



SHUT IN

BY A. L. CROWELL

A little pool deserted by the tide,
With seaweed fringes motionless, un-
stirred,
And all its life quiescent, doth abide,
Though distant plash of restless wave is
heard.

What seeth it but rocks, unchanging,
grim,
That forward lean with frown and men-
ace drear?
A little pool shut in from rim to rim,
Though life abundant sweeps so fast
and near.

Yet mirrored in its heart are sky and
stars,
And faint reflection of the rising moon,
That brings new life to overflow its bars;
The full flood-tide shall break upon it
soon.

Therefore, my soul, with inmost peace
endure
Enforced inaction in a time of stress;
Here or hereafter is the moment sure,
Thy life's flood-tide shall break on thee
to bliss.



Van Ness's Honeymoon.

BY ADA MAY KRECKER.

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The boys had sent for Ashbee to help
them. "She's the sort of thing a fel-
low never forgets," Dalbiac had
written. "Sweeps everything before
her without any body being able to
impress her. We fellows are not at
swords' points; I'd God-speed any
lucky chap who got a run on her.
You're a pretty clever one and say
your heart's of marble so you'd bet-
ter come over and vindicate us."

After that Ashbee had rather looked
for something superb, and during his
first few moments beside Miss Ro-
zelle's hammock was perhaps at some
loss to understand the potency of al-
lurements which radiated from so
nondescript a face and figure and cer-
tain boyish attitudes that flavored
of a boarding-house hoyden out for
fun. The apple of a score of glowing
masculine eyes and the sole inspiration
of half as many appealingly diligent
tongues, the little lady in the middle
of the evening suddenly leaped out of
her hammock to scamper across to a
cluster of wall-flowers. A number of
men trailed after her. Ashbee, whose
conversation with her had sparkled,
turned fretfully to Dalbiac with:

"It's her blasted indifference that
drives you donkeys mad. Why don't
you get up a rival game? I see there
are lots here that are worth while."

"That's where you're off it, Goostie,"
Dalbiac answered. "We'll all back
you in anything you try but the chest-
nutty jealousy trick is no go. You
should see her egging us on! But I
thought you probably would be get-
ting busy with the lady by this time
so made other plans for the evening.
Come along!"

"Thank you, I'll stay here," Ashbee
rejoined thoughtfully, remaining in
the very chair he had first chosen for
an inspection of the lioness, and soon



"I don't believe you care."

growing dreamily apathetic to his en-
viron.

Late in the evening when the desola-
tion of the verandah had been per-
fected and the empty chairs were
ghosts of the earlier mirth, Rozelle
came fluttering back after a book she

had left in the hammock. She glanced
at Ashbee but he kept his eyes
fixed upon a widow with her small
boy tracing a lugubrious stroll over
the lawn. Rozelle tossed herself into
the hammock and lay there, keeping
indefinitely silent. Well, Ashbee had



"I'm a villain, too."

been somewhat plied and if Rozelle
would not speak neither would he. It
seemed a full half hour when she at
last observed:

"I don't believe you care especially
for women's society, do you?"

"That would be a rather rude ad-
mission to make to you, Miss Rozelle."

"Oh, no, you mustn't mind me," the
girl laughed. "I think that's fine and
wish I could talk with you. You won't
care just for one evening will you?
When it's almost over at that!"

This irresistible ingenueness melt-
ed away every barrier to a long and
delectable tete-a-tete. As the two parted
Ashbee suggested that they go for
a walk on the morning, and when she
cried "Jolly!" he smiled a thousand
times while reflecting upon the in-
stantaneousness of his success. "A
little coolness; that's all she needed!"

As for the others, printer's ink can-
not portray the paralysis that seized
the knot of young fellows and all the
cloud of witnesses at the hotel as one
after another, by little and little they
perceived the miracles that were being
wrought by Ashbee's hands.

