

QUEEN FOR A DAY

By EDITH WYATT

OTTILIE WOLFGANG was the flower of her family, so that when an aunt living in Batavia, a large manufacturing town in Missouri, asked that two of her brother's children be sent to visit her, Ottillie was the first selected for that pleasure.

Walter, the noisiest and thus regarded as the brightest among the little stepbrothers, accompanied her at the special request of the aunt, who had been charmed by his lively habits of strutting and squirming and of puffing and tooting through his fat lips.

The aunt was a timid and superstitious German lady. She could not speak a word of English, she kept no servants for fear of collision with burglars, and she led a life of naps, of locking windows and of making lace in a small, hot, one-story house, with no grass plot in front or behind, only a little, bare back yard with a summer house overgrown by a coarse, feathery cucumber vine.

Walter played and showed off all day with new found little friends next door. Ottillie had mended all her aunt's clothes when she first came. She did all the housework, but to her quickness and vigor this occupied only a very little time. She longed to go out walking and seeing the sights of the pavement, but her aunt was too fearful of kidnapers and abductors to permit of this. She tried to read "Nathan der Weise," the only book in the house, but this was more of a task to her than a pleasure, so she used to sit in the summer house, with her book open in her lap, and watch the backs of the rows of houses on the next street.

This street was much more pretentious than the one where her aunt lived, and few of its people seemed to stay in the backs of their houses. One room, however, was frequented in the morning by a thin, dark young man, with a low collar and a puffing head of hair, who used sometimes to sit in his window and read excitedly and sometimes to practice on the flute.

He had a piano, and occasionally he would amuse himself by picking out popular airs on its keys with one finger.

When he did this Ottillie always accompanied him softly with her voice. He spent some endeavor on "Die Lorelei." He did not know it all, and when he had come to the end of his memory he would wait for a moment and flash conventionally.

Once he waited for several rests, and Ottillie's voice was left rising conspicuously alone. The young man evidently heard it, for he played correctly as far as Ottillie had sung and then waited. The young man followed her as far as he caught the notes and then waited again. Ottillie sang again, and by degrees the young man learned all the song.

When he had finished he came to the window and looked out into the aunt's back yard, but the cucumber vines prevented him from seeing in the summer house anything but the light folds of Ottillie's fresh pink gingham dress.

On the next morning Ottillie heard him playing "Die Lorelei" again, and again she slipped out into the summer house and had a lovely time singing with him.

He could not see her, but he prostrated himself from his window and flung over the fence a bunch of sweet peas and forget-me-nots such as one sees in the morning standing with dewy cabbage leaves and earthy beetles on the market stalls of Batavia.

Tied to his bouquet with a small green ribbon was an embossed card, with purple and gilt edges, and "Die Lorelei" printed in script and signed at the bottom in a flowing German hand, "From Signor Bhaer."

Ottillie came out of the summer house, her pink gingham rustling coolly in the silence of the alley, her smooth yellow braids glancing in the sunlight. She picked up the bouquet, smiled radiantly at the young man and went back to the summer house and the singing.

After this she came regularly every morning. A week had passed since the bouquet was thrown when one evening the postman brought a letter.

This in itself was unusual, for the Wolffgangs followed the habit of genius in writing only under the sway of some excitement. The letter, however, was not from the Wolffgangs, but an invitation from the Batavia Knights of Revel.

It seemed that every fall there was in the town a series of amusements arranged by the Knights of Revel, an organization of business men and of other public spirited citizens. There were a labor parade, a baseball game, a field day with sack racing and hammer throwing, a road race, a tilting tournament and a ball.

The aunt said instantly on giving this information that she never visited any of these amusements. They were all attended by clerks, interpreters, of course, with pocketknives, or else they were at night, and the aunt went to bed at 7 o'clock.

When Walter had heard her words through, as he held the invitation, he flew into a frightful tantrum. He stamped on the floor, screamed until he was purple in the face, sobbed until he seemed that he could never get his breath again and butted his head furiously at his wretched aunt until she promised that at least they could go to the tilting tournament. This was in the daytime and quite as good as it was attended only by invited guests.

