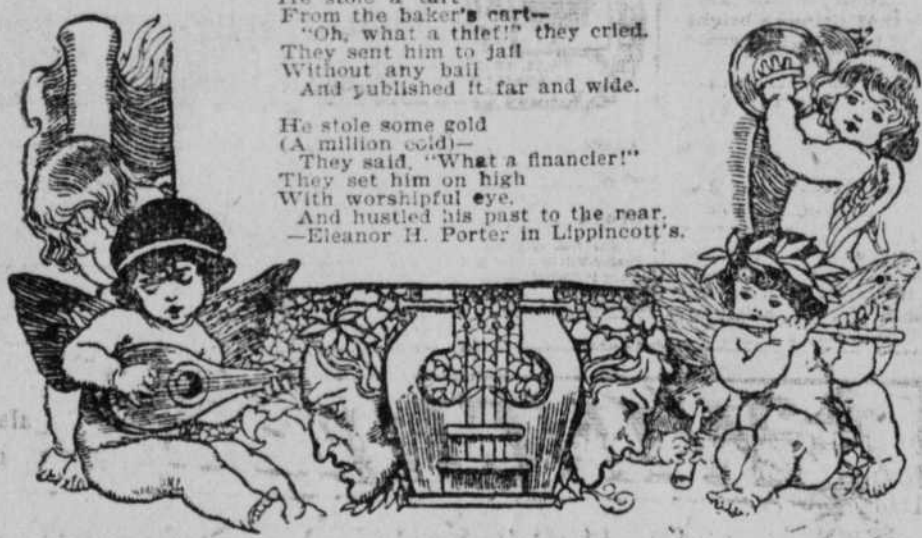


THE DIFFERENCE



He stole a tart  
From the baker's cart—  
"Oh, what a thief!" they cried.  
They sent him to jail  
Without any bail  
And published it far and wide.

He stole some gold  
(A million odd)—  
They said, "What a financier!"  
They set him on high  
With worshipful eye,  
And hustled his past to the rear.  
—Eleanor H. Porter in Lippincott's.

The Yellow Streak

Ellsworth never knew until some time in March how near Mrs. Ellsworth came to marrying the other fellow. The other fellow's name was Gridley. Ellsworth did not know Gridley, but he hated him, and felt that nothing would make him quite so happy as to show him up in his true light. He did not know what Gridley's true light was, but he was confident it must be a bad one, and he wanted to shine by contrast.

He began the disillusioning process by making Gridley's acquaintance. Incidentally he inquired secretly into his pedigree, social and financial. This investigation, however, resulted in nothing creditable to Gridley, with the exception of his having been in love with Mrs. Ellsworth, and that was a crime for which not even Ellsworth, when reflecting on the matter in his saner moments, could consistently blame him.

But the budget of testimony elicited in Gridley's favor did not alter Ellsworth's conviction that he was a rascal.

"All evidence to the contrary," Ellsworth declared, "I still think the fellow has a yellow streak somewhere in his make-up, and I am going to find it if it takes ten years."

It did not take ten years to get track of the saffron-tinted streak. One day in the latter part of April Ellsworth and Gridley happened to be in Philadelphia on business. They met in the Broad Street station and came over to New York together. On the way Gridley got confidential, and before they crossed Cortlandt Street ferry Ellsworth had found the yellow streak. After dinner he told his wife about it.

"I saw a friend of yours to-day," he said.

"Who?" she asked.

"Ed Gridley. He asked about you."

Mrs. Ellsworth flashed him an inquiring glance out of the corner of her eye. She had never told Ellsworth that she had been engaged to Gridley, and she wondered how much he knew of that arrested romance.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Mr. Gridley and I are old friends. But I did not know you were acquainted with him. How do you like him?"

"Not very well," said Ellsworth. "I think he is a cad."

"That is strange," she said. "He never impressed me so."

