A DESERT **MAGICIAN**

By Edmund Stuart Roche

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0♦0♦0♦0♦0♦0♦0♦0♦0♦0♦0 HE little party about Calkins camp fire consisted of the The osophist, a dried up little man with pinched features and a waxy complexion, the old lady with the black mitts and myself. The Theosophist had been discoursing of occult matters in general, as was usual with him when a patient audience was avail able, and had but just concluded a lit tle dissertation on the nature of ele mentals, "those strange, almost un known, creatures of the astral light," as he expressed it.

Calkins had been listening with th deepest interest and remarked con fidentially to the old lady with the black mitts, "The less you an' me, ma'am, an' these here gen'lemen o any one has to do with them there slip pery bein's the better for 'em!"

"You don't really mean to say, Mr Calkins, that you have personally had any knowledge of those marvelous be ings of whom my brother has just spoken!" exclaimed the old lady, pausing in her knitting, with open mouthed as tonishment.

"P'r'aps not, ma'am. Maybe I've mis took the kind of bein's the gen'leman was referrin' to. P'r'aps I'm all wrong,' responded Calkins. I'll give you the story of my sing'lar meetin' with 'em an' then you can judge about the whol thing for yourself, ma'am!

"Ten years ago come July I was workin' in off the desert from a pros pectin' trip south an' east of the Carga Muchacha country, where I'd been stumpin' about chippin' rock all the spring without strikin' anything that 'd anyways do to tle to. My provisions had about give out. It was growin' too hot to work, an' the water was getting low in the tanks, so I'd give it up fo that year an' was comin' in to potter round about a little dry ranch I owned near the Duarte. I was travelin' by peaks an' a little pocket compass, by night mostly, on account of the heat, an' the country I was goin' through was new to me. I'd been five days makin' seventy mile an' had that many more to get over before ever I'd strike 'French Joe's,' the nearest place where there was any white man reg'larly liv in', so far as I then knew. This was why I was kind of surprised when we was windin' up the sixth night's trav elin', it bein' just before sunup, to see smoke risin' from a little granite butte about a mile ahead an' a figure movin round a camp fire. When I was a few



great wings.

hundred yards away, the tall, thin man by the fire looked up for the first time, an', seein' me comin', he hailed me, an the sound of his voice brought it right back to me who he was. I'd met him some years before down about Tucson where he'd set himself up for a bad man an' went by the name of 'Dutch Pete.

"He was as ugly to look at as ever seen a man. He had small black eye close together, a thin, waxy, big bone face an' thick, straight black hair just grizzlin'. He'd had considerable schoolin', so 'twas generally reported, havin' been somethin' like a doctor in his own country, an' he could speak a dozen languages like he was born to 'em, an' when he was in camp he was always experimentin' with herbs an' min'rals, bollin' an' mixin' an' monkeyin' with em generally, so folks said. He looked at me without speakin' at first when once I'd got up to the fire, but he didn't no ways seem to recollect meetin' me before, an' I didn't let on that I'd ever seen him. Then, when he'd looked me over, he was no end obligin' an' told me where to get water for my burros from a big tank just by camp an' sug gested I'd better settle down with hin for a day or two an' rest up an' look over on the next butte, about a mile away. There was plenty of dry cohete grass all about camp, an', havin' a long ways yet to go, I concluded to fall in with his idea an' stop awhile before

tacklin' the rest of my trip. "That same mornin' I went over with him to the other butte to look at his claims, an' they all showed up very promisin', bein' every ways the best prospects I'd seen in some years, an' when, in the evenin', after we'd got back to camp, he proposed my holdin' on where I was an' workin' in with him for grub an' a third interest in everything after I'd put in a year's time It ended by my comin' to the terms he proposed. I didn't much care for such a partner as Pete, but the idea of gettin' the interest in them claims stood off all such like objections, an' I started in to work next day braced up an' cheerful at the prospect ahead of me.