After breakfast was over Ottillie went upstairs and put on her best white dress and her leghorn hat to see how they would look for the tilting tournament. She was pleased with the cool snowy folds of the muslin frosted with lace and insertion and with the sharp shading edges of her leghorn hat wreathed with bright pink roses and blue cornflowers.

She wished that the donor of her bouquet might see her in all her best and her freshest. Perhaps he would be at the tilting tournament. Her

heart leaped at the thought, and she sang through the house all day. When the afternoon of the tournament came the aunt put on her best mourning. She always wore best mourning for best. Walter was extremely dapper in a frill skirt, a richly plaided cane and a juvenile derby. As for Ottillie, she looked like a blooming rose.

The aunt started them very early, so that they might have good seats, and indeed in the tent put up for the entertainment on the race track ground they had places on the front row. In the relief ensuing after her perilous passage of the crowded corners and the street crossings the aunt answered Walter's questions about the tilting with more than her ordinary coherence and calm. She said that young men dressed as knights rode around the circuit carrying long poles. As they trotted past they tried to catch on them the rings hanging from a horizontal bar at one side of the circuit.

Whoever got the most rings on his pole received a wreath of roses, and with this he crowned her by those, as queen of the Revels. Ottillie turned to watch the knights as they rode in. There were perhaps twenty of them, all young, picturesquely dressed and decently mounted with the air rather of masqueraders than of knights.

Among these was a young man with a heavy plume, dressed in black velvet costume, rather too large, and riding a stout gray cob, evidently a carriage horse.

Some one behind the Wolffgangs remarked that she guessed that man in black velvet wouldn't have to choose any queen, and her comment attracted Ottillie's attention to him. She nearly started with excitement. It was Signor Bhaer, Ottillie was breathless with suspense and exhilaration when he trotted by and tilted his pole, and when he got six rings more than anybody else and was loudly applauded she could hardly lift her eyes from the prize.

As he rode around the ring in the second turn, for all the knights had three turns, he continually cast searching glances among the audience. Walter waved his cane jubilantly in the air. He arrested the young man's attention, and his glance fell on Ottillie. She was too confused to smile or even to meet his happy look of admiration. She glanced radiantly away, and when she could look back again he had ridden past, but she was certain he had known her.

He turned his pole nervously the second time and came off with only one more ring than he had before. This



He laid the wreath on her yellow braids.

but him behind two of the other players, but the third time he aimed well and amid applause reached four more than any one else.

The trumpet sounded for the end of the contest. The knights all rode around again past the pole, and as the champion went by the king of commerce handed him a wreath of roses. The band played "Hail to the Chief," the audience cheered, and there was a breathless pause.

The victor turned his horse's head and trotted clumsily across the circuit to where Ottillie was sitting between the aunt and Walter.

He dismounted a little heavily and said nervously, "I want to give you this."

Ottillie took off her hat, and he laid the wreath on her yellow braids above her mantling face and sparkling eyes.

Everybody applauded. Ottillie wondered what she ought to say to the young man. As for the aunt, it was lucky that her senses were all somewhat perturbed and in a haze of bewilderment or else she would have been dazzled to prostration. Walter alone remained self possessed amid these honors.

"Might I come back and bring a carriage to take you home?" said the young man. The aunt answered him hurriedly in German, which he seemed to understand, and he led his horse away behind the curtain.

In a few minutes he returned, looking much more familiar in his low collar and lit fitting citizen's dress.

He marshaled Walter and the aunt, now in a state of henlike perturbation, before him, took Ottillie's hat, gave her his arm and conducted her, rose crowned, blushing and radiant, out between the lines of the impressed audience to a lively hack waiting at the curb.

In the carriage the atmosphere became much less charged. The young man talked of Batavia and how attached to the place he had become, though he had lived there only a few years.

