

OLD-FASHIONED SONG.

I want my dear in snow day,
I want my dear in rain;
When spring is here, when, warm and
gay,
The summer comes again.

I want my dear when I am glad
And buoyant life is strong;
I want my dear when I am sad
And sorrows come along.

I want my dear at day's break,
In the pale stealing light;
When fading stars see sun's awake,
When dew drops are cold and bright.

I want my dear to guide my hand,
To love me and to cheer;
To-day the hour is lagging, and
I want my dear.

—Lippincott's.

WHY SHE WAS DISCHARGED.

DOROTHY BENSON laid down her pen with a sigh of satisfaction. "There, that is too good for space-filling and ought to go into my new book, but—ho, hum! such bits make me valuable to the Town and Home, and it may mean a few dollars on my salary when the new man buys into the firm. I wonder who he is with all his dollars and a literary bee in his bonnet. If he will please not discharge me until I give mamma a summer in the country, I will be thankful. Ah, mamma and I do not fear poverty, for papa's losses were all honorable ones and his name was kept clean; I think the poor dear could not have died in peace if he had owed a penny. With that to keep us happy mamma will not miss her high teas and l'—here a little lump came in her throat—"I shall not miss being out of the set."

"They want the copy for the second form," said a voice at her elbow, and the mutterings of the pretty young assistant editor were cut short while she made numerous scrawls on the top of various manuscripts—such as "pen-point tended," or "close up" and "cuta to follow," and the begrimed boy disappeared behind the great doors that shut the whirring machines from the commodious offices.

Miss Benson leaned back and closed her eyes for a moment, and as she did so the face of Jack Macomber rose in her vision, and she let herself dwell on the past.

She often dreamed of this face—sometimes it seemed happy and careless of her sufferings, but to-day she saw it grave and sad, and it was that last day when cruel words had separated them.

"I would own how sorry I am if I were not so poor and he so rich, but to speak now is to allow him to think poverty"—but this was as far as she could think, for the tears were coming fast. "I'll go home now and see little mother and she will cheer me up; my article on 'Criminal Children' is so good I can sleep happy."

She went out into the spring afternoon and walked down the avenue. "The 15th of April—and only two years ago Jack and I went to M— on a little horseback party and he bought me a great bunch of violets and fastened them on the bride!" She bought a tiny bunch now and placed them in her coat—just for "auld lang syne."

As she climbed the stairs to her tiny apartments she felt that it was not well, and she was not surprised to find her mother quite ill, and all thoughts of self and her own heartache were banished.

It was a week before she was able to return to the office, the proof pages were sent each morning and she worked on them hurriedly, and that was why she woke one morning with a sudden start and the instant wide-awake conviction that there was an error in a statement in her last article. She felt a cold sweat break out upon her forehead as she thought of it, but she determined to go to the office at once and correct it.

When she came to her desk she found it covered with mail, which she put aside and went at once to the manager's room. She could hear the presses running at full speed and she knew at every moment that dreadful error was being run off.

She found a fresh sheet on her way and opened it, but to her astonishment the error had been corrected. She wondered who had discovered it, for the forms were electrolyzed, and to change a word meant to chisel off the old and solder on the new—quite a delicate task.

She did not change her mind, however, but determined to "own up" and apologize for the error. "I hope the new owner has not heard of it, whoever he may be," she thought.

"Ah, yes, yes, a slight error," said the manager, "but don't take it to heart—Mr. Macomber saw it before the pages were electrolyzed. You may think him—ah, Mr. Macomber, Jack, one moment, I want you to meet our assistant editor, Miss Benson." Jack's tall, athletic figure rose from behind a roll-top desk and a pair of loving eyes met a pair of frightened ones. Jack—a popular club man, downtown in business—and this very magazine—and her new employer—"Ah, I see you have met before," and the manager went back to his corner.

