"Is everything ready?" he asked anx lously. 'Everything," she replied, with an

effort at self control. "You are sure you have forgotten nothing?"

'Quito sure. " "Where are the children?"

"They are playing in the back yard." "Have you said goodby to them?"

"Have you spoken to any of the

I have made all the necessary arrangements with Mrs. Brown. She knows what to do in case we

don't get back?"

She does," "Have you written to your mother?"
"Yes, and I gave the letter to Mrs.

neighbors?

Brown to mail in case it becomes neces-How about your life insurance pol-

icy?'
"The letter tells where it can be found.

"And mine?"

"I put it with mine." "Well, the children are sure to be provided for, then, whatever happens," he said, with a sigh of relief.

'Yes, thank heaven!" she answered fervently. 'I-presume we might as well start, then," he suggested, after a last longing

look around. "I suppose so," she sighed. 'Going away?' asked a stranger in

the neighborhood as they started up the street. 'Yes," replied the husband sadly.

"Far?" inquired the stranger. "Only a few blocks to make a call," answered the husband.

"Only a few blocks!" exclaimed the stranger. "Why, from your preparations, I thought you expected to encounter some great danger.

'We have to cross a trolley car track both going and coming," replied the husband, with quiet determination.-Chicago Post.

The Logical Conclusion.

He was leaning dejectedly against a lamppost, contemplating immensities, when I accidentally brushed against him.

"Look out," he exclaimed. "Don't you dare dishturb me!" "Why not?" I asked, turning as I rec-

ognized his voice. 'Caush I'm the shenter of the unicorn-no; I mean un-versh," he explained thickly.

'How did you find it out?' I asked, admiring his egotism.

"Go 'way, foolish man, before you pre-preshipitate chaos!" he expostu-

"First tell me how you know you're the center of the universe," I insisted. "Ain't everyshing revolving around be demanded indignantly .-

Art In Austin.

Miss Danber, a Harlem artist, having finished a picture of a sunset which said it was no affair of his. looked very much like an exploded vermilion factory, took the gem under her Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Mr. Smith, I desire to furnish the picture here on exhibition. I wish, however, you would put a card on it shall abdicate at once. informing the public that it is not for thundered M. Stambuloff, "he will sale.

"Do you think it necessary, Miss examined the picture carefully. -Texas tlefield, while the Russian agent sent Siftings.

Doomed to Bachelorhood. Friend-I say, Jack, why don't you

marry and settle down? Jack-Can't.

"You have a good income?" " Yes. "

"And your aunt left you a charming house?" "Yes."

"Then why don't you hunt up a "Oh, a wife is easy enough to get.

That isn't the trouble. "Then what is the matter?"

'I can't find a servant girl."-New York Weekly.

Precedent Behind Him.

"Say," said the manager expostulat-"don't you think it is about time you took on a few new gags? Them chestnuts you are getting off has whiskers a foot long."

"Oh, I guess I'm all right." airily answered the song and dance man. "Old Bill Shakespeare wrote his stuff some thousand years ago, and I see it goes yet. "-Indianapolis Journal.

A Sudden Sunday Closing Movement In



Describing the Murder.

"Here," said the ancient inhabitant, "is the place where the murder wux committed."

"Killed in cold blood, was he?" 'No. In Pine thicket."

"Shot right down?" "No. He wuz all shot up."-Atlanta

There are 17 different branches of Methodism in this country, each having a distinctive name, its own church property, its own organization, its own places of worship and its own body of membership.

PICTURES AND EYES.

How to Adjust the Latter to Properly Ob serve the Former.

The observer, in order to see a picture to the best advantage, must adjust his vision to that of the artist who produced it. Most of us do this instinctively. Not only do we select the best point of view from which to observe a picture, but we recede from the painting until the lights and colors blend in just the right degree. In addition to that many instinctively pinch the eyes together, producing thus a momentary astigmatism, such as the artist had produced in his own eye, and find the picture thus apparently improved.