"That is because you do not know him as men know him. Just wait till you hear what he told me this afternoon, and you will change your mind. He told me a funny thing that happened three years ago, when he was courting some girl up in the country somewhere. He did not mention the exact locality, and I forgot to ask, but it doesn't matter. Anyway, he and the girl were pretty sweet on each other, and one evening when they were out driving they made up their minds to get married. They were then several miles from the hotel where the party was staying. About halfway between the village and the point in the road where they happened to be when the matrimonial notion struck them was a parsonage occupied by a young Baptist preacher, and they decided to stop there on their way back



Got confidential.

to the hotel and get him to perform the ceremony.

"They were in a hired rig. The horse was a big, long-tailed bay that was noted for his peaceful disposition. A woman could drive him. Although Gridley and the big bay had been on several jaunts together they had never got very well acquainted, so when Gridley in his anxiety to reach the parsonage in good time on that particular evening, touched the whip lightly to the big bay's back, the bay re-

sented the familiarity. He quickened his pace, which was what Gridley wanted him to do, but he quickened it too much for comfort and safety. He did not actually run away, he just cantered along at a lively gait, and no amount of whooping and jerking at the reins could induce him to slow up a bit.

"By and by they drew near the parsonage. Gridley sawed on the lines with all his might so as to pull the bay to a dead stop by the time they reached the front gate. But the big bay's temper was up. He had been insulted by the application of the whip, and while he was very careful about where he went and gave Gridley and the girl to understand that he did not mean to break their necks, he was also careful to let them know that he intended to keep on going till he got



"I am more firmly convinced now than ever, that he has a yellow streak."

ready to stop, and they might as well make the best of it. He carried them right past the parsonage and never let up trotting at his dead level gait till he reached the hotel, and then he turned in at the driveway and stopped in front of the porch as unconcernedly as if that was where Gridley had headed him for at the start.

"Gridley was hopping mad. He wanted to thrash the big bay and then hire another horse that was not prejudiced against matrimony and go back to the parsonage and get married after all. But the girl wouldn't do it. She was inclined to be superstitious, and she argued that Fate had directed the maneuvers and that the bay horse had been inspired by Providence to break off the proposed marriage. Gridley didn't agree with her. He gave the devil the credit for the performance rather than the opposing power, but the girl was set in her opinion and wouldn't give in, so they never got married."

Ellsworth paused and looked at his wife curiously. Her face was flushed, and its expressions ran the gamut of emotions from surprised indignation to hysterical mirth.

"But I don't see," she said presently, "why you should dislike Mr. Gridley on that account. Perhaps it was not exactly honorable to propose a sudden marriage as he did, but the girl seemed willing, and I don't see why you should put all the blame on him. Many other men—indeed, I may say most other men—would have done the same thing."

"Oh, I'm not finding fault with him for that little escapade in itself," said Ellsworth. "What I blame him for is the fact that when he was trying to persuade that girl to marry him on the sly he was engaged to some one else."

Mrs. Ellsworth's eyes opened wide, then narrowed ominously. "He was?" she cried. "How do you know that?"

"It is easily figured out. That took place in the late summer of 1900."

"Well," she said, "what does that prove?"

Ellsworth stood up and looked at her fixedly. "Prove?" he echoed. "It proves everything. It proves that Gridley's got that yellow streak I always credited him with. I've never said anything to you about it, but I know lots of things you think I don't know. I know Gridley was roared of you. In short, I know you were engaged to him at that very time, and I—oh, hang it all, can't you see what I mean? I don't so much mind your having been engaged to him—a fellow expects a girl to figure in two or three little affairs of that kind before she finally settles down with the right one nowadays. It is the fact that he was about to play you a mean trick and go off and make love to some other girl

and marry her while you were down here in New York or some place else believing him steadfast as Gibraltar all that time that makes me hot. You were a million times too good for him, and when I think of the way he was about to play you false I could wring his neck with real pleasure."

