

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Women's Wits," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "None's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

Hitherto the place had been so silent, so apparently deserted, that both Hope and her attendant paused and looked anxiously down the road, which made a sharp bend at the point from which they had begun to walk back.

The sounds of a deep, rough voice, uttering observations in an unknown tongue which seemed hawked up from the pit of the speaker's stomach, next made themselves heard; presently appeared a tall, thin man, clad in holland overall trousers, a dark-brown knitted waistcoat, and a holland jacket, neither of the lighter garments having lately seen the washbasin; a wide-brimmed straw hat, turned up at the back, projected far over his eyes, which, as he looked up, showed black and piercing under bushy grizzled eyebrows.

Long lantern jaws, thick untrimmed moustaches, and a skin like wrinkled leather gave him the air of a countryman. Behind him came a broad-chested gray horse, almost white from age, his harness much mended with rope, and a long forelock falling into his eyes. He was drawing an old, rusty, ramshackle cabriolet, the hood drawn forward and nodding at every step of the attelage. He was led by an old, thick-set man in a blue blouse and a cloth cap pulled down nearly over his ears. As the first of the curious couple approached, he raised his straw hat with an air of much elegance to Hope and her companion.

"Well, that is a guy!" exclaimed Jessop. "I am sure he would not do for any one's young man, even in a desert like this. He'd want the Witch of Kendor to keep him company, he would."

"I was rather interested by his face," said Hope. "He has a most expressive countenance, and fine eyes."

"Law, miss! I wonder what your young gentleman would say to your taste?"

"And I wonder who he is?" continued Hope.

"I dare say I shall soon find out at the hotel," returned Jessop. "And now we had better step out; for I am sure my mistress does not like being left too long by herself."

Hope found Mrs. Saville surrounded by pens, ink, and paper; she had evidently been busy with her pen, for a number of freshly stamped letters lay beside her, and the hearth was covered with a large amount of charred fragments. Moreover, Mrs. Saville did not seem aware that Hope had been long absent.

The sunset that evening justified the landlord's eulogium, and Mrs. Saville gazed at it long in deep thought. It was perhaps a contradiction in her rather complicated nature that she enjoyed fine scenery—indeed, beauty in any shape. This she said very little about, as she looked upon such tendencies as indicative of weakness. Suddenly she turned to Hope and said, "I remember just such a sunset over this little bay nearly twenty years ago, when Hugh was a little fellow, and in all those years he was a satisfaction to me till—till he destroyed my hopes forever. We had been traveling, and I wanted to see the old Norman churches. There are some very fine specimens of Gothic in this part of the country. We stopped for a day or two at Caen, when Hugh, who was with me for his holiday-time, showed symptoms of fever. They advised me to take him to Sainte-Croix, where the air was pure and bracing. He was wonderfully happy here. Madame d'Albeville was then at the chateau. I had known her brother in London. He happened to be at the chateau, too. They found me out, and were wonderfully kind. It is one of the few purely pleasant memories I have, those weeks. The marquise and I never quite lost sight of each other since. When we were in Paris she told me she would be here all July and August. It is a great disappointment not to find her here."

"I can understand that," said Hope, softly. Her lips trembled as she spoke, and her eyes dwelt with a strained, anxious expression on the delicate, strong face of her patroness.

"She began again in a quiet tone, as if unconscious of Hope's presence: "Poor Hugh! He has earned his own punishment. I am glad I destroyed my last will." And she glanced at the fireplace. Then, suddenly addressing Hope, "You will be glad, too. You seem to have espoused his cause. Mr. Rawson was always devoted to Hugh, and you have caught his enthusiasm. That parcel which came to me before we left Paris from Mr. Rawson's office was my will. I wanted to read it. I thought of adding a codicil, but I could not make up my mind. I have drafted that will, and struggled with my heart, my pride. This afternoon, as I sat alone, I seemed to see Hugh, to hear his voice, and the impulse came on me; I thrust the paper that doomed him to poverty into the fire. It is done with." She paused.

"Hope could not speak.

