The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... May 12, 1916

The price of The Observer is $1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept $2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than one year 12½ cents per month.

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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Fair.

Of course I know she's a brunette;
Her eyes are dark, so is her hair;
I know she's a brunette, and yet
I'm here to say that she is fair.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, is love blind?

Paw—It is for awhile, my son. But it always opens its eyes after marriage.

Maw—Willie, you leave the table and go to bed without your supper.

Tough.

"The oyster is a modest cuss;
He never brags," said Mr. Hoop;
"He never makes a bit of fuss,
And yet he winds up in the soup."

Huh!

"Please, ma'am, could you help a poor man who can't find employment?" whined the hobo.

"Here is a dime, my good man," said the sympathetic old lady. "What kind of work do you do?"

"I mow lawns in winter and shovel snow in summer," replied the hobo.

Sad!

The bill collector said: "Oh, my!
All other men we're shunned by;
They put us off and seem to try
To do those they are dunned by."

The Wise Fool.

"What, in your estimation, is the most useless thing in the world?" asked the sage.

"The Mexican electoral college," replied the fool.

Cross.

A very genial man I know,
As nice a man as you could meet;
He is good natured even though
He has to live on a cross street.

A Couple of Hustlers.

Dear Luke: Seek no further for attorneys for the club. How about Doolittle & Livezy, lawyers, of Huntington, W. Va.?—J. C. H.

Cheer Up!

Though things did not go right with you
Today, my son, do not feel blue.
Cheer up, and when you hit the hay
Tonight, just smile awhile and say,
"Tomorrow is another day!"

There Ain't No Sich Animal.

A clinging vine girl is one of the soulful sort who is ever willing to follow, but hesitates to lead.—Temple (Tex.) Telegram.

That Billboard Man Again.

The billboard man is mighty strange,
For, while he would not rob,
The only way he gets his change
Is through a "put up" job.
—Cuvier.

Here He Is!

Dear Luke—Did you know that A. Gunn of Mount Zion, W. Va., is a son of A. Gunn?—I. S. Bartlett.

Timely Fall Offense.

The coal man is a stubborn cuss,
I called him down today,
But I cannot convince him of
The error of his weigh.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some coal men have a little weigh
Not approved by every one;
What they deliver to you may
Be nineteen hundred for a ton.
—Butler (Pa.) Citizen.

Oh, What a Hard Guy!

Dear Luke: Iza Rock lives in Zanesville, O.—Jake.

Things to Worry About.

Your brain works 13 per cent better at 10:30 a. m. than at 5:30 p. m.

Names Is Names.

Etta Lotta Junk lives at Washington Courthouse, O.

Our Daily Special.

When we measure ourselves we always stretch the tape a little bit.

Luke McLuke Says:

We all want more ourselves, but we can't understand why other people are not satisfied with what they have.

Many a man who couldn't be arrested for bigamy has discovered that he has one wife too many.

The trouble with this country is that every man you meet wants to talk about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

Any old day that you accomplish just one-tenth of the things that you intended to do is a pretty good day.

Somehow or other, the man who hasn't time to shave himself at home always has time to wait a half an hour for his turn in a barber shop.

Every now and then you will see a married man who is so weary looking and so seedy looking that he gives you the impression that his wife makes him sleep in the dog house.

Always accept the advice another man hands you. It makes him feel good to hand it out, and you do not have to use it.

A wife will put in a lot of time trying to mend her husband's ways. But it is different with his socks.

When a woman wants to shine in society she powders her nose every five minutes.

Some men do not speak to their wives for hours at a time. They do not like to interrupt the dear things.

Why is it that a doctor uses Egyptian hieroglyphics when he writes your prescription and uses mighty plain English when he writes your bill?

The trouble with the helping hands that are extended is that there isn't anything in them.

Joanna and the Family Fate

How the Youngest Baxter Girl Found Her Mission

By ANNE O'HAGAN

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It was the chief article of the Baxter family faith that frivolity ill becomes a woman. All the sisters of the Rev. Elijah Baxter had been serious minded—pioneer woman physicians, woman collegians, woman suffragists, and the like. His wife, having no sisters, had concentrated the earnestness of a whole family in herself and had married the Rev. Elijah, than which no more conclusive evidence of seriousness could be imagined.