"Pete was a sullen, notional kind of a man, an' his goin's on was generally so altogether out of the common that I'd begun to put him up as bein' just a little gone, an' while the idea didn't make me no ways comfortable when we was together, it brought me some

say, for some of his sing lar behavior. hours, not replyin' to things I'd ask he was gazin' at somethin' miles an' of desert herbs an' bottle up the juice low chuckle way down in his throat curious lookin' writin' on the valler evenin' for an hour at a time, an' then he'd take a stick an' draw queer figsuch like, lookin' at the book now an' time.

> an' shinin' bright in a clear sky, an' it tremblin'. Half blind with the sand was deathly still all about, except for the sound of me shufflin' on through the sand. I could see a fire at camp an' Pete movin' round an' bendin' over now an' then, an' I put it up as he was hurryin' round gettin' the bacon an' coffee ready. But when I'd climbed up the little slope to camp I seen right away I'd mistook what was occupyin' him an' that he hadn't struck a lick to ward gettin' supper, but was just boilin' weeds an' things in the big kettle over the Bre, lookin' wild eyed an' mutterin' to himself like he always did when he had one of them spells on. His black book was layin' open on a flat rock by the fire, an' every now an' then he'd look at it an' then drop a pinch of somethin' into the kettle. He was so took up with his work that he didn't seem to know that I'd got back to camp an' didn't make no answe when I asked what was up. Seein' how he was occupied, I reckoned I'd best not disturb him an' so lighted a fire for myself a little ways off from where he was doin' his fool boilin' an experimentin'. I was turnin' away to fetch the coffeepot an' fryin' pan wher Pete screeched out: 'I've got it! Meir Gott, I've got it!' He was dancin' round the fire like a wild man, wavin' his arms in the air, snappin' his fingers

"I felt that somethin' startlin' was stuff in the kettle was hissin' an' snappin' an' sendin' up silvery sparkles, an' a thin blue column like mist rose up from the top, wavin' into the air an' growin' all the time higher an' bigger an' kind of takin' form as it rose. Then came a sound like a swishin' of great wings through the air all about us, an' as the invisible bein's they belonged to there close to the blaze, an', bein' nat toppled over like. 'What happened next, of course,

the sun was well up when I looked about an' found myself layin' on my blankets, with Pete potterin' round the fire fryin' bacon. He was powerful cheerful an' gayer'n ever I'd seen him. but when I got up an' went over to where he was cookin' he just looked no advice, except-which riled me con up with a grin an' made no kind of alfore. After breakfast he surprised me considerable by sayin' that, bein' as I an' keep out of the sun. looked kind of done up, I'd best stay where I was an' hold down the camp an' he'd go on up to the shaft by him self. Then he went off hummin' a tune Just before sundown he showed up again way out on the flat, comin' in from the claim, an' I seen he was travelin' slow, with some heavy weight in the ore sack slung over his shoulder When he got his wind after climbin up the steep slope to camp, he told me to fetch out the canvas layin' under my beddin' an' he'd show me somethin worth seein'. When I'd laid it out near the fire, he emptied the ore sack on to widen out. There was at least two dozen clean gold nuggets of all shapes an' sizes, from as big as a plum to the size of my fist. I was that took aback at this showin' that I just couldn't speak for a minute. Then at last says I 'Where did them come from?' An' he says, still laughin', 'Them come from the claims.' 'Whose claims?' then says I. 'Whose but my own?' replies he kind of short like, and then I quit ask in' questions an' got right away down to thinkin' what a third of them nug gets an' the claims they come from

to have under our contract, as you'll reconlect, ma am. "Ever since the night I'd been knocked out Pete had gone off on a new lead altogether. He'd quit camp first thing after sunup an' would never allow of me goin' with him up to the claims.