"But I am not going to leave him more than a competence; no, he does not deserve that! I should give him some of circumstance; but I have a will form with me, and to-morrow I will fill it up. I have planned what I shall put in it. I will not be harsh; I will be just."

Hope seems to think for a moment, then an "inexpressible sweetness, a sudden light, came into her eyes."

"I have known glimpses of great happiness; or smaller happiness, often; of bitterness and sadness, now and then."

"A varied experience for so young a woman. By the way, I never think of you as a girl; yet you are quite young—I see and feel that. Now let us read the English papers which came this evening. I was glad to see them; for the post at these out-of-the-way places is always uncertain!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The next day Mrs. Saville did not feel equal to write or attend to business. Her head felt heavy and giddy, she said; so she ordered the ramshackle carriage and drove to the chateau, hoping the air would revive her. It did not, however. She said she felt inclined to sleep—that the air was too strong for her, or rather that she had grown too weak for the air—that the place made her melancholy, and she would leave next day. Hope persuaded her to try and rest. She covered her over with wraps; for, though the day was warm, she complained of cold, and shivered a good deal. Hope took her knitting and sat patiently beside her for more than an hour, during which Mrs. Saville slept heavily, sometimes moaning; then she woke suddenly, as if startled, and thought she heard several people enter the room noisily. She was better, and insisted on taking a little walk on the beach. At dinner she could not eat, but complained of great thirst. Feeling severe headache and drowsiness, she went early to bed. Hope felt more uneasy than she cared to confess, and persuaded Mrs. Saville to let her maid sleep in her room.

Then she retired herself, first to write at considerable length, then to seek forgetfulness in her bed. But in vain; her nerves were strained, and an irresistible presentiment of evil weighed her down.

The long, wakeful, restless night wore through.

At early dawn Jessop came into Miss Desmond's room with an alarmed look on her face.

"I am afraid Mrs. Saville is very ill, miss. I have never seen her like this. She has been wandering off and on all night about Mr. Hugh and her husband, that no one ever hears her speak about. Just now she is asleep. What will become of us in this poor, miserable place if my lady gets really ill? Why, we couldn't get a doctor; though that queer man we saw on the road yesterday, they tell me, is a very clever doctor, but he lives miles and miles away."

"I shall get up and dress at once," returned Hope, much alarmed. "I will come to Mrs. Saville directly."

She dressed accordingly, little thinking how long it would be before she should again go regularly to bed.

Mrs. Saville seemed quite herself when Hope reached her bedside, except that her hands and skin were dry and burning, her eyes bright and restless. She wanted to get up in order to prepare for her journey to London. She seemed feverishly anxious to be at home once more. Then she began to speak about Mr. Rawson as if he were there, though they both knew he had started with his daughter for Switzerland; also she talked of her will, and her fear that if she died intestate her son Hugh would get as much of her property as his brother.

As soon as she could get away, Hope dispatched the landlord and begged him to dispatch a mounted messenger for the doctor, to whom she hastily wrote a note describing the condition of the sufferer as accurately as she could. This done, there was nothing for it but waiting.

This waiting tried Hope severely. She felt, moreover, that a weight of responsibility lay upon her.

Though Jessop was full of expressions of sympathy and woe, her pale face and nervous manner showed how unaided she was for a sick-nurse.

Hope waited for the doctor's part before she wrote to Mr. Rawson's part for help and counsel.

Richard Saville was away cruising, nobody knew where; Mr. Rawson was traveling; Lord Everton—who could find him?—and she felt, she knew, that Mrs. Saville was going to be very ill. At last, after what seemed ages, but really as soon as he could come, the doctor appeared.

Though rusty and dislocated in appearance, he was kindly and intelligent. After examining his patient, he asked Hope if she was her daughter.

"A much attached friend, then?" he said, when she answered in the negative.

"I fear the poor lady is seriously ill. It is rather difficult to foresee how these feverish attacks may turn, and we can only help nature. There is little to be done. I have brought medicines with me, thanks to the description in your note. Sainte-Croix boasts a chemist's shop. You must watch your patient constantly. Give her milk when you can get her to take anything. I will speak to the landlord about a few precautions which it would be as well to take, and I think you had better have a nurse—a sick-nurse—to assist you. It seems to me that Madame has been a healthy woman."

