

There is nothing humorous about humidity.

Inscription for Tracy's tombstone: "The wages of sin is death."

Flirtation rhymes with vacation this summer, just as it always did.

Mining coal with bayonets is not a happy solution of the strike problem.

Death succeeded in arresting Tracy, but the deputy sheriffs claim the reward.

The crown prince, we hope, did not throw his birthright in the face of the kaiser.

In case we should annex Hayti, would we also have to annex the Haytian generals?

Being crowned and convalescent, King Edward has now become quite an uninteresting personage.

Bandit Tracy did not die in vain. He has achieved a place in the wax figure class at dime museums.

Some of the baseball players say they believe in respecting contracts. Ah, the game isn't what it used to be!

Kansas City bartenders are threatening to strike for shorter hours. We have no hesitancy in hoping they will win.

The girl's mother says that story about the prince's infatuation isn't true. But do girl's mothers always know?

Premier Sagasta is about to retire from the command of the Spanish ship of state. Look out for another wreck.

When a visitor takes an hour of Mr. Schwab's time he may be said to be squandering money with reckless prodigality.

When all the railways get through combining, guess whether it will be Morgan or Rockefeller who will own the entire bunch.

As to that Chicago woman who cowed a burglar just by looking him in the eye—well, say! what couldn't she do to a husband?

Until Dr. Dewey is interviewed concerning the coronation the United States will not feel sure that everything in Great Britain is as it should be.

Incidentally the generous gift of Osborne house, made by King Edward to the English people, will relieve the donor of the large cost of its maintenance.

J. Pierpont Morgan denies that his ship deal isn't going through, and regards it as a kind of sacrilege that the ridiculous report should have been started.

The New Hampshire paper that has just published a Christmas poem is either forcing the season or behind the times. You may draw your own conclusions.

Society notes are being sifted pretty close in New York, where the information is telegraphed that the baby camel of Central Park has a pair of new boots.

A Missouri editor who threatened to write an article entitled "Hell and Who Will Be There" has been warned against the publication of libelous matter by the entire town.

May Yohe and Strong have met again. Now if they will clasp hands and stroll far into some deep, dark cavern, pulling the cavern in after them, all will be forgotten.

The deceptive toadstool, which looks like a mushroom, is doing its best to reduce the contingent of the superfluous population that lives through the drowning season.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani is grumbling because she has to pay an income tax of \$150 on her annual allowance of \$7,500, but she ought to remember that she is in luck to have an income to be taxed.

A Cincinnati health officer has begun a campaign against dirty paper currency because it carries disease germs. Most people in Cincinnati or elsewhere would be glad to expose themselves frequently.

Gaynor and Greene have been set at liberty by the Canadian court. Perhaps the next time this government tries to get a man extradited it will pick out somebody who has no money to hire eminent lawyers.

The czar has just presented the kaiser a gold smoking set, and the kaiser has just given the czar a gold writing set. The rest of us meaner mortals will have to wait till Christmas before we can afford to swap presents.

The boy at Chester, Pa., who swims so much that he dreamed he was diving the other night and found when he came to himself that he had dived head foremost down a flight of stairs, ought to have a tub of cold water set beside his bed.

## That Which Was Lost.

A lover said: "I do not hate the years That touch to gray the softness of her hair. For me Remembrance leaves the sunlight there.

"I love the lines that colder eyes than mine Read on the spirit-fairness of her face. The soul's handwriting tells its inward grace.

"But once around her beauty, still so dear. Blew an enchanted air; a mystery That shook my heart, but kept its own from me.

"There was a secret hidden in her eyes; And in her voice one note I thrilled to hear. Have the years slain it, ere I read it clear?"

Even as he spoke, her soft eyes met his own And answered, far behind their love and truth. Shone the lost magic and immortal youth.

—St. James Gazette.

## The Silent Man's Wooing.

BY CARRIE MAY ASHTON.  
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
He was a big silent man wholly absorbed in business and self the world said.