was worth, that bein' the share I was

givin' out some fool reason or other for wantin' to go up alone. This had gone Pete comin' back like he had the first time, with a sack full of nuggets, an' naturally I began gettin' riled at bein' laid on the shelf that way, an' my an riosity got to workin'. I more'n half suspicioned that Pete's big luck was some ways related to them queer doin's on that night by the fire. Then I have given the kiss to you if you had made up my mind that I wa'n't goin' to get wiser by just mopin' round camp an' concluded to rustle about on the quiet an' inquire into things. So next r:ornin', Pete havin' gone off, as usual. I hung round a couple of hours after doin' my chores an' then filled my canteen an', takin' along a snack for my noonin', started out on the trail to the

"The sand was hot an' the air stiflin' an' I had an uncomfortable feelin' somehow that I was out on a dangerous errand an' that I'd be up to my back district. "Why, when you find a neck in trouble before ever I'd make feller goin' right your way with one the round trip. I'd shuffled along them big cars he won't give you a lift through the sand not more'n quarter without chargin' you a nickel for it."way to the butte when on a sudden I Exchange.

how to make allowances, as you might heard what seemed like a hurricane COST OF HONEYMOONS SEW SHORT STORIES blowin' bigh up in the air; but, thoug Sometimes after supper he'd set for I looked up in the sky, I couldn't se nothin' to account for the sound, an' him, but talkin' in a low mutter to just stopped short where I was, won himself, lookin' off over the desert like | derin'. Then, off towards the butte which I was heading for, I could see at miles away. Then gen'rally, about the first tens and then right ways hundreds full of the moon, he'd cook up mess, of little wavin' columns of sand, each one in a whirl, growin' all the time from 'em, an' when I'd inquire what higher an' higher an' bigger an' reelin he was tryin' to get at he'd just give a on towards me. Then the sand whiris, which first along just jostled each othan' stare at me wit' ut sayin' nothin'. er, all joined together an' came sweep-and that was all I'd ever get out of in' on in a swayin' wall like waves on him. He had a dirty lookin' old book. a beach, Blasts of hot, witherin' wind bound in spotted, black leather, with parched the air, an' deep clouds of dust spread over the sky like a curtain an pages, like I'd never seen before, that blurred out the sun. Then it grew he set a heap by. He'd get this old dusk, an' close all round me I could book out an' read it by the fire of an hear the same sound of flappin' an' rustlin' I had heard that night by the fire, an' low chucklin' sounds like lunagers on the sand, triangles, circles an' ties laughin', an' strange blammerin voices, an' mixed in with them all the then, like he was follerin' some par- shrill sound of Pete's, like he was there tic'iar directions, an' mumblin' to him- flyin' round in the air with them other self in a sort of singsong way all the invisible jays an' enjoyin' the circus. "All this had come on in less tim

"One mornin' when I was startin' out than it takes me to tell it. An' talk for the shaft Pete made excuse about about stampedin' an' panics! I was him not feelin' up to work, sayin' he'd that panic struck an' scared clean slept bad an' I'd have to run things by through an' through that I just tore myself at the claim that day an' he'd back to camp like h-l was let loose behold on at the camp an' rest up. 1 hind me, askin' your pardon, ma'am stayed on at the work later'n common. for that manner of speakin'. My buran' it was after sundown before ever I ros was there, standin' close side by started on back. The moon was full side, with their noses together, an'



He emptied the ore sack.

an' my heart bumpin' hard, my breath about gone an' my head in a whirl, I an' all the time half singin' to himself. had just one clean cut idea left, which was that the sooner I got out of that comin' off just then an' there. The there part of the country, away from Pete an' his invis'ble pards with the wings, the safer I'd be. I felt, as you might say, out of my el'ment somehow with such like surroundin's. I bridled a burro, threw on an' cinched up my saddle in less'n a minute, snatched up pitchin' lope, not much knowin' or caryou could feel the cold draft they made in' which way I. was travelin'. The wind an' the sand an' the gen'ral swung round the fire. Then all of a whoop up I've spoke of followed me udden it grew ice cold, though I stood up for a little time, but died out at last when I'd got clean away, an' the sun urally rattled by such goin's on, I just showed up bright once again in a clear cloudless sky. I had a rough time get tin' in, but worked on to 'French Joe's don't know, but I must have been as an' after restin' there for a day went good as stone dead all that night, for on in by slow stages.

