

# 64 Puzzle of a Pistol Shot

By HOWARD FIELDING

ROBERT ELDRED was connected with the United States secret service for several years and then resigned in order to begin the practice of law in New York. I met him two or three times while he was in the service and he impressed me very favorably as a man. I believed him to be a clever detective, though I never had the pleasure of working with him upon a case. The chief took a great fancy to him and their friendship did not cease with the close of their professional relations. When Eldred was shot by some person then unknown in the house where he boarded, on Jersey City heights, a memorandum was found upon him to the effect that the chief should be notified in any event which might reasonably call for his action. A telegram was sent accordingly and it reached the chief at his home in Washington within two hours after the deed.

It was on a Sunday forenoon. I had been at work upon a case in New York and was living in one of the smaller hotels, and there the chief communicated with me immediately by long distance telephone. His information at the time was very meager. He did not know whether Eldred was dead or alive. The telegram contained the words "unconscious and will probably die" and was signed by a doctor named Burrell, though, as I subsequently learned, it was written by a policeman at the doctor's request.

"I can't get Burrell by telephone," said the chief, "though his name is in the book. The instrument is reported 'busy,' but is probably out of order. I understand that Eldred is at the doctor's house. Go over there and report to me as soon as you can."

Within an hour I was at Burrell's house. The doctor himself opened the door, for he had been standing just inside when I rang the bell. He looked at my card, bowed without speaking and by a gesture invited me to follow him up the stairs and to a room where Eldred lay in bed with his head swathed in bandages.

He was a big, handsome fellow, twenty-eight years old, with light hair and blue eyes and the general appearance of the best kind of transplanted English stock. His eyes were wide open, but unseeing. He knew nothing of any helpful presence near him, and if his soul retained an individual consciousness it was shut up in darkness, fighting alone—just hanging on, like a man wrecked in the blackest night and clinging to a fragment of a spar. His face was smooth shaven, and every line that means character was revealed. It disclosed the courage which is an inalienable birthright and a tenacity which is based upon conviction as to the proper conduct of a gentleman and is not contingent upon hope of life or fear of death.

"The wound is in the back of the head," said Burrell. "The bullet has been extracted. We hope for the best." He glanced across the bed toward another doctor who was leaning forward in a chair and starting at Eldred. The consulting physician nodded without removing his eyes from the patient.

"Why was he brought here?" I asked. "They tried to call a hospital ambulance by telephone," he replied, "but there's something wrong with the wires up here today, so an intelligent policeman put this young man into an empty express wagon. Meanwhile I had been notified, and I met the im-

proved ambulance within a rod of my door. There was need of hurry, and so—"

He completed the sentence by a gesture toward the bed.

"What do you think about this affair?" I inquired, and he replied that he had formed no opinion.

"If you want to get the facts as soon as possible," he added, "I advise you to go to the house where the crime was committed. It is only a little way from here." And he gave me the necessary directions.

As I approached a uniformed policeman came out of the house, accompanied by an elderly couple, who took seats on the veranda and stared forlornly at me. The policeman upon sight of my card readily gave me all the information that he had.

"This house belongs to Mrs. Emily Harland," said he. "She lives here with her daughter. These people, indicating the two whom I have mentioned, are an aunt and uncle of Mrs. Harland. They live just around the corner on the avenue. There's nobody else here now. Mrs. Harland and her daughter are over at Dr. Burrell's."

"How were they dressed?" He began to give me a detailed good

description, but I cut him short. I had seen the woman in Dr. Burrell's waiting room. Why had he so carefully shielded them from my questioning?

"The young man is there, too, I believe," said the policeman. And in response to my inquiry he explained that he referred to George Sanborn, fiancé of Miss Harland, who had been visiting in the house for a week or more.

"Is this a case of jealousy?" I asked. "I don't know what it is," said he. "This man Eldred lived in the house; but, according to all accounts, Mrs. Harland and her daughter scarcely knew him."

"Didn't he eat with them?" "No; he took his meals at restaurants. He goes away early in the morning and gets home late at night. You can know how little he mingles with the family when I tell you that Sanborn has been here more than a week and has seen Eldred only once before this morning and has never spoken to him. I got that from Sanborn and from both the women. I could tell by the way Sanborn talked that he had no feeling in regard to Eldred one way or another. He looked upon him as a stranger."

"Who else lived in the house?" "Nobody except an old woman, who was the cook, and she'd gone to church when the thing happened."