Respected by many, but loved by none, his employes said. No one could be more just than he, but those about him often wished he was more like other men.

He was not conscious of the fact that he threw a damper on every one in the office.

He had never known what a home was in the true sense of the word.

His father had deserted his mother when he was a few weeks old, and the poor little woman had lingered until the lad was six years old.

He had loved her passionately, but after she left him he had learned to live within himself.

He had found the world a cold, hard one to the homeless, but with a fine physical inheritance and dauntless courage he had worked his way up from a carrier-boy to the proprietor of one of the largest newspapers in a large metropolis.

He was never a social creature and refused all invitations.

He knew very few women and they rarely saw his best side.

He lived in a very quiet boarding house where Madame Brunig, a kindly German woman, kept a half dozen men who could afford to pay her well.

Elizabeth Wells, a wholesome, attractive girl of twenty-five, had spent the summer vacation with Madame as she was teaching in a neighboring city, and her mother was traveling with a party in California.

Madame was always ready to welcome the girl, as she had no children of her own.

The other men had treated her most kindly—the youngest having paid her considerable attention, but Norman Baker had never exchanged a half dozen words with her.

The fact was he did not know what to say to a woman.

He seldom felt at ease in a woman's presence, but instead of disliking her as the other boarders said, he had grown much interested in the merry, sunny girl, and when Thanksgiving came and with it Miss Wells, none greeted her with a heartier handshake than the reserved Mr. Baker.

He did not as usual retire to his sanctum immediately after meals during the young woman's visit, but mingled with the other boarders and for him was quite genial.

Saturday morning he asked Miss Wells to drive with him that afternoon, but she had promised Jack Bradshaw the night before.

"Will you go with me Sunday afternoon then?" he inquired, knowing this was his last opportunity as the young girl was to leave early Monday morning.

Very much astonished at the invitation she pleasantly accepted.

The first few miles of their drive Mr. Baker seemed quite oblivious of the young lady at his side.

All at once he said in an embarrassed manner: "Miss Wells I am a plain, blunt man, unused to the society of ladies. I probably have a strange way of showing it, but I am

deeply interested in you and want to make you my wife. I have never loved any woman in my life before, except my mother.

"My life has been a quiet, lonely one and I have no close friends."

To say that Elizabeth Wells was surprised, but mildly expresses it.

She had had offers before, but had never seen a man that she cared enough for to give up her freedom.

"I do not know you well enough Mr. Baker to feel sure that I should make you or myself happy as your wife. Our acquaintance has been so very brief, I do not know the least thing about you, except that you are proprietor of The Bulletin. You know little more about me. I shall be glad to continue the acquaintance and at



... a decided yes."

the end of six months you can ask me the same question again and I will answer it."

The twain kept their own council and no win was made any the wiser for that drive.

Mr. Baker made frequent visits to the city in which Miss Wells resided. Flowers, books, music and confectionery found their way to the young lady's home. Long letters reached her in which the cold, silent man told her of his early trials and loneliness, his longings and aspirations for a happier future.

"Could she be happy and satisfied with him?" she had asked herself over and over again, but could reach no decision.

She enjoyed his companionship more than even she herself knew. His friendship meant much to her, but might she not tire of him in time when it was too late?

The six months would soon be up, but she was no nearer a decision.

It was late in May one rainy Saturday when Norman Baker reached R—.

His train was late and as he had an engagement for luncheon with Elizabeth Wells he took a cab. A few blocks this side of Miss Wells' home the cab came to a sudden stop and upon calling to the driver he learned that a small newsboy had been knocked down and his papers scattered over the crossing. Jumping out of the cab he picked up the lad and learned that he was not seriously injured, although bruised and shaken up.

The child seemed much more concerned over the loss of his papers and his torn trousers than about his own injuries until he was told that Mr. Baker would replace the papers besides getting him a new suit of clothes.

How forcibly this incident brought back his own cheerless childhood to the man.

Perhaps he could put a little sunshine into the newsboy's life!