He drove them to a little beer garden, where they sat at a green painted table and ate supper and drank each other's health among maple trees and tubed oleanders.

Ottillie and Walter when they returned talked with Mr. Wolffgang about the brewing business and sang with him in his back yard while Ottillie sat beside them and stitched linen for her dowry chest.

Mr. Wolffgang was not at all willing his daughter should go as far away as Batavia to live. But he liked Signor Bhaer, and he was content Ottillie should marry if he remained in Chicago.

He helped Signor Bhaer to position there in a theater orchestra, and within a year Ottillie was married to him and went to live in a flat on North Clark street.

Here she enjoys in her marriage a very lovely happiness, but the greatest pride of her life will always be that she was crowned queen of the Revels in the tilting tournament at Batavia.

A MATTER OF ACCENT.

It Was Very Embarrassing For the Lady Who Liked Duck.

The canvasback duck looked very tempting to the hungry dinner guest, but it was slighted into tantalizingly small pieces. She determined to take two, though a guilty glance at the plates showed her that none of the other guests had ventured upon more than one. The slices loomed up like whole ducks as they lay before her, safely landed. Was everybody at the table gazing at them? To her horror, the butler, instead of moving on, stood holding the platter by her side. Was the tone in his voice stern disapproval or sarcasm? For there he stood and asked:

"How many?"

Her head swam. Clearly it was sarcasm, but the insolence of the man! She thought to close the incident gracefully by turning with remark to her neighbor. Not at all. Retribution was not to be put away thus lightly. Again that cold, mocking voice in her ear:

"How many?"

"Everybody at the table by this time must be transfixed by her two slices, but she did not dare look up to see. The butler must be drunk. What was to be done to avoid a scene? Just then from down the table came the cheery voice of the watchful host:

"Why, Mrs. Dusenberry, aren't you going to take some hominy with your duck?"—New York Times.

THE JEWSHARP.

Its First Name Was Jew's Trump.

The Jewsharp has been with us for more than three centuries. We find in Hakny's "Voyages" a reference to the roaring trade in Jewsharps done by Duddley and Raleigh with the new world. Earlier still the name was Jew's trump, but no one has succeeded in tracing historically the reason for either name. Various theories have been put forward.

The suggestion that it is a corruption of Jew's harp and the connection of it with the French "jeu" are dismissed by modern authorities as "baseless and inept." Professor Skeat thinks that the name was given in derision and contains a reference to the harp of David.

Smythe-Palmer maintained that it ought to be identified with "Jewgaw," which at one time meant a flute.

But the most likely solution of the puzzle is that the little instruments were first sold in England and Scotland by Jewish peddlers. Although Jews had no legal status in England before the times of Edward I. and Cromwell, it is known that they were trading to Great Britain, where their natural occupation would be that of wandering peddlers.—London Globe.

DARING PIRATES.

At One Time the Japanese Were the Vikings of the East.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Japanese were the most daring pirates of the east—in fact, we might almost call them the Vikings of the east, says a writer in an English journal.

They used junks—small ships with a scrap of sail, but quite as seaworthy as, for instance, the little vessels in which the Danes once raided our own coasts or as the craft which the Penzance fishermen have today.

It is known that they were trading the seas, going everywhere along the Chinese main, ravaging the coasts, trading and bringing home priceless works of art from China.

It was not until long afterward that the ruling authorities of Japan, under the great Emperor Hideyoshi, decided that it suited their purpose to shut off communication with the outside world and to live to themselves, trading merely among their own islands. The old Japanese vikings were reduced to simple fishermen, and the period of internal feudatory wars began, for at that time at least Japanese would fight because they loved it.

The Judge's Advantage.

One of the best stories of Judge Parry, a famous English jurist, related to a feeble looking man who was rebuked for supporting a ridiculous claim made by his wife. "I tell you candidly, I don't believe a word of your wife's story," said Judge Parry.

