MISS LETITIA'S TROUSSEAU

By Olive Winston-Gage

Copyright, 1902, by Olive Winston-Gage

LETITIA HOUGHTON was going to be married; consequently many of her dear feminine friends said it was a shame, a scandal, for Letitia to think of such folly at her time of life. These same authorities declared she was fifty-five years old, adding there was no fool like an old one.

Letitia was on the sunny side of forty-five, but did not look as if she were forty, being handsome, with a pretty home, a tidy income, a kind heart and a sound head.

The beneficiaries of her bounty had become accustomed to consider her a spinster, too confirmed a devotee to single blessedness to change her state. What right had that old thing to be taken in by an impecunious adventurer when she had friends of her lifetime who naturally expected—she had no kinspeople—to be remembered in her will, not that they were mercenary, but that they had a sort of claim upon her.

Remarks of this kind were freely indulged in when the invitations were received. Twenty-five or thirty women talking at once is rather confusing, and as the speakers became excited the comments became more personal and assumed an ill natured circle, and tongues were flying faster than needless.

An exceedingly pretty and richly dressed woman, a guest of the society, now took up the cudgels in defense of the absent.

"Ladies, ladies, is this a modern school for scandal or a church society held in the basement of a sacred edifice? You all have cause to be grateful to Letitia. Why should you speak of her so bitterly now because she exercises the right we have all claimed?"

Mrs. Alyn Alden was a leader of society whose dictum made or unmade a newcomer entering the charmed circle. There was not a woman present who was not anxious to retain her favor.

"Why, what have we said? It is eccentric in Miss Letitia to get married at her time of life, now, isn't it, Mrs. Jennie?"

"I do not know why it should be considered so; Letitia is a very pretty woman."

Mrs. Jennie, as Mrs. Alden was generally called, was a power, and with promptitude they proceeded to eat their words with marvelous celerity.

Mrs. Jennie smiled and bade them good morning. On the way to Miss Letitia's she made a gesture as if she had touched an ill smelling weed.

"What a power of harm such women can do at times! I do not pose as a reformer, but I really would like to recall the ducking stool for their benefit. Poor Letitia! I hope she has not chosen unwisely."

Her musings ceased as the coachman drew rein before the pretty, old fashioned garden of the Houghtons. Mrs. Jennie was met in the yard by the bride elect, whose fresh and fair complexion had defied the ravages of time. With her bright hazel eyes and wavy light brown hair she might have passed for thirty-five at most.

"Come into the house, Jennie; it's lovely out here among the flowers, but I have some things I wish to show you. The dress has come. I am too old to be married in white satin, so I selected a pink brocade trimmed with lace. I have never had so many pretty clothes made at one time in my life, for I never needed to. I don't think I'm envious, but when I saw all my friends' handsome outfits it occurred to me that it would be an inducement to marry. Do you not like it?"

She fingered the glistening folds lovingly, and Mrs. Alden looked and admired, then said:

"But where did you meet the man you expect to marry, Letitia? I would not give my life into the keeping of an utter stranger."

"You needn't be uneasy about me. He is a very pleasant man, and I'm positive we will get on very well together. As for love, we are not young people and have said nothing about that, but we will do well enough as friends. Did you notice that black and gold visiting silk, Jennie?"

Mrs. Jennie perceived that the bride to be preferred to talk about her clothes instead of the man she had promised to marry and made no other effort to drag him into the conversation. Miss Letitia brought every article for Mrs. Jennie's inspection and said as that lady rose to go:

"Do stay to lunch. I've so much to tell you yet. I want it understood that I meant what I said when I wrote on the cards I didn't want presents. Please make my friends understand that, will you? I know they will want to give me presents. You can't know how glad I am that I am liked, Jennie."

Miss Alden would not shake Miss Letitia's faith in the professions of friendship she believed sincere, but when their spiteful comments were recalled it angered her afresh with them.

"I am always at home to give Alyn his lunch. He does not enjoy it when I am absent, Letitia. I shall let it be known that you do not wish presents."

