Newly Engaged Girl Had Decided Variation on "This Is So 14 Sydden" Formula.

"Women are the vain things," said the moody railroad clerk who had quarreled with "his girl" and couldn't heip telling about it. Then he went on: "I've been calling on her a good while, but to-day when I got hold of her hand I noticed her third finger was swollen. I found a tiny ring on It cut deep into the flesh. She told me her grandmother, when she was dying, gave her the ring. The girl was seven then, but she's 18 now, and she never took it off. I found out the ring hurt her, so I pulled out a flat key and a nail file. I got the thin, flat key under the ring and then filed across it. She said it didn't bur her, but as I was nearly done she fainted. I nearly fainted, too, but 1 got a glass of water and spilled it over her and she came to slowly. By that time I had the little ring off. After a while she held up her hand and looked at the fearfully swollen digit, and tears came in her eyes. 'Jim.' she said, half angry, 'you've spoiled my hand. How'll I ever cover up that awful finger? It looks deformed, Jim, and you're to blame."

'Never mind, little girl,' says I. Ill get you an emerald engagement ring to cover it. How'll that do?' "She didn't say 'This is so sudden." But she did say: 'Why, Jim, you're awful slow. I expected you to say

that a year ago." "And then we quarreled."

## COCKTAILS SERVED IN CHINA

A Landlord on the Road to the Great Wall Has Learned How to ... Make Beverage.

When you leave the train at Nankon, 27 miles from Pekin, and make your way toward the Great Wall of China, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, you proceed along a dusty road in summer and a sea of mud during the rains. The journey is on donkeys or in chairs carried by coolies.

In the middle of the Nankon pass there is a Chinese inn where the caravans halt. The manager offers travelers accommodations according to Chinese customs, but European beds are placed in the dais in the compartments, and it is even possible to procure a bottle of champagne or a glass of beer before retiring.

In fact, in many ways the enterprising host has an eve for business. He has learned how to mix a cocktail and travelers can procure baths. These Chinese inns are found beyond the wall on the road to Kalgan, where the railway will run in the near future.

As you get further inland European comforts and ideas of civilization depart, but it is possible almost anywhere along the main roads to purchase sods water. The inns are invariably built in the form of a square. At one side distinguished travelers and Europeans stop, and opposite the coolies and servants live. The chairs, carts and wheelbarrows are always placed in the quadrangle.

Imposed on Author.

For careless generosity, Daudet, the great French writer, could not be outclassed by any man of his time. At one time he used to place on the mantelpiece of his study, at the time when he held his weekly receptions, a bowl which was filled with silver coins. It was understood that if anyone of the bohemians of letters who came to see him needed a little finanrial assistance he could go to the bowl and help himself. The experiment naturally failed. There were those who came to the receptions only for the sake of the bowl; there were those who put too liberal an inferpretation on the mute invitation extended to them. "I used to see fellows pocketing the coins by handfuls." said Daudet, "and in the end I had to abandon the practice."

An Editor's Industry.

In preparing an edition of Shakespeare for the press, Mr. Stevens gave an instance of editorial activity and perseverance which has been seldom equaled. For a period of 18 months he devoted himself entirely to the work, and during that time he left his house every morning at one o'clock, and proceeded, without any regard for weather, to the chambers of a friend in Staple inn, where a portion of the letter press was lying ready for his revision: so that while the printers were sleeping the editor was awake, and the whole edition of 15 large volumes was completed in the space of twenty months.

The Man Behind the Gun. The late Admiral Erben had the good fortune or the merit to originate the world-circling phrase, "the man behind the gum." He used it in a speech on the factors of success in naval warfare to emphasize the necessity of having efficiency, preparedness run through the entire personnel. It was also a reminder that the enlisted men have a good deal more to do with bringing about a victory than always appears in history or official reports. The expression was employed in supplementing the views of Capt. Mahan, and attained circulation at once as epitomizing a whole library of instruction.