As to the details of the occurrence, it appeared from the policeman's story that Mr. Sanborn was sitting on the veranda about half past 10 o'clock when he heard a loud sound which seemed to come from within the house. He did not know what it was, but felt an indefinite anxiety. He entered the hall and went through to the kitchen, where he found Mrs. Harland and Emily and asked them whether they had heard anything. They replied that they had and that they thought the noise might have been in Mr. Eldred's room. Mrs. Harland called to him from the lower hall, but he did not answer. Eventually they all three went up and found the young man lying on the floor of a very small room adjoining his bedroom and used by him for writing. It contained only a flat topped table and a chair.

A revolver was lying on the floor of Eldred's chamber. The weapon belonged to the young man himself, as Mrs. Harland had told the officer. She had seen it two or three times while attending to his room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ASTERIA.

Interesting Data About the Magic Star Gem of Ceylon.

Familiar to some of the ancient writers and credited with supernatural powers, the asteria, or star gem, was highly valued for the benefits supposed to be conferred on the wearer. Its bright, six rayed star, ever changing and shifting with every play of light and especially shooting out its flames in the direct sunlight, would seem to be something more than an ordinary crystal, and to the superstitious mind it could readily be believed to embody some tutelary spirit. The particular virtue attributed to this gem was the conferring upon the wearer of "health and good fortune" when worn as an amulet, and to those fortunate to be born in the month of April, with which the stone was associated or represented, the wearer was insured from all evil. The star asteria is found principally in Ceylon, invariably in soil peculiar to rubies and sapphires. In deed it is composed of the same constituent "corundum," its chatoyant, or star rays, being caused by the pressure of what the natives call "silk." It is found in many different colors, from pale blue, pink and white to deep dark blue, ruby and purple. The blue are termed sapphire stars, the red ruby stars. It is always encased in a cabochon, the star dividing into six rays at the apex. It is next in hardness to the diamond.

The "Moonman" of Colombo, with tools as rude and simple as his forefathers used 1,000 years before, with no training or instruction except the unwritten mysteries of the craft handed down from father to son, will produce the most wonderful results in cutting and polishing gems and in many instances rival the more educated lapidary of Europe for judgment in cutting gems to the greatest advantage.—London Graphic.

**Borrow Where They Ought to Buy.**  
The proprietor of a hardware store has found it necessary to display conspicuously over his counter the following sign: "Our business is to sell tools, not to loan them."

"Did you actually find it necessary to hang up that notice?" I asked him. "Of course I did," he replied. "Hardly a day passes that I don't have somebody running in here and asking me to lend him a hammer, a saw or a chisel. It's one of the freaks of human nature, and I can't account for it. Persons who would not think of going into a hat shop to borrow a hat or to a furnishing store to borrow a shirt seem to think it's the most natural thing in the world to come in here and ask me to lend them a hammer."

**A Remarkable Wager.**  
In the Gentleman's Magazine, an old English publication, for 1750 appears the following: "On Wed. 29 (August) at seven in the morning was ooked at Newmarket a remarkable wager for 1,000 guineas (\$5,000) laid by Theobald Taaf, Esq., against the Earl of March and Lord Eglington, who were to provide a 4 wheel carriage with a man in it to be drawn by 4 horses 19 miles an hour; it was performed in 53 minutes and 27 seconds." Each of the horses was ridden by a jockey and only bared to the carriage by loose straps. Between the hind wheels sat another jockey, who guided the carriage by moving a handle like that of the modern bicycle.

**What Peace Means.**  
"Can you tell me the meaning of the word 'peace'?" asked Miss Gray of a little boy who had just recited a patriotic poem in which the word occurred. "Peace means when you ain't got no children," answered the child. "How is that?" asked Miss Gray. "When my mother has washed and dressed up six children for school in the morning she says, 'Now, I'll have peace.'"

## NEW SHORT STORIES

**Trimming the Lamb.**  
Occasionally there is sent to the Illinois legislature from the rural districts a member who can teach the self-confident man from the city. This fact was brought home with much force to a small coterie of state senators who had a private club, in which draw poker was the principal diversion during the last session.

The eminent statesmen who frequented the room that was used as club headquarters had been winning money back and forth among themselves and began to long for the appearance of a "lamb" whose fleece they might trim. A rather seedy looking member was invited to join in the game to enliven the dullness.

"Come up and let us have a social evening together," said one elderly member of the higher branch of the legislature.