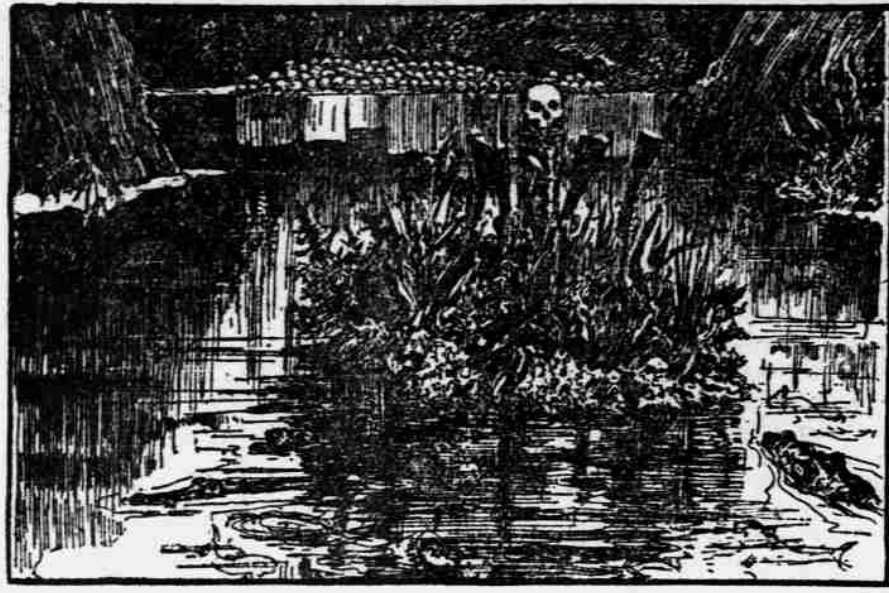
The pair looked at each other, stammering, confused, but very happy. In a moment all barriers were down. "I am sorry your first duties were to correct my mistakes," she said, and her voice was low and as courteous as it should have been to an employer. There was a twinkle in her eyes now.

"It was a happy employment, and I hope to correct others—one, in fact, that has made me miserable for two long years."

Dorothy Benson made her retreat in a maze of complex thoughts. It was so sweet to see him—to hear his voice; but what should she do? She could not meet him thus every day and under such conditions!

She wondered what new purpose had filled his soul to bring him into business and why—but the office boy laid a letter on her desk as if in answer to her question. It was rapidly written: "Dearest—I found no other way to come into your life—forgive me—I thought I could see you every day and perhaps in time you would find enough

SCENE OF HIDEOUS ATROCITIES IN WEST AFRICA BROKEN UP.



Recently a British expedition in West Africa, known as the Aro heid force, broke up a fetish sacrificial resort that in its horrors has been unsurpassed by any of the hideous superstitions, accompanied by cruel butcheries, that afflict the benighted continent. The place (shown in the cut) is called the Long Ju-Ju, and is located at Aro-Chuku. It was used by the Aro chiefs to play on the superstitions of the Ibo and other races, who were lured to the grove and Ju-Ju spring to consult the mysterious being (or god) who was alleged to live there. The result, of course, was that the supplicants were either sold into slavery at Bonde and at the Mist Aro slave markets, or, if old and unfit for slavery, or even too powerful chiefs, they were sacrificed. All sorts of stories are told of this mystery. Hundreds of people visited the place yearly and never returned. Some who never absolutely saw the grotto, being blindfolded, stood in the water by the cave, and heard mysterious voices talking all round them, while the catfish nibbled at their feet and splashed about in the pool. If they were to die the water was supposed to pour out of the source the color of blood. This was probably done by some rascally old priest inside the cavern. There is an entrance into the cavern at the back of the Ju-Ju, and there are to be seen the scaffold and sacrificial knife. The most loathsome thing about the place was the altar of skulls, the stack of captured arms surrounded by a skull, and the alligators and catfish, which were fed on the bodies of those sacrificed. Oloko, the stronghold of Warsu Tari, one of the most powerful of the chiefs, was destroyed by the British after a difficult march through hilly country.

good in me to make at least a friend, and I have no other purpose in life than to be worthy of that. But since I have looked into your eyes, I have dared to hope that it has all been a bitter mistake, and that you will let me say all that is in my heart. "Meet me at the noon hour" doesn't that sound like a working man? and we will go to a quiet little corner, my princess, and then I will tell you that you are discharged and that we must find a new assistant editor. With all my heart, I am—

YOUR JACK.