For that purpose Mrs. Jennie drove back by the church, where she found the society dispersing. She did not alight, but told them of Miss Letitia's wish. She of the sharp tongue gave a shrill little cackle and said:

"That means we must give them without fail. She's afraid we won't give anything and takes that means to make sure."

"Was that the reason you had 'No flowers' on the cards when your daughter graduated? Letitia's bouquet was weighted with a jeweled butterfly. So glad you enlightened me. I have wondered why that clause was inserted, but had no idea it meant exactly opposite what it said. Thanks to you I understand. It is never too late to learn—wisdom. Good morning. I must go home."

The extreme good nature of this speech made the clique stare at one another. They were never sure what Mrs. Alden meant. That her shafts hit the mark there was no doubt. Mrs. Ponsonby gazed after the carriage and said to her dear, familiar friend:

"Mrs. Alden does have the knack of taking one by surprise. She confuses a person so. Of course, I didn't mean—that is, I didn't intend to own"—

"That you took that way of assuring Sophy a number of bouquets and presents? I thought you didn't mean to say that, dear, did you?" suggested the friend sweetly.

Mrs. Ponsonby translated the remark as it was intended and treasured it for future use.

* * * * * * *

Miss Letitia's wedding night had arrived. She was looking extremely handsome and accepted the effusive compliments of her friends in apparent good faith. They declared she did not look a day over forty.

As yet the groom had not made his appearance. Miss Letitia had excused herself a moment or two, but as the minutes lengthened into an hour without her returning significant glances were exchanged, and the buzz of many voices was heard.

It is astonishing how much pleasure some people derive from the distress or mortification of their friends. Mrs. Ponsonby and her coterie were insinuating that something was wrong, voicing pity which their eyes and countenances belied.

Mrs. Alden was becoming worried over the prolonged absence of Miss Letitia from the room and wished she would return and silence the malicious tongues.

"She's prevailing on her swain not to become faint hearted," giggled Mrs. Ponsonby.

Thoroughly exasperated, Mrs. Jennie was about to give a crushing retort when Miss Letitia reappeared.

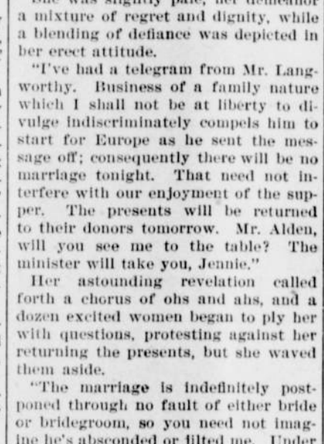
She was slightly pale, her demeanor a mixture of regret and dignity, while a blending of defiance was depicted in her erect attitude.

"I've had a telegram from Mr. Langworthy. Business of a family nature which I shall not be at liberty to divulge indiscriminately compels him to start for Europe as he sent the message off; consequently there will be no marriage tonight. That need not interfere with our enjoyment of the supper. The presents will be returned to their donors tomorrow. Mr. Alden, will you see me to the table? The minister will take you, Jennie."

Her astounding revelation called forth a chorus of ohs and ahs, and a dozen excited women began to ply her with questions, protesting against her returning the presents, but she waved them aside.

"The marriage is indefinitely postponed through no fault of either bride or bridegroom, so you need not imagine he's absconded or jilted me. Under the circumstances I will not need the presents. Who ever heard of bridal gifts when there is not much likelihood of the marriage being performed? I promise you"—with a fine grim smile that somehow made certain ladies feel uncomfortable—"if the marriage does take place that I will expect nothing from you. Now come to supper. That will not be a disappointment if the wedding is."

She gave her guests no time to discuss her affairs in groups, but marched



"I've had a telegram from Mr. Langworthy."

them into the dining room, some wearing from the undiminished pangs of curiosity an expression as if they were being led to instant execution.

Miss Letitia was the life of the party, and the theory that she had been jilted did not gain ground. Her explanation was accepted as true as far as it went. More than one face became blank when Miss Letitia said:

"Jennie, be sure to come around tomorrow and help me pack those presents. Some are so valuable I will not be satisfied until they are returned. Fortunately all are labeled."

