

THE INN.

"My door stands always open! You weary souls, come in! You that are tired of music, here silence shall begin!

"I'll quench your thirst with water, well-water clear and sweet, I'll bind about with linen your weary hands and feet. Lie down upon my couches that are of marble stone, You shall not lift your eyelids until the night is gone.

My Approaching Marriage

I HAD just heard the whistle of the postman at the door, and leaped over the banisters to inquire of my landlady if there were any letters for me.

There was no immediate response to my query, and I inferred from the suspicious silence that either Mrs. Metcalf or her daughter was inspecting my letters, probably reading the post-cards, if there were any. Again I asked:

"Mrs. Metcalf, are there any letters for me? I expect a letter of some importance."

"Coming, sir—coming!" replied Matilda, her daughter, as the latter slowly ascended the stairs, gazing very interestedly at a post-card.

In a few moments more she arrived at my landing, on the second floor, and gave to me a letter, two post-cards and a newspaper.

One card from my tailor, to notify me of his removal; one from Louis Durand, to tell me that he could not keep a certain engagement with me, and a letter from Percy Cresmer, who had warned his shippers at the same college fire with me scarcely three years ago.

"Dear Belton—I claim your congratulations. I am to be married, next week, to the sweetest girl the sun ever shone upon. There's surprise number one for you, and I wish you'd go to Silverman, the jeweler, and get the wedding ring, size enclosed on a bit of paper. There's surprise number two. Seriously, old fellow, it will do me a great favor, for business matters here are complicated in such a way that I cannot hope to get to the city a day before the event, and, of course, I know that I can trust your taste and judgment, equally with my own. Have the words 'Helen, 1893,' engraved on the inside and please send by post without delay. Every one's faithfully, PERCY CRESMER."

"P. S.—She is an angel."

"Well," said I to myself, laying down my old chum's rapturous letter, "here's a pretty commission for a bachelor. An angel, is she? I don't believe she's any more angelic than Pauline Brooks. But every man thinks his own goose a swan."

So I locked my desk, put on my overcoat, and went straightway to Silverman's. Jones was behind the counter. I knew Jones; I had bought a gold bracelet of him for Pauline Brooks, six months ago. Jones was a dapper little fellow, with stiffly waxed mustache, a cane scarfpin, and hair bedewed with some ambrosial perfume or other.

"Wedding rings, if you please," said I, plunging at once into the object of my visit. "Here's the size," producing my slip of paper.

"Any inscription, sir?" questioned Jones, assuming so preternaturally knowing an aspect that I could have cheerfully pitched him in among the plated ware in the big glass showcase behind him.

"Helen," said I, brusquely. "1893." "Emma, sir?" Jones put his hand behind his ear to assist his hearing.

"Helen!" I hawled out, painfully conscious that the eyes of the three pretty girls who were at the counter beyond were upon me.

"Very pretty name," simpered Jones, as he wrote down the order. "Any particular style."

"Simple and solid," said I; "that's all."

"Yes, sir. It shall be attended to at once. Shall I send it to your residence, or—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Belton," cried Mr. Silverman, who had overheard a portion of our colloquy, "but if it wouldn't be taking a liberty, might I inquire whether you intend to keep house or take apartments?"

"To keep house or take apartments?" reiterated Mr. Silverman. "Because in the former case we should esteem it a favor to supply the silver and table-ware."

I muttered some not particularly complimentary answer, and went out of the shop, closing the door behind me with some emphasis.

"Going to be married, eh, old chap?" said Bill West, a stock broker, familiarly thrusting his elbow into my side, as I strolled into Gatti's for my lunch that day.

"No," said I, taking up the bill of fare. "Oh, come, don't deny the soft impeachment," said West, with a wink.

"What has put such an idea as that into your head?" demanded I, somewhat indignantly.

"And her name's Helen," said West, with an idiotic giggle. "Walter, a half-bottle of Mum! Let's drink her health, Belton, when—"



How to Make a Dark Room. The want of a suitable dark room robs amateur photography of a great deal of its pleasure. A dark room big enough for all necessary purposes can be constructed in the corner of a stable, shed or unfinished chamber after the plan shown in the accompanying cut.



black tarred paper, tacking it on as shown in the illustration, lapping the second piece over the edge of the first. For a door make a frame out of strips of board, putting a brace from the inner corner at the bottom to the outer corner at the top, to keep it from sagging, and cover the frame with the tarred paper. Hinge one side to an upright strip and tack on small strips inside so there will be no cracks left about the edges of the door when it is closed. Put up a broad shelf about two sides of the dark room, with a few smaller shelves above to hold chemicals, plates, paper and trays, and the dark room is complete.—Webb Donnell in Household.

