

TRYING THE TRAW CASE



A PARENT'S PLEA.

My little boy is eight years old. He goes to school each day; He doesn't mind the tasks they set— They seem to him but play. He reads his class at ratio work, And also takes the load. At making dinky paper boats— But I wish that he could read. They teach him physiology. And, oh, it chills our hearts To hear our prattling innocent Mix up his inward parts. He also learns astronomy And names the stars by night— Of course he's very up to date, But I wish that he could write.

Romance of a Fan

Outside, the leaves rustled beneath the starlit, frosty sky, and the wind moaned fitfully around the solitary old gray house. I knew that the sky was cold and star-gemmed, because I could peep up at it through the unshuttered window from my resting place on the little table. Inside, the freight danced on the oak-paneled wall of the low-ceiled room, and Joyce, from the cozy depths of her chair, watched the play of the flickering shadows among the gleaming old silver on the tea table before her.

three miles distant, and the next morning the following advertisement appeared in the county paper, for I heard her read it out to our one faithful maid-of-all-work: "Lady desiring residence in beautifully situated country home can be received on moderate terms. Apply The Cottage, Mereton." And a week later, after the usual formalities had been exchanged, the lady arrived, and was duly installed— an exceedingly prim old lady of quaint and dignified demeanor, with gray curls down each side of her face and her eyes partially obscured behind smoke-colored glasses. I detested her on the spot.

Joyce rose from her chair and handed me over for inspection. "Remarkably well cut stones! I do not think I ever saw such perfect imitations!" "Oh, but they are not imitations! They are genuine, I assure you!" corrected Joyce. "My dear child, are you not rather unwise to have anything so valuable lying about? Real stones of this size must be worth quite a sum of money?" "I have never thought about its monetary value. It was a present from some one for whom I had a very deep regard, and is associated with many very dear memories. I think it is quite safe. You see this is my own private sanctum, and very few people beside myself ever come here."



LIVING OVER AGAIN THE SAD EVENTS.

hall, and the door of the room I was in was cautiously opened. I could just discern the figure of a man groping his way toward the tea table, where the beautiful silver service rested on its tray. He commenced quickly to transfer the silver pieces into a large canvas bag. Then clutching me roughly, he thrust me into the darkness of an outside pocket, where everything became blank. My next recollection was of being jerked violently out of the man's pocket and landing in the mud of a silent gray street. He hurried on—he was running—leaving me behind, a prey to many fears, splashed and begrimed, and wondering what my fate would be. Later on the sleeping street began to arouse. At last a postman saw me, stooped and picked me up, muttering something about a "queer piece of mumbo jumbo." And, wiping the mud carefully from me with his red handkerchief, he put me into his pocket, and once more everything became blank.

And in less than that time I was in Jack's firm grasp. There was a little thinking sound, a surprised and grateful "Thank you, sir," on the part of the postman, a brisk "Good night" from Jack, then off once more.

Where was I bound for now? And what would be the sequel to it all, I wondered? But I could almost guess.

I was back in my dainty little sanctum; was clasped between Joyce's dear soft hands; and they were crushed against her throbbing heart. I could feel how fast it was beating!

I was very interested, and kept an eye on each of them. She had only just come into the room. He stood on the hearthstone facing her, and she was staring with lovely wide, startled eyes up into his own. She had taken me mechanically from him; scarcely, as I could see, grasping his explanation. "I—er—saw the little beggar advertised, you know, with our joint initials, and—ah—all the rest of it!" No answer.

"I heard of your loss, Joyce," glancing tenderly at the little black-robed figure; "and that you had not married Marsden after all!" he went on, hurriedly. He was very white and agitated, I could see.

"Married Marsden?" she echoed, faintly, trying to calm herself. "Marsden never proposed to me!" "Never proposed to you! Do you mean to say that she lied? That it has all been some hideous mistake?" "Who lied? What has been a mistake?" "Hilda Marsden! She told me you had accepted her brother that night of the Hunt ball. You remember? Joyce, darling, can you ever forgive me?" And so the mystery was explained at last! Hilda Marsden had been Joyce's most intimate friend those days! The old, old story of love and jealousy, I suppose.

