

# YOUNG FOLKS

**Satisfied.**  
I'd hate to be an Indian,  
With face and hands all red,  
And have myself all painted up,  
And feathers on my head.

Nor would I like to be a little  
Frosty Eskimo.



And live away up north where there  
Is naught but ice and snow.

I wouldn't like to be a "Jap"  
In far-away Japan,  
And so I think I'd rather be  
A girl just like I am!

—Detroit Free Press.

## Cold-Water Music.

This is an old amusement, but only those who have tried it know how much melody may lurk in a glass of water. If you have eight thin tumblers of the same size and shape, you may make a musical scale easily. Each tumbler contains a certain amount of cold water, more or less, according to the volume of sound required; this you may find out practically by dipping your finger in the water and drawing it briskly round and round the sharp outer rim of your glass. This produces a musical note. The fuller the glass the deeper the note. The swift motion of the finger round the edge produces a vibration

## EXCITING FISHING.

One can easily imagine that after feeding for many weeks upon hippopotamus steaks, the flesh of elephants and other coarse food of that nature, fish of almost any variety would form an agreeable and pleasant change. Such, at all events, was the opinion of Sir Samuel Baker, who, after a long march in Africa, through a wild and dangerous country, arrived upon the borders of a broad river. He took his fishing-rod, and wandering up the stream, cast his line over the water in the hope of enticing some beauty of the deep to take issue with him.

I put on a large bait, and threw it about forty yards into the river, well up the stream, and allowed the float to sweep the water in a half-circle, thus taking the chance of different distances from the shore.

For about half an hour nothing moved. I was just preparing to alter my position, when out rushed my line, and striking hard, I believe I fixed the "old gentleman" himself, for I had no control over him whatever.

Holding him was out of the question. The line flew through my hands and cut them till the blood flowed, and I was obliged to let the fish take his own way.

This he did for about eighty yards, when he suddenly stopped. This unexpected halt was a great calamity, for the rod overran itself, having no check-wheel, and the slack coils of the line caught the handle just as he rushed forward again, and with a jerk that nearly pulled the rod from my hands he was gone.

I found one of my large hooks broken short off. The fish was a monster. After this bad luck I had no run until the evening, when, putting on a large bait and fishing at the tail of a rock between the stream and still water, I once more had a grand rush, and hooked a big one.

There were no rocks down-stream, all was fair play and clear water, and away he went at racing pace straight for the middle of the river. To check the pace, I grasped the line with the stuff of my loose trousers, and pressed it between my fingers so as to act as a brake, and compel him to labor for every yard; but he pulled like a horse, and nearly cut through the thick cotton cloth, making straight running for at least a hundred yards without a halt.

I now put so severe a strain upon him that my strong bamboo bent nearly double, and the fish presently so far yielded to the pressure that I could enforce his running in half-circles instead of straight-away.

on the surface of the water, particularly if the edge is thin and clean cut. The glasses, with graduated amounts of water, might be placed in regular scale order on a table covered with both cloth and table felt. At each glass put a performer with a good ear for music and a steady middle finger, which is the best and strongest to use. Each glass must be held firmly, near the bottom, so as not to mar the sound, with the forefinger and thumb of the left hand. In this way all familiar airs may be produced with some really sweet vibrations, if you know how to use your finger to the best advantage.

## About Eye-Glasses.

It is hard to realize what our ancestors did without the help of spectacles. The first mentioned of them seems to be towards the end of the thirteenth century, when convex spectacles were invented—it is supposed—by Roger Bacon. Concave glasses were introduced soon afterward, but the Spectacle Makers' company of London was not incorporated until 1630. It seems that the ancients knew nothing of these aids of vision; and it is more than likely that Homer and even Milton might have been spared their blindness had they understood the use of powerful lens. Eye-glasses came in much later, when the spectacles were considered too cumbersome for fashionable wear; and longnettes came even later, when great ladies wished an ornamental case for their eye-glasses. The eye-glasses of to-day fit on the nose with a spring—formerly they were held in place with the hand.

## Beliefs About Sneezes.

There is a quaint old rhyme about sneezing which runs as follows:  
Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger,  
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger,  
Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter,  
Sneeze on Thursday, something better,  
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow,  
Sneeze on Saturday, see true love tomorrow.

A sneeze on Sunday meant a visit from the parson the next day, and the good old English housewife set everything in order against his coming.

