# THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

## FACTS IN A FEW WORDS.

Large Amount of Useful and Valuable Information Gathered From the Four Quarters of the Globe.

Japan uses water can pumps.
Paper is made of sugar cane.
A Kyoto pig sells for $232,000.
Cut glass tubes in lamps are new.
London has 15,000 cab drivers.
London has three morning papers.
Gibraltar is the greatest fortress.
Vanilla comes at $2 a pound.
There are thirty varieties of bamboo.
Uncle Sam has 38 lady doctors.
A new dyeing process is announced.
Black diamonds must be polished.
Indian ink dates from 2500 B.C.
Egypt has 1,300 foot tower.
Egypt has 2,000 newspapers.
Egypt is 3,250 feet deep.
Egypt has eighty miles of tunnels.
Russian wires stretch 750,000 miles.
Russia has 230,200 blind, 230,200 deaf
Russia has 3,200 cases of smallpox
Twice as many women than men die
Twice as many people as the Sandwich
Twice as many people in France af-
Twice as much language contains forty-
Twice as much use in the world is
Twice as many men as men are af-
Twenty per cent. of a city's
Twenty per cent. of all who are born reach
Twenty years and most complete
Twenty-one hours in the orbit.
Twenty-one hours in Belgium has
Twenty-one hours in an hour.
Twenty-one generally take ad-
Twenty-one new acquired right to
Twenty-one and sixty mountains in
Twenty-one are over 10,000 feet
Twenty-one feet is the Washington
Twenty-one Washington, 555 feet
Twenty-one a home in Japan
Twenty-one his street shoes at the
Twenty-one people who adhere
Twenty-one cent. of bottling their
Twenty-one colors in the colors
Twenty-one years of the spec-
Twenty-one per cent. of the
Twenty-one is built on the river
Twenty-one cases of cataract,
Twenty-one forty-six are fe-
Twenty-one insanity than
Twenty-one being insane, die
Twenty-one lively lives more
Twenty-one seeming to its per-
Twenty-one had a diseased
Twenty-one three months be-
Twenty-one treated for
Twenty-one and sixty-four
Twenty-one there are in the
Twenty-one and 33,000.
Twenty-one be organized
Twenty-one whose terms
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Twenty-one decay of man
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Twenty-one ten per cent.
Twenty-one was recent-
Twenty-one the chimney
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Twenty-one train species.
Twenty-one One speci-
Twenty-one igh.

Twenty-one for the Young Man.

Twenty-one high an elegantly
Twenty-one coming out
Twenty-one store. He
Twenty-one bag that looked
Twenty-one main potatoes and,
Twenty-one address attire from
Twenty-one breakfast. He then
Twenty-one entry toward Tenth
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Twenty-one broken in the
Twenty-one smash! An-
Twenty-one days. By this
Twenty-one interested them-
Twenty-one with their natural
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Twenty-one his umbrella
Twenty-one forced a thorough
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Twenty-one legs,"shouted
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Twenty-one he undemoved on.
Twenty-one hen fruit, cullie!"
Twenty-one
Twenty-one not. A tailor's
Twenty-one been apparently
Twenty-one mornings.
Twenty-one a free lunch!"
Twenty-one
Twenty-one yer give
Twenty-one le?"
Twenty-one the dude's wake was
Twenty-one gaping, yet he moved
Twenty-one leisurely in that a friend-
Twenty-one ly afford him an avenue
Twenty-one by he turned the corner,
Twenty-one in the crowd.

Those Girls.

Wish I could get something for
My don't you try a mask?

# THE SELECT STORY TELLER.

## SHORT, BRIGHT FICTION.

**The Latest Stories by Popular, Well-Known Authors. Light Reading For the Whole Family.**

### Joining the Conspiracy Aboard the Midas.

"Are you going home to England? So am I. I'm Johnny, and I've never been to England before, but I know all about it. There's great palaces of gold and ivory—that's for the lords and bishops—and there's Windsor Castle, the biggest of all, carved out of a single diamond—that's for the queen. And she's the most beautiful lady in the world, and feeds her peacocks and birds of paradise out of a ruby cup. And there the sun is always shining, so that nobody wants any candles. O, words would fail me if I endeavored to convey to you one-half of the splendors and the glories of that enchanted realm!"

This last sentence tumbled so oddly from the childish lips, that I could not hide a smile as I looked down on my visitor. He stood just outside my cabin-door—a small, serious boy of about eight, with long flaxen curls hardly dry from his morning bath.

In the pauses of conversation he rubbed his head with a big bath-towel.

His legs and feet were bare, and he wore only a little shirt and velveteen breeches, with scarlet ribbons hanging untied at the knees.

"You're laughing!"

I stifled the smile.

"What were you laughing at?"

"Oh, it's nothing, little one."

"Tell me, tell me, sir," he persisted.

