

HER ANSWER.

They were old friends, but they hadn't met. In many, many years; And the tide of life had hurried on...

All's Well that Ends Well

DOWN the lane leading to John Delane's farmhouse, one beautiful June evening many years ago...

The match between Mary Delane and Shaun Brady had been brought about and perfected by Pat Mulcahy...

Mary Delane had no love for Shaun Brady, she well knew that her life would be in many ways a hard one...

How They Began. "None shall wear a feather but he who has killed a Turk..."

It was once customary in France, when a guest had overstayed his welcome...

In one of the battles between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former called out...

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Slang. Again there has arisen a discussion as to the use of slang...

Conflicting Wishes. While going his rounds, the foreman of a factory lost a cuff link...

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tongue out before I'd tell you, but you drove me to it. Oh dear, oh dear, an' on your weddin' night, too! Don't mind me, miss; I'll not trouble you in any way again...

"An' do you think I could be happy with Shaun Brady?" asked Mary, with an upward glance.

"Well, I hope you'll be," he answered evasively.

"An' what's the good hoping any such thing, when you know, well as I do, that happiness and I will part forever when I marry Shaun?"

"Then Mary, with love-lit eyes (oh, so different from the downcast Mary of an hour ago) and blushing cheeks, consented.

"I'll go wid you, Dan. My heart you possess, an' you might as well have me wid it. Go round to my bedroom window; I'll drop my mantle out, an' you must wait by the old fort. I'll follow as soon as I can without raising suspicion."

Two weeks from that memorable night the runaways returned, and were welcomed heartily to the village.

"Away wid ye! You beggar—you thief of the night—you come here and stand forlorn me, wid brazen impudence, after stealin' the apple of my eye, my only child! Away wid ye!"

"All right, sir," said Dan, his head thrown back. "I'll go. Come on, scoundrel! but I'd have you know, sir, that I'm no beggar; I'm well able to make a livin' for my wife, an' I'll do it wid God's help."

The old housekeeper came into the parlor a short time after, and was much surprised to see Mary sitting close beside her father, Dan in the best chair the house afforded...

"Shure it isn't an hour ago," she told the dairy maid, "since John Delane said, wid his own lips, 'I'd not forgive thim, Mrs. McCarthy, not if they went down on their blinded knees!'"

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AHEAD OF COLUMBUS.

BUDDHISTS VISITED THIS CONTINENT IN FIFTH CENTURY.

Professor Fryer, of the University of California, is Responsible for This—The Evidence is Documentary—Ancient Record Still Preserved in China.

Prof. Fryer of the University of California brings to light new evidence tending to prove that Buddhist priests discovered America 1,000 years before the sailing of Columbus.

The evidence is both documentary and substantial," says Harper's Monthly.

Of the evidence of early Chinese documents, Prof. Fryer says: "The narrative states that there was a Buddhist priest named Hui Shen, originally a native of Cabul, who, in the year 499 A. D., during the reign of the Emperor Yung Yuan, came from the country of Fusang to Kingchow, the capital of the dynasty of Tsi, situated on the River Yang-tse. The country being in a state of revolution, it was not till the year 502 that he had an opportunity of going to the court of the Emperor Wu Ti, of the new Liang dynasty. He gave presents to the Emperor of curious articles brought from Fusang, among which was a material looking like silk, but the threads of which could support a great weight without breaking. This was evidently the fiber of the Mexican agave. He also presented a mirror of a foot in diameter, possessing wonderful properties, and resembling those in use in Mexico and other localities in America at that time. The Emperor treated him as an envoy from Fusang, and deputed one of the four principal feudal lords, named Yu Kie, to interrogate him respecting the country, and to take down his story in writing. This was accordingly done, and we have what is undoubtedly the original text, with only perhaps here and there a typographical error which can be easily explained.