Mrs. Ellsworth spread her hands before her face and peeped at her husband between her fingers.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "what a great big goose you are. And what a good fellow into the bargain. When you began that story I thought you knew what you were talking about, but it seems you didn't. I never meant to tell you, but I can't help myself now. Mr. Gridley wasn't engaged to anybody else at all—at least, I don't think he was. I was the girl he tried to marry, and if it hadn't been for that horse—"

The revelations took Ellsworth's breath away for a few minutes.

"Well," he said, when he finally got it back, "he came nearer getting you than I thought. I must say that under the circumstances the fellow had gall to tell me about it, and I am more firmly convinced now than ever that he has a yellow streak."—Emma M. Wise, in New York Times.

BRAVERY OF AMERICAN SAILOR.

Hero of One of Most Notable Deeds Ever Performed.

What threatened to be one of the worst disasters in the history of shipping was the burning of the Ocean Monarch. The fire was discovered in her fore hold an hour or two only after she left the Mersey. There was a strong breeze and she was headed for the Welsh coast.

By some unlucky accident an anchor was dropped and the big ship was brought up all standing, head to the wind. The flames came roaring aft, where 600 passengers and crew were crowded.

A Brazilian frigate, a yacht and a pilot boat were near, but they only attempted to pick up those who jumped and swam. Suddenly up came an American clipper, and rounded into the wind barely 200 yards away. In her first boat was Frederick Jerome, only an able seaman, but one of the bravest seamen that ever lived. In a flash his boat was alongside the burning ship and he climbed on deck amid the scorch and smother. There he stayed until the last soul of 600 was saved. His clothes were on fire seven separate times, and he was scorched almost beyond recognition.—Exchange.

IS A SERVICEABLE INVENTION.

New Discovery Which Will Greatly Help Builders.

A new building material which promises much for the future is called urallite. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer and chemist, named Inaschentezky. Urallite is composed of asbestos fibre, with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda and chalk, and is absolutely fire-proof. In a soft form a sheet of urallite is like an asbestos board; when hard it resembles finely sawn stone and has a metallic ring. Besides being a non-conductor of heat and electricity, it is practically waterproof (and may be made entirely so by paint), and it is not affected either by atmospheric influences or by the acids contained in smoke, which rapidly destroy galvanized iron. It can be cut by the usual carpenter's or wood-worker's tools; it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or great changes of temperature, and it can be given any desired color either during the process of manufacture or afterward.

Down On the Farm.

When fiercely smites the brazen sky,  
And pavements parched, and scorching  
Tis then the countryside invokes  
Its pilgrimage of "city folks."

The locust, through the golden days,  
His strident hurdy-gurdy plays;  
The treetops furnish, through the nights,  
Their myriad electric lights.

The flowers that deck the meadows o'er  
Eclipse the zayest milliner store;  
They're wholly free to all who pass—  
No copper yells "Git off the grass!"

The cows that "mid the pastures walk  
Are fed on buttercups, not chalk!  
No gong they ring, but gently moo.  
The milk they serve is white, not blue!

Here winds no plodding caravan  
With hail "Fre-e-esh fish!" "Ban'an' be-nan!"

But hens strut forth on sturdy legs  
And kindly cackle, "Eggs! Fresh eggs!"  
—Edwin L. Sabin in the Four Track News.

First Schoolhouse Flag.

It is claimed that the first flag raised on a schoolhouse in this country was hoisted, on Catamount Hill, Colerain, Franklin county, Mass., in May, 1812. Recently a party of patriotic citizens of the town placed a stone slab on the site of the old log schoolhouse, and it is to be suitably inscribed and "unveiled" with appropriate ceremonies. The flag raised in 1812 was made by Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Shippee, Mrs. Alden Willis and Mrs. Stephen Hale, from material spun and woven in the different homes of the neighborhood.

Ahead of Time.

Little Richard, a 5-year-old West Philadelphia boy, who has arrived at the dignity of first trousers, was disgusted when he saw a little neighbor, aged 3, arrayed also in the garments of distinction. "Now just look what they've done to that Wilson baby!" he exclaimed. "They've gone and put him in pants before they know whether it's going to be a boy or a girl!"

