

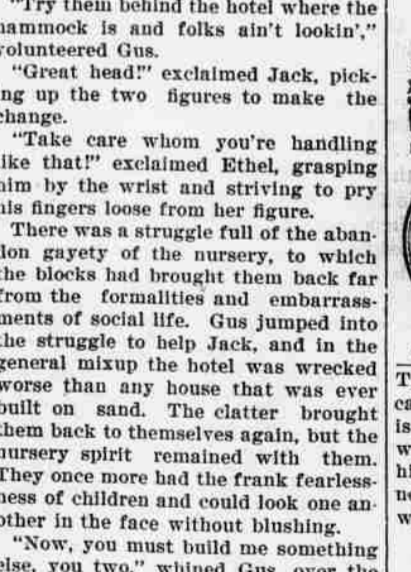
**BUFFALOES ALMOST EXTINCT.**  
Little More Than a Thousand of These Animals in Existence.  
The American buffalo is fast disappearing from the earth. It is estimated that there are now remaining alive in the world only 1,024 of these noble beasts, 684 of which are in captivity. But it is not possible to be exact in such a statement, inasmuch as the wild survivors cannot be rounded up and counted. In the densely wooded regions between the Saskatchewan and Peace Rivers, in British Columbia, are several hundred buffalo; there are twenty or so perhaps in the desert Panhandle region of Northwest Texas, and in the Yellowstone National Park there are fifty or sixty more, it is believed. There are none at liberty anywhere else.  
These few remaining wild bison are being steadily reduced in number. In British Columbia they are being killed off gradually by the Indians, while those in the Yellowstone Park are poached by poachers whenever the chance offers. A mounted head of one of these animals is a good thing worth from \$150 to \$200 and a skin brings a good price. Ten years ago there were nearly 400 buffalo in the park, and it is thought that the survivors can be preserved

only by corralling them and reducing them to captivity.  
C. J. Jones, better known as "Buffalo" Jones, of Oklahoma, has a herd of over 100 full-bred buffalo, which he wishes to sell to the government. Austin Corbin was the possessor of ninety bison, which have been more or less scattered since his death, some of them

having been presented to New York City. The animals, when kept in captivity, show a tendency to increase in numbers, and Buffalo Jones has produced thousands of desirable cross-breeds from his herd.  
It is stated that there are not 110 pure-bred American bison outside of this country.  
"Engaged!" exclaimed the mother. "Well, I never. And that boy in the room all the time! Talk about bashful people!"  
"Never mind that," said Jack, suddenly grown bold as brass, as he planted his first kiss on Ethel's lips. "The question is, do we get the blessing?"  
"You'll be able to tell better after you are married," said the mother, as she pushed them ahead of her toward the study, where her husband was sitting, pretending not to overhear. Ledger Monthly.

**FAIR RIVALS IN RIDING TO HOUNDS.**

Newport society promises to be torn in twain this season by rival hunting parties, and nothing at present appears to be able to avert it but consolidation of forces, which does not seem likely.  
Over much of the country the forest is still unbroken and untouched, and the hills are full of deep and mysterious ravines. The only industries are the raising of hogs, mules, and corn, some of which is said to be turned into moonshine whisky at hidden stills.  
The people are by nature taciturn and almost sullen. They rarely laugh, and are given to moods and brooding. In personal appearance they are all of the same general type, tall, averaging over 6 feet, and dark, with black hair and eyes. The women are also large and dark, and a few of them have any claims to good looks. Scattered about among the hills and usually near the creeks are the little one-story log cabins, in which the larger part of Clay County's population lives. These cabins are built in a most primitive manner, with clay between the logs and a huge log and stone chimney at one end, which is often almost as large as the rest of the house.  
Some of the people of Clay County have Indian blood in their veins. Others are descended from old Scotch border families. Absolute and democratic equality prevails among them all. The power of money is unknown, probably because there is so little money within the limits of the county. They are divided into clans, claiming descent from some common ancestor of distinction, and the poorest of them is always ready to hold his own and defend his honor at the point of a rifle or revolver. To call a man a liar in Clay County means at least one and probably half a dozen deaths. Everybody in the county knows everybody else, and it is taken for granted that a stranger is either a government officer or a detective looking for some of the feud warriors. Therefore there are few visitors to Clay County, and those who go once are not at all likely to return a second time.  
Every Clay County boy has a rifle by the time he is 15 and in many cases he has taken part in one or more of the feud battles before he has reached that age. They are all good shots and they keep up to the times in the line of the latest and most improved weapons. A favorite amusement in Clay County is the shooting out of cabin windows by a party of prominent citizens riding their mules home through the hills after partaking freely of "corn juice."  
With this knowledge of the country and its people it is easier to understand how a feud like that which has just come to an end might find its beginning in a trivial cause and be continued for years, being handed down from generation to generation.  
In 1844 Dr. Abner Baker, a prominent physician of Clay County, shot and killed his brother-in-law, Daniel Bates. Dr. Baker engaged as his attorney Daniel Garrard, the head of one of the great families of the county and the son of the second Governor of the State. Hugh White, a man of almost equal prominence, took the leading part in Baker's prosecution. Dr. Baker was convicted and finally hung. Ever since that time the Garrard family, one of the few wealthy families of the county, has backed the Bakers in all their troubles, while the Whites, who for years have controlled all the county offices, have always been ready to espouse the cause of the people who for the time being were fighting the Bakers.  
For that reason the feud which has just been ended is known as the Garrard-Baker-White-Howard feud. It began in a quarrel between Tom Baker