"Among other things, Hui Shen said that the people of Fusang were formerly in ignorance of the doctrines of Buddha, but during the reign of the Chinese Emperor Ta Ming, of the Sung dynasty, or A. D. 488, there were five bhikkhus, or Buddhist monks from Cabul, who traveled there and promulgated the knowledge of the doctrines, and books and images of Buddhism. Their labors were successful, so that they ordained monks from among the natives, and thus the customs and manners of the people were soon reformed. He gave particulars of the journey through the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, with the length of the route and a description of the inhabitants. He described the country of Fusang as 20,000 li, or 6,500 miles, to the east of Kamschatka, and also due east from China. It grows great numbers of fusing trees, which, when they first appear above ground, are like bamboo shoots, and the people eat them. Threads are spun from the skin of the plant, which are woven into cloth from which clothing is made, or else it is made into embroidery. They also use the fibrous material of the fusing for making paper. These and many other features seem to point unmistakably to the Mexican agave. Red pears are mentioned, which agree in description with the fruit of the prickly pear, while grapes are represented as plentiful. There is plenty of copper, but no iron; and no money value is put on gold or silver. Their markets are free and there are no fixed prices.

"The manners and customs of the people, their forms of government, their marriage and funeral ceremonies, their food and clothing, the method of constructing their houses, the absence of soldiers and military weapons, cities and fortresses, are all particularly noted, and agree with what is found in no country bordering on the Pacific, except on the continent of America in general, and in Mexico in particular. To suppose that Hui Shen could have invented all these statements, and that his story can be satisfactorily explained upon any other theory than that he had actually made the journey which he so truthfully and soberly describes is, to say the least of it, absurd."

LIFE OF THE PHILIPPINE GIRL. She Arrives Early to Attend to Religion and Household Duties.

The life lived by the Philippine is not an intricate life, says Ramon Reyes Latin in the Ledger Monthly, nor is Philippine etiquette the highly involved system that is found in the old and artificial society of western lands. I do not know that I can better describe it than by following a society young lady of Manila through the ordinary events of one day's existence. It may interest American women to know how their sisters beyond the seas pass their lives.

The day of the fair Filipino is a long one. With her there is no lazy rising to a 9 o'clock coffee and toast. She is usually up with the sun, not later than 4, and, if very religious, as early as 4, that she may attend early mass. Breakfast is set early, about 6 o'clock. Then come the morning duties of the house, bold, sewing, washing, cooking, or, surely be regarded as legitimate. How could you express your objection to the man who bores you except by saying that he bores you? There are a hundred other words which are valuable in such emergencies, and one can only hope that, by a process of the survival of the fittest, the best of them will find their way into the dictionaries.

Conflicting Wishes. While going his rounds, the foreman of a factory lost a cuff link. After some time had elapsed and the cuff link had not turned up, he caused the following notice to be put up in a conspicuous position in the workshop: "Mr. L., having lost a gold cuff link, would be very glad if the finder would return it as soon as possible to the owner." Imagine his feelings when a few hours later on passing the notice he found the following appended: "The finder of the above cuff link would be very much obliged if Mr. L. would lose the other one."

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WINNER OF \$40,000 OKLAHOMA HOMESTEAD.

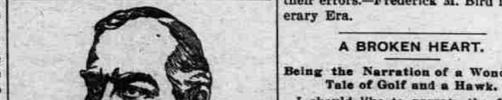


The name of Miss Hattie H. Beals of Wichita, Kan., was the second announced in the drawing for homesteads in the Lawton district of Oklahoma, and she was thereby entitled to the second best claim in the district, estimated to be worth \$40,000. Miss Beals is 23 years old and is an operator in the telephone exchange at Wichita. She already has received a number of marriage proposals, but would be suitors will get nothing but disappointment, for Miss Beals is engaged to be married to Ernest Dill, a street car conductor of Kansas City. When she was informed of her good luck in the drawing she wired to Washington and asked whether she could be married to Dill and retain her land. When told that she could not until she had proven up her claim she decided to let the marriage wait and will settle down on the land with her mother. She filed her name for the drawing while on a visit to Oklahoma.

here. Ladies, even of the highest social rank, do not sleep in a bedstead, but prefer the floor, lying on a petate, or mat, which is provided with a long bolster or pillow, and covered with the conventional mosquito netting.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN. The Great Central Figure in the Big Steel Strike.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the great central figure of the steel strike, received his early education in finance in London and through an intimate connection with the famous Peabody banking house. He made acquaintances and friends at that time since of powerful influence for him. He was born



wealthy, and when he succeeded to his father's estate he had an intimate alliance with the Drexels of Philadelphia which added to the strength and fame of his own name. He is popularly supposed to control more invested capital and more free money than any living man, not excepting the Rothschilds. The railroad interests which are now in his care represent nearly \$1,000,000,000 in capital. Mr. Morgan is a big man physically, very clumsy with intimates, but reserved before the world. He is passionately fond of yachting, rare books and rarer paintings.

