

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

"GRAY WALLS OF THE GARDEN."

The gray walls of the garden
Hold many and many a bloom;
A flame of red against the gray
Is lighting up the gloom.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold grassy walks between
Bright beds of yellow blossoms,
Golden against the green.

And in the roof of the arbor
Leaves woven through and through—
Great grape leaves, making shadows—
Shine green against the blue.

And, O, in the August weather
What wonders now are seen!
Long beds of azure blossoms
Are blue against the green.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold paths of pure delight
And, in the emerald, blossoms of pearl
Are white against the night.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

Howard Gets His Answer

"Dear Howard," she wrote, "of course your letter was a surprise to me, a big surprise. In the first place when a man has been running in to see you every other evening for a year it seems funny for him to write a proposal when it would be so much easier just to say it."

"I don't quite understand what you meant when you said you wrote instead of talking to me on the same theory that it was a mean trick to telephone an invitation to dinner, as the telephone had no chance to think up an excuse, but usually accepted, because he or she had to say something and couldn't collect his or her wits sufficiently to get out of it if he or she wanted to!"

"Of course I can never marry you. I expect you're surprised at that, because I've seen so much of you and we've had such good times together, and, as you say, are such good comrades. I'm never going to marry any one."

"I like you awfully well and I should hate to have you stop coming to see me, but, of course, you won't do that. We haven't finished that book we were reading, and then there's the party at the Crandalls' next week. I'd be lost without you to go about with. You see you mean a lot to me—but I am quite sure that I must say no to what you ask."

"Anyhow, in spite of the fact that you are so tall and good-looking and attractive, you must admit, Howard, that your last name is Smith—and it

NEVERMORE!

N many ways a return of our womanhood to the sweet-mannered customs of the Dickens period would be a sheer delight, but, alas! what with the growth of female suffrage and the general emancipation of women—as they call it—we fear that the girls of this age could never be induced, in spite of Dolly Varden petticoats and Dame Durden bonnets, to yield the palm of superiority to man. Never again, perhaps, shall we men be allowed to arrogate to ourselves the title of "lord and master."—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

"PEOPLE, PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY."

KEEP off the grass" signs have been entirely abolished in the progressive cities. It is held that the trivial damage done by the throngs who walk on the grass on Sundays and holidays is more than compensated for by the pleasure bestowed in the knowledge that everything in the public property is free and open to all. The only admonition to the public which still finds favor is the terse sign used in Glasgow, Scotland: "People, protect your property." This reminder is said to operate more effectively than any of the old prohibitions.—Kansas City Journal.

OBEY WHAT LAWS WE HAVE.

AR more than we need new laws we need to obey the laws we have. We need a great revival of obedience to and respect for law, and that feeling is not encouraged by enacting so many statutes that even lawyers no longer pretend to know the law until they look it up.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HANDY LITTLE STEAM HAMMERS.

Suspended from End of a Boom, Can Be Swung and Used Anywhere.

The usual fringe of lookers always to be found around where such work is going on now appears all day around the excavation for the foundation of the new building that is to go in place of the old Fifth Avenue hotel, and one of the things that the gazers find here to interest them is the handy little steam hammers used for driving down planks to form inclosures within which the earth is to be dug out for foundation piers, says the New York Sun.

Commonly this sheet piling is driven down by hand power and they are sinking some of the sheeting in that way here; but they are using also the steam hammers.

The steam hammer for this use works something like the steam drill, except that instead of having a drill at its business end it has a hammer and instead of being set in a fixed position it is suspended by a tackle from the end of a derrick boom.

The hammer outfit is about four feet long, consisting of a frame within the upper part of which is a steam cylinder in which a projecting piston works, while at the lower end is a solid iron block having in its under side a groove so that the iron, block, the hammer block, can be fitted on the top end of the plank to be driven. The hammer block weighs perhaps 200 pounds; the whole outfit, which is all held together rigidly in the frame, 400.

Suspended by its tackle from the end of a derrick boom the operator can swing the hammer in any direction. Steam is fed into the cylinder through a flexible pipe, and the operator starts or stops the hammer simply by turning a wheel.

