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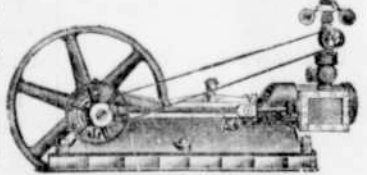
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### AN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

The Way Dierahl "Put One Over" on Publisher Colburn.

When the Hon. Mr. Ward wrote his novel "Tremaine" he was fearful of acknowledging himself the author until its fate should have been ascertained. He accordingly, the better to preserve his incognito, sent the manuscript copy by the wife of his attorney to Mr. Colburn. The work, although accepted, was not considered likely to pay extremely well, and consequently a trifling sum was given for it. Contrary, however, to Mr. Colburn's expectations, it ran to three editions. The ingenious author of "Vivian Grey," then twenty-two years old, having heard of the circumstances, determined to use it to advantage, and accordingly, having arranged his work for publication, he proceeded to find out the honorable gentleman's fair messenger. This he quickly effected and upon a promise of giving her \$20 induced her to be the bearer of his novel to the same publisher.

The woman was instantly recognized by Mr. Colburn as the same person who brought him "Tremaine," and, recollecting the great sale of that novel, he leaped at the manuscript presented to him with the utmost eagerness. It was quickly read and a handsome sum given for the copyright. A short time, however, enabled Mr. Colburn to find out his error, but too late to remedy himself. The work was not successful, and a considerable sum was lost by its publication.

### TRAPPING AN ERMINE.

One of the Reasons Why the Prized Fur is So Costly.

"This stole of imperial ermine is worth \$1,000," said the dealer. "Dear? Nix. Just consider how the animals comprised in it were caught!"

"In the first place, they were caught in a winter of extreme cold, for it is only in such a winter that the weasel, or ermine, turns from tawny to snow white. In normal winters the ermine only turns to a greenish white, like this \$400 greenish white stole here.

"In the second place, the ermines were caught young, for when fully developed their coats are coarse and stiff, as in this \$250 stole, and to catch them young the tongue trap must be used. Any other trap would tear the delicate fur.

"The tongue trap is a knife, an ordinary hunting knife, smeared with grease, the hunter lays it in the snow. The little ermine sees the blade, which it mistakes for ice. Ice it loves to lick, and so it licks the knife blade and is caught fast, its tongue, in that zero weather, frozen to the steel.

"Yes, sir, when you see a stole like this don't begrudge a good price for it, for every ermine in it was tongue trapped in subzero weather—a mighty slow and painful hand process."—New York Tribune.

### The Blanket Tree.

Blankets grow on trees in Ecuador, and, while the idea of an all wood fresh from the forest bed covering might give insomnia and a headache to the child of civilization who likes to snuggle comfortably under several layers of down and wool, the natives find it all right, as in fact it is.

When an Ecuador Indian wants a blanket he hunts up a demajagua tree and cuts from it a five or six foot section of the peculiarly soft, thick bark. This is dampened and beaten until the flexibility of the sheet is much increased. The rough gray exterior is next peeled off, and the sheet dried in the sun. The result is a blanket, soft, light and fairly warm, of an attractive cream color. It may be rolled into a compact bundle without hurt and with ordinary usage will last for several years.—Harper's.

### Butterflies That Live on Fish.

The butterfly was blue and transparent. As through blue glass its tiny heart could be seen beating inside its body, and the professor read a newspaper article through its lovely blue wings. "This," he said, "is the pteropoda, a Mediterranean butterfly. It eats fish. On its tongue are rows of pointed hooks. They serve as teeth. This beautiful creature would turn up its nose at a garden of roses and lilies, but it would feast ecstatically upon a putrid eel. Now then a pteropoda is found on the Florida or the California coast. It is only abundant, though, in the Mediterranean."

### Ancient and Modern.

Mr. Choate, the well known American diplomatist, was being shown over a very old English parish church. Pointing out an oak screen, the rector informed his visitor that it was "centuries old." "And this paneling on the door?" inquired Mr. Choate, much interested. "Oh," replied the rector, "that is quite modern! It was put up only forty years before the discovery of America, you know!"—London Globe.

