

Children of Dust.

One cried: "Of the dust were you made; God fashioned you out of the dust; Of earth were you taken and ever Your lust shall be after her lust."

Scrap of Carbon Paper

If one were looking for a cure for bashfulness, carbon paper would seem an unlikely thing to select.

John's bashfulness was most pernicious, and while it had not retarded his career as a successful manufacturer, in the flourishing town of Schuylerville, it proved a very embarrassing possession when he was smitten with the tender passion.

In the first place, Margaret Little was "an authoress," and that alone was an awe-inspiring circumstance.

The trouble with this endowment process was that it was not disclosed to Margaret. John could write, and did write, letters teeming with sentiment.

John had made three attempts at a proposal, each of which had ended in stampeding confusion and dire failure, and it is probable that the number would have been extended indefinitely, had not a rival appeared on the field.

Anyone who showed Margaret the slightest attention was a rival in John's view, and it seemed impossible that the editor of a New York magazine would come fifty miles to Schuylerville for the sole purpose of consulting Margaret about a series of stories for his periodical.

On a June afternoon he deserted his desk and determinedly strode toward the Little homestead. His courage usually lasted until he passed the front gate, but on this occasion he was surprised to find it upholding him even after he had reached the veranda.

In the matter of impassioned missives John Kendall was no coward, and he sat at Margaret's little desk and dashed off a few glowing periods on a sheet of her manuscript paper.

When the effusion was finished it proved satisfactory, being, in fact, a condensation of the others which he had left unresent.

"There was a piece of carbon paper among the top sheets," she said, "and this was under it," and John read an exact copy of the effusion he had addressed to Margaret the week before.

It seemed to say, "Speak for yourself, John," and had the stolid type-writer which stood on the desk risen to the occasion it would have added another love scene to its long list.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kendall, in Schuylerville, is a den, and on one of its walls hangs a bit of carbon paper in a gilt frame.

After viewing the scene John was seized with panic at the thought of Margaret's reading his note immediately.

He did not see Margaret for a week, and during that time deep despair held him for its own.

When the interview with Mr. Little was at an end, and John reached the front door he found Margaret sitting on the veranda.

"I am sorry I missed you when you called last week," said Margaret after her father's illness had been discussed.

"I'm sorry, too," John replied, mentally condemning the memory of the maid, whom he hoped had forgotten the incident.

"The girl said something about you leaving a note," continued Margaret.

"Yes—er—an invitation to a picnic," John said weakly, "but the affair was postponed."

"Before you could write the note?" "No; I thought it would be postponed, so I changed my mind."

Margaret was looking demurely at a rose bush. "It has been postponed before," she murmured softly, but her companion did not hear the remark.

"John," she said, in a louder tone, "I suppose it is only in an invitation to a picnic that you would address me as your dearest Margaret."

John Kendall turned slowly, and regarded the object of his affections with bewilderment.

Miss Little, who had transferred her gaze from the rose bush to her lover's face, seemed to enjoy its expression.

"Will you come with me for a moment?" Margaret asked, rising and entering the house.

John followed her to her study. There, on the little desk, was the pile of manuscript paper, Margaret took a note from the bosom of her dress, unfolded it slowly, and handed it to John.

"There was a piece of carbon paper among the top sheets," she said, "and this was under it," and John read an exact copy of the effusion he had addressed to Margaret the week before.

For a moment he looked helplessly at the note, then he glanced shyly down at Margaret, and the expression he saw in her eyes was entirely unlike that with which she had regarded the editor.

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YOUTHS WERE WELL TAUGHT

Destined to Govern, They Knew Need of Self-government.

A number of years ago Commodore Perry, speaking to the students of Antioch college, Ohio, told the following anecdote, illustrating the perfect discipline maintained among the naval cadets of his time:

"Some twenty-five years ago I was carelessly walking on the levee of a city of the Adriatic. A short distance from the shore lay a man-of-war at anchor. I called an oarsman, and told him to return for me in an hour.

