



TYPES OF DUTCHMAN'S BURDEN.

Who Was the Man is the Question

A small group of well dressed women were seated around a tea table at a fashionable hotel the other afternoon, relates the New York Sun, when a very pretty girl, passing through the room, stopped a moment to speak to one of them. When she had gone on the lady laughed pleasantly, and with that note of something which makes the hearer know there is a story back of it. It was so plain now that every other woman at the table took her question, and the lady laughed again.

"You needn't ask me what it is," she said, "because it is such a romance that if I didn't tell it to you I would actually explode, I am sure I would. It is cute and pretty, too, with just enough of the piquant to make it sparkle. The girl who spoke to me is the daughter of a long-time friend of mine, and she told me the story herself. It happened one night about horse show time, but so far there is no sign of any further development. She lives in this hotel, and the romance began at a dance given here as a birthday celebration. Going to her room after the dance was over she dropped in the hall upstairs a very intimate article of wear whose loss was discovered within a very few minutes and the maid was sent out on a searching expedition, thinking, of course, it would be found somewhere between the room and the elevator. But it was not, nor did inquiries made of the hall servants throw any light upon the whereabouts of the missing article. It was a handsome thing of silk and gold with a diamond in the buckle, and its value was such that the hotel authorities were at once notified of its disappearance. The girl wept herself to sleep over her bereavement, notwithstanding she had had a lovely time at the dance, and awoke in the morning restless and worried.

"She communicated with the office at once to learn if anything had been heard of the bauble and was further depressed by an answer in the negative. Of course she didn't have any appetite for breakfast and went back to her room determined to get all the police officers and detectives and sleuths in town after it. But before she had time to do anything desperate a box of flowers from a Broadway florist's was sent up. She was sure she knew who had sent it, because she recalled with a blush what a certain very lovely young man had been saying to her the night before and, of course, there wasn't anything more natural than that he should send her a box of flowers the very first thing on his way downtown. She opened the box at once, just to have something else to think about than her troubles, but, lo and behold, there was no card there! Neither was there any indication from whom the flowers came, but in the midst of the bed of roses lay the lost article accompanied by a poem written in an unknown hand and one apparently not disguised. This poem the girl gave me a copy of and I carry it around to be handy in case of an emergency. Let me read it to you."

The woman took from her pocketbook a typewritten manuscript and spread it down by her tea cup to get the effect of the white tablecloth on the thin paper.

"Listen," and she read as follows:
TO THINK THAT I WOULD NOT HAVE KNOWN HER,
'Twas at a dance. In vain I tried
To feel less like a social martyr,
When lying near the door I spied
A thing of yellow silk, a ———
I put a dash there, for 'tis said

To write it plainly out amiss is,
Yet England's motto may be read
Upon just such a thing as this is.
I stooped and hid it in my hand,
And wondered who might be the loser;
She could not ask me for the hand—
How such a question would confuse her.

Returning with it to my place,
I wonder if my cheek were flushing.
In turn I scanned each lovely face,
Until I saw how you were blushing.

My own perception I had wronged
To think that I would not have known her.
To whom this dainty hand belonged,
No one but you could be the owner.

So thus I send it back to you,
Around this bunch of blushing roses;
One found it whom you do not know,
Whose name no hint of mine discloses.

I would not have you guess 'twas I,
For that might put constraint upon you;
Perhaps you'll know me by and by,
Perhaps you'll love me—and I've won you.

I'd whisper that 'twas I who found
This clinging stillen band of yellow;
We're strangers, still I will be bound
You, and no other, have its fellow.

And now may my respect for you
Plead pardon for these rhyming fan-
cles;

For never motto was more true
Than *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.
"Now, isn't that just too lovely?" asked the reader amid a chorus of commendation which was almost applause. "And still it is a fraud, because the writer, and the girl is sure, wasn't at the dance at all and she is perfectly sure that she never dropped it in the ball room. It would have been too dreadfully awful, besides everybody would have seen it. She has her suspicions of one of three young men who had apartments for about two weeks on the same floor with her and were coming in at all hours of the night. One of the young fellows was from Chicago, one from Boston and one from San Francisco and they all went away the day the flowers came."