I hardly knew what to say to the strange little fellow, with the voice of a child and the language and tone of a philosophic poet.

"Why, you're wrong, little man, on just one or two points," I answered evasively.

"Which?"

"Well, about the sunshine in England. The sun is not always shining there, by any means."

"I'm afraid you know very little about it," said the boy, shaking his head.

"Johnny! Johnny!" a voice called down the companion-ladder at this moment. It was followed by a thin, weary-looking man, dressed in carpet slippers and a suit of seedy black.

I guessed his age at fifty, but suspect now that the lines traced about his somewhat prim mouth were traced there by sorrows rather than by years. He bowed to me shyly, and addressed the boy.

"Johnny, what are you doing here? standing out here on deck in bare feet!"

The child answered without raising his eyes from me. "Father, here is a man who says the sun doesn't always shine in England."

The man gave me a fleeting embarrassed glance, and echoed, as if to shirk answering:

"In bare feet!"

"But it does, doesn't it? Tell him that it does," the child insisted.

Driven thus into a corner, the father turned his profile, avoiding my eyes, and said, dully:

"The sun is always shining in England——"

"Go on, father; tell him the rest, tell him about the candles and the sun, father."

"——and the use of candles, except as a luxury, is consequently unknown to the opulent of that favored clime," he wound up, in the tone of a man who repeats an old, old lecture.

Johnny was turning to me triumphantly, when his father caught him by the hand and led him back to his dressing. The movement was hasty—almost rough, it seemed to me then.

I stood at the cabin-door and looked after them.

We were fellow-passengers aboard the Midas, a merchant bark of near on a thousand tons, homeward bound from Cape Town; and we had lost sight of the Table Mountain but a couple of days before. It was the first week of the new year, and all day long a fiery sun made life below deck insupportable.

Nevertheless, though we three were the only passengers on board, and lived constantly in sight of each other, it was many days before I made any further acquaintance with Johnny and his father. The sad-faced man clearly desired to avoid me, clutching Johnny's hand whenever the child called "Good morning!" to me cordially.

I fancied him ashamed of his foolish falsehood; and I, on my side, was angry because of it. The pair were forever strolling backwards and forwards on deck, or resting beneath the awning on the poop, and talking—always talking, talking.

I fancied to myself the boy was delicate; he certainly had a bad cough during the first few days. But this went away as our voyage proceeded, and his color was rich and rosy.

One afternoon I caught a fragment of their talk as they passed—Johnny bright-eyed and smiling, his father looking even more shabby and weary than usual.

The man was speaking.

"And Queen Victoria rides once a year through the streets of London on her white courser, to hear the nightingales sing in the Tower. For when she came to the throne the Tower was full of prisoners, but with a stroke of her sceptre she changed them all into song-birds. Every year she releases fifty; and that is why they sing so rapturously, because each one hopes his turn has come at last."

I turned away. It was unconscionable to cram the child's mind with these preposterous fables. I pictured the poor little chap's disappointment when the black reality came to stare him in the face. To my mind, his father was worse than an idiot, and I could hardly bring myself to greet him next morning, when we met near the entrance to the cabin.

My disgust did not soon to trouble him. In a timid way, even his eyes expressed satisfaction.

For a week or two I let him alone, and then was forced at last to speak.

It happened in this way:

We had spun merrily along the tail of the S. E. trades and glided slowly to a standstill on a glassy ocean, and beneath a sun that at noon left us shadowless. A fluke or two of wind had helped us across the line; but now the Midas slept like a turtle on the greasy sea.

The heat of the near African coast seemed to beat like steam in our faces. The pitch bubbled like caviare in the seams of the white deck, and the shrouds and rat-lines ran with tears of tar. To touch the brass rail of the poop was to blister the hand; to catch a whiff from the cook's galley was to feel sick for ten minutes. The hens in their coops lay with eyes glazed, and gasped for air. If you hung forward over the bulwarks you stared down into your own face.

The sailors grumbled and cursed and panted as they huddled forward under a second awning that was rigged up to give them shade rather than coolness; for coolness was not to be had.

On the second afternoon of the calm, I happened to pass this awning, and glanced in. Pretty well all the men were there, lounging, with shirts open and chests streaming with sweat; and in their midst, on a barrel, sat Johnny, with a flushed face.

The boatswain—Gibbings by name—was speaking. I heard him say: "An' the Lord Mayor 'll be down to meet us, sonny, at the docks, wi' his five-an'-fifty black boys all a-blowin' Hallelujarum on their silver key-bugles. An' we'll be took in tow to the Mansh'n 'Ouse an' fêd—" Here he broke off and passed the back of his hand across his mouth, with a glance at the ship's cook, who had been driven from his galley by the heat.

But the cook had no suggestions to make. His soul was still sick with the reek of the boiled pork and pease-pudding he had cooked two hours before under a torrid and vertical sun.