It was that gentleman's second
night at the hotel and the moon swam
from out a cloud at half after eleven
to illumine his large frame and to glisten
on the auburn tints of Miss Ro-
zelle's dark tresses as the two meandered
in and out among the shrubbery
on the lawn. The third night, and
when the circles along the verandah
had been broken up for the night cer-
tain discerning eyes spied a rowboat
floating down with the tide, they two
alone within. At the hop a day or
two later Ashbee had Miss Rozelle's
best dances and at intervals between
bore off with her to lover's crevices
among the palmy decorations. One
morning she tripped over to the sta-
tion with him. There was a certain
coquettish unobtrusiveness about their
movements which was past finding out
and made them the more serious.

To be sure the men did not stand
by Ashbee as Dalbiac had guaranteed
nor did the aforesaid gentleman wish
him God-speed in his run. "It's all
very well," he remarked gloomily,
"but Ashbee's heart isn't marbly any
more."

"Comfort yourself with the reflec-
tion that the substance that affects
marble is acid," Van Ness laughed in
rejoinder. He alone of all the men had
been impervious to the effects of Ash-
bee's glories. The affair had rather
entertained him and that despite the
fact that before the conqueror's arrival
Rozelle had vouchsafed him some few
favors in the way of promenades. Still
he had never made further headway
and seemed contented with whatever
gifts the petite goddess provided him,
always good-naturedly laughing over
the fuming of others, assuring them
that the game was not worth their
agonies.

At about the end of Ashbee's second
week, however, it appeared for the
moment that the young woman had
returned to the old love. She rose
with her customary abruptness from
the circle of trousers, remarking that
perhaps Van Ness would fancy an at-
tending. He sprang up hurriedly to take
advantage of this wonderful sugges-
tion with every mark of delight. But
they were not away long. Soon Ash-
bee, with a suspicion of vainglorious-
ness, asserted an unimpaired power
over the belle by drawing her away
for a walk of his own, thus summarily
repudiating and averging his slights.

In the secret places of his heart,
however, there was the most penetrat-
ing humility. Its marbleness was
merely a shrine for very penitential
prayers. Ashbee had flirted and gay-
ly deceived ever since he had first
donned the insignia of his sex's dress
or even before, but he still bewailed
every gentle heart he had afflicted. He
felt now that it would not do to have
this one more girl imagine he was
serious when—well, when everything
was a joke Rozelle must be warned,
even if it was going to be very hard
and very awkward. So when they
came out among the walnuts where he
had always waxed most sentimental he
began softly and slowly with:

"Miss Rozelle, I wonder whether
you can understand a really frivolous
man, a regular chump, you know that
goes and does all sorts of things he
ought not to, plays with fire when he
knows it's going to hurt somebody at
a very vulnerable place—and all for
his own amusement?"

Rozelle said nothing.
"Rozelle, girl, you hurt me when you
are so quiet, and I've got to tell you.
I'm just that kind of a villain. There,
it's mighty tough to say it. But don't
you know I've acted the simple since
I've met you. I don't—"

His interlocutor continued ominously
suppressed. He blundered the
more. "But there are lots of nice
fellows who would roll over in the
mud if they thought it would please
you. I've been thinking, and hoping
that perhaps you cared for Van Ness
a trifle! Now, he's a fine fellow, that
boy. He's worth your while. I'm not;
I'm—"

Then the lady spoke.
"Stop it, Mr. Ashbee. Never mind.
It's all right. I'm a villain, too. Mr.
Van Ness has told me all about it
from the beginning. You see I have
known that he's worth while. I—I'm
married to him. We're on our honey-
moon; we thought we'd do something
out of the ordinary, you know, and it's
been lots of fun. But between you
and me, we're going back to the com-
mon rut of cooling bridal couples to-
morrow morning, way up in the moun-
tains all by ourselves. So good-bye,
Mr. Ashbee, and don't feel too sur-
prised and don't try it on other girls."

An American Wit.