The Baxter girls up to Joanna had continued the family tradition fittingly. Cornelia had gone to Japan to convert the inhabitants of that island kingdom to her father's creed and had there married a brother missionary, Eliza taught mathematics in a western coeducational college, Sarah was the traveling delegate for the Society For the Suppression of Smokers, and Sophia had proved her entire spiritual kinship with the Baxters by marrying a widowed country doctor with seven small children.

When Joanna was born, twelve years after the youngest of her sisters, a baby had been too great a novelty in the parsonage to escape undue petting. This fact was held later to account for much that worried and disheartened the Baxters.

When Joanna came home from college—she had steadfastly, even rebelliously, refused to attend the institution of learning in which Eliza taught mathematics—her parents looked at her with foreboding and at each other with dismay. From her smart stock to her smart shoe laces she seemed to them to radiate worldliness. They took prompt counsel together concerning her reformation. They divided the labor, having a premonition of its immensity.

"After you have talked with her seriously about her future," said Mrs. Baxter, "I will speak to her of her dress. Apparently it has been a great mistake to let her spend the last two vacations away from home and to let her buy her own clothes, but I did it for the best. How shall a young woman learn thrift and self reliance except by such methods?"

"Bring her to me," rumbled Joanna's father.

Joanna floated into the study, all pink flounces and point d'esprit fichus.

"Isn't this a duck of a negligee, mother dear?" she demanded. "And I've bought you one as pretty, all lavender lawn and white mull. And you've got to do your hair quite differently. I'll show you how."

"Joanna, your father wishes to talk seriously to you."

"I wish you'd call me Jo. All the girls do," remarked the young woman, curling a blown strand of her hair about a lead pencil from her father's desk.

The Rev. Elijah said a few words on the essential vulgarity of nicknames;

"JOANNA, WHAT CAREER, IF ANY, ATTRACTS YOU?"

then he came to the point of his discourse.

"Joanna, what career, if any, attracts you?"

At that Joanna shook a little chime of silver bells in her throat and laughed.

"A career? Me? Why, I got my degree only by the skin of my teeth! Worked off a sophomore mathematics condition only the week before graduation. Black coffee and a wet towel about my head three nights running!"

"Joanna!"

Joanna looked startled.

"But that's the way we always crammed for exams," she said in hurt protest.

When Joanna's eyes showed hurt and her lips quivered not even the sense of the awful seriousness of life could keep her father to his discourse. He cleared his throat and said:

"There, there, we'll talk of that later."

When he had finally elicited the information that her "life work" was a subject to which Joanna had given no thought he sighed.

"I fear you do not take existence seriously enough, Joanna. You are twenty-two. You should have formulated some notion of what you wish to do to leave the world a better place than you found it."

"Oh, I dare say I'll get married some day," said Joanna casually. "Are there any amusing men in town?"

"Amusing!" gasped Mrs. Baxter.

"Amusing!" thundered Mr. Baxter.

Having thus precipitated the catastrophe, Joanna learned in three minutes that she was designed, in default of any nobler choice on her own part, as a helpmeet for the Rev. Lemuel Towers of Lucknow, India.

"He is at home on the first visit in eight years," said her father. "He is—his estimable first wife is no more. In the mission field a man needs a wife. He has been—er—impressed with your pictures and—er—what we have told him of your true character. He once met your sister Cornelia. He wishes an opportunity to win your—regard."

Joanna had recovered her breath.

"Stop!" she commanded imperiously. "It is horrible! How can you want to send me away from you, away from my home? And I won't marry him. I won't marry any minister! I won't! I hate them all—all but you, father!"

She began to sob tempestuously.

Three days later, having contumeliously refused to make her appearance whenever the Rev. Lemuel Towers came to the personage, she was shipped to Eliza in the Rocky mountains. Eliza had always had influence with her, her parents recalled thankfully.

"What is that man doing?" Joanna demanded of the stage driver in whose taciturn company she was finishing the journey to Eliza.

