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A SCHOOL OF LOVE

By EMMA L. GOULD

Mrs. Edmonds at forty-five found herself a widow with no income. As Kate Bowmrickie she had in her youth more offers of marriage than she knew what to do with. She had married Roger Edmonds because he was the last of those who proposed before she was too old to flirt. At his death she conceived the original idea of making a living by teaching young women how to get husbands.

So she put out a circular in which she agreed for a stipulated fee to tell any girl how to get any man she wanted, the fee to be paid after engagement. This looked fair enough, and a number of young women called at her consultation rooms for advice. Among them was Johanna Ormsby, who stated what she wanted as follows:

"I wish to marry Mr. Sam Trusdell. He is a bachelor of thirty-five and a woman hater. I have tried to make myself agreeable to him, and he likes to pass an evening with me for a chat. That is to say, he never is anything toward me but friendly."

"How long has this been going on?" "About a year."

"That's bad. If you had but recently made his acquaintance it would be much easier. Such chronic cases need desperate remedies. In your case I see no way but to pick a quarrel with him."

"A quarrel?" "Yes; you must contrive something out of which a quarrel shall grow. Then misconstrue something he does, or, if that is impracticable, make the fight on no basis whatever, trusting to invent one, and if you can't invent one tell him you have been mistaken in something which has passed, but which now, since it is all over, is too painful for you to mention. In that case you will have the advantage of being penitent and throwing yourself on his mercy."

"But I wish him to love me. Why make him angry?" "To start him. The longer your relations remain as they are the more chronic they will become and the harder to break up. Since you are not an apt scholar I shall have to manage the affair for you. To make a beginning, cut him the next time you meet him on the street."

"For what ostensible reason?" "Cut him and leave the rest to me. Use the telephone freely, and I will keep you advised."

Miss Ormsby went away, and the next time she met Mr. Trusdell she saluted him with her nose in the air.

He looked at her with astonishment. What could he have done to merit such treatment? He turned to look back at her, then passed on his way in much agitation. There is nothing that will so rack a man as to receive the contempt of a lady. She may fight him, she may plead with him, and he can stand it manfully, but let her contempt him and he is crushed.

"That same evening Miss Ormsby received a note from Mr. Trusdell, begging to know wherein he had offended her. She called up Mrs. Edmonds, reported the matter and asked for instructions.

"Pay no attention to the note," was the reply.

"But now your treatment of the case is getting me out of chronic indifference as well as Mr. Trusdell. I fear I shall make a breach that will never be healed. That would be dreadful!" "It will never be healed until you do as I tell you."

There followed a silence. Miss Ormsby felt as if she were banging over a precipice with no one to help her. Nevertheless she dare not disobey instructions. She did not reply to Mr. Trusdell's note.

One evening, there was a ring at the doorbell and a guest was ushered into the drawing room, where Miss Ormsby was sitting. He was Mr. Trusdell. The lady had no opportunity to consult her instructress. She must depend upon her own resources. Having no resources, she fell back on the general instructions she had received in the beginning. She stood still, said nothing and prepared to appear penitent.

"I have called," said Mr. Trusdell, all of a tremor. "to ask what in the world I have been doing to meet your contempt."

"There was no reply. Miss Ormsby's eyes were bent to the floor. Mr. Trusdell came nearer and implored her to tell him.

"I fear," she said at last, "that I have done you a great injustice." "Injustice?" "Yes, I am very sorry for what I have done." Her voice trembled. "Has any one maligned me?" "Yes—no. Let it all pass as some thing too painful to be remembered."

"Will you not name my traducer?" "That would only make matters worse. Do, I beg of you, drop the matter. I will do any penance you ask."

"Why do you feel so deeply concerning it?" "I don't know. I can't tell—I—"

"My dear Johanna, do not trouble yourself further in the matter. It is enough for me to be assured that you feel toward me—"

Miss Ormsby blushed and turned her head aside.

A few weeks later Mrs. Edmonds received a sizable fee.

BROKE HER PROMISE.

She Hated to Do It, but Then She Felt That She Was Justified.

A widely known motor racer was asked by a friend if he would be so kind as to allow three young women to accompany him while he was trying out a new racing car.

"Why, I can't be bothered with passengers at a time like that, and especially with women. They always talk to me, and I can't have my mind distracted. It might prove dangerous, you know."

"But these girls won't bother you. I'll tell them not to. One of them is my sister. They are crazy to go; want to say they have ridden with you. You know how girls are."

"Well, if you will tell them they mustn't speak to me while I am driving they may go. They mustn't move around or do anything to distract my attention. You impress this upon them. If they are willing to do this they can go."

The promise was made, and they started. At one place the driver ran over a water guard and there was a tremendous bump. He did not try to look around, as he was going at a rapid rate of speed, but presently he felt a thud touch on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he growled.

A weak little voice answered him: "Really, I hate awfully to bother you. I know I shouldn't and promised not to. But I feel I must tell you Helen isn't with us now."—Harper's Magazine.

A TOMB IN TOKYO.

Luck In Chips From the Headstone Over a Famous Thief.