Of the thief who stole me nothing more was ever heard, or of the beautiful old silver tea service, or of the paying guest, for she disappeared the same night, leaving her black silk gown, with her cap and ringtons and spectacles behind her.—Modern Society.

WAY TO CURE A COLD.

Simple Home Remedies Will Often Break Up the Attack. It is the easiest thing in the world to catch a cold. One does imprudent things and next thing finds one's self in possession of or rather possessed by a horrible attack of grippe.

As a rule the simplest remedies for a cold are the surest. There is nothing for carrying off the congestion like a hot bath, a hot drink and a good sweat. Do this at night. Another efficacious method is to sniff up warm salt water. But one must not go out right after this or the cold will be aggravated.

It is if a tight cord in the head rub the bridge of the nose thoroughly with vaseline at night. This simple remedy sometimes works like a charm. It is of the utmost importance during a cold to keep the system from becoming clogged. The old, senseless maxim, "Feed a cold and starve a fever" is responsible for many bad complexions and prolonged colds. The proper method is to eat very lightly and even partially fast.

Rub a little camphorated cream on the chapped lips and nose. If there are fever sores moisten a little powdered borax and apply. For the aching limbs a good rubbing with alcohol or spirits of camphor is excellent. If necessary to go out next morning rub the body vigorously with alcohol and a Turkish towel before venturing forth. It is of the utmost importance to avoid getting chilled after the hot bath.

If you will use plenty of stewed fruit in your diet, eat fresh figs, drink hot water or arisal and before meals and take nine or ten glasses of water during the day you will be taking the best possible measures to get rid of a cold.

One Thing or the Other. "Yes, Dumbley's wife died while you were abroad." "Ah! then he's either going to extremes in his mourning or he's looking for a new wife." "How do you mean?" "I notice that he's dyed his hair and mustache a deep black."—Philadelphia Press.

There may be no such thing as pain, but you have probably observed that the children in a Christian Science family shy at the prospect of a whipping the same as all others.

WHEN REST IS REQUIRED.

Feeling of Uncertainty About Routine Work a Sure Sign. "When people fall into the habit of wondering whether they have done routine things it is high time for them to consider the advisability of a rest," said a physician. "There is no surer sign, to my mind, that the system is becoming overtaxed than this feeling of uncertainty."

"I was staying with a friend the other night, spending the night with him, in fact. He's a man whom I know pretty well, and I thought at dinner and through the evening, from a little nervousness in his conversation and manner, that things weren't all right with him, but I wasn't absolutely convinced till bedtime approached. We were sitting upstairs in his study, his family having retired, and he asked me to excuse him while he saw that the house was locked up. It was a still night and I could follow his progress around the various rooms on the first floor. He seemed to me to be unnecessarily long and, without being inquisitive, I really became interested to know whether he wasn't making the rounds twice. Finally I heard him go into the parlor, a room I was sure he had visited at least once before. When he came upstairs I asked, laughingly, how many times he had seen that each window was fastened. But he wasn't in a laughing mood at all.

"It's a funny thing, old man," he said, "but I've been fool enough to look at each window two or three times. Do you know, it would strike me after I had left a room that perhaps I hadn't put the catch properly on one of the windows there, and back I'd have to go to make sure. Being in there, I'd examine the other windows again. It's been that way for half a dozen nights. Somehow, doing the set things doesn't seem to make the impression on me that one would expect. This lack of sureness isn't confined to locking windows, either. I find myself at the office wondering whether I have given such and such instructions—instructions that are so much a part of my daily work that I give them mechanically and then forget them. Nine times out of ten I find everything is all right, but I'm not quite happy till I do. I guess I must be getting old-maidish in my old age."