"Oh, I meant to be so brave and to take care of mummy, and now I shall end with being taken care of, just like any silly, dependent woman! But, ah, for Jack's sake I could do anything—even give up a career."

Jack was waiting for her at the door and they went down the avenue together. "I almost wonder we don't walk hand in hand," he said, for he was like a school boy in his happiness, and in mischief she looked up and said: "I had so hoped the new owner would raise my salary and—instead he has discharged me!"—Indianapolis Sun.

TESTS OF DISCIPLINE.

Obedience and Disobedience on the Part of Military Men.

No clear-cut absolute reply, no *vide mecum* for pocket use, can be furnished defining just when and how, in all cases, a man is justified in disobedience, nor even when he is justified by blind obedience; although the balance of professional judgment must always incline in favor of the latter alternative, writes Captain Alfred T. Mahan in the *International Monthly*.

When a doubt arises, as it frequently does, between strict compliance with an order and the disregard of it, in whole or in part, the officer is called upon to decide a question of professional conduct. Personal judgment necessarily enters as a factor, but only one of many; and, to be trusted, it needs to be judgment illuminated by professional knowledge and fortified by reflection. Short of that, it is not a safe counselor and has no claim to consideration if cited before a court of final appeal.

The officer at the moment should consider himself, as he in fact is, a judge deciding upon a case liable to be called up to a superior court, before which his conclusion has no claim to respect because it is his personal opinion, but only in so far as it is supported by the evidence before him. There is, of course, the necessary reservation that the final judgment upon himself for his professional conduct as involved in his decision, will be rendered upon the facts accessible to him, and not upon those not then to be known, though afterward apparent.

Unless qualified by these grave considerations, the phrase, "error of judgment," so facetiously used, is misleading to the popular understanding. Not only

so, it is pregnant with serious consequences to the issues of war and to individuals influenced by it.

It is necessary to realize that some errors of judgment are inexcusable because inconsistent with recognized standards; and that disobedience of orders is on its face a fault, a disregard of a settled standard, of an established rule, of such general application that upon the person who commits it rests the burden of proving that the circumstances commanded his action.

The presumption, in the case of disobedience, is not innocence, but guilt. Mere rule though it be, in its narrow construction and rigid framework the rule of implicit and entire obedience rests upon reasons so sound that its infringement in action can rarely be condoned, when not thoroughly approved.

Nothing can be more disastrous than to trifle with the corner-stone upon which rests the structure of coherent, unified action. The admission into the military mind of anything approaching irreverence for the spirit of military obedience, or levity as regards the letter of the rule in which it is embodied, is the begetter of confusion; and that in turn is the forerunner of defeat. To sit loose to this obligation weakens the sense of responsibility, upon the due realization of which rests not merely literal obedience, but intelligent and deserving disobedience, in the occasional circumstances which call for that.

The recognition of responsibility by the individual, the consciousness that serious regard to it is governing his determination, is the best moral equipage that a man can have to enable him to sustain the burden of violating instructions, deliberately undertaken upon his own judgment. It is the *mens conscia recti* in a serious problem of action.

The Origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Dr. Newman Hall, the evangelist, who died recently, tells in his autobiography of his visit to Harriet Beecher Stowe. At that time Mrs. Stowe was living at Hartford in a comfortable house built with the proceeds of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

We spent a long forenoon together, writes Dr. Hall, she finishing a drawing, I coloring a sketch. Mrs. Stowe told me how her tale of Uncle Tom originated. She was at a coral equine service when suddenly the death scene of the story was presented vividly to her mind. This was the germ of the whole. It was written first, and suggested the rest of that marvelous book.