Requesting the lad to jump into the cab he drove to Miss Wells'.

What was his astonishment to have her exclaim as she opened the door: "Harry, lad, where have you been? How did you get hurt?"

Mr. Baker explained the situation and learned that his young friend was one of Miss Wells' favorite pupils.

"Run up to the bath room Harry, and make yourself as presentable as possible and you shall have luncheon with us," she said at the conclusion of the explanation.

Miss Wells invited herself to go

with Mr. Baker and Harry to select the new suit which thanks to the young lady's assistance, proved very becoming and satisfactory.

Then the happy lad departed to his home, and the two friends visited an art gallery.

They were seated before a cheery grate fire that evening both in a thoughtful mood, but with a peacefulness and contentment in the atmosphere that gave quiet happiness to the long silences.

"Norman," and the big, silent man was all attention and a thrill with the sweetness and tenderness of that first utterance of his Christian name, "the episode of my little newsboy friend," she continued, "your generous impulse to lend your aid to the lonely lad, has made my answer to the question you asked me six months ago a decided yes.

"I suppose I must have loved you all those months, but it took the little incident of this afternoon to show me that the love was really there."

WON FAVOR BY HIS GRIT.

Good Story Told of United States Naval Officer.

A tribute was paid recently to the late Capt. W. W. Reisinger, U. S. N., at the Grand hotel. "Capt. Reisinger was the kind of man you can obey as an officer, respect as a man and cherish as a friend," said F. C. Cheswick of Washington.

"The delayed news of his death at Panama, which came to us a week or so ago, was a great shock to his many friends in Washington, Annapolis, Pensacola and elsewhere. I remember an anecdote of the man which brings out the stuff there was in him. He was a little man—hardly over the limit to get into Annapolis, I should say—but he always insisted on being obeyed to the dot, and he always ordered everything to be kept right up to the mark. About ten years ago, more or less, he was executive officer of the receiving ship Dale, at the Washington Navy Yard, and used to keep the new men pretty hard at work shining up brass and the like. Some of them, especially the big fellows, didn't overmuch relish the novel sensation of being bossed around by such a 'little chap,' as they put it, and used to pass around remarks about how easy they could do him up some time off duty. He overheard some of those remarks and one day when he was off duty he appeared among the men, took off his coat and asked for volunteers in the task of doing him up. He was a foot-ball man at Annapolis, and fully able to take care of himself anyway. But the men respected his grit without trial, and obeyed him gladly after that."—New York Tribune.

HE WAS ABOVE IT.

Young Man's Answer to Student of Sociology.

Smith is a man of education, whose particular study is sociology. Much of his time is spent among children of the poorer classes, and in the vacation period, when these are congregated in the playgrounds of the city, he works among them directing their play.

Visitors to the grounds are frequent, but few ask questions. Recently, however—so Smith informed the writer—a young fellow appeared, watched the children for a time, seemed interested, and asked a few questions about them.

As the young man was neatly dressed, clean shaven, quiet in manner, and not unintelligent looking, Smith was prepared to find him a student of problems, like himself.

"Are you interested particularly in this kind of work? Perhaps you are doing elsewhere as I am doing here?" said Smith.

Smith said that the smile which preluded his reply was crushing. "Oh, no," said the youth, "I've got a good trade."—Detroit Free Press.

Food and Brains.

The advantage of fasting for intellectual work is being exemplified by a professor of the West Virginia university, who will refrain from eating food for 30 days, during which time he will daily deliver his customary lectures to the class of the summer quarter. It is the professor's idea that the less food there is in the stomach the more blood can be drawn to the brain, and that its action should be superior in every way to that of a man who is clogged with food. It will be interesting to watch the professor's lectures daily becoming more brilliant while his weight decreases. One can imagine that the farther he gets to infinite wisdom, until, when he arrives at the 30th day of his fast, the thinking world will be simply dazzled by the intellectual outburst. If this is demonstrated, all we need to do to produce a "Thanatopsis" or a "Gray's Elegy" is to take a commonplace poet and place him in a cell for thirty days on a diet of filtered water.