A most useful appliance for viewing pictures is the so called stenopaic slit. This is merely a slit one or two millimeters in width in a card or thin plate of brass. Simple as this device is but few persons are aware of how much it adds to the effect in viewing paintings, as it allows the rays of light in only one meridian to pass through the cornea of the observer. If he wishes to look at a painting done by an artist whose vision is normal, or nearly so, the observer turns the slit around to correspond with the meridian of his own best vision. If, however, he looks at a picture in which it is desirable to have overlapping of the retinal images-at one where the colors must be mixed in the eye, for example-it is necessary to rotate the slit to another position, usually at right angles to the first, and with this a canvas which before showed too clearly the blotches of color now becomes blended

into a much more perfect whole. I would recommend this simple device to any one who has not already experimented with it. Thus, by adjusting our own personal equation of eyesight to that of the artist, we literally obtain his point of view. The colors are heightened, the daubs blend and new beauties appear. Instead of seeking, like our friend mentioned at first, for "the handiest way to get out of this 'ere place," we are glad to stay longer to study and to enjoy. Here, as everywhere, it is art and science together that yield the richest result. If science is allowed to be the interpreter, we may gain a heightened enjoyment of art and the artist a comforting increase of appreciation.-Lucien Howe, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

STAMBULOFF'S SPIRIT.

Called the Bismarck of the Balkans Because of His Courage.

The late M. Stambuloff, ex-premier of Bulgaria, used to be called "the Bismarck of the Balkans." One of his most dramatic passages with Russia occurred during the war with Servia. Prince Alexander had gone out to lead the Bulgarian army in person, leaving M. Stambuloff in charge at home. was a clear day, with not a breath of air stirring, and the roar of the cannon was plainly heard in the city. M. Stambuloff thought the Servians were winning the day. In their anxiety the Bulgarian ministers applied to the Russian diplomatic agent for advice. That gentleman shrugged his shoulders and

"But," urged the Bulgarian ministers, "the Servians are almost at our arm to Mr. Smith's book store on One gates. You could stop them with a single word, if you would." "Yes, but that word will not be spoken. On one public an artistic treat. I will leave my condition only will I stop them, and that is that your beggar of a prince shall abdicate at once." "And that," not do. No, not for 20 Russias!"

With that M. Stambuloff sprang into to his friends to come to his house to celebrate the defeat of the Bulgarian armies. A few hours passed, and then the Bulgarian foreign minister got a telegram from M. Stambuloff, dated on the field of battle, telling of Prince Alexander's magnificent victory and of the utter rout of the Servians. He hurried with it to the house of the Russian agent, arriving there in the midst of the festivities. And when he told the news the representative of the czar, it is said, ground his teeth in rage. - Westminster Budget.

Questions of Health.

The popular notion that an athlete, because of his athleticism, is a healthy man is a delusive one. Muscular development is not an affair of the constitution. It is an accident. Strong limbs and a weak heart are not infrequently associates. Many a "strong man" dies prematurely of consumption. If health on to life, then, in many cases, the weaklings are the healthiest.

If such a definition is accurate, women are healthier than men. Their average length of days is greater than ours. But it is doubtful if centenarians, merely because they are centenarians, are the healthiest. I knew a case of a woman who recently died at the age of 105 who was slightly paralyzed, even as a child, and who was practically completely so for more than 70 years. Could such a one have ever been correctly described as healthy? It is as hard to say what life is as to say what health is, and the way in which unhealthy folks are tenacions of life is not the least of the marvels.-All the Year Round.

Caffeine

Caffeine, the active principle of coffee, was discovered by Runge in 1820. In a pure state it takes the form of long silky needles. In ordinary coffee it is present to the extent of about 1 per cent, but Java coffee contains 4.4, and Martinique has as much as 6.4. It is said by some chemists that caffeine in its essentialities is identical with theine, the active principle of tea. Claus affirms that the inferior qualities of ten contain more caffeine than the best commercial grades.

Superfluous Formality. "Sorry, madam, but you will have to

get somebody to identify you." "The idea! Don't you see my name

right there on the check?"-Boston Transcript.