"Remarkably healthy, I believe," "That is well. A reserve force of untired strength is the best help in these cases. I will come over very early to-morrow morning, and, if possible, bring a nurse with me."

Hope was left with a sinking heart, watching the sick-bed, to administer burning skins by applying a lotion which smelt of camphor, to pray for strength and courage. She sent the courier to the nearest telegraph station, describing Mrs. Saville's condition, and begging that Mr. Rawson and Richard Saville might be sent for. Meantime, a note or terror had spread through the household. Some precautions suggested by the doctor gave rise to exaggerated ideas of infection, and Hope soon began to perceive that the service of the sick-room was becoming a difficulty.

The doctor was faithful to his word, and returned with a sturdy, broad-faced Sister of Mercy, who was an immense help. Then the sad routine of a sick-room was instituted. Gradually Hope came to know that the enemy with which they had to contend was severe typhus fever. The whole weight of attendance fell on Hope and the Sister. At times Mrs. Saville was wildly excited, striving to get out of bed and wandering deliriously. In her worse state Hope's voice and touch had a certain degree of influence upon her. The weary days, and still wearier nights, dragged their slow length along. Letters came from Mr. Rawson's partner assisting Miss Desmond that he was in hopes a letter would find Mr. Saville in the island of Ruze, where his bankers believed he would make a short stay, and that he had telegraphed to Mr. Rawson, who ought to be at Basle on the 7th; no doubt that gentleman would lose no time in going to Sainte-Croix.

Still the days and nights rolled heavily on, and no one came. "If all our care fails," thought Hope, "what a terrible position for me! I have done my best; but will Mrs. Saville's people thin. I have? If she dies unreconciled to Hugh, what a tragedy!" What moments Hope could spare from the sufferer she spent in writing, covering the pages rapidly. These letters she sent by the courier to the market-town, that they might escape the uncertainties of the Sainte-Croix post-office.

"Mademoiselle will kill herself," said Sister Marie, the nurse, one morning. "You do the work, the watching, of two. And you are imprudent; you let her hold your hand and lean against you. It is unwise. You must take some rest. Trust me a little."

"I do, dear Sister. I do. But I cannot rest. You do not know how my life seems to depend on hers."

"And you are not her daughter?"

"(To be continued.)"

BRITAIN'S RACE PROBLEM.

Trial of White Men by Black Juries in Africa Causes Comment.

Americans who have lived in the Southern States or who have enjoyed any sort of colonial experience will appreciate the apprehension that has been caused in England by the discovery of a new danger to white men in the English colonies in the tropics. It has been described as "the new black peril," and is no other than the possibility of the trial of a white man by a jury composed exclusively of blacks.

That it is far from imaginary is proved by the fact that two Englishmen were recently tried and convicted on the West African gold coast under these circumstances, and one of them is serving out his three years' sentence in Portland prison, with no apparent prospect of release, says an English correspondent.

The other Englishman, after undergoing six months' imprisonment, was only released a few weeks ago, thanks to the determined efforts made in his behalf by Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., the novelist. A third Englishman would almost inevitably have shared the same fate as the other two had he not succumbed to blackwater fever on the very eve of his trial.

The most amazing feature of this amazing case is that the men were not even present when the offense for which they were tried was committed, and the question of their being accessories to it was not even raised.

If the reader can imagine how the news of the trial of a white citizen of the United States by a jury of negroes in the South would be received in America he will gain a faint idea of the extraordinary sensation that has followed the discovery of the gold coast incident. So concerned is Sir Gilbert Parker, despite his wide colonial experience, with the condition of affairs disclosed that he has brought the whole question of the trial to the attention of the House of Commons, and the government has ordered an inquiry to be made. An amazing situation is revealed for the first time by the replies made to Sir Gilbert in Parliament by Colonel Seely, the under secretary of state for the colonies. In the gold coast colony apparently it rests entirely with the court to decide whether or not a white prisoner shall be tried by a jury of whites, a jury composed of four blacks and three whites, or a jury composed exclusively of negroes.