MRS. LADENBURG, MISS VAN ALEN.

These two women, as the leaders, will cause a stir in society. Mrs. Ladenburg is a strong assistant of P. F. Collier, who has made the sport popular through his back of Monmouth hounds. It is now announced that James J. Van Alen will import a pack of blooded hounds.  
**FORETELL COMING STORMS.**  
Telegraph Wires Are Said to Be Unfailing Weather Prophets.  
According to Dr. Eydiam, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires. This novel discovery was made by him in the following manner: As he was waiting for a train at a country station he heard a shrill sound, which was made by the wind as it passed through a network of near-by wires. At once the doctor remembered that he had frequently heard a similar sound either immediately before or after a storm or a heavy fall of rain or snow, and it naturally occurred to him to try and ascertain between the sound and such changes in the weather.  
As a heavy shower of rain fell within forty-eight hours after he had heard the sound at the railroad station he concluded that there was such a connection, and he then determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. As a result he now maintains, first, that an unusual disturbance in the telegraph wires is an infallible indication of bad weather, and, second, that the nature of the changes in the atmosphere may be learned from the sound which the wind makes when passing through the wires.  
Thus a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength, indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within from thirty to forty-eight hours, and, on the other hand, a sharp, shrill sound is the sure token of a heavy storm, which will be accompanied by much rain or snow.  
**Deaf-Mutes and Blind.**  
The number of deaf mutes in the United States is over 111,000; the number of totally blind is 88,924.  
**Citizenship in Switzerland.**  
During the last ten years there were 10,924 requests for citizenship in Switzerland, of which 7,833 were granted.  
**Economy supplies old age with an easy chair.**

**A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.**

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor on land, on sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?  
We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come;  
But other men our land will till,  
And others than our fathers will fill;  
And other birds will sing us gay,  
And bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

**THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.**

JACK WARING was bashful, but it was a question if he was any more bashful than Ethel Talcott. They could not speak to each other on even the most trivial subjects without stammering and blushing, but Jack persisted in calling, despite the apparent discomfort his visits caused both. Everybody could see that he was desperately in love, and it was a saying among their friends that if Jack could ever summon up the courage to propose, Ethel would be too bashful to refuse him, whether she loved him or not. She had just come out at the beginning of the season, about the same time that Jack who had just graduated from college and entered his father's business, of which he was the prospective heir, first began to attract the attention of designing mothers and attractive daughters. Perhaps it was while avoiding them that he met Ethel, who had found that there are ways of keeping out of sight when a ballroom was crowded with other girls who were enjoying themselves. Anyway, some common chord of sympathy made them embarrassed friends from their first meeting.  
Although Jack was bashful, he called on Ethel as often as he dared, but in spite of all resolution to overcome his diffidence he made little progress with his suit. They could get along fairly well when there were others in the room with them, but when left to themselves they suffered. Unlike most young people of a similar caste, they courted rather than avoided the company of Ethel's little brother, Gus, and Jack soon became such friends with him that he felt called upon to remember him an elaborate box of building blocks, which Gus dragged into the parlor on the occasion of his next visit, and insisted that the donor teach him how to build with them.  
"What shall I build?" Jack asked.  
"Build me a big hotel like the one Ethel and I were at last summer."  
Jack obediently drew his chair to the middle of the room and began on a suitable design. But he soon found that building while sitting on a chair was difficult, and as Gus was sprawled comfortably on the floor watching the work, he presently slipped down beside him. Now it is a peculiar thing about building blocks that although they are always bought for children, very few children can work out the designs that go with them, and consequently they are forced to call on their elders to help them. Moreover their elders usually take kindly to the task, and are apt to get cross if the child interferes in any way and delays the work in hand. In a very few minutes Jack was as deeply interested as if he were building a sure-enough hotel, and Gus watched with admiration, suddenly exclaimed:  
"Well, bless my heart, is this a nursery? Bless you, my children!"  
They both sprang to their feet in confusion, but Jack still clung to Ethel's hand. Her mother looked from one to the other, and then Jack managed to stammer:  
"That's right—we want your blessing."

