

A QUIET GIRL
By EMMA A. OPFER
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By Emma A. Oppen

SUCH a nice, quiet girl," said Ralph's mother. It was Ralph's distant cousin, Hortense De Witt, of whom she spoke. Until her arrival the evening before Ralph had never seen her. The main facts about her were that she was an orphan and an heiress and that when her guardian, with whom she lived, had gone with his family for a trip to Colorado, Hortense had declared her preference for coming out to Blakesburg to Ralph's mother and had had her way.

"A regular little lady," said Ralph's father, whose judgment was, as a rule, rather sternly critical.

Ralph said nothing. He recalled a certain singular twinkle in Hortense's bright eyes. He reflected on the peculiar circumstance of her jogging his elbow at the breakfast table so that he had spilled some water and then giggling behind her napkin. But he said nothing.

When he went out to the barn presently to curdy Betsey, he thought for an instant that Betsey's colt had got out of the stall. Halting in the door, he perceived that it was Hortense De Witt chasing several squawking hens round and round.

She sat down on a keg, red checked and disheveled. "I love to be where I can do as I've a mind to," she declared.

"I guess you always do, don't you?" said Ralph astutely, and Hortense laughed. She felt at her neck.

"I've lost my diamond stickpin," she announced. "Never mind. I'll find it. I've lost two or three. Come on! Let's have some more fun." She cast a look around. "Have you ever walked that beam up there?" she demanded. Ralph had not. It was a very high beam and narrow.

"Well, I'm going to walk it," said Hortense.

"You're not," said Ralph.

"Ain't I?" Hortense gave a light spring and climbed into the hayloft, lifting herself by dextrous clutches. She mounted to the high beam and stepped out upon it.

"Don't," Ralph begged.

"Why not?" she was half way across it.

"If you should fall, you'd be killed," said Ralph. Hortense increased her pace and arrived safe at the beam's end. "Come on up. What are you afraid of?" Something in her voice turned Ralph's cheeks redder, but he answered steadily.

"I fell off a roof and broke my arm once, and I've never liked getting up on high places since. I got dizzy."

"Oh!" said Hortense, with no little scorn. "I don't. I'm the best performer in the gymnasium at my boarding school. Look here." She went back across the beam, printrouting as she went, her arms spread. Ralph ceased to look at her; it made him feel sick.

"I guess," Hortense De Witt called down at him, "you're a—er—a 'frail cat!'"

"Maybe," said Ralph, hotly flushed.

Hortense descended angrily. "Yes," she repeated, "I believe you are a—you know what." She snatched Ralph's cap off and tossed it to a remote corner and ran into the house.

At dinner Hortense was demure. To be sure she caught Ralph's eye and screwed her countenance to look like the hired man, who was cross eyed, but nobody saw it but Ralph.

"She is very much like her Aunt Martha Gale," said Ralph's mother admiringly. "She is so quiet and dignified always."

Ralph smiled grimly. "I shan't squeal on her," he thought.

"Your father and I," said his mother, "are going down to John Warren's a little while. He is sick. See how well you can entertain Hortense, Ralph."

Hortense, Ralph reflected, would be more likely to entertain him. She was in the parlor, inspecting with apparent gravity the pictures and the albums, but Ralph's discerning eyes saw the mischief in hers, suppressed and waiting.

"What's in this closet, I wonder?" she inquired, her impulsive hand on the latch.

"Some old books and mother's grape wine and father's best clothes," Ralph responded rather stiffly. He had not forgotten that Hortense had called him a 'frail cat."

Hortense opened the door a crack. She studied the contents of the closet, and softly giggling, she took from its hook a black broadcloth coat. She put it on and buttoned it and went waltzing round the room; the long tails swung giddily as she whirled.

"Father only wears that to funerals and weddings," Ralph warned her, faintly grinning. Something flung in the pocket and Hortense pulled forth a bunch of keys.

"What do they unlock?" she queried.

"Father's desk, for one thing," said Ralph, and was instantly sorry for answering, for Hortense went immediately to the desk.

Ralph followed. "Look here," he said, "don't unlock that. Father keeps his papers there and money some times. Nobody ever goes to it but him; I'm forbidden. Don't touch it."