### Buttons Barred.

"Our collection today, my dear brethren," said the rector, "is for the clothing fund. At the same time, may I earnestly impress upon you that, though the collection is for the clothing fund, it is not necessary to contribute buttons?"

### The Hero.

First Critic—I understand you saw Scribler's new comedy last night. Who played the hero? Second Critic—I did. I sat through the whole thing.—Philadelphia Record.

Neither walls, theaters, porches nor senseless equipage make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves.—Aristotle.

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## THE LETTERS WERE MIXED

Queer Happening That Settled a Lovers' Quarrel.

Miss Buckingham took up two notes and read them with a bored expression on her beautiful and aristocratic countenance. Then she threw them down and on her crest stamped paper wrote two replies. One was a declination to a proposal of marriage, the other an invitation for a proposer to call, intimating that he would be accepted. Addressing two envelopes, one to Hamilton Hills, No. — East Forty-eighth street, the other to George B. Hilliers, Union club, city, she laid both notes and envelopes on the desk before her. Then she darkened the room so that she could not see any of them, mixed them, took up one of the notes, put it in one of the envelopes, sealed and stamped it, tore up the other note and envelope, threw the pieces into a wastebasket and sent the other to the man without looking at the address. Her intention was to remain ignorant of the man she had chosen till he presented himself.

This was a dangerous thing to do, for the reason that Miss Buckingham had a number of suitors, and she wrote an illegible hand.

The next evening a card was handed to her bearing the name of G. B. Hilliers. She glanced at it, gave a slight shrug, fingered her back hair before a glass and descended the stairs. On entering the drawing room she found a very different man from either of the two to whom she had written.

A great many things flashed through her mind in an infinitely short space of time. First, she had written one of the notes (evidently the one that had been mailed) to George B. Hilliers, and it had fallen into the hands of Gustavus B. Hillier. This was not remarkable, since both men belonged to the same club. Second, how was she to escape the results of her blunder? Mr. Hillier was one of her many suitors, a suitor she loved and by whom she had supposed herself to have been fitted.

"Marian!" he said, advancing, but stopped, repelled by her expression. "Marian," he began, again, "what does this mean? Have you led me to believe that you had seen your glaring injustice only to give me additional pain?"

"How did you happen to—to get?" "Your letter? I returned today."

"No, no; I didn't know you were away. I mean—what right have you to?" She balked again.

"Marian!" he exclaimed, "what does this mean? I sent another asking for the cause of your silence. You replied that you would not address a note to a man at his club because a friend of yours had done so and her note had been shown to others."

"And do you mean to tell me that a trivial thing like that caused you to refrain from favoring me at the next collation?"

"A trivial thing like that?" "No, sir, I shouldn't have profited by my friend's experience?"

He stood looking at her in astonishment. "Then the next time," she added, "I met you on the street you didn't speak."

"How could I when you walked by me with your—without looking at me?"

"Judging from your previous treatment of me, I supposed you intended to cut me."

"Did you expect me to bow to your shadow? Could I speak to a girl who would not even look at me?"

"You men are so!" "So what?" "Irritating."

"Anything else?" "Stupid."

There was a long silence, which was broken by the man. "I believe you are right. I've been stupid. There is something about the feminine make-up that renders a woman oblivious to the frightful imputations she casts upon a man. You argued that, because some contemptible cad had betrayed a confidence, under the same circumstances an honorable man would do the same."

Miss Buckingham was silent. A faint glimmer of the fallacy of the syllogism began to dawn upon her.

"I suppose I ought to apologize," she said, "but I'm not going to do it after the way you treated me."

"My apology would be in order after, not before, yours."

"I prefer it should come first and mine shouldn't come at all."

"If I will agree to do all the apologizing will this nonsense that has been so long between us be obliterated?"

"I suppose so."

"And our former status will be renewed?"

"If you promise not to do so any more."

"Very well, I apologize for both. But what in the world did you mean by sending for me with no idea of a reconciliation?"

