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THE SAND WASP

Ingenious Manner In Which This In-

sect Uses a Hammer. The deliberate use of a tool by a little sand wasp might well be supposed to indicate reasoning power, says an exchange. A well known naturalist, Dr. Peckham, watched a wasp dig a hole in the earth and deposit therein an egg, together with a spider which she had stung into paralysis to feed the grub which should be hatched in due course. Then she filled up the hole with sand or earth and jammed it down with her head.

When at last the filling was level with the ground she brought a quantity of fine grains of dirt to the spot, picked up a small pebble in her mandibles and used it as a hammer in pounding them down with rapid strokes, thus making this spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface. Before we could recover from our astonishment at this performance she had dropped her stone and was bringing more earth. In a moment we saw her pick up the pebble and again pound the earth into place with it. Once more the whole process was repeated, and then the little creatures flew away.

"The whole of this performance," writes Sir Herbert Maxwell in "Memories of the Months," "is so unexpected that even Dr. Peckham's high reputation as a scrupulous observer might fail to convince skeptics that he had not been deceived, but similar behavior on the part of a wasp of the same species has been recorded independently by Dr. Williston of Kansas univer-

BARBAROUS ENGINES.

Man Traps and Spring Guns Once In Use In England.

some of the incidents of country life of former years by the offering for sale at a London auction mart of a couple of man traps. These engines chattels of well nigh every consideragamekeeper. Another implement was the spring gun, which turned on a swivel and discharged itself as soon as ping for masculine relatives. one of the connecting wires was stumbled against, the muzzle of the gun passer as indicated by the wire, the guilty party generally receiving a coatants at the sale ever saw and were of Then she recovered herself. the old formidable pattern—that is to say, they resembled a glorified gin. attendance. There was something very cravats. barbarous about the use of these ennot be very old to have seen boards she languidly viewed the stock. bearing the legend, "Beware of man traps and spring guns."-London Field. to be measured for these shirts?" she

Her Opinion of Boys. got as big as their papas, and girls are head. women that will be ladies by and by. if I try again,' and he made Eve. Boys make them proportionately?" world would be girls and the rest dolls. must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and he has never rested since."

Romance of a Statue. The statue of Charles I, which now stands in London was sold to a brazier during the commonwealth with the un-

derstanding that it should be broken up. The buyer, however, saw a chance to make money and buried it instead. To cover his action he made a large number of bronze knives and forks, which were eagerly bought by both royalists and Puritans as souvenirs. When the monarchy was restored to power the statue was dug up again and bought by the government to be has remained since 1674.

Striped Suit; Lively Walk.

and walk from Buffalo to Cleveland me over four days to get thirty miles. I was arrested nine times, and at Dunkirk I came near being mobbed by a Sunday school picnic and was compelled to discard my uniform for citizen's clothes. Yet I was a free man and innocent of crime, and there was no law defining what I should wear so long as it was male attire. - Elbert

Hubbard in Philistine.

Rusty. A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was.

"A cricket, dear," replied the mother. "Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."

Nothing to Show.

Young Kallow-You guaranteed that elixir you sold me to raise a beard and mustache in six weeks' time. Druggist-Yes? Young Kallow-Yes, and I want to say it's a barefaced lie.-Ex- robe.

Let us believe we can and hope for the rest.

THE POSSIBLE MAN

By KEITH GORDON

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Miss Van Orden halted and regarded the display in the windows of Berg & Co. with kindling eyes. There really was no excuse for her to linger at that particular window, for Berg & Co., as everybody knows, are haberdashers, and Miss Van Orden was fatherless, brotherless and unmarried.

"Talk about women's clothes," ran her thoughts as she reluctantly prepared to move onward. "Why, there isn't a window in town that compares with this for charm. Dresses-ugh! Ruffles, tucks, plaits, French knots and fussiness! But this-it's a poem! Just imagine some big creature in that pink bathrobe or"-

With a silent laugh, she caught her lip between her teeth and moved down the street toward the dry goods shops. But the windows appeared cheap, overloaded and tawdry. Berg's store, with its display of masculine attire whose severity sometimes verged just near enough to softness and beauty to be fascinating, kept rising before her eyes, and almost automatically she retraced her steps in that direction.