Plenty of Reasons. Johnny—What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy? Tommy (indignantly)—It don't cry so very much—and anyway, if I don't cry so very much, and your hair cut, and your legs so weak you couldn't even stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself.—Spare Moments.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Mercury freezes at minus forty degrees Fahrenheit.

The first biblical illustrative art consisted in the symbolic trees of the Catacombs.

Cheap labor has been the principal handicap in introducing modern machinery in India.

Berlin has about a hundred factories for line goods—forty more than the kingdom of Saxony.

Seventy thousand Americans will settle this year on 29,000 to 25,000 farms in the Canadian Northwest and take with them a wealth of \$79,000,000.

The Bug Bible is so called because of its rendering of Psalm xci. 5: "Afraid of bugs by night." Our present version (A. D. 1551) reads: "Terror by night."

There are 251 postal savings banks in operation in the Philippines with 8,408 depositors and \$717,000 on deposit. Filipino depositors number 4,591 and Americans 3,375.

The German government has on Lake Constance a nineteen-knot, 350-horse power boat for raising kites in weather observations. The results are daily telegraphed to the chief forecasting office.

A patent fastener for wool bales, to take the place of twine, has been introduced in Australia. It is claimed that it prevents any vegetable fiber from the outer covering adhering to the fleece.

Ex-President Castro's decree canceling the contracts of the "National Match Manufacturing" and the "Venezuelan Salt Monopoly, Limited," has been annulled by the federal and cassation court of Venezuela.

To celebrate the advance of the printers' art, particularly its increase in speed, a Caxton memorial Bible was wholly printed and bound in twelve hours in 1877. Only one hundred copies were struck off.

In the annual report of the Russo-Chinese Bank it is stated that the closing of the free port in Vladivostok has led to a commercial crisis in the Far East. Before the closure took place goods were imported in such large quantities that for a long time new import sales will be difficult.

Labor distress in New Zealand is sending many skilled and unskilled workers to Australia. Public works expenditure is reduced from \$12,000,000 to \$7,900,000 a year. One-seventh (130,000) of the people depend upon the state for their living, and all departments are retrenching. That is one of the chief dangers of public ownership of public utilities and producing works.

English vegetarians are awfully sore on the Japs for proving traitors to their old vegetarian mode of living and are predicting endless calamity, even ruin, saying: "When rice-eating peoples take up meat the result is always disastrous to their health." Japs know what to eat and are too wise to listen to any British advice intended to weaken them as warriors.—New York Press.

The Germans are developing their high school at Kiao-chau, China, with their usual thoroughness. Its scope is even larger than the proposed Hong-Kong University. Except a grant of \$10,000 from the Chinese Government, the whole cost is paid by the German Government. German text-books and other works are translated into Chinese in a department of the school, says the London Times.

The industrial census of Germany for 1907 (just published by the German imperial bureau of statistics) gives 4,025,591 industrial concerns, employing 14,348,389 persons, of whom 3,510,466 were women. The increase in twelve years is 4,079,120—a ratio about four times as great as that of the employing concerns. These figures do not include railroad, postal, telegraph and telephone employes.

"Adventurer" is a word, once highly respectable, that has degenerated with the lapse of time. It was once a compliment to call a gentleman an adventurer, and the Merchant Venturers of Bristol, England, are still respected. The Hudson's Bay Company dates back from May 2, 1670. In the royal charter it was described as the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson's Bay."

"Alcohol is really the Arabic 'al-kohl'—'al' being the definite article, as in 'algebra' (the reduction) and 'alkali' (the soda ashes), and 'kohl,' the black powder wherewith the eastern beauties stained their eyelids. But 'alcohol' came to be used for any finely triturated or sublimated powder, and then for sublimated liquids. 'Alcohol of wine,' being the most interesting of these, it gradually took the name entirely to itself.

Use of the fork is comparatively modern. The original fork was two-pronged, and its adoption was held to betoken an unusual degree of elegance and refinement. The taste for cleanliness has preserved the use of steel forks with two prongs," writes Lady Newdigate. (She spoke to the closing years of the eighteenth century.) "With regard to little bits of meat, which cannot so well be taken hold of with the two-pronged forks, recourse is had to the knife, which is broad and round at the extremity." Peas at that time were eaten with a knife.