The sneeze has certain unerring traditions attached to it, especially among the earlier English peasants, and handed down to our day they have become superstitions.

by falling upon him; and clutching the monster with hands and knees, he then tugged to the shore a magnificent fish of upward of sixty pounds. For about twenty minutes he had fought against such a strain as I had never before used upon a fish. It measured three feet eight inches to the root of the tail, and two feet three inches in girth of shoulders, and the head measured one foot ten inches in circumference.

## A Practical Demonstration.

"The best way to study nature is to go right to it."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, I know it. I was once disposed to doubt the industry of the ant, of which so much is said."

"And you learned better?"

"I did. I had a controversy with a naturalist over the question, and I thought I had him beaten until he gave me a demonstration."

"Took you out and showed you the ants at work, did he?"

"Well, not exactly that, but he took me along on one of his scientific expeditions and then maliciously pitched my tent over an ant hill. By the time I discovered what was happening the conviction was forced upon me that ants are really and truly industrious. They are small, but they made me move, and some of them went right along with us to the next camping place."—New York Times.

## Under Examination.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"Did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him," was the reply.

"How long have you known this man?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Can't do it," said he. "I'll sit down or stand up."

"Officer, remove that man." And he did.

## Bolivia.

Bolivia is famous for its silver, but also possesses considerable quantities of gold, which, however, cannot be extracted without great expense. In the seventeenth century an Indian near the town of La Paz found a mass of native gold, supposed to have been detached from the neighboring mountain by lightning. Bolivia is, on the whole, in a backward condition, political changes and internal conflicts having hindered the development of its natural wealth.

## Largest Kite on Record.

The largest kite ever made was 50 feet by 40 feet. Its weight, including tail, exceeded three-quarters of a ton.



She (reading)—And so they were married and that was the last of their troubles. Him (sotto voce)—Last, but not least!—Cleveland Leader.

"That man has broken more records than anyone else I ever heard of." "A runner?" "No; he owns a graphophone."—Stanford University Chaparral.

Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm)—I'm thinkin', sir, I'll just tak yer fare; there's no sayin' what might happen tae us.—Punch.

Teacher—Ba-a-t; what does that spell? Tommie—Don't know, ma'am. Teacher—Why, what do you catch fish with? Tommie—Oh, worms!—Yonkers Statesman.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before." "You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons." "Twenty years."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"I have a chance to marry an old man who has lots of money." "Why don't you?" "He hasn't any bad habits, and comes of a long-lived family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I'll work no more for that man Dolan." "An' why?" "Shure, 'tis on account of a remark he made." "An' phwat was that?" "Says he, 'Casey,' says he, 'ye're discharged.'"

The Lady—My 'usband, sir, 'as sent me to say 'e won't be able to come and do the little job you arst 'im to; 'e's promised to go round the town with the unemployed."—M. A. P.

Mrs. Gramercy—I feel so wretched, I found a dark hair on the suit my husband wore last summer. Mrs. Park Don't worry, dear. If you remember, your hair was dark last year.—Lippincott's.

An automobile enthusiast proposes the building of a motor road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with road-houses and garages every five miles. Why omit hospitals?—New York Evening Post.

"Geel!" said the observing small boy, "when I grow up I'm going after a political job." "What for?" asked the man. "So's I can go to the ball games every afternoon," he replied.—Detroit Free Press.

Conceited Bridge Player—Come here and sit by me, Kittle. You can learn a good deal by watching my game. Kittle Quicktongue—No, thanks. I never could profit by other people's mistakes.—Life.

Blobbs—At the next station we stop ten minutes for refreshments. Slobbs—I wonder why trains stop only ten minutes at railroad eating houses. Blobbs—Probably for humane reasons.—Philadelphia Record.

Farmer Smallseed—Listen to this, Elvry. This paper says that they have found in Italian prisons the petrified remains of some of the prisoners. His Wife—Do tell! Them must be them hardened criminals we hear about.—Harper's Weekly.

"Things look rather run down around here," remarked the man who had just returned after many years to his native village. "Run down? I should say so," replied the friend of his youth. "There's a motor-car comes through here about every three minutes."

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school? Johnny (with a far-away look)—Yes, mamma. Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell of fish? Johnny—I carried home the Sunday school paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale!—Western Christian Advocate.