Druggists' Signs.

The familiar big colored glass bulbs are gradually ceasing to be a feature of the decoration of druggists' windows. In the past they were as necessary to every drug store as a red and white pole is to a barber's shop, but they have not, as the pole has, a well-defined history. All that druggists know of them is that they have been always used as window ornaments. The brilliant liquids that they contain are made cheaply and plainly of chemicals and water. Thus, a solution of copper and ammonia makes blue; bichromate of potash makes orange; aniline dyes have of late been used in the chemical's place, but the liquids fade in a strong sun light, and have frequently to be renewed. The liquids colored chemically, on the other hand, last well nigh for ever.

## HIS THOUGHTS FAR AWAY

He had executed the hustle of his life in order to reach her home in time to take her on the ride down the river, as he had promised, and in doing so he had been compelled to side-step his regular, daily lunch. Consequently, when the boat moved out on the bosom of the historic, low-murmuring stream, he had about as much of the Keats-Shelly poetic inflatus suffusing his hungry frame as is contained in the make-up of a carpenter's horse.

"How beautiful the deep emerald tint of the foliage is this year!" she murmured rapturously—having herself had a whole lot of lunch at home before she had started—waving her parasol toward the shore.

"Um," he replied, his mind on the things that he would about do to two strawberry shortcakes if they should happen to drop in his lap.

"There is something sadly reminiscient about the Potomac, don't you think?" she asked him as the boat swung by Giesboro point.

"Sure," said he, dismally, wolfishly eyeing the little girl, who was eating pickle and cake out of the family lunch basket.

"Don't you always fancy that something of the old, old atmosphere of the dreamy southland still seems to cling about Alexandria?" she asked him as the boat glided by the quiet town.

"Uh-huh," said he, half of a mind to go up against a ball of popcorn to sort of keep him going until the boat made its landing.

"See how the sunlight strikes the

little ripples on the surface of the stream over yonder!" said she, ecstatically.

"Yep," he replied, really thinking however, of how he would like to play with about two large Southdown mutton chops and some lyonnalse potatoes.

"The sky is of such a deep turquoise hue to-day, is it not?" she inquired of him.

"It sure is," said he, but the ome of the sky made him think of a pudgy huckleberry pudding and caused his teeth to leak.

She perceived that he wasn't garrulous a little bit as to the sky tints, perspectives, middle distances, and things like that, and so she paused for a little while. So did he. His mind was on the carnal things of the world.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked him playfully, breaking the sizeable pause. "Of the music made by the zephyrs as they flit through the lovely trees over there at old fort Washington?"

"Nope," said he, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I was wondering whether I'd have mustard or not on the four swiss cheese sandwiches that I'm going to lean up against when we reach our getting-off place."

Then she gazed at him reproachfully and passed up the tropical-moonlight conversation until the brute was fed.—Washington Post.

An unhappy wife is one whose husband always lets her have her own way.

## LAKE OVER VOLCANO

Squire Redwine, who has been in Phoenix for several days, yesterday described a smoking lake not far from the country where he lives, says the Arizona Republican. The lake is about forty miles from the town of Imperial and twenty-one miles south of Mexico. It lies within the Cocopah country at the base of the mountains, even below the foothills, but it has not been there very long. It is on the Mexican side of the line. It used to be in California and was supplied with water by the Chino river, but the Mexicans dammed that stream and the water was turned into the Cocopah river, which feeds the new lake and does little else.

Within the boundaries of the new lake there has been for several years what the Indians believed to be a volcano. Smoke was almost constantly rising from the ground, but there had been no other sign of an eruption. The water of the lake now covers the volcano to a depth of from five to ten feet. Ever since the water has been there there has been trouble, and it is getting worse every day. The Indians have moved from that neighborhood and the whites in the settlement twenty miles north are thinking of moving. The lake is about fourteen miles long, but not of great width.