She indicated a stalwart figure stand-

"OH," SAID JOANNA LIMPLY, "IT'S YOU!"

ing astride of two rocks in the clear, rushing stream beside which the road twisted through the mountains.

"Fishin'. Can't you see's much as that?"

"Oh, of course!" murmured Joanna, abashed. "I see the rod now."

At that second the fisherman wound his reel swiftly, and there flashed in the afternoon sunlight a glittering something at the end of the slender line.

"Good catch!" roared the stage driver above the rumble of his wheels and the foaming of the water. The fisherman looked up to wave an acknowledgment of the compliment; but, seeing Joanna, her slim body bent forward, her young face smiling and interested, he pulled his battered cap off his head and stared until the wagon disappeared at the next bend.

"Who is he?" asked Joanna.

"Dunno. Campin' a mile or two up here. Brought up his own things, so I didn't have no chance to get acquainted with him. Here we are." And he swung into sight of the picturesquely rough hotel where Eliza awaited her sister.

Perhaps her heart was a little heavy as she wandered alone the next morning through the woods behind the hotel.

She made no effort to read the book which she had brought with her. On the spacious heights with yet higher heights above and a crystalline blueness crowning all, with pines and aspens marshaled up and down the slopes and grasses and wild flowers and sun flecked shadows flooring all the mountains, mere existence was enough.

Hunger, of course, roused her from this Nirvanic ecstasy. She looked at her watch, sighed, arose and wandered back toward the hotel.

The trail seemed longer than she had remembered it, but she had a conviction that no other path had crossed it. That conviction had gradually given way to doubt and that to desperation, when finally she saw ahead a gleam of canvas and the curling of smoke. A man bent over a fire, cooking.

"Pardon me"— began Joanna clearly. The man turned—the tall, strong smooth shaven, homely fisherman of yesterday.

"Oh!" said Joanna limply. "It's you!"

"And you!" he answered kindlingly.

Joanna blushed.

"I beg your pardon," she said formally. "I want to find my way back to the Cascade hotel. I was—or I thought I was—in the woods just behind it, but I seem to be astray."

"You are somewhat out of your road," he answered as formally. "But I shall be very glad to take you to the point where you took the wrong turn"—

"The wrong turn?" mused Joanna.

"The right turn!" declared the young man firmly.

They looked at each other and laughed.

"I don't want to interfere with your luncheon," Joanna began again politely.

"If I could persuade you to share it!" begged the young man deferentially. "I fear you will be too late for a decent meal at the Cascade House."

Joanna hesitated. She thought of the Rev. Elijah and her mother, of her array of excellent relatives and of the ordinary conventions of ordinary life. Then she looked about her, and she knew that this was not the world as she had known it. She deliberately brushed aside all other considerations.

"If you only would give me a bite!" she said. "I'm starving!"

"Perhaps," he remarked tentatively as Joanna devoured trout with hot biscuit and coffee, "perhaps I had better introduce himself."

"Please don't," she begged or commanded. "I wish to pretend that things are all as I want them to be, and I can't if I have to know a lot of stupid facts. No. This is my own desert island—mountain then. I am a sort of Robinson Crusoe person, and you're just Friday!"

"Your man Friday."

Joanna had the grace to blush at this. She hid the blush, however, behind a biscuit, which she consumed with great deliberation. Then she said distinctly:

"And now if you will be so kind as to set me on the road home I shall be very grateful."

Eliza's routine of study was very little interrupted during July, and, as she wrote to her parents, Joanna seemed healthy and fairly contented, though occasionally pensive. One's spirits, however, she added reassuringly, were liable to be variable during the first part of one's residence in so high an altitude. Joanna had developed a fondness for fishing, Eliza regretted to inform them, as she herself bewailed all slaughter of animals, whether for sport or food. Joanna also took long walks, sometimes with the other guests at the hotel, more often alone. Doubtless in the opportunities for reflection thus afforded her she was reaching conclusions concerning her future.

A few weeks later Joanna was walking with quick, nervous, determined steps through the wood behind the hotel. As she swung into the path toward the camp of the man Friday she flushed to her temples. She kept repeating to herself what a woman on the piazza had said last night—"the sort of young person who picks up acquaintances in haphazard style."