Unidentified. Mrs. Trout-Have you found any

trace of poor dear Speckles? Mr. Trout-No, I've read all the papers that fell overhoard, but nobody has caught anything under five pounds

# EXERCISED SENSE OF HUMOR

How Miss Cartright's Favorite Nephew Carried Out Her Instructions as to Mail.

"Why won't my folks remember to address my letters as I've told them to? I've written repeatedly to tell them how my mail gets all mixed up with that of those Cartrights in the, village, and yet they forget.

Thereupon Miss Cartright sat down at her desk and wrote several emphatic postal cards-being quite at the end of patience, and having had trouble with her mail ever since she rented this place north of Croton. A few days later she received the

following letter from her favorite? nephew, Bob: "Dear Aunt Betty:—Having had from you a Roasting, Furious, Dictatorial communication, I-a youth ordinarily Radiant, Facetious, Debonair-

have suddenly become Rueful, Flus-

trated, Despondent. "After Ransacking Forty Dictionaries in vain search for light on the cryptic signs, I nevertheless bow meekly to your stern command-at least I do so on the inside of the letter as you can see for yourself. But to a Rational Fellow, Deliberating profoundly, only one way, alas! suggests itself of working 'em in on the outside.

"You yourself brought me up to thirst after Reasons For Doctrines, so. for goodness' sake, let me know by return mail why on earth you insist upon my inscribing cabalistic initials on your mail matter. Yours, Robert-Flabbergasted, but devoted still."

Turning hastily to examine Bob's envelope, Miss Cartright saw why the postman had been so "queer" this morning. He had handed out her mail, his face all in a broad grin, and had remarked, as he drove off: "I s'pose the orginal old Rural Free Delivery puts up here, dont he?"

Bob's letter was addressed to Miss Elizabeth Cartright-"In the care of the Hon. R. F. D., Esq." - Youth's Companion.

### SOME LOGIC IN COMPLAINT

Cook's Demand for More Money Seems - Reasonable, When You Think About it.

Cindy was an old, black southern "mammy," with all the lovable traits and inconsistencies of her kind. For many years she was cook in the Warren family, and gave faithful and sat-Isfactory service.

One summer the entire family was away for two months, and Mr. Warren gave Cindy a real vacation by paying her full wages for that time and giving her the keys to the well-

stocked storeroom. A few days after the return of the family Cindy came bristling into Mrs. Warren's sitting room.

"I wants mo' wages," she announced.

"Why, Cindy," exclaimed the surprised mistress, "you are getting better pay than any cook I know of in a family the size of ours; you have a nice, comfortable room and good treatment. Think how kind it was of Mr. Warren to give you a long vacation with your full wages."

"Dat's it," grumbled Cindy. "Mr. Warren paid me dat money fur doin' nuthin'. An' now all you folks is come back fur me to cook fur an' wait on. An' I gits more money or I leaves."-Lippincott's Magazine.

Rules of Sleep.

Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep, and time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour and to rise in the morning the moment they awake: and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep anyone requires each must be a rule for himself-great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just,

First Cancer Theory.

Crocker's gift of a cancer fund will help out in finding the cause and possible cure of the disease, and then a dying man's wish may bless the world forever. The cancer problem will first have to be worked out in theory. Some intellect will take all the assembled facts, all that is known to be entirely true about cancer, and then theory will be worked out and will have to agree with every fact, when the cause of cancer will seem so simple that the great wonder will be that there was ever any question about the cause. Again, sometimes a man comes along, thinks out theory and by it shows certain of the accepted "facts" to be false.

Don't Put Birds in Windows. "Never put a bird in the window."

said a bird fancier. "I rarely go into the street in summer, or even on a mild day in winter. that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the windows. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap a draft is blowing all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must not put a bird in the draft, yet how few rememher there is always a draft in an open

window."

# PASSED EVENING IN PEACE

Foxy Pittsburg Man Devised Scheme Which Worked Out Into a Beautiful Success.