Mother (viciously scrubbing her small boy's face with soap and water)—Johnny, didn't I tell you never to blacken your face with burnt cork again? Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and it won't come off. Boy (between gulps)—I—uh! ain't your little boy—uh! I see Mose, de colored lady's boy.

"Now, Mr. Blank," said a temperance advocate to a candidate for municipal honors, "I want to ask you a question. Do you ever take alcoholic drinks?" "Before I answer the question," responded the wary candidate, "I want to know whether it is put as an inquiry or as an invitation."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Did you ever stop to think, my dear," said Mr. Micawber, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things which we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?" "Will you be so kind," said Mrs. Micawber, "as to tell me whether you are speaking of the salad or of me, sir?"—Tit-Bits.

## Tongs.

Silas (reading morning paper)—I see, Mandy, they're having another war of the tongs down thar in China-taown.

Mandy—Land sakes! Yow'd think, with all them Chinese laundries around, them fatrons would be handiest things tew fight with.—Judge.

## He Was.

"Owen Flannagan? Are you Owen Flannagan?" said the clerk of the court.

"Yes, bogorra," replied the prisoner, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I'm owin' everybody!"—London Mail.

You cannot tell what a woman aims at by what she hits

# What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

## CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"I am dying to read my letters," cried Mrs. Saville. "Here is a thick one from Mr. Rawson." She opened it, and then, growing rather white, exclaimed, "Why, it encloses one from Hugh!" This she read eagerly, and then reperused it.

"Ah, if I could believe he cares for me!" she said, at length. "The letter is like himself, tender yet obstinate. He will be here nearly as soon as this," she went on, her small, thin fingers closing tightly on the paper. "He implores me to let him see his mother's face once more—the mother he has been so near losing. Rawson has evidently told him of my illness. He confesses I had a right to be angry, but reiterates his conviction that he has done well and wisely in securing the sweetest wife man could have."

"You will see him, dear Mrs. Saville!" cried Hope, with white, parched lips. "You are so good as to think I was of use to you; if you would amply repay me, see your son—let him plead for his wife. They are married, you cannot separate them, and if she is a true woman it will break her heart to know she has parted mother and son. It is in your power to confer such happiness."

"I will receive my son. As to his wife, I cannot say what I shall do. I gave Rawson directions to have her watched; it was a shabby thing to do, but I did it. He has had her closely shadowed, but she has been absolutely well conducted. Still, if it is in my power to confer much happiness, it was in hers to create much misery, and she did it! Why, Hope, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Hope fell back in her chair so deadly white and motionless that Mrs. Saville was terror-struck. She rang violently, and, rushing to the fainting girl, began to rub her cold hands.

"Bring water, wine! send Jessop! call the doctor!" she cried, in great agitation, to the astonished butler, who had never before seen his imperious mistress so moved.

"The doctor has just driven off, 'm; but I will send Jessop."

Soon the lady's-maid, the butler, and the housekeeper were trying to bring Miss Desmond back to life. When she did open her eyes they sought Mrs. Saville's; she smiled and feebly put out her hand.

"Now she must go to bed," said Mrs. Saville, holding the offered hand in both her own. "She had better be carried upstairs."

"I can walk quite well; at least in a few minutes," murmured Hope, "if Jessop will help me."

Thus Hope was relegated to her own room, where Mrs. Saville insisted she must remain all the next day. Wonderful to relate, that lady spent most of it at her bedside, reading or knitting. Neither spoke much, yet they had a certain comfort in the companionship. Miss Rawson called, and was admitted during Mrs. Saville's absence, when she went for a short airing, which she considered essential for her own health.

To her Hope explained that she must for the present refuse her hospitable invitation. Then they talked long and confidentially, and Miss Rawson took charge of a couple of letters when she bade her young friend good-by.

It was now established that Miss Desmond was not to appear till luncheon-time, Mrs. Saville being content to read the papers herself. The doctor was not quite satisfied; his young patient did not recover strength or tone; she was depressed and nervous, averse from food, sleepless. Some complete change to a bracing place might be necessary. Mrs. Saville, who was deeply concerned, went eagerly into the question of localities, but Hope implored, almost piteously, not to be sent away.

It was the end of September, and London was at its emptiest; Mrs. Saville was therefore spared the visits and kind inquiries of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. She was ill at ease from anxiety concerning Hope. All that was kindly and grateful in her strong nature had been drawn forth by the desolate orphan girl who had the spirit to withstand her hitherto unrelenting tyranny, and the perception to appeal to the better self which lay beneath it.