"Yer may do as yer like," replied the man mournfully, "but I've got to." It was once the doubtful privilege of Judge Parry to overhear the comments of two men against whom he had decided. "Es a fool, but he's old is best," was the verdict of these disappointed suitors. "One might sleep under an unkindler epithet," was the philippic comment of the judge.

Ventilation Through the Walls.

The fact is that considerable ventilation is capable of taking place and quite a large exchange of fresh for bad air is effected through the walls of buildings. Many a room that is notoriously stuffy could doubtless be made pleasant to live in by removing the solid paper or impervious coat of paint from the wall and substituting porous paper, or, better still, giving up paper altogether and using a distemper wash of pleasing tone.—London Lancet.

Proseology.

He was a cornet soloist. Indeed, but by no means witty.

THE ANATOMY OF MAN

SOME HIDDEN FEATURES AND OTHERS THAT ARE USELESS.

An Eye That Is Now Blind and Gills That Are Closed Up—The Outer Ear and the Toe Nails Are More Ornamental Than Serviceable.

Has any one ever complimented you on the beauty of your upper eye or inquired after your gills? For, though you may not know it, you number these among the disguised features of your body.

In the center of your brain, looking vaguely skyward, lie the atrophied remains of a third eye, which, it is supposed, was actually one of man's useful features at some previous state of development. It is known as the pineal gland, though covered by skin, and is formed in an almost perfect condition in certain islands.

You have four gills, or bronchial clefts, which, however, are now closed up and useless. You originally had six, but two of them, by forming into your ear and mouth, respectively, turned themselves to some account. However, before your lungs developed and became fitted to carry on your breathing system, the work was done by the four gills which have since childhood ceased to develop and become closed up.

Your ears—that is, the outer ones—are quite useless save as ornaments. You could hear just as well without them. All the work of hearing is done by the middle ear, or tympanum, and the internal ear. The outer feature is purely a pleasant sort of finishing touch to your hearing system. The muscles of the outer ear are powerless and not under our control.

Are you aware that you have a miniature grand piano in your auditory nerve, which is tuned up to every note in music? This is known as Corti's organ and consists of a series of tiny hairs which vibrate on the drum of your ear and enable you to distinguish the differences of sounds.

As sometimes when you strike a note on the piano some ornament in the room will be found to sing with it, so each of these hairs inside your ear vibrates in sympathy with the musical sound corresponding with it.

An appendix is generally a useful thing when applied to books, but man's appendix is not only useless, but very troublesome. This is the remains of an intestine supposed to have formed part of our ancestors. Though many other parts of the body are practically useless, they are supposed to have been useful at some time, but scientific traces of the vermiform appendix was ever of any service to man.

The nails are entirely useless, and toes are quite superfluous. A man could get along as well without toes. In fact, a doctor removed eight of a man's toes without any inconvenience being suffered, and the loser got along quite as well without them.

The teeth are rapidly becoming quite useless. Now that nearly all our food is chopped up for us and we do not have to bite through hard substances teeth are gradually decaying.

The fact that the teeth of our ancestors 400 or 500 years ago were infinitely bigger than our own shows that nature is gradually taking away these organs.

Toenails, too, are almost useless and fulfill no serviceable object to the body. People can get along quite well without them, and a very large proportion of the population have had them removed.

Both the hair and the skin have ended their days of usefulness to the human race. The hair was intended to cover our heads from the heat of the sun. We cover up the hair, and by shutting it off from the exposure which nature intended it to have we are gradually but surely losing this adornment, and it is estimated that in time we shall cease to grow it.

As to the skin, it was given us to protect our bodies from the elements. By covering it up with clothing and preventing it getting proper respiration we deprive ourselves of its use. It is not inconceivable that the man of a very remote future period may be not only hairless and toothless, but skinless as well.

The most extraordinary thing to be noted about all this is that those parts of the body which are useless give us the most trouble, while those in constant activity remain quiescent. The teeth, through lack of work, get lazy, as it were, and decay.