Extremely Spare.

Subbubs (on a visit to Citiman)—I thought you said you had a spare room in your flat?

Citiman—This is it.

Subbubs—What! this closet? Why, this is barely four feet square.

Citiman—Well, what could be more spare than that?—Philadelphia Press

PORTO RICAN COCK FIGHT CORRAL.



Within a few months, thanks to the humane sentiment of Americans, a most necessary reform will probably be well under way in Porto Rico. Cruelty to animals will henceforth be a crime. The Porto Rican is essentially cruel. Consideration for animals seems to be beyond his comprehension. Horses and cattle there get little food and many blows. The only interference with the brutality everywhere apparent is by Americans as individuals. Chickens are tied together, sometimes in bunches of from eight to a dozen,

and are buried in a promiseous heap on the sidewalk, or carried suffering for hours. To see a dog hurt is a pleasure to the average Porto Rican, and when a tired horse falls and is clubbed, the native spectator always guffaws. The most shocking sport of all, however, and one which the Hartzell bill is intended to abolish, is cockfighting. Every Sunday, within a short distance of San Juan, this form of recreation attracts a crowd of natives and a sprinkling of Americans to Catano. Bayamon, Santurce or Riego Piedras

THEY LIVE IN THE SEA

PEARL DIVERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Thursday Island, Between Australia and New Guinea, is the Center of the Richest Pearl Fisheries in the World—A Dangerous Calling.

A large proportion of the pearls that deck the fair throats of the gentle sea are found in the Pacific ocean, and one of the richest of the pearl fisheries is near the rocky shores of Thursday Island. This island is one of the most curious and interesting bits of land on the globe. It is the commercial center of a race of people who live practically in the sea. They are the pearl divers of the Pacific ocean.

Thursday Island is one of the little group of coral formations lying between Australia and New Guinea. Taken together the largest of these islands constitute a calendar, with an island for every day of the week, beginning with Sunday Island. Thursday Island commands Torres Strait. Representatives of nearly all the nations of the far East may be seen any day along its shores, sporting themselves in the water—Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, East Indians, Fijians, Papuans. To the right of the island, running for 1,200 miles down the Australian coast, is a stretch of waving green vegetation, apparently afloat upon the surface of the placid ocean. This is the top of the Great Barrier Reef, the most notable coral reef in the world. Throughout its length its banks are lined with pearl oysters.

Thursday Island forms the great market for these oysters. About \$200,000 worth of shells are raised annually along the reef and on the western coast of Australia. The business of pearl fishing is conducted on the basis of the profit from the oyster shells. The pearls are clear gain, the value varying a great deal. One pearl found in 1890 sold for \$2,000, another for \$1,500. Pearls worth \$20 are quite common.

The shells of pearl oysters are of enormous size, measuring frequently eighteen inches across. The oysters lie on the sea fastened to rocks, especially coral rocks, and quite away from sand and dirt. They hang by thread-like filaments, about a dozen in a bunch.

The business of the diver is to cut this thread and bring up the oysters. The shells are worth from \$100 to \$200 a ton for the best; the poorest from \$15 to \$30 a ton. The natives trade them for merchandise, and realize about \$15 a ton on the average.

Fishing is done in small boats or luggers. Each boat has a pumping apparatus to force air to the divers under water. The smallest boat, with apparatus, is worth \$600.

The business is very dangerous. Poisonous fish, sharks and squid abound. Sharks rarely attack divers, but contribute immensely to their nervousness. Squid exude a quantity of lanky black liquid, which dangerously clouds the water.

Japanese are the best divers. They stay under water longer, dare more, and can be relied upon better than any of the other types. Among the Malay natives women are successful divers. They go down without diving suits, fastening stones to their feet to help them to sink. Natives and divers are not allowed to open the oysters. A careful watch is kept to prevent the theft of gems under the eye of an experienced foreman. A good operator can open a ton of shells in one day.

