

WHEN GEMS WERE PRECIOUS.

Original. "Mother, Carl says you told him a pretty story about some jewels you lost when you were a young lady. Won't you tell it to me?" "If you'll promise not to repeat it." The Countess of Blumenstein took her little daughter on her lap and told the story. "Twenty years ago," she said, "when jewels were very expensive, they were much valued by those who could afford to own them. It was, I think, in the year 1865 that a young lady of the nobility whom we will call Bertha was appointed one of the ladies in waiting to the empress. Her majesty possessed one of the rarest collections of gems in Europe, and Bertha was made responsible for them. There was a young man at court whom we will call Maximilian. He was of royal blood through his mother, but not through his father. "Now, Maximilian took very little interest in court matters. He was a student, always experimenting with liquids that he poured into little glass tubes and boiled and froze and did all sorts of queer things with it. It was about this time that a new and funny substance was discovered called radium. It had a sort of glow that never died out. Maximilian took great interest in radium and was constantly trying its glow on different other substances. "One day Bertha—it was about two years after she had been appointed lady in waiting—went to the vault where the empress' jewels were kept, and, lo and behold, they were gone, that is, all except the diamonds, which were in a safe within the vault. She fainted, but soon recovered and went out, locked the vault and sat down to think what she should do. It was enough that the jewels had been taken while under her care, but would she not be held responsible as the thief? While she was in agony as to what in the world she should do Maximilian was announced. In a few minutes she was pouring her troubles into his ear. "Maximilian thought for a long while then told her to say nothing about the theft. All would depend upon the empress not calling for her lost gems for some time. Photographs of them were kept that they might be identified in case of loss. Maximilian took these photographs and told Bertha that he was going to put the best detective in Berlin on the track of the jewels. What are detectives? There are no such persons now. There used to be, but there were so many ingenious detective story tellers that they revealed to the thieves all possible ways of tracing them, and the detectives ceased to be of use. "Well, Maximilian took two sets of photographs away with him, telling Bertha that if the gems were not called for for a month all would be well. It happened that the empress was indisposed about that time and attended no state occasions, so she did not need her jewels. Bertha was in an agony of suspense for the thirty days; then one day Maximilian came to see her. When they were alone he unrolled a parcel, and there were the gems. "Of course she was wild to know how he had recovered them, and to her astonishment he told her that they were not the original gems, but others he had manufactured. I will try and explain to you how he did it. He had noticed that that funny substance called radium imparted to the little glass tubes he used a beautiful blue. This led him to a new experiment. He took certain crystals of different hues, put them away in the dark, and when, after several weeks, he looked at them, what do you think? Why, the white crystals had become yellow topazes, the blue crystals green emeralds, while the violet crystals had turned into blue sapphires. He had made the discovery that has since led to the manufacture of what used to be called precious stones. To reproduce the gems shown in the photographs he had crystals cut like the originals, then exposed them to the influence of radium. "It wasn't a week after this that one of the multimillionaires of America came to Berlin. At the same time came princeling, a cousin of the emperor. A late dinner was given, the emperor retreating that it was for the princeling, but it was really for the big American banker. The empress called for her jewels. Bertha brought them to her, and neither she nor any one else new that they had been manufactured. He funny part of it was that the great banker, who was a collector of all kinds of rare articles, through a medium, offered the empress five times the cost of her jewels. She sold them to him, and she presented them to an American museum. They are really a curiosity, though he didn't know it, for they were first manufactured real gems, and because they are cheap people don't wear them any more. "Meanwhile Bertha suspected one of the means of honor of stealing the lost gems. The girl finally confessed to Bertha and returned them. This was after the manufactured ones had gone to America. Bertha consulted with Maximilian as to what they should do. He said their return would make a real scandal and might create a bad feeling between Germany and America, so they said nothing about it, but buried them. "And what became of Maximilian? Bertha asked the child. "They got now the Count and Countess of Blumenstein." "Why, that's papa and you." "No, my child. Never speak of it any more. I have been very incensed to tell you the story." ELENEOR GREGG.

NOT MERELY IDLING.