"I will come with pleasure, Letitia," replied Mrs. Alden, while Mrs. Ponsonby whispered dolefully, "If she would ask me."

Early next morning Mrs. Jennie accordingly put in her appearance, finding her friend in exceedingly good spirits.

While tying up a gaudy plated cake stand, a gift from Mrs. Ponsonby, Mrs. Alden said:

"Letitia, why return the presents? Were you in earnest when you said there was not much likelihood of there being a marriage?"

Miss Letitia was bending over the bed, replacing a handsome silver ladle in its velvet box.

The constrained position may have been the cause of her heightened color. Her face as she turned toward Mrs. Alden wore conflicting expressions—triumph, shame and over all a half sad, half defiant, look. Her first words were apparently irrelevant.

"I've learned much, Jennie," she said as she folded a dozen fine thread cambric handkerchiefs and placed them with lingering regret in the costly box they came in. "How exquisite these are and like the donor! Oh, yes, I was saying how much I had learned since I had sent out those tickets. I've always had a too confiding disposition, and, while I'm not now a cynic, I've had eye openers, plenty of them.

"Going about to different stores, riding windy days, veiled, on the cars, has given me an insight into people's character that has been both painful and profitable. I needn't tell you whom I mean, for I see you know. I have no regret for them. I'm not a sentimental fool. The only regret is self contempt that I've been taken in by them so long, but I've never outgrown a girlish pleasure in being liked.

"You had your husband and children, and God knows I never begrudged wives and mothers their happiness, for my life has been a healthy, happy one, and so completely am I a spinster that I believe I was born one. I've never seen the man I have even imagined I could fancy, but there was one thing I did want."

Mrs. Alden had listened sympathetically. As Miss Letitia paused for breath she ventured to speak. "What was that, Letitia?"

"You may laugh, Jennie, if you wish, but that was no more or less than a trousseau!"

"What? Do you mean that"—

"I mean, and I know it will go no further, that I couldn't have a trousseau without a marriage, and that was why I sent out cards. Don't you understand, Jennie? The marriage could not take place because there was no bridegroom at all. Now it's out."

For once Mrs. Alden was surprised beyond the power of expression, but when she did recover her merry laughter was delightful to hear and was joined in by Letitia.

"What a good joke!" gasped Mrs. Jennie. "Wouldn't it make the Richmond dames open their eyes? It shall go no further, though I would like Alyn to know, if you have no objection. What would Mrs. Ponsonby say?"

"Embellish it until we wouldn't know it. But there's one thing she won't enjoy any more—expectations of sharing my fortune. I shall leave my money as a fund for old maids' trousseaux."

Why Drowning Men Claw the Air.

An explanation of the invariable habit of the drowning to reach after the intangible, which has been described as "catching after straws," is explained by the evolutionists as an unconscious return to the instinctive habits of man's arboreal ancestry, the tree inhabiting apes. When consciousness fades, he loses his acquired habits, including those inherited from a more recent ancestry, and reverts to the instinctive habits of the frightened monkey who seeks safety by clutching the nearest limb of the tree from which he is in danger of falling.

The movement is certainly instinctive, for it can only be eliminated by considerable training and voluntary efforts, and yet it is fatal to the individual, for the specific gravity of no human body is so nearly that of water that the removal of the arms from the supporting fluid at once sinks face beneath the surface.

In cases of so called "cramps" the victim, often a highly trained swimmer, generally throws up the hands, but these cases are probably due to heart failure, and a similar movement takes place on land when the subject receives a fatal heart wound, and it is even a common expression of shock or astonishment.

The ordinary movements of walking or running would keep a man's face above the water, but these curious climbing movements of both hands and feet make floating impossible and are responsible for many deaths by drowning.

English Wasps.

The common wasp, as a rule, keeps its sting for self defense. It will bite a fly in two with its jaws if it gets in its way on a window pane, but it does not use its sting even when trying to rob a beehive and "tackled" by the bees. The latter will push a wasp away five or six times, hustling it off the footboard without provoking it to sting, but if a bee endeavors to sting the wasp it then grapples with it and stings back, killing or benumbing the insect almost at once.