The golden sunlight flooded the barrel on which Johnny sat listening with open-eyed attention to this programme of wonder.

"We'll put it at hokey-pokey, nothin' a lump, if you don't mind, sonny," the boatswain went on; "in a nice, airy parlor, painted white, with a gilt chandelier and gilt combings to the wainscot!"

His picture of the Mansion House as he proceeded was drawn from his reading in the Book of Revelations and his own recollections of Thames-side gin-palaces and the saloons of passenger steamers, and gave the impression of a virtuous gambling-hell, with composite features of pack-number memories of magnificence as he knew it.

The whole crew listened admiringly, and it seemed they were all in the stupid conspiracy. I resolved, for Johnny's sake, to protest, and that very evening drew Gibbings aside and expostulated with him.

"Why," I asked, "lay up this cruel, uncertain disappointment for the little chap? Why yarn to him as if you were bound for the New Jerusalem?"

The boatswain stared at me point-blank, at first incredulously, then with something like pity, as he turned to me and said:

"Why, sir, don't you know? Can't you see for yourself? It's because he is bound for the New Jerusalem because—bless his tender soul!—that's all the land he'll ever touch."

"Good Lord!" I cried. "Nonsense! His cough's better, and look at his cheeks."

"Ay—we knows that color on this line. His cough's better, you say; and I say, this weather is killing him. You just wait for the nor'-east trades."

I left Gibbings, and after pacing up and down the deck a few times stopped to the bulwarks, where a dark figure was leaning and gazing out over the black waters. Johnny was in bed; and a great shame swept over me as I noted the appealing wretchedness of this lonely form.

I stopped up and touched him softly on the arm.

"Sir, I came to beg your forgiveness."

Next morning I joined the conspiracy.

After his father, I became Johnny's most constant companion. "Father dislikes you at first," was the child's frank comment; "he said you told fibs, but now he wants us to be friends."

And we were excellent friends. I lied from morning to night—lied glibly, grandly. Sometimes, indeed, as I lay awake in my berth, a horror took me lest the springs of my imagination should run dry. But they never did. As a liar, I outclassed every man on board, and made up for my indignation of the early part of our voyage.

But by-and-by, as we caught the first draught of the trades, the boy began to punctuate my fables with that hateful cough. This went on for a week; and one day, in the midst of our short stroll, his legs gave way under him from sheer weakness.

As I caught him in my arms he looked up with a faint, sweet smile.

"I'm very weak, you know. But it'll be all right when I get to England."

But it was not till we had passed well beyond the equatorial belt that Johnny grew visibly worse. In a week he had to lie still on his couch beneath the awning and the patter of his feet ceased on the deck. It grew lonely, for us, and we missed the little fellow with his quaint sayings and his delicate little face.

The captain, who was a bit of a doctor and student, said to me one day:

"He will never live to see England."

But he did.

It was a soft spring afternoon when the Midas sighted the Lizard, and Johnny was still with us, lying on his couch, though almost too weak to move a limb. As the day wore on we lifted him once or twice to look at this approach to England as Moses looked upon the promised land he was not permitted to enter.

"Can you see them quite plain?" he asked; and the precious stones hanging on the trees? And the palaces—and the white elephants?"

I stared through my glass at the serpentine rocks and white-washed lighthouse above them, all powdered with bronze and gold by the sinking sun, and answered, with a quiver in my voice:

"Yes, they are all there."

All that afternoon we were beside him, looking out and peopling the shores of home with all manner of vain shows and pageants; and when one man broke down another took his place, and our hearts grew heavier as the daylight faded.

As the sun fell, and twilight drew on, the revolving lights on the two towers suddenly flashed out their greeting.

We are nearing Old England.

We were about to carry the child below, for the air was chilly; but he saw the flash and held up a feeble little hand.

"What is that?"

"The two lights," I answered, telling my final lie, "are the lanterns of Cormellan and Cormoran, the two Cornish giants. They'll be standing on the shore to welcome us. See—each swings his lantern round and then for a moment it is dark; now, wait a moment, and you'll see the light again."

"Ah," said the child, with a smile and a little sigh, "it is good to be home."

And with that word on his lips, as he waited for the next flash, Johnny quietly dismissed himself and died.

### THE STORY OF MISS BLOSSOM.

"After all, I think I'll have the pink rose," said Kitty.

"It will look real nice on you," Miss Blossom answered in her soft, gentle way, snipping a few stitches and taking off the violets.

"It's smarter," said Kitty, setting her head on one side and regarding it with a satisfied air. "Henry Ballard is coming home," she said suddenly, watching the little milliner's glancing needle. "Did you know Henry Ballard?"

Somehow Miss Blossom's fingers trembled suddenly.

"Yes," she said; "yes, I knew him."

"He's been gone a long time, ain't he?" rattled Kitty. "Fifteen years. They say he's got awfully rich. And he ain't married. I mean to set my cap for him."