"I wandered over the beautiful ship, admiring its guns, its keeping, its admirable appointments and its excellent management, shown by its condition. At the end of my hour I began to look for my oarsman. Just then I discovered a door on my right. I opened it, and in that room sat thirty-two boys. I had been there an hour and had not heard a stir enough to show that so much as a bird was alive on that boat.

"The youngest cadet came to the door and welcomed me with his cordial military salute. 'Boy, where is your teacher?' 'Gone ashore, sir.' 'Do you keep absolute order while he is gone?' 'Certainly, sir.'

"Then passing to the front, I said to one of the older boys: 'Young man, why do you act so differently from other boys? Are you afraid of being punished?'

"The cadet rose to his feet. 'Sir,' said he, 'you see before you thirty-two cadets. We all expect to govern others in our future work. The first element of a good governor is self-government; sir, we are practicing that.'

The commodore added: "That was twenty-five years ago. In the providence of God none of these young men have been called to eternity. I will now read you their names." And the audience recognized in each man a name famous in the navy of Great Britain, Germany, France or America.

The Dog Around Town.

Have you feasted to-day, old fellow? Had a sniff of some meat or a bone? Were you gen'rously fed upon gravy and bread?

Were you housed from the snowstorm last night, sir? Did you sleep within some warm bed? Did you hear the wind roar past the closed stable door?

Or did you crawl into some alley To curl up and shiver and know The voice of slow death in the wind's icy breath?

Has any one patted your head, sir? Or noted your great, sunken eye? Have your unkempt ears heard any kind, gentle word?

From some human friend passing by? Or have folks just kicked you aside, sir? Why, you're trembling now, where you stand!

Have they struck you so much that you quake at my touch And cover at the sight of my hand?

It's the way of the world, poor old fellow! Just a struggle for bread, or a bone; And some of us know how you feel when you go.

To your bed in the alley, alone! Were you sick and well cared for and handsome Friends would feed you and love you on sight;

But it's different, sir, with a poor, luckless cur. Just a dog around town! There, good-night!

Owl Saved Him.

King Robert the Bruce, according to the well-known story, once owed his safety to a spider. Among the Tartars of Central Asia there is a belief that one of their khans or chiefs was preserved, long years ago, by the great horned owl. He had hidden in a thicket to avoid capture by some enemies. By and by his pursuers came to this spot. The first thing they saw was an owl sitting on a bush. What did this mean? It signified, in their eyes, that this bird would not rest quietly there if any man were lying concealed close by.

Therefore they argued that the khan could not be there, and so they hurried on to search for him elsewhere. At nightfall the khan made his way to the camp of his men and told them how he had been saved from certain death. His story caused them ever afterward to look upon the owl with reverence and love. They wore its feathers in their caps as a pledge of victory.

Judge Siebecker's Unique Decision. Judge Siebecker of Wisconsin has displayed Solomon-like wisdom in some of his decisions. Two men appeared before him. One was a butcher, who claimed that the defendant owed him \$10 for a meat bill. The defendant, a strikingly thin and gaunt figure, denied the bill. Statements and counter-statements followed each other with great rapidity. The lie was passed, but the constable intervened.

"When was this meat purchased which you sold the defendant?" asked the judge.

"During the past four weeks, your honor," declared the butcher.

"Then I decide this case in favor of the defendant," remarked the judge, deliberately, as he scrutinized the emaciated figure before him.

Popularity of the Circus. It has been estimated that no less than 25,000,000 people annually attend the circuses of America in one season.

"HENDRIK HUDSON" DAY

Movement in New York for Magnificent Tri-Centennial Celebration of the Discovery of the Hudson River—Proposed Bridge as Fitting Monument.

A wealth of romantic interest surrounds the proposition that the city of New York and the public generally unite in a magnificent tri-centennial celebration of the discovery of the Hudson river in 1609.