"I'm not forbidden," Hortense retorted, and unlocked it before Ralph's eyes.

"See here," he protested, agnash and beginning to be indignant with his madcap cousin. Hortense, with a gay titter, took a bunch of papers out of a pigeonhole.

"I'm going to read 'em," said she; but she did not. Her quick ear had caught a sound. She dropped the papers, she tore off the coat and fled with it to the closet. And when the steps which she had heard came closer and Ralph's father opened the door, she was sitting by a window with a history of the civil war opened on her lap. And Ralph was left staring by the open desk, the papers scattered at his feet.

"Ralph," said his father. Behind him was Ralph's mother, looking in with a startled face.

Red in the face, his heart beating

painfully, Ralph stooped and gathered up the papers. "Ralph," said his father, "what are you doing in my desk?"

Ralph had heard him speak with that voice once before. It was when a hired man had, through hard driving and carelessness, foundered a horse. He did not answer. "Well?" said his father.

"I don't know, sir," Ralph murmured.

"You don't know? Give me that key," said his father warily, "and go up to your room and stay there till you find out."

Ralph glanced at Hortense De Witt. She was looking at him with frightened eyes.

He was in the habit of obeying his father, and he marched up to his room.



Her quick ear had caught a sound.

but he snarled keenly. He was too old to be treated in that fashion and for a fault that he had not committed. His mother came into the room.

"Ralph," she said, with a tremble in her voice, "what ever made you do it? Your father's private papers! We came back after a bottle of my grape wine that I wanted to carry to John Warren, and there you—why, I can't understand it. Ralph," said his mother. Ralph looked out of the window.

"Your father keeps money there, you know, and I—well, I don't know what he thought," said his mother. "That's almost too much."

"He is angry with you, and I don't know what your cousin Hortense will think of you," said his mother. Ralph made a choking sound.

He saw his father and mother making a fresh start for John Warren's presently. Then he heard his name called from out of doors. Opening his window, he saw Hortense.

"What," she demanded indignantly, "do they want to make such a fuss about it for? 'Til like to know!'"

"I told you it was father's private desk," Ralph responded, "and when father is angry he's angry." He went back to his chair.

"Come back!" Hortense called. "Why don't you tell them it was me, then?" she asked.

"Because I ain't a sneak," Ralph answered, "even if I am a 'frail cat,'" he added and shut the window, and he heard Hortense retreating, whistling in a high pitched tone.

When Ralph's father came home, he called to Ralph that he might, if he wanted to, go and help the hired man. Ralph worked the rest of the afternoon in peace of mind. The hired man, at least, had no knowledge of Hortense De Witt's latest prank and its result.

Nobody, indeed, but the hired man brought a cheerful face to the supper table. Hortense De Witt was quiet.

She watched Ralph furtively, and when they rose she nudged him. "You're a great goose," she whispered, "being blamed and scolded for something you didn't do! Why don't you tell 'em?"

Ralph frowned back at her, his chin high. "Maybe you think I'd squeal on a girl?" she said.

He played checkers with the hired man and beat him, but he kept a solemn face. His father believed that he had done a foolishly mischievous and dishonest thing. He had lost a good part of his confidence, and it might not be easy to get it back. His father was reading something aloud to Ralph's mother and Hortense.

"I'm not in it," Ralph thought, and he said good night soberly.

But when a boy is fourteen and has a good appetite and habitually a light heart it is hard to remember unpleasant things even over night. When Ralph went down to breakfast next morning, he was thinking chiefly of something agreeable and something that lay near his heart.

"Father," he said, "if you don't need me to help Hiram, I want to go and see the horse trainer."

His father stirred his coffee.

"He's had a big tent put up, and he's going to give an exhibition. He's got some horses to sell, too—beauties, they say. I want to see the whole thing."

"Well," his father responded dryly, "there's the pumpkins over in the west lot waiting to be hauled to the barn. I don't know as a boy that opens other folks' desks when they are out of the house ought to be trusted to go off out of sight anywhere. Maybe home is the best place for him."

"Oh!" said Ralph. He did not look at Hortense De Witt.

But Hortense looked at him. Her cheeks grew red, and the redness spread to her hair and to her very ears, and suddenly she threw herself back in her chair.