Miss Blossom bent lower over the pink rose. Perhaps it was the red sunset through the little shop window that made her face so rosy.

"I'm tired of these commonplace people," the girl said airily, drumming a tune on the little work table. "I mean to try a new one."

Miss Blossom watched the girl as she went out through the little garden and down the village street with her finery in its tissue wrappings. Then she turned back to her little shop and set in order a few trifles that had been misplaced. The hands of the nickel clock pointed to six, and she went out into her kitchen to set a mite of a kettle on the fire, while she brought out tea things from a sweet and spicy cupboard.

Barbara Wilcox ran in next day with a shawl over her head. She wondered if Cinthy had heard the news. She herself had learned it only that noon, when a neighbor girl came in on an errand. She went over as soon as dinner was over. She wanted to be the first to tell it to the milliner, for she had a fancy— She and Cynthia Blossom had been schoolmates.

"Seems to me I remember you used to think a good deal of Henry before he went away," Barbara Wilcox said, after she had discussed every other phase of the matter. "Queer he didn't pick up a wife in all these years. Maybe it's what he's come back for. Why, Cinthy Blossom! You ain't going to put those blue cornflowers with green ribbon, are you?"

"Why, no, no!" said the poor little milliner, in great confusion. "Of course not! What am I thinking about?"

"I used to think Henry and you was going to make a match of it," continued Miss Wilcox, with her small grey eyes fastened relentlessly on her friend's flushed face.

At last Miss Blossom gathered her forces together.

"Oh, well," she said lightly, "those things have gone by, Barbara—for both of us."

That was as near as the gentle soul could come to sharpness or retaliation. But Miss Barbara gathered up her shawl and went away.

And she had waited 15 years for his return. In all that time the thought of his coming had been her hope.

Many things had happened in those 15 years. Her father had died. People for miles around mourned for mild little Dr. Blossom. How were they going to manage without Dr. Blossom? But a dashing young physician came to the rescue, and they were saved. He wore a rakish pair of whiskers and drove a fast horse. His patients were always sicker than Dr. Blossom's had been, his fees were correspondingly larger. But then he carried a cane and wore a silk hat.

When Miss Blossom found herself alone she opened a little shop in the front room of the old. She had always had a knack with hats, and the maids and matrons of Bellpoint had come to depend on her for their millinery.

There was a bit of a show case two feet long, a large mirror, an array of boxes, and a glass bell which had once held a creation in wax-work, but which now covered the bit of head gear which served as her window display. A little work-table and two chairs stood at one side, and the other window was full of blossoming geraniums. She always spoke of it as "the store."

And now he had come home. But he had had many things to think about in the meantime. What if he had forgotten—or had changed? She must wait and be on her guard. She would not let him know that she had remembered until she was sure he had not forgotten.

He came up the walk to the sitting-room door. Nearly everybody came and went through the store, and the sitting-room door stuck a little from disuse. He stooped a little as he entered. He was a tall man, and Dr. Blossom had built the house to suit himself.

Miss Blossom sat down, opposite him. The shaded lamp stood on the table on one side; there was a dance of firelight in the grate. It was just 15 years ago. Nothing seemed to have changed. Even Miss Blossom, in the dim light, looked fair and girlish. His coming had brought a soft color to her cheeks, her eyes were bright and excited.

"It is a long time since I saw you, Cinthy. It's 15 years."

"Yes," Cynthia Blossom answered lightly, "and people can change a good deal in 15 years."

"You hain't changed," said Henry Ballard. "I can hardly believe I have been gone so long when I look at you. And everything is just as it used to be."

"It's the people who change," Miss Blossom said, looking away into the fire. "They find out they've made mistakes, and they change their minds."

The man's eyes deepened suddenly.

"I don't believe you've changed that way, Cinthy."

Miss Blossom's heart was beating fast.

"He's going to keep his word just because he thinks I expect it," she cried to herself, fiercely: "He thinks he must, because I've waited. It is he who has changed."

So she only smiled, an indefinite smile that might have almost meant anything, and fell to thinking of something else.

He went down the walk that night feeling baffled and unsatisfied. After all it was a good deal to expect of a girl. He might have come back sooner or written, but those land deals came, and then the town grew, and one thing after another had held him, and he never had been any hand to write.

As for Miss Blossom, she listened till she heard the gate click and his footsteps die away down the gravelled sidewalk; then she dropped before the chair where he had sat and laid her face against it.

Rumors came to her—chiefly through Barbara Wilcox. Henry Ballard was going to marry Kitty. He had plenty of money, he wanted a home. He meant to settle down and marry. Kitty was the prettiest girl in Bellpoint, even her rivals admitted that. Certainly Henry Ballard watched her a good deal on Sundays when she sang. She was head soprano in the choir, and her cheeks were as pink as the pink rose that nodded above them.