RESCUING A CAT.

St. Louis Man Climbed a High Pole to Save an Animal.

At the risk of his life William Clynes, of St. Louis, climbed a flagpole seventy-five feet high to rescue a helpless cat. This piece of heroism, reported among the lesser events in the daily news columns, had no motive but sympathy with a dumb animal in distress. Three days before, the cat had run up the tall flagstaff in Carr Park in her pursuit of a sparrow. When she was within three feet of him, the sparrow flew away. Then the cat, instead of turning back, continued to climb until she reached the golden ball at the top of the pole, and this, too, she surmounted.

After a brief rest she tried to descend. Then her feet slipped, and she made the discovery that her claws, although excellent for climbing, head up, were useless when she put her weight upon them head down. The elevation seemed to deprive her of the power to descend backward; so she sat clutching the ball at the top of the swaying pole, and cried piteously.

Through all of one night of misery, through the following day, and then through another night she clung, cold and hungry, to her narrow perch. On the third day a park-keeper and a policeman tried to reach her. The policeman climbed forty feet and was then obliged to give up. "Can't some one save the poor creature?" he asked, sympathetically, as he slid down.

Then William Clynes, a tinner in a stove factory, pulled off his coat and started up the pole. Foot by foot he went, until he had reached the point, forty feet above the ground, where the light topmast was spliced on. Up this thin, swaying stem, which to the people below looked like a reed, and which wobbled and trembled under Clynes' weight, he slowly worked his way.

Once, when near the top, he slipped back a few feet. The crowd gathered below shivered, and many of the spectators called to him to come down. But he only gripped the pole the harder with his shins, and slowly worked his way up, until he was only ten feet from the cat, five feet, two feet. A moment later he had gained the top, and wrapping his legs and one hand firmly about the slender staff, he reached the other hand over the gilt ball, and gently picked the cat from her place of danger. Then he slid down the pole to the ground, where he stood a moment for the crowd to inspect the cat before he took her off to get her some milk.

MOLD PLANTS.

Beauties of the Fungus that Gathers on Jellies and Preserved Fruits.

Mold over jelly or preserved fruit is justly regarded as a pest, yet scientists who have studied it under the micro-

TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF CUBA



Tomas Estrada Palma is a little, old man. He wears rusty black clothes. He moves nervously and quickly, wrinkling his blue eyes as he talks. He is lavishly polite, after the manner of the old Spanish school. His chin is more than strong and aggressive, being what country people call jumper-jawed, which means that his chin betrays strength and aggression raised to the highest power.

The President of the republic of Cuba is 67 years old. He was born at Bayamo, in the province of Santiago. His mother tried to keep him out of the revolutionary movements which were brewing in the island during his youth. She even went so far as to restrict him to the boundaries of the Bayamo estate.

Associates she knew he must have, but his boy friends had to come to see him; he was not allowed to visit them. The father had died when Tomas was very young. When he was 15 years old he broke from his mother's leading strings and went to Havana to study. Soon after that the death of his mother left him in sole control of a great estate. He went back to Bayamo to manage it.

By this time rebellion had broken out actively and Palma cast his lot with the island party. Years of agitation and organization followed, in which

Palma bore an active and prominent part.

In 1898, when open war began, he was one of the leaders in the newly-formed legislative body. His home town was the first upon which the Spanish troops descended. The patriots, loving it devotedly as they did, for it was an old and pleasant city of homes, burned it to the ground, so that the oncoming regiments should find neither food nor shelter there.

During the guerrilla campaigning of the Ten Years' War Palma was elected President of a republic organized by the revolutionaries which were brewing in the island during his youth. She even went so far as to restrict him to the boundaries of the Bayamo estate.