"Pumpkins!" said she. "Pumpkins! He needn't either. He can go to the horse training if he wants to. I say so, and—and you'll say so in a minute."

"Oh!" said Ralph. He did not look at Hortense De Witt.

"You did it?" said Ralph's father, and he fairly stared in his astonishment and unbelief at Hortense De Witt. He swallowed half his cup of

coffee. "You?"

"I—I had on your coat, and the key was in the pocket—your best coat, the one you wear to funerals and weddings," said Hortense, starting no part of the appalling truth. "I got it out of the closet and put it on."

Ralph's father gazed for a further moment, and then, against his will, he burst out with an irrepresible great laugh.

"Upon—my—word," said Ralph's mother. "Hortense De Witt?"

"Yes, I was afraid you'd be surprised," said Hortense, "and I let you blame him all this time because I hated awfully—oh, well, I've been an awful sneak, that's what!"

"Pumpkins!" said Hortense. "If anybody's got to haul pumpkins it ought to be me, hadn't it?" She looked at them all with a smile of apology and appeal, a sunny smile which marked her cheeks with two deep dimples, and which seemed somehow to lend a brighter and more hopeful aspect to the whole dubious affair.

"Well, well!" said Ralph's father, his eyes still glued to Hortense, incredulously. And his mother rested her chin on her hand, thoughtfully.

"There was your uncle Frank Gale," she said. "He was a terribly mischievous boy always. He got himself expelled from two schools. I shouldn't wonder, after all, if it's your uncle Frank you take after instead of your aunt Martha." And she began, considerably, to talk about the frost of the night before.

But she looked now and again at Ralph with something more than the warmth of a mother's affection; she looked at him with pride. And Ralph's father, when he rose from the table, held out his hand to his son.

"I was unjust to you, Ralph. I'm glad to know it, but sorry enough that I made such a mistake. You'll forget it, won't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Ralph. "Yes, sir. And—can I go?"

"To the horse training? Of course," said his father heartily. "Go and enjoy it and learn how to break Betty's colt. If you break that colt, we'll call him yours, Ralph." And that, Ralph knew, was to make up to him for having misjudged him, and a great thing it was.

"I'll break him!" he said rejoicingly.

Hortense was waiting for him in the entry. She flung an impulsive arm over his shoulder, and her saucy face was serious for once.

"You see," she said, "I was the 'frail cat.' I was afraid to tell. I was too quick about calling you that. You're not a bit of a one!"

"Nor you either," said Ralph; "not now."

"Your father and mother will want me to go home," said Hortense dimly.

"No, they won't. We'll have a first rate time. I like a girl that's got some snap anyhow," said Ralph. "Won't you go with me to the horse training? Lots of ladies went last year. Come along!"

Hortense did go along. The atmosphere was cleared, and everything was straightened. They were better friends, they realized, than they would have been if Hortense had never opened the door of the parlor closet.

"I found your diamond stickpin," said Ralph "yesterday in the barn." And he produced it.

Hortense took it, eyed it, considered for a moment and then adjusted it, with much pains, in Ralph's cravat.

"It's yours," said she; "yours to keep. Just to show you, you know, that I know you're not a 'frail'—"

"Fahaw!" said Ralph. But Hortense De Witt had her way.

He Didn't Take It.

The late Allen G. Thurman of Ohio was fond of telling the following story on himself: A friend of his in Columbus did not speak to the "old Roman" as he thought was his due, and so one day Mr. Thurman stopped him in High street and demanded an explanation.

"Look here, Smith," he said, "for the last few months I've noticed that you've either avoided me altogether or else scurried by as quickly as possible. Now, I don't like such treatment, and I don't wish you to think that just because you happen to owe me \$25 or \$50 it is necessary to treat me in this way."

"Why, Mr. Thurman," was the astonished rejoinder, "I don't owe you any money." "You don't, eh?" queried the indignant senator. "Didn't you come into my law office some six months ago and ask my advice on a legal matter?" "Yes," acknowledged Smith reluctantly, "that's true. I did ask your advice, but," brightening up, "I don't owe you anything, for I didn't take it."

Why Savages Turn in Their Tools.