British wasps are fussy and excitable, but not vicious, like many of the Indian wild bees. However crowded or uncomfortable they may be, they very rarely quarrel with or sting each other—as, for instance, when a number are on the same window pane, fretting and anxious to get out. Only when the entrance to their nest is threatened do they become actively aggressive, and then, as a rule, the attack is not begun till the person who excites their fear interposes between them and the entrance to the nest.

A setter dog was noticed to turn and bite itself, whimpering with pain, just as the party were sitting down to a shooting luncheon by the side of a wood in Yorkshire. The dog, being tired, had laid down on the hole of a wasps' nest, and five or six of the yellow insects were stinging it at once, but they did not touch the persons sitting close by.—Spectator.

Saving the Money.

In a certain parish in Scotland collectors were going round soliciting contributions for the kirk. On coming to a wretched little hovel they hesitated whether or not to enter, but finally decided to "try their luck." A hale old man greeted them, and to him they explained their errand, but he really had nothing to give them, he said.

"Can't yo gi'e up your whisky?" one of the visitors asked. "No," he said, "I don't drink 'whusky.'" Perhaps then he could forego the pleasures of snuff. No, he didn't use snuff.

The collectors prepared to move on. "Stop a bit!" cried the old fellow. "I pay Sandy, the barber, twopence every Saturday night for shaving me. Tell the meenister he can have the twopence if he'll come and shave me himself!"

After the Dance.

"I hope you have enjoyed the evening, Miss Oliver."

"Not excessively, Mr. Roland. The men are such wretched dancers. I have had only one really good partner."

"My own experience precisely."

"Yes, Mr. Van Twister is the best dancer I ever saw. There he goes now with Grace Turner. It is a pleasure to watch them, isn't it?"

"Yes; he does very nicely—with a partner like your friend Grace. She is the one to whom I was referring just now."

"So I supposed."—New York Herald.

Boiling Them Soft.

Mrs. Newlywed—These eggs are still hard. How long did you boil them?

New Cook—Five minutes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newlywed—Well, next time give them ten minutes.—New York Press.

FATAL DISCOVERIES.

INVENTIONS THAT BROUGHT THEIR ORIGINATORS TO THE GRAVE.

Scientific Secrets That Have Been Buried With the Men Who Possessed Them and That Were the Causes of Their Tragic Taking Off.

The maxim which states that silence is golden has cost the world some of the greatest discoveries of modern times, for not a few of the inventors whose names would have been handed down to posterity as public benefactors have been killed by their secrets before they would consent to divulge them to their fellow beings.

In 1895 all Europe was startled by the discovery of a new explosive called fulminite, which, it was believed, would revolutionize modern warfare. It was the invention of an Exeter scientist named Sawbridge, and samples of the explosive which were tested by the government revealed the fact that its power was three times greater than that of cordite and in consequence it would treble the range of a rifle bullet. The German government offered Sawbridge £20,000 for his invention, which he patriotically refused until the home authorities had had the first option of purchase. But just as the latter were about to seal a contract with him the news came that his laboratory had been blown up and himself with it. Unfortunately he left no records whatever, and although some of the leading experts of the day minutely examined the debris they failed to discover the secret, which is probably lost forever.

About half a century ago an Italian priest named Luigi Taranti discovered a method of making stained glass, the coloring of which was declared equal to that made by the ancients, whose secret has been lost. Taranti abandoned holy orders and set to work to execute the hundreds of commissions he received in the secrecy of his workshop at Ostia, near Rome. The finest stained glass windows in Italy were made by him, and he guarded his secret well, for when a year later he was found dead of blood poisoning, set up by the pigments he employed, it was realized that he had carried his secret with him. The cleverest workmen were called in to examine the ingredients, but they one and all failed to penetrate the dead man's secret.