"I consulted my lawyer, Colonel Mc Vey, as to what my rights was unde my contract with Pete an' give him the best way I could, the queer facts in the case, but he wouldn't take no pay for consultin' an' wouldn't give me siderable, him not bein' asked concern usion to what had gone on night be in' my health an' bein' no doctor-for me to go home an' rest up for a month

"I've never seen 'Dutch Pete' again but I heard of him in less'n a year as rollin' in coin an' gamblin' an' breakin all the games wherever he traveled Then next I was told he'd been killed down in Texas

"Now, I leave you to judge, ma'am concluded Calkins solemnly, "whether I wasn't right in suggestin' that I'd run against some of them mysteriously shadowy bein's the gen'leman was referrin' to an' that it wa'n't no ways desirable to be mixed up in any kind of dealin's with 'em. There's them bur ros broke out of the corral again!" it an' laughed when he seen my eyes | And Calkins left us on what seemed to me quite an imaginary alarm.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the old lady with the black mitts after draw ing a long breath as Calkins departed I echoed this somewhat indefinite sen timent. The Theosophist was serious and silent.

the saracens and the Moon, The Saracens called the moon Ca bar the Great, and the crescent still surmounts the Turkish mosques and is emblazoned on the green standard of the prophet. Schlegal mentions a story that Mohammed "wished to pass with his disciples as a person transfigured in a supernatural light and that the credulity of his followers saw the moon, or the moon's light, descend upon him, pierce his garments and re plenish him.

"That veneration for the mosn which still forms a national, or, rather, religious, characteristic of the Mohammed ans may perhaps have its foundation on for three days' runnin', each night in the elder superstition or pagan idola try of the Arabs."

Aunt Jane-Helen, I saw that young

man kies you last evening. Helen-I don't think you need to com plain, auntie. I don't think he would been there instead of me.-Boston Transcript.

Dangerous. "An' how's yer husband the day?" asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Muldoon. "Sure, an' he's no better," replied Mrs. Muldoon. "The doctor's afraid morality will set in."-Detroit Free Press.

Not a Bit Accommodating. "Meanest folks I ever saw in the city," growled the man from the way-

HOW THOSE SPENT IN WASHINGTON MAY VARY IN EXPENSE.

Solde Prooms, as & Rule, Are Re Sardless of the Price of Things on Pridal Tours-How \$300 a Day Was Speat Is & Hotel In the Capital.

Why is it that so many bridal coules come to Washington to spend their not be satisfactorily answered, but the Mecca for the newly wedded. Some people say that it is because Washington is restful and that at this one peremains that the annual influx of brides and grooms amounts to at least 20,000 persons.

The manager of one of the hotels of the city was asked in regard to the expenses of a honeymoon

"Is a honeymoon in Washington too salary," the reporter asked, "or can it out displaying the limitations of the bridegroom's purse should be happen to large face was red with excitement be of the less wealthy class?"

"That question need not be a vexed ne," replied the affable manager. "A honeymoon in Washington can be as afforded by our modern hotels.

"At this moment I have in mind a man from Chicago who brought his bride here on their wedding trip. Their living expenses amounted to something like \$300 a day, that amount being spent in the hotel. But, then," the manager added, "this man had an almost unquenchable thirst for rare old wines and things in season and out of season. But there is just one thing I wish to say in connection with the one instance where the quality does not hold good, be he a man of wealth or one of modest income. He never questions the price of things. This even proves true concerning the engagement of our apartments. He spends his money generously and without consultation.