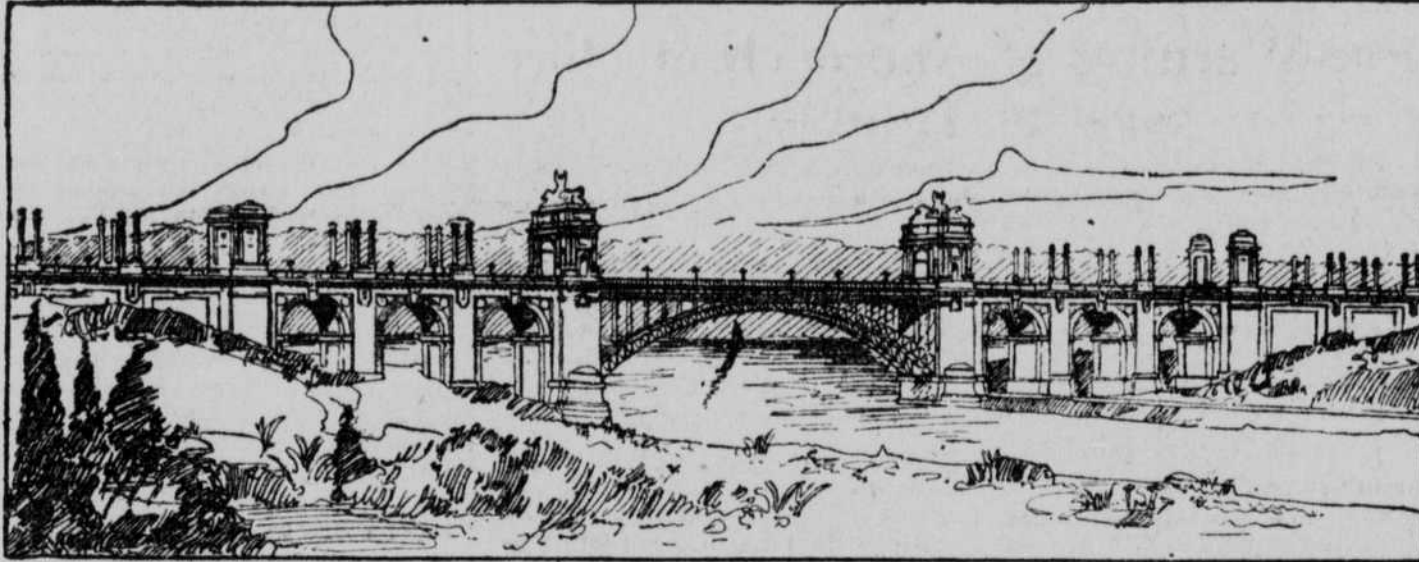
Capt. George A. White, secretary of the Hudson Tri-Centennial association, said: "Hendrik Hudson's achievements entitle him to a fitting monument, an enduring tribute that will

drive should be extended up to and over the span. A naval demonstration on the Hudson is planned as part of the celebration. It is believed that not only can the United States government be induced to send the white squadron here, but that the governments of Holland and England will send naval vessels to join in the affair—these two having an historical connection with the matter peculiarly their own.

It is known that Hendrik Hudson dropped anchor in the lower bay on either the 3d or 4th of September, 1609, and that he waited eight days in the upper bay before setting sail

up the stream. He occupied the time making drawings of the vicinity. He came to anchor on the 12th, just below Riverdale—possibly at a point opposite the Spuyten Duyvil, holding friendly intercourse with the natives, who came out in canoes to inspect the big ship and trade with the sailors.

Though born "Henry Hudson," and presumably in England the navigator



be an object lesson to the youth of future generations. If this testimonial can also be made serviceable to the people of this city, so much the better.

"A splendid bridge over the Spuyten Duyvil seems to the committee to be the correct thing. In fact, the members are unanimous in favor of such a form for the monument. At their request engineers have prepared a drawing of the proposed bridge, and it has been accepted in so far as the committee has power to act at this early date."

An inspection was made of the available sites for the proposed struc-

ture and it was determined that the extreme northwesterly point of Manhattan Island, where the Hudson and the Harlem rivers have their confluence, should be selected as the theater for the proposed celebrations, and that the bridge should be only a part of the affair.

Two small parks, it was considered, should be created, one at each end of the bridge; or, if this be not practicable, that Riverside

drive should be extended up to and over the span. A naval demonstration on the Hudson is planned as part of the celebration.