What is perhaps the most curious book in the world is possessed by the Prince de Ligne. This work is neither printed nor a manuscript, the text being formed of letters cut in vellum and pasted on blue paper. Notwithstanding this extraordinary method of presenting the text, the book is as easy of perusal as if printed in the boldest type. All the characters shown are cut with marvelous dexterity and precision. This unique volume bears the title, "The Book of All Passions of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with Characters Not Composed of Any Material." It is said that Rudolph II. offered no less than 11,000 ducats for this wonderful product of the bookmaker's art, but the offer was refused.—London Globe.

OLD RAILROAD STRINGERS.

Roadbed Used Before the Time of Iron Rails and Steel Trains.

The warehouse of G. S. Mercier in this village has some curious and historic timber in it, a Point of Rocks correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes. The joists are made from the "stringers" which were used on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad when the cars were drawn by horses, before the days of the locomotive. These "stringers" were oak timbers, a cut 6 inches square, laid longitudinally on the track just as the T rails are now laid. Upon these timbers iron straps about two inches wide and a half inch thick were placed, and upon these straps the wheels ran. To fit upon these thin straps the flanges of the wheels must have been very slight. Now and then the end of a strap would get loose, the wheels would get under it and the iron would penetrate the floor, and sometimes passengers were severely wounded by them. They were known as "snake heads."

To several of the stringers now used as joists in Mr. Mercier's warehouse the straps are still attached, and it is doubtful whether anywhere in the world there is another specimen intact of this kind of "rail" used in the infancy of railroad construction. The warehouse was built about sixty years or more ago, at the time the primitive rails were supplanted by cross-ties and iron rails.

For a year or two, beginning in 1822, Point of Rocks was the western terminal of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, pending the litigation and the settlement by the Legislature of the right of way between the river and the mountain at this place. Large quantities of goods and produce were brought here, and the old warehouse in which they were stored is still standing and in good repair. It is now used as a hotel.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A year ago the announcement was made of the discovery of petroleum on the shore of the Red Sea. Since then a well has been sunk to a depth of 1,400 feet, the estimated daily yield of which is 300 barrels. The petroleum strata are found at Jemsh, on the African shore of the sea, about 150 miles south of Suez.

Very little is yet known in Europe and America of the many varieties of mushrooms that grow in Japan. The most famous of these is the shiitake, which is the name of the evergreen oak on the wood of which it is principally grown. Trees about six inches in diameter are felled and cut up into lengths of six feet. The logs are soaked on the back and laid on the ground for about three years. Then they are stacked in rows in a shady place, and soon become covered with the mushrooms. Two crops are gathered in a year. After yielding one crop the logs are soaked in water, beaten with a wooden mallet, and again set up. In a few days new mushrooms begin to sprout upon them. The shiitake is a great favorite in Japan, being used in many dishes, but more frequently in soups. It is also largely exported.

The opening of a railroad from a point near Luxor into the Libyan desert has rendered easy the approach to the oasis of Khazir, which is regarded as a typical example of these isolated centers of life. For three years just past J. L. Beadnell has resided in this oasis, studying the phenomena of springs, moving sands, wells, and so forth. The Libyan oases are deep depressions in a lofty plateau, which has a maximum elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, but the bottoms of the oases are only from 100 to 200 feet above sea-level. They are underlain by beds of sandstone which are the sources of the water supply. Artesian wells 400 feet deep form practically inexhaustible means of irrigation, and such deep wells have been used from ancient times. The depressions were once the beds of lakes, and the water in the sandstone probably has its sources in the Abyssinian highlands.