Wherein the Writer Resembled the Man on the Buoy. "That writer," said a publisher, referring to an author who seemed to be idling away his time, "is in reality trying hard to work, to get his ideas flowing, but he is stuck. "He said to me himself that he resembled a man who made a bet one summer day at the shore that he would swim out a mile and a half to a certain buoy. The bet was accepted, and the man stripped and plunged in. His friend retired to the hotel to watch his progress from the window. "From the window with a fieldglass the friend saw the swimmer reach the buoy in due course, draw himself up out of the water and sit down comfortably, with his legs dangling over. So far so good. Evidently he was resting well pleased with his feat. "Some minutes passed, and the swimmer had not moved. The watcher returned to his book. But every now and then he looked up, and still the swimmer sat in the same position on the buoy. "An hour, two hours went by. Still the swimmer remained. A white, slim figure seen against the oncoming dark, he sat on the buoy's edge. His feet dangled in the sea. He seemed to be musing. "Finally it began to grow quite dark, and, thoroughly alarmed at last, the watcher got a boat and a couple of barges and rowed out to his friend. "Out there the mystery was soon explained. The man was stuck fast to the buoy, which had been freshly tarred that morning."—Washington Star.

MEN OF EARLIER AGES.

Were They the Mental Peers of the Men of Today? The general idea that our enormous advances in science and command over nature serve as demonstrations of our mental superiority to the men of earlier ages is totally unfounded. The evidence of history and of the earliest monuments alike goes to indicate that our intellectual and moral nature has not advanced in any perceptible degree. In the second place, we find that the supposed great mental inferiority of savages is equally unfounded. The more they are sympathetically studied the more they are found to resemble ourselves in their inherent intellectual powers. Even the so long despised Australian savages, almost the lowest in material progress, yet show by their complex language, their social regulations and often by an innate nobility of character indications of a very similar inner nature to our own. If they possess fewer philosophers and moralists, they are also free from so large a proportion of unbalanced minds—idiots and lunatics—as we possess. On the other hand, we find in the higher Pacific types men who, though savages as regards material progress, are yet generally admitted to be physically, intellectually and morally our equals, if not our superiors. * * * Thirdly, we have no proof whatever that even the men of the stone age were mentally or morally inferior to ourselves.—Alfred Russel Wallace in Fortnightly Review.

A Curious Form.

The most curious form, or, rather, expression, of grace after meat which I have ever come across was that customary at Clifford's Inn, one of the vanished inns of chancery. The society consisted of two distinct bodies, the principal and rules and the Kentish mess, each body having its own table. At the conclusion of the dinner the chairman of the Kentish mess, first bowing to the principal of the inn, took from the hands of the servant some small rolls or loaves of bread and, without saying a word, dashed them several times on the table, after which they were taken away. Solemn silence prevailed only by the thumps prevailed during this curious substitute for a verbal grace.—Cor. London Chronicle.

Instinct and Reason.

Instinct is the generic term for all those faculties of mind which lead to the performance of actions that are adaptive in character, but pursued without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends attained. Reason refers to those actions that are adaptive in character and that are pursued with knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends aimed at. Such is the technical statement of the difference between instinct and reason, but the real, basic difference between the two faculties is unknown and probably unknowable.—New York American.

Thackeray's Pink Bonnets.

Thackeray was fond of putting pink bonnets on such of his lady characters as were to be specially fascinating. The eternal Becky wore one, the mushy Amelia wore one on her wedding tour (very probably on her second one also), and the dashing Beatrix also set off her beauty by this means.—Exchange.

Awful Effects.

Acrid Ike—Dey say dat steady drip-pin' o' water'll wear away a stone. Dreamy Pete—Jes' tink, den, woid happen t' a man's stomach by pourin' glassfuls Inter it.—Bohemian.

Quite Useful.

"She has a very useful husband." "How do you make that out?" "He can always suggest something that he wants for dinner."—Detroit Free Press.

A generous confession d'arms slanders.—French Proverb.

NATIVE ESKIMO CLOTHES.