PROPOSED RAILROAD WILL RUN THROUGH TERRITORY FAMED IN BIBLICAL HISTORY

Probably most Americans who have read in the cable dispatches about all the pother that there has been of late over the proposed Bagdad railway have found themselves little concerned with the enterprise. As a matter of fact, the point about the scheme which makes it most interesting to folk in the United States has been rather lost sight of in the perverted discussion of the political side of the case.

The proposed road is in the region where history began, for, as the accompanying map shows, the Bagdad railway will run straight through the district between the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers, which long have been identified as the original Garden of Eden. Tarsus, the city of St. Paul, and Nineveh, to which Jonah was ordered (now known as Mosul), will be stations on the proposed line. It will run comparatively close to the once mighty city of Babylon, from which King Nebuchadnezzar went out to lay siege to Jerusalem; but which now

something like 122 degrees in the shade.

There is no question whatever that the prospects for a railway through this historically fascinating region would be decidedly bright could the country only be reclaimed from its present barrenness and made, as it was in Bible times, a land of plenty. And, strangely enough, just at this time comes a famous English engineer, Sir William Willcocks, who believes that it is possible to restore to this birthplace of mankind something like the marvelous system of canals and waterways which once it possessed, and to which all its former richness was due.

In those days the Tigris river was dammed at different points, and its waters thus turned into immense irrigation canals which ran through the country. The greatest of these canals was such a piece of work as modern constructors never have dreamed of. It was over three hundred miles long and 130 yards

grown. He thinks the Tigris could be controlled so that its water supply would never fail. The cost of this gigantic work would be in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000, but this practical engineer believes that it would repay the investment richly, creating a new garden of Eden between the Euphrates and the Tigris—Los Angeles Times.

Try Second Marriage.

Statistics gathered by the New York board of health show that widowers of all races, colors and creeds take less kindly to a second dose of single blessedness than do widows. Of the total number of persons seeking the marital state in the standard year the bereaved ones of both sexes made up one-tenth of the list and the widowers outdid the widows to the number of 556. Since the reports of the board deal solely with indisputable facts and leave debatable theories to the speculative mind the inquirer has to look



lies in ruins in the midst of an arid waste. Further to the north are the remains of Opis—for generations the wealthiest mart of the east; Ctesiphon, the ancient capital of the Persian kings, and Cunaxa, where Zeno-phon and his army of ten thousand began their famous retreat. This is the ancient Mesopotamia, through which Alexander the Great led his hordes; and as for Bagdad itself, is it not the fabled city of the "Arabian Nights" in which Haroun al Raschid wandered about incog?

Building the line will be a gigantic and wearisome task, for this once fertile "land of milk and honey" now is a comparative desert, baking under the tropical sun, in a normal heat of

wide. The biggest canal in Egypt to-day is only sixty-five yards across.

This great canal, the Nahrwan, and its fellows gave water to and fertilized all this region of Mesopotamia, now supposed to have been the most wealthy and densely settled district the world ever has seen. The end of this prosperity came, however, when a terrific spring freshet destroyed all this wonderful system. The Tigris weirs were turned, the river forsook its old bed and the entire country was inundated. Ruin followed.

Sir William Willcocks believes that a canal system based on that swept away would rejuvenate this arid land and make the soil one in which corn, dates, sugar cane and cotton could be

elsewhere for an explanation of the disparity in figures. He finds it in various sources, but the authorities consulted disagree. However, the preponderance of testimony indicates that woman, by the sweetness of her disposition, contributes more materially to a man's happiness than he does to hers, and that, having lost one spouse, he is never satisfied until he finds somebody else like her.

The First Papermaking. The earliest European paper mills were at Fairano, in Italy, in 1150. The Arabs first brought the secret of paper making to Europe, they themselves having learned it from Chinese prisoners of war.



Dashed off a few glowing periods. the desk for an envelope, when he happened to glance out of the window. Across the orchard came Margaret and the editor. The latter—a small, blonde, handsome man—was walking close beside his contributor, and looking smilingly into her beautiful eyes.