She walked on bravely and directly. She had never gone unaccompanied beyond the crossroads since the first day. He had always met her, by a happy chance, somewhere on the hills.

He looked up at the sound of her approach and sprang to his feet, to come hastily and happily toward her.

"You said yesterday that you would not come out with me today," he cried, "or I should have been lurking about in the woods."

"I know. But I've come."

She spoke heavily and paused. Then she hurried on quickly.

"I've just come to my senses," she said. "I've—I've been crazy—this last month—crazy with freedom and obstinacy.

"You've been the most"—

"No, no. Don't stop me. I want to say it all and go away. I've acted the way I have. I've picnicked with you, fished with you, tramped with you, a stranger, out of bravado and"—

"Was it nothing but bravado?" asked the man Friday, very pale himself now.

"Oh, yes! The sweetness of it, the beauty of it—I can't say what I mean, but it was like dewy mornings. Oh, I've liked it. I've liked it very much, and it never seemed to me for a minute horrid and common and vulgar. But last night I began to see how you must think of it, of me"—

"Have I done anything to make you believe that I thought anything unworthy of"—he hesitated and looked at her, then looked around him—"of this?"

"No, no! But you might some time come to think of me as"—

"What I think of you now I shall think of you always. And that is this—oh, child, don't you know? That you are the one woman for me—the one woman? If you reproach yourself for our meetings I am to blame. I should have told you who I was, should have gone to that gossiping old hostelry of yours and met you with all the rites—no, hang it, I should not have done anything of the sort! Why should I have spoiled an idyl? I didn't want you to know who I was at first. It makes an immediate difference in people's attitudes to learn that one is a clergyman. I wanted to be just a fellow human for awhile—just a man. What is the matter, child, my dear?"

For Joanna, after one wild look at him, had burst into a hysterical laugh, it ended in a sob, smothered on his shoulder.

"Yes"—the Rev. Elijah spoke to a congratulatory caller with a certain pompous placidity—"yes, Joanna is to leave us. Of course you have heard of Dr. Graham's work in New York? They tell me that his city missionary program is the finest one there. He is young to be rector of so important a church as St. Jude's on the avenue. Of course"—and the Rev. Elijah sighed—"we could have wished that he was of our own denomination, but the affections cannot be coerced, you know. And Joanna's life work as his wife will be a very earnest one. None of our children, we are humbly proud to say, has failed to find a useful, serious mission in the world."

A Roland For an Oliver.

Manager—I say, can we get anything like a real doctor in this jay town to attend a sick actor? Village Inhabitant—Sure. Just go to that corner grocery. You'll find a man there who's all right at curing hams.—Baltimore American.

The Age of Quickness.

The modern wife placed two plates with knives, forks, spoons and tumblers on the dining room table and took two paper napkins from a drawer, laying one beside each plate.

Then she lighted the gas stove, opened a can of soup and placed it in a skillet to heat. Next she opened two cans of vegetables and a can of salmon and heated these. She cut six slices of baker's bread and quartered a baker's pie, placing everything on the table, together with butter, salt, pepper and a pitcher of cold water.

"John," she said briskly, "your dinner's ready."—Judge.

Wanted to Be Joined Right.

They were going out to dinner, and he had gone into the house from his limousine to get her.

"All ready?" he asked, at the foot of the stairs.

"Almost," came the response from above.

"I've asked a friend to join us. Is it all right?"

"Yes, if it's the minister." Yonkers Statesman.

An Exception.

"No man would approve of the recall as applied to himself."

"Oh, yes; an actor would!"—Baltimore American.

In All Time of Our Prosperity

Heir to Fortune Finds Money Won't Buy Love

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

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"Well, will you look at that!" muttered Tom for at least the fiftieth time. He had been saying it at intervals, sitting on his trunk in his little bunk of a room, ever since he had mastered the meaning of the letter. The expression had not varied by a hair's breadth except once, when he had automatically substituted, "Well, I'll be hanged!"