& Co.'s she had an idea that made her as the "eccentric Mrs. Van Orden" and giggle, though her eyes were bright | was prepared for the vagueness of her and her cheeks went pink. Some girls, she reflected, hoarded china and silver, others linen and still others old mahogany against the day when "time and chance" should bring the man We were reminded the other day of whom they all confidently expected. She would depart from such main traveled ways and do something equally practical, though more unusual.

She entered the store rather timidly, of all kinds for the were once upon a time part of the but the sight of a portly dowager at sweet scented bags of lavender. one of the counters reassured her, and ble landowner and every energetic she was soon examining bathrobes have been acquired by years of shop-

"What size?" asked the clerk when, after much hesitation between a pink her the king of the world. turning in the direction of the tres- and a blue one, she had finally decided on the former.

At the question she stared at him in of her dream often bore a startling ing of pitch if of nothing worse. The blank amazement. "That is, how tall man traps sold the other day were is he?" he went on, judging from her probably the first some of the attend- look that she failed to understand. "Six feet," she answered, with a non-

chalant, you-should-have-taken-that-for-They measured seventy-four inches granted air. And then, remembering long and were just about three feet in her preference in the matter, she addheight, so that they would catch a ed, "And broad-very broad shoulpoacher well above the knee, and once dered, you know," in a manner so denipped there he would remain till his liberate and composed that without in the same little colony for the next cries or the ordinary round of the further question the clerk made out three months. keepers led at once to his release and the check for "Mrs." E. Van Orden capture. The spring gun gave its and solicitously begged her to look at alarm, and watchers were speedily in their spring shirtings and the newest | the broad piazzas brought them con-

gines, which were not so very long ago that line just now," she remarked, at the desolation she felt when he ran quite common. In fact, people need with well assumed doubtfulness, as up to town for a few days, as he did "Do they-would my husband have

demanded. The clerk nodded. "But we'll send a man up any time," A little girl wrote the following essay | he explained, with a polite desire to be

himself, 'Well, I think I can do better | collar measure and couldn't you just | lips.

are a trouble. They wear out every- The clerk thought they might, thing but soap. If I had my way the though they couldn't guarantee the fit her own wavered and fell. Then, with under those circumstances, and when My papa is so nice that I think he his customer announced airily that that to him, whispering, "There are some wouldn't make any difference he looked things, my darling, that one does not 200 Acres in a splendid settlement-

a trifle mystified. Eloise meanwhile emerged into the street aglow with the eagerness of a rather bored young woman who has found a new and interesting occupation. Her grandmother Castle's carved chest would be the very place to keep the things, and fortunately it stood in a gust of laughter. her room and had a good strong lock.

No one but the man, whoever and wherever he was, should ever know about this escapade of hers. She wondered, after all, if men really wore bathrobes like that-pink, all softest wool, lined with thin silk and shockingly expensive. Then she absolutely chuckled aloud. What if the man should happen to have red hair? In this world you never know who carries placed in its present position, where it the key to your heart until he arrives on the scene some fine day and-

Her meditations were cut short by the salutation of a man who was pass-Once in my callow days I accepted a ing and whose glance carried somewager that I could wear a prison suit | thing that arrested her attention. It was something indescribable, elusivewithout serious molestation. It took a quick, keen lighting up of his face at the sight of her, as instantly vanishing in the calm, passive glance of a seen it-that strange, telltale lookand her heart beat more quickly be- monogram!"

cause of it. She had met him but twice-once at a dinner at Mrs. Lorimer's and afterward at the Bancker cotillon-but he lined bathrobe like a martyr. was the cousin of her dearest friend, and she hal heard more or less about "Philip" for years.

When at last the little flutter of the meeting had subsided she remarked to herself demurely a certain coincidence blessing. -namely, that Philip Hamilton was six feet tall, very broad shouldered, and that black hair and gray eyes go well with pale pink.

wearing apparel. Among other things | band. six shirts-it had taken her a forenoon to select them, and it had almost been her undoing-had joined the pink bath- "Amen!"

gram on the sleeve that had convinced you, thank you. I could not think of her that she could not be happy until the word 'amen' to save my life."-Balshe added them to his trousseau, as timore Sun.

she called it. She had decided every detail-that on the pale gray one the monogram should be in dark red, on the tan in dark brown, etc.-when the clerk, who had learned to know her and whom she guiltily permitted to address her as "Mrs. Van Orden." paused, pencil suspended above his order book, as if waiting for some further instructions. She regarded him in surprise.