UNLUCKY TO SAVE FROM DROWNING. Some Queer Superstitions of People the

World Over. It seems strange that swimmers should be superstitious, yet it is so, nor is it alone the small boy who sees his companion sinking into a watery grave without attempting to rescue him. whether he sank because he was not an expert and got beyond his depth, or whether he was seized with cramps. seems ridiculous to think of, and no tount it will save many a superstitious person from risking his own neek by being dragged under by the weight and struggles of a drowning person to know it is counted unlucky and worse than madness to try to save the life of a drewning person or to resuscitate him. as sooner or later he is bound to do you some mean turn.

It is another one of those old superstitions handed down from generation to generation from our European ancestors, and of which no one knows the derivation. Traces of it are found among the Sioux and other tribes of the Indians of the west, who seem to have inherited that belief from their forefathers along with so many other quaint things. They still believe, and it's a part of their creed that in hunting the body of a drowned person you can discover its resting place by floating a chip of cedar wood, which will stop, even in the strongest current, and turn around over

In Great Britain the belief that you must not necne a drowning person is most prevalent in Cornwall and various parts of Scotland. The French sailor and the boatman of the Danube bow to the decree, together with the Russians, and let the people drown.

Dr. Taylor, in his "Primitive Culture," declares this linguring fondness for this old creed is because the water spirit is angry at being despoiled of its victim, and should the unlucky person who has dared to frustrate him trust himself to the water's power he will drown as sure as fate.

The Bohemian fisherman shrinks from snatching a drowning man from the waters, fearing the water demon will take away his lack in fishing and drown him before he gets to shore with the would be victim. In Germany, when some one is drowned, they say, 'The river spirit claims his yearly sac-

rifice," or, "The Nix has taken him. The belief is current not alone in those constries above mentioned, but the Kamchatkans, rather than help a man out of the water, would force him under, and if he should escape to the shore no one would dare receive him into his house or dare to give him food. He is supposed to be dead after once falling into the water.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

Wonderful Region In the Atlantic Which No Man Has Explored.

The surface of the Sargasso sea seems like a perfect meadow of seaweed. It is supposed that this enormous mass of gulf weed may have been partly grown at the bottom of the shallower parts of the sea and partly torn from the shores of Florida and the Bahama islands by the force of the gulf stream. It is then swept around by the same agency into the Sargasso sea, where it lives and propagates, floating freely in midocean. And the store is ever increasing, both by addition and propagation, so that the meadow grows more and more compact, and no doubt at the inner parts extends to a considerable depth below the sur-

Nor is this all, for at least two-thirds replied Smith, after he had the saddle and dashed away to the bat- of all the infinite flotsam which the gulf stream carries along with it in its cours sooner or later finds a resting place in the Sargasso sea. Here may be seen huge trunks of trees torn from the forests of Brazil by the waters of the Amazon and floated down far out to sea until they were caught and swept along by the current ; logwood from Honduras, orange trees from Florida, canoes and boats from the islands, staved in, broken and bottom upward; wrecks and remains of all sorts reaped from the rich harvest of the Atlantic; whole keels or skeletons of ruined ships, so covered with barnacles, shells and weeds that the original outline is entirely lost to view, and here and there a derelict ship, transformed from a floating terror of the deep into a mystery put out of reach of man in a museum of unexplained enigmas.-Chambers' Journal.

Mistress of Style. An article in a periodical calls attention to the degree of M. S.-Mistress may be defined as a capacity for holding of Style-as that most coveted by all women, outranking, at least so far as admiration is concerned, all the A. M.'s. and Ph. D. 's. in existence. The statement leads back to the old query, Do college girls and other women given to intellec tual exercise care for such mundane matters as looks and clothing? It may safely be asserted that they do. There may be no definite, outspoken "views" upon the matter, but the principle that a woman, to make the most of her opportunities, be they intellectual or other wise, must both look and dress just as well as she can is universal. Mrs. May Wright Sewall herself wouldn't dream of facing her national council in a last year's bonnet. The day of the blue stockinged and thick umbrellaed reformer is past. Both philanthropical and college women are nowadays as conspicuons for grace of body as for grace of mind. - Chicago Post.

His Logic.

Sunday School Boy-Isn't there lots of life in ginger, teacher? Teacher-Yes.

"And bread is supposed to be the staff of life, teacher? "Yes, my boy." "Well, then, it has occurred to me that perhaps Methuselah lived on gin-

gerbread. "-Yonkers Statesman. It Soothes Him.