Thirty thousand dollars—thirty—thousand—dollars! And for three years it had been hunting for him over two continents, while he in serene ignorance whistled at his stoking, lived a frugal life and tried to put by $5 a month. He looked down at the sleeve of his flannel shirt, grimed with cinders; at his broken, blackened hands; at his frayed overalls, washed to a bluish white. All at once concrete pictures of what this was going to mean to him, this stunning, bewildering event, began to crop up before his blinking eyes. He saw a shining vision of patent leather shoes, trousers creased in front and in back, a diamond ring, theater tickets, restaurant dinners and—Mary, Mary Ryan!

A sudden wide yell of pure joy burst from him. Springing to his feet, he began to cakewalk, then to dance, leaping up and down the tiny room, skipping, bucking, smashing his great boots against the wall, letting out his voice in a jumble of song and war-whoop that made the room tremble.

"Mr. Fogarty! For mercy's sake!" The landlady was pale and breathless.

"Do you love me, Molly, darling? Let your answer be a kiss!" roared Tom, and, flinging both arms about her, he gave her the desired answer with resounding heartiness. Then he whirled off down the stairs, four steps at a time, with a whoop that opened every door on the way. The landlady stood gasping; then she slowly shook her head.

"No, that ain't no drunk," she decided. "I guess it's a girl." And she smiled shrewdly as she put out the gas Tom had left lighted.

In the street Tom returned to a measure of dignity, though his heels seemed to be ramming holes in the pavement at every stride, and his heart pushed up his chest like an internal balloon. It was pay day, and in his pocket was a month's wages. By the same token he knew where to find a sufficient number of the boys. There were a dozen of them lounging about the little tables or leaning against the bar at Stimson's. Tom's heart warmed to them with a sudden tenderness that made the bridge of his nose ache. He loved them all, even Jimmy McCarthy, who was Mary's alternative and whom he usually passed in surly silence. Well, he could afford to be sorry for Jimmy now.

"Come on, all of you! It's on me!" he called jovially, leading the way to the bar.

They came, loud with surprise.

"What's up? Got a raise?"

"Yes; a $30,000 raise," said Tom solemnly, "from an old chap I never heard of and who never heard of me. Blood relation at that. Here's to him, boys!"

They took it for a joke at first. When at last they were convinced they were uproarious with joyful excitement—all but Jimmy McCarthy, who set down his glass half emptied and seemed lost in somber thoughts.

Then Tom noticed that Jimmy McCarthy had slipped out.

"Poor Jimmy! It's kinder rough on him," he confided to Stimson. "We're both after the same girl. I guess this fixes him."

"Why don't you wait a bit?" counseled Stimson. "With all that money perhaps you can do better. There'll be ladies to have for the askin' now."

"Do better? Do better than Mary Ryan?" demanded Tom, his voice rising. "Is there any one here who thinks I or any man could do better? If there is will he just step out and say so? I want to hear him."

But nobody volunteered. They were all ready to swear that no living being could do better, and fresh drinks complimented their judgment.

"How do you know Jimmy ain't skated over there to get ahead of you?" asked one presently. "You can do a lot with a girl if you go at her with a rush. And he went out mighty sudden."

Tom's face clouded, and he put down his glass with a thump.

"By thunder! And me loafing here being sorry for him!" he muttered. He drew out a ten dollar bill and threw it down on the counter.

"There, boys, use that up! I've got business down the street," he said, turning to go.

"Good luck to you!" they shouted after him and drank deep to his fortune, and to Mary, and to the wedding, and to the wedding guests.

Tom's face grew more and more clouded as he hurried along the street. McCarthy had had somewhat the upper hand with Mary lately. What if he had seized the occasion to whirl in, carrying the girl off her feet, and seal her irrevocably his before she knew of the golden attraction that had been added to Tom?

Matters looked bad enough when Tom entered the Ryan parlor. Jimmy was black at the interruption rather than complacent, so evidently the worst had not happened, but Mary herself did not look too well pleased, and her flushed cheeks and the way Jimmy's chair was drawn up to hers showed that things had been moving fast in the wrong direction. Tom quailed under her coldness; then he had an inspiration.

"Excuse my intruding, Mary," he said easily, "but I just droppea in to say goodby. I'll be so busy these next few days buying clothes and going to the theater I won't have much time for calls. But I couldn't go off without a goodby shake from you."

Mary was all round eyes. Jimmy was suspicious, but evidently relieved.