"No; I don't think I care for a game tonight," was the reply. "I don't know much 'bout playin' poker, and I reckon I had better stay away."

"Well, your lack of knowledge of the game need not worry you, for we play for small stakes," replied the other.

The seedy looking member consented to join in the game. Once the game began, however, he seemed to grow



"I'll stand pat," he said.

more and more timid. He bet mildly and with apparent great care and lost a few dollars.

"I'll stand pat," he said, on the next deal. Again he lost, but bet more freely.

"One card," he said the next hand, and appeared as if he wished he was out of the game. Somebody bet \$50. The rural legislator brightened up and raised the bet \$50. The game grew lively, and at its close three men had put in their last dollar. The "lamb" had four kings and his pockets bulged with money.

Three dignified senators called at the state treasury early the next morning. "Say, Bill," said one senator to the janitor, who hailed from the same district as the extra player, "what does Brown do for a living when he is at home?"

"Nobody down there ever knew him to do anything but play poker," New York Times.

**Too Much Cheese.**  
During one of his campaigns Private John Allen stopped at a crossroads store. While he was exchanging news with the proprietor an old dorky from one of the plantations came in, says Harper's Weekly. When his purchase of "middlin' an' meal" had been wrapped up he started out. At the door he paused. "Got unny cheese, boss?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said the clerk, pointing to a freshly opened can of axle grease on the counter; "box just opened."

The dorky looked at it hungrily. "How much?" he asked. "Give it to him for 10 cents and throw in the crackers," said Mr. Allen. "All right," said the clerk, billing a bag with crackers. "Here you are."

The dorky laid a greasy dime on the counter, picked up the box and the bag and, going out, scented himself in the shade of cotton bales. When he had finished the crackers he ran his fingers around the box and gave it a good, long lick. In a few moments he put on his hat and started for his mule. As he passed the store Mr. Allen hailed him.

"Well, Jerry, what did you think of that lunch?" "The old dorky scratched his head; then he said, 'I tell you de truf, Mars John, dem crackers wuz all right, but dat wuz de ransomest cheese I ever et!'"

**Why Young Lost the Decision.**  
Since the Bennington disaster stories of Captain Lucien Young are numerous. His lifelong friend, Colonel Sam Donelson of Washington, tells one in which John Chamberlin is concerned. One day, the subject of equestrian stunts coming up, they mutually agreed that the bronze representation of General Thomas on horseback was the finest work of art of his kind in Washington. Shortly afterward the same discussion was taken up by Young and Senator Beck of Kentucky. The senator held that the statue of General McPherson was a work superior to the Thomas bronze. Young agreed to bet a champagne supper for three, with John Chamberlin as referee. Chamberlin sided with the senator, to Young's astonishment. He demanded an explanation, and Chamberlin said, "Well, Lucien, you and I are both men of the world, and I appeal to you as such if I could give a decision in favor of a lieutenant in the navy against a United States senator."

## WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]  
The commission in charge of the construction of the new office building held a meeting recently and adjourned till Oct. 6. Senators Cullum and Gallinger, of the commission, were present. Senator Teller, the Democratic member, was absent. The most important question considered was whether the building should be of limestone, granite or white marble.

While the matter was discussed extensively in its various bearings, no decision was reached and will not be till Senator Teller can be present.

If the most expensive building materials are used the structure cannot be reared on the present plans within the appropriation of \$2,250,000. That developed during a careful review of the appropriation between the senators and Superintendent Elliott Woods of the capitol and Architects Hastings and Carrera.

**A Bonaparte Relic.**  
Lying on Secretary Bonaparte's desk in the navy department is a small piece of pine, yellow and fat with pitch. It is a relic of the ship *Natalie*, on which Napoleon made his escape from the island of Elba to France. It was sent to Mr. Bonaparte by Edwin A. Sherman of Oakland, Cal.

Mr. Sherman wrote that the *Natalie*, after Bonaparte's escape, made its way to the Pacific ocean and was purchased by the Mexican government and used as a revenue cutter or coast guard ship.

She first arrived at Monterey, Cal., in 1844, and in 1843, while her officers were ashore attending a ball, the crew concluded that they would go ashore and have a good time as well. A strong northwest gale sprang up; the *Natalie* dragged her anchor and was driven ashore and became a total wreck. Fragments of the vessel are still preserved.

**Sale of Public Documents.**  
The annual report of L. C. Ferrell, superintendent of public documents, is in course of preparation and indicates a large increase in cash receipts and number of copies sold of the various government publications. Bulletins issued by the department of agriculture are in great demand, approximately 37,000 copies having been disposed of in addition to the enormous quantities distributed free by the department.