The wise man of Pittsburg lives in Shady side. If there's one thing he loves to do when he goes home it is to read a book in peace. One night when he arrived home he was informed by wife and daughters that they were to have company that night. The wise man's face fell as he contemplated the new volume under his arm, "one of the six best," etc. Who were they? O, some women friends. "I'll beat the game," said Mr. Wise Man to himself. Immediately after the evening meal he dashed out to East Liberty, bought one of those cutup picture puzzles, with 250 pieces in it, dashed back again, and when the company arrived and had been comfortably seated, he interrupted the chatter to spring the puzzle on the unsuspecting women. They fell into the trap. The only table big enough for the game was the large dining table. This was cleared, and all gathered about to patch the big picture together.

When they were well absorbed, Mr. Wise Man took his book off in a corner, in a comfortable rocker, and read until aroused after midnight only by the departure of the company. The picture lay on the dining table about one-quarter complete. The guests

were invited to come again. The next morning breakfast was served in the kitchen on a small table. because mother and daughters refused to disturb the puzzle until they had completed it. For a week the puzzle occupied the dining table and mother and the girls would work at it in odd moments, while Mr. Wise Man read his books.-Pittsburg Gazette-

#### **MEANING OF WILLOW PATTERN**

Originally a Chinese Design and Dates Back as Far as the Thirteenth Century.

The willow pattern is a Chinese design and very ancient, dating probably as far back as the thirteenth century: less than two centuries later it was reproduced in the potteries of Holland. This pattern is a very complicated design containing many figures in small space. In the foreground is a palatial building, around which cluster impossible trees laden with flowers and fruit.

Close by is a lake, an inlet from which hang the drooping limbs of a willow tree, and far out in the lake is a houseboat. Three figures are passing over the bridge, while high up in the air a pair of billing and cooing doves are suspended. The imaginary legend of the willow pattern design is

said to be as follows: A nobleman living in the palace had a fair daughter who had fallen in love with a youth of low degree. One night, with the help of a ladder, the youth abducted the willing maiden and the somewhat shapeless figures on the bridge are supposed to represent the fleeing damsel carrying her bundle of finery, the daring lover, bearing the ladder, and the irate father, having in his hand an instrument of castigation.

The boat in the distance is meant to represent the agent in the escape of the devoted lovers from the wrath of the angry parent, while the doves overhead symbolize the fact that they married and lived happily ever after, in the manner of the usual mythical tale.-From the Housekeeper.

How Eskimo Women Die. On her first entrance to her new but of snow an Eskimo woman is buoved by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her: upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill airs away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, companioning with her, may refresh itself with food, but starving and freezing her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perish alone.--Harper's Ba-

Shocking the Chauffeur. "I used to think it was bad enough In Paris," the woman began, "where the cabbies swear at you if they come within an ace of running over you and don't, but it's just as bad here. You know Monday night, how it rained? Well, I was crossing Fortysecond street, or trying to cross it and hold my umbrella at one and the same time, when the wind blew me against an automobile that was turning the corner. I never saw anything like the giare of the driver.

"Why don't you keep your eyes about you?" he shrieked. "You nearly stopped my machine!"—New York Press.

Diplomat's Courtesy.

An envoy now representing us abroad was once asked to dine by the king of the Belgians. The king had particular reasons for wishing to be civil to the United States and its representative. He accordingly, when the ladies had retired, got up, and, going to the American envoy, sat down beside him and handed him a cigar. The minister said: "No, I thank you," and taking one from his pocket proceeded to light it.

#### THOUSANDS GATHER AT BATHS

Arabian Men and Women Make Meeting Place of Springs at Hamman-Rirha.

Dr. Georges Martin of the thermal station of Hamman-Rirha gives an interesting account of the Arabs who come in crowds to take the baths at that station. Their number every year can be estimated at more than 20,000.