In the first place the foot naturally takes that position which it has never been confined by boots or the ankle distorted by high heels. Convenience is also on the side of the natural position of the foot in the case of the savage, for he has to do much walking through long grass and undergrowth in forests. Consequently his progress would be much impeded if he turned his toes out to catch these obstacles instead of brushing them aside and outward, as he now does. Lastly, the savage uses his foot much more as a help to his hands than we do, and it is obvious that in doing this he must turn his toes in.

European Arithmetic.

At the custom house we were obliged to make a deposit of 8 francs 40 centimes on each wheel before entering Switzerland. Since that day faith in the advantages of higher education has wavered. There were nine bicycles, and the government official found the entire amount of our indebtedness by putting down 8.40 nine times and then adding up. Why should one vex one's self with the multiplication table when straight addition combined with unlimited time reaches the same result?—Caroline S. Donnett in Chautauquan.

Her Busy Business.

Towne—When Miss Gabbil told me she was in business, I couldn't help thinking she meant everybody else's business.

Brown—That's about right.

Towne—What on might call a wholesale business, eh?

Brown—Well, yes; except that she retails scandals at wholesale rates.—Philadelphia Press.

DINED IN THE KITCHEN.

One Satisfactory Meal Grant Had After His Tour of the World.

"When General Grant stopped at the Palmer House in Chicago on his return from his tour of the world," said a man who was there at the time, "the steward was all but stupefied one noon at seeing the ex-president slide in at the kitchen door as though escaping from some one."

"I am sorry to trouble you," he said, as though asking a great favor, "but may I have a little corned beef and cabbage?"

"Why, certainly," the steward replied; "but shan't I send it out to you in the dining room?"

"No," he answered; "I'll eat it right here if you'll let me sit down."

"So a place on the rough board table, where the cook had been fixing the meat, was cleared, and Grant drew up a stool and set to, and the way he got away with that corned beef and cabbage was a caution. When he had finished, he laid down his knife and fork with a funny sigh of satisfaction, put one hand on the steward's shoulder and said:

"Young man, I don't suppose you care for that at all, but if you had had to eat what I have for the past few months it would taste like a dinner for the gods. It tastes homey!"

The ex-president had dined with everybody from the queen down, but that cabbage and corned beef doubtless reminded him of the time when he was not so well known, but probably far happier—when people in St. Louis called him "captain" when they spoke to him and bought the wood he carried into town to sell."

Character of a Glimpse.

An insignificant nose means an insignificant man. An open mouth is a sure sign of an open heart (keep yours closed). A projecting upper lip shows malignity and avarice. Pointed noses generally belong to meddlesome people. Large eyes in a small face betoken maliciousness.

A retreating chin is always bad; it shows lack of resolution. A projecting lower lip indicates ostentation, self conceit and folly. Fine hair generally betokens native good taste and intelligence.

A dimple in the chin is pretty, but indicates weak mental organization. High cheek bones always indicate great force of character in some direction. Fullness of the temples is supposed to show powers of mathematical calculation.

A small mouth, with nose and nostril also small, shows indecision and cowardice. Half shut eyes show natural shrewdness, together with lack of sincerity. Slow moving eyes are always found in the heads of persons of prudence and ability.—London Answers.

Wheat in Fable and History.

Possibly wheat was the corn so plenty in Egypt when famine drove thither Joseph's unnatural brethren. Wheat went with other precious things into the mummy cases and sealed jars stored in royal tombs. Today acres by the thousand laugh in bearded grain said to have sprung from sparse kernels plundered by a ruthless explorer from a royal mummy's hand. Does it whisper now this new old Egyptian wheat to its constant friend the sun, of Amneses and Pharaoh—of Apis, Hortense took it, eyed it, considered for a moment and then adjusted it, with much pains, in Ralph's cravat.

The Safest Place in a Storm.

Every one is aware that it is not wise to seek a tree's shelter in a thunderstorm; but, if you must take refuge there, then climb to the topmost branches. It has been proved that the upper boughs of trees during a storm would be the safest position, and it is said that birds in the branches are seldom killed. When the tree is struck by lightning, it is the trunk which is burnt, usually from its greater dryness, is a bad conductor, and which therefore suffers the most.

Special Inducements to Liberality.

"What are your rates?" asked the prospective victim of the lady fortune teller.