The story here related is so typical
of our distinguished representative at
the court of St. James that one would
have no hesitancy in vouching for its
genuineness. A semi-state reception
was given at the residence of a certain
lord in London; our inimitable
Choate in his "court dress" of plain
broadcloth was extremely inconspic-
uous in comparison with the gold-laced
and insignia-decorated representatives
of other countries. When the night was
waning one of the departing guests,
whose indulgence probably made him
forget that English lackeys on such
occasions wore the livery of their
office, approached Mr. Choate and re-
quested him to call him a cab. The
response was a blank stare. Upon his
repeating the request, "Won't you
call me a cab, please?" Mr. Choate re-
sponded, "Certainly. You're a cab."
Imagine the indignation of the insulted
Englishman, who, upon making
complaint to the host, was asked as a
favor to point out the offender. After
a search through the crowded saloons
the Englishman was quite at the el-
bow of Mr. Choate when he exclaimed:
"That's the man!" The whispered
reply: "Why, that's the United States
ambassador."—Philadelphia Tele-
graph.

Name Difficult to Pronounce.

While Professor Virchow has been
an indefatigable worker in science and
politics all his life, on one thing he
surrendered, years ago, convinced that
it was useless to struggle against his
fate any longer. This thing was the
pronunciation of his name. The Eng-
lish, the French, the Italians, the Rus-
sians, all had their own way of ac-
counting him, and even the Germans gen-
erally got it wrong, most of them ad-
dressing him as "Wircho" (the German
W being pronounced like the English
V). The correct pronunciation, ac-
cording to the professor, is Fircho (the
f being like i in pin, and the ch being,
of course, pronounced in the German
way).—New York Post.

PSEUDO RAJAH OF BELUCHISTAN TO DAZZLE US

One of the cleverest deceptions prac-
ticed in recent years is the world tour
of a cook for one of the native digitar-
ies of India, who has been posing as
Prince Ranjit. He deceived even the
elect of London and the European con-
tinent and it was not until he arrived
on this side of the Atlantic that his
identity was discovered and his de-
ception exposed. But as far as his
wealth was concerned there was no de-
ception. He has plenty of money and
spends it with a lavish hand wherever
he goes.

The arrival of the putative prince in
London was unannounced and for this
reason his pretensions awakened sus-
picion. But although he had a retinue
of a score of attendants and personal
baggage sufficient for a regiment of
ordinary mortals, society looked ask-
ance. It was not regarded as possible
that so distinguished a personage
should leave his native land and travel
half way around the globe without
sending in advance some intelligence
of his coming. At first his claims to
noble birth were looked upon with
suspicion and his display of wealth
was spoken of as the assuming of an
adventurer. But there was enough in
his presence at the English capital to
set the tongues of the gossips going
and it was not long ere inquiries re-
vealed the fact that not only were his
claims genuine, but that one-half had
not been told. He was a man of far
greater importance than he assumed to
be, while the wealth his retainers de-
clared he possessed was not a figment
of the imagination.

This bogus Indian prince has just
been dazzling the natives of Canada by
the magnificence of his entourage, and,
what is more, he proposes a tour of
the United States. He has been at Que-
bec and Montreal, where he was re-
ceived with high honors, although he
did not seek them. Indeed, he ex-
pressed regret that his coming was
made the occasion for a display on the
part of the lion-loving Canadians, de-
claring he would have greatly preferred
going his own way unnoticed by the
society people of the towns through
which his journey lay. This seeming
modesty was, however, like his title,
merely a pretense, for it is manifest
that the honors showered upon him

in the course of the rendering of the
various items on the programme the
prince evinced great interest and
clapped his hands enthusiastically at
the end of each piece. At the end of
the last "Indian song and dance" his
highness arose to take his departure,
having shaken hands with Mr. Keefe
and made his "salaam" to the audi-
ence, and retired to his stateroom, pre-
ceded by the ship's surgeon and fol-
lowed by the dancing girl and his ret-
inue.

