Truxton King

A Story of Graustark

By George Barr McCutcheon

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," "Jane Cable," "The Man from Brodney's," Etc.

A Devil-May-Care Young American in a Land of Romance.
Novel Adventures in a Strange Little Kingdom.

A Captivating Story in McCutcheon's Best Vein and a Great Treat for Our Readers

This Interesting Serial Will Begin In The Next Number Of The Recorder

An Odd Gypsy Custom.

In Hungary, when the question of the baby's future comes up for discussion among the gypsies, there is no time wasted in argument. A blanket is held by the four corners, and the baby is thrown into the air. If it comes down on its little stomach it is a sign that it is going to be a musician; if it falls on its back it is to be a thief, and the education of the child is begun as soon as possible in one of these two time honored professions.

Painfully Frank.

"Mr. Coldcash, I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter."

"My daughter, sir?"

"Yes, I can't live without her."

"Well, sir, finish your sentence."

"Finish my sentence?"

"Yes, you were about to say you could not live without her income. Let us be candid."

How She Got the Job.

"The one thing we demand from our employees," said the head of the office force, "is correctness in figures."

The applicant smoothed her hipless skirt complacently.

"I have never had any complaints on that score," she replied, with a glance of assurance.—Bystander.

Anticipated.

"I've often marveled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your"—

"If it's more than 5 shillings, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."—London Mail.

Innocent Fun.

"Hey!" exclaimed his uncle. "What are you trying to do—break my watch?"

"No," replied the innocent solemnly; "t'yin' th'ow it thoo the f'oor."—Buffalo Express.

The Artistic Japanese.

Artistic impulses govern even the ordinary artisan in Japan. This, from an article in the Craftsman by Mr. L. Wakeman Curtis, illustrates the fact: "In so commercial and nonartisic a porcelain district as Nagoya I saw a big room full of men working in clay, hastily copying in quantities pieces that were to go, in a shipload, to fill an order in England. I paused beside a man who was finishing soap dishes. On each cover, before it went to be baked, he was adding the knob by which it could be lifted. That on the European model before him was utterly without sentiment, less gracious of shape than a freshly digged onion or potato. With a few slight, quick touches, seemingly as unthinking as a machine, he was yet doing more than was required—he was causing each knob as it passed under his hands to take the look of a half opened bud, a faint hint of a leaf being also quickly modeled in the 'biscuit' beneath it."

Paris' Worst Flood.

In the year 1206 rose the greatest flood of which history makes any record in Paris. "Men went in boats over the wall of the king's garden." All the island was covered, and from the foot of the hill of the university to the rising ground beyond the Marrais the upper stories of the houses rose out of a lake a mile wide. In that flood was swept away the old stone bridge that Charles the Bald had built centuries earlier, before even the Normans besieged the town, and in that flood the Petit Chatelet was destroyed. The Petit Pont fell into the river also, but that was nothing wonderful, for it was the most unfortunate of bridges and never stood firmly for fifty years at a stretch, but was forever being destroyed and regularly rebuilt. The waste of this flood was the signal for Philippe le Bel's rebuilding.—Hilaire Belloc's "Paris."

He Could Not Recommend It.

The editor was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing a fervid editorial on the necessity of building a new walk to the cemetery, when a battered specimen of the tramp printer entered the office.

"Mornin', boss," said the caller. "Got any work for a print?"

"I have," answered the editor. "You happened in just right this time. I've got only a boy to help me in the office, and I need a man to set type for about a week. I have to make a trip out west. You can take off your coat and begin right now. I start tomorrow morning."

"All right," said the typographical tourist, removing his coat. "What road are you going to travel on?"

"The X., Y. and Z. mostly. I've never been on it. Know anything about it?"

"I know all about it. I've traveled it from one end to the other."

"What kind of road is it?"

"Bum!" said the printer in a tone indicative of strong disgust. "The ties are too far apart!"—Youth's Companion.

Points About a Good Horse.

There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on. The lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelids fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The lop ear indicates dullness and stubbornness. When too far back there is a disposition to mischief.

Woman's World

MRS. MORSE IN WALL STREET

Working For Husband, Who Is Serving Prison Sentence.

Mrs. Charles W. Morse, wife of the convicted ex-ice king and bank president, has entered Wall street with the purpose of rebuilding the shattered fortunes of her husband and obtaining a pardon for him. She recently opened an office at 43 Exchange place, New York city, to take charge of the convicted financier's involved business affairs.

Mrs. Morse had intended to rent a cottage near the federal prison in Atlanta that she might be able to visit her husband as often as possible, but on seeing him in prison garb she changed her mind. The sight of his

MRS. CHARLES W. MORSE.

humiliation so possessed her with the desire to work for his freedom and the rehabilitation of his fortunes that she returned to New York.