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scope, declare that the mold plant is a most lovely creation. Indeed, a writer in the *Kitchen Magazine* says that nothing in nature is more beautiful. These plants are associated in our minds with death and decay, and so an unreasoning prejudice has developed against them. In many cases they do accompany decay, but as the fly rises above the foulest pond, so a mold may develop its frost-like daintiness and cleanliness, its exquisite coloring, in the midst of putrefaction. Still they also thrive in the cleanest soil, and are wholly harmless in their growth.

The most common of the molds is the *Penicillium glaucum*, well known to housekeepers as the fungus, against which a fight is made at canning time. It first forms a grayish-green mat, and if removed, gives forth a fine, powdery dust. Under the microscope it is a wonderful thing, but housewives are probably less interested in its form than in methods of combating it.

In their struggle for existence the plants are very hardy and obstinate, and nature has provided them with a way of upsetting the most careful plans for their undoing. The spores, which take the place of seeds, sometimes, for a reason thus far unknown to science, pass into a resting stage. Instead of sprouting at once, they lie dormant for an indefinite period, and germinate apparently at their own sweet will. A German scientist has discovered that a spore may lie quiescent for two years, and then, under favorable conditions of heat and moisture, develop into a sturdy growth.

This is probably the reason why fruit may exhibit no mold for months, and then suddenly make the housekeeper's heart to faint by a thick green growth. Here, as everywhere, "eternal vigilance" only may expect to win the day.

MANILA AS IT IS TO-DAY.

War Ended So Far as City Is Concerned—Embracing American Idea.

The following letter, written lately by an American business man now in Manila, gives an interesting description of the situation in that city as it is to-day. It reads as follows:

"I wish you could get out here and see this country. You would have one of the greatest surprises of your life and matter for thought for a long time to come. The country is beautiful, the climate delicious, though warm to one accustomed to the temperate zone. The sun is hot at noon, but shade is always near and somewhere a breeze is always to be found. The nights are comfortable all the year round.

"The war seems as far off here as it did in Chicago. It affects Manila and the other principal cities just as much as the war against the Sioux or the Apaches used to interrupt the business in New York, Boston or Philadelphia. There are a few skirmishes in outlying districts, of course, but they are of little or no importance. No one ever speaks of any war here. It is all finished from a local point of view, and every man is straining each nerve to solve the mighty problems of peace.

"The rapidly with which those problems are being mastered surprises one. In ten years a new civilization will have permeated all the islands. In five years I believe we will see a new Manila. Already the Filipinos of rank and means are feeling the contagion of American optimism and are looking to the future with glowing hopes. Ex-insurgent generals are taking posts under the government on all sides, and those who have been always loyal have

gotten over their fears of the insurgents and are thinking solely of their share in the tremendous betterment that is to come.

"Laws have been drafted and are now before Congress, which, when passed, will throw open the almost inconceivable riches of these islands to American development. Capital has already begun to come in, and at least two big syndicates have been organized, one of \$2,000,000 and one of \$4,000,000. But both are, I think, premature, though they may be all right if reorganized as soon as the new laws are enacted.

"I am having the invaluable advantage of the advice of men here who have studied the situation from the beginning, and know the conditions. I also have the advantage of an extensive acquaintance among the wealthiest and most influential natives, obtained through introductions, which gained for me their confidence at once."

BEGGING LETTERS.

Experience of a Millionaire Whose Gift to a Relief Fund Became Known.

The private secretary of a New York millionaire recently sold an old paper a package of 7,000 letters, all of which had been sent to his employer in a little more than three months, and every one of which was a request for pecuniary assistance.

"For a time," said the secretary, "we got these letters at the rate of sixty or seventy a day. They began just after Mr. Blank contributed \$5,000 to a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of some West Virginia miners, who were killed by a gas explosion. The gift was accompanied by a request that nothing be printed about it, but it got into the newspapers somehow, and immediately the letters began to pour in.

"We had always had our share of begging letters, but now we were swamped. The tales of trouble, misfortune and suffering which were spread out for our reading would have harrowed one's very soul, if he didn't know that they were largely manufactured.