"Wherever are you going?" she demanded.

"Well, Niag'ra Falls first," said Tom, leaning back and crossing his knees, "then perhaps California. I've always wanted to see what traveling was like when you wasn't shoving coal into the engine every two minutes. I'm going to look about the world a bit."

"But—but—you'll lose your job," stammered Mary.

Tom laughed.

"Well, I should guess! I'm out of that sort of work for life. I'm thinking of buying into some good business."

"Is the man clean crazy?" She was beginning to lose her temper.

"Oh, didn't you know I'd come into a fortune?" he asked, in surprise. "It's about $30,000, I guess. I haven't counted it up very particular yet. I thought Jimmy would have told you. He was drinking my health over the news not an hour ago."

Mary turned indignant eyes on Jimmy, who was plainly miserable.

"No, he didn't mention it," she said in an ominous tone.

"Oh, well, likely it slipped his mind," said Tom affably, rising to go. "I was hoping you'd go to the theater with me tomorrow night. I'll be having two orchestra chairs, or a box maybe. But if Jimmy has bespoke your evening"—

"No, he hasn't," she said decidedly. "I'll go with you, and very glad, Tom."

"That's right. I'll be round on time, and I'll bring a hack if it's raining." And Tom went off in triumph. Mary followed him to the door with soft looks and a hard glint in the corner of her eye for Jimmy.

But as he walked away Tom's exultation cooled. A mother who has soft heartedly mourned her runaway child is apt to turn on him in righteous wrath when she gets him safely back. And so Tom, newly secure of his sweetheart, found himself seized with sudden indignation. It was just his money she was after. She had dark looks enough for him till he dangled that before her. Well, if that was it Jimmy could have her and welcome. There were others—ladies—to be had for the asking, as Stimson had said. Miss Mary Ryan would see whether he was the soft fool she took him for. And so some of the glory was off his new fortune already, and he had met one of the sorrows of wealth within two hours of his acquiring it.

He was moody enough when he rejoined the boys. Under their jovial welcome and the flattery of his new importance his spirits revived, but in an ugly, reckless fashion, very unlike the boyish glee that had set him bounding about his little room. Newcomers drifted in, and he drank with every one until things became a hazy blank. Then after a long interval he found himself alone in the deserted street with some impelling need to speak to Mary on him.

After another interval he saw that he was in front of her house and, hearing some one bawling an incoherent summons, wondered distantly whose voice it was. Mary was evidently clearer on that point. The front window was suddenly jerked open, and she leaned out, wrapped in a shawl.

"Tom, for mercy's sake, shut up and go home!" The angry whisper descended on him like a whip. "How dare you come to a decent girl's house like that? Don't you never come near me again—you nor your old fortune! Do you understand? Now, get out, go home, and don't you ever try to set your foot in this house again—drunk or sober!"

The lash steadied Tom a little. He went away without a word as the window slammed down and in some way reached home and bed.

Long hours later consciousness slowly came back to him. His aching head demanded an explanation, and the letter lying on the table supplied it with a little throb of excitement. The momentary joy faltered and sank as he remembered how he had found Mary out for a mere fortune hunter—after him for his money, though another man's arm had been within an inch of her waist a moment before. And then out of the mists and vagueness came like a burst of sunshine the knowledge that she had thrown him down because he had drunk, had turned on him as he deserved, without a pang for his money and had given it to him straight from her angry heart—the darling! And so the joy began to steal back.

He had meant to make straight for the patent leather shoes and the black cutaway coat that had been his dream of years, but instead he put on his old Sunday suit, and, after a shave and a shampoo, he turned to Mary's. She

"I ALWAYS LIKED YOU BEST, TOM."

opened the door at his ring, but did not ask him in. There was only hostility in her tear reddened eyes.

"Mary dear," he said humbly, "will you just let me in to apologize and tell you how it came about? And then I'll go away and not bother you, for I'm not fit to say your name."

She wavered a moment; then, ungraciously enough, threw back the door to let him in.

Half an hour later she lifted her flushed face from his shoulder.