The securing of good cloud effects is becoming more and more a study, and it is well to remember that but few pictures are taken where time and patience are more in demand. Sunset offers the best opportunity for such. One authority says a clearing sky after an afternoon downpour is probably the best time to secure good sunset effects. The clouds are apt to hang low and be full of moisture at such time, the atmosphere clearer and the lightbreak in through rifts in clouds much stronger than otherwise. The seasons of the year best adapted for sunsets are either in early spring or fall. A time exposure is much the best, as a snap shot will not get the delicate detail. Use at least an F 16 stop, with several seconds time. And let the developer be very weak in starting out until you find out just what there is, then a little stronger may be tried. The development must be carried well along, considerably more than usual.

If prints curl up after toning, it may be remedied by laying the print face down on a sheet of blotting paper, and stroking the back of the print back and forth with the flat edge of the ruler or the back of a knife. Repeat this a few times and the print will be quite flat.

If you ride a wheel, carry the camera suspended from the shoulder in preference to having it attached to the bars of the bicycle. The latter method gives too much vibration and is liable to jar your shutter out of order.

"Poor fellow," said she. "He's very much in love, isn't he?" "Not half as much as I am," said I. And then in the smile-bordered shadow of the florist's shop I pressed my suit.

I ordered the duplicate wedding ring that very night. Pauline said it was too soon; but I quoted the ancient proverb, "Delays are dangerous," and we were to be married in a month.

And if it hadn't been for the providential commission of Cresmer's wedding ring I might still have been shivering on the brink of an unspoken proposal. "Blessed be wedding rings," say I.—Spare Moments.

Easy Lessons in City Life. When Moses K. Armstrong was elected delegate to Congress from the Territory of Dakota, he made an experimental trip to Washington to acquaint himself to metropolitan ways. In "The Early Empire-Builders of the Great West" he humorously describes some of his first day's experiences in an Eastern city.

I down at the corner of the next block I heard an auctioneer crying out, "Going for fifty cents!" I struck straight for his voice, and as I entered the room, he caught my eye and nodded his head.

I returned the compliment. At that moment he cried out: "Sold and gone!" To my surprise, I found that by nodding my head I had bought a woman's head-dress for fifty cents. I paid the money and left the prize on the counter. I skipped out and walked slowly down the street, muttering to myself, "Sold and gone!" and I have not nodded my head at a man since I made that bargain.

Being a single man, I felt a little blue over that purchase, so I pushed on through the rain up the avenue, and soon met a bootblack who offered me a shine for ten cents. I poked my foot out to him. He pulled his artist-brush, looked at me and said:

"Boss, you looks like one o' dem Congressmen. Chuck down de cash before I spit on your boots; we don't trust dem M. C. fellows."

I paid him the dime, and he blanketed one boot, and then asked if I wanted the other polished, saying that his price was ten cents a foot.

By this time I began to get mad, and I turned down Samba, and walked rapidly on with one boot black and the other blind. My bridle foot at last attracted so much attention that I stepped the other into the mud to make a match.

Maine Sardines. "The sardine towns on the Maine coast," says the Kennebec Journal, "are congratulating themselves on the fact that herring are beginning to come. Every year the little fishes are called upon to do their lightning-change act by arriving as herring and departing as sardines."

Courageous Maiden. Wright Smooth—Suppose you were in danger of being kissed, sweet maid, how would you meet such an emergency?

Polly Wegg (the milkmaid)—Face to face.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEVER FORGET FACES

NATIVES OF PHILIPPINES MAKE GOOD DETECTIVES.

Never Fails to Pick Out a Man Who Does Him an Injury, Although Among a Hundred with the Same Facial Characteristics.

A United States soldier, who has just returned from the Philippines, tells some interesting stories of Filipinos. He says the ordinary Filipino is the best detective on earth; that our Hawks, England's Scotland Yard experts and Paris Vidocqs are mere amateurs compared to him. They never forget a face.

"The natives had been guilty of so many mean little tricks that a man in our regiment resolved to get even with a fellow who had made himself especially obnoxious by his lying and deceit. The soldier got hold of a bright, new penny, which he gave an extra polish to and passed it on the dishonest native for a \$5 gold piece.

"Of course, discovery of the fraud followed when the victim went to headquarters to have his money changed, and he made a terrific roar. He was more indignant than he would have been had the soldier slain his wife and children. The government police is to court the good will of the natives, so the soldiers were lined up and the injured dealer in decayed fruit was told to pick out the guilty man, which he did without the slightest hesitation. In spite of the fact that the soldiers were all dressed exactly alike and many were of the same size and build, and had the same facial characteristics.

