

TIME FOUND HER OUT

He loved her. He meant to tell her so, and the moment for doing so had come. The fluffy golden head was very near, a few words had been spoken, when the door opened and Ella Stanton entered.

A frown clouded the brow of Dr. Stanton, the eminent young physician who everybody declared would make his fortune in his profession, and pretty Nellie Saville escaped, glad to see her flushed cheeks from her cousin's jealous eyes.

Mrs. Stanton threw herself languidly into the depths of an easy chair. "So I have found you at last, my dear Ralph. I have been seeking you for the last hour."

He hated this woman, in spite of her dark, witching beauty. His uncle had found that beauty irresistible, and by a late marriage robbed his nephew of the quarter of a million which he had thought him to expect would one day be his.

"What did you want with me?" he asked curtly.

"You are cross. I wanted your society—nothing more. Is there anything strange in that?"

"Most flattering of you, my dear aunt, I am sure."

It was Mrs. Stanton's turn to frown. "Don't call me that hateful name. If I did marry your uncle, you might remember that I am not yet 25. By the way, Nellie Saville quits the tennis next week."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Charming girl, isn't she? Really, Ralph, if you should see the dismal hole of a parsonage where that girl's parents live you would feel grateful to me for my compassionate generosity in taking her from it for a little while. Are you going to Lady Campbell's this afternoon?"

"No. I detest tea and tennis."

"So do I. Besides, I have headache. Will you prescribe for me?"

After the majority of Mrs. Campbell's guests had departed for Campbell House Dr. Stanton was pacing the lawn with Sir John Dobby, smoking cigarettes and talking politics, and indoors his relative occupied a velvet lounge and tried to read the last new novel.

He came to her at last, but it was with a serious face and an open telegram in his hand.

"My sister has met with an accident. Levison wants me to go at once."

"Oh, Ralph! Is it serious? You will return here?"

"I think not," he returned, replying to the latter question.

"You will come to Melton Willows at Christmas, Ralph?"

"I really cannot promise. Good-by!"

She sat there until the sound of the horse's hoofs had died away. Then she crossed the room and looked at the notes he had written. One was for his boss—apology and explanation, of course—but the other was for Miss Saville. A moment's hesitation; then she tore it open.

"Dear Miss Saville—Before you see this you will know the reason of my sudden departure. But I cannot wait until our next meeting for the answer

little thing, Ella. You will sign it, of course."

"No, dear. Do it for me—only initials. How singular that they should be alike. Is it not—Ella Stanton and Elinor Saville? There, now, dear, just run upstairs and see if Louise has mended that lace I tore last night."

A moment more, and Ralph Stanton's simple, honest letter lay open before her. Jealousy had quickened her memory. She knew it by heart.

Refolding it, she enclosed it with that other in an envelope addressed in Nellie's pretty, graceful calligraph to "Ralph Stanton, Esq.," and sealed it carefully.

It was necessary to destroy the misgiving originally intended for Ralph, and to indite another one to Mr. Graham if discovery was to be avoided.

Two years later Dr. Stanton was journeying northward. The London season was over and the famous physician had been on the point of starting for his holiday—when he was summoned by telegram to Sir Christopher Knott, a wealthy patient brimming over with gout and crochets.

"Thinking? It was dreaming—dreaming of a slim, petite figure and fluffy golden hair and gloriously blue eyes! Yes, though she refused him he loved her still. Her home was at Grimstone."

Would he see her? What folly! Doubtless she was married, and, if not, had not told him in the cruel little letter, which was even now in the breast pocket of his coat, that it could never be?

"Grimstone! Grimstone!" shouted a porter, and so his reflections came to an end, but only to awaken into lively interest. From a second-class carriage a girl alighted—a girl in a neat little hat and gray dust cloak. Underneath that hat was a pliant little face and a clustering fringe of fluffy golden curls.

Nellie was alone in the drawing-room. Suitors had wooed in vain. She was the orthodox clergyman's daughter, with her duties to perform as they rose fresh each day, and in the past a nameless disappointment.

Her thoughts had turned on that visit to Oakbrook two years ago when the waiting maid brought in a card—"Dr. Stanton."

"This is, indeed, a pleasant surprise," she said with a rosy flush that told its own story. "I am sorry that mamma is not at home."

"I am staying in the neighborhood professionally and could not leave without calling on you. It is the privilege of friendship, and you desired that we continue friends."

Nellie looked puzzled.

"I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon for the allusion, Miss Saville, but you cannot have forgotten? The words were in your letter—a letter I have kept because you wrote it, in spite of its contents."

"Indeed, you are under a mistake. I never wrote to you in my life."

"Then you never wrote this or received this?"

And he placed in her hands the two unfortunate letters.