Of these bathers about two-thirds are women. Besides the medical effect the baths are for the Arab woman a meeting place, where she encounters her friends, as they remain a long time in the baths, three-quarters of an hour or more. They dip themselves in the water from time to time; then, sitting on the curb, they chat, laugh and sing.

Sometimes one of them addresses an invocation to the Sultan Sliman (Solomin), patron of the springs hidden in the mountain. The more believing sometimes receive their recompense in seeing the steam rise from the waters. After the bath the native rolls himself in his cloak and lies in

To quench the burning thirst which the very warm bath gives Arabs suck the juice of lemons or oranges or they go to the "cafe maure" attached to the baths to drink a tiny cup of coffee. Many Arabs, instead of coming to the establishment, prefer to take the bath in the open air. On the side of the hill a spring flows from the rock and the natives come to bathe in the natural basin where the water gushes out.

As a votive offering the women hang portions of their veils on the neighboring bushes. The childless come there plously to plunge in their small stuffed dolls. It is there that the prayer is above all agreeable to Sliman. They sacrifice fowls to him, they burn incense and spices in the earthen braziers, and it is in his honor that the little many-colored wax tapers stuck in the ground burn so often at night.

## WITH THE MOUNTAIN WHITES

Widow Looked Forward to a Period of Enjoyment—The Husband and the Mule.

A home missionary under the auspices of the American Missionary society, which has its headquarters in New York, tells the following tale of an old woman encountered during her work among the mountain whites of Saluda, N. C.

She found the old lady enjoying a comfortable pipe in front of her little fireplace. She greeted the visitors cordially, and upon their departure pressed them to call again.

"You'll always find me right here." said she, "unless I go off for a visit. Now my husband's dead I'm going to enjoy myself." The same domestic atmosphere

seemed to pervade the reply of another, whom the missionary asked if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming. "Why, no," said the old lady, "I

hadn't heerd o' that. Won't there be more than one day?" "No, my friend; only one day," was replied.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we've only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."

A Floor Man.

Make a map of your floor for the intricate places that suggest difficulties in the cutting and possible failure in the fitting of your new lineleum. The map may be a perfectly fitted size and shape, done in newspaper or even heavier manilla paper. The paste pot comes in just here. The first trial won't be perfect, but every little chink may be fitted in by a pasting process until you've got the exact facsimile, and then for the final cutting of the new oilcloth.

The forethought and trial paper will be of just the same use as is the perfect paper pattern in garment making. Try it and you will be convinced. The map is useful, whether the floor covering be carpet, oilcloth, felt, denim or matting.

Where Beishazzar Feasted.

German excavators in the ruins of Babylon have been looking over Nebuchadnezzar's palace. The ancient city is buried beneath the remnants of superimposed buildings, but the tomb of the old civilization has been made to yield its secrets. There has been found the great oblong hall, with an alcove for the throne, where Belshazzar held the famous feast and heard the warning voice of the prophet. Many relics of those precursors of the modern public dinner have been discovered. The architecture of those days seems to have been mighty. One of the outer walls of the palace was more than 24 yards thick.

How Hair Grows. It is a curious fact that a boy's hair grows one-half slower than a girl's. In boys the average rate of growth is three feet three inches in six years. being an average of .018 inch per day. During the twenty-first and twentyfourth years a man's hair grows quicker than at any other period. It takes an evelash 20 weeks to reach a length of .429 inches, and then its life is from 100 to 150 days. By means of a camera the wink of an eyelid has been measured, and it was found that 20 winks can be made in four seconds.

A Cemmon Weakness. Landlady-Yes, I must confess I have a weakness for coffee. Boarder-It must be sympathetic. The coffee has the same quality.

#### LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

Man Who Minimizes Importance of Trifles Makes Life a Burden to His Wife.