"Singular about that—they do their bookkeeping in their head and can tell stragglers like a Chinese laundryman. They never failed to pick out the soldier who had wronged them, and the statement of one of them outweighed a soldier's word.

"This caused the soldiers to abandon the methods that they had adopted to get even with the wily swindlers. For a while the soldiers, or rather some of them, worked off Confederate money on the natives, but this graft met with a similar fate.

"The natives are great gamblers. They will risk every cent they have on cock fighting, which is one of the principal amusements. Their favorite game with cards is monte, a game played with forty cards. Their two favorite cards are the seven spot and the cayote, which has a horse on it and corresponds to our jack. A native will bet more on this card than on a king. In spreading civilization we introduced the royal game of craps and the natives took to it. But they are still a little wary and will not stake more than a dime on the turn of the dice.

"We called the natives by all kinds of pet names, and they resented only one, 'nigger.' It makes a native fight mad to call him a nigger, and they loathe a negro as they would a reptile. The natives were all delighted when bicycles were brought over. I was on the island of Panay when the wheel was introduced. Bicycles have been the rage on the island of Luzon for a long time, and no other pleasure vehicle can be seen. But they are just introducing them at Panay, and we had free cruises watching the natives learn to ride. However, they soon mastered the art, and you could not get a bicycle unless you applied three days in advance. These fellows would work for 40 cents a day and then spend it all on bicycle riding at the rate of 30 cents an hour.

"The natives are very fond of jewelry. A Filipino woman will work for three months for a ring or other gem that pleases her. Some of the women are beautiful, but they are the Spaniards or half-breeds. In the island of Luzon the soldiers could not work up flirtations with the ladies. Those magazine stories having for their theme the love of a Filipino girl for some thoughtless soldier are all products of romantic imagination. If a Filipino girl in Luzon allowed a soldier to make love to her her father would likely kill her."

A RATTLESNAKE'S JOURNEY.

Arrives in Denver on a Union Pacific Railroad Train. A rattlesnake nearly four feet long, bruised and dazed and chilled, but still alive, rode into Denver on the Union Pacific this morning upon the sand board in the middle of the rear truck of baggage car No. 1,091.

Car Inspector T. J. Soden was making his usual rounds, carelessly whistling a bit of a tune. He came to No. 1,091 and cast keen glances at her running gear, here and there tapping a steel bar or adjusting a valve. All was well. He passed to the rear truck and stopped short. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. The morning was damp and misty and he had risen early. Perhaps he was a bit sleepy, he thought. He looked again with eyes widely opened.

There upon the low sandboard which stretches across the car from side to side beneath the middle of the truck, was a rattler, feeble and hurt, but coiled for defense. Inspector Soden watched it silently for a moment, and then, as if to reassure himself, tossed a bit of gravel at the strange passenger. Instantly it frightened its tired body and shook its tail defiantly. There was no sound of rattles, however. They had been shattered and lost on the trip.

The trainmen gathered round and expressed their opinions about the manner in which the rattler attained his position on the sandboard. Nearly all of them are confident that the snake was lying on the ties and the train swept over it. The section of the flying cars whirled it up, and by chance it lodged on the sandboard. There it lay during the remainder of the trip, greatly enraged and frightened.

Examination of the board and those parts of the truck close to it revealed tiny drops of greenish-yellow venom. The snake, in terror of its unusual enemies, had struck about it in every direction many times during its wild, disagreeable ride.

Its poison was sprinkled upon the steel and wood so plentifully that its fangs must have been exhausted on reaching Denver. Its bite would probably have been harmless when it rolled into the depot. Its body was painfully bruised in several places and covered with dust. Its weakness was apparent, for with difficulty could it hold itself erect for several minutes at a time. Then it would relapse.

A friend of Inspector Soden took the rattler home, promising to take care of it, and the trainman have named it "Union Pacific."—Denver Post.

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.

I gave the felon a terrible look. "Are you not ashamed," I thundered, "to be a mere thief when it is so easy to be an astute financier?" "But it was not my fault," whimpered the fellow, "that my victim had only \$10!"

A Creditable Movement. Mrs. Horse—A lot of us girls have started an Audubon club. Mr. Horse—What's that? Mrs. Horse—Why, we are not going to wear birds or wings on our hats.

Bereaved. He—I've lost a wealthy aunt to-day. She—When did she die? He—Oh, she isn't dead, but her niece has just jilted me.—Judy.

Education. "These Indians who have been educated at college seem quite like the others, do they not?" "Except for their 'Rah! rah!' at each end of the war-whoop, yes."