The person who could make composition billiard balls equal to those of ivory would quickly qualify as a millionaire, and it is not an impossible task, for it has already been done. Some years ago a Scotch manufacturer put composition billiard balls on the market which were as good at but only a third of the price of those already in use. He refrained from patenting his invention and made all the balls himself, even his family being prohibited from sharing his secret. But just as he was beginning to taste the fruits of his experiments he was one day mortally wounded by an accident in his workshop and died before he could make any statement. Experts were given specimens of the balls to analyze, but in spite of the fact that they succeeded in tracing the materials used they have long since given up all hopes of being able to discover how they were put together.

The only man who has yet been successful in taking photographs in color was a martyr to his discovery, the secret of which is lost. Some years ago Dr. Herbert Franklin of Chicago submitted a number of colored photographs—of a somewhat crude nature, it is true—to the leading American scientific institutions, and the encouragement he received was such that he built himself a laboratory, proof against the wiles of spies, at a cost of $12,000, wherein to perfect his invention. In the preparation of his plates he used a charcoal fire, and one day when at work he omitted to open the ventilators and was found asphyxiated. He had refrained from divulging his secret to any one, and in consequence, although some partially finished plates that hid the secret remained, the way they were prepared is a problem that has baffled scientists to this day.

Another victim to his secret was Adams, the inventor of tallium, the greatest discovery in the metals of the age. Adams was confident that a metal could be produced which, although as hard as steel, was only half its weight and price, and after five years' experimenting with an electrical process tallium was the result. The invention was taken up throughout America, and orders for thousands of tons of the metal began to pour in from the leading railway companies.

But it was too late. The enormous mental strain he had undergone, coupled with the sensation of finding millions within his grasp, took away his reason, and he was confined in an asylum. He left no records to explain the process, and no amount of persuasion drew the secret from him, which perished locked up in his brain when two years later he died a helpless lunatic.—London Tit-Bits.

Believes In the Theory.

"Somebody advances the idea that there are words that affect us just as certain colors do."

"I dunno about the colors, but I'm pretty sure to froth at the mouth every time I hear 'line's busy.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Invisible.

Briggs (sarcastically)—That was a beautiful, fine horse you sold me.

Griggs—Wasn't he? As I said, not a blemish on him.

"No. All inside."—Detroit Free Press.

A man talks knowingly of the inconstancy of women and then proceeds to get mad if one of them proves he is right.—Chicago News.

Watch Owner's Pride.

"Then you do not regard him as trustworthy?"

"I should not go so far as to say he is not trustworthy, but he is the kind of man who will set his watch at 11:30 o'clock and then call your attention to the manner in which it keeps time when the 12 o'clock whistle blows."—Washington Star.

Petitions and addresses to the sovereign or to members of the houses of parliament, if not over two pounds in weight, are exempt from postage.

HE TOOK THE SHOWER BATH

And It Drove Him From the Yosemite Back to New England.

After a week of little journeys, striking here and there a few miles to absorb the Yosemite valley from a dozen coignes of vantage, we were whipping the Illilouette one afternoon for mountain trout, says the World's Work.

"Tomorrow," said a voice, "I shall take a shower bath under the seventeen hundred foot fall."

"You," said another voice, "are a fool."

"Not at all," came back argumentatively. "The river's very low. What there is of it turns to spray in the first hundred feet; it will simply come down like rain. Why, you'd go under the Bridal Veil yourself. Only that's prosaic. This is something big. Come on."

"Not I."

But I was there to see. The water, as he had said, came down, a considerable part of it, in rain and spray that flew out on the wind incredible distances. But to crawl down, dressed in a bathing suit, closer to the main stream that falls to the pool and upon the rocks with a murderous swish in the air and a roar like a railway train when it strikes was daring to foolhardiness. At any moment a veering wind might swing the whole mass upon the tall, slim figure backing tentatively on all fours down the jagged talus slope, his eyeglass pebbles glinting cheerfully. A steady breeze kept the fall swung out a little the other way, and the spray burgeoned out far up the other slope. The roar was deafening.

All at once the wind shifted, the water swung back, and in a flash the human figure was blotted out in a deluge that turned me sick. For a second—that seemed an hour—it played on the spot fiendishly, it seemed to me, standing horrified there, and then slowly it swept away.