He swings the hammer over to a plank to be driven down and adjusts the hammer weight with its groove fitting over the top of the plank and then he turns steam into the cylinder and the projecting piston comes down with fast repeated, quick, sharp blows on the top side of the hammer weight and so hammers the plank down to where it is to go.

And then the operator shifts the hammer along and settles it on the head of the next plank and hammers, that down, and so on. The slight is a novelty.

Cost of Amusement.

"It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale," says Frederic Thompson, in Everybody's.

"I suppose that more than \$25,000,000 are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about \$2,500,000. Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each.

"Luna Park cost \$2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent \$240,000 on one show, of which \$98,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels.

"It was the representation of the Indian derrick—and I lost \$100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs \$5,000 a week to light Luna Park, and \$4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers this season are \$2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit."

Ask a man how to spell a hard word, and note the look of perplexity on his face.

He Knew Their Secrets.

Bishop Donahue, of Wheeling, W. Va., is a very conservative prelate. He shares the views of many other bishops in his communion concerning secret societies, and as a consequence, when the Knights of Columbus was organized in his diocese, he was rather chary in affording them official recognition. Finally, he became convinced that the order was not inimical to Church or state, and as a proof of his satisfaction attended one of their annual gatherings. A member of the order attempted to twist him on his skepticism, and he promptly retorted:

"You young men imagine that you belong to a secret society; but you are very much deceived. I have been in the epiphany of the cathedral, and with the aid of a telescope have discovered everything that you have been doing. I know all of your signs; I know your passwords; and I even know the color of your goat."

Painful Memories.

The best man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver, and out glass without seeing them, and the best man hardly knew how to approach him.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last.

The answer told far more than his two meager words might have been expected to. It was, "Not lately."

A Pessimistic View.

"I wonder why Indians, who are so notoriously treacherous, choose a pipe as a sign of peace."

"Possibly because they know their pledges are apt to go up in smoke."—Baltimore American.

When a woman falls in love with a man, she is preparing to find him out. A woman in love believes a whole lot of things about the subject of her affection that he is sure to disappoint her in, and she will claim finally that he "deceived" her.

Fashion note: Women's skirts will be worn so narrow this winter that they never in the world will be able to run to a fire.

When a man starts out to look for his man to uncover a lot of trouble.

Two is company, but with father in the parlor there is a multitude.

CONVERTED BY MEDICINE.

WOMAN missionary, who was also a doctor, had a curious experience in Burma, where, upon her arrival, she found a village community dying of like flies with cholera. She made a house-to-house inspection, administered a specific, and, having broken the back of the malady, left behind several bottles of the medicine to be used during her absence. Upon her return the headman cheered her heart by the greeting: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." He led her to his house and into the apartment sacred to his worship. There, arrayed upon the shelf, were the medicine bottles, and he, with all his household, instantly bowed down and prayed to them with thankful and contrite hearts.—Dundee Advertiser.

LEPERS.

THE victims of leprosy are now the only physical defectives who are treated still as they were in medieval times. They inspire an almost superstitious terror in the clean of flesh. More scientific study is required and a more humane method of dealing with the sufferers. There can be no doubt that leprosy is much commoner than is generally supposed, for its period of incubation is unusually long, and it often fails to announce itself definitely for years. Until adequate provision is made for the victims, however, they will continue to spread the plague among their neighbors. State governments have been slow to make the necessary provisions for their comfort. The Federal authorities would seem to be in a better position to deal with the situation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

MOVING DAY IN CAIRO.

ONE of the strangest sights of Cairo streets is a household moving. There are no vans for the purpose. When a family wishes to move the head of the house contracts with a native mover, and on the day appointed this man, with his assistants, sometimes as many as thirty or forty, appears on the scene. One takes a chair and starts off, another seizes a sofa, five or six or even ten or twelve men get under a piano and march along, and one by one the others follow, each one bearing some piece of household goods. The things are put in place as they reach the new house, and in a few hours the moving has been accomplished and everything is shipshape. The human vans seldom walk, unless their load is unusually heavy. A man with a sofa or with four or five chairs piled on

MISS PECK GREAT PEAK SCALER.

Recent Achievement Places American Woman at Top of Class.