The tonsils, having nothing to do, make your life a misery to you through continually swelling until they are removed. The skin, which is useless to civilized man, has a large variety of diseases to vent on us, largely due to its compressed condition.

The vermiform appendix, which is absolutely useless, has a nice little disease of its own, which it develops with often fatal results, known as appendicitis.

A man can live without his frontal bone. At a recent accident a workman was struck by a crowbar. The only possibility of saving his life was by excising the frontal bone. The result was that the man survived, without serious injury, though he was conscious of some mental defect.

It is quite possible that an artist, writer or musician would find the effect of the removal to deprive him of the particular faculty for producing his work, but otherwise his brain would be unaffected for its ordinary functions.

The Truth of It.

"So Gagsby has absconded. Another good man gone wrong."

"Nonsense! It's merely a bad man who has been found out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Fair Test.

Briggs—I believe the time is approaching when every question will be submitted to arbitration and all people will agree. Griggs—Well, if you wish to be deceived, just make an attempt to settle a dispute between the owner of a house and a tenant.

The Lady of the House.

Canvasser—Is the lady of the house? Domestic—Yes, sir; there is two of us. Which was do yer want to see?

A DELIBERATE MAN.

He Ate His Full Dinner and Chatted the Stage As Well.

Charles Stuart, one time senator from Michigan, was traveling by stage through his own state. The weather was bitterly cold, the snow deep, the roads practically unbroken. The stage was nearly an hour late at the dinner station, everybody was more or less in a hurry and the situation uncomfortable to the last degree.

Senator Stuart sat down to his dinner with his usual deliberation, notwithstanding the word that was passed around, "Fifteen minutes for refreshments."

When he had finished his first cup of coffee the passengers were leaving the table. By the time the second cup arrived the stage was at the door. "All aboard!" shouted the driver. The senator lingered and called for a third cup of coffee. The crowd laughed and flung back chaff at the deliberate man at the table.

While the household, as was the custom, assembled at the door to see the stage drive away, the senator continued calmly drinking his coffee. Suddenly, just as the stage started, there was a violent pounding on the dining room table, and the landlord hurried in, to find that the senator wanted a dish of rice pudding. When it came he called for a spoon, but there wasn't a spoon to be found.

"That shock headed fellow took 'em; I thought he was a crook!" exclaimed the landlord.

The landlord jumped at the same conclusion. "Hurry after that stage; bring 'em all back!" he shouted to the sheriff, who was untying his horse from the rail in front of the tavern.

A few minutes later the stage, in charge of the sheriff, swung around in front of the house. The driver was in a fury.

"Search them passengers!" yelled the landlord.

But before the officer could move the senator opened the stage door, stepped inside, then leaned out, touched the sheriff's arm and whispered:

"Tell the landlord to find his spoons in the coffeepot."—Boston Post.

WISDOM OF NOVELISTS.

There is no man so cautious about money as your reformed spendthrift.—G. B. Burgin.

Men who stand much upon their dignity have not, as a rule, much else to stand upon.—Seton Merriman.

The virtues of our loved ones we admire. Their faults we would forget. But over their follies we long to linger smiling.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Any fool can get a notion. It needs training to drive a thing through—training and conviction, not rushing after the first fancy.—Rudyard Kipling.

Sometimes a chance remark, which has very little significance for the person who makes it, is like an aperture that lets in light on the whole character.—Sarah Grand.

Superstition, in its essence, is merely a recognition of the truth that in a universe of mysteries and contradictions, like ours, nothing conceivable or inconceivable is impossible.—Henry Harland.

Save Your Typewriter Ribbons.

Don't throw away old, worn-out typewriter ribbons. This is the advice of a veteran stenographer in a downtown office.

"Old ribbons make the best ink in the world," he said. "After one has been so badly worn that the keys make but a faint impression on the paper the cloth still contains enough coloring matter to make a pint of high grade ink. Take the ribbon and put it in a jar containing about a pint of cold water. Let it stand there for three days, stirring it around once in awhile. The result will be better ink than you can buy for 25 cents a pint.