And then there was a movement, a painful, crawling movement, down there on the slope, and I scrambled down the slippery rocks to help a blinking, creeping, much surprised youth, bleeding from a hundred cuts, up to where his clothes lay. He was still too dazed to speak. When his breath returned and his extra glasses were perched again on his nose, he said:

"The oceans fell upon me! For God's sake, come back to New England!"

And we went.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Ostriches live to the age of about sixty years.

The mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.

So voracious is the cod that it will swallow anything it sees in motion.

An eel has two separate hearts. One beats 60, the other 160, times a minute.

A ladybird can travel 20,000,000,000 times its own length in an hour. In that time a sloth can only travel fifty times its own length.

There is no country in the world in which the raven is not found to be native; it is also the only bird known to ornithologists which is of such cosmopolitan character.

Only one existing reptile can sustain itself in the air. This is the flying dragon of the East Indies. It has no real wings, but can glide from tree to tree like a flying squirrel.

The common house fly usually produces the note F in flying. To do so it must vibrate its wings 335 times a second. The honey bee sounds A, which means that its wing vibrations are 440 to the second.

First Analysis of Aerolites.

In 1796 a stone weighing fifty-six pounds was exhibited in London. It was said to have fallen from the sky in Yorkshire in the previous December, but this statement was received with great incredulity. At that time Sir Joseph Banks was president of the Royal society, and he noticed a strong resemblance between the Yorkshire stone and one sent to him from Siena, in Italy, which was said to have fallen from the sky. Two or three years later he received an account of a fall of stones near Benares, in Hindustan. A chemical analysis of the stones from all three sources proved them to be identical in composition, and incredulity as to their meteoric origin began to give way.—Notes and Queries.

Eccentricities of English.

There is a new maid in the family, a Swedish girl, who has many things besides language to learn, says an exchange. Her new mistress, who is a young wife with a husband many years her senior, is trying to instruct her. One of the lessons was upon bread, the girl being told that she should speak of bread which had lost its freshness as stale, and not old. The girl was sure to remember this, for she was quick to learn, and she did. So the young wife knew when a few days later the maid remarked to her confidentially:

"It is too bad, isn't it, that your husband is so much more stale than you are!"—Detroit Free Press.

Preliminary.

The policeman heard high words and poked his head in the door.

"What's goin' on here?" he demanded.

"Nawthin'! Nawthin' at all," answered one of the belligerent Irishmen in the middle of the floor. "There's nawthin' goin' on, but there's a fight comin' off in liss than a minute if ye'll only keep movin'."—Chicago Post.

He Had to Die.

"If you refuse me," cried Moody, "my blood will be upon your head. I cannot live without you!"

"Well, self preservation is the first law of nature," replied Miss Cooley. "I simply couldn't live with you."—Philadelphia Press.

How True!

"Say, Jinks, where is that fine gold watch you used to sport? I see now that you're wearing a plain affair in a nickel plated case."

"Well, you know, 'circumstances alter cases.'"—Baltimore American.

Assured Approval.

"The singer has made great strides in the profession, hasn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. Formerly, when she received an encore, she sang; now she usually smiles."—Town and Country.

An Unwilling Juror.

A New Hampshire judge has in his possession the following letter sent to him by an old farmer who had been notified that he had been drawn as a juror for a certain term of court: "Dear Jedge: I got your letter tellin' me to come to Manchester an' do dooty on the joory, an' I write you these fue lines to let you know that you'll have to git some one else, for it ain't so that I kin leave home now. I got to do some butcherin', an' sort over a lot of apples just about the time the joory will be settin' in your court. Si Jackman of this town says that he would as soon as not go, for he ain't nothin' else to do jess now, so you better send fer him. I hate the worst way not to oblidge you, but it ain't so I kin at present. Ennyhow, I ain't much on the law, never havin' been a jooryman 'ceptin' when old Bud Stiles got killed by the cars here some years ago when I was one that set on the boddy with the koroner. So you better send for Si Jackman, for he has got some kin in manchester he wants to visit ennyhow, an' he'd be willin' to go for his car fare there an' back. Ancer back if you want Si."—Lippincott's.