Although the objects are often only such as would be called "sentimental," there are no stronger supporters of movements for the protection of remarkable natural phenomena than scientific societies and individuals devoted to scientific work. Prof. John M. Clarke calls attention to the lead that Germany has taken in this matter. There a hundred motives induce interference for the protection of "natural monuments." In the forests of Luneburg an old gnarled fir tree is guarded "for its very age and fascinating ugliness." Near Hamburg a patch of dwarf birch is protected as a rare survivor of the postglacial flora. Schleswig has set aside a low knoll crowned with a huge glacial boulder. Brandenburg cherishes a swamp wherein rare botanic specimens are found, and Marlenwerder a little lake in the woods where rare water-birds nest. Professor Clarke remarks upon the richness of our country in such monuments, and the constant danger of their extinction.

Trains Women as Secretaries.

Miss Ethel Dickens, granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has undertaken the work of training young Englishwomen for secretaries. Already she is satisfied her work will be a success. Miss Dickens intends to provide secretaries for many kinds of work. Typewriting and shorthand are taught, in addition to a great variety of general knowledge. Miss Dickens says a young woman who can speak several languages or arrange a garden party or send out circulars for an athletic meet is the secretary who runs the best chance of competing with the men who now practically monopolize the field. Miss Dickens herself passed several years as secretary to a member of parliament, and resigned to engage in the work of fitting other young women for similar employment.

Occasionally a man breaks his word while telling the truth—if he stammers.

TENORS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Industry That Has Thriven Since Jean De Reszke Gave It a Start.

The corner stone of opera is the tenor, and tenors are scarcer than four-leaf clovers. Comic operas are now written with baritone heroes for that reason, the Brooklyn Eagle says, but the great operas were written when the disappearance of the tenor had not been dreamed of, and tenors must be had to sing in them; else no opera.

Hence a tenor voice is a surer and often a larger source of income than a gold mine. Opera managers go up and down the world listening to cabmen, truck drivers, old clo' vendors and the singers of popular songs in the cheap resorts, in the hope of hearing a voice that can be developed into an operatic tenor. For heretofore tenors, like the poets, have been born and not made. The manager's best chance was to find such a voice before his rivals and pay for its education.

But Jean De Reszke changed all that. He sang for years as a not especially conspicuous baritone in Europe. He was a good enough artist, but nobody thought of calling him great. Then a Paris teacher, adding two or three notes to the top of his voice, in a few months transformed De Reszke from a singer at \$2,500 a month to one drawing \$2,500 a night.

Since his transformation the musical world has dreamed of raising a bar to the tenor. The New York Herald has dreamed of transmitting lead to gold. And now a New York teacher has done the trick. Rudolf Berger, who has long been one of the baritones of the Berlin opera, was the subject of the experiment. On Tuesday night he reappeared in Berlin, after a year's study here as a tenor and sang Lohengrin, with what the critics reports to be great success. The audience is said to have gone wild over the success of the singer and his teacher, and no wonder. If that could be done with other baritones the problem of an opera for every city would be solved. Probably it cannot, more than once or twice in a generation, but that will not prevent a lot of ambitious teachers from trying it. Presently we shall see advertisements, "Tenors made in the off season," as we now see the signs of the emergency tailors. It is a great idea—if it will work.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Another dead-sea preliminary to a touch is when she tells you that you are looking so tired around the eyes.

The time used to be when only men called an evening of wild and hysterical ruminativeness "having a good time."

Why is it that the woman who harps incessantly upon the inconsistency and the williness of men usually has a face like that of a perturbed sun perch?

It makes a man feel pretty cheap when, after admiring some woman he meets in a company, his wife tells him that she wears a whole wig, and proves it.

Why is it that a woman will strive frantically for years to catch her husband in a lie and then weep till her nose and eyes are all puffy and red when she finally succeeds?

When a woman is extraordinarily careful to lock away her own letters aren't you filled with a sort of involuntary suspicion that she'd read other people's letters if she got a chance?

Why is it that, when a man sits still for ten minutes or so, probably thinking that he'd better get a haircut to-morrow, his wife makes up her mind that he is dreaming of some other woman?

When the regular day arrives for her to have what she calls "a good cry," why shouldn't she phone the information to her husband, so that he can stay down with the fellers and have a good laugh?