At first the disturbance was confined to that part of the water in the vicinity of the volcano, but now the

water is boiling over a considerable part of its area and explosions are growing more and more frequent. People living in the neighborhood of Mexico are often awakened by them in the night time. Eruptions are going on all the time, but they are generally of sufficient force only to throw up the water to the height of a few feet. That makes no noise that can be heard at any great distance. But occasionally the eruption breaks through the water and shoots mud into the air at a height of forty feet. Whenever this happens the noise can be heard and a flame can be seen for miles. It was such demonstrations as these that frightened the Indians away. There are boats on the lake and parties have started out to the volcano, but they have always turned back without completing the investigation. One party which came back reported seeing an area of mud forty feet square thrown fifty feet into the air. The level of this lake is several feet below sea level.

The whole Cocopah country has been a volcanic region. The side of the mountains and the country for a considerable distance around are covered with sulphur. Within the memory of some of the older residents of Arizona one of the volcanoes in the mountain range was active.

All the troubles of this world are born with winds.—Mary E. Wilkins.

## WHEN MOSBY RAN

Col. John F. Mosby sent word to the remnant of his old guerrilla band, who recently held their annual reunion at Leesburg, Va., that the pressure of public duty would prevent him joining them. If Mosby's memory remains active, the recent death of Col. Tichenor of the board of general appraisers at New York must have reminded him of an occasion when the pressure of private—extremely private and personal—duty caused his absence from a place where he was very much wanted. He has sometimes mentioned it, in these later years, as the "closest call" he ever had in his life.

Tichenor, who was a union officer in the civil war, had been sent out one night with a company in advance of the army to skirmish and establish picket lines. Before he had gone very far he stumbled upon three men on horseback and cried: "Halt! Who goes there?" Two of the men wheeled instantly, galloped away and

escaped; the third hurried forward, throwing up his hands and screaming: "I surrender! I surrender!"

Tichenor was much annoyed. He could not shoot a man who had voluntarily made himself a prisoner of war, and the direction taken by the others was such that he should have risked hitting his prisoner if he fired upon the two fugitives; so he had to let them go and bring his one prize into camp. The captive proved to be a local preacher who knew the country so well that the confederates had pressed him into service as a guide, and he revealed the fact that one of his companions was a confederate officer and the other the guerrilla Mosby, who, in the then state of feeling within the union lines, would undoubtedly have been given short shrift and hanged.

Mosby afterward met Tichenor and told him that he did the liveliest running that night of any time in his adventurous career.

HOW TO DRAW A CORK.

It Can Be Done With Common Piece of Sealing-wax.

If you want to amuse friends at a picnic, or have left the corkscrew at home, as usually happens, tell them that you can draw a cork out of any bottle without a corkscrew. Of course they will laugh, but very soon it will be your turn to smile.

Take a piece of sealing-wax and hold one end of it over a lighted match until it becomes soft; then let some drops of the wax fall on the cork in the bottle. As soon as the cork is covered with wax you must press the piece which you hold in your hand against the cork, and you must hold it there until the wax is quite dry. Then it will be easy for you to draw out the cork by using the stick of wax which adheres to it, in the same manner as you would use a screw.

No matter how firmly fixed the cork may be, it will almost immediately yield to the pressure. You must,

however, take care not to wrench the stick of wax away from it while you are drawing it out, and you must also see that the cork is perfectly dry before you put any wax on it.

Edge of Pelee's Shower.

While the fiery tornado, passing toward the south and west, widened the sweep of its destructive power in order to extend its devastations further another remarkable phenomenon came to stop it in its course. Two strong atmospheric currents, laden with rain, moving, one from the southeast, the other from the north, fell of a sudden upon the sides of the fiery spout, and, encircling it along a distinctly marked line, cooled it to such a point that I have seen persons who, finding themselves precisely upon the line of demarcation, were struck on one side by fiery missiles, while on the other, and only a few feet away, nothing was falling but the rain of mud, cinders and stones which descended on the countryside everywhere.—From Century for August.