"It was my turn to be serious then. I explained to him that his forgetfulness all came from being overtaxed. From habit he worked like an automaton, doing this, that and the other thing in his business or home life, but a great number of his actions were without the cognizance of the brain. He needed rest, and if he did not take it he would break down.

"I got him away from cares for a bit, and the next time I saw him he laughed as heartily over the incident of the much-locked windows as I pretended to. He doesn't know it, but he had a narrow escape. I'm telling this story that it may serve as a warning to an over-strenuous age."—New York Press.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

Evidence of earnings of persons proficient in trade is held, in Central Foundry Company vs. Bennett (Ala.) 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1150, not admissible upon the question of damages for negligently killing an apprentice.

A right of action for negligently killing a person is held, in Jordan vs. Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company (Wis.) 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 885, to be an asset of his estate sufficient to warrant appointment of an administrator.

That the maker of a note understood that it was to carry interest is held, in Merritt vs. Dewey (Ill.), 2 L. R. A. (N. S.) 217, not to authorize the insertion of an interest clause without the maker's consent after the execution of the note.

The use for agricultural purposes, by adjoining land owners, of otherwise unused and unenclosed parts of a railroad right of way is held, in Roberts vs. Sioux City & P. R. Co. (Neb.), 2 L. R. A. (N. S.) 272, not inconsistent with, or adverse to, the enjoyment of the easement.

The right to the custody of a child in accordance with a judgment in a habeas corpus proceeding is held, in Willis vs. Willis (Ind.), 2 L. R. A. (N. S.) 244, not affected by an appeal, although the statute provides that an appeal shall stay all further proceedings on the judgment.

A woman taking her brother into her home and without benefit to herself nursing and performing other manual services for him during his last illness is held, in Mark vs. Boardman (Ky.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 819, to be entitled to an allowance of their value out of his estate, although there was no express contract that payment should be made.

A waiver with respect to confidential disclosures made to a physician by insured concerning his last sickness is held, in Western Travelers' Accident Association vs. Munson (Neb.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1068, to have been effected by a stipulation in a contract of life insurance to the effect that proofs of death shall consist in part of the affidavit of the attending physician, which shall state the cause of his death, and such other information as may be required by the insurer.

Human Nature. "Oh, how rich he is!" sighed the pauper. "I wish I wuz him." "Your wish shall be granted," said the genie, suddenly appearing. "Do you mean it?" "No, no," cried the pauper, hastily. "Just let me be with his money."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother's Pie. She—Did you ever taste one of my mother's mince pies? He—Oh, yes! I tasted one once, I think, for a week!—Yonkers Statesman.



Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

VANISHING FORESTS.

IN the Pacific Northwest, nearly two hundred thousand men are employed in cutting down the last primeval forests of this country and slicing these stately armies of spruce and fir and cedar into 5,000,000,000 feet of lumber and 6,000,000,000 shingles every year.

This timbered area is the richest natural treasure of the American continent, compared with which the gold mines of Alaska and Nevada are of plywood value for this and for coming generations.

It is so wonderfully rich a treasure that, according to Ralph D. Paine, in Outing, its owners are squandering it like drunken spendthrifts. A billion feet of lumber is wasted every year; enough to build one hundred thousand comfortable American homes.

It is characteristic of Western men and methods that the ways of logging in the East should have been flung aside as crude and slow. The giant timber of the Washington forests on the slopes of the Cascades is not hauled by teams or rafted down rivers. Steam has made of logging a business which devastates the woods with incredible speed, system and ardor.

The logging camps of the Cascades differ as strikingly from the lumbering centers of northern New England as the electric gold dredges of the Sacramento Valley contrast with the placer diggings of the Forty-niners.

In other words, the greater the need of preserving the forests, the greater is the American ingenuity for turning them into cash as fast as possible.—New York Sun.

HUNTING THE POLE

THE unapproachable North Pole has been a nuisance about long enough. It has caused innumerable chills, bronchitis and disappointments, much popular boredom, and not a few deaths, to say nothing of the financial waste. Nobody gets there, for by the time a fellow comes within something like 200 miles of it the hardship has turned him into another sort of man—the sort that renigs. This may go on indefinitely, unless we find a way to cut it short, and that is not easy.