Brain a Name Storehouse. You can go to the Hotel Baltimore to-day—it's your first visit, say—register, pay your bill, ask for your mail, duck, stay away a year, return to the hotel, and John Wenne, the mail clerk, will call your name. The Kansas City Star says. Wenne knows the name of every guest in the house with whom he comes in contact and, no matter how infrequent their visits, he calls them by name when they come back again.

And that isn't the most remarkable demonstration Wenne gives. He can glance over a list of names on the register and enter them in the proper place, giving the residence of each guest, without so much as referring to the register again. Give him the initials of any guest in the house and he will tell the name without referring to the records, or the name, and he will give you the letter boxes any number of letters and call the last name of any guest and he will tell the initials.

"I always had a very good memory, but I have gained much by cultivating it thoroughly," Wenne says. "I began by remembering the names of a few guests and then increasing my capacity to remember names and faces each week. It is easy of accomplishment if one will apply himself closely to the task. Of course, I make mistakes occasionally, but I find I make very few in recalling names now."

Mr. Wenne has been employed by the Hotel Baltimore four years. Prior to that he worked on a farm in Missouri. He is 22 years old. His parents are natives of Sweden.

National Differences. "Chinamen are very different from us in one thing, ain't they, pop?" "In a great many, but what's your one?" "Why, if a Chinaman don't get a yellow-jacket on him, he's 'stung.'"—Baltimore American.

A vegetarian says that his good health is the result of eating no meat and chewing it well.



"Did your new chauffeur turn out all right?" "No; that's why he's in the hospital."—Puck.

"Talk," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—Washington Star.

Peter and John (seeing a large plate-glass pane being put in)—"We may as well go home. They are not going to let it fall."—Flegende Blatter.

"How do you overcome insomnia?" "Say the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve." "But I can't get the baby to learn it."—Cleveland Leader.

Smith—I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. Jones—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Lapsing indignantly repudiated the idea that her cousin Henry was an atheist. "He isn't anything of the kind," she said. "He's what they call an agnostic."—Life.

"I wish I owned an automobile instead of an auto." "Why?" "I could then look at my neighbors without feeling that everyone of them was wishing that I would take him for a ride."—Detroit Free Press.

Railway Guard (to man smoking)—"You can't smoke. Smoker—So my friends say. Guard—but you mustn't smoke. Smoker—So my doctor says, Guard—Sir, you shan't smoke. Smoker—So my wife says.—Punch.

"So you think that woman's first husband treated her badly?" "I should say so," answered Mrs. Fitts. "He employed lawyers to cut down her alimony in a way that was positively big game."—Washington Star.

Her—Richard! Why on earth are you cutting your pie with a knife? Him—Because, darling—now, understand, I'm not finding any fault, for I know that these little oversights will occur—because you forgot to give me a can opener.—Cleveland Leader.

The old lady had had a severe illness, and she was relating its vicissitudes to a friend or two in the grocer's shop when the minister came in. "It's only by the Lord's mercy," she plausibly declared, "that I'm not in heaven to-night."—Argonaut.

"I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel the Palma. Do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place." "You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."—Pick Me Up.

Mrs. Hardcash—I want you to get me a divorce from my husband and an allowance of \$1,500 a year. Lawyer—How much is his income? Mrs. Hardcash—It's about that. I wouldn't ask for more than a man makes. I am not that kind.—New York Weekly.

Your political antagonist is calling you every friend he can think of," said the agitated trier. "Don't interrupt him," answered Senator Borghum; "it is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts."—Washington Star.

A love-stricken youth, who was studying approved methods of proposal, asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought a young man should propose to a girl on his knees. "If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."—Everybody's Magazine.

Husband—Our little boy is sick, doctor, so please come at once. Physician—I can't get over much under an hour. Husband—Oh, do, doctor. You see, my wife has a book on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get there!—Harper's Weekly.

An Irishman fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled a moment the man let go and fell to the ground. Some one asked his reasons for letting go. "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the damn wire would break."—Medical Summary.

"That is a tender old poem," "Is, eh?" "But what did the poet mean here where he speaks of the children's hour?" "Why, I s'pose under the terms of the divorce decree each parent was entitled to have the children at certain hours. The judges don't usually draw it so fine, though."—Kansas City Journal.

"That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure." "