Behind the temple sacred to the nameless dead and close to the wrestling amphitheater in Tokyo there is to be found the grave of the celebrated robber Nesami Kozo, who stole from the daimios long ago in the old Yedo days that he might relieve the sufferings of the poor.

There is a superstition connected with this grave which has made it a much frequented spot. If a portion of the headstone is carried away it acts as a lucky talisman, particularly to those who speculate or are otherwise engaged in games of chance. It is usual for a person breaking a piece from the stone to make a vow that in case he is successful he will buy a new headstone to replace the one he has mutilated. Many prayers must have been answered, for the stones are piled high on either side of the grave, and an enterprising individual near by has the stones already for sale and only waiting the name of the donor to be engraved and then set up.

A shelter has been placed over the spot, and from the roof hang gray lanterns and pilgrims' banners. A large money box catches all the stray son which go for the upkeep of the grave. Gamblers and gelsia are often visitors. Students before their examinations feel more assured of success if they have a chip of Nesami Kozo's headstone in the sleeve of their kimono.—Argonaut.

On Safe Ground.

Whenever on one of his rare holidays Captain Goldy went to the city he took some young relative with him as a special treat. On one such occasion he told his seventeen-year-old grandson, whom he had with him, that they would "dine at a real restaurant and get a taste of fancy cooking."

When they were at last seated in the great dining room the grandson waited impatiently while the captain read the bill of fare completely through without omitting a single article, whether domestic or foreign in title. At last he sighed and handed the card across the table to the boy.

"You choose what you like, sonny," he said, with a sigh. "As for me, I reckon as I've already ate more herrin' than any other man livin' I might as well stow away a little more. It's always agreed with me so far."—Youth's Companion.

Talleyrand's Brevity.

A single word was often sufficient for Talleyrand to make his keenest remark, says the Kansas City Star. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was enduring the tortures of hell Talleyrand simply answered, "Already!"

To a woman who had lost her husband Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words: "Oh, madame!"

In less than a year the woman had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was: "Ah, madame!"

Conquered a Crocodile.

An old traveler tells a tale of a young African girl with great bravery and presence of mind. While fetching water from a river she was seized by the jaws of a crocodile and pulled in. As quick as a flash she remembered the weak point of a crocodile and forced her fingers into the brute's eyes until it let go. She lost her left hand, but was able to swim ashore and save her life.

Matchmaking.

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur." "In what amount?" "Oh, in varying quantities." "Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."—Pittsburgh Post.

Ignorance.

His Wife (who was unable to attend).—Did the congregation agree to your utterances on the criminal rich? New Clergyman (proudly)—I am sure they did. They were all nodding.—Judge.

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BIRTH OF A WING.

Evolution of the Dragon Fly From Its Ugly Aquatic Pupa.

A wonderful spectacle is presented by the sudden apparition of an insect's wing at the completion of its metamorphosis. The transformation of the grub into the butterfly, though familiar, is none the less amazing, but the evolution of the active and gossamer winged dragon fly from its ugly and sluggish aquatic pupa is still more impressive.

Early on a May morning the pupa emerges from its cocoon at the bottom of a ditch, swims on its back by paddling with its long haired paws to the stem of an aquatic plant and climbs up out of the water. Then, after a momentary pause, the skin suddenly bursts open, and the perfect insect appears with closely folded wings, which soon unfold and assume their final form.

The older naturalists believed that the insect "swallowed air," with which the wings were inflated. In reality the air is absorbed in the digestive organs, causing an increased blood pressure, which mechanically expands the wings. The presence of dew is also necessary; hence the first flight is always made at dawn.

This spectacle of the birth of a wing may be observed in dragon flies reared in an aquarium, the atmosphere of which should be moistened with an atomizer when the pupa rises to the surface.—Scientific American.

Green Scum of the Nile.

"Nile green is an opaque green," said a traveler. "It isn't the green of a wave breaking in the sun. It's the green of the scum that floats on duck ponds. Every year about the middle of April the Nile becomes covered with a green scum, a genuine duck pond scum. It strikes Khartoum about April 20, and it floats on down to Cairo—a solid scum that is often 500 miles long without a break. This scum is made of minute lives, algae. It has an offensive smell. It is, in fact, as offensive to the nose as to the eye. How green the Nile is then! On account of this scum the expression, Nile green, arose. But it isn't the waters of the Nile that are green. No; they are always muddy. It is the scum."

Hopeless.

"What is the matter with that poor fellow?" asked the man who was "seeing the lunatic asylum." "He has an interesting face."

"That's a poet," replied the attendant. "Queer case." "Tell me about him. Is there any chance of his recovery?" "No; it's hopeless. It seems he had written a pastoral poem in which the name of Oberon was used several times, but the proofer was an Irishman, and when the poem appeared in print Oberon had been changed to O'Brien."—Judge's Library.

Setting Him Right.

The meek looking man walked up to the book counter. "I want something to keep me home at night, show me my faults, tell me how to spend my—"

"Hold on, old man," said the clerk, "you're in the wrong department. Marriage bureau on the left, three aisles down."—Philadelphia Record.

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