As if the associations of her husband's former financial triumphs would stimulate her, Mrs. Morse has made her business headquarters in the building which the little financier had constructed for the home office of his many great enterprises.

On its ground floor, for example, are the onyx columned, bronzed railed counting rooms of the National Bank of North America, head of the chain of banks which Morse established and which all collapsed with his downfall. In addition to assuming the burden of her husband's large business interests, Mrs. Morse is circulating petitions addressed to President Taft asking for the pardon of the ex-ice king.

In her work she is ably assisted by Miss Katherine Wilson, formerly confidential secretary and stenographer to Mr. Morse.

Use of the New Hairpin.

For the fashionable swirl, mop or turban style of hairdressing, called respectively by one or all of these names, come the new square hairpins. They not only serve to keep the braid in place that winds about the head,

AN ATTRACTIVE DISPOSAL OF THE SQUARE HAIRPIN.

but they are decidedly decorative. These pins are generally of tortoise shell, but other materials are employed for their makeup. Another pretty device for the new hairdressing is the fillet of tortoise shell with side comb attachments.

Old Style Bouquets.

Bridesmaids and debutantes are carrying the formal bouquets which their grandmothers gloried in when they were girls. These bouquets call for a mixture of blossoms and for long ends of ribbon or tulle or both, often with little clusters of the flowers knotted in with the ribbon. A florist says that fully half the debutantes and brides whom he has supplied with flowers at their weddings and coming out receptions this season have selected this kind. A bouquet used for a reception had cream colored rosebuds massed in the center, white narcissuses around those, a narrow edge of violets around the narcissuses and a fine feathery white flower next the violets. Then came a row of purple orchids, a row of lilies of the valley bordered by maidenhair fern and looped green pink tulle and white lace paper. Ends of pink satin ribbon and tulle fell from the bouquet.

HIS TRAGIC DREAM.

A Grim Ghost Story That Comes From the Netherlands.

The following remarkable ghost story is told of two brothers, members of a distinguished family in Friesland, a province of the Netherlands: The young men were officers in the same regiment, and their only fault—a certain rash valor, so different from the quiet prudence so characteristic of their nation—made their comrades almost idolize them.

These young officers were exceedingly anxious to see a ghost and took a great deal of pains to plunge into all sorts of gloomy places in the hope of finding them tenanted by beings from the other world. At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted room. Everybody bore witness to the horrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and heard therein, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there.

It was Christmas eve, and they provided themselves with a good supper and a bottle of wine each, a fire, lights and loaded pistols. The hours wore on. No ghost was seen; no ghostly sounds were heard. The younger brother, wrapped closely in his warm cloak, laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake and await the issue of events.

After awhile a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. He raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signed to him to follow.

The rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange, sharp, clicking sound, like the notes of castanets.

Bewildered and dazzled by this sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses, but he was shocked by perceiving that these gayly dressed ladies and their richly uniformed cavaliers were skeletons, and the curious sound that impressed him so strangely was the clicking of fleshless jaws!

The figure at his side ordered him to take a partner from this hideous throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal, the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at him the pistol he had continued to grasp and discharged it full in his face.

With the shock and report he started to his feet. The white figure, the ballroom, the fearful, ghastly dancers, all had vanished, and he was in the room where he had supped, but his brother lay dying at his side.

He had shot him in his dream and awakened only to receive his last utterance. From that awful Christmas night he was an altered man. All the gayety had gone out of his life, all the sunshine had faded from his days, and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse he found himself unable to bear the burden of his regrets and put an end to his life.

To Gauge His Wife's Temper.

"I heard about a peculiar case of henpecked husband recently," said a young woman the other day.

"What was it?" her friend inquired.

"There is a man who has some difficulty in gauging his wife's temper. At times she is considerate of his welfare, and at other times—well, he rather thinks that married life is a failure.

"He has a peculiar manner of finding out the state of his wife's feeling toward him. In the evening when he returns home from work he never steps into the house without going through a sort of ceremony. First he throws his hat in the house, and then he seats himself on the steps and waits. If five minutes pass without the hat being thrown out again he enters and generally finds his wife very agreeable. However, if the hat is thrown out again the unfortunate man seeks hospitality for the night somewhere else rather than brave the anger of his helpmeet."

The Fishing Otter.

The otter used by Scottish poachers is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters it is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite, which serves to take out over the water a line bearing fifty or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leaded along one side to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of the loch or river, letting out the fly decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the center. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed.

A Drop of Water.