ECCENTRIC VOYAGES  
across the Ocean



To brave the dangers of the sea offers a seemingly irresistible attraction to men. To do a thing simply because there is a risk in it—a thing perfectly useless and without purpose after it has been done—is a phase of the gambling instinct, for the gratification of which the sea offers opportunity.

How alluring this attraction proves itself is illustrated in the manner in which men have tempted fate in the frailest of craft on lonely, dangerous trips across the Atlantic.

A piano maker named Andrews offers an illustration of the daring of these solitary navigators. In 1878 he wished to visit the Paris exposition. Accordingly he constructed a boat twenty feet long and set out from Boston. He never had sailed before, and this added to the folly of his undertaking.

After forty-five days of privation he arrived at Mullion cove. He had been directed on his course by thirty-seven vessels which he passed in crossing. In relating his experiences he said he experienced no fear at any time except occasionally that he dreaded the possibility of being run down by a steamer. In 1889 he again wished to visit a Paris exposition and again employed the dangerous means of getting across.

On this trip he sailed on 150 miles from Boston and was brought back on a ship. He had been tossed about for a month. It might have been expected that this would have been the end of his solitary voyages, but it was not. He had scarcely set foot on American soil when he heard of a rival.

A man named Lowler was preparing to cross the Atlantic and Andrews offered to race him. A prize of \$2,000 and a silver cup was to be the reward of the victor. Andrews was pursued by misfortunes from the start. His boat capsized five times, and finally, being caught in a storm, he was obliged to seek refuge on a steamer. Lowler, meanwhile, had been more fortunate. He had put a ballast of lead

in his frail boat, and he outrode the storms and reached Cape Lizard, winning the prize.

Andrews still was not satisfied. He proposed another match with Lowler and they started from Boston again. Lowler's story of that trip will never be known. Andrews was successful. In thirty days he reached the coast of Portugal.

In August, 1901, the indomitable Andrews tried it again. This time he was accompanied by his bride. His fortunes had attracted a young woman to him, and they decided that their wedding trip should be across the Atlantic in a small boat. It was Andrews' last trip. His fate, with that of his bride, is one of the secrets of the sea.

Capt. Boyton nearly crossed the channel in a suit of India rubber. When he had put it on and inflated it he looked like a great cork on the water. He carried provisions for ten days and propelled himself by paddling or by using a small sail. He was at once a catboat and a rowboat. A boat followed him when he left Dover at 3 o'clock one morning. By six o'clock next evening he was in sight of Cape Gris-Nez, but when six miles from shore he became exhausted and was taken in the boat.

The legend relates how Leander swam the Hellespont every evening to meet Hero on the other shore. Lord Byron repeated Leander's feat May 3, 1810. The strait of Messina was crossed by a Sicilian brigand who was followed by the gendarmes. In 1875 Capt. Webb swam across the Calais pass, though he was forced to put



HOLBEIN—STARTING TO SWIM FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND.

forth the greatest effort. Eight years afterwards Webb perished in an attempt to shoot the rapids of Niagara Falls.

On the 20th of August, 1877, another English swimmer by the name of Cavill performed the same feat. The last one to attempt to surpass Webb is Montagu Holbein, who succeeded after remaining in the water for twenty-two hours and twenty-one minutes. It is calculated he must have executed 25,000 arm movements. Like Webb, Holbein coated his body with oil and protected his eyes by a mask glued to his face with a layer of varnish. The water of the sea is so intensely cold that the swimmer on coming out of the water is like a block of frozen meat.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

New Set of China May Scare the Superstitious.

To those who are influenced by the old superstition of sitting down to table 13 in number, an invitation from the President to dine at the White House off the new state service of china, may well be looked at askance.

Whether intentionally or by accident, the mystic number is curiously repeated in the crest, and even in the transaction by which the service was ordered.