Miss Anna Peck's recent achievement in scaling the almost insurmountable Mount Hruscaran peak in South America places that American woman in the same rank as Sir Martin Conway, Edward Whymper and other celebrities known to the world of mountain climber.

RECLAMATIONS FROM LAND THIEVES.

THE recovery by the government within three years of 1,201,953 acres of land in Nebraska from the clutches of land grabbers is a gratifying achievement, and demonstrates that it is well worth while to try to enforce the law. That splendid area will afford homesteads for a multitude of honest settlers and pay a considerable return to the government, instead of enriching unprincipled grafters. And there are probably millions of acres more elsewhere which may be reclaimed in the same way.—New York Tribune.

NEVERMORE!

N many ways a return of our womanhood to the sweet-mannered customs of the Dickens period would be a sheer delight, but, alas! what with the growth of female suffrage and the general emancipation of women—as they call it—we fear that the girls of this age could never be induced, in spite of Dolly Varden petticoats and Dame Durden bonnets, to yield the palm of superiority to man. Never again, perhaps, shall we men be allowed to arrogate to ourselves the title of "lord and master."—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

"PEOPLE, PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY."

KEEP off the grass" signs have been entirely abolished in the progressive cities. It is held that the trivial damage done by the throngs who walk on the grass on Sundays and holidays is more than compensated for by the pleasure bestowed in the knowledge that everything in the public property is free and open to all. The only admonition to the public which still finds favor is the terse sign used in Glasgow, Scotland: "People, protect your property." This reminder is said to operate more effectively than any of the old prohibitions.—Kansas City Journal.

OBEY WHAT LAWS WE HAVE.

AR more than we need new laws we need to obey the laws we have. We need a great revival of obedience to and respect for law, and that feeling is not encouraged by enacting so many statutes that even lawyers no longer pretend to know the law until they look it up.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CONVERTED BY MEDICINE.

WOMAN missionary, who was also a doctor, had a curious experience in Burma, where, upon her arrival, she found a village community dying of like flies with cholera. She made a house-to-house inspection, administered a specific, and, having broken the back of the malady, left behind several bottles of the medicine to be used during her absence. Upon her return the headman cheered her heart by the greeting: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." He led her to his house and into the apartment sacred to his worship. There, arrayed upon the shelf, were the medicine bottles, and he, with all his household, instantly bowed down and prayed to them with thankful and contrite hearts.—Dundee Advertiser.

LEPERS.

THE victims of leprosy are now the only physical defectives who are treated still as they were in medieval times. They inspire an almost superstitious terror in the clean of flesh. More scientific study is required and a more humane method of dealing with the sufferers. There can be no doubt that leprosy is much commoner than is generally supposed, for its period of incubation is unusually long, and it often fails to announce itself definitely for years. Until adequate provision is made for the victims, however, they will continue to spread the plague among their neighbors. State governments have been slow to make the necessary provisions for their comfort. The Federal authorities would seem to be in a better position to deal with the situation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

MOVING DAY IN CAIRO.

ONE of the strangest sights of Cairo streets is a household moving. There are no vans for the purpose. When a family wishes to move the head of the house contracts with a native mover, and on the day appointed this man, with his assistants, sometimes as many as thirty or forty, appears on the scene. One takes a chair and starts off, another seizes a sofa, five or six or even ten or twelve men get under a piano and march along, and one by one the others follow, each one bearing some piece of household goods. The things are put in place as they reach the new house, and in a few hours the moving has been accomplished and everything is shipshape. The human vans seldom walk, unless their load is unusually heavy. A man with a sofa or with four or five chairs piled on

MISS PECK GREAT PEAK SCALER.

Recent Achievement Places American Woman at Top of Class.

Miss Anna Peck's recent achievement in scaling the almost insurmountable Mount Hruscaran peak in South America places that American woman in the same rank as Sir Martin Conway, Edward Whymper and other celebrities known to the world of mountain climber.

STUDENTS CATCH RATTLERS.

Spent Their Vacation Collecting Snake Venom.

Two students of the Medico-Chirurgical college, Philadelphia, put in their vacation this summer hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains, near Emmitsburg, says the Baltimore Sun. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom.

STUDENTS CATCH RATTLERS.