Light in Weight, Soft in Texture and Absolutely Cold Proof. When winter set in and Eskimos began to visit the ship, it soon became apparent that they were much better clothed to meet the cold than were the white explorers, though the latter had everything that money could command in the way of "an approved arctic outfit." The Finnish boots, or "Finnskor," used by Nansen and other arctic explorers, were excelled both in lightness and warmth by the native boots. A single fur coat of deerskin made in Norway weighed as much as an entire Eskimo suit of outer and inner garments, with boots and mittens included, and was stiff as wet sailcloth, while the native garments were soft as a kid glove. A well made Eskimo suit—suits and boots, underwear, trousers and coat with hood—weighs ten or eleven pounds, about as much as your spring suit, and in it you could sit comfortably on a block of snow, with your back to the wind, fishing through a hole in the ice, with a temperature of 50 degrees F., as the writer has repeatedly done, feeling cold nowhere but on the face, the only part of the body that must be left uncovered. We found a deerskin shirt with the hair turned in warmer, lighter and more comfortable than a woolen, and a cap unnecessary when the hooded coat is worn. There was not an item of the arctic clothing that was not advantageously replaced by garments bought from the Eskimos. No one wore garments of European make if he was able to get his hands on the Eskimo equivalent.—V. Stefansson in Harper's Magazine.

SPEAKING PLAINLY.

The Judge's Request and the Counsel's Prompt Response. A young and afterward distinguished attorney from an up country district of New York state was arguing his first appeal in the old general term of the supreme court. He had been in many legal scurringes in justices' courts at home, but had never stood in the awesome presence of five sedate and learned judges of the supreme court in general term assembled. His embarrassment was great. He repeated himself and misplaced his words so often that it was quite evident that he must soon be routed by his own confusion unless something should occur to break the spell. Finally, and just as he was floundering the deepest in a chaotic jumble of language and ideas, the presiding judge interrupted with the following remark: "Mr. Smithers, I believe it will be a great relief to yourself and to the court if you will address us in the same free and informal way that you doubtless use in addressing your local justice of the peace." "Well, then," replied Smithers, "I wish that while I am busy alleviating your honor's dense ignorance of the law you would keep your confounded mouth shut!" The court laughed heartily and waved for him to proceed. He grew eloquent and won his case in the midst of hearty applause.—Bohemian Magazine.

Some of the Trials of Writers.

Professor Lounsbury of Yale calls attention to some of the difficulties of English grammar with which writers have constantly to struggle in their desire to avoid obscurity and be correct at the same time. In Harper's Magazine Professor Lounsbury takes up the use of "whose" as a relative pronoun referring to inanimate objects and justifies its use since nothing better can be devised. He discusses the use of the singular pronoun with the word "everybody," as in "There everybody met his friends." This is manifestly inadequate, and "his or her friends" is clumsy. Jane Austen, writes the professor, avoided the difficulty by using the plural pronoun, as in her sentence, "They say everybody is in love once in their lives." He thinks no satisfactory solution of this problem can, in the nature of the case, ever be reached.

A Feast of Kisses.

"I once visited the little town of Halmagen, in Roumania," said a strolling player who used to wander into the odd corners of the world, "but even I and my hair is getting a little thin, and I wouldn't take first prize in a beauty contest—got enough kisses in one day to last an average lifetime. It seems that Halmagen from time immemorial has had an annual festival, and on this day the population of about eighty villages come swarming in. Every young woman of the town, married or single, goes out on this day carrying a vessel of wine and a small garland of flowers. To every visitor they offer a sup of wine and a kiss."—St. Louis Republic.

Compulsory Education.

"I never thought him very bright, but he certainly has a splendid education." "Well, you see, he lost one of his legs, and he couldn't go into athletics, so he just had to study at college."—Houston Post.

Too Much Port.

Captain (to the man at the wheel)—Another point a-port, quartermaster. Lady Passenger—Goodness gracious! That's the second pint of port he has called for within a few minutes! How those captains drink!—London Telegraph.

The Eternal Tip.

It is as foolish to attempt to stop tipping as to oppose the ocean tide. Tips will never be suppressed. The word may be changed, but the thing will not disappear. It is so human to be generous.—Paris Journal.

WOLVES OF FRANCE.