After a man has pounded on the door for half an hour it makes him feel pleasant to be asked by his wife if he wants to come in. - Los Angeles Express.

Where He Was at Fault

"I don't see why I am so neglected," mid the habitual criminal as he looked out between the bars of his cell.

"What's the matter?" asked the defaulter, who was walking up and down the jail corridor.

"No one ever sends me any flowers, and no women come around to weep and make much of me," explained the habitual criminal.

"Oh, that's easily explained," said the defaulter. "How?"

"The crime for which you were arrested was not horrible and fiendish enough to attract them."-Chicago



"Hush, there are visitors in the draw ing room!

'How do you know?"

"Listen! Papa is saying 'my dear' to mamma "-Punch.

He Was There and Knew. Yes, I was at Chickamauga," sigh-

ed the robust man as he mopped an impudent tear from the corner of one eye, 'and a hot time we had of it too' "Whom did you serve under?" eager-

ly asked the young history student. "My commander, you mean? Grant, of course"-

"But Grant wasn't in come; and at Chick"-"Wh- Grant? Did I say Grant? I meant Sherman, of course! Glorious old

"But Sherman didn't reach Chattanooga until the fight on Mission Ridge."

"Who didn't?"

"Sherman. "Who said anything about Sherman? Did I say Sherman? O-o-o-h! You mean at the time of Chickamauga. I belonged to Sheridan's cavalry. Thought I said

Sheridan." "But Sheridan commanded a division

of infantry at that time"-"Look here, youngster, you're getting too smart. You've studied your fool fake books till you think you know more about the war than a man who was in it. Why, you young rascal, I was one of the first men out!"

And the smart Aleck youngster was ready to believe that he was. - Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Well Done.

It is never easy to confess your faults, and even a child is not to be blamed for trying to smooth the way for herself.

Mamma, do you like to hear stories?" she began.

"Yes, my child."

"Shall I tell you one?" "Yes.

"Will you be much interested?" "Certainly."

"But it is not a long story."

"Never mind. Tell it to me." "Well, there was once a-cologne bottle-and I broke it!"-New York Dispatch.

A Crushing Revenge. A man with a painful expression of

countenance sat on a goods box. "Are you ill?" some one asked.

"Have you lost anything?" "Never had anything to lose."

"What's the matter, then?"

"I'm sittin on a wasp." "Why don't you get up?"

"Well, that wuz my first impulse, but got to thinkin that I was hurtin the wasp as badly as he was hurtin me and concluded to sit here awhile. "-Spare Moments.

Startling Figures,

With a \$10 rod and a \$6 reel, with a \$2 line and a \$4 creel, a bookful of \$2 and \$4 flies, away with his \$12 ticket he hies. Thus he spends \$40 ere he starts out, and returns in a week with 10 cents' worth of trout, and the -But blank won't supply the \$39.90, the sum he is shy.—San Francisco News

Just What He Wanted.

"I left a letter on my table when I went out. Where is it?

Valet-I hope you won't mind, sir. I thought it would do nicely for my sweetheart, so I posted it to her. Your Christian name is the same as mine!-Lustige Blatter.

No Blame at His Door.

"If any of my customers gets fevers, it won't be my fault, by jucks!" exclaimed the honest milkman, pouring half a gallen of boiled water into his can. - Chicago Tribune.

Increasing the Pressure.

"I think my employer is encouraging my suit for his daughter's hand.

'How do you figure that?" "He's cut my salary \$5 a week Chic. wo Record

WILD FLOWERS.

Oh, beautiful blessoms, pure and sweet.

Agleam with dow from the country way
To me, at work in a city street.

You bring fair visions of lygume days—
Glad days, when I had in a must of green
To watch spring a delicate buds unfold.

And all the riches I cared to glean

Were datay silver and buttercup gold.

Tis true you come of a lowly race, Nursed by the sneshine, fed by the showers. And yot you are herrs to a nameless grace Which I fail to find in my hothouse flowers. And you breathe on me with your honeyed

Till in thought I stand on the wind swept

fells.

Where the brown bees hum o'er the ferny dips.