"I can't afford to tell you anything but disaster for 50 cents," replied the lady, "but for \$1 I'll agree to tell you a good fortune with no bad luck in it."—Ohio State Journal.

His Ideal Woman.

Parke—The other day I was in a kind of vision and saw my wife as the most perfect woman in the world.

Lane—Where were you?

Parke—in an intelligence office, describing her to a cook I was trying to engage.—Judge.

Woman is a queer creation. She uses her smiles and tears alike for the vanquishment of man.—Baltimore News.

A Paradox.

Belle—What a lovely building! Nan—I think he's horrid looking. Belle—Oh, but bulldogs aren't lovely unless they're horrid looking.—Detroit Free Press.

Dampening His Ardor.

Desperate Sultor—Sir, I have reached that stage where I can no longer live without your daughter.

Heartless Parent—Well, I don't consider suicide a crime, young man, but you mustn't hang around here.—Chicago News.

The Way a Woman Begins.

"Have you finished that new novel yet?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no. I've hardly begun," she answered. "In fact, I've only read the last chapter."—Chicago Post.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Pretty Blouse.

The sketch shows a lilac pink blouse of louisiane silk, trimmed with encircling bands of narrow openwork insertion threaded with black velvet tulle ribbon, terminating at either side of the front under square applications of embroidery batiste. The narrow band



Pretty Silk Blouse.

In front is of the batiste, with the ribbon threaded openwork at either side and crossed by little buttoned straps. The full sleeves are tucked and trimmed with the openwork and embroidery.—Philadelphia Ledger.

New Methods of Making Bows.

Special interest must be attached to the different new methods of making up bows, rosettes and other arrangements of ribbon or piece material as applicable to early winter hats. Louis XV. bows are now made of quilled ribbon wired in the ordinary way. A piece of the quilled ribbon may be sewed in a circle round the center of the plume and the rest of the ribbon be arranged in a very large wide bow resting on the back of the hat, which shelves down in the neck. The under sides of some hats are trimmed with narrow pompadour ribbons laid flat in the form of Louis XV. bows.

Bows made of No. 12 ribbon velvet are often placed under the brim, loops and ends hanging down behind the ear. Fan shaped bows, with a great many loops, for the back of hats, are sometimes made of this ribbon, sometimes of piece velvet. Large bows of four or more large loops, fastened in the center by a buckle, are laid flat on plume hats.—Millinery Trade Review.

Gowns For Autumn Wear.

Very pretty gowns for autumn are made of dotted silk, of white silk groundine, silk veiling, silk batiste, linen batiste and organdie. In these materials some very dainty box plaited skirts are seen. These are cut in seven gores, each gore having a plait that covers the seam. The front gore is narrow and plain, and a gathered graduated bounce is the finish. This is tucked at the hem or inset with two or three rows of lace insertion. This skirt may be cut in nine gores. Circular dounces cut in handkerchief points, edged with lace, are a noticeable feature of these thin gowns. The lower dounce has a straight edge, with fine tucks and lace insertion at the hem. Thirteen and even fifteen gores form some of the skirts, whose centers are arranged in groups of very fine tucks. The gores are joined with an open stitch.

Black Gowns.

Although we say that black is "no color," the black dress of perfection has many lights and shades, being composed not of one black, but of many. Take, for instance, the dead black of crepe de chine mixed with that peculiarly beautiful, cloudy effect of black chiffon. This would probably be trimmed with a glimmer of satin and a becoming black chenille or velvet, with jet of varying shades. Then is created a black dress which is charming in detail.

There is a great desire for black chene afternoon frocks. They are not quite as beautiful as crepe de chine, but they are new; they are useful.

Up to Date From Paris.

The illustration shows one of the latest fancies of costume in Paris. The linen coat and skirt are trimmed with bands of white braid and linen embroidery.—Brooklyn Eagle.



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TWO PERORATIONS.

From Hay's Eulogy on McKinley and Blaine's Eulogy on Garfield.