Spent Their Vacation Collecting Snake Venom.

Two students of the Medico-Chirurgical college, Philadelphia, put in their vacation this summer hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains, near Emmitsburg, says the Baltimore Sun. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom.

STUDENTS CATCH RATTLERS.

Spent Their Vacation Collecting Snake Venom.

Two students of the Medico-Chirurgical college, Philadelphia, put in their vacation this summer hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains, near Emmitsburg, says the Baltimore Sun. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom.

STUDENTS CATCH RATTLERS.

Spent Their Vacation Collecting Snake Venom.

Two students of the Medico-Chirurgical college, Philadelphia, put in their vacation this summer hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains, near Emmitsburg, says the Baltimore Sun. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom.

WALTHY MAN SHINES SHOES.

Shoan Worth \$50,000 Still Sticks to Old Trade—Cooks for Vacation.

If you had \$50,000 stored comfortably away in a bank, would you shine shoes at 10 cents a slip seven days, year in and year out? It is not very likely you would, but that is just what Al Shartle, one of the unique characters of Dayton, is doing, and, moreover, he is happy and can't be induced to quit his job, says the Ohio State Journal. The only time Shartle gives up his "shine job" is during the autumn, when, accompanied by his brother, he makes the rounds of the country fairs of Ohio. This week he is at the State fair, conducting a restaurant under the grand stand. This is his vacation. It gives him a rest from bending over the muddy boot and at the same time he is adding to his fortune and having a good time, which means something to a fellow who is making thousands of dollars, 10 cents at a time.

Shartle began his money-making career in Dayton in 1867, when he discovered that there were more money in polishing a pair of shoes at 10 cents than in cooking meals for which some one else obtained the profit. He had been a cook in his youth. When he changed his trade business was small at first, but gradually he increased it, until at the present time his clientele is sufficient to keep him busy all day—every day.

When Shartle shines your shoes they reflect your face and the heavens above. Most of his trade is confined to other buildings and large stores. Money-making is a habit with him. He likes it. He says he does not care to amass a big fortune like some of the money kings of the country, but he wants to get what he can. When asked why he continued to shine shoes after becoming well to do, he replied, "To make another fortune." Shartle will not tell what he is worth, but it is stated in his home city that he has \$1,000 for every year of his life. He is 77 years old. His money is invested in real estate, from which he receives a good return. He was never known to speculate.

Shartle is married, and his wife entertains frequently. Her wardrobe is in strong contrast to the simple things which satisfy him. The Shartle home is more than comfortable and has been the scene of many a gay gathering.

ASHES OF FUN.

Dyer—Well, I see Felling is on his feet again. Ryer—Yes; he was obliged to sell his auto.—Puck.

"Was that you I kissed in the conservatory last night?" "About what time was it?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She—Yes, whenever I see a man in a dark street I always run. He—And do you ever catch one of them?—Harper's Weekly.

"I didn't see you in church yesterday." "No; Willie didn't shovel a path through the Sunday papers in time."—Puck.

Polly—How do you like my bathing suit? Dolly—It must have been perfectly sweet before you outgrew it.—Cleveland Leader.

Barber—Hair getting thin, sir. Ever tried our hair preparation, sir? Customer—No, I can't blame it on that.—Boston Transcript.

He—Has your fortune ever been told? She—No; but I dare say papa will tell you if you really have serious intentions.—Sketch.

"You seem to manage remarkably well on your housekeeping money." "Yes; the storekeepers haven't sent in their bills yet."—Stray Stories.

Mr. Phusser—Cynthia, I have joined a Don't Worry Club. Mrs. Phusser—I am sorry for the club. It will have to change its name.—Boston Traveler.

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?" "I will," cried a voice from the audience.—Success.

"Ah, I see you are married!" exclaimed the merchant. "No, sir," replied the applicant for a position. "I got this scar in a railroad accident."—The Bohemian.

Louie—Uncle, what's the chargin? Uncle—Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs and jumps on a car that doesn't start for half an hour.—Chicago Daily News.

Tommy—Pop, what is retribution? Tommy's Pop—Retribution, my son, is something that we are sure will eventually overtake other people.—Philadelphia Record.