TOO MUCH FAULTY ENGLISH. People Have Grown Careless in Their Rhetoric—Some Familiar Errors.

The books of rhetoric used to tell us that the great qualities of style were perspicuity, energy and elegance, or clearness, force and grace, and that as a means toward these and for other reasons it was important to be concise, to avoid needless words. Whether they no longer teach thus, or their pupils disregard their instructions, you can scarcely read a page or a column anywhere without meeting words that add nothing to others with which they are immediately connected. Thus: Thought to himself. How else should he think? If he thought aloud you would have to say so. Either he "said to himself"—which is another way of putting it—or he simply "thought."

Nodded his head. If he had nodded his legs or his elbows the case would be more notable. He might shake "shake his head," for he could shake other things; but in the present state of language one can nod no other part of himself or of creation than his head. Together with. If John went to town with his wife they went together; if

they went together he was necessarily with her. Month of May, summer season, etc. Everybody knows that May is a month and summer a season. Rose up. If people were in the habit of rising down, or if it were possible to do so, this would not be tautological.

A BROKEN HEART. Being the Narration of a Wonderful Tale of Golf and a Hawk.

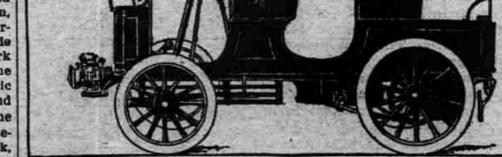
I should like to narrate the following which is mostly true. Some years ago, I was playing in a match in India, Bangalore vs. Madras, when a hawk suddenly swooped down on my ball and carried it off in its claws. I appealed to my adversary to allow me to drop another ball, but he was one of our canny brethren, and replied: "Eh; no, man; lost ball, lost hole." This did not admit of argument. Some weeks afterward I went for a walk before breakfast, and climbing a rocky eminence to see the view, I came across a hawk's nest, and by it a dead hawk, and in the nest—my golf ball; both the hawk and the ball were quite warm. I sent the hawk to the curator of the museum, and asked for a post mortem; his verdict was "a broken heart," and on my telling him the story he had no doubt that the poor bird had expired in its vain effort to hatch out my "silver-town."—London Globe.

Rarely Attractive. Conspicuous claims a large share of the adult population of Portugal, and the women do a good deal of field work. This they begin at a very early age, and do it well and happily, doubling the actual work power of the country; and they show great happiness and content amidst it all. Fond of show and ornament, they have a better apparent stamina than the corresponding classes in Scandinavia, or even in Switzerland. They "feed" better than in those countries; at a small farm house you may get neither white bread nor ham, but the split codfish, as in Iceland, is never wanting, and is well dressed up at short notice. It is impossible to travel in Portugal without having this national dish thrust upon you; it needs an acquired taste, and is rarely attractive to the ordinary palate till after fuller acquaintance, and the excellent sauce of hunger to go with it.

Tall Men in the Scots Guards. There are ninety men in the Scots guards averaging 6 feet 2 1/2 inches in height. Not one is under 6 feet and twelve are 6 feet 4 inches.

We don't know what is meant by artistic temperament unless it means that the girl having it picks out a switch that matches her hair.

KING EDWARD'S MAGNIFICENT NEW MOTOR.



King Edward's latest motor car is one of the finest vehicles of its kind yet built. Unlike most motor cars, it is remarkable for the neatness and elegance of its appearance, and, though substantially built, it is comparatively light. It is a sort of motor phaeton, having seating accommodation for half a dozen persons, one beside the driver on the front seat, a couple on the middle seat, and a box for two footmen at the back. This is not by any means the first motor car the King has had made for him; for, like the King of the Belgians, his majesty takes a keen interest in horseless carriages, and has had two built for him previously. This latest motor car, however, will mark something of a new departure, for the King intends to take regular rides in it in Hyde Park.—London Daily Express.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Nell—May Brassey's awful mad. She sent an anonymous letter to the society editor announcing that Miss May Brassey is one of the prettiest young women in the uptown set.

Belle—And didn't he publish it? "Yes; but he headed it: 'Miss Brassey says.'—Philadelphia Record.



