THE ARTIST'S IDOL.

Didn't Know Anything About Music; She Only Loved It.

he incident happened upon one of great ocean liners during an au- n trip when a famous violinist was ng the passengers. At first he ly refused to play, but was finally uaded, and upon the appointed ning the salon was crowded with er passengers.

was a most enthusiastic audience, lligent, sympathetic and appreciaa, yet as the evening wore on people an to notice that the violinist's ce went always in one direction, after a time others followed it.

ey saw a plain little woman, plainressed, with no marks of wealth or ura. But she was looking at the ter with shining eyes, her face wet tears, unmindful of everything pt the magic of his violin. When program was ended, pushing his through the people who would detained him, the musician went ight to the little shabby figure.

adame, I congratulate you—you e great artist!" he cried.

e looked up at him almost in m.

—oh—I cannot play a note," she mered. "I don't know anything t music. I only—love it."

e violinist shook his big, shaggy impatiently.

it not what I say? You have ze t soul—ze artist to listen. What to play to ze deaf—like ze rest?" a disparaging gesture toward rowded room. "It is to ze one wiz eart to listen zat we masters play."

uth's Companion.

N OLD TIME EXPLOSION.

Curious Phases Told by a Seventeenth Century Scribe.

old chronicler tells a curious sto- f an explosion which occurred in lon Jan. 4, 1649. A ship chandler, ems, "about 7 of the clock at t, being busy in his shop about ling up of gunpowder, it took fire in the twinkling of an eye blew ot only that, but all the houses about to the number of fifty or . The number of persons destroyr this blow could never be known. he next house but one was the tavern, a house never (at that of night) but full of company. in three or four days, after digthey continually found heads, legs, etc." The most interesting of the account comes further on: the digging they found the misof the house of the Rose tavern g in her bar and one of the drawtanding by the bar's side, with a n his hand, only stifled by dust moke, their bodies being preservhole by means of great timbers g across one upon another.

ere was also found upon the upeads of Barking church a young lying in a cradle as newly laid in neither child nor cradle having east sign of fire or other hurt. It never known whose child it was, at one of the parish kept it for a rial, for in the year 1666 I saw hild, grown to be then a proper n."

The Green Plover.

ry "man on the land" knows the ng, or green plover, though he not know that this bird is one of very best friends of the farmer literally worth its weight in gold al times. It takes its proper lapwing, from the regular, slow g of the long, rounded wings. e of its peculiar cry it is popuknown in England as the peewit n Scotland as peesweep. The e call it kiebitz. The French hat it can count "eighteen" (eightFrench is dixhuit), which is pro- d discreet. The peewit is n every country in Europe and In Great Britain it was once common, being chiefly found in n, moors and meadows, but its ers are gradually decreasing be- the eggs are collected and sold dearest eggs" for which there is g demand during the proper sea- Shakespeare.

The Hawaiian Language.

language of Hawaii is very sim To one who hears it for the first conveys the conviction that the abore expressed their sentiments in sweet sound sounds, to which some vowels have been added. Each is to consist as in Latin, and the e are easily pronounced by one to speak well wishes to speak ly. The pronunciation will be e better if the speaker will draw almost equal, the vowel sounds, which p the language is well to Hawaiian wail. Mac- and let the word music. Magazine.

Glass Windows.

window in England abbey about the windows, however, were granted for many ancuries, and as late as 1579 the commons at Alnwick castle, the of Northumberland's seat, were only taken down when the famine away from home.

One Thing Sure.

wife went to town today to good plain cook."

"Did you get one?"

"I don't know whether she's a good cook, but she's plain, all right."—Boston Transcript.

Judge not by what we feel to be right, while others judge what we have already done.—Anon.

Such a Thoughtful Woman.

When the man and woman started down the subway stairs the man felt in his pockets for tickets.