"De real resourceful man," said Uncle Eben, "when some one hands him a lemon is ready wid de sugar and other fixin's to make it to-lable pleasant to take."—Washington Star.

"Officer, I appeal for protection. A man is following me and attempting to make love to me." "Begorry, O've been lookin' for an escaped lunatic. Where is he?"—Kansas City Times.

Scott—What makes you think that the trust originated in Rhode Island? Mori—Dad used to speak of the trust in Providence as far back as when I was a boy.—Boston Traveler.

Old Gent—Here, you boy, what are you doing out here, fishing? Don't you know you ought to be at school? Small Boy—There, now! I knew I'd forgot something.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sparks—I wonder why it is a woman lets out everything you tell her? Parks—My dear boy, a woman has only two views of a secret—either it is not worth keeping, or it is too good to keep.—Stray Stories.

"You know Miss Strong, don't you?" "Oh, yes; mannish sort of girl." "Is she, really?" "Yes; she used the telephone to-day for the first time in her life, and she didn't giggle once."—Philadelphia Press.

She—This dress doesn't become my complexion. I must change it. He—More expense? I can't stand it; you'll ruin me. She—You silly! I don't mean the dress—I mean the complexion.—Chicago Journal.

"Here, Willie!" cried the boy's father. "You mustn't believe that way. Everybody will be calling you a little glutton. Do you know what that is?" "I suppose," replied Willie, "it's a big glutton's little boy."

"I have written a book that everybody ought to read," said the author. "I am afraid it won't," answered the publisher. "What the public seems to want now is a book that nobody ought to read."—Washington Star.

Jack—Smith asked me to come to his home this evening. Says he's going to celebrate his golden wedding. Gladys—Why, he's been married only three years. Jack—That's what I told him. He said it seemed like fifty.

Mrs. Henpeck (to her husband)—What would you do if I were to die? Henpeck—It would drive me crazy. Mrs. H.—Would you marry again? Henpeck—I don't think I would be as crazy as that.—Pioneer Press.

"How often does the trolley run past your house?" asked a tourist of a farmer. "Want, they run by so frequent and so often that I can't keep track of 'em, but I judge the last one passed here two hours ago."—Harper's Bazaar.

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an inquisitive whisper, "if all the saloons were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?" And the answer came, "Lots of people would get drowned."—Stray Stories.

"The physiologically unit should be removed," declared the new thinker of old thoughts. "I'm glad to hear you say so," responded the gentleman chauffeur. "It will make me feel much better in my mind when running over a decrepit osteonian."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Omniscient.

Magistrate—What is the charge against you this time? Boggs—They caught me stealing oranges, yer worship. Magistrate—Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more? Boggs—No, yer worship; you said not to steal any more lemons, but yer didn't say a word about oranges.—London Graphic.

Time may wait for no man, yet it manages to get him in the end.

THE HELPLESS FLUFFY.

There is a sort of woman whom all women despise and most men adore, and that is the bit of fluff who can't do anything for herself—when there is a man around.

She is not always a pretty woman. If she were, women would forgive her. She is not always a little woman. If she were, women could stand her.

But sometimes she is old and big and fat—but helpless. Helpless, too, in maddening ways. She can't get up a flight of steps alone, or over a muddy crossing. She never can swim, so she requires all the men on the beach to pull her up when she falls down in the water. Then she generally weeps and does kitchenish things that make other women long to slap her.

The men may regard her as a nuisance, but they bear with her and wait on her until self-respecting women, who can do their own shoe laces and button their own gloves without calling out the fire department, wonder if it pays to be self-reliant and strong.

Did you ever take the trouble to watch one of these women? A small, rather pretty woman, I mean, who was of the helpless variety?

She watches men as a cat watches a mouse-hole. She never gets helpless when there are only women about. She can stir around quite limberly when she has to. But wait until the mouse pushes his first whisker out of his hole; wait until she can see a little black speck on the horizon which her instinct tells her will resolve itself into a man. Presto! Both her shoe laces come untied, she drops her handkerchief, and everything in sight becomes unbuttoned.

Yes, I said everything in sight.