Within Bounds. Clubberly—Have you ever been so desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it? Castleton—No. All the girls I've been in love with have been only moderately well off.

For the Public Good. "There's another thing Carnegie might do." "What?" "Start free ice-cream soda water fountains all over the country."

Caustic Meanness. "Apples, raw apples, are now said to be good literary diet." "Yes; and for some poets I'd prescribe green apples—to keep them from writing."

No Close Season. "Expect to do any hunting this fall?" "Yes, my wife and I are going to start out next week." "That's rather early, isn't it?" "Maybe it is, but we'll get the start on the other house-hunters, who are now out of town."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Lunch Counter. Mrs. Stickler—I don't like blackberry pie, but I suppose I'll have to take it. Mrs. Schoppen—Why so, if there's some other kind you like better? Mrs. Stickler—I'm in mourning, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Out Five. He came to borrow five, and I was out. It's just a sin! I wouldn't have been in if I had only not been in.—Philadelphia Press.

A Hot One. "Shall I open the window?" "Why?" "So you can get the air."—Detroit Free Press.

Humor. "Young Mr. Dawdles has become very industrious since he decided to go into business. His office hours are from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "I understand that he has had to raise his office boy's wages for staying all that time to tell people that Mr. Dawdles has just gone out, but would be in at 11 o'clock next morning."—Washington Star.

Logic. Maud—When are they to be married? Ethel—Never. Maud—Never? And why so? Ethel—She will not marry him until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him.—Fun.

The Past. She—You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you? He—Oh, yes. Ever since the first time the war ended.—Life.

Green Apples Are Now in Our Midst. Mrs. Bellefield—Well, it's a good thing that Benny came past the Fourth without injury. Mr. Bellefield—But don't boast, my dear. The green peach season is coming.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

One or the Other. "That social reformer has a very spectacular way of presenting some extraordinary theories." "Yes. The man is either posing or supping all the time."—Washington Star.

Not Easy at All. "No," said the impecunious one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers." "Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked. "I am. I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was loaned, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true." "You misunderstood the paragraph. It didn't say that people were easy."—Judge.

Mascagni Wears Bracelets. Mascagni is one of the men who wears bracelets, and they are not confined to his arms, but ornament his ankles as well. The creator of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is said to be passionately fond of jewelry, and numbers many splendid and valuable rings, given to him as well as bought by his own money, among his personal effects.

OVER STUFF

An ordinary piano contains a mile of wire string.

The largest enclosure of deer is said to be the royal park in Copenhagen, 4,200 acres.

An ostrich which was lately dissected in London had in its stomach a small prayer book.

The rock of Gibraltar has four huge reservoirs, capable of holding five million gallons of water.

New South Wales has fifteen thousand miles of wire netting as a fence protection against rabbits.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut 800, oak 1,000 and yew 2,880 years.

Taking into consideration the number of ships that are on seas and navigable waters of the world it is estimated that about 1,700,000 of the world's population are constantly afloat.

A philosophical statistician calculates that in the year 2800 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defective vision prevailing among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have a larger proportion of short-sighted persons.

The tea used in the household of the Chinese Emperor is raised in a private garden surrounded by a high wall. At the time of harvesting the pickers must wear gloves, must bathe three times a day, and must abstain from eating fish, lest their breath should taint the aroma of the tea.

At Essex Conn., the other day a wampum belt owned by a descendant of Herman Garret, who was appointed Governor over the Pequots in 1655, was sold for \$320. The relic is composed of a string of shells formed into a belt two and one-half inches wide and thirty-three inches long.

The chafing dish is among the most ancient adjuncts to the culinary department of all nations. It was in great demand at the grand feasts given by the wealthy citizens in ancient Rome. Some of these dishes have recently been found among the ruins of Pompeii. They are of exquisite workmanship.

The number of eggs laid by birds appear to be related to the abundance or rarity of the species. The wild pigeon laying but two eggs, is infinitely more abundant than certain hawks laying two or three times as many. The robin, laying four or five eggs, is far more numerous than the house wren or chickadee, which lays from six to nine.

AN INDIANA GIRL IN PARIS

Miss Ethel Gowdy, the clever daughter of Colonel "Jack" Gowdy, United States Consul General in Paris, is receiving a great deal of attention. She defended American girls from the onslaught of M. Edouard Beante, the lecturer, who said they were too pushing, walked in advance of their mothers, led them in conversation and were physically too strong for womanliness. Miss Gowdy is also being looked to by the intellectual of Paris to establish a literary and artistic salon when that of Mme. Adam ceases to exist.