A Matter of Family Pride.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"A few words, my lord. I am thirty years of age."

"Well?"

"Your elder brother is a physician."

"This is impertinent and irrelevant."

"It may sound so, my lord, but it means life or death to me. I understand that you take a great pride in the phenomenal success of your brother?"

"I do, but what possible bearing can that have upon your case?"

"Simply this: Your brother, the doctor, examined me a year ago and predicted that I would live at least twenty years more. It would certainly undermine his reputation as a scientist should I die before that time."—London Answers.

Odd Place For a Serpent.

In Alsace recently a four-year-old child, the daughter of a workingman, became very ill one day, but speedily recovered, and for some days afterward dismayed her parents by eating a good deal more than a child of that age is wont to eat.

Instead, however, of growing fatter, the girl grew thinner, and doctors who were summoned to attend her were unable to explain why the food did her no good. Finally the riddle was solved, for a serpent about twenty inches in length issued one morning from the child's mouth.

The serpent was killed and sent to the University of Strassburg, and since then the little one has enjoyed excellent health. It is supposed that the child swallowed the serpent while drinking some impure water.

Butterflies That Fly High.

Both in the Himalayas and in the Andes butterflies have been found at heights ranging up to 16,000 feet, and in the Alps they are quite common at 9,000 feet. The very highest elevation so far observed is 16,626 feet, where they were found by M. Bonpland on the slopes of Chimborazo. Sir J. D. Hooker found butterflies on the slopes of the Himalayas at about the same height. He speaks of "the amazing quantity of superb butterflies, many large tropical swallowtails, black, with a scarlet eye on the wings." The South American high flying butterflies belong to the family of Colia dimera, the Asiatic that of the Pieris callidice. The explorer, Sir Martin Conway, also found them at high altitudes in the Himalayas.

A Kiss and a Bite.

In his volume, "The Kiss and Its History," Dr. Christopher Nyrop of the University of Copenhagen relates that in England in 1837 Thomas Saveland brought an action against Miss Caroline Newton, who had bitten a piece out of his nose for his having tried to kiss her by way of a joke. The defendant was acquitted, and the judge laid it down that "when a man kisses a woman against her will she is fully entitled to bite his nose if she so pleases."

"And eat it up, if she has a fancy that way," added a jocular barrister half aloud.

Why He Changed His Mind.

"I tell you, sir, civil service is a great thing.

The man addressed looked astonished.

"Coming from any one but you, that remark would not greatly surprise me," he said. "You didn't think so when I last saw you."

"No, I didn't."

"You considered civil service little short of a civic curse."

"That's right. But then I was on the outside and trying to get in, while now I am on the inside and trying to stay in. It makes a great difference."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Heartless Interruption.

A young Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, was asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office to affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial registry. He consented, but when the scene was reached forgot himself. Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities he broke out: "Gentlemen, cannot this affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing this sad occurrence?"

Homemade Barometer.

A convenient barometer for the kitchen may be made with an ordinary glass jam jar and an old oil flask. Fill the jar three parts full of water, and after cleaning the flask place it in the jar neck downward. The rising of the water in the flask will indicate fine weather. Unsettled weather will be foretold by the sinking of the water.

When the Cat Was Sacred.

In the middle ages brute animals formed as prominent a part in the devotional ceremonies of the time as they had in the old religion of Egypt. The cat Ælurus was embalmed after death and buried in the city of Bubastis because, according to Herodotus, Diana Bubastis, the chief diety of the place, was said to have transformed herself into a cat when the gods fled into Egypt.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN BOOK, NEWS, WRITING and WRAPPING PAPERS

CARD STOCK

...Straw and Binders' Board...

55-57-59-61 First Street

Tel. Main 199. 42 SAN FRANCISCO.