It is the little things that do matter-to a woman, a man would say, little thinking how greatly he himself is influenced by the trifles he despises. If the dinner is late, or his cuffs are frayed, if his wife has forgotten to tidy her hair, or she is not ready at the time appointed, he is distinctly ruffled: the fire is laid ready for the blaze—it may be in business that the match is applied or it may be at home; it matters not where, the results are disastrous, and the little thing is responsible.

Home life is made up of little things, but unfortunately the man does not realize it. He little thinks how wearving are the little things. and he has no compunction in adding to them. He does not know how much it means to the tired housewife if he even stoops to put coals on the fire. If he puts away his slippers himself. if he does not leave cigar ends in every available spot. But he is so occupied with the big things that unless he has been trained to be thoughtful he makes life a burden to the woman he has promised to cherish.

To the woman who lives among the little things they matter intensely. It is bitter to hear that he forgets the anniversary of their wedding, that he lets her birthday pass, as the dear ones at home never did; that he seldom thinks of giving her a present or suggesting an outing; that he does not even pass the salt at the table, nor open the door for her to go out. It is the little things which build up the barrier between husband and wife.

#### THEMIRROR BABY WAS CRYING

And That Seemed to Have the Desirable Reforming Effect on the Real Child.

"It cannot be a new way to attempt to quiet a crying baby." said the young man, who couldn't be expected to know a great deal about children, "but it certainly was effective.

"The child was sitting up in a carrlage red faced and bawling, with its mouth wide open and tears streaming out of the corners of its eyes. The nurse was making unavailing efforts to quiet the infant as she wheeled it along. At a corner there was a store that

had a square post in one corner of the show window. The sides of the post were covered with looking glass. "The nurse wheeled the carriage up close to the window and the baby, still howling, got a glimpse of the image of its angry faced, wailing self in the looking glass. The effect was marvellous. The child stopped crying at once and surveyed the glass with an air almost of being ashamed. Then it broke into a smile, and when the looking glass child also laughed it waved a tiny mittened fist and was

borne away, chuckling. "This, of course, can be explained on scientific grounds as being only a manifestation of curiosity on the part of the child, but the suddenness of the reform instituted by the mirror was impressive to those who saw it."

Teach Children to Be Fearless. Don't run to baby and pick him up the minute he falls. The child whose mother runs to him and moans over him the minute he falls is a much-tobe-pitied little man. Her terrified face and cry of "Are you hurt, darling? Tell mamma where. Poor little pet!" etc., will make him cry at once, whether he is burt or not.

Very soon he will imagine that the slightest untoward event hurts him,

and will grow peevish and fretful. A child who is not fussed by a nervous and adoring mother is very different. He may have many falls; he probably will. But very soon, with his mother's cheery "No damage done, dearie!" in his ears, he will learn, unless things are really rather bad, to pick himself up and go on quite happily with his interrupted game.

Another Polar Episode. He was making a dash for the pole in an automobile. Suddenly the engine refused to

work. He was in the middle of a terrible ice field. His provisions had given out. He felt the cold chill creeping over him, and he knew he couldn't exist much longer. His limbs stiffened and his hands became numb. The end was near. He was giving up.

"And then, like a flash, an idea came to him. He lay flat on his back with his head directly under the automobile's radiator.

He opened his moth and turned on the faucet.

The small stream of anti-freeze trickled down his throat. He was saved!

Ironical.

"Since I have lived in New York," said the Philadelphia woman, "I have done nothing but eat. In Philadelphia they don't seem to pay half as much attention to eating as they do in New York. They have but one restaurant where you can go and dine and sit about talking. Here in New York you seem to have such a restaurant. Italian table d'hotes, Greek restaurants, French restaurants, Dutch restaurants, restaurants and cafes at every corner. I never saw anything like it. You do nothing but eat in New York." "Yes, we do one other thing," said

the man who sat near her. "We drink a little." "A little!" cried the woman when

was with him.

## ROYAL TACT AND COURTESY

King Stanislas of Poland Proved Himself Possessed of Real Nobleness of Heart.