As in London and Liverpool, there
was much speculation on board as to
who the prince really was, where he
came from, whither his destination and
why he wished to visit Canada and the
United States. As to his identity, this
entry appears in the list of passen-
gers:

"His Highness Prince Ranjit of Be-
loochistan and retinue."

It is now said that the mysterious
traveler's real name and title are
Prince Joe Ranjut, prince of Kurachi,
and that he is the son and heir of the
rajah of Beloochistan. He is of aver-
age height and 24 years old. His
complexion is swarthy and his hair, beard
and mustache perfectly black. He has
beautiful teeth and small, sparkling,
sympathetic eyes. He betrays consid-
erable nervousness and physical weak-
ness and is evidently anxious to avoid
public observation.

SHADOWLESS LIGHT.

In an improved form of arc lamp
for street and other lighting purposes
designed by an inventor of Washing-
ton, D. C., the carbons are so placed
as to throw no shadow underneath the
lamp. One of the objections to the
arc light heretofore has been the shadow
cast by the mechanism necessary to
support the lower carbon, but the
new lamp overcomes this by suspend-
ing both carbons in an oblique posi-
tion from the top of the lamp as il-
lustrated. It is understood that the
light in an arc lamp is produced by
the passage of the electric current be-
tween the slightly separated points



PSEUDO RAJAH GIVES AN ENTERTAINMENT AT SEA.

were of his own seeking and a part of
a well-devised plan to gratify an in-
ordinate love of flattery with which he
is possessed.

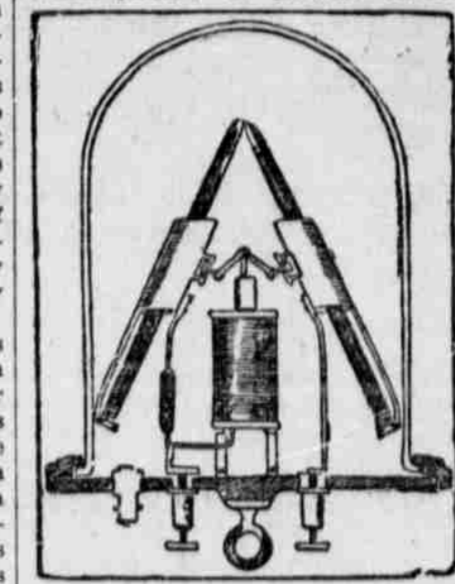
Sailing from England on Oct. 24 the
alleged prince arrived in Canada in
due season. News of his coming had
preceded him and large crowds as-
sembled on the landing to give him
welcome. His departure from Liver-
pool on board the steamer Lake Sim-
coe was a notable event. First-class
passengers, it was announced, were to
embark from the landing stage at
noon. It was only when the ship's
bugle was sounded, the gangway
cleared and the last hawser thrown off
that the throng realized its disappoint-
ment. The prince had embarked early
in the morning, unobserved except by
a few officials.

In consequence of a very boisterous
passage the prince and his suite, in
common with a majority of the other
passengers, were kept in their cabins
for two days. It was not until three
days out that the prince appeared in
public by attending a concert given in
aid of the Liverpool Seamen's orphan-
age. He allowed his dancing girl, Miss
Bahar Bux, and a couple of musicians
to contribute an Indian song and dance
to the programme.

In the absence of Captain Carey, who
could not leave the bridge, the chair
was taken by C. H. Keefe of Ottawa,
who said he felt sure he echoed the
sentiment of all present in thanking
his highness for honoring them with
his presence. The prince, he added,
was a loyal British subject, and as
such he would receive every welcome
and hospitality both from his brother
subjects in Canada and from their
friends and neighbors in the states.

