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**A Game For Two**

By Nellie Cravat Gillmore.

Emily Roswell had thought the thing out in detail. The result of it all was a broken heart—and a pride that recognized no dimensions, because she had been so foolish as to lose her head over a stranger, a typical "man of mystery," was no reason why she should lose any time in adjustment. The situation in the extreme, but out of the chaos of her throbbing brain she wrested the one solution. Accordingly she wrote the following:  
"Elmwood, March 4th.  
"My Dear Mr. Hartacre:  
"Under separate cover I am returning to you your ring. Of course, we both understand that the whole affair was a jest. My brief—and pleasant—acquaintance with you will not be forgotten. Furthermore, (I trust you have no objections), it served to project me with just the material I wanted for one of the characters in my book. I feel greatly gratified to know that as a certain type of southern girl I furnished you with the desired knowledge in the use of your brush. Indeed, might say that I am more than flattered by your choice. Allow me to congratulate you on the success you have achieved—which I am constantly reading and hearing. My little volume is already in the hands of the publishers. Do wish me luck! Sincerely,  
"EMILY ROSWELL."

She dropped her pen, caught a little hard breath and read over what she had written. Yes, in a simple way it was a masterpiece of frivolous indifference, and she felt satisfied, though the lumps kept rising in her throat. The letter was a miserable caricature of her real feelings. Yet it must go. The facts in the case were manifest. Though caring nothing for her, Robert Hartacre had divided her weakness—he was at heart a gentleman—and the proposal followed. For a week she had lived in paradise, to find her serpent at the end of it in a paragraph conned from a well-known weekly.  
"Rumor has it that a certain, near-famous artist, popular in one of New York's smartest social circles, is to be married at an early date to a prominent society girl of Pittsburgh. The artist's latest success, 'Dixie,' the portrait of a beautiful southern girl, has brought him rapidly forward in the ranks of his profession. The social world predicts a brilliant future for the young couple, whose wedding will probably occur in the early spring."  
Mortification and pain struggled for mastery. The world seemed to slip from under her feet and swim about her in red and black circles. Scalding tears welled to her eyes.  
For a moment she buried her face in her hands and sobbed stormily. Her emotion spent itself quickly; pride thrust a ray of light across her clouded brain and she controlled herself instantly. She thanked heaven that Providence had opened her eyes in time to the true situation. For, of course, Hartacre's declaration had signified only that he pledged her and was deliberately sacrificing himself to her misinterpretation of his friendliness. So, with a hand steadied by a valiant purpose, she sealed and addressed the letter and laid it aside to be posted.  
Three days later she received the following reply:  
"My Dear Miss Roswell,  
"Thank you very kindly for your consideration and candor. I have only to say that my avowal was in no sense a joke, on the contrary, it was most earnest and sincere. But realizing—as I am forced to—that I appealed to you merely as a 'study,' naturally there is but one thing to do; accept your disposal of the situation.  
"I appreciate very much your good wishes for me, and have no hesitancy in predicting for your book a big success. From some of the advance notices of the publishers, I find no difficulty in recognizing the blazing personality of the villain—and I take off my hat to your unquestioned genius.  
"Cordially yours,  
"ROBERT HARTACRE."

Six weeks afterwards when Emily Roswell boarded the steamer that was to take her back to her southern home, she was not greatly surprised to recognize the familiar features of Robert Hartacre as he crossed the gang-plank with a dainty girl clinging to his arm. She had, unconsciously, watched for one well-loved face so continually, that this abrupt appearance of the owner of it failed to shock, or even ruffle, her admirably acquired poise. She bowed pleasantly as he passed her and peered the deck, bestowing a casual glance of interest upon each newcomer.  
The girl? Was she—could she be—she? A jealous pang shot through her, perhaps—she were even now on their wedding tour; the man she had worshipped with her whole heart and soul—and this little, doll-faced wisp! She bit her lip sharply; suddenly her head went up. What right had she to cherish such feelings when she had deliberately given him up to this other woman? The sudden reappearance of Hartacre cut short her reflections. He came straight toward her and held out his hand.  
"This is surely an unexpected pleasure, Miss Roswell. I presume we shall be fellow-passengers."  
The scarlet mounted to Emily's temples. She gave him her fingers easily, however, and smiled an affirmative to his question.  
The man's heart gave a quick lurch. He flushed as their hands met. What was it? He had never seen her half so lovely before, he thought. Was it because of a certain softening gravity that had come to her face?  
"I've been reading Bertrand," he went on carelessly, to hide his emotion. "It's wonderful, Miss Emily."  
"Thank you. I hope the public will think so. By the way, I went last week to look at 'Dixie.' It seems to occupy a rather conspicuous place in the gallery. I felt proud—and considerably flattered. I was never half so good looking, Mr. Hartacre." She laughed lightly.  
He half opened his lips to reply, but catching sight of his companion of the gang plank beckoning to him,