To begin with, there are, of course, 13 stars and 13 bars in the shield, representing the original 13 states of the union. In one claw the eagle grasps 13 bolts, and in the other an olive branch upon which are 13 leaves and 13 berries. The pinions of the eagle, too, have 13 feathers, and it will be found that there are 13 letters in the motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

Further, there are 13 letters in the Christian names of the President and his wife—Theodore and Annie—and 13 letters also in Staffordshire, the county in England in which the wedgwood ware is manufactured; but perhaps the most significant fact of all in this respect is that the service was delivered on Friday, Feb. 13, of this year.

Under these circumstances it would require only a party of 13 to make any one sensitive in such matters search his mind diligently for an excuse to absent himself from the table.—Collier's Weekly.

Large Area Sparsely Populated.

Nevada is larger in area than any of the states, except Texas, Montana and California, yet its population in 1900 was only 42,335, or less than is found in 89 cities in the United States. There are more inhabitants in such towns as Akron, Saginaw, Dallas and Covington than in the state of Nevada. The highest population Nevada ever reached, 62,266, was in the silver mining days of 1880.

GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

Why Young Lady Wanted to Introduce Editor to Prof. Garner.

J. L. Harbour, one of the editors of Youth's Companion, tells this story about one of those "things we would rather have left unsaid."

"Now, I don't desire or deserve the reputation of a funny man," said he, "but somehow my friends have fastened it upon me. Because I collect funny things and believe in 'Blessed be humor,' they make the mistake of thinking that I'm humorous. Some even think I'm a professional funmaker and a clown. I recently went to a social gathering, where among others I met a very Bontonese young woman who knew me slightly as a man with a 'funny' reputation.

"Oh, Mr. Harbour," she said, "I'm so glad to meet you. We have many celebrated men here to-night. Do you see that man in the corner talking with the two women. Well, that's Prof. Garner. He's the one who studies monkeys, you know. They say he can understand a monkey's talk just as easily as he can understand that of a human being. Wouldn't you like to have me introduce you so that you can talk to Prof. Garner?" —New York Times.

Wholly Unwarranted.

The great college president was slow to speak. But at length the attack upon the modern system of education becoming more virulent, he raised his voice. "The insinuation," he declared, indignantly, "that the students who make brilliant records at their books do so at the expense of their athletic standing, is false and wholly unwarranted."—Puck.

May Revive Sherlock Holmes.

Literary rumor has it that, not satisfied with having unearthed the memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Conan Doyle will bring back the famous detective and explain his miraculous escape from death in that awful struggle on the Reichenbach fall.

ODD CUSTOM IN GREECE.

Funeral Rites That Seem Strange to Western Eyes.

"One thing sure to shock the American tourist is a Greek funeral," said a recently returned traveler. "It is a spectacle which most persons of convention-governed decency desire to avoid, because the body of the dead is exposed in an open hearse. The coffin is shallow, so that not only the face and head, but the hands and much of the body can be seen from the sidewalk as the procession moves through the streets.

"The lid of the coffin, frequently richly upholstered and decorated with garlands and wreaths, is carried on the hearse by the undertaker. The priest, the relatives and other mourners follow, and as the ghastly spectacle moves along it is customary for bystanders to remove their headgear and cross themselves.

"In the Athens cemeteries graves are rented for a term of years, just like the habitations of the quick. Only the wealthy own burial lots. This is invariably an evidence of wealth or aristocracy. The poor seldom dream of buying a lot or tomb. Such purchase would be deemed among them an unnecessary luxury.

"At the end of the term for which a grave is rented the bones are dug up, placed in a bag, labeled with the name and date, and deposited in a general receptacle."

Patagonian Giants.

Ever since the time of Magellan travelers have spoken of the Tehuelches of Patagonia as giants. Recent measurements show that the men average in height five feet eleven inches, the women five feet seven inches.

Favor Women Speculators.

It is reported from Petersburg that there is a strong agitation there in favor of admitting women to the Bourse, and it is believed that this innovation will be effected within a short time.