**End of the Baker Howard Feud.**

If a recent report from London, Ky., that the Baker-Howard feud has been finally settled is correct it will put an end to a warfare which has lasted for more than thirty years, which has cost the lives of more than thirty men, and has several times necessitated the calling out of the State troops with gatling guns and loaded rifles.  
"Bloody Clay" County, the scene of the famous feud, is perhaps the most remarkable as it is one of the best known counties in the country. There is not a mile of railroad or even a wagon bridge with its limits. The whole country is covered with high hills, so close together that it is declared there is not a piece of level land in the county a sixth of a mile square. Down and between all these wooded, eroded hills are the beds of streams which are dry in summer time and are turned into roaring torrents in the spring and winter. The people of Clay County travel either on horseback or on foot, and use the beds of those streams in the place of roads. Some of the hills are quite high, and in several instances



MANCHESTER, KY., ILL.

the tops of two hills, which are 400 feet high, are less than 200 feet apart. Often a cornfield, which begins down in a gully, will run up several hundred feet in the course of a few rods, and several farmers have been killed by falling off their cornfields.  
The citizens of Clay County are almost all the descendants of people who settled there in 1770 or thereabouts. Strangers are not encouraged to move into the county, and there is nothing to attract immigrants, even if they were welcomed. For more than a century and a quarter the land has been held by comparatively few families, who have intermarried until practically all the population is related in different degrees of consanguinity.  
Over much of the country the forest is still unbroken and untouched, and the hills are full of deep and mysterious ravines. The only industries are the raising of hogs, mules, and corn, some of which is said to be turned into moonshine whisky at hidden stills.  
The people are by nature taciturn and almost sullen. They rarely laugh, and are given to moods and brooding. In personal appearance they are all of the same general type, tall, averaging over 6 feet, and dark, with black hair and eyes. The women are also large and dark, and a few of them have any claims to good looks. Scattered about among the hills and usually near the creeks are the little one-story log cabins, in which the larger part of Clay County's population lives. These cabins are built in a most primitive manner, with clay between the logs and a huge log and stone chimney at one end, which is often almost as large as the rest of the house.  
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and A. B. Howard, Baker lived with his wife and a family of ten children in a one-story log cabin on Crain Creek twelve miles from Manchester. Howard, who owned a few hills near by, hired Baker to cut some timber on his land. He did not like the way Baker did the work and quarreled with him about it. An appeal to the ever-ready rifles was promptly taken. "Tom" Baker and his brothers laid out in ambush like Indians one night and shot and killed one of Howard's sons and one of his employes and severely wounded the elder Howard. Another son of Howard waited his chance and put a bullet through the head of "Tom" Baker's elder brother. "Tom" Baker took it for granted that Sheriff White had instigated the killing of his brother and took the first opportunity to kill William L. White, whose crime was that he was the Sheriff's brother. A few days later Gilbert Garrard, son of the present head of the Garrard family, was shot at from ambush as he was riding his mule home from church. He escaped unhurt and took occasion to move out of the county. But his father was made of sterner stuff. When notified that as the baker of the Bakers he was in danger of assassination he hired a nephew of "Tom" Baker and a negro man to guard his premises at night with dogs and rifle. Within two weeks after the guard was set both of the men were shot and killed from ambush.  
Meanwhile Sheriff White was making efforts to arrest "Tom" Baker for the murder of his brother. But Baker did not like the idea of falling into the hands of the Whites, whose crime was that he was the Sheriff's brother. Accordingly he took to the hills, where a man might hide for years with absolute security. Finally the State sent a hundred militiamen, armed to the teeth and accompanied by a gatling gun, up into Clay County to force Baker's surrender and to protect him from the violence of the opposing faction. Baker surrendered and was taken under guard to Manchester, where he was confined in a guard tent pitched in the courthouse yard and surrounded by the troops. Half an hour before the case was to be called for trial he stepped to the front of the tent to look around. Instantly a shot rang out, coming from the house of Sheriff White, directly across the street, and "Tom" Baker fell back dead into the arms of his wife. Almost before he had gasped his last and before the startled militiamen had recovered from their surprise and hor-