"By George!" he said. "Isn't that a shame? I've got to stop in all this mob and buy tickets."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said the woman. "I have them. When I came downtown I remembered what you said about those people who buy only one ticket at a time making such a nuisance of themselves, so, as I had 15 cents to spare, I bought three tickets. I have two left. We can go right on through."

So the man and the woman drifted along with the pushing crowd to the point where the ticket chopper held them up and demanded tribute. Then the woman looked in her purse for the tickets. Suddenly her face assumed a painful blankness.

"I—I haven't got them," she faltered. "I was in such a hurry when I came through that I must have dropped all three tickets into the uptown box."—New York Herald.

A Note That Was Paid.

History is constantly repeating itself. Once upon a time a landlady in Washington called on President Andrew Jackson and told of a government clerk who owed her a big bill for board. In those days it was easy to have access to the White House. President Jackson listened to her story and advised her to get a promissory note from the clerk and put it in bank. She replied:

"I've done that twice, general, and he won't pay even then."

"Is that so?" said the president in surprise. "Now you go and get his note and bring it to me. I simply want to see it, and I'm sure that the clerk will pay that note. Go and bring it to me."

The landlady did so, and soon returned with the promissory note. The president turned it over and wrote across the back of it his own indorsement: "A. Jackson."

That note was paid at maturity.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Waves In Solid Metal.

As illustrating the advances in metallurgy and engineering it has been demonstrated that solid metals may reveal by their structure the vibrations to which they have been subjected. In explaining this phenomenon experiments have been shown proving that a beautiful wave structure can be imparted to the surface of mercury by the vibrations of a tuning fork, and that even the surface of solid lead which had been subjected to similar vibrations possesses a structure resembling that of a vibrating surface of mercury. Mild steel has been defined as a "solid solution" of iron and carbon, free from cinders. Metallurgists have doubled the strength of steel as it was known in its early days.—Scientific American.

Relieved.

"Where did you get these examples of faultily constructed sentences?" asked Dr. Campbell, the great rhetorician, of a student.

"Out of one of your books, doctor."

"What? Where? Out of one of my books?"

"Yes, sir; out of your 'Rhetoric.'"

"Out of my 'Rhetoric!'" roared the doctor. "Impossible! Never did I make use of such language. You are mistaken, badly mistaken. But—but—where in my 'Rhetoric' did you find such composition?" he demanded angrily.

"In the part, 'Sentences to be Corrected.'"

"O-h-h-h-h-h! A-h-h-h-h! Yes, yes," said the relieved doctor.—Philadelphia North American.

Too Much For Her.

Calling one day to see an old friend who was visiting her married son, I inquired of the colored maid who answered the bell, "Is Mrs. Smith at home?"

"Yas'm, she home," the girl replied, showing no inclination to invite me in. "She here, all right, but she got a misery in de haid."

"Mrs. Smith senior?" I asked with concern.

"Seen me!" she exclaimed suspiciously. "Cose she seen me. Huccome she ain' see me w'en she hire me las' night huh own self?" And she indignantly shut the door.—Lippincott's.

The Worst.

"My wife has been having some trouble with her throat," confided a friend, "and I got pretty worried about it and sent for a doctor. He examined her and looked very grave, and that scared me even worse. So I said, 'Tell me the worst at once, Doc,' and he whispered, 'She will recover her voice.' And my wife overheard the question and the answer, and now Doc and I are both in bad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Resentment.

"Did you say I was a cheap trickster?" asked the ward worker.

"No, I didn't," replied the man who is close to the boss. "I merely said you were a trickster."

"Well, that's all right, but don't you ever insinuate that I am doing a cut rate business."—Washington Star.

A Tragedy.

"How did you like my new tragedy?"

"Tragedy? I thought it was comedy."

"So did I till I got my check for the profits."

Paradoxical.

"All this time the cashier was burning the candle at both ends."

"And keeping it dark. Well, I declare!"—Exchange.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

Warning That Came to a Granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford at Ederton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and, to her great astonishment and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her absence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying some coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mend the mistress' fire, which at 3 o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before his execution he confessed that he intended to assassinate Mrs. Rutherford.—London Standard.