Or ring faint peak on the heather bells.

I close my eyes on the crowded street.

I shat my ears to the city's roar.

And am out in the open with flying feet—
Off, off to your enerald haunts once more!

But the harsh wheels grate on the stones be

I close my eyes on the crowded street.

low.

And a sparrow chirps at the murky pane,
And my bright dreams fade in an overflow

Of passionate longing and tender pain.

—E. Matheson in Chambers' Journal.

A STATELY OLD MANSION.

The Home of Sarah Orne Jewett, the Novelist, at Herwick, Me.

I wonder if there is another such house in New England as the home of Sarah Orne Jewett, says a writer in the Boston Herald. I have seen many stately mansions that go back to the days before the Revolution - one in particular where General Gage was quartered in old Danvers, a town which is linked by witch threads to Berwick, and one with gambrel roof upon which a good dame and her cronies climbed to be out of reach of husbandly authority while they drank tea forbidden to patriots until the tax was removed—but I have never seen a living place at once so modern and so reminiscent of 1730 or days younger still. In its great rooms filled with old. mahogany and warmed by huge tiled fireplaces it would be easy to forget that the gundalows, with their high peaked sails like great birds' wings, do not yet sail down the river from the landing wharves in fleets of tens and twenties to Portsmouth, with their loads of nine planks and boards to be exchanged for East Indian rum, tobacco and molasses or for Russian iron, duck or cordage, or for such priceless old glass and silver and china as came from unknown ports and now peep out wonderingly upon nineteenth century cushtons and pictures and bric-a-brac, from their deepset cupboards and shelves.

"I found these things here," Jewett says, "and I hope to leave them when I go into the unknown." If one had one's choice of ancestors, it would be impossible to pick out better than those who chose the elaborate cornices. all carved by hand with infinite pains. and the high paneling of the partors, and the broad window sills, and the flowered wall paper, still bright and fresh, though of a pattern on which Marie Antoinette might have set the seal of her approval when she fitted up the little Trianon.

Could Not Make Tibet.

Mr. Wilson relates an amusing story of an officer who determined to enter Chinese Tibet by stratagem. This officer managed to cross the frontier at night, and so escaped the frontier guard. Next day, however, while he was journeying deeper into Tibet the Tibetan soldiers overtook him and informed him that as the country was unsafe, because of robbers, they would go with him in order to protect him, to which arrangement the traveler was compelled to agree. In a few hours they came to a his request was granted. When arrived river, which was crossed by a rope at the solemn spot he found everything bridge. The Tibetans passed over first. prepared, the pins being set up and the in order to show that the bridge was fe, and then the officer got into the basket and was pulled along by the Tibetans. Suddenly, however, they ceased pulling and left the Englishman hang-

ing in midair above the rushing torrent. In vain the traveler shouted to the Tibetans to pull. They merely smoked and nodded their heads. The hours passed, and still the officer hung above the curred. He immediately simed at the torrent. At last the Tibetans agreed to nine, conceiving that it was the bowl pull him back if he would promise to leave Tibet immediately. This of course he was compelled to do and took | the game!"-From the German. his departure from the forbidden land. -Gentleman's Magazine.

All Weathers Suited Dr. Johnson

notion of the effect of weather on the "To temperance," he wrote, mind. 'every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence. " Johnson, however, was little given to analyze the influences of nature, or any other influences, upon himself. And it may well be that this disposition on his part was in the spirit of the stoics and in denance of his own feelings, to which he disdained to give way. It seemed to him a sorry thing that "a being endowed with reason" should "resign his powers to the influences of the air and live in dependence on the weather and ton Post.

Distinctions.

"Money makes a heap of difference in the world," said the misanthrope. "Of course it does. Still, a man can always choose his associations.

'Oh, I don't know about that. Here I am with such limited means that I ran't be on speaking terms with even the telephone company." — Washington Star.

Tawdry is derived from St. Andrey. In the early middle ages fairs were held in France and England on St. Andrey s day, and these annual gatherings be rame noted for the gaudy and worthless jewelry sold at them.

If the mind, that rules the body, ever so far forgets itself as to trample on its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor.-Longfellow.