"The best of ink is used on typewriter ribbons. It is practically indelible when used with the pen. Moreover, there is no sediment in it. Most inks are not solutions, as many persons think. The coloring matter is simply held in suspension. In good inks this matter stays evenly distributed throughout the liquid. In the poor inks it sinks to the bottom, and you have a gummy deposit at the bottom of the well. Black ribbons are always the most available for making ink in this fashion, as most persons object to using blue and purple inks."—New York Press.

Never Despair.

"This battle is lost," said Desaix to Bonaparte at Marengo, "but there is yet time for the victor to be made."

With the aid of Desaix the conqueror of kings, never stopping to brood over his misfortune, won that auspicious victory soon after blazoned on the banners of his guards. Repentance is a blessed state of mind, but in and of itself it never saved the day. Despair over defeat may be perfectly natural, but it has never won another victory. A contented but erring lady said the other day that she spent much time in sorrowing over past mistakes, and thus she committed the biggest mistake of all.

"Never despair," said Sir Walter Scott, sitting down, an aged cripple, to write off a debt of stupendous size nor resting until he had accomplished his purpose.

"Never despair," muttered that gallant Frenchman, Bernard Palissy, as he buried his last stick of furniture into the furnace containing the first glazed porcelain ever made in modern times; hence never despair.

Women in Japan.

In Japan a well bred woman does not go to the theater until she is old and ugly. It is not thought proper for her to understand music. If she is religious she is termed "flighty." She spends most of her time at home attending to her children and servants and performing all sorts of menial services for her husband and his family. It has been said that a woman in Japan does not marry for a husband, but to be unpaid servant to his family.

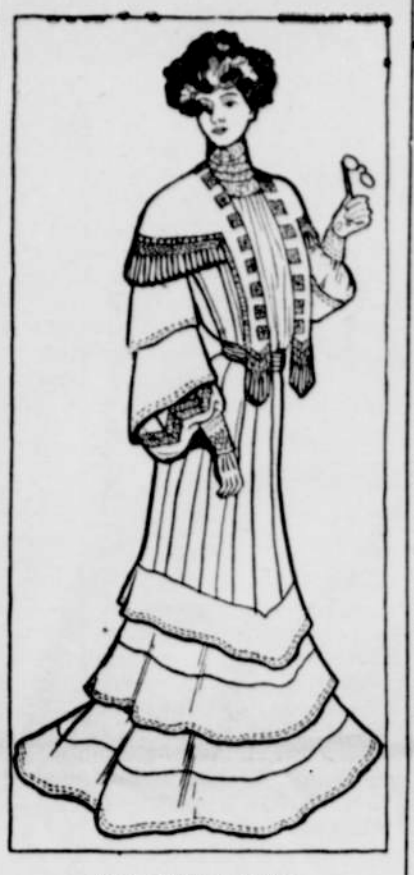
Borrowing.

"Did he borrow any money from you?"

"Borrow! How can I tell unless he returns it?"—Exchange.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Parisian Style. This suit is of royal blue, fancy tailor made, in taffeta, box plaited skirt, with



FANCY TAILOR MADE. Three founces; Eton coat, ornamented with stole, trimmed with fringe and Persian embroidery.

Lace For Summer Millinery. Immense use is made of lace, which is generally of a mellow hue when not actually tinted, rarely quite white. All sorts of lace are in request, the heavier styles of guipure motifs and garlands with raised patterns for interlacing and application work; brussels, and other pillow lace for draperies and also for veiling shapes covered plain with two or three layers of pale hued mousseline or tulle. Some things are done with black chantilly, particularly as a trimming for black picture hats, further decorated with black plumes.

