



## 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.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
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  
non-descript 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  
V 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 digni-  
taries 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 re-  
tinue.

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.

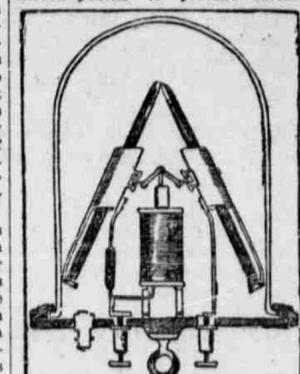
Sailing from England on Oct. 24 the  
alleged prince arrived in Canada in  
due season. News of his coming had  
preceded him and large crowds as-  
sembled on the landing to give him  
welcome. His departure from Liver-  
pool on board the steamer Lake Sim-  
coe was a notable event. First-class  
passengers, 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-  
ite 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.