dress from the corner where he had kicked it only a short time before, and got into it for the last time. — From Woman's Home Companion.

WHY?

Why do many wives put on the injured-martyr air instead of telling their husbands just what they want or think?

Why do many husbands work hard for their wives and families, but never think how the wife would appreciate an invitation to a theatre, a little dinner at a restaurant, a box of candy, or some flowers brought home unasked?

Why do many children resent anything their parents say, and look on them as bores, and long to be grown up so as to escape from them?

Why do so many rich folks look on their poor relatives as being always on the lookout for favors, and so prevent the poor relatives from giving them little presents or being natural with them?

Why do so many poor relatives look on their rich relatives as arrogant and purse-proud, scarcely admitting any good qualities, and always adding or prefacing any account of the rich relatives' generosity or kindness with, "If I were as rich as he it would be my delight to do so-and-so," instead of being appreciative of the kindnesses?

Why do many employers say their clerks are a stupid lot and unworthy of consideration?

Why do many clerks look with envy on their employers, and rage over every correction or sharp word?

Why do men laugh at women's lack of business ability, and yet sneer and rather look down on the woman who shows she has some?

Why do many persons behave more courteously and kindly to outsiders than they do to ones they really love best of all?—From McCall's Magazine.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The "automobile disease" has been discovered by Dr. Henry Becker, of New York. After studying the malady for a year he says it affects the tissues of the throat and lungs, causing congestion and decay.

It has been calculated that a man of the ordinary size sustains a pressure of about fourteen tons. But, inasmuch as the pressure is exerted equally in all directions, and permeates the whole body, no inconvenience follows.

Recent measurements of the vibrations of the wings of a dragon fly in the Stuttgart University showed that they ranged from 10,000 to 12,000 a second. The common house fly makes 600 strokes of its wings a second when flying at its highest speed.

That earthworms as well as squirrels may aid the forester is the novel suggestion of an American naturalist. Dry maple seeds are drawn into worm burrows, where they sprout, and it is believed that some of them must survive in favorably moist seasons.

Sawdust is turned into a transportable fuel by the simple device of being heated under high pressure steam until the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man with a two horse-power machine can turn out 10,000 bricks a day.

In an article on the danger of long hours in druggists' shops Hygienische Zeitschrift says that during the four years ending July, 1907, thirteen dispensing assistants in German drug stores committed suicide and seven others attempted, but failed, to kill themselves. These suicides were the consequence of the physical conditions induced by the taking of drugs to resist the effects of fatigue.

With the final closure of the Colorado River, the great Salton sink, which was inundated as the result of a poorly constructed headgate of an irrigation canal and rapidly converted into an inland sea, will gradually dry up. Inasmuch as there are practically no outlets for this vast body of water, the sink must naturally evaporate to dryness. According to one opinion, the Salton Sea will dry up in about eight years.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR BUNNY.

An egg's a handy thing, you know,
When mother's making cake and dough.

Just add a head, and then you'll see,
What soon a bunny round will be.

Four tiny feet go pit-a-pat—
He runs much faster than our cat.

A stumpy tail and that's the end
Of Bun, who is the youngster's friend.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

A TRICK WITH NUTS.

Briefly stated the performer hands to the spectators an ordinary dinner plate and a linen handkerchief. When they have been examined and returned to him he places the plate on the table before him and spreads the handkerchief flat over it. Then, at a word, the handkerchief is lifted, and sugared almonds, nuts and raisins pour out on the plate, producing an effect that is sure to astonish and please all who witness it.

Here is the way to do the trick: Make a colored muslin bag, exactly of the shape of the letter A, and large enough to hold as many nuts and so forth as you intend to distribute, turning up a small selvedge at the bottom. Get two pieces of watch spring and bend them quite flat, each spring to be exactly half the diameter of the bag. These are put into the selvedge and sewn up. When the bag is opened it will close itself by means of the springs. A long pin is passed through the top of the bag and bent into the shape of a hook. If now the bag be filled with nuts it may be suspended by the hook, and the nuts will not fall out because the springs keep it shut.

When the trick is to be performed the bag is hung on the side of the table that is away from the spectators. The plate is also placed on that side, and when the handkerchief is laid over the plate a part of it is left to fall over the side of the table.

Then the handkerchief is picked up with the right hand, the performer grasping it in the middle, and with it he grasps the top of the bag, which, you understand, is hanging at the side of the table under the handkerchief. He then, with his left hand, draws the handkerchief completely over the bag to conceal it and at the same time presses the bag with a sort of downward stroke. This pressure makes the springs fly open, when out fall the nuts and other good things into the plate.

The astonishment of the spectators at this clever feat takes their attention away from the performer long enough for him to drop the bag behind the table to the floor, where, of course, it is out of sight.—Hints.