Straw braids figure among the trimmings of made up hats. For this purpose they must necessarily be of a light description. Plain tuscan, rice straw and fair braids are applicable, as well as lace woven braids wrought in guipure patterns and used as a substitute for lace. In some of these models the entire trimming is carried out in applique or with incrustations rendered all the more effective by reason of the semitransparency of the foundation. Besides the guipure of straw braids, intervals will be occupied by medallions of the lace formed in ruchings of narrow ribbon, or, better still, with chaplets of small roses. Even when bows of ribbon enter into the scheme of decoration these will be sewed down flat on the shape so as to form incrustations in relief.—Millinery Trade Review.

SCOTCH NAMES.

The Reason They Abound Among the Creek and Cherokee Indians.

The prevalence of Scotch names with the Creek and Cherokee Indians has at various times been the source of some comment. Although other nations, and, in fact, nearly every nation, is represented by the names borne by these people, these Scotch names are far more numerous and have suffered less change than those acquired from other nations. The names of some of these Scotch Indians are closely allied with the history of these two nations for the past 100 years, and for several generations such names as McIntosh, McKellop, McCombs, Adir, McQueen and McGillivray are registered on nearly all the treaties and official papers of moment to either nation. Men bearing these names today are among the foremost of the progressive Indians.

As was stated, the origin of these Scotch names dates back over 100 years. At that time the Creek and Cherokee Indians more especially bent their efforts toward building up a nation of physically perfect men. The women were encouraged to mate only with the strong, robust men of the tribe, and if a weak man withstood the taunts and gibes of his fellows and remained there was little chance of his securing a wife. In that way the life of these people was almost Spartan.

While this sentiment was in its height and the tribes were living in Georgia, some time before the Revolution, a regiment of Scotch highlanders was quartered in the vicinity of one of the principal villages of the nations. The Indian maidens looked with favor on the burly men of the north of Scotland, and a number of marriages were ordered. When the regiment was ordered back to England or to some other quarter of the globe there were some of these Scotchmen who stayed behind, and their names have thus been fixed in the annals of the Creek nation. It is through the Creeks that the Cherokees acquired their Scotch names.—Okmulgee News.

Water Not Good Enough.

At the dinner which Edmond Rostand gave to celebrate his admission to the French academy his small son, aged six and eight, missed the point of a timely lesson, that the allowance made to genius is not capable of expansion.

At the close of the dinner, when toasts were in order, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt raised her glass and poured its contents over her head, crying:

"Thus do I pour libations after the ancient custom to the divine poet, 'Ode to your beautiful crown,' ladies exclaimed. 'It will be quite ruined!'"

But Mme. Bernhardt declared that it had been honored; that it had been made expressly for that occasion; that she could never wear it on any of less importance, whereupon her graceful act and words were widely applauded.

Sitting at the end of the table after the toast, a young lady, who permits many privileges to children, the little Rostands were greatly impressed by the scene. They, too, wished to show their admiration for their wonderful papa. So, lifting their full glasses of vichy, they poured lavishly.

Their best jackets and handsome lace collars were duly drenched, but there was no applause. Instead their mother scolded them away and went to bed. As they lay in the darkness, all humiliation and wonder, one of them suddenly said, with conviction:

"I understand. Water is not good enough for divine poets like M. Edmond Rostand, our father!"

His Harmful Sedentary Habit.

"I think," said the meditative boy, "that a wisp would be all right if it didn't get tired."

"Himself replied his father. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Why, one day I got a wasp on my hand, and while he was walking around he was all right. He didn't hurt till he stopped to sit down."—Philadelphia Press.

In Strong Point.

Amateur—This is my latest attempt at a landscape. May I ask what you think of the perspective? Artist—The perspective is its strong point. The further away you stand the better it looks.—Chicago Tribune.

A TRYING MEAL.

The Fine Flavor of the Jam Came From a Moving Source.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Lawrence and His Circle" is the story of an experience which will doubtless be appreciated by many housekeepers who have suffered similar agony, if not from precisely the same cause.

One night during Mr. Hawthorne's term as consul at Liverpool his friend, Mr. Henry Bright, the water color artist, came to an informal supper, and Mrs. Hawthorne, in honor of her guest, placed upon the table a jar of especially fine raspberry jam.