When the primroses looked like stars in the grass and the air was filled with the odor of violets, a wedding took place at Grimstone church. And three months later a society journal announced that Mrs. Stanton, widow of the late George Stanton, Esq., of Melton Willows, Berks, had bestowed heart and hand upon Count Horenza, an impetuous Italian nobleman.—Waverley.

Birthday for Each Sex.
With the exception of the Emperor there are no individual birthdays in delightfully interesting Japan. The people, however, make up for this neglect by having a sort of general birthday of everybody in common, which is celebrated with great rejoicing.

There are two of these general holidays, one for each sex. The male birthday, which is known as the "celebration of the boys," occurs on the third day of the third month and the girls celebrate the fifth day of the fifth month. These days are generally put aside and boys and girls respectively receive presents, according to their station.

The birthday of the Emperor, or Ten-o, as he is more properly styled, is also a general holiday for the Japanese everywhere. The houses are all decorated with flags, and in the evening the streets are gay with the lights of innumerable colored lanterns. In the morning the highest authorities go to the palace and offer their congratulations in person and the lower degrees offer them vicariously to their superiors. All the Japanese would, somehow or other, congratulate their monarch on having added another year to his age.

Beetles Use Saws.
Some large beetles are as good as circular saws. They seize a branch or twig with their deeply-toothed jaws and whirl round and round until the twig is sawed off. They have been known to saw a twig as thick as a walking stick in this manner.

A Change.
Her headgear now is strangely great; it tilts and veers in mad delight. She queries, "Is my hat on straight? For if it is isn't right?"

Washington Star.

BUTTONS GROW ON BUSHES

New Furnish Many of These Needful Articles for Wearing Apparel.

No, the ivory buttons you wear do not represent the death of an elephant in the wilds of Africa; your pearl buttons were probably never nearer than you took them to the shell of a bivalve mollusk, and the probabilities are that no rubber tree was ever tapped to produce the hard rubber buttons that adorn your overcoat, says Popular Mechanics. Down in Central America there is a fruit-producing palm that has quite metamorphosed the button business and formed the nucleus for one of the most important industries in the United States. The seed of this fruit contains a milk that is sweet to the taste and relished by the natives. The milk when allowed to remain in the nut long enough becomes indurated and turns into a substance as brittle and hard as the ivory plant. Most of the buttons now used in America, whether termed ivory, pearl, rubber, horn or bone, come from this ivory plant. Thus the probabilities are that your buttons are made from a vegetable milk and they grow on bushes.

The ivory plant is one of the marvels of the age and is rewarding the growers with vast fortunes. The nuts are brought to the United States by the ship load and hauled across the continent to the big button factories, from which they issue forth in every conceivable design, color, grade and classification of button.

The ivory plant has recently been discovered in California, but the nut it produces in its wild state is of inferior quality and will not make good buttons. It is believed, though, that with the proper cultivation the fruit would be as valuable as the Central American. If so, the growing of buttons in America would become an industry of importance second only to the growing of corn, wheat and cotton, for everybody wears buttons.

The best ivory nut for commercial purposes is found on the banks of the River Magdalena, in the United States of Colombia, where by some it is called the Tagua palm. The fruit forms a globular head about twice the size of a man's head and weighs from twenty to twenty-eight pounds. The head is a kind of cluster of bulbs and in all contains from fifty to sixty seeds. The seeds are allowed to dry and are harvested several times a year by the natives.

The Apparel Gazette, the great dealers' authority on everything that people wear, says: "The ivory nut is used almost solely in the manufacture of buttons, though some factories also make poker chips from them. The nut, however, has superseded the archaic mud, rubber and bone buttons in vogue formerly. It admits of wider and more varied treatment for this purpose than any other known substance and is easily worked. The United States consumes more than one-half of the world's product of ivory nuts and nine-tenths of the vegetable ivory is manufactured into buttons."

"When the nut reaches the button factory it is cut into three slabs. In the process of cutting out the button is partially shaped. Afterward the thread holes are drilled and countersunk. The button is then sent to the polisher, who uses the shavings and powder made in drilling to polish them in their white state. Afterward they are sent to the designer, who traces on the buttons in indelible dyes the designs needed to make them match the various weaves, coloring and textures of fabrics. After receiving these outlines, if the buttons are to remain smooth and receive another coat of coloring, they are put into dyes. If they are to be stamped with a segregated pattern they are put into a pressing machine fitted with dies of the pattern desired."

STORY OF A GOLD PIECE
Found in the Stomach of a Cod and Claimed by a Man in Kansas.

Some few weeks ago A. E. Levy, of 529 Broadway, New York City, went fishing down at the Fishing Banks. His luck was not exceptionally good, but when he reached home and the catch had been cleaned he found that he had broken the record. In