Miss Blossom had used to sing in the choir herself, and Henry Ballard had sung tenor to her soprano. But the old days were gone by.

Kitty came into the little shop one morning, sweetly radiant. She put her arms around the little milliner and kissed her.

"Dear Miss Blossom," she said, "I want you to make me a hat, and this time—the rose—must be white."

A sudden chill gathered about Miss Blossom's heart. It was all true, then, what she had heard!

"Yes, I am going to settle down and be good at last," said Kitty, with shy eyes and smiling lips.

"I hope you will be happy," said the elder woman gently, and Kitty looked up quickly, fancying there was a quiver in the soft voice. "Henry Ballard is a good man," said Miss Blossom, meeting the eyes bravely.

"Henry Ballard! Why, I'm going to marry Jack!"

A sudden joy and relief leaped into Miss Blossom's face.

"Oh, Jack!"

She laughed a little excitedly, a laugh that sounded as if the tears were very close.

"Of course it's Jack," Kitty answered, with a tender thrill in her voice. "It couldn't be anybody else."

Then she looked up, suddenly illumined.

"Miss Blossom, you needn't tell me a single word. I understand all about it. That horrid Barbara Wilcox! Dear Miss Blossom, I'm so glad!"

But this was too much for the little milliner, and the first she knew her head was on Kitty's shoulder, and she was being petted and comforted by Kitty's soft touches and soothing words.

"I can't think what makes me act so," said Miss Blossom.

"I guess you ain't very well. But you'll be now, and—why, it's just like a novel for all the world!"

But Miss Blossom shook her head.

"No," she said, "it's too late now."

But after the momentous question of ribbons and roses had been settled, Kitty marched away with a determined air. She went straight to Henry Ballard. They had grown to be great chums, and she did not feel the least bit afraid of him, even if he was so rich and so grave and so old.

"Mr. Henry," she said, "I've got a fairy story to tell you."

"But I'd rather have a true one," said the man teasingly, looking up into the girl's mischievous face. "I'm too old for fairy stories now."

"Fairy stories may be true," said Kitty, frowning at him. "And sometimes there are morals in 'em—great big ones."

The man laughed lazily, and settled himself to listen.

"Once upon a time there lived a princess in a castle, and there was a prince who loved her. And when the prince went away into a far country the princess waited for him to come back. Every day she thought of him, and thought of the time when he would come, and she wouldn't marry any of the other princes who came to woo her. At last the prince came back again after a great many years, but for some reason he was too careless or too timid to find out for sure whether she still cared for him. The poor princess waited and waited, and an evil old witch came and told her that the prince had forgotten and had gone to wed a flighty young thing over in the next country. And the princess—"

The man sat up suddenly, a quick red spring into his bronzed face.

"Hush!" he said in a queer, muffled voice. "You've told enough, child. I'll finish the story myself." And with that he walked away.

"Oh, my goodness!" said Kitty to herself, looking after him. "I wonder if I've put my foot in it!"

Henry Ballard walked straight down the village street and in at Miss Blossom's gate. She paled a little when she opened the door for him. Something in his face made her tremble.

"Cinthy," he said, "I've come to ask you a question, if it ain't too late. I've been trying to forget it; I thought you didn't care. I want you, Cinthy. You're the only woman in the world I can love. I want a home, and I want you."

"Are you sure?" A light grew slowly in the little woman's face, all the hunger of her long waiting was in her eyes.

"I've loved you—all the time," she said softly, "thought of you every hour."

Barbara Wilcox came over that afternoon, this time with her sunbonnet on.

"I guess it's really true that Kitty and Henry is going to make a match of it," she said. "Kitty's got Miss Tucker over there to sew."

But Miss Blossom only smiled.

### The Flaw in the Diamond.

"Yes, it is a beauty, and has really a very fine light, but if you look at it with a glass you will see that it is not perfect—there is a flaw in it, but, of course, it is very hard to find a pure white diamond without a flaw. I am sure it was very nice of him to pay so much for the stone, and no one but an expert would ever know that it was not perfect. That only hurts its commercial value, which is of no consequence."

Oh, cruel expert, with your superior knowledge, you have done a harm that you can never undo, and raised miserable doubts in the heart of a happy girl. She was so proud of the pure sparkler, so sure that it was a perfect gem, representing in its limpid purity the quality of that love which inspired the gift, and now she is told that it hides a defect—that a flaw denies its perfection. She never would have known if you had not cruelly told her that it was not all she believed it to be.

I knew a young wife who lived in a cottage home where she was as happy as a singing bird. The house was a dove-cote and cost little money, but it was a home nest. One day a friend of her girlhood, married to a rich man, came with her husband to pay her a visit. She made comparisons odious. She remarked with smart emphasis that she would like the house better if the ceilings were higher and floors lower; compared the chintz hangings of her friend to the wrought lace draperies of her own fine house in the city. She did not mean to be unkind or rude, and always drew the balance in favor of her friend, who could enjoy life without the care and worry of great possessions. But she cheapened and dwarfed the sacred growth of a home, and left the blight of a sirocco to outlast her visit. She found the flaw in the diamond.