MANNERLY CHICKS.

"Your napkin, dear," reminded mamma, gently.

Bernice, across the table, lifted her little bread-and-buttery face, and the tiniest of scowls traveled up and down between her eyes, says The Messenger. Napkins were such a bother.

"I wish there weren't any," she murmured, getting down from her high chair to pick hers up. "They always drop, an' they get all mixed up when you fold 'em up."

"When you don't fold 'em up," corrected Earl, laughing.

"You couldn't have any teeny, tonty, dear napkin ring if there weren't any napkins," remarked Esther, wisely.

Bernice turned her dainty, beloved little ring over and over thoughtfully in her small hands. "Then I wish I was a chicken," she announced very slowly.

"Oh, chickens use napkins regularly every meal."

"Chickens?"

The word came in astonished chorus from all the children.

"Why, of course. Did you think they didn't have any manners at all? I can tell you, Mother Biddy is bringing them up better than that. After dinner you shall see. She teaches them to use their napkins very carefully."

"Only just one to 'em all?"

"Ye'es," papa said, a little reluctantly, "only just one; but then it's plenty large enough."

The twinkles in papa's eyes were playing hide-and-seek.

"It's so large they share it with their relations, their aunts and cousins and uncles."

"Why, the idea!"

"Oh, my, I don't call that havin' good manners!" said Bernice, scornfully.

The children started out with papa to the chicken yard, but mamma had to call Bernice back again to fold her napkin. That happened very often.

The chickens' meal was nearly over but they watched them take the last few dainty pecks.

"That's the dessert. They eat it slow 'cause they've eaten all their hungry up," exclaimed Esther.

"Where's their napkins? I don't see any," Bernice exclaimed in disappointment.

"Wait," said papa.

"Now, watch," he said a minute later, as the downy little fellows finished their last crumbs. They walked away a few steps, and then every single one of them wiped his bill — this-a-way, that-a-way, very carefully, indeed—on the grass.

"Oh!"

"O-oh!"

"Oh, my!"

"Well," Bernice added triumphantly, "they didn't fold it up, papa."—Home Herald.

KNIVES ARE TINY SAWS.

Knives, no matter how carefully sharpened, are little saws; the grinding away of the steel, done by the stone, is not an even work, but when the edge gets thin, is a process of tearing away tiny bits of steel by the grit of the stone. This tearing makes the teeth.

A fine stone makes fine teeth, a coarse stone coarse teeth. A carving knife, used on meat, is sharpened on a coarse stone or a steel, and has coarse teeth, although its edge is thick. Its action in parting the meat is more that of a saw than of a fine wedge. No matter how soft it may be, it will not cut easily unless it is drawn over the meat, and not simply pressed down.

A razor, with its paper like edge, will cut into flesh with a simple pressure; it is a wedge dividing the fibres of flesh just as a wedge of iron divides the fibres of the log it splits. But a razor is a saw, too, only, as it is ground on the finest stones and later finished with a leather strap, its teeth are very fine indeed—hundreds and hundreds to the inch of blade. And yet the edge is still a very fine saw, as can easily be seen by examining it under a strong magnifying glass.—St. Nicholas.

A GRATEFUL ELEPHANT.

A female elephant belonging to a gentleman at Calcutta broke loose from her keeper and was lost in the woods. The excuses which the keeper made were not believed. The owner thought the man had sold the animal and kept the money. For punishment the man was condemned to work on the roads. About twelve years after the man was ordered into the country to assist in catching wild elephants. The man fancied he saw his long lost elephant in the group

so, despite warnings of danger, he approached the creature. Immediately she knew her keeper, and showed her recognition by giving three salutes with her trunk, and then she knelt down to receive her master on her back. The keeper recovered his good reputation, and as a recompense for past sufferings he had a large sum of money settled on him for life. Governor Hastings afterward owned the elephant.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CROSS SQUIRREL.

Once there was a squirrel that did not like his home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. His papa squirrel had long grey whiskers, and was so wise—besides which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel, "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do: leave it, or change it, or suit yourself to it. Any one of these would help you in your trouble."

But the little squirrel said, "Oh, I do not want to do any of these; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.—Bolton Hall, in St. Nicholas.

TINY WAS INSULTED.

A great elephant named Tiny recently disturbed the orchestra at the Theatre de Varieties, at Beziers, in France, under exciting circumstances. The conductor offered him a carrot, as he was making his bow from the stage, and in stepping forward rather too hastily to get it, the elephant brought down the front of the stage, and, accompanied by two zebras, which were performing with him, crashed into the orchestra below. The elephant caught the conductor round the waist with his trunk, and, after waving him in the air a minute or two, threw him out into the audience. There was a small panic, but Tiny's keeper persuaded his charge to clamber up an improvised gangway to the stage again.—American Cultivator.