TYPICAL HOME IN THE PIGEON ROOST.

ror, Mrs. Baker, the newly made widow, called her ten children around the body of their father and there swore each of them never to rest until the death had been avenged.  
Then "hell bust loose in Clay," as they say on the other side of the Ohio. Both the Garrard-Baker and the White-Howard factions hired and armed a number of men to fight for them, paying \$1 a day and ammunition, bacon, and corn bread in plenty for such services.  
Now the word comes from London that more than twenty of these professional fighters have enlisted in the United States army and that old Gen. Garrard, once a distinguished Federal cavalry leader, has given his word to Judge Beverly White that the feud shall come to an end.  
**Mental Innocence.**  
The stupidity of servants is a trial to the most even-tempered mistress, but it sometimes serves to amuse the other members of the household. There was a girl who belonged to the familiar category of "children and fools."  
"If anyone should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to a newly engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for dinner, and it's something else, has brought on a severe headache. I am going to lie down."  
A few moments later the mistress, from her room at the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who called for the first time:  
"Yes'm, Mrs. B.—is at home, but she ate so much pudding for dinner she had to go to bed."—London King.  
**First Railroad Incorporation.**  
The first railroad act of incorporation granted by any state in the Union was given by the Maryland Legislature to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company on Feb. 28, 1827. On April 24 of the same year the first railroad company in the United States organized as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Peter Cooper on Aug. 28, 1830, made the first journey from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills.  
**A Remarkable Request.**  
There are some curious documents filed in the county offices in St. Joseph, Mich. Perhaps the most curious of all is the will of a prominent Niles township farmer, who went to claim his future reward some years before the Civil War. The remarkable part about the will is a passage leaving 50 cents to his daughter's husband "to buy a rope to hang his d—self with."  
There is nothing a loafer enjoys better than looking wise on election night when returns are coming in.

**OUR BUDGET OF FUN.**

**HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.**

**Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.**  
"Sometimes," said Senator Sorghum, pensively, "I am inclined to look on what some people call honesty as downright egotism."  
"I don't quite understand you."  
"Well, I don't know as I can make it absolutely clear. But I have always gone on the principle that every man has his price."  
"So I have observed."  
"Well, sir, the bids that some people have refused would indicate a self-valuation which deserves to be characterized by no less an epithet than 'inordinate vanity.'"—Washington Star.  
**Exaggerated.**  
Gabb—Stechit told me that he once saw four hens' eggs which weighed a pound each.  
Blabb—I think it's an instance of eggs-ageration.—Ohio State Journal.



**Gave Himself Away.**  
Merchant—Are your habits all correct?  
Applicant for Position—Yes, sir.  
Merchant (after a pause)—Do you drink?  
Applicant (absently)—Thanks. Don't care if I do.  
**Cumbersome.**  
"Do you consider it good taste for a woman who marries to retain her former name and merely add her husband's to it?"  
"Certainly not," answered the lady from Chicago. "There is a charming friend of mine, a grass widow, who, under such a system, would be known as Mrs. Eliza Jenkins-Smith-Thompson-Brown-Smithers and several more that I can't remember."—Washington Star.

**Not His Wife.**  
Closest—Does your wife eternally pester you for money?  
Graspt—No, the people she buys things from do that.—Ohio State Journal.

**So Wou'd They A'.**  
"It's easy enough to tell," remarked the girl in the fur jacket, "that men write the paragraphs in the newspapers. They are always putting in little slurs on women."  
"I'd rather have any man write about me than to have some other woman do it," replied the girl with the roureouse nose.—Chicago Tribune.

**Shorter Process.**  
Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, the paper says \$200,000 worth of oats changed hands in a few minutes. How could they do all that in so short a time?  
Mr. Chugwater—The oats didn't really change hands. The cash changed hands in a few minutes. How could they do all that in so short a time?  
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**Well, Hardly Ever.**  
Faith—I wouldn't marry the best man in the world.  
Hope—Of course not, you goose. The bride never marries the best man.—Philadelphia Bulletin.



**Inn't this a queer spot to plant seeds, little boy?**  
"We ain't plantin' no seeds. These are Injln relics for the summer boarders to find."—The King.

**Paradocical.**  
Quizzer—You say you don't believe in aerial navigation?  
Cy Nick—No.  
Quizzer—But what about these people you hear of walking on air?—Ohio State Journal.

**An Indication.**  
He—How innocent Miss Priscilla is. She blushes at everything I say to her.  
She—That isn't innocence, that's refinement.—Life.