A Picture of Their Ferocity in the Eighteenth Century. "The ferocious wolf," said a nature student, "is the most perfect expression of carnivorous bloodthirst that walks. His jaw is the most terrible of weapons. Its snashing bite can break the leg of a buffalo, and the noise of it when at work in a sheepfold resembles nothing so much as the incessant cracking of a heavy whip. He took down a book. "Here is what the wolves of France were like," he said. "This is a letter from the famous Duchess of Orleans, dated at Marly, Feb. 9, 1709: "Packs of wolves commit fearful ravages. They have devoured the postman of Alencon and his horse. Two of the beasts attacked a tradesman near Mons, one springing at his throat. In response to his shrieks two dragons who were walking by came to his help. One drew his sword and ran a wolf through the body, on which it turned and seized its new assailant by the throat. His comrade came up and beat the brute off, but not before it had killed the man. Meanwhile the other wolf had seized the second dragon from behind and dragged him down. Finally when effective help arrived both the soldiers and one wolf were found dead. The other had got away. As for the tradesman, his leg was so pitifully torn that it had to be amputated above the knee."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A CLEVER RUSE.

Remember This When You Next Purchase Costly Jewels. How Mr. Pierpont Morgan made his millions would take volumes to relate, but an amusing little artifice by means of which he succeeded in saving \$1,000 can be told within the brief space of a couple of paragraphs. Some years ago a jewelry firm in New York sent the financier a fine pearl, offering it to him for \$5,000. This Mr. Morgan decided to purchase, and two checks were made out—one for \$5,000 and the other for \$4,000. He then removed the pearl from its box and, having substituted for it the \$5,000 check, ressealed the package. Mr. Morgan's clerk was next dispatched to the jeweler's with the sealed box and a note containing the check for \$4,000, stating that Mr. Morgan would be pleased to purchase the pearl if they would be satisfied with the check. The unsuspecting jeweler—in ignorance, of course, of what the sealed package now contained—closed with the astute financier's offer. And the box in which the \$5,000 check serenely reposed was returned to Mr. Morgan unopened!—Pearson's.

The Queen Bumblebee.

The length of life of a queen bumblebee is probably little more than a year at most. Here is one reason for this belief: She hatches among the late broods of summer and soon after leaves the nest, leading a vagabond existence, night and day, among the autumn flowers. The winter she passes in an earth burrow dug by herself and unaided establishes a colony in the spring. These combined periods of fall and spring require the daily use of her frail wings in the field at least four months. Now, we know that the wings of the worker honeybee wear out in less than half that time; also that the old queens who take to the field after the nest breaks up in August frequently have tattered wings and soon disappear. Nature does not supply insects with new wing cells as it supplies birds with new wing feathers. So the loss of the power of flight at this season of the year to the queen bumblebee means the loss of life.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Bank Deposits.

"It's odd the different sources of bank deposits," remarked a bank official. "For example," he said, "we receive thousands of dollars every year from Cleveland, men in the army and navy. The amounts range from \$5 a month from privates to \$30 or more from some of the officers. "Most of this is sent to us direct by the paymaster of the army or navy, as the case may be. Just now we are getting a lot of money from men in the navy on this cruise to the Pacific. The paymaster makes out a list of the various deposits and sends along a check to cover the total amount. Thus the men draw their pay and deposit it without ever seeing it. Their pass books in a good many cases are left right here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Despair.

"What do you want of the editor?" asked the office boy, blocking up the doorway. "I have a manuscript poem," said the long haired caller, "which I wish to submit for his inspection." The office boy closed the door, but reappeared a moment later. "Nothin' doin'. We ain't printin' no poetry now," he said, slamming the door in the caller's face. "Bard out!" exclaimed the poet, tearing his hair. "Chestnut!" yelled the boy over the partition. "I've heard that 'un before."—Chicago Tribune.

In Washington.

"I made a glaring error today," sighed the cabinet lady. "How's that?" inquired the departmental lady. "I glared at a woman I should have ignored completely."—Louisville Courier Journal.

An Inspiration.