A Trifling Occupation.

When Charles Dickens was in Washington he met one morning on the steps of the Capitol a young Congressman from Tennessee, whom the great novelist had offended by his bluntness. That morning Dickens was in great good humor. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell."

"Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean.

Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he answered: "My Little Nell."

"Oh!" said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you."

"I am speaking of the Little Nell of my story, 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' sir," retorted Dickens, flushing.

"Oh," said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?"—Tit-Bits.

The majority of color blind people, curiously enough, belong to the educated classes of whom no fewer than four per cent. have this defect.

PLUCK and ADVENTURE

A FOX HUNTER'S TALE.

Professor John F. Draughon, of Nashville, Tenn., who doubtless owns one of the best packs of fox hounds in this country, while talking with several fox hunter friends recently, told some practical jokes on himself. What makes the stories more interesting is that Professor Draughon is a man of considerable means, being president of thirty business colleges, the biggest chain of business colleges in the world.

One of the stories related by Professor Draughon is as follows:

"One of my greatest pleasures—perhaps my greatest—is to take some of my friends in my automobile with the trailer attached—the former carrying five passengers, the latter carrying fifteen or twenty dogs—and go to the country for recreation.

"Some time ago I had an engagement with a party of gentlemen—Captain T. M. Steger, his son Will, J. J. Anderson and Judge McMorrough—to go on a chase. They were very enthusiastic in the matter, expecting to emerge from the chase full-fledged, experienced hunters. Wishing to get as early a start as possible, and being naturally of a hospitable disposition, I invited them to dine with me. They declined my invitation, pleading impossibility to leave their business as one excuse, and a fear that I would not give them enough to eat as another; and as I would have to go through town to reach the hunting ground selected, they proposed to join me in town. I agreed to this, as also to the hour and meeting place they suggested. The place of meeting was on Broad street, near the depot, at 6 p. m. I rushed home, made the necessary preparation, and drove hurriedly back to town, stopping at the appointed place, but as I arrived a little before the time agreed upon, the colored boy who looks after my dogs asked permission to 'bum around town' for awhile, which was granted.

"I remained in the car, whiling away the time by watching the numerous passers-by. In a few minutes a traveling man, on his way to the train, stopped and looked at the outfit and me. He began to admire the trailer attached to the auto, it being, as he said, the first vehicle of the kind he had ever seen or heard of. He then began to notice the dogs, asking, 'Whose dogs are they?' 'They are Professor Draughon's dogs,' I replied. 'How long,' said he, 'have you been working with dogs?' 'I have been working with dogs off and on all my life,' said I. He next made this inquiry: 'Are you fond of hunting?' I replied: 'I am very fond of hunting.' He then became more communicative, furnishing me with the following particulars about himself: 'While I am a traveling man, I am also a member of a hunting club in the North. Our club owns a kennel, and we have some very fine hounds. I notice, however, a remarkable difference between these hounds and ours. I see that Professor Draughon's hounds are marked black, white and tan, English style. They are the most beautiful dogs I have ever seen. I have no doubt but that the South has better fox hunds than we have, because Southern people know better how to train fox hounds than we do. And, by the way, do you know where we could get a man to train our fox hounds—some one who is fond of hunting and has the Southern experience in the work?' I replied: 'No, I do not know where you could get such a man; it is very difficult to get a good man, one who understands his business and who is reliable.'

"About that time the traveler spied a brush lying in the car. Of course, the brush immediately got all his attention. 'You have a brush here, I see,' said he; 'and it is from a red fox, too.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'we always carry one along for good luck.' 'I would certainly like to have that brush,' he said. I preserved a dignified silence in response to his implied request for the brush; in fact, I was rather opposed to parting with it. He continued to admire it, however, saying: 'It is the most beautiful brush I ever saw, and there is nothing I would like better or appreciate more than a brush from a Southern fox.' I could stand his importunings no longer, so I said: 'Take the brush home with you. It is a fine one, but Professor Draughon has more at home.' His gratitude was overwhelming. 'With all my heart I thank you,' he said. 'I shall preserve this brush as long as I live.' Then, taking a quarter from his pocket, he handed it to me, with these words: 'Here, my man, take this and buy you some cigars to take with you to the chase.' It is needless to say that I was visibly touched with such liberality. He then took from his pocket a card, and, writing in the left hand corner the name of the kennel club of which he was a member, he handed the card to me. 'Now, here is my name, with my address,' said he, 'and I want you to remember it. If you ever get out of a job just write to me or to the club whose name is on the card. This is a recommendation from me, and will be accepted as such by any member of the club. My train is now about due to leave, and I must go. Good-bye.' He was gone before I could thank him, but on the chase that night I smoked to his memory."