"I remember we had as guests at the same time with our \$300 a day couple a newly wedded pair from New England. Their daily expenses were \$10. Now, using these figures, which are entirely accurate, one can quickly see that luxurious living-it can be purchased for the latter amount-is not so frightfully expensive as our out of town friends picture. Really the amount of money to be spent is more a matter of taste than the condition of one's purse."

At this juncture the manager reach ed and threw open the door of the state bridal suit, displaying a verita ble glimpse of fairyland. This chama canteen an' was off with a short ber is the most expensive room in the hotel. Its size does not differ materi ally from the less elegantly furnished rooms, but in magnificence it rivals the most gorgeous bedchambers of Euro pean palaces. One speedily realizes that to comprehend its beauty color temperament becomes a necessity.

Investigation reveals walls of plain moire damask, the color of which deep ens from the faintest shade of shell pink to the rich blush of the rose. This effect is continued in the less rich hangings and draperies of the same tints. while the carpet reflects the same lines, which become lightened by windows covered with rare old lace. The furniture is of Louis XIV. period, the color scheme is carried out in the upholsterings of figured damask in dainty floral designs and scroll effects, while the four poster bedstead, with its canopy, is said to be an exact copy of the original at Cluny, the cost of the bed alone being enormous.

"But how do you make the expenses run up to \$300 a day?" inquired the reporter.

"Quite easily enough. This room, in cluding bath, is \$25 a day. Such guests as occupy an apartment of that sort demand a private dining room, the latter ranging in price according to the elaboration of the room and the table furnishing, say \$25 for the dining room a day, and \$50 is disposed of at once. Now, \$100 for three meals for two peo ple is not so much, after all, when price less wines are served with luncheon and dinner.

"Game, fruit and vegetables out of season are worth their weight in gold. so \$100 is a mere bagatelle. The remaining \$150 is paid for drawing room, room and board for maid, exclusive of

carriage." Meanwhile the couple from New England were serenely content in their apartment-a bright room, with adjoining bath and every comfort, which cost them \$3 a day. Their meals, being ordered judiciously from an elaborate menu, amounted to \$6, while the combined tips of husband and wife reached the sum of \$1, making the total \$10. These two young people enjoyed the life in the public dining room, seeing well dressed guests at table, which frequently proves one of the most pleasing sights of their trips. There they had music, lights and flowers galore, which they were at as much liberty to enjoy for their \$10 a day as the western couple for their \$300 a day.

"True, our state bridal suit is in con stant demand, still a honeymoon can be spent in Washington on a wonderfully small amount of money without displaying penurious qualities, a trait of character from which the average American bridegroom is absolutely free."-Washington Post.

Theory and Practice Professor of Rhetoric - Here is an item of news I would like in the pa-

City Editor (to office boy)-Here, Bennie, rewrite this. Fix it up to print .-Cleveland Leader.

Where She Failed. Maybell-Can you keep a secret? Elimbeth-Yes, easily. But I can't help any one else keep one.-Judge.

There is no doubt that the weman who loves you forgives you too much, while the woman whom you love for gives you too little-New Orleans

When Mr. Siwell "Talked." The late Wilson S. Bissell was a

lose friend of President Cleveland, and when he was a member of the cabinet the president talked very frankly with him and often at him when be was really criticising some other member of the cabinet. Among other things which the president did not like were cabinet interviews, and one day he expressed honeymoons? Perhaps the question can his mind freely upon the subject, saying that the constant interviews with fact remains that the capital is a great cabinet officers in the public press on ali sorts of trivial subjects were undig- Hugh Clifford describes Malay pearly nified. The day this lecture took place riod in their lives men and women do a newspaper man had interviewed Bisnot care for bustle. They want to be sell about affairs in the postoffice deable to devote some thought to each partment and had prepared a very good other without fear of personal acci- story, using quotation marks freely. dent. Whatever the reason, the fact There was not much in the interview, no subject of importance, and it appeared in different papers under headlines such as "Interview With the P. M. G.," "Discussed by Bissell," "Mr. Bissell Talks," etc.