Mrs. Knicker—Henry, why did you leave your shoes on the stairs last night? Knicker (dazed, but inspired)—English custom, m'dear. Left 'em to be blacked.—Puck.

A HAPPY DRUMMER.

He Won the Applause of the Eccentric Hans von Bulow. Hans von Bulow, the famous leader and composer, was one of the most eccentric members of a profession wherein eccentricity is common. It is related that one day, while walking the streets of Vienna, Bulow came upon a regimental band on its way to the castle. Immediately he ran to the middle of the street and joined the small boys about the drummer. Following the band, he kept bowing to the surprised drummer, applauding him at almost every beat. "That is rhythm! Excellent! That's the way I like to hear it!" he continued to ejaculate, to the surprise of all and to the great delight of the small boys. Persons in the street began to recognize the famous pianist and joined the procession, so that the band had one of the largest audiences to which it had ever played. Bulow listened attentively to the end of the last piece and then made a deep bow before the drummer and his instrument. "Thank you," he said. "That was refreshing! That puts my nerves in good condition again!" It is said that when the drummer learned who his strange admirer was he was the proudest man in the regiment.—St. Louis Republic.

TESTING HIS TONGUE.

The Unhappy Experience of a Young Married Woman. A young married woman in Brooklyn suspected that her husband was indulging in wine. She determined, however, to say nothing till she had confirmed her suspicions. In conversation with her bosom friend she said she would give anything to discover the truth. The friend mentioned that a man even slightly intoxicated cannot pronounce words of length. This gave the young wife an idea, which she proceeded to put into execution. When the young woman met again, the suspicious wife announced that the worst had been ascertained. She burst into tears and took from her hand bag a paper, which she handed to her friend. "I gave him this," she sobbed. The friend read from the list the following words: "Philoprogenitiveness, disproportionableness, pseudasthenia, phthisis, parachronism, hypochondriasis, photochroism, syncategorematic." "And," added the unhappy wife, with a fresh sob, "the wretch missed nearly all of them!"—New York Tribune.

In a French Chateau in Winter.

It is not all bliss to be invited to a French chateau in midwinter, no matter how distinguished the host or how romantic and artistic the domicile. At least it isn't for the steam heated Bostonian, lapped in the luxury of summer warmth. A visitor to a distractingly lovely abode near Fontainebleau says he put in twenty-four hours of physical anguish there and simply came away wondering how his hosts endured the arctic temperature of the rooms. "If I meant to live in foreign lands," says this shivering person, "I would go through the chilling process which inures human flesh and blood in France. What do these people do to render the blood in their veins to course like fire and act like an eternal furnace?" That's a question Americans abroad might well like to have answered.—Boston Herald.

Heat of the Sun.

It has been computed that the temperature of the surface of the sun would be expressed by 18,000 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or between eighty and ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the highest temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being 5,300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. If we compare it with oxyhydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal to 140 times the intensity of the limelight.

Children's Favorite Toys.

A hundred and thirty-two schoolboys of Paris and seventy-two girls were invited to describe their preferences in the way of toys. Among the former thirty-one voted for a railway train, twenty-three for tin soldiers, ten for steam engines, nine for building bricks and eight for toy typewriters and mechanical horses. Forty girls—a solid majority—declared without hesitation that a doll was superior to any other implement of recreation. The superchild seems, happily, a long way off.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Napoleon as a Reader.

Napoleon was a reader—persistent, omnivorous, indefatigable. By the camp fire and in his traveling carriage, in his temporary staff office or his own bedroom his favorite volumes were ever kept within easy reach.—Reader Magazine.

Now and Then.

She—You love me, then? He—I love you now. She—Ah, well! I suppose if a woman can get a man to love her now and then she should be contented?—Fair Journal.

Vary Considerate.

He—Did you tell your father, darling? She—I told him I was engaged, dear, but not to whom. He is not well, and I thought I would break it to him gradually.—Life.

In the long run the best way to make money backing horses is to drive a cart on a dump.

LAUGHTER ANALYZED.