"Most of the letters were from women, or purported to be, and all wanted money. The demand ranged from \$5 to \$500, and in every case an address was given and a request made that the money be sent at once.

"A vast variety of excuses were given for the demands, one of the most popular with women being that they wanted to have their sons complete their education, but couldn't unless they had a certain amount of money at once, and with men, that they had a chance to embark on a successful business career, and only lacked the few hundred dollars necessary to get a start.

"Of course there were hundreds of stories of destitution, but, like the others, we tossed them aside without reply. For three months following this contribution to a fund for the relief of miners' families these letters continued to come.

"Then they stopped just as suddenly as they began, and we are now only getting the regular supply of five or six a week. There were in the lot that I sold to a junkman the other day in the neighborhood of 7,000 of these letters and \$140 in stamps had been spent in sending them to us.

"And not one was productive of a contribution from Mr. Blank."

THRASHED 115 BOYS.

The Herculean Labor of an Old-Time Virginia Schoolmaster.

A Connecticut schoolmaster thrashed forty-nine scholars in one day, and the *Nutmeg State* papers are bragging that he broke the record. It may have broken the modern record, but not that of the "better days of the republic." Just before the war between the States—the late Richard Anderson more than doubly overtopped the Connecticut man's performance. It was when he was classical assistant to William Dabney Stuart, whose schoolhouse was on the north side of Clay street, between 5th and 6th. Stuart was sick, and "Old Dick," as the assistant was affectionately called—for he was as fine a man as ever lived—was running things alone.

The boys, about 115 in number, indulged in a concerted and excessive outburst of hilarity and devilment, and Anderson vowed by the shades of some dozen or more Latin and Greek authors that if they repeated it he would wallop the whole party. We did repeat it, and Anderson, who had expected the repetition, and armed himself with a bundle of switches cut from the trees in the yard of the German Lutheran Church on 6th street, preceded to keep his vow in fast and furious style.

The scholars ranged in age from 10 to 17 and 18 years, and not one escaped. It was a circus while it lasted, and the yowls and laughter evoked by the occasion might have been heard squares off. When the last of the boys had been dressed down Anderson was so exhausted that he had to turn in and fan him with Mitchell's atlases to prevent him from fainting.—Richmond Dispatch.

A Comedy of an Umbrella.

When the lady sat down in the car she put her umbrella in the narrow slit between the window and the back of the seat. Then she looked with what the *New York Tribune* calls an air of victory and compassion at the stupid passengers who sat holding their umbrellas uncomfortably against their knees.

"Of course when the car lurched the umbrella toppled and went under the hole, but its owner did not notice its disappearance until she rose to get out. "Where is my umbrella?" she cried. "Conductor, somebody has stolen my umbrella. I put it right in that—that slit in the car."

"Then I guess perhaps you may get it next summer when they repair the car," answered the conductor, amiably. "But it couldn't have gone down there. I made sure it couldn't drop down. Some one has stolen it."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't block the line. Do you want to get off at this stop?"

"I want my umbrella."

"One moment, madam," said the man opposite. He took his own umbrella, which had a hook-shaped handle, and went fishing.

"Don't tear it!" cried the woman. "It's a nice silk one, and I think a good deal of it because my cousin Nellie gave it to me."

After a few probes, the rescuer pulled out a dirty umbrella and handed it to its owner.

"Thank you, sir!" she snapped, and strode out. The conductor pulled the bell-cord vigorously. The passengers smiled.

Observation Counts.

An Atchison paper notes that women kiss the hands of Padarewskij and Kubelk, and asks if men were ever known to kiss the hands of female actors. Scarcely. Men never stoop so low.—Kansas City Journal.

Gigantic Palm Leaves.

A palm tree which grows on the banks of the Amazon has leaves 30 feet to 50 feet in length and 10 feet to 12 feet in breadth.

How often "coolness" develops between friends.