So Mrs. Saville sat by herself, thinking deeply of her past, her present, and the possible future, one warm, rainy morning. "Horrid weather for Hope," she thought; "impossible for nerves to get right under such skyey influence." Yes, she must get Hope out of town. How desolate her life would be without that girl! and she would need comfort and support in coming years. Even if she brought herself to accept Hugh's wife, she would probably turn out a thorn in their side and keep her and her son apart.

distinguished, he looked! his strong face deeply embrowned, his fine looking eyes eager yet soft.

"Hugh!" cried Mrs. Saville, rising, and trembling from head to foot.

"My dear mother!" he returned, tenderly, with the slight hoarseness of warm emotion, and he clasped her in his arms, kissing her affectionately. "Are you indeed safe and well?"

"My son! you have nearly broken my heart!" Her tones told him he was already half forgiven.

"Rawson told me this morning, just now, that I might venture to call. You must forgive me, mother. I know I deserved your anger, and this I regret. I only want you to let me come and see you sometimes, and I will trouble you no more. I can fight for my own hand; but you must accept my innocent wife, too."

"It will be a hard task, Hugh. I am a prejudiced woman, and my prejudices are strong against her."

"I think they will melt when you see her, mother."

"I doubt it," Mrs. Saville was beginning, when the door opened, and Hope Desmond walked slowly into the room. She seemed very pale and fragile in her simple black dress. No sooner had she caught sight of Hugh than her cheeks flushed, her great brown eyes lit up with a look half joy, half terror, and her lips parted with a slight cry.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Hugh Saville sprang forward, exclaiming, "My own love; my own darling wife!" and folded her in a rapturous embrace, kissing her hair, her eyes, her lips, forgetful of everything else.

Mrs. Saville again rose from her chair, and stood petrified. At last Hope disentangled herself from her husband's arms, and, crossing to where her mother-in-law stood, said, brokenly, "Can you forgive me the deceit I have practiced? Can you have patience to hear my explanation?"

"I am bewildered," cried Mrs. Saville, looking from one to the other. "Is Hope Desmond your wife, Hugh?"

"She is! Can you forgive me now?" said Hugh, advancing to support Hope's trembling form by passing his arm around her.

"It is incredible! How did you come to impose upon me in this way?"

"I will tell you all," Hope began, when she was interrupted by a message which the butler brought from Mr. Rawson requesting to be admitted.

"Show him up; he is a party to the fraud," said Mrs. Saville, sternly.

Hugh drew his wife closer to him as Mr. Rawson entered looking radiant.

"I trust you do not consider me an intruder," he said.

"You come just when you are wanted. I feel my brain turning," returned Mrs. Saville.

"If you will listen," urged Hope, with clasped hands.

"Yes, pray hear Mrs. Hugh Saville," said Mr. Rawson.

Mrs. Saville turned a startled look upon him, and Hope went on: "When I came to this good friend, who offered me the shelter of his house so soon as he found I was the niece of his old rector, I was in despair. I began to realize the mistake, the disobedience that Hugh had been guilty of. I had yielded too readily to the temptation of spending my life with him. I felt that I was the cause of his troubles, and I was overwhelmed. I wished that I could die; anything to be no longer a burden and an obstacle. Then I heard Mr. Rawson speak of finding a companion for Mrs. Saville, and the thought came to me of being that companion, and perhaps winning her affection for myself and restoration for Hugh." A sudden sob interrupted her, then, with an effort, she went on: "Mr. Rawson was startled at the idea, but his daughter at once took it up, and, after some discussion, it was agreed that I should make the desperate attempt. I was therefore introduced to you by two of my names—Hope Desmond. I was called Katherine Hope Desmond after my mother, who was Uncle Desmond's only sister. How I had the courage to brave such an experiment I cannot now understand, for my heart"—she pressed her hands against her bosom, and, disengaging herself, made a step nearer her mother-in-law—"seems to flutter and fall me. But the desire to retrieve the wrong I had wrought sustained me. I did not tell Hugh what I had undertaken until I had been some weeks with you. He was much alarmed, and begged me not to risk too much—to leave as soon as I could, if the strain was too great; but he did not forbid me to stay. So I stayed. How dreadful the beginning was! Yet, though you were cold and stern, I could bear it, for you are too strong to be suspicious, or petty, or narrow, and I dared not let myself fear you; and then—I grew to know you had a heart. That is what makes this moment so terri-

ble; I fear your disapproval more than your displeasure. Now, can you, will you, forgive me?"