Another instance of the unfriendliness of friends. A young wife introduced her husband to some of her own people who had never met him. Very proud of him herself, she was anxious that they should be pleased.

"How do you like George? Don't you think he's a pretty nice fellow?"

"He'll do very well, my dear," said one of the ancient tabbies, bobbing her head about, "but don't expect too much of him. He has a weak chin."

There was character reading for you! The poor little woman who had looked upon her husband as a flawless diamond, suddenly awakened to the fact that there was a weakness, a defect in his mental make-up, as indicated by his chin. It never occurred to her to look at the portraits of some noted men of the past who had made heroic records, and yet were possessed of weak chins. And she allowed herself to be miserable over a physiological untruth.

Women are more easily unbalanced by a slighting remark than are men, who, firmly grounded in their own beliefs, require mountains of evidence to move them. If a man is satisfied with the fit of his clothes, no unkindly criticism can stir him. But with a woman it is different. She has a new dress which is as the apple of her eye to her, and displays it to some unappreciative friend who asks curtly:

"Who is your dressmaker?"

"Madame Bias, of B—— street; she makes all my dresses."

"Well, I should advise you to change her. You have a good figure, but she gives you a wretched fit. There is no excuse for it; see here, and here—" and she pulls and twists the fabrics in several different ways.

Now supposing the dress did not fit as smooth as a glove, it was a cruel kindness to tell the wearer of it, when she was satisfied with it. And after it is all changed and made over some other friend will come along and out of pure kindness remark that it sets crooked, or is wrong somewhere.

You see it is the old story about the man and the donkey; when the man, to please everybody, carried the donkey, both fell into the water and were drowned. It is rather a good thing to be able to please one person, even if that person is yourself.

A good rule for that meddling P. I., as Sammuthy Allen would call such a character—Public Inspector—is to see the beauty of the diamond and its setting, and not look for any flaws. The critical, carping nature that demands perfection in everything must have a sorry time of it, since even the sun has spots on its surface.

### SHE CALLED 'EM "TATERS."

**And the Word Cut Deep Into Carlyle Stanhope's Heart.**

Night had come again—gentle, peaceful night. The mocking bird hid his head beneath his wing and slept, while the firefly got out and began to hustle to make up for lost time, and bugs as big as hunks of mud went booming around in search of prey. Under the apple trees in full blossom was stretched a two-dollar hammock bought on the instalment plan, and in this hammock reclined the aristocratic Evylyn Throckmorton. She was not alone. Beside her stood the purse-proud Carlyle Stanhope. It made his tired knees wabble to be standing around there, but he gave no sign. He came of a race which would perish on the spot, but never crawfish. Besides, he was there that evening to ask and receive the answer to a question which had a tremendous bearing on his future. It was not to ask her hand in marriage, that he had already done weeks before, and after ascertaining that he never descended to attend such vulgar events as spelling-schools, husking-bees and 'asses candy-pulls, she had placed her happiness in his keeping. On the wings of rumor, flying through the air unseen, had come to him a statement that stabbed him like a carving-knife just sharpened up by a grinder. He would not believe it. It was too improbable—too monstrous—too fiendish for credence. And yet he could not throw it into the waste-basket and go on living, as an editor does a forty-rod poem. He could not rest content until her own ruby lips had affirmed or denied the rumor. And so, as he stood beside her in the softness of the summer evening his knees wabbling in the regular swing of the hammock, he gently murmured:

"Eva, we love each other, don't we?"

"Cert!" was her curt but tender reply.

"I—I want to ask you a question. It is not about your age. You won't get mad, will you?"

"Of course not. What is it?"

"Eva, darling, suppose you were at the dinner table? Suppose you were very, very hungry? Suppose you wanted some mashed tubers? What would be your form of asking for them?"

"Carlyle Stanhope, are you toying with a young girl's heart?" she fiercely demanded as she glared at him through the darkness.

"Oh! no! no! no! heaven forbid!" he feelingly exclaimed.

"Maybe you think I would commit a fox pass?"

"Never! Such a base thought never entered my mind. I ask simply to decide a wager, you know. Forgive me, darling, and we will let the subject drop."

"No we won't!" she resolutely replied as she sat up in the hammock and looked at him in a dangerous way. "If I were eating at table where they had 'taters, mashed or whole, baked or fried, and I wanted some, I think I have sense enough to ask. Explain your conduct, sir!"

"Taters!" he faltered, as his face turned as white as snow.

"Yes, taters! You don't suppose I'd ask for codfish, do you?"