**Another Illusion Destroyed.**  
"I wish you hadn't had your hair cut so short, Harold," exclaimed the young woman, turning from him involuntarily.  
"What difference does that make, dearest?" asked Harold with tender anxiety.  
"You—you have destroyed an illusion," she sighed. "That is all."  
"You didn't think I was a poet, did you, Clara, because I wore my hair long?"  
"No, I never suspected you of being a poet."  
"Nor an artist?"  
"No."  
"Then, what illusion have I destroyed?" he asked.  
"Perhaps I should say, Harold," she answered, with tears in her voice, "that you have unconsciously revealed a fact I never suspected, dear. Your ears don't match!"—Stray Stories.

**College-Bred Men.**  
According to recent statistics, there is one man in about 500 in the United States who receives a college training.  
**Crazy men and fools are poor instructors.**

**Quite Indispensable.**  
Towne—I've seen Gazley several nights recently with his field glass. I wonder what his game is.  
Broome—O! he's calling on Miss Kulcher, of Boston.  
Towne—The idea! What does he carry field glasses for?  
Broome—He doesn't. He merely uses the case to carry a dictionary in.—Philadelphia Press.

**Knew Him Better.**  
Mrs. Callar—Surely, you're not jealous of your husband?  
Mrs. Chellus—Yes. I am. He simply can't keep his eyes off the women.  
Mrs. Callar—O! yes, he can. You should see him some time when he has a seat in a crowded street car.—Philadelphia Press.

**Dearly Bought Knowledge.**  
Rivers—This "Order of the Buffaloes" only shows that the fools are not all dead yet.  
Brooke—Yes? How much did it cost you to join?—Chicago Tribune.

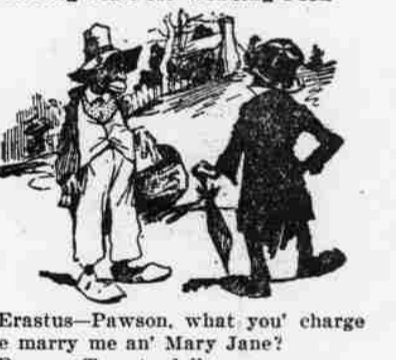
**Yet He Didn't Buy.**  
These cigars, said the dealer, "are the kind Senator Lotsum smokes."  
"But Senator Lotsum has sworn off from smoking," the customer reminded him.  
"Well, this is the kind he swore off from."—Chicago Tribune.

**In China.**  
First Native—And the missionaries want compensation for their property.  
Second Native—Dear me! Haven't they a text that if a man takes your coat you are to give him your cloak, also?—Puck.

**Two Waiting for Him.**  
Rownders—Well, there's one time at least when a fellow's sincerely glad that he's not a polygamist, and that's when he comes home late from the club.  
De Kanter—Well, on such occasions I invariably see apparent evidence that I'm at least a bigamist.—Philadelphia Press.

**The Cares of Riches.**  
"Do you find the possession of a large sum of money occasions worry?" said the inquisitive man.  
"I do," answered the millionaire.  
"What sort of worry?"  
"Worry for fear somebody is going to get it away from me."—Washington Star.

**A Careless Remark.**  
"I am really afraid you hurt that actor's feelings," said Miss Cayenne.  
"In what way?"  
"You said he played his part very well. You know he is very sensitive, and by using the word 'part,' he may have thought you were trying to imply that he is not the whole show."—Washington Star.



**Siding Scale for Wedding Fees.**  
Erastus—Pawson, what you' charge toe marry me an' Mary Jane?  
Pawson—Twenty dollars.  
Erastus—Lo'd, dat's high. What you' charge to marry me to Liza Smif?  
Pawson—One dollar. Yo' see, I admains Mary Jane herself.

**A Most R-quest.**  
Mrs. Chatterton—I should like to go shopping this afternoon.  
Chatterton—But, honest, my dear, I haven't got a dollar in my pocket.  
Mrs. Chatterton (lightly)—Oh, well, then, you might give me ninety-eight cents.—Puck.

**No Wonder.**  
"I got into an argument with Biggett coming home in a crowded car last night and it didn't take me long to make him acknowledge the corn."  
"You don't mean it, really?"  
"Yes, I accidentally trod on his foot."—Philadelphia Press.

**Just the Reverse.**  
Fresh—I hear our varsity team is going to play with the Brooklyn Leaguers next week.  
Soph—No, I'm afraid the leaguers are going to play with our team.—Philadelphia Press.

**An Unwilling Victim.**  
First Reporter—I guess I'll take a little of your tobacco, if you don't mind.  
Second Reporter—I don't care how little you take.—Sommerville Journal.

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