The man appears, and no matter how much the other women may want him, he finds himself hooked and buttoning and tying the helpless woman, relieving her handkerchief and parasol, fetching and carrying for her like a white slave, and—believing what her timid, upward glances tell him of his strength and bigness and viking-like qualities of mind and soul and body.

Mentioning the properly hooked and buttoned woman have to stand around and grip their teeth and make up their minds never to be caught again with everything done. They register a vow that if it is as easy as it looks they will come undone somewhere and make a man the lion up.

Oh, the motor belts which have to be kept in place—by a man!—for the helpless woman! The way she can stumble over her own feet, if there are no rocks handy, and the fool way the men fall into her traps!

Helpless women are regular man snares.

They ought to be regulated by the police.—Chicago Journal.

Whiting to Try.

He—Do you think you could love me to a cottage? She—Possibly not; but I might be able to put up with you till you could make money enough to buy a larger house.—Detroit Free Press.

Never look backward—unless you can profit by the mistakes you have made.



PRECIPITOUS ASCENT OF ALPINE HEIGHT.

ers in this and other countries. Miss Peck and two trained guides from the Swiss Alps gained the summit of the South American peak after many hardships, their ascent having gone beyond 25,000 feet. Edward Whymper, the English Alpine leader, whose recent years have been passed in the Solikirk and other ranges of the Canadian Rocky mountains, which he has described as "fifty Switzerland rolled into one," is a Mont Blanc pioneer, and after him followed the intrepid Miss Peck.

"One of the most trying and at the same time picturesque features in connection with the ascent of Mont Blanc, with which Mount Assiniboine, near Banff, in the Canadian Alps, has been compared, is the junction of the Des Bassons and Tivouaz glaciers, passed at Grand Mulet's, a height of 10,000 feet. The height of Mont Blanc is 15,782 feet and the cost of an ascent is between \$50 and \$100.

STUDENTS CATCH RATTLERS.

Spent Their Vacation Collecting Snake Venom.

Two students of the Medico-Chirurgical college, Philadelphia, put in their vacation this summer hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains, near Emmitsburg, says the Baltimore Sun. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom.

STUDENTS CATCH RATTLERS.

Spent Their Vacation Collecting Snake Venom.

Two students of the Medico-Chirurgical college, Philadelphia, put in their vacation this summer hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains, near Emmitsburg, says the Baltimore Sun. They captured a number of large rattlers, from which they obtained about \$1,500 worth of venom.



"I'D BE LOST WITHOUT YOU."

Could be a terrible thing to go through all the rest of my life as one of the Mrs. Smiths. Why, I'd never be sure whether I was myself or the Mrs. Smith in the next house but one, or the other one who lived across the street! I simply couldn't face it!

"Harriet is going to marry a man whose name is Courtland De Lancey Oswald—think of that on a calling card! Why, it would carry off a last season's frock every time, while a mere Mrs. Smith would have to be gowned in the style of year after next to be noticed at all.

"Not that your name should stand between us if I cared for you as I should. I am sure I feel toward you the affection of a sister, Howard. I am interested in you and all that, but when I consider the matter I never was in the least jealous of you—and if I were in love with you I couldn't help but be, could I?"

"Of course you have been with me so constantly that I have had no chance to get jealous, but if I really loved you I'd have been jealous about something—about the time you talked to that awful Phillips girl on the street car, or when you couldn't come over because you had to go to the train to meet your cousin. I never wondered if it were your cousin or if you were trying to deceive me. That certainly is proof that my fondness for you is just ordinary, isn't it?"

"I hope it won't make you unhappy. I don't see why it should, for you'll keep running in just the same, of course, and we'll do the new books and keep up our bridge, and things will be just the same as ever. I shouldn't know what to do if they were not."

"I have been sitting here five minutes, just thinking—for a horrible thought struck me. What if you meet some other girl you like and grow to like her more, and finally marry her?"

"You never would do anything so ridiculous, Howard! Why, no other girl on earth would understand you as I do, and you'd be miserable! It would be nothing but infatuation on your part, anyhow, for you say in your letter I've just read it over again—that you'll never in the world care about any one else but me. So you see it would not be fair on your part toward the girl. It would be deceiving her

HEAVY LITTLE STEAM HAMMERS.

Suspended from End of a Boom, Can Be Swung and Used Anywhere.