For the states that have not officers, are those relating to the inoculation of soils and diseases of the horse and cattle. These are all low priced publications, ranging from 5 to 25 cents, and the total received from this source will not reach \$5,000, although the receipts from all sources will exceed \$17,000—over 30 per cent increase.

**Bronze Door Damaged.**  
An accident befell one of the new bronze doors at the capitol which will delay its erection for some weeks. The south door was hung with comparatively little difficulty, but when the north door was lifted into place the steel wire cable by which it was held parted and it fell crashing to the floor. Fortunately, and almost miraculously, no one was injured, but the terrific shock and jar broke the interior iron casting in three pieces. Top and bottom castings fell uppermost and were therefore not hurt. The damage is estimated at \$1,000, and for it the bronze founders, under whose supervision the doors were being set, are responsible.

**Wood For Pavements.**  
The forest service of the department of agriculture has announced that it has taken up the study of woods for special uses, and experiments will be conducted particularly to secure a wood for street pavements which will prove lasting. The circular states that in recent years engineers have become convinced that with the right selection and treatment of material, and with the right method of laying, wood paving can be made successful; consequently a revival in wood paving has begun and many of the largest cities are again trying it.

**Cleaning the Treasury Building.**  
The cleaning of the entire treasury building by the acid process is being carried forward with success. The north walls of the classic building present a most cleanly appearance, and the entire building will be covered as fast as possible. The inventor of the liquid preparation by which the stone walls are cleaned so well hesitated to allow any one to apply the acid but himself for fear that it would get into the hands of persons who would analyze it, but agreed to permit it to be used by the laborers of the treasury, although he has it distinctly understood that he is to keep his eyes on those using the preparation.

**Trees of Washington.**  
The report of Truman Latham, superintendent of parking, made to the commissioners recently, states that during the past fiscal year 2,755 trees were set out on the streets and avenues of the city. Norway, sugar and silver maples, sycamores, elms, pin oaks, lindens and ginkgos were the trees planted. The work was carried out at an increased cost of \$2.13 per cent.

The number of trees destroyed during the year reached a total of 1,483. Of this number 325 stood in the area of the railroad improvement work, and their removal, being incident to said work, was accomplished by the contractors engaged thereon. Of this 325, 150 were removed from I street and Virginia avenue southeast and about 175 from Massachusetts avenue northwest. F street northwest and North Capitol street. The remainder of the 1,483 removed included 376 dead and dying ones and 782 which were destroyed because of street, sidewalk and building improvements.

There were on June 30 a total of 80,337 trees on the streets of Washington. CARL SCHOEFIELD.

**Mutual.**  
Old Smithers—You're a disgrace to your family, I'm almost ashamed to call you my son. Young Smithers—Say nothing, dad. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are.—Boston Transcript.

**Knew What Was Coming.**  
Hicks—My wife dropped in to see me at the office today and— Weeks—Sorry, old man, but I've been touched too. Can't lend you a cent.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

**Cupid Exhibited.**  
Up in a dark corner of the hurricane deck of a Troy liner sat a young couple. It was certainly a romantic spot. Lulled by the dreamy throbbing of the big engines, they allowed Cupid to intrude. Then the chairs moved closer.

"Out here tonight," whispered the young man poetically, "with the twinkling river lights, I feel as if I could sit here with you forever."

"Oh, George," responded the girl. "Yes, it is such environments as these that awaken the tender chords of love. Won't you let me kiss you?" "Don't be silly, George."

"Silly? There is nothing silly in a man asking the girl he adores for a kiss. Don't be stingy."

"Impossible. Why, it is as dark here as the river Styx."

He leaned over. There came a shout from a hundred throats. "Get on to the soft soap," came from all directions.

The searchlight had been flashed on them and Cupid had been put to rout.—New York Globe.

**An Easy Escape.**  
"How does it come," the pretty grass widow asked, "that you never married?" "Well, said the rich bachelor, "you see, I had five brothers."

"Yes?" "All older than myself. In fact, my brother who is next to me in the family was ten years old when I was born."

"But I don't see what that had to do with your prejudice against matrimony. Wherever the old fashioned arguments against Greek are regarded as true, it will probably be desirable to study Greek, because very few people will teach anything else properly. But when once the error of those arguments is recognized the special need for the study of Greek will have gone and other things are likely to be substituted.—President Hadley of Yale in London Outlook.