"I didn't. Not caring whom I married so long as you had treated me so badly, I sent the note to George Hilliers. You got it."

"Great heavens! What a close shave!"

### AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

Odd Compliment That Was Paid to an English Artist.

Richard Wilson, the English landscape painter, was not of a piliant disposition. Conscious of his own merits, he declined to humiliate himself to those who measure men by rank and value them by pounds. But Wilson's friends liked him no less for his brusque manner.

Goldsmith, Sterne, Wilson and Dr. Johnson were assembled at Garrick's house with a party of ladies for supper.

"We were very lively at your expense indeed, gentlemen," said Mrs. Garrick, rallying them for having arrived late. "To punish you for not obeying our summons the ladies likened you all to plants and fruits and flowers."

"Pray let us hear," said Wilson. "Doubtless I come in for a sprig of laurel."

"No, sir," said the pretty, lively lady; "you are wrong."

"For rue, perchance," said he. "No, sir; guess again."

"Why, I am dubbed bitter enough, perhaps a crab," said he, "for that man," pointing to Garrick, "has dubbed me Sour Dick."

"Guess again," said Mrs. Garrick, laughing. "Will you give it up?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why, then, sir, you are likened to olives. Now, will you dare to inquire further?"

"Let me see," said Wilson, with all eyes upon him. "Well, then, my dear, out with it! I dare."

"Then know, sir," said she, rising and courtesying most gravely. "Mr. Wilson is rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance and delightful at last."—Exchange.

### CAUGHT THE BLUFFER.

De Wint's Clever Ruse That Sold One of His Paintings.

Peter De Wint, the English landscape painter, was accustomed each year to have a semi-private show of his pictures before sending them to the Water Color society's exhibition. On such occasions his friends frequently bought pictures, which, of course, appeared at the public exhibition marked "Sold."

Among the painter's friends was a wealthy man who wanted to appear a patron of art and at the same time keep his money. He managed this by loudly admiring the paintings already sold. He was always a bit too late to buy the pictures that pleased him most, and having seen them, as he was wont to declare, he could never content himself with less beautiful works.

De Wint at last suspected the man's sincerity, and when the next show day came round he concluded to test him. After plenty of time had been allowed for De Wint's friends to make their purchases the rich man arrived. As usual, his eyes soon fell on two "perfect gems" marked "Sold." Turning to the artist, he said: "Now, De Wint, those are exactly the things I should like to possess. What a pity they are not to be had."

"My dear sir," said the painter, slapping him on the back, "I knew you would like them, so I put the tickets on to keep them for you."

The awkwardness of the situation was only relieved when the enthusiastic admirer became the somewhat unwilling purchaser of the two "gems."—Youth's Companion.

### Resistance to the Sun.

Animals whose capacity for thermal regulation is limited, such as rabbits and monkeys, rapidly succumb to exposure to the tropical sun. In the same circumstances the skin of a man rises some 3 or 4 degrees C. above the normal. Theoretically the black skin of negro races should absorb more heat than that of the white people. However, colored races are better able than the white to regulate their temperature under the influence of the tropical sun perhaps because perspiration is more abundant. The ape, although a native of the tropics, is less capable of resisting the sun than other animals and even the white man. This is no doubt attributable to the fact that its natural home is in the forests. For certain monkeys two hours of exposure to the tropical sun is fatal.

### A Unique Laboratory.

Outside the harbor of Sfax, Tunisia, in the shallow water of the clear Mediterranean, is situated a biological laboratory for the study of sponges. It is one of the most unique in the world and affords opportunity for observing the development of the sponge from tiny larva, so small that it can only be studied under a microscope, until five years later it has developed into a perfect sponge.

### Two Sides.

"There are two sides, you know, to every argument," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," replied the gloomy person, "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There are two sides to a piece of fly paper."—Washington Star.

### An Exception.

"Money, after all, means nothing but trouble."

"Still, it is the only kind of trouble which it is hard to borrow."

### He Swore.

She—Was he furious, dear, when you told him that we had been secretly married? He—Not really furious, only sultrious.—Judge.

None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self command.—Pythagoras.

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