The prince was evidently pleased and
emphasized his appreciation by a pol-
lite bow and pleasant smile.

of the lower carbons and to main-
tain these points in a proper relation
the inventor has provided a clamping
mechanism actuated by the expansion
and contraction of the central rod of
the governor. The first action as the
rod expands is the clamping of the
carbon pencils to prevent further



IMPROVED ELECTRIC ARC LAMP.
downward movement, and the second
is the spreading of the points until
the arc is formed between them. As
soon as the points are consumed par-
tially the rod is again drawn upward,
allowing the points of the carbons to
fall together once more, which feed is
assisted by the coil springs attached
at the upper ends of the carbons.

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL.

It figures in a story concerning an
Indianapolis Bank.
A story in which a thousand dollar
bill figures prominently involves a

citizen of Indianapolis. This man was
acting as a trustee during the panic of
1893 and had the trust fund on deposit
in the Indianapolis National bank. A
day or two before the bank closed its
doors the man received a warning that
the institution was doomed. He ac-
cordingly hastened over to the bank
and drew out the money which he held
in trust for another. When he received
the money, which was in bills, he
rolled it up and placed it in his coat
pocket, where he carried it for several
days. One day Harry C. Adams came
into his place of business and said:
"Have you such a thing as a hundred
dollar bill about you? I need one right
away." The man reached in his pocket
pulled out the roll of bills, and taking
off the top bill handed it to Mr.
Adams. "Great heavens!" ejaculated
Mr. Adams when he observed that the
bill called for \$1,000, "you surely don't
carry thousand dollar bills around in
your pocket, do you?" "I have no
thousand dollar bill," retorted the
man. "I'd like to know what you call
that," said Mr. Adams, holding up the
bill so as to show plainly the figures
1,000 on its face.

The scene changes to the Indianapo-
lis National Bank. The man enters
carrying the thousand dollar bill in his
hand. "Did you find any shortage in
your cash the other day?" he asked
of Cashier Rexford. "Did I?" exclaim-
ed Mr. Rexford. "Well, I should say
I did. I was short \$900 and have lost
hours of sleep ever since trying to
locate that shortage."

"Well, you can take a little rest
now," answered the man, "for here is
your money. You paid me a thousand
dollar bill for a hundred dollar bill
the other day." The cashier suddenly
found that he had "business outside,"
and it is said that money was put into
circulation at a neighboring refresh-
ment stand, although this part of the
story is not clearly substantiated.—
Utica Globe.

CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

Vegetable Ogres Which Catch and
Devour Various Insects.
The most remarkable of all carnivor-
ous plants grows in the state of Mary-
land. It is commonly known in that

region as the "butcher plant," though
science calls it *Dionea muscipula*,
and its business is the catching of in-
sects—chiefly flies. At this it is so
clever that an unwary fly that ven-
tures to alight upon it has practically
no chance to escape immediate death.
The leaves of this vegetable curiosity,
which creeps along the ground in
boggy places, are so modified as to
take the form of jaws, armed with
saw-like teeth. Under ordinary con-
ditions the jaws are held wide open,
and the whole plant is a veritable
bench of traps, waiting for prey. The
traps are baited, too, each one of them
having on its inside a sweetish sub-
stance which is attractive to flies and
other such creatures. When a fly
comes along it is obliged, in order to
get at the sweetish stuff, to enter be-
tween the jaws of one of the leaves.
Each jaw has three almost microscopic
hairs, so arranged that a visitor can-
not help coming in contact with them—
a contact which notifies the intelli-
gent plant that a victim is at hand.
Instantly—the hairs acting as feelers—
the jaws snap together, imprisoning
the unfortunate insect, which is held
fast until digested and absorbed by the
vegetable ogre.—New York Press.

Appeal to Honesty.

Customer—"By the way, Mr. Yolker,
there was a chicken in one of those
eggs." Dealer—"So? Chickens are
two shillings a pound, you know, I
suppose you are willing to do the right
thing?"—Boston Transcript.

Lou—"I declare, since I came back
I'm quite another woman." Biddy—
"Oh, won't your husband be pleased?"

When Satan employs idle hands the
work is always well done.