The next day a dozen messengers in expensive for a man with a moderate formed the interviewer that the postmaster general wanted to see him be reduced to an economical basis with- When he entered the office he found

and passion. "What do you mean," he shouted, "by interviewing me? What did you costly as the purse can buy or it can be put me in quotation marks for? Don't spent on an amazingly small amount, if you know that cabinet officers must you will, of course, consider the luxury not be quoted?" And much more to the same effect.

When the newspaper man got chance he asked if there had been a reply. "Why, I was fixing up a little story for your benefit," the journalist "I thought you would want said. people to know that you were a member of the cabinet and attending to business. Now, really, general, you ought to feel flattered.' "Oh, I know there's no harm in it

American bridegroom. I cannot recall and you meant well, but I must not be quoted or interviewed. Cabinet officers must not talk. And look at the headlines." he continued, flourishing a paper. "'Mr. Bissell Talks,' blankety blank it!"

The newspaper man could stand it no longer and laughed outright, and finally the good natured Bissell joined him, although he was still far from pleased. The interview and the headines, coming on the heels of the Cleve land lecture about cabinet officers talk ing too much, had greatly disturbed him. He was apparently the first man to violate the new instructions.

He Took It Quietly.

John Morley in his life of Gladston tells how the latter received his first invitation from Queen Victoria to form a ministry. It was in 1868. He writes "On the afternoon of Dec. 1 he received at Hawarden the communication from Windsor. 'I was standing by him, says Mr. Evelyn Ashley, 'holding his



"MY MISSION IS TO PACIFY IRELAND." coat on my arm while he in his shirt sleeves was wielding an ax to cut down a tree. Up came a telegraph messen ger. He took the telegram, opened it and read it, then handed it to me, speaking only two words, "Very significant," and at once resumed his work. The message merely stated that General Grey would arrive that even ing from Windsor. This of course im plied that a mandate was coming from the queen charging Mr. Gladstone with the formation of his first government. After a few minutes the blows ceased, and Mr. Gladstone, resting on the han dle of his ax, looked up and, with deep earnestness in his voice and with great intensity in his face, exclaimed. "My mission is to pacify Ireland." He then resumed his task and never said another word till the tree was down.'

Ready For the Test.

A teacher in one of the schools hear Philadelphia had one day been so dis turbed by the buzzing of lips and shuf fling of feet of the children that she was on the verge of distraction. Finally she said: "Children, I cannot stand so much noise. Please be quiet. for a little while at least. Let me se if you can't be so still that you could hear a pin drop."

Instantly every child became as stil as a mouse. Then a little boy in back seat piped out with marked im patience: "Well, let her drop!" - Philadelphia Ledger.

The Official Time.

Jerrold-As I was saying, I had \$5 on Topnotch at 100 to 1. The race was six furlongs and Topnotch won. Harold-What was the time? Jerrold-Why-er-I heard the clock strike 2 just as I woke up!-Puch.

To Avoid Publicity. Young Author (who thinks bires) famous)-I believe I should enjoy thy vacation better if I could go incognito Friend-Good idea! Travel under our nom de plume

DIVERS AFTER PEARLS.

Their Work Is Deadly, and They The Transition From the Ancient to Do Not Live Long.

Pearl fishers do not live long. They often dive to a depth of 100 feet or more, and the strain wears them out before their lives are half over. From these depths a diver-usually brings two oyster shells each "trip." It is on European depends for his sure profit. Pearls are "plums," which only occasionally fall to his lot. Divers work for a wage, and all the shells brought up are the property of the employer. In "Studies in Brown Humanity fishers. They anchor on the oyster beds or as near them as possible, he says, and the diving takes place twice a day. "All the boats are manned at morn-

ing and evening, and the Sulu boys row them out to the point selected for the day's operations. The white man in charge always goes with them in order to keep an eye upon the shells, to resuscitate exhausted divers and generally to look after his own interests. "Presently a man lowers himself

slowly over the side, takes a long, deep oreath, and then, turning head downward, swims into the depths, his limbs showing dimly in froglike motions unthat official in a state of frenzy. His til, if the water be very deep, he is but with the advent of the Toledo completely lost to sight.