The Observations of a Man With a Sensitive Ear. "Of course you have heard," said the man with a sensitive ear, "a laugh that jarred. I don't mean," he continued, "so much a laugh at an inopportune time—I imagine we have all heard such laughs—as a laugh the quality of which is unpleasant. There is something contagious in laughter of the right kind, even though you may be the object of it. It bubbles from the well of good humor. There is no hidden thought, or 'arriere pensee,' as the French say, behind it. It is the essence of frankness; it is spontaneous and whole souled, and it cleanses the system of the laughter and, too, of the bearer, like a spiritual bath. "But there are other kinds of laughter. The sneering laugh is perhaps the most familiar. Then there is a quiet laugh, a sibilant, secretive sort of laugh that is quite as certain to mean mischief. Another laugh, disagreeable in its nature, is the high pitched, nervous cackling that comes either from embarrassment or is a mere vocal habit. The worst laugh of all, however, to my mind, is that mirthless sound provoked by the mistress or embarrassment of others, and it rasps naturally most of all the object calling it forth. A person laughed at and hurt never forgets the experience."—New York Press.

HUMAN LOVE.

The One Joyous Impulse That Rules the Whole Wide World. There lives somewhere in the depths of every human heart the divine spark that we call love. It is the voice of the universe slumbering in its narrow cell to be awakened by a whisper or to cry out in dear desire and hear the echoing answer from another soul. Without it life would be a pale, relentless episode. Without its quickening force no temples would be reared by human hands, yet hovels wherein it dwells become more glorious than palaces. Ambition, fame and fortune are its slaves. It chains the mind in sweet imprisonment, makes credulity a guardian queen and lulls suspicion to repose. No censorship of right or wrong can light the way of love. It walks in pathways all its own. It laughs at reason and dispels despair. It is the hissing word of children, the puzzle of philosophers, the talisman of rulers. It is the first and last of life—murmured at the cradle, cherished at the grave. It is the rainbow after tears, the cure for every sorrow, the one joyous impulse that rules the whole wide world.—Wade Mountfortt in Era Magazine.

The Instinct of Design.

When a Japanese cannot mold the shape of an object, when he cannot reduce it by a design, when, in fact, he has no control over its creation at all, but it is placed in his hands as it is finished, says the author of "Kake-mono," he will still contrive to add beauty to it merely by arrangement. "I first noticed this on board the steamer going out," says Mr. Edwards, "where the Japanese boy arranged the extra blanket on the berth in a new design each day. He folded it into lotus leaves and chrysanthemums, into half opened fans and half shut buds. He had one wonderful arrangement which, being patriotic, was more often repeated than the rest. The blankets of the steamship company had at top and bottom two wavy red lines on a white ground. By some wonderful twist of his fingers the boy would fold that blanket into the rising sun, with the four red lines coming out of it like blood red rays. He did it so perfectly that I recognized the flag of Japan the moment I saw it."—Youth's Companion.

Resigned Too Soon.

One Missouri lieutenant governor missed the governorship because he resigned too soon. When Frederick Bates was elected governor, there was chosen for lieutenant governor on the same ticket Benjamin H. Rives of Howard county. Mr. Rives held office a few months and resigned. Shortly after his resignation Governor Bates died, and there being no lieutenant governor the succession fell to the president of the state senate, Abraham J. Williams of Boone county, who served for some six months as governor of Missouri. Governor Williams was a preacher, a shoemaker and had one wooden leg.—Kansas City Star.

Isolated Greece.

Greece is an isolated country of 25,941 square miles that supports a population of some 2,500,000 people. It has no railroad connection with any other country, and, being cut off from the rest of Europe by the mountains of Turkish Macedonia on the north, all commerce is by sea. The principal ports are Piraeus (the port for Athens), Patras and Volo on the mainland and the island ports of Syra and Corfu. The Greeks probably number all told 8,000,000, of whom about 4,000,000 are in Turkey.

Well Tested.

"It seems to me that I have heard most of the ideas advanced in your speech before." "That," said Senator Sorgum, "merely goes to show that they are good ideas, which will stand wear and tear."—Washington Star.

A Reversal.

"What will happen when women rule?" "Among other things, I presume father-in-law jokes will come into style."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Censure or praise cannot affect a man who knows himself correct.—Baltimore American.