ON SIGNAL WATCH.

It is customary for a man-of-war to fire a national salute (twenty-one guns) whenever she enters a foreign port. The port acknowledges the salute, gun for gun. This time in entering Yeddo Bay we were requested to waive the salute, probably because we come so often it is like one of the family coming home to dinner.

The Emperor's birthday was so very similar to 365 other festivals annually celebrated in Tokio that it is not worth chronicling. I saw their royal highnesses, the Emperor and the Empress—but so have millions of others, and the pageant impressed me less than a little affair of my own that subsequently occurred.

I was on signal watch on the after bridge; an ordnance officer four feet away stood looking shoreward through his binoculars as the admiral's barge rowed straight for the ship. At the proper moment he commanded: "Bugler, call the guard." Then all the red tape required to get an admiral aboard was unwound. This accomplished, Lieutenant Dorn came at me fairly foaming at the mouth, "What are you doing on that bridge?" he roared.

"I am on signal watch, sir."

"Then why did you not report the admiral's launch coming?"

"Because you saw it, sir."

"Because I saw it! What right have you to say I saw it?"

"I saw you looking at it through your glasses, sir."

"You don't know that I was looking at the admiral's barge; you have no right even to think what I am looking at. Your duty was to have reported to me what you saw coming toward the ship. Failing to do, you shall answer on Saturday morning. I put you down for carelessness, disobedience, neglect of duty and insolence."

I swallowed my heart and my rage, as I have done many a time and oft since I have worn this uniform, and, in fancy, saw myself go down into the brig for thirty days. The brig means handcuffs or ankle irons, a diet of two hardtacks and a tumbler of water three times a day, with full rations every fifth day. I have seen men come out of the brig looking like the end of a forty days' fast in a monastery. I have seen men in for three days wearing double irons. They looked like pirates. Their crime was smoking out of hours.

To return to my own case. On Friday night Lieutenant Dorn sent for me and gave me a kindly talk, winding up with the promise that he would make a sailor out of me. I was on the shore list for the next morning, but for reasons of my own tarried in the ship. This same officer, noticing me, asked why I was there. I answered:

"Broke, sir."

He told me to go to his room and where to find $10, which I was to take, get ashore as quickly as possible, and not to forget to return it on the next payday. — From "Three Years Behind the Guns," in St. Nicholas.

CAUGHT IN PRAIRIE BLIZZARD.

"Last Sunday was the twentieth anniversary of the great blizzard of 1888 in Nebraska and Northwestern Iowa," said G. D. Riggs the other day. "I was living in O'Neill, Neb., at the time and had just left the office to go home to dinner when the blizzard struck.

"I started to cross the street to a drug store, but when I reached the other side I found myself half way down the block from my destination.

"The fine wind driven snow flakes filled the air so that I couldn't see my hand before me. I finally worked my way back to the drug store, where a number of other men had taken refuge from the storm.

"School had just been dismissed for the noon recess, and we knew that nearly 300 children were out in the storm. Securing long ropes the crowd started out to rescue them. We found them huddled in doorways and by the sides of buildings. The children caught hold of the ropes and were led to shelter by their rescuers whose sense of direction gradually returned to them. Every one of the 300 school children in the town was got home in safety.

"But seven school teachers were frozen to death in the country during the blizzard, and thousands of cattle died. The thermometer fell from about the freezing point at noon to twenty degrees below zero that night. It was the worst blizzard I ever saw, and I never want to experience another like it."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

STORY OF A KEY AND DISASTER.

You may be interested to hear of a thing which happened to me in Brittany last summer. I had to sign some railway transfers before the nearest British Consul, who was at Brest. I locked up the papers and railway stocks in a Breton cupboard as big as the ceiling and very solid. I kept the key in my pocket. When my cousin and I were ready to start I took out the key and it would not open the own cupboard. The servants came in turn and tried in vain. We had to miss our train to Quimper, which was our first stage to Brest. No our village blacksmith was very rough and ready, so the next morning I said I would try the key myself once more, before he perhaps ruined my lock.

The key fitted perfectly and we went. But, imagine, we found at the station great placards posted up telling of the awful wreck of the Brest train the day before, and it was the train in which we should have been but for the obstinacy of the key. We saw the carriages in the river, and the [illegible] in the hospital [illegible] this to be a [illegible] from the next [illegible]—Mrs. Hodgson.

Taken From His Mouth.

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully he said to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically:

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"—Current Literature.

One in Many.

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "there's a colored man and his wife at the door in answer to your advertisement."

"But I advertised only for a laundress."

"Yes, ma'am, they are her."—Everybody's Magazine.