A witty Frenchman said, "Only death s an excuse for not keeping a dinner engagement, and even then a polite man would send the undertaker to apologize for him."

EPHRAIM AND THE BEAR

How He Killed a Yearling In a Par Fight Without Weapons.

Old Ephraim Hatfield, father of Amand Elias Hatfield, of McCoy-Hatfield fend notoriety, was a born fighter. He was also a mighty hunter, and had me ambition. It was to kill a yearling be in a fair fight without any weapen other than those nature provided his with. Every day that he felt especially strong he would go out with his day and his boys, and, treeing a bear, would get him down and fight him. When bruin would begin to get the best of the encounter, he would call his boys to be loose the dogs. Year after year passed and Ephraim had not yet whipped a bear.

One day a fine yearling bear was treed, and as Cuffy was climbing to a place of safety old man Hatfield cut of piece of the animal's tail with a quie blow of his knife, and the bear care down. Ephraim threw his gan and knives to the boys and cried out;

"He's a likely varmint. Stan wide. boys, an watch yo' dad. I'm comin And he clutched the bear by the throat.

The animal got its paws are Ephraim, and they fought, rolling is every direction, until it was almost in possible to distinguish man from beat in the cloud. The boys held the dep ing to him: "Go it, pap! You've got 'em! Give

it to 'im, dad!" Down the hill the two relled until they could roll no farther. Let loose the dogs !" should the old "Let 'em loose! The critter's ges

man.

But the boys thought the old men would never have a better opportunity to realize his ambition and whipa yearling bear and kept the dogs away. Finally Ephraim, seeing that he was not to have assistance, began to use his fest and hands with an energy born of de spair, and in half an hour he succeeded in choking the animal to death, but not until his clothes were torn to shreds and his face and body were covered with gaping wounds, from which the blood flowed so freely that it left a crimen trail wherever the man went. Dragging the carcass out of the pit Ephraim started after the boys, and it would have fared roughly with them, but they fied The old man reached his home and was almost dead from loss of blood, but his ambition had been realized-he had whipped a yearling bear in a fair fight. The boys hid out in the woods for several days, and would not return until their father, whose joy at his success had got the better of his pain and anger, sent them word that he would not

A GAME OF NINEPINS.

whip them if they returned. Hatfield

never wearied telling how he whipped

a yearling bear, and his sons are equally

proud of their father's achievement-

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Munchausenlike Story of a Hebraded German Criminal. In an imperial city lately a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a singular itching to play at ninepins. While his sentence was prenouncing be

had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution. and then he said he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man

bowl ready. He played with no little

earnestness, but the sheriff at leng seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executions to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had oc

head loudly exclaimed, "I have won

which he grasped. All nine falling, the

His Account With His Dentist. Brown has the reputation of being one of the most miserly of men, but he Dr. Johnson stoutly poolpooled the plumes himself on his inexorable sense of justice. For 15 years he owed a dentist \$22 for filling a front tooth with gold, refusing to pay it because he said the bill was exorbitant. The other day the filling came out. He took the gold to a jewelry store and had it valued. Then he wrote to the dentist and in closed a check for his account, based on the following computation: "Actual value of the gold, \$3.50; amount of labor (which I deem liberal), \$5; for use of the tooth 15 years, \$5; total, \$13.50. I return gold on account and inclose check for the balance, \$10."-Washing-

Her Choice.

A woman who has traveled largely in Japan mentioned in the course of a lecture the fact that the Japanese language does not contain an impolite word; hence there is no swearing in that happy land. She also stated that osculation was an unknown pleasure. As the audience dispersed, commenting favorably upon different points, an old woman remarked in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, "Well, for my part. I prefer a country where they kiss and cuss!"-Ath a a Constitution.

The Diamond. None can tell where the diamond goes to in combustion. Burn it, and it leaves no ash, the flame is exterior like that of a cork, and when it has blazed itself out there remains not even so much as would dust the antenna of a butterfly.

At Gibraltar, during the most famou of its sieges, the French commander, learning that Elliot's men were suffering from scurvy, sent them as a present a boatload of carrots.

Dreamland is located in the lottery office. - Florida Times-Union.