"That's all," she said at last. "But Mr. Van Orden's initials-for

the monogram, you know." he prompted smilingly.

Eloise gasped. Never once had it occurred to her that in order to have that fascinating monogram on the left sleeve some initials would be required. The floor showed no disposition to open and swallow her up, and the clerk sat watching her as if he might tap his forehead significantly to his fellow clerks once her back was turned and shake his head sadly. What should she say? The possible man-

"Oh, T. P. M.," she flung out with hysterical relief as a thought occurred to her.

"T. P. M.," the clerk repeated, eying her reproachfully. "Right-er-they're not for Mr. Van

Orden," she observed firmly, giving him look for look. Neckties and scarfpins were added to her collection without difficulty, but

when it came to the purchase of a waistcoat that lured her with its dash and style the question of size again cropped up: By this time, however, By the time she again reached Berg | the clerk had learned to think of her orders. Not even when she dreamily selected a pair of gray socks with dark red clocks, to match the gray shirt, and demanded them of a size to match a No. 16 collar did he make any de-

The time for leaving town had arrived, and the contents of the carved chest were carefully arranged for the last time and then locked up with the

Eloise sighed at the thought of leaving the things, for they had come to with an ease and assurance that might | have a sort of personality of their own. They were beautiful in themselves, and, besides, the one who was to wear them, should they ever be worn, would be for She sometimes tried to picture him,

but his face eluded her. Yet the face

that gentleman himself was becoming a more and more prominent fact in her More than once she had surprised a strange, tense question in his eyes-a speculative look that made her happy, yet afraid. She half wished that he was not going to his cousin's for the

summer, since that would place them

But in the weeks that followed, when riding, golf and moonlit evenings on stantly together, her feelings under-"I don't think he needs anything in | went a change, and she was appalled

It was on one of these occasions that lone on the porch she found herself alone on the porch one evening, when a brisk step sounded

on the gravel. She rose as Philip Hamilton sprang on boys: "Boys are men that have not accommodating. The lady shook her up the steps and came toward her in the soft moonlight, the tumultuous joy "You see, that wouldn't do. He isn't | that she supposed hidden in her heart When God looked at Adam he said to here-yet! But couldn't I give you his shining in her eyes and dancing on her Offers the Following :

He looked down at her for one mo-

ment with eyes before whose mastery

a low, contented laugh, he drew her need to ask." It was one rainy evening soon after the return from their wedding trip

that Eloise told her husband the story of the trousseau it had amused her to provide—a tale that he listened to with "Oh, my; oh, my!" he groaned as she held up the articles one after another. 100 "You certainly have good taste, though,

little girl," he added approvingly, "and I hope they'll fit!" Then his face sobered, and he stared at the monogram on a shirt sleeve fixedly for a second and then looked up at her with puzzled eyes, while she watched him furtively, wishing that she could get that ridiculous, effeminate bathrobe out of sight without his catching a glimpse of it.

"T. P. M.," he said slowly. The words sounded like water dropping on a hot stove and eyes took on a steely light. "I am waiting for you to explain," he

said coldly. Eloise made a little rush at him and hid her face on his shoulder. "Don't you see?" she murmured. "Why, you well bred acquaintance. But she had silly boy, 'T. P. M.' stands for 'The Possible Man,' and so, you see, it's your

> A great light broke over Philip's face, and as a penalty for the momentary clouding of his faith he wore the silk

A Timely Prompt. A Baltimore man tells of a dinner he attended upon one occasion when a clerical guest was requested to ask a

The reverend gentleman complied, but once started on his flow of invocation there seemed no indication that he ever intended to stop. On and on Before her departure from town for swept the stream of eloquence while the summer Eloise's carved chest con- the soup turned stone cold and the tained many treasures of masculine hostess looked appealingly at her hus-

> Suddenly the host broke into the blessing with a fervent and final

The clergyman stopped and, with It was really the "swagger" mono- beaming eyes, ejaculated: "Oh, thank

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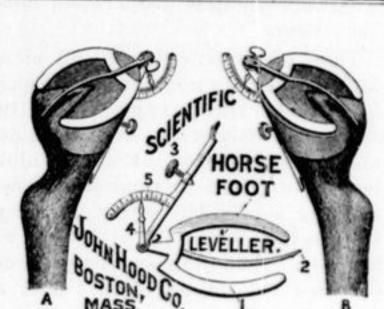
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