A wild, weird shriek escaped out on the balmy night. It was Carlyle Stanhope who uttered it. The rumor that had reached his ears had been confirmed. Aye! more than confirmed. With his own ears he had heard the haughty Evylyn Throckmorton call 'em "taters" and repeat! For a moment after uttering that shriek, which told of a soul wrecked and lost, he stood and looked at her with horror portrayed on every line of his aristocratic face. Then he turned and staggered away—staggered—wabbled—lurched and stumbled, and the darkness swallowed him up forever and forever!

### Putting Him Onto a Good Thing.

"My friend," said the man with fringe at the bottom of his trousers, "I'd like to put you onto a good thing in a financial way."

"You would? Well, I don't know that I'd feel justified in declaring myself in on any of your profits. Besides, I'm in a hurry."

"That's all right. So'm I. But this is in the interest of science. You jes capitalize me at any barroom you choose, an' I'll go inter trainin' an'——"

"But I don't care to get you intoxicated."

"That's the sacrifice that I'm willin' ter make in the interest of science. An' er leven drinks I'll make me see more sights than the Eden Musee ever drempt of. Glyptodons an' meglioaurises ain't in it. I'm purty handy with a pencil, an' I'll drop pictures of 'em as they come, an' if we don't sell 'em ter the Smithonian fur a hundred dollars apiece, I'll be because we're both of us suddenly struck foolish."

# FOR SABBATH READING.

## CURRENT RELIGIOUS TALK.

**Trite and Wise Selections of the Ablest Men of the Day on Morality and Religion for Home Reading.**

### The Elder's Sermon.

Our elder told us yesterday
We had not learned how blessed 'tis to forgive;
The dear, sweet, precious words he spoke like
"heavenly manna fell;
The perfect peace they brought our hearts no
human tongue can tell.

'Love brings millenial peace," he said; and,
"though my lips were dumb,
I still kept shouting in my soul. "Amen, and let
it come!"
When men forgive all other men, the year of
jubilee
Will dawn upon the world," he said; and I, "So
let it be."

"So love your neighbor as yourself," he then
began again,
And Silas Fitz, across the isle, he shouted out,
"Amen!"
What right had he to yell Amen, the low-toned,
measly hound!
Who took my cow, my new milch cow, and locked her in the pound!

The low-down, raw-boned, homely crank, a lunk-head ass'n lout,
Whose love and grace and heart and soul have all beer rusted out,
To sit there in the sanctuary and holler out "Amen!
If I could choke the rascal once he'd never shout again!

One day his dog came by my house, I called the brute inside,
Gave him a chunk of meat to eat, and he crawled off and died.
He just crawled off and died right then: Says I,
"I'll let him see,
No long-legged simpleton like him can get the best of me."

But, oh, that sermon! I would love to hear it preached again,
About forgiveness, charity, and love of fellowmen.
I should have felt as if I basked in Heaven's especial smile,
If that blamed villain, Silas Fitz, hadn't sat across the aisle.

### Blasts from the Ram's Horn.

To oppose what God loves is to reject Christ.

A good opportunity is seldom met in a beaten track.

It never takes a liar long to bind himself with his tongue.

The prodigal's first, wrong step was in thinking only of himself.

More good advice would be taken if it were given in a good way.

The divine commission is not to defend the gospel, but to preach it.

Real trust in God expects to see a giant fall every time it throws a stone.

As soon as a child is old enough to know that sin is sin it is old enough to repent.

"In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence and his children have a place of refuge."

No man can pray with much spirit for his brother as long as he realizes that he is not right with God himself.

The only people who have much difficulty about believing God's word are those who are not willing to live the way it directs.

The Church of Christ, like the meadows and star-spangled heavens, owes its beauty to that variety in unity which marks all the works of God.

If we desert or neglect our human friends, or they neglect us, coldness and distrust immediately arise. So it is in our spiritual life. He who would maintain a vigorous faith must use the means of grace.

All faith worth having leads to self-sacrifice. There is a difference between faith and mere belief. It is common now to believe, but how rare to have a faith which absolutely and sincerely renounces "the vain pomp and vanity of the world."

Yonder ermine flung so carelessly over the proud beauty's shoulders cost terrible battles with polar ice and hurricane. Precious things have cost something. Your salvation from sin could not be purchased by such contemptible things as silver and gold. Only by one price could you be redeemed—the life of the Son of God.

In one room of the Paris Exposition there was a row of velvet sofas, and on these people reclined luxuriously, with their ears to telephone receivers listening to fine concerts far away, while those in the room without heard nothing. So to the spiritual-minded there will come revelations. The pure in heart shall see God.

Christian grace cannot be hidden. If a light burns it must shine. Shut off the shining and you extinguish the light altogether. "We cannot travel to heaven incog.," says Spurgeon. When one's faith is no longer spoken of it is an indication that there is none. As each organization those days has its badge, so the Christian's life has characteristics that make it known.