"I always liked you best, Tom, but Jimmy made love so persuasive, and you didn't seem to care like him, and it's terrible upsetting to be courted. And when he came all out of breath and said it was just love drove him running—the cheat! He 'most got me," she said, with a long sigh. Then her face grew serious. "And, mind you, Tom, if ever there's any more doings like last night, fortune or no fortune, I'll wish it had been Jimmy. Do you understand?"

He drew her back to him.

"God bless you for that!" he said. "It has been a lesson to me. I'll never drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

The Poppies of Laurium.

Some years ago there was seen in a silver mine of Laurium a curious instance of the resuscitating power of light after many years. The silver mines of Laurium were abandoned more than 2,000 years ago as unworkable and were filled for the most part with the slag from the workings of the miners.

It was discovered, however, that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could easily be rendered available by up to date appliances. Accordingly it was removed to the furnace and, when next the mine was visited, a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place. Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine has become a gorgeous flower garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This profuse vegetable life, it is asserted, belonged to the age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old, therefore, were those poppy seeds, yet when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them, they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

Burma's Teak Trees.

During the reign of the Burmese kings teak was the royal wood and the king had a right to all teak. The palace of the kings in Mandalay is almost entirely built of this wood, and one of the throne rooms is supported by fine pillars of teak. The bamboo forests in Burma, which sometimes grow to a height of from fifty to sixty feet and are a glory in themselves, are but an undergrowth above which tower the teak trees, giants of strength, dignity and beauty, attaining a height of from 150 to 160 feet. The teak trees grow several hundred yards apart, three mature trees to the acre being considered a good yield. Beauty is not, however, their chief feature, for their wood is used extensively for home building both in Burma and India and in Europe for men-of-war. Its durability is due to an essential oil, and when used as a backing for armor plates it is found that the bolts and rivets do not rust owing to the oil contained in the wood.

SHOEBLACKS IN GREECE.

They Shine as Artists In One of the National Recreations.

Boot cleaning, one of the milder recreations that Saloniki offers, ranks among the national industries of Greece. To sit drinking little cups of Turkish coffee and having his boots cleaned at the same time is the Greek's ideal of a pleasant afternoon. The lustros, as Greek shoeblacks are musically called, though usually of tender age, is a true artist and is by no means content with the dull burnish that satisfies the English boot boy.

He first meticulously scrapes your boot clean of the smallest fragment of mud, then wipes it carefully so as to have a perfectly clean background to work on. After that he applies the blacking, not by dabbing the blacking brush into the tin, but with a variety of little metal implements and sponges.

When he has brushed this to a bright polish you imagine that your shine is over, but it has really only begun, for the lustros now goes on to bring out the high lights by smearing your boot over with a colorless cream which he brushes again to great brilliance and finishes off by two or three minutes' friction with a velvet cloth. He completes his work by painting the edge of sole and heel with a sort of varnish.—G. Ward Price in London Times.

MYSTERY OF A DREAM.

He Heard True When Asleep and Heard True, Too, When Awake.

"In one of the East Indian border wars there was engaged an officer of high repute, the member of an ancient county family," says Mrs. Mayo in "Recollections of Fifty Years." One night the laird, its head, started from his sleep, exclaiming:

"'There's the shot that has killed my brother!'

"His wife told him it was but a dream. He must have given an anxious thought to his brother before going to sleep.

"The next day the laird and his wife were in the garden directing their gardeners when the laird suddenly exclaimed:

"'Do you hear the bagpipes?'

"'No,' answered the lady. 'I can hear nothing. I am sure there is no sound.'

"'Strange,' said the laird, 'for I can even hear what is played. It is "The Flowers o' the Forest Are A' Wefe Away."'

"A few hours later came the telegram reporting that the brother had been shot down by some border warrior and over his lonely grave the men of his regiment had played the pathetic air whose mysterious echo seemed to have reached the laird."

Daylight Darkness.

There are a number of daylight darknesses recorded in history, among them being those in B. C. 295, A. D. 746 and 775. There was a dark day in England in January, 1807 and another on Oct. 21, 1816. There was also a dark day in Detroit on Oct. 19, 1762. On May 19, 1780, there was such atmospheric gloom over Hartford, Conn., that the legislature adjourned for the day.