"In a few minutes he comes into view again, his face straining upward. yearning with extended neck for the air that he now needs so sorely. His hands cleave the water in strong down- lence. ward strokes; his form grows mome tarily more distinct, until the fixed. tense expression of his staring face is plainly visible. Then the quiet surface of the sea splashes in a thousand drops misquotation and received a negative of sun steeped light as his head tears through it, and his bursting lungs, expelling the imprisoned air, draw in the breath which they crave in long, hard gasps. If the dive has been a deep one a little blood may be seen to trickle from nose and mouth and ears. At times even the eye sockets ooze blood, the result of fearful pressure to which boy in the school-one I can't do anythe diver has been subjected."

CHILDREN ARE SANE.

But Grownup People, Most of Ther Are More or Less Insane. There is one disadvantage which

involved in the very nature of education-that is, that we have to assume that grownup people are representa tive. We have even to go the length of assuming that grownup people are health in children and discouraging morbidity, when we talk of such and time to begin her little sermon. such a child being abnormal or interesting or neurotic or a genius, we are ourselves have attained to what is ment?" profitable and eternal in human nature But there is at least something that are, age after age, sane and reliable er and grownup people who are, age after age, more or less fantastic and disconcerting. The great majority of sent the actual primary and untouched children, or, to limit the matter with always babies. But few will be se paradoxical as to maintain that men are always men or women always wo men.-Black and White.

An Eloquent Peroration

"And," said the rising young poli tician as he reached his eloquent pero ration, "I predict that our candidate will, when the votes are counted, b found to have ridden to success upo a tidal wave of glory that will have swept all before it like wild fire break ing in flying spray upon the strand where the sun of victory shall blaze forth its most effulgent rays upon the close of one of the most noble, most memorable campaigns that have ever been launched upon the sea of politics to gather strength and carry all be fore it like the cyclone sweeping across the broad prairies from which even the orb of day has disappeared in ter

evolution of the Folding Bed. Mrs. De Flat-Have you anything

new in folding beds? Dealer-Only this, madani, and i really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a washstand and bathtub After your bath, you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extencion table. After breakfast, you pres these three buttons at once and you have an upright plano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin .--New York Weekly.

He was a philosopher and a talker. She was a woman of action. They stood together on the bridge and watch ed a tug that was hauling a long line of barges up the river. "Look there, my dear," said he

working and toiling, while the barges. like the women, are"-His wife gave him no time to finish the sentence. "I know," she said. "The | this country.

Such is life. The tug is like the man,

tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden."

Why Kitty Is "Puss."

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshiped the cat among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night and because her eyes changed like the moon. So they three months. This is worn for a famade an idol with a cat's head and ther only. Secondary mourning is worn named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means for a wife. The hat is of wicker. Durbeen changed to "Pas" and "Pus" and States minister ordered every Amerihas come at last to be "Puss," the name the most of us give to the cat

SWORD EVOLUTION.

the Modern Blade. A great many modern sword forms are really nothing more than descendants, or, rather, improvements, on the peculiar boomerang shaped sword of the ancient Egyptians, the parent of the scimiter, yataghan, falchion and the mother of pearl in these that the saber. Africa, south of the Sahara was perhaps the greatest museum for old swords in the world. In the Sudan and central Africa the old sickle and boomerang shaped swords, which the ancestors of the modern negroes received centuries ago from the Egyptians, were still made and in use. Moreover, the knights of Malta were at one time famous swordmakers, and their peculiar long, double edged blades, such as the crusaders carried, were exported to the Barbary states, where they were in large demand. From there they were taken across the Sahara to the Sudan and exchanged for ivory, and it was on this account that they were still found in central Africa.