It has recently been suggested that if someone should absent himself for a while and then come back and say he had climbed the pole, the agony would abate. I don't believe it. Science would overhaul his data and find lacunae in it. The search for the pole would be renewed. Or, if science believed him, fresh expeditions would set out to verify his findings and enlarge their scope. Thus we see why Arctic explorers don't lie, why they one and all confess their failure; fibs would not do a bit of good, whether swallowed or not.

But don't imagine that it's scientific enthusiasm alone that lures men to brave the Polar Ice. A genial ed at his christening in Russia and engraved with date and name, was unwrapped from its wrappings, and triumphantly exhibited to the teacher as evidence in behalf of the claims of the next applicant.

The teacher takes the loving-cup and admires it generously. It is a bit battered and shows its long journeying. "How do I know," she says, putting a tow head that accompanies the cup "that this is Moritz's?"

The mother looks at her with the expression of one who wrestles with crass ignorance. There is the cup, and here is Moritz. She tries to explain in broken English, but the teacher is frightfully stupid. She cannot make her understand, and finally goes away to get a birth certificate.

The various documents brought forward and presented to the teachers for inspection during registration form a curious collection. Passports, birth certificates, certificates of vaccination, written or printed in Yiddish, Russian, Hebrew, Hungarian, appear among them. Obviously, the lingual accomplishments of the teachers of the New York public schools must be of an unusual kind.

ONE OF MAN'S LIMITATIONS.

He Can Not Be Careless About the Way He Wears His Hat. There are things, it is a comfort to know, which even a man cannot do, and a man is supposed to be able to do almost anything. Now a novel, may put his heroine's hat on her head at any angle he chooses—it is one of the few privileges of womanhood—and leave her not a bit less charming or dignified, but I defy him to put his hero's hat at a rosy angle over his ear at a crucial point in his career and leave him still heroic!

The Achilles heel of a man is his hat. He must guard that as he does his reputation, for it is at once his strength and weakness. It would hurt an archbishop—and an archbishop necessarily stands for all that is good and great—less in the eyes of the public to commit a crime than to wear his hat on the back of his sacred head—real back!—and so exhibit himself to his distressed diocese. He may have all the known virtues and many that are not known, but even an archbishop cannot with impunity defy convention. Still, if he is so inclined, why should not a great and good man wear his hat over his nose without creating unfavorable comment? The fact is he cannot. He is ruled by convention and convention is the red tape of society.

The cast iron laws of fashion, which is only another name for convention, are such that if the greatest man in England were to walk with all his accustomed dignity from the marble arch to the bank with a trailing peacock's feather attached to the band of his impenetrable silk hat he would be followed by a mob in two seconds and by the time he reached Vere street the outraged majesty of the law would take him into custody as a suspicious character.—Putnam's Monthly.

A Base Lie. "Yes," said Tess, "he proposed to me last night." "The idea!" exclaimed Jess. "On his knees, I suppose?" "Oh, you mean that! I was not! At least—until afterward."—Philadelphia Press.

There are always lots of wolves until the men engage in a wolf hunt.

Maceenas finances the venture, and when you get home you can write a \$25,000 book and go on a \$100,000 lecture tour. As your Arctic experience has fitted you to live on shoe strings and candle ends, this means wealth. Financially, pole hunting is bound to become more and more attractive. Wireless telegraphy will soon permit an explorer to flash home hair-lifting dispatches at the rate of \$50 a syllable.—Boston Transcript.

THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLERS.

IF Congress thought to discourage that band of patriots known as the simplified spellers by refusing to adopt simplified spelling it is going to be disappointed. The simplified spellers are not in the least cast down. Dr. Funk, author of "The Widow's Mite" and chairman of the committee of spellers, says his committee never asked the government or the President to adopt the new plan, and now that the government has snubbed the President and refused to adopt it the situation remains exactly what it was before.