A gallon of distilled water weighs 8.339 pounds, and, there being four quarts to the gallon, and two pints to the quart, and sixteen fluid ounces to the pint, and two tablespoonfuls to the fluid ounce, and four teaspoonfuls to the tablespoon, and forty-five drops to the teaspoon, a drop of water weighs 0.00018057 pound, slightly more.

Another Creditor.

Blobbs—Hardupp says he owes everything to his wife. Slobbs—Hardupp is a double distilled prevaricator. He owes $10 to me.—Philadelphia Record.

Shear the sheep, but don't flay them. —Spanish Proverb.

GLASS AND CUT GLASS

Pressed Ware at Times Deceives Even Experts.

A GUIDE FOR THE UNWARY.

The Seeker After Cut Glass Is Safe In Purchasing "Closed In" Articles, as They Cannot Be Duplicated In Pressed Glass—Art of the Cutter.

Buyers for large houses are sometimes deceived when buying cut glass and find they have bought what is commercially known as pressed glass instead of the genuine article.

Yet there are a few simple rules that will safeguard the ordinary buyer at retail. The chief one is to pick out only what the manufacturer calls closed in articles. By this he means vases, jugs, pitchers, bottles and the like.

These cannot be duplicated in pressed glassware, which is first molded in patterns and the edges ground. This process gives it so close a resemblance to real cut glass that even experts may be deceived.

But in the "closed in" articles some way is yet to be devised by which the pressed lines can be followed through the opposite side when put on the wheel to be cut, as the pressed part interferes with the workman seeing through the glass, which he has to do in order to follow the lines of the design on the cutter.

The kind of cut glass that is counterfeited is called open work, such as plates, nappies or any flat article through which the workman can readily see when finishing it.

Another help in selecting cut glass is its weight. The genuine is made from pure lead glass, made chiefly in America, especially for cutting. This lead glass is very heavy.

The first step toward cutting is to mark on the "blank"—that is, the dish in the clear glass—in red or other paint the design that has been selected for it.

The most common designs are diamond shapes, stars of various points, crosses and squares and other geometrical patterns.

The design must be marked on the glass exactly to stand the test of compass and rule. When all lines are in perfect accordance with the pattern and also fit the blank the "roughing" begins. This is cutting the heavy work, such as the necks of vases and bottles and the heavy lines on the stars.

This is done on a machine called the "mill," a big wooden framed affair, on top of which is a hopper holding about half a ton of Berkshire hills sand. This sand is the only kind in this country that has proved satisfactory for this work.

The sand runs down through the hopper, is moistened with water and comes out of a large steel disk, the edge of which is sharp. This disk is turned by power at a very high speed. The wet sand of the disk gives it a "tooth," which when the glass is held against the edge of the disk cuts very rapidly.

All the coarse and heavy cutting is done on this "mill."

The cutting in of the finer work begins on a mill with a stone disk resembling an old fashioned grindstone, but much narrower and with a beveled edge. These stones come chiefly from Italy or Scotland. They are very hard and carry a keen edge a long time. They are used for the fine cutting altogether.

There is a stone found in Nova Scotia much softer that cuts quicker and is used for fluting on water bottles and compotes where heavy cuts are desired. Very often as many as fifteen or twenty different stones of varying degrees of hardness are used for the cutting of one article.

After the design has been all cut comes one of the most difficult parts of the work, the polishing.

This is done on the outside of the work with a very high speeded brush wheel covered with moistened pumice stone powdered. This stone is lava thrown off by a volcano.

Large wooden disks made to fit the cuts and fed with pumice and water are used for polishing the fine work in and around the delicate tracery of the pattern.

The hand of the glass cutting expert must be steady, strong and accurate, for the least mistake spoils a whole pattern. In the case of a fourteen inch punch bowl this means the loss of $50.

Another kind of glass cutting is known as stone engraving. It is done with little stone wheels and copper tools entirely by hand. The designs are chiefly vines and flowers. They are not cut deep and are often mistaken for pressed glass. In reality they are the most expensive kind of cut glass, the price for a single piece of large size and ornate decoration reaching four figures.

Glass cutting is not only a trade, but an art, and any one after seeing the method employed will readily understand why genuine cut glass commands high prices.—Boston Globe.

The Job Department.

Former Employer—And so you are a newspaper man now, Thompson? Thompson—Yes, sir; I'm the editor of the job department. Former Employer—Editor of the job department? Thompson—Yes, sir; I carries in coal, and scrubs the floor, and cleans the windows, and all such editin' as that, sir.—London Graphic.

Violence in the voice is often only the death rattle of reason in the throat.—Boyee.