It is a curious coincidence that on Feb. 27, 1882, and on Feb. 27, 1902, a secretary of state of a murdered president delivered a eulogy of his dead chief before the houses of congress. Mr. Hay, primarily a writer, showed the essayist in his oration on McKinley. Here is the peroration of Hay's eulogy of McKinley:

There is not one of us but feels prouder of his native land because the august figure of Washington presided over its beginnings; no one but feels it a tenderer love because Lincoln poured out his blood for it; no one but must feel his devotion for his country renewed and kindled when he remembers McKinley loved, revered and served it, showed in his life how a citizen should live and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die.

Blaine's oration on Garfield ended with this famous passage:

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The arduous mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed for healing of the sea to live or to die, as God should will, within the cooling breezes of the bay, within the sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, on its far sails, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning in the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

THE PARADISE FISH.

One of the Wonderful Piscatorial Rarities Found in China.

The oddest of all piscatorial rarities is the paradise fish of China. Like the German canary and one or two other species of bird and fish, this little finny beauty is the product of cultivation only, there being no place in the world where it is found in a wild state. In the land of the dragon they are kept and cultivated in ornamental aquariums, each succeeding generation of the little oddities exhibiting more diversified colors. The male is the larger of the two sexes, measuring when full grown three and a half inches. The body is shaped very much like that of a common pumpkin seed snailfish, its color surpassing in brilliancy any fish heretofore cultivated for the aquarium.

The head of macropodus (that's his generic name) is ash gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azure blue, bordered with brilliant crimson.

The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent shaped caudal fin are deep crimson, the former having from ten to twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue. The upper surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray, black or blue. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence its generic name—macro, large; podus, fin or foot. Both fins are shaped alike and are striped with brown and bordered with a bright blue. The dull colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the body of the fin. The pectoral fins are well shaped, but transparent and colorless.

Mourning a Horse.

A careful bicyclist learns to mount from either side of the wheel, since the emergency may arise at any moment, says the London Chronicle. One would think that the horseman would be equally careful to provide for possibilities and accustom himself to mounting indifferently from the off side and the near side. But if he were to venture to mount on the right side—which is the wrong side—in a hotel stable yard the hostler would probably demand the price of a gallon as the statutory fine, and the horse would collapse with surprise. What is the meaning of this convention? It appears in odd places. Not only does the trick horse in the circus center from right to left, but the after dinner wine passes the same way. "The way of the sun" is the current explanation, which is absurd.

Willing to Go Without.

Henry Clews, perfectly bald, was once traveling on a western railroad. Sitting directly behind him was a coarse looking man with a rough shock of hair the color of brick dust.

Tapping Mr. Clews on the shoulder, the fellow remarked:

"Guess you wasn't around when they gave out the hair?"

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "but I was a trifle late, and there was nothing left but that stock you wear, so I told them I'd rather have none."—New York Times.

Promising.

Landlord—In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?

Hard Up Author—I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration.

Paper of the Ancients.

The interior bark of trees was formerly used to write upon, and its Latin name (liber, a bark) seems to intimate that its use was as ancient as the art of writing itself. In one respect the bark was superior to the leaf. It could be rolled into a volume, while the leaf would crack if subjected to such a process.

The Unbridged Channel.

The teacher asked the boy in the geography class whose French grammar is the one he uses of his life:

"What separates France from England?"

"The irregular verbs," answered the boy earnestly.

Stamps are first mentioned by Synesius, bishop of Cyrene, about 300 A. D.

"Oh, dear, no. I've hardly begun," she answered. "In fact, I've only read the last chapter."—Chicago Post.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

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A Physician's Tests.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Judge Henry S. Foster, a former member of our State Supreme Court Commission, and one of the best known jurists on the Coast, makes the following certificate:

"I am asked to certify the following facts. A well-known physician in active practice put two cases of Bright's Disease and one of Diabetes on the Fulton Compound. He is willing the results should be known, but for professional reasons without his name. As the results are so quickly opposed by medical works, I was asked to investigate and report the facts, which I did, and I find certifying as follows:

"An old-school physician of unquestioned standing and ability has just tested the Fulton Compound in three cases with these results:

Case No. 1—Mrs. T. chronic Bright's Disease; under the treatment of the Fulton Compound, she has completely recovered in thirty days, and has lost all the albumen in her urine.