**DRESSING A SHIP**

**THE INNER AND OUTER GARMENTS.**

A Man-of-War Wears More Than One Suit of Clothes—Some of the Underwear Made of Mineral Wool.  
Battleships wear coats of stout armor plate, as everybody knows, but everybody does not know that they wear undergarments which are produced chiefly from cocoanuts. You most powerful man-of-war is really a very delicate object and requires special underclothing so that some vital parts of its anatomy may not become too cold and so that other equally vital portions may not become too hot.  
From stem to stern, which is another way of saying from head to toe, you enormous super-dreadnought is enveloped in an undergarment placed immediately behind its topcoat or armor plate. This is its special macintosh, or, rather, waterproof, which acts as a protection from fire as well as water.  
In the ordinary way if a shot pierced the side of a battleship water would pour in at the hole and possibly the ship might sink, but this is obviated by providing a backing to the armor. Great secrecy is kept in the various navies regarding the material used and the manner of its application.  
In many of the latest battleships, however, the coating is made of cellulose, which again is obtained from the fibrous cocoanut rind. Cellulose possesses the peculiar property of swelling immediately it comes in contact with salt water. Therefore the moment that water pours in at a hole at the side the cellulose almost instantly expands and so closes the aperture. Of course the cellulose is especially treated in order to render it fireproof.  
A man-of-war has its vitality enormously diminished if certain portions of it become too cold, in much the same way as its human tenants. Accordingly its boiler and steam pipes are clothed with "jackets." In some cases the jackets are made of ordinary blanketing, others of a fibrous clay-lime composition or even of close grained wood. In general the material used for a ship's underclothing of this description consists of mineral wool.  
However, the great ship is more likely to suffer from the effects of heat than from those of cold. There is always the danger owing to the newer type of machinery employed that the powder magazines may get too hot.  
In the latest man-of-war the stores are surrounded by a thick coating of mineral wool. Mineral wool, by the way, has nothing whatever to do with wool, as it consists of a mass of snowy threads of a kind of glass. It is made by blowing jets of high pressure steam through the furnace in the manufacture of iron and steel.  
Enormous quantities of this strange variety of wool are used on board for the purposes of underclothing the bulkheads and the more delicate portions of the ship's body. This invaluable substance acts equally well as a protector from heat and from cold. It is such a remarkable non-conductor of heat that it is used for covering the refrigerators and the cold storage chambers and therefore the explosive stores.  
In the dockyards all men who are employed in packing the mineral wool in the spaces on the ships are obliged to wear masks. This is to prevent the sharp needlelike particles from being inhaled and so causing chest troubles of fatal character.  
The ammunition rooms themselves are kept cool by a refrigerating plant in addition to being clothed in mineral wool, the same applying to the ammunition passages. The wool is also packed between the double bulkheads which separate the boiler spaces from the other portions of the vessel. Although the uses of the mineral wool on board are extremely numerous, even reinder hair is to be met with on board in the capacity of a particular sort of underclothing. This material is very light—considerably lighter than cork, for instance—and it is not so subject to decay. For this reason, among its many uses it is of great value as a filling for the life buoys.—Boston Transcript.