**Man as a Back Number.**  
When it comes to sensational statements in psychology and sociology, commend us to Chicago, where they seem to discover more things which are not so than any other center of the globe. One of its learned educators has just announced that man is a back number, that women are increasing in numbers and potentially beyond men and that the males will soon be driven back to the farms for a chance to get a living. He makes the categorical statement that more girl babies than boys are born and that women have, according to returns in the last two census years, leaped from a trifle less than four millions of wage earners to more than five millions.

Well, what of it?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Brain Waves Are Possible.**  
It seemed to the speaker possible that two brains could be so tuned in sympathy as to transmit and receive a subtle transfusion of mind without mediation of sense. Considering that from an electric station waves of energy radiated through the wireless air to be caught up by a receiver thousands of miles distant, it was not inconceivable that the human brain might send off still more subtle waves to be accepted and interpreted by the fitly tuned receiving brain. He was inclined to think that in the treatment of disease by regular practitioners of medicine the influence of the mind on the body was somewhat overlooked or that insufficient value was attached to it.—Dr. Henry Maudsley to British Medical Association.

**In the Olden Days.**  
The nonagenarian shook his hoary head. "It is all very well," he quavered, "to condemn the railroads for their rates, but I remember the time—"

He paused to light his pipe. "I remember the time when you rode on cars that had no roof, cars built like stage wagons, and you paid a fare that would be about—well, about at the rate of \$10 from Philadelphia to York."

"And telegrams!" he went on. "Well, gentlemen, the first telegram I sent cost me half a dollar a word, and the man that received it was so surprised he thought it was a hoax."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**The Kaiser's Revolver.**  
An incident which occurred at the czar met on board the Russian imperial yacht *Polar Star* has leaked out, although every effort has been made to keep it secret. As the monarchs met the revolver which the German emperor always carries and which never leaves him slipped from his belt and fell on the deck with a crash. The czar was startled, and the Kaiser explained at once that he carries the revolver so that he may be armed in case he is attacked. A thought reader predicted some time ago that the Kaiser runs the danger of being killed by a bullet fired by an anarchist, and he cannot help being somewhat superstitious.—London Globe.

**Profits in Begging.**  
It is calculated that 4,000 persons make a living in London by begging and that their average income amounts to about \$1,500,000 a year. Last year 1,925 persons were arrested for begging in the streets, of whom more than 1,500 were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to three months. Many of these objects of charity were found in possession of sums of money and even of bank books showing very handsome deposits.—Chicago Journal.

**Gossip.**  
Gossip is a humming bird with eagle wings and a voice like a fog horn. It can be heard from Dan to Beersheba and has caused more trouble than all the ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, coyotes, grasshoppers, chinch bugs, rattlesnakes, sharks, sore toes, cyclones, earthquakes, blizzards, smallpox, yellow fever, gout and indigestion that this great United States has known or will know when the universe shuts up shop and begins the final invoice.—Guernsey (Wyo.) Gazette.

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

**The Handshake.**  
By all means, let us have the adoption of a less dangerous and complicated form of greeting. Apart from the nomadic microbes, the handshake is a survival of barbarism. It originated with the cave dwellers, who employed it to draw their enemies within striking distance of their rude weapons, and it has no place in modern civilization. It is peculiarly and emphatically at variance with an age which prides itself upon the cold suppression of the warmer emotions and upon stolid indifference, real or feigned, to everybody and everything. The handshake has never meant half it pretended to express. Elevated and affected it is ridiculous. Sincere and straightforward it is frequently painful, and, as is now apparent, prejudicial to health. A graceful wave of the hand, accompanied by a slight inclination of the head, might be a sufficient manifestation of recognition. Then the short-legged, migratory microbes might have to remain at home.—Providence Journal.

**French or Greek?**  
If French is taught as carefully as Greek it seems to serve the disciplinary purposes which Greek formerly served. The only difficulty is that there are as yet relatively few teachers who make French a means of mental discipline and that those who think they teach it best are often the ones who really teach it worst, because they let apparent proficiency in speech conceal the lack of real training in thought. Wherever the old-fashioned arguments against Greek are regarded as true, it will probably be desirable to study Greek, because very few people will teach anything else properly. But when once the error of those arguments is recognized the special need for the study of Greek will have gone and other things are likely to be substituted.—President Hadley of Yale in London Outlook.

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## MAKING SILK MATS.