Wealth of the United States. Wealth of the United States is computed every ten years from the census returns. The total wealth in 1850 was put at \$7,125,780,228, or \$208 per capita, and in 1870 at \$30,058,518,507, or \$780 per capita. This amount rose in 1880 to \$43,642,000,000, or \$870 per capita, and again in 1890 to \$65,037,091,197 or \$1,026 per capita.

Expert statisticians estimate that the amount for 1900 will be at least \$90,000,000,000, or nearly \$1,200 per capita. When it is considered that the latter amount represents accumulated savings of \$6,000, or nearly four times the average of 1850, for every family of five persons, it is evident that the world is growing rich at an astonishing rate under the operation of machine production.—World's Work.

A Trick for Golfers. According to the Cork Examiner there is a probability that before long golfers will imitate the billiard player by applying chalk to their clubs before driving. This precaution, it is said, effectively safeguards what is known as "slicing," which frequently occurs when a golfer is taking a long drive.

Every boy whose father sells candies must see that his mother sold them instead.

She—I don't see how I can possibly get along with this paltry allowance you give me of three hundred a month.

He—But, my dear, that is more than I pay most of my clerks, and they have whole families to support.

She—May be so; but I am sure they are not continually annoyed by vulgar tradesmen the way I am.—Puck.

May—Jack bet Bess that he'd be engaged before she was. Pamela—Which won? May—Neither. They're engaged to each other.—Puck.

Mrs. Dedbete—Why are you so particular about there being a fire escape leading from our apartments? Mr. Dedbete—I simply want to guard against paying the rent.—Ohio State Journal.

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

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."

Poor Emma! She has a very severe cold," said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bostling. "Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon," replied the latter.

Lady of the House—You needn't ask for a cup of coffee; our gas stove has been turned off for hours. Tramp—Coffee, madam, is out of the question; have you any left-over sherbet or yesterday's lemonade in the ice chest?

I am told that you've been married before, Mr. Sooter," said Miss Hunting to her proposer. "Yes, er—yes." "Your first wife had at least a portion of your heart?" "Yes—er—yes." "That's what I thought. Well, I couldn't consent to marry a half-hearted man."

Joakley—He used to be a newspaper man, but a rich uncle left him a small fortune. Conkley—But I understand that wasn't to make any difference. Joakley—O, yes. He's a journalist now.—Philadelphia Press.

Wife (with a determined air)—I want to see that letter. Husband—What letter? Wife—That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir! Husband—Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.

Mamma—What makes you so ill? I hope you haven't been chewing tobacco. Tommy—O-boo-hoo! No, ma'am. Mamma—I'm glad to hear that, but what—

Tommy—I was going to chew it, but—boo-hoo—I saw you comin' an' I swallowed it.

First Mosquito—Anything on this afternoon? Second Mosquito—I believe not. "Then come over to my house and join me at a baby's nap."—Life.

"I have called," began Mr. Forchun Hunt, "to speak to you about your daughter. You must have noticed that there is something between us." "No," replied Mr. Goldrox, "but I'm sure there will be pretty soon."

"It will be the Atlantic Ocean. I'm going to send her abroad till she learns a little sense."

"This is a good year for peaches," said the buxerter. "If you'll buy 'em by the basket, ma'am, you'll find the price isn't high at all."

"No," said Mrs. Hauskeep, "but the bottom of the basket is as high as ever."—Philadelphia Press.

An amusing story of the pope's good-natured humor is being told in Rome just now. His holiness is much sought after as a sitter by painters whose powers are not always equal to their ambitions. Quite recently one of these painters, having finished his portrait, begged the pope to honor him by inscribing upon it some scriptural text, with his autograph. Pope Leo looked dubiously at the picture. It was mediocre enough and little like himself; but he reflected a moment, and then, adapting the familiar line in St. Matthew to the peculiar circumstances, he wrote as follows: "Be not afraid; it is I.—Leo XIII."

"No," said the impecunious one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers." "Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked. "I am. I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was loaned, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true."

"You misunderstood the paragraph. It didn't say that people were easy."—Judge.

NEARLY SIX BILLION CIGARS MADE.



The total production of cigars in this country for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, was 5,770,934,369, the largest quantity produced in twelve months since the industry was founded. The previous heavy year was 1892-93, when the production reached 4,900,000,000. According to the statements of those heavily interested in the business and who are students of present tendencies, production is not likely to ever fall below 4,000,000,000 in a year, and chances are that before 1904 production will have increased to 6,000,000,000. Placed end to end the cigars would reach a distance of about 250,000 miles, or ten times around the earth at the equator.