he raised his hat, smiled and hurried off.  
Emily turned abruptly and moved toward the dock rail. The water below, glistening in the sunlight, seemed to flash a million mocking colors back into her burning eyes. Her heart beat in her throat; every nerve tingled and ached. To think that she was still fool enough to care!  
The alarm came at midnight.  
Emily rose, dressed herself quickly and calmly in accordance with the brief directions she had received outside her door, and hurried out to where the women were huddled together in terrified groups. The wind was blowing a gale, and the deck was in absolute darkness. Suddenly she felt the pressure of strong fingers on her arm, then the sound of a man's voice.  
"Don't lose your nerve. We've struck a rock and there's no calculating the seriousness of the situation. But they're getting ready to lower the lifeboats now and I think it will be all right with everybody."  
Emily had reeled. With a little smothered cry she turned and clung convulsively to the man at her side.  
"Robert," she moaned, "is it—does it—mean—death?"  
In the darkness Hartacre slipped a protecting arm about the girl's trembling form and drew her close to him.  
"It might," he said gravely, "but I don't think so, Emily."  
For answer she sobbed softly against the coat sleeve.  
"We're facing eternity," he went on hoarsely, "tell me the truth. Did you never love me?"  
"Always," she murmured, "until I knew—about—the other girl."  
"But there's never been any girl. Miss Kenton is my cousin."  
"I read the news of your expected marriage, in a paper—and all about your success with—'Dixie.' I thought that you had been merely using me as a type and—was trifling with me."  
"I painted your portrait because I loved you," he said simply.  
"Yet you believed yourself to be the villain—"  
"Why not?"  
"Because," she whispered, "because you were—the hero, Bob."  
The Dresden girl came out on deck just in time to see, by a swift flash of lightning, Robert Hartacre stoop and kiss the girl he held in his arms.

**White Flowers Most Fragrant.**

According to the investigations of a German botanist, out of 4,300 species of flowers, cultivated in Europe, only 420 possess an agreeable perfume. Flowers with white or cream colored petals are more frequently odoriferous than others. Next in order come the yellow flowers, then the red after them the blue, and finally the violet, whereof only thirteen varieties out of 308 give off a pleasing perfume. In the whole list 3,508 varieties are offensive in odor, and 2,300 have no perceptible smell, either good or bad.

**Catering for a Crowd.**

An old parrot used to live in a public house bar where there was always a great trade on Saturday nights. One evening the parrot was missed. Search was made, and at length it was discovered in the middle of a field surrounded by daws, who were steadily plucking out its feathers. As the rescuers approached the now half-naked bird was heard to call out: "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; if you'll only wait you'll all be served."

**Answered in a Word.**

Philadelphia Post.  
Mrs. T. P. O'Connor tells an anecdote illustrating the gallantry of Sir Edwin Arnoist, the poet. On one of his visits to America he had a long interview with the inevitable reporter, who asked him a hundred or so questions, concluding with the quite conventional: "What do you think of American women?"  
"One word will answer that—'Afrin,'" replied Sir Edwin.  
The reporter confessed his ignorance.  
"It is Turkish," explained Sir Edwin, "and means, 'Oh, Allah, make many more of them!'"  
The man who pleases only himself has to supply the applause.

**DROWNED THE MUSIC.**

**Audience Was Angry, and Theodore Thomas Obstinate.**

Theodore Thomas once undertook to raise a subscription fund for a series of concerts in San Francisco, but only \$10,000 had been raised, and the enterprise hung fire. Then he announced that Emma Thursty would sing at each concert, and the guarantee fund promptly went up to \$50,000.  
Thomas had a rule against encores or soloists. They were allowed to appear and bow in recognition of applause, but that was all. The San Franciscans held that as it was Miss Thursty's engagement which was responsible for the raising of the fund they were entitled to encores if they chose. Thomas, however, insisted stubbornly on his rule.  
On the last night a determined effort was made to encore her. She appeared again and again, bowing her thanks, and each time the applause increased instead of diminishing. At last she instead of merely applauding, and Miss Thursty turned to Thomas and said, "What shall I do?"  
"Keep on bobbing if you have to bob all night," snapped Thomas grimly.  
And she went out and bowed again. This time Thomas directed the orchestra to go ahead with the final number. The audience, thoroughly indignant, shouted down the music, but Thomas was inflexible. The orchestra went on playing, utterly unheard, in a pandemonium of shouted protests. And it was probably the only time that a Thomas number fell on deaf ears.

**The Sanity of Paris.**

The French live within their means and by a sense of economy wholly forgotten to us manage to save and retire to enjoy whatever fortune has stored up for them, says F. Berkeley Smith in Success Magazine. To them France is sufficient. They voyage rarely and gamble less. They spruce their thrift or the man who plunges on the bourse, the races and the gaming table is regarded by the masses in the light of a rogue and a fool. The Parisians work hard enough for their leisure, but they never eliminate it nor allow their work to encroach upon their traditional daily vacation, as luncheon, the apéritif hour, dinner and late days. They work, not to amass millions and die in harness, but to save enough to give their daughter but do, without which she may never marry; start their son in his chosen trade before they are too old to enjoy their freedom.

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It has character, uniform purity, and an unusual deliciousness to its flavor.  
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