The usual fringe of lookers always to be found around where such work is going on now appears all day around the excavation for the foundation of the new building that is to go in place of the old Fifth Avenue hotel, and one of the things that the gazers find here to interest them is the handy little steam hammers used for driving down planks to form inclosures within which the earth is to be dug out for foundation piers, says the New York Sun.

Commonly this sheet piling is driven down by hand power and they are sinking some of the sheeting in that way here; but they are using also the steam hammers.

The steam hammer for this use works something like the steam drill, except that instead of having a drill at its business end it has a hammer and instead of being set in a fixed position it is suspended by a tackle from the end of a derrick boom.

The hammer outfit is about four feet long, consisting of a frame within the upper part of which is a steam cylinder in which a projecting piston works, while at the lower end is a solid iron block having in its under side a groove so that the iron, block, the hammer block, can be fitted on the top end of the plank to be driven. The hammer block weighs perhaps 200 pounds; the whole outfit, which is all held together rigidly in the frame, 400.

Suspended by its tackle from the end of a derrick boom the operator can swing the hammer in any direction. Steam is fed into the cylinder through a flexible pipe, and the operator starts or stops the hammer simply by turning a wheel.

He swings the hammer over to a plank to be driven down and adjusts the hammer weight with its groove fitting over the top of the plank and then he turns steam into the cylinder and the projecting piston comes down with fast repeated, quick, sharp blows on the top side of the hammer weight and so hammers the plank down to where it is to go.

And then the operator shifts the hammer along and settles it on the head of the next plank and hammers, that down, and so on. The slight is a novelty.

Cost of Amusement.

"It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale," says Frederic Thompson, in Everybody's.

"I suppose that more than \$25,000,000 are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about \$2,500,000. Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each.

"Luna Park cost \$2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent \$240,000 on one show, of which \$98,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels.

"It was the representation of the Indian derrick—and I lost \$100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs \$5,000 a week to light Luna Park, and \$4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers this season are \$2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit."

Ask a man how to spell a hard word, and note the look of perplexity on his face.

CONVERTED BY MEDICINE.

WOMAN missionary, who was also a doctor, had a curious experience in Burma, where, upon her arrival, she found a village community dying of like flies with cholera. She made a house-to-house inspection, administered a specific, and, having broken the back of the malady, left behind several bottles of the medicine to be used during her absence. Upon her return the headman cheered her heart by the greeting: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." He led her to his house and into the apartment sacred to his worship. There, arrayed upon the shelf, were the medicine bottles, and he, with all his household, instantly bowed down and prayed to them with thankful and contrite hearts.—Dundee Advertiser.

LEPERS.

THE victims of leprosy are now the only physical defectives who are treated still as they were in medieval times. They inspire an almost superstitious terror in the clean of flesh. More scientific study is required and a more humane method of dealing with the sufferers. There can be no doubt that leprosy is much commoner than is generally supposed, for its period of incubation is unusually long, and it often fails to announce itself definitely for years. Until adequate provision is made for the victims, however, they will continue to spread the plague among their neighbors. State governments have been slow to make the necessary provisions for their comfort. The Federal authorities would seem to be in a better position to deal with the situation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

MOVING DAY IN CAIRO.

ONE of the strangest sights of Cairo streets is a household moving. There are no vans for the purpose. When a family wishes to move the head of the house contracts with a native mover, and on the day appointed this man, with his assistants, sometimes as many as thirty or forty, appears on the scene. One takes a chair and starts off, another seizes a sofa, five or six or even ten or twelve men get under a piano and march along, and one by one the others follow, each one bearing some piece of household goods. The things are put in place as they reach the new house, and in a few hours the moving has been accomplished and everything is shipshape. The human vans seldom walk, unless their load is unusually heavy. A man with a sofa or with four or five chairs piled on

MISS PECK GREAT PEAK SCALER.

Recent Achievement Places American Woman at Top of Class.

Miss Anna Peck's recent achievement in scaling the almost insurmountable Mount Hruscaran peak in South America places that American woman in the same rank as Sir Martin Conway, Edward Whymper and other celebrities known to the world of mountain climber.

STUDENTS CATCH RATTLERS.