It is a great thing to be a king, and an even greater inheritance for a monarch to have always at his command tact and courtesy in addressing an inferior. Not all are fortunate enough to have it, but as Mme. Vigee LeBrun describes Stanislas, the unfortunate king of Poland, he is seen to have been the happy possessor of this more than royal charm.

His kindness was unequaled. I remember receiving myself a proof of it which even now causes me to feel ashamed. Sometimes, when I am painting. I seem to lose sight of everybody and everything except my model, which has often caused me to behave in a very rude manner to those who happen to disturb me when at work.

One morning, being engaged in finishing a portrait, the king of Poland came to see me. I had heard the sound of horses at the door and guessed who it might be, but I was so much absorbed in my work that I felt vexed, so much so, indeed, that ' when he opened my door I called out, "I am not at home!"

The king said not a word, but put on his coat again and departed. As soon as I had quitted my palette I remembered-how I had behaved, and felt so ashamed that I went that same evening to see the king, to make my excuses and to ask for forgiveness.

"How you greeted me this morning!" said he, as soon as he saw me, and added: "I can quite understand that when one disturbs an artist who is very busy it is annoying to her, so believe me. I do not feel at all vexed with you"

He made me remain to supper, all my behavior being forgiven.—Youth's Companion.

## AVOID MOTHER-IN-LAW PLANT

A Newly Discovered Species, It Is Announced, Will Paralyze the Tongue for One Hour.

Don't go into the conservatory your love to chant or you may be struck dumb by the mother-in-law plant. This bit of advice would be put in a reguiar poetical four liner at space rates, only it would take a steam roller to smooth out that line "mother-in-law plant" so that the poetical feet wouldn't have corns. You can't get poetry and mother-in-law into the same place. But the idea is there.

It appears that the superintendent of the Botanicol gardens at Washington has devised, composed, originated or launched a brand new plant, the title whereof is extremely expressive. it being the mother-in-law plant. According to the discoverer, grafter or inventor of said plant, it hath such potent powers, so like its namesake, that one leaf laid upon the tongue will parlyze that organ for the space of an

Enough said. If rural representatives wish to make a hit with all their constituents as they do by sending garden seed to the farmers, let them send the mother-in-law leaf to sonsin-law only and let the recipients slip them to the mothers-in-law -New York Telegram.

Women as Jewelers.

One of the uptown schools in New York recently has admitted several young women to its gem-cutting class. and the girls are making as much progress as the young men. A jewelry shop has been opened on upper Seventh avenue, and none but women are employed there. A woman mends jewelry that is brought in, a woman sets stones, a woman makes all the wholesale purchases and still another waits on the customers in the shop. Several of the large diamond-cutting firms have lately employed women in their workrooms, and when women have once taken a good hold on the business, there's no telling where they'll end. Certainly there should be some startling ideas brought out in new jewels.

Speech Restored After Eleven Years. A remarkable case of a dumb woman recovering her speech is reported from Leeds, Eng. For 11 years Mrs. Ada Collingwood, the wife of a carpenter, had not been able to utter a single word. A fortnight after her marriage she had a paralytic seizure which left her speechless. Doctors and specialists were consulted, but from none of them did she derive any benefit.

A few mornings ago, however, Mrs. Collingwood after a fortnight's illness in bed suddenly uttered the word "the," and slowly but surely she is secovering her voice.

A Flat Joke.

The table was set in the little dining room, and from the adjoining cubby corner the two gazed in admiration upon the decorations which surrounded their board. "Wouldn't it be an honor, John,"

cooed the bride softly, "if we could have the president with us for dinner to-morrow?" "Honor," laughed John uproariously as he contemplated the little allot-

ted by the grasping landlord, "why, it would be more than that, it would be a feet."--Illustrated Sunday Maga-

The Only Way. "Nobody listens to advice." "You're wrong. One fellow always loes."

"Who's that?" "The fellow who's giving it."-Exchange.