These simplified fellows can't spell themselves and it grieves them to know that anyone can do so. They pretend to like a new code of spelling, but that is only a bluff. What they are trying to do is to make good spellers abandon their ways and thus bring about a state of anarchy; then they will get up and claim to be as good spellers as anybody. It does not seem likely that they will succeed. Good spellers are naturally proud of their accomplishment and we do not think any of them will be bamboozled into abandoning it for the benefit of any person who has difficulty in spelling well.—Kansas City World.

ANOMALIES OF PROSPERITY.

NATURAL prosperity continues to show that it entails certain penalties as well as pleasures. The very force of the swelling tide tends to react upon itself. Thus business activity is so great that money commands high prices. It is not only the stock gamblers who suffer. Legitimate enterprises are halted by the difficulty of financing them. It is well known that the published rates for money do not by any means tell the story. Money, like any other commodity, is worth what it will bring, and neither lender nor borrower is likely to take the public into confidence into transactions far above the normal rate. The scarcity of money is one disagreeable phase of prosperity; the great enterprises are hampered and scarcity of labor is another. Here, too, great enterprises are hampered and delayed by the circumstances that men are not to be had to do the manual labor. They cannot be secured even by offering extravagantly high wages. There are simply not enough men in the country to do the work of the country. The tide reacts upon itself again.—Chicago Chronicle.

MARK TWAIN AT HOME.

By his gift of story-telling Mark Twain has endeared himself to the whole American people. A pleasant glimpse of the way in which this gift was exercised in his own home, for his own children, he gives in his autobiography, published in the North American.

"Along one side of the library, in the Hartford home," he says, "the bookshelves joined the mantelpiece; in fact, there were shelves both sides of the mantelpiece. On those shelves and on the mantelpiece stood various ornaments. At one end of the procession was a framed oil-painting of a cat's head; at the other end was the head of a beautiful young girl, life-size—called Emmeline, because she looked just like that—an impressionist water-color. Between the pictures there were twelve or fifteen of the briar-brace things already mentioned; also an oil-painting by Eliza Vedder, 'The Young Medusa.'"

"Now and then the children required me to construct a romance,—always promptly,—not a moment's preparation permitted,—and into that romance I had to get all that briar-brace and the three pictures. I had to start always with the cat and finish with Emmeline. I was never allowed the refreshment of a change, end for end. It was not permitted to introduce any briar-brace ornament into the story out of its place in the procession. In the course of time the pictures and the briar-brace showed wear. It was because they had so many and such tumultuous adventures in their romantic careers.

"As romancer to the children I had a hard time even from the beginning. If they brought me a picture in a magazine, and required me to build a story to it, they would cover the rest of the page with their pudgy hands, to keep me from stealing an idea from it. The stories had to come hot from the bat always.

"Sometimes the children furnished me a character or two, or a dozen, and required me to start out at once on that slim basis and deliver those characters up to a vigorous and entertaining life of time. If they heard of a new trade, or an unusual animal, or anything like that, I was pretty sure to have to deal with it in the next romance."

"Once Clara required me to build a sudden tale out of a plumber and a 'hawgunstricator,' and I had to do it. She didn't know what a hawgunstricator was until he developed in the tale. Then she was better satisfied with it than ever."

Puzzle of the Marine Barracks.

Among the interested visitors at the marine barracks at Washington on one occasion there was a party of young girls from a Maryland town. They proved very much interested in everything pertaining to the life and discipline of the post. "What do you mean by 'taps'?" asked one young woman. "Taps are played every night on the bugle," answered the officer. "It means 'lights out.' They play it over the bodies of dead soldiers." A puzzled look came to the face of the questioner. Then she asked, "What do you do if you haven't a dead soldier?"

Double Star in the Dipper. Not everyone is aware that Mizar, the second star of the big dipper, is a double star. To observe this double on a clear night requires good vision.