Minister Wu's Deafness

Minister Wu Tingfang, the ambassador of China to the United States, was one of a number of speakers at the presentation day exercises of the Gallaudet College for the Deaf, relates the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Wu frankly confessed to some degree of embarrassment, this being his first experience in addressing an audience composed largely of deaf persons. He further intimated that the presence of the president of the college by his side, interpreting his remarks, sentence by sentence, to the mutes, was not calculated to lessen his discomfort.

Mr. Wu declared that deafness, though a handicap, is not so serious an affliction as is commonly supposed, and, further, that the mysterious law of compensation steps in and bestows other talents and blessings. Continuing, the minister said: "To most of us a little deafness at times would be a distinct advantage. I can, perhaps, more clearly illustrate this point by relating a Chinese story.

"About 1,200 years ago a revolution raged in China and the reigning king retained his throne chiefly through the sagacity and valor of one of his generals. The king deeply felt his obligation to the general and in token of his gratitude consented that his daughter should wed the general's son. "The wedding was duly solemnized and

the happy young couple commenced house-keeping in their own home. For a time everything was harmonious, then the course of true love became disturbed, as it sometimes does even at this advanced date in America. The young wife became haughty and referred to her ancestry; she was the king's daughter, while her husband was only the son of a general. The young man, nettled at this, reminded his wife that but for the aid of his father she would be the outcast daughter of a deposed king and that he was therefore as good as she.

"The young wife hurried to the king and poured the sad tale of woes into his ear, not forgetting to emphasize her husband's allusion to him.

"The youth went to his father and told what he had said about the king.

"The general was instantly overwhelmed with the gravest apprehensions, fearing the vengeance of the king when he should learn of the treasurable utterances of the young man and he made great haste to call upon his sovereign to forestall punishment.

"The king listened to all the general had to say, and then, in a fatherly way and with a twinkle in his eye, remarked:

"That's all right, general. We fathers and mothers of young married folk must be deaf and dumb a good deal of the time."

Carpenter's Letter

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

look I might, I doubt not, have seen her, as Sam Weller's father said of the women of the tea party, "swelling wistfully before my very eyes." At any rate, she took the whole course and I made a memorandum of the dishes on a visiting card on the other side of my plate as she did so. First came the rice. Her ladyship gouged out a quart of the flaky white grains with a short-handled silver trowel, here used for the purpose, and then smeared two spoonfuls of curry upon it. The next walking brought forth a pyramid of sausages, swimming in gravy, and the lady took a spoonful of sausage and some of the gravy. She next took a leg and a second joint of broiled chicken, and from another waiter a spoonful of green peppers and meat cut fine and then fried eggs, hashed beef, fried bananas and fried fish. The plate was now pretty well filled, but mademoiselle mixed the rice, hash and other things together and sat back until the rest of the food was brought on. This consisted of pickled olives, pickled eggs stuffed with peppers, shaved beef stewed, raw cucumbers and one or two other things, the names of which I do not know. There must have been a dozen different ingredients in that rice on the plate and when she had smoothed the pile up it looked like a Chinese grave. Her delicate ladyship ate the whole with a fork and a table-spoon, working the two together to convey the food to her mouth. There were others about her doing the same, and, strange to say, none seemed to suffer inconvenience.

After this course there was one of beef-steak, cooked in American style, and a dessert of bananas, cheese and coffee. The bananas and cheese were eaten together in alternate bites and the coffee was of the same cold, hot milk nature as that I had at my breakfast. The waiters were natives, in white cotton jackets and bright-colored petticoats over white pantaloons, trimmed with turkey red. They went about in their bare feet and, although they could not speak English, they did very well. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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