In the sixteenth century a peasant living on the outskirts of Toledo, Spain, invented the famous Toledo rapier, which soon became the popular weapon all over Europe. Prior to that time the swords used in Europe were heavy affairs for hewing, slashing and cutting. rapier men had to learn to thrust as well as to hack and slash. With the rapier came the art of fencing, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries be ing the age of the sword par excel-

MORAL SUASION.

The Experience of a School Official Who Advocated It.

This story is told at the expense of recently appointed supervisor of a public school in this city: One day she happened to be visiting

a school where a young incorrigible was undergoing punishment for a series of misdemeanors. The teacher cited him as "the worst

thing with. I've tried everything in the way of punishment." "Have you tried kindness?" was the

gentle inquiry of the other lady. "I did at first, but I've got beyond

that now." At the close of the session the lady asked the boy if he would call and see her on the following Saturday. A boy arrived promptly at the hour appointed. The lady showed him her best pictures, played her liveliest music and sane. When we talk about encouraging set before him a luncheon on her daintiest china, when she thought it about

"My dear," she began, "were you not very unhappy to have to stand in the all the time taking for granted that we corner before all the class for punish-

"Please, ma'am," broke in the boy, with his mouth full of cake, "that may reasonably be said upon the other wasn't me you saw. It was Pete, and side. It may at least very plausibly he gave me 10 cents to come here and be maintained that it is children who take your fawing."-Philadelphia Ledg-

A Living Book Marker.

The mystery of life has rarely furgrownup people in any age will be in nished the thinker with so strange all probability slightly insane; for since a problem as that which arises out of no human philosophy is perfect, and a fact instanced by Mr. W. H. Hudson, since every human philosophy natural the naturalist. Mr. Hudson had a piece ly treats itself as if it were perfect, the of snake skin, which for years he used chances are in every generation that as a book marker. It changed color periodically and shed its scales. It con ecstatically certain of something that tinued to shed its scales in this fash is quite untrue. Children, on the other ion for ten years, each succeeding set hand, it might be maintained, repre- of scales being smaller than the last Some fairly recent books would make human nature. Whatever agrees with even a hippopotamus hide book marker that is sane; whatever disagrees with change color were it to find itself beit is eccentric. Children are always tween their leaves. The sensitive book marker capable of blushing rose red or more precision, babies, at any rate, are paling with emotion may no doubt be a feature in the literary life of the amazing future and perhaps in the literary world. "Some Emotions of a Moral Book Marker" is a thinkable title when we consider the strides of modern "thought."-London Outlook

The Compass Plant.

On the western prairie is found what is called the compass plant, which is of great value to travelers. The long leaves at the base of its stem are placed. not flat, as in plants generally, but in a vertical position, and present their edges north and south. The peculiar propensity of the plant is attributed to the fact that both surfaces of its leaves display an equal receptivity for light, whereas the upper surfaces of the leaves of most plants are more sensitive to light than the lower. The leaves thus assume a vertical position and point north and south. Travelers on dark nights are said to feel the edges of the leaves to ascertain the point of the compass.

Anticipated by Shakespeare. "Is Bannerly as egotistic as he looks?"

"I think so. He wrote to a friend not long ago and in the course of the communication remarked that William Shakespeare seemed to have anticipated in a somewhat rude and unfinished form one of his (Bannerly's) pet theories."-Cleveland Plain Dealer

A Small Beginning.

Long before the Revolution a young printer in Philadelphia, when he had taken off his working apron at night, used to sit poring over-his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart and hungered for more. But books were costly, and he had but little money.

He had eight or ten cronies, young men who. Ifke himself, were eager for knowledge. Ranging his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same, that each of them might have the benefit of them all.

Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library in

Mourning In Korea.

Koreans wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with a hempen girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a sinner and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for for a mother and no mourning at all "the face of the moon." The word has ing the China-Japanese war the United can citizen to have in readiness a dress of this sort for disguise in case of flight.