Visitor—Why, Mrs. Foxy, do you put peas under your rug? Mrs. Foxy—To keep young men from making declarations of love to my daughter!—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

In This and That. "Say, I thought you said they always give fresh vegetables at that farm. I've got my family there now, and we're all disgusted."

"You surprise me. Perhaps they provide the best they can." "Not much. They don't even provide the best the canners can."—Philadelphia Press.

Putting It Right. "I didn't get home till dawn yesterday morning."

"What did your wife say?" "That's the wrong way to put it. What didn't she say?"

It will not do to say that these specimens abound in the best writers, and are therefore justifiable. They are not the best writers when they write in this way, through pure carelessness, for they know better. Homer sometimes nods, but his nodding did not produce the "Iliad." We want to follow the best writers in their excellencies, not in their errors.—Frederick M. Bird in Literary Era.

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Farmer—Pull up, you fool! The mare's bolting! Motorist—So's the car!—Punch.

Lukewarm Weather. "Pop, this is awfully hot weather, ain't it?" quoth George, the 6-year-old family joy. "How do you like your weather?"

"In summer I imagine I like it cold; in winter I believe I like it hot. How is it with you?" "Oh, I like mine lukewarm."—New York Press.

Past and Future. "The secret of happiness is to live in the present."

"That's so; but my wife is always wanting money for to-morrow, and bill collectors, you know, won't let you forget yesterday."

One Little Detail. "Are all the arrangements for your marriage with the count complete?" "Practically. All that remains is for him to give papa a statement of his liabilities."—Life.

A Dead Tramp. "Here's a woman," said the Query Editor, who asks: "Should a married woman in writing a letter sign herself 'Mrs. John Smith?'" "Certainly," replied the Snake Editor, "unless her name happened to be 'Mrs. William Jones.'"—Philadelphia Record.

A Friendly Reminder. Proud Mamma—Don't you think little Harold's head is a great deal like his father's?

Uncle Bill—Yep. Nothing on the outside and not much on the inside.—Baltimore American.

Water Keeps Men Alive. It is no secret to medical men and physiologists that there is a great deal of nourishment in water. Even that which is sterilized contains enough of solids to keep a human being from death for a long time.

Leading Him On. The summer girl and the summer young man had exhausted all other subjects of conversation, when they turned to the crops.

"I guess the corn fields of the West are in a bad way on account of the dry spell," said he.

"Yes, that seems to be the case," she assented, coyly; "but I don't think the pop corn crop will be injured."

After that what could he do but pop?—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Facts in the Case. "Madam," said the poor but honest ice man, "you do me a great injustice when you say my bill is more than it should be. To tell you the truth, I am actually selling ice at a loss this summer."

"Oh, I can readily believe that," replied the indignant female. "The 10-pound cakes you cut for me show a loss of fully three pounds each by the time you get them in the refrigerator."

An Others See Us. Miles—I have my doubts about that assertion of yours.

Giles—Well, you certainly have plenty of room for doubt.

Miles—How's that? Giles—There is plenty of vacant space under your hat.

Easy. "Which would you rather, Tommy, be born lucky or rich?" asked Uncle Tredway.

"Both," replied Tommy sentimentally.

Overstocked. "I argued and argued with young Nibbs to have more self-esteem."

"Was he influenced by your efforts?" "He's got so much now that I can't stay around where he is."

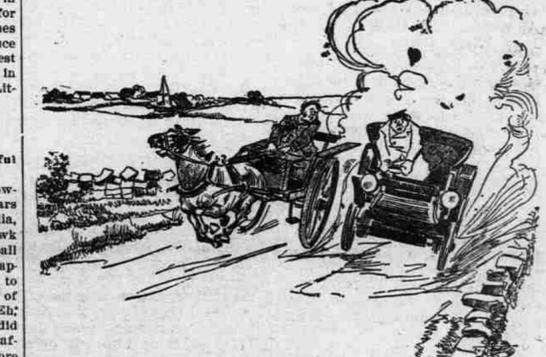
Cause of Her Cold. "Poor Emerson has a very severe cold," said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bosting.

"Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon," replied the latter.

Critically. Polly Pinklights—The leading lady is ill.

Fanny Footlights—Critically? Polly Pinklights—I suppose so. Didn't you see the way all the papers roasted her this morning?—Philadelphia Record.

BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.



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Propagators. "Mosquitoes are accused of propagating disease," said Spokes.

"Well, I know that they propagate profanity," said Spokes.