Case No. 2—Mr. M. chronic Diabetes; in ten weeks standing; albumen large, dropy, etc. In two weeks albumen reduced a half, and a few weeks later albumen down to a trace and dropy entirely gone. Patient regained weight and left for an extended trip. (Two extra bottles for per manency.)

Case No. 3—Mrs. F. chronic Diabetes; physician states 'typical case, worst I ever saw.' First ten days patient gained weight and sugar decreased. She had lost all her strength. Improvement wonderful; sugar a trace in every test. (One extra bottle, but she is so curable by the Compound, the physician replied, 'I don't know how to thank you for this cure, if my cases are any other.')"

Attest: HENRY S. FOSTER,
ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of California.
Asked what he individually thought of it, Judge Foster replied: 'I am satisfied the cure has been found.'

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism cured.) San Francisco, sole agents. Price, \$1 for the Fulton Compound, and \$1.50 for the Diabetes Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 23 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, sole agents. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

AN AUTHOR'S WORKSHOP.

The Place Where Bulwer-Lytton Could Write at Ease.

When Charles Mackay was visiting Lord Lytton at Knebworth, he was impressed by the size of his "recollections," with the beauty of the library. He remarked to the novelist that in such a cheerful room among so many books any author could get through a vast amount of labor.

"I cannot write so well in the library," replied Lord Lytton, "as in another place. Take a stroll with me, and I will show you my favorite study."

They went for a considerable distance to the shore of an artificial lake in Knebworth park, and there stood a boat-house. A small boat was drawn up on one side of it, and on the other, near a small window, stood a chair and a common deal table, on which was a pewter inkstand.

Pulling open the drawer, Lord Lytton showed his guest a good supply of paper, pens and a blotting book.

"I can write more freely here," he said, "than in the grand library. I will tell you how the habit grew. When I was a small boy, I was very ambitious to write and wrote an immense amount of trash. My mother thought that the occupation of so much time on the writing would be injurious to my health, and prohibited my writing in the library.

"I then had recourse to my bedroom, but was in due time banished from that and deprived of pen and ink. The more imperatively I was forbidden to write the more I indulged in the prohibited joy. I took refuge in the boat-house and wrote for hours with a lead pencil, using the seat of the boat for my writing table. So I learned to write here, and I can do better work there than anywhere else."—Youth's Companion.

Mixed Metaphors.

A German lady in a town in Ventura county had a daughter who was her mother's pride. The mamma bears somewhat of a reputation as a Mrs. Malaprop and is also a prosperous merchant. On one occasion the daughter, who assists her mother in the store, was by dint of hard work among relatives and friends chosen as queen of a street carnival to be held in the town.

Maternal pride ran riot in the elder woman's breast, and a friend she burst forth in this ecstatic strain:

"Oh, mein Mollie! She was so peautiful as never vas! Dere vas no gerrel so peautiful as mein Mollie! Und she vas sooch a goot cook—mein gracious, she vas sooch a goot cook! Und she vas sooch a goot tressmaker! Oh, dere vas no gerrel like mein Mollie! Und she vas de best clerk vat I ever haf in mein shtore! Und she vas a goot musician! Oh, mein Mollie vas de great-est gerrel vat ever vas! She vas just a jack of all rabbits!"—Los Angeles Herald.

Rocky Autograph Album.

Probably the oddest and most precious autograph album that has ever existed lies in an almost unknown corner of western New Mexico.

More than two centuries before our Saxon forefathers penetrated the desert of the southwest the Spanish pioneers, wandering through those lonely wilds, found a rock so noble and so remarkable, even in a country of wonderful stone monuments, that they called it "El Morro" (The Castle).

Wishing to leave some record for future generations, they traced with the points of their swords their names upon its rough surface. Those names are there, with dates of their inscription—in nearly every instance the early part of the seventeenth century.

As to Printers' Marks.

The interrogation mark or "point" (?) was originally a "q" and an "o." They were simply the first and last letters of the Latin word "questio." So, too, with the sign of explanation or interjection (!). In its original purity it was a combination of "i" and "o," the latter underneath, as in the question mark. The two stood for "io," the Latin exclamation of joy. The paragraph mark is a Greek "p," the initial of the word paragraph. The early printers employed a dagger to show that a word or sentence was objectionable and should be cut out.