Six Physicians Said Diabetes.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

John A. Phelps, of the Hotel Repelier, 781 Sutter street, an old-time San Francisco business man, interviewed December 21, 1901:

Q.—It is hard for people to believe Bright's Disease and Diabetes are curable. Will you let us mention your case?

A.—You may. I've told many about it.

Q.—Did physicians declare it Diabetes?

A.—A half dozen did. For three years I declined steadily till finally I had to sell my business. The last doctor thought I'd live only about six weeks and advised me to straighten out my affairs.

Q.—How soon did you begin to mend under the Fulton Compounds?

A.—The specific gravity soon began to drop, but it was nearly a year before I was perfectly sound.

Q.—Did any whom you told of it take it?

A.—Several cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease, upon hearing my experience, took it and recovered.

Q.—Can you recall the names?

A.—I don't like to mention them without their permission. One was a friend in Collinwood, Ohio, who was pensioned off by his company as incurable. He recovered. Another was that of a well-to-do lady in this city, who was also given up by her physicians. She is now perfectly well.

Q.—What do you think now of the curability of chronic Bright's Disease and Diabetes?

A.—I have known for several years that they are curable.

Q.—But the books say that they are not?

A.—Certainly they do, and for that reason many will not at first believe it, but they will gradually.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Price, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Softening the Blow.

The cashier of a certain firm had absconded, and the staff of clerks were deciding on a fit and proper person to acquaint the head of the firm of the fact on his arrival.

Ultimately the matter was left in the hands of the head clerk, possibly because none of the others cared to undertake the responsibility.

There had been a dogfight in the street, and a small crowd was just dispersing as the chief's carriage dashed up.

"What's that crowd after, Jorkins?" demanded the head of the firm.

The chief clerk thought he recognized a chance of breaking the news gently and seized it.

"The vacancy, sir," he replied.

"Vacancy? What vacancy?"

"Cashier, sir."

"But we want no cashier, Jorkins."

"Beg pardon, sir; but we've a vacancy for one!"

"Jorkins, are you mad?"

"No, sir. That is, sir, I don't know, sir. Fact is, sir—all the cash is gone and—and"—

"Well?"

"The cashier's gone with it, sir."

From the way the old man took it the clerk thought he might just as well have blurted it out at the start.

Foiled by Humidity.

Noiselessly, but with all his might, the burglar tugged at the bureau drawer.

In vain.

It refused to open.

He tugged again.

"Give it another jerk," said a voice behind him.

The burglar turned.

The owner of the house was sitting up in bed and looking at him with an expression of the deepest interest on his face.

"Jerk it again. There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, but we haven't been able to open it since the damp weather began. If you can pull it out, I'll give you a handsome royalty on everything that's"—

But the burglar had jumped out through the window, taking a part of the sash with him.—Chicago Tribune.

Regarded in Different Ways.

That one can obtain more favors by "jollying" than by being brusque is just as true as "one can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar."

Two young men have lived in a boarding house in West Twenty-third street for some time, and one has the reputation of being a "jollier," while the other is quick spoken and of a bearish disposition. The young men are friends and usually breakfast together. Their respective standings in the estimation of the dining room maid may be judged from the way in which that damsel shouted their order—both had requested steaks—down the dumb waiter shaft recently:

"A nice beefsteak, a trifle rare, for Mr. Wood; some meat for Baldwin."—New York Tribune.

Very Simple.

A rather simple looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way home from school and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest.

The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat.

"If you'll give me half a dollar, I'll lick it," said the lad.

The smith took from his pocket half a dollar and held it out.

The simple looking youngster took the coin, licked it and slowly walked away whistling.—Chums.

The Dissyllable Scot.

The difficulty of rhyming to "girl" is mainly due to the varieties of its pronunciation. It is never pronounced, as it is so often conventionally written, "gall," but one often hears "gell," with a hard "g." Moreover, in Scotland, though it is as well not to mention the fact to a Scotsman, it consists of two syllables—"gurrel." The other day it was pointed out to a Scotsman that the name of his national poet was a dissyllable in Ayrshire. "Hoot awa'!" he said, or words to that effect. "Burruns two syllables! Absurrud!"—London Chronicle.