As Abraham went out by faith, not knowing whither, seeking a better country so did Christians in "Pilgrim's Progress." And so does every Christian. Confessing that he is a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth, he seeks by faith a heavenly country. Says Dr. R. S. Storrs: "As the tides are lifted beneath the unseen pull of the moon, so human aspiration must be exalted, when the vision of the infinite Author of the universe rises above it in majestic distinctness."

Christians must be careful of their influence. The stone flung from my careless hand into the lake splashed down into the depths of the flowing water; and that was all? No, that was not all. Look at those concentric rings, rolling their tiny ripples among the sedgy reeds, and producing an influence slight but conscious, to the very shores of the lake. That hasty word flung from my lips in casual company produces a momentary depression; and that is all? No, it is not all. It deepened that man's distrust of godliness, and it produced an influence, slight but eternal, on a human soul.

Ah, that is a dangerous hour in the history of men or institutions! When they become too popular, when a good cause becomes too much adored and admired, so that the man, or the enterprise, or the building, or the organization, receives an idolatrous worship from the community, it is a dangerous time. Small men always go down wrecked by such dizzy elevation. How dangerous that point when a man, or a woman, or an enterprise has become accepted and popular. Then, of all other times, should a man or an enterprise be humbled. Then, of all other times, should they beware; then above all other periods, the hosts of Satan are marshalled, that by over possible sidious wile and open warfare they may over history of when they Take hold strength. drives the moment be and its car

Luther's retirement He went from his pointed ar which he fo to ascend knees, thr crowd. He peating his voice of t him: "The Instantly he his hope of A new life years later tion.

Brotherly ure of Chr of M. de Bias, of Em ties of Christianity of its char is exclusive never know them. appeared w their enemies after the six 000,000 is a and private people receive every year."

We want A Japanese part of the ing it attent anity a fine tion was, C this state he steamer was a Christian and was con Christian fa went to a mis confession of know what fulness. He fessed Christ Japanese se to the light.

In the has and not the hand were he would be to weeds. The thing, tearing der the gra the seed an The farmer dred times harvest, if t Nevertheless tween. The both to make bandry of t plow and the deeper the p crop, provide

### The Girl W

The drummer the hotel con "You look said the clerk "I am," re ply. "I saw train to-day of travel."

"That ought "Pretty w men than I a "Who was "Blamed if "Didn't yo "Of course acquainted w "You do, d "No. I don a vile slander "Did you t a smile of dou "No. I didn "Then, wh "The way I "What did The drummer cigar at the "Well," I been gazing t thought I'd t she declined fulness, the novel, with t her over so came back; dow for her, the declinat what broke and I was s would get a m utes after I got train stopped for me to co sure I had m flew to her."

"Will you with that sa wouldn't hav the drummer

"Certain sure," said I.

"Well," at this sta Detroit that you make are."

The clerk's the drummer door gloomily

### An Ir

We all know kitchen loves in the hottest and there an the possessio source of mo

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### A Ch

"What are y prison visitor.

"Plagiarism.

"What?"

"Plagiarism. vate issue of $5

# FROM THE UNITED STATES.

## DOINGS ACROSS THE LINE.

**Uncle Sam's Broad Acres Furnish Quite a Few Small Items that are Worth a Careful Reading.**

South Buffalo was seriously flooded on Sunday.

The floods in Pennsylvania have subsided somewhat.

The Cleveland coal convention has resulted in nothing.

Many industrial establishments are closing up for lack of coal.

The brickyard strike in the Fishkill district of New York is over.

The trial of Mr. Erastus Wiman has been finally fixed for Monday, May 28.

The floods in the Chippewa valley, Wisconsin, have caused damage of $2,000,000.

The West Shore Railway Company is using hard coal successfully in its locomotives.

The death occurred at Tuscota, Ill., Friday, of James Young, colored, aged 115 years.

The loss in Williamsport, Pa., and Lycoming County by the flood will reach $3,000,000.

The steamer Lahn, which sailed from New York Tuesday, carried $1,300,000 gold for Europe.

Henry Scott, colored, was lynched near Jefferson, Texas, for murdering his six-years-old stepdaughter.

The Paterson, N.J., ribbon weavers have declared their strike off, after a struggle of eleven weeks.

Murder in the second degree is the verdict rendered against Dr. C. F. Meyer, the alleged poisoner, in New York.

A secret organization, composed exclusively of women, has been formed in Kentucky to defeat Senator Breckinridge.

A heavier snowstorm than any during the last winter prevailed at Markesan, Wis., Sunday. Michigan also had a blizzard.

Half a million dollars will scarcely cover the damage done by the great storm of Tuesday night in Minnesota and western Wisconsin.

A New York paper intimates that Dr. Parkhurst will probably be a candidate for the Republican nomination for mayor of that city