**A Workman Explains Why His Product Is So Good.**

The mat is first built up of various thicknesses of linen—layers of linen soaked in shellac, that by means of wooden molds and hot irons weighing twenty pounds apiece are welded one on the other till a perfect shape, brim and all complete, is obtained.

"The silk is next put on. This silk costs from \$10 to \$15 a yard. It looks like plush in the piece. The hatmaker cuts it off of the hatters and molds it round the stiff linen foundation. The strips must be very accurately cut, and great care is used in their ironing and cementing, so as to give a perfect diagonal joint. Look at your silk hat; the seam the next time you wear it. The joint's perfection will, perhaps, amaze you."

"The brim, up to this point, is flat. Now its curling commences. That is where my queer forefinger comes in. The shaping of a hat brim is purely a matter of hand and eye and taste. The brim while being shaped is highly heated so as to give it pliability.

"And of course working on this hot material, patting and prodding it, the forefinger thickens and the nail gets horny.

"Nevertheless hat curling is pleasant, artistic work. Hat curlers have reputations the same as artists. Their work is distinctive. An expert can tell it at a glance."—New York Press.

## THE UPPER LIP.

**A Theory About the Furrow Which Runs Below the Nose.**  
Below the nose runs a furrow parting the upper lip. In the faces of babies and children this furrow is very noticeable. From the evolutionist's point of view it is one of the most remarkable characters of the face. It tends to become obsolete in old age, and it is not seen among the catarrhine monkeys. Among the platyrrhines it is but feebly developed, but in lemurs it is in a more pronounced state. There is a depressed septum, to which the two side pieces are joined. The upper lip, in fact, is nearly split in two, but held together in a depressed piece of flesh. In the marsupialia and rodentia the lip is practically in two pieces, and each piece is capable of being moved separately. This is the "hare-lip," and its method of use may well be noticed in a hare or a rabbit when eating.

The furrow, therefore, in the child's lip points to this—that our ancestors possessed not a single upper lip, as we do now, but two upper lips, one beneath each nostril, both capable of independent movement. In the course of time these two lips have joined to the nonrecessed form of independent movement, grown together to form the single lip we now possess, but the line of junction is not perfect, and so the furrow results, and sometimes there is a distinct scar down the middle of the furrow.

The possession of the furrowed upper lip by children is one of the strongest pieces of evidence against the descent of man from any catarrhine and in favor of his descent from platyrrhines or from lemurs through the intervention of platyrrhine-like ancestors, of which there are no exact living representatives.—Nineteenth Century.

**False Faces.**  
"What becomes of all the false faces?" asked the city salesman. "Who wears them? There are lots of them made. A trip on the elevated roads gives peeps into many doors where dozens of workmen do nothing year in and year out but make false faces. The output must be sufficient to enable the entire population to go about dressed for a continuous carnival. On Thanksgiving and a few other fete days masks are in demand, but the rest of the time most of us are content to show our natural countenances. That comparatively light load trade, even when swelled by the year round trade of small shops, is a popular industry, leaves a tremendous quantity of false faces to be accounted for."—New York Press.

**Kept Her Joking Promise.**  
It is related of Lady Penelope Darcy that she was wooed by three suitors at the same time, who had determined to fight as to which should possess her hand. This fact coming to her knowledge, she positively forbade them to fight under pain of her great displeasure and laughingly remarked that if they would have patience to wait she would marry them all. Strange to say, she fulfilled her promise, as she married, first, Sir George Trenchard of Wolverton; second, Sir John Gage of Fule, and, third, Sir William Hervey of Ickworth, the very gentleman who had determined to fight for her hand.

**Glass Windows.**  
Glass windows have been known to have existed at Pompeii as early as A. D. 79. In the third century the windows of royal houses throughout Europe were glazed. Windows of colored glass were placed in many French and Italian churches in 674, and the use of glass became general in private houses during the twelfth century. The panes, however, were only three or four inches square, and the material was so inferior that, while a room was lighted, it was often a matter of some difficulty to discern objects on the outside through the glass. For a long time windows in England were a subject of taxation.

**Trade Superstitions.**  
Dressmakers do not "fit" with black pins and regard it as unlucky to tack with green cotton. Milliners regard as happy augury the drop of blood falling on a hat from a prickled finger.—Notes and Queries.

The money sent by former citizens of Austria-Hungary who have emigrated to the United States to their relatives at home amounted to \$40,000, 000 and \$45,000,000 during the year 1904.