Mrs. Saville was silent; her brows were knit, her eyes downcast; Hope dared to take the fine small hand which lay on the arm of the chair. Mrs. Saville did not draw it away. The lookers-on held their breath. Then she drew Hope's to her, and gently stroked it. "I think," she said, slowly, "that you are the only creature I ever understood me. I forgive your husband, and accept you—not because his disobedience is pardonable, but because, when I came back from the jaws of death, the first sight that met my eyes were your tears of joy at my recovery. Yet, had I died instead of you and your husband would have been far better off than you will be, and you knew it. You are the first that has ever given me what gold cannot buy."

"Mother," cried Hugh Saville, in a tone of wounded feeling, "I always loved you as much as you would love me."

"Perhaps you did, I believe you did," said his mother.

Hope had sunk on her knees, and kissed the hands which held her, then her head fell forward, and Hugh sprang forward to lift her.

"She is quite overcome," he exclaimed, almost indignantly. "She is best ghost of her former self. And I placed her in an easy-chair, where she lay with closed eyes."

"Happiness will be a rapid restorative," said Mrs. Saville, kindly. "Now what punishment is to be dealt out to you, traitor that you are?" she continued, turning to Mr. Rawson. "Enter into a conspiracy against my trusting client! Shall I degrade you from the high office of my chief adviser? I must hold a council, and a council-board shall be my dinner-table. Bring your daughter to dinner this evening, and we shall settle many matters. And, Hope, if you feel equal to the task, write to Richard, inviting him to dinner to meet his new stepson-in-law."

"Very few fellows have so good a right to be proud of a wife as I have," cried Hugh, exultingly. "Our old novel stories of desperate cutting-out plots are poor compared to the enduring courage that upheld Kate, as I always call her, through the long strain of her bold undertaking."

"She has enlightened me, at all events," said Mrs. Saville. "Now away to the drawing-room and let your talk out. The doctor insists that a complete change is necessary in Hope's recovery; so take your wife away to-morrow for your long-delayed honeymoon. But, remember, wherever you are pursuing your profession at the high seas, I claim the companionship of Mr. Rawson's pleasant protégée."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, I will be your loving daughter so long as you care to have me near you," cried Hope; and no longer hesitating, she folded her formidable mother-in-law in her arms.

## (The end.)

## Crowded.

A friend was complaining the other day to Captain Barber, port captain of the State pilots, about the crowded condition of the steamboat on which he recently made a trip.

"Four in a room!" replied Barber. "That's nothing."

"You should have traveled in the days of the gold rush to California. I remember one trip out of New York we carried more than 1,000 passengers, and if you put 50 on that ship to-day there'd be a holler that would reach Washington and make trouble for somebody. To show you how crowded it was and what 'crowded' really means, three days out from New York a chap walked up to the old man and said:

"Captain, you really must find a place to sleep."

"Where in thunder have you been sleeping until now?" asked the old man.

"Well," says the fellow, "you know it's this way. I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better and won't stand for it much longer."—San Francisco Call.

## What Troubled Him.

Willie—Say, mother, will it hurt have this tooth out?

Mrs. Blinnson—Naturally; but will be so sudden that you won't be time to think—just a quick turn, and it will be all over.

Willie—Um—that's all that can happen to me if I had my head pulled off.—Life.

## Her Grievance.

"Never mind," said Socrates, "I may disapprove of me, but posterity will lend an attentive ear to my sayings."

"That's what exasperates me!" replied Xantippe. "To think a man would go to such lengths in order to have the last word."—Washington Star.

## Getting Wise.

"I want to be well informed," said the ambitious girl. "I want to know what's going on."

"Well," answered Miss Cayona, "would suggest that you get one of those telephones that will put you on a line with five or six other subscribers."—Exchange.

## A Strong Attachment.

Jinks—I called on your friend, Miss Sweetlips, last night and could hardly tear myself away.

Miss Charming—Was she so delightful as that?

Jinks—Oh, it wasn't she; it was my big dog.—Illustrated Bits.