GRAND CANYON.

An Ideal Place In Which to Realize the Insignificance of Man.

There is one place in this country where a man can step back not by hundreds but by thousands of years, back to the time when the continent was in the making. This place is the Grand Canyon of Arizona. There the visitor sees a panorama in a million colors as the mists gather about the rugged peaks and the sunlight glistens on the metallic deposits of the cliffs. A whole chaotic world discloses itself. Rock forms of uncanny beauty stand out on those unrivaled cliffs, and far down runs the river channel.

Stand on some ledge and realize the insignificance of man when compared with the handicraft of nature, watch a party of travelers threading their way down some winding trail that clings to the great wall and see them grow smaller and smaller until they become mere specks in the great rift, then some idea is gained of this wonderful place. Yet the canyon is so symmetrical and so unlike anything else that it is with difficulty that one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Niagara poured in would hardly have the dignity of a mountain stream.—New York Sun.

Humors of "Hamlet."

William Davidge related in his "Footlight Flashes" that during his strolling days in England, when companies were small, he had on the same evening done duty for Polonius, the ghost; Ostric and the first gravedigger, and Edwin Booth remembered Thomas Ward dying in sight of the audience as the player king and being dragged from the mimic stage by the heels to enter immediately at another wing as Polonius, crying "Lights, lights, lights!" Hamlet in a one night town, swearing he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers, has watched her through an open grave packing her trunk in the place beneath, while the ghost, her husband, waited to strap it up. There are more things in Hamlet's existence behind the scenes than are dreamed of in the philosophy of all his commentators and all his critics.—From the Green Book.

Corn and Water.

To those engaged in the handling of grain the natural shrinkage of shelled corn while in storage and in transit is a matter of prime importance and often a source of dispute because of shortage reported at time of receipt at warehouse and a further loss at date of final sale. In order to determine the amount of shrinkage or loss of weight occurring in corn the department of agriculture has conducted an experiment with 500 bushels of shelled corn. At the time of storage the moisture content was 18.8 per cent and at close of the test 14.7 per cent, or a loss of 4.1 per cent. The weight per bushel had decreased from 54.7 pounds to 50 pounds, and the total loss of weight was 1,970 pounds, or slightly more than 7 per cent.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

Sir Roger de Coverley was the name of a member of the imaginary club of twelve under whose direction Addison's Spectator was professedly published. He was an old school, bluff, good hearted English gentleman. The dance named after him is an English dance corresponding somewhat to the Virginia reel.

Her One Idea.

"His wife is a woman of one idea."

"That so?"

"Yes; whenever he starts to do anything she has the idea that he's doing it wrong."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Reason.

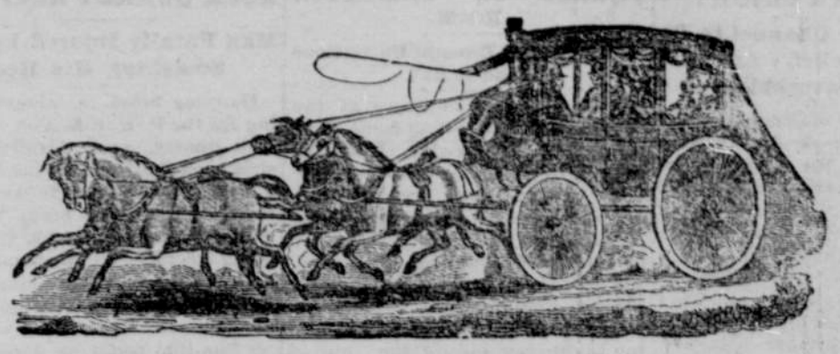
Positive Wife—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any plea? Negative Husband—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It's the only chance I get.—Exchange.

Good Reason.

"You mean to say you lived in one house for three years and cultivated no pleasant acquaintances? Why?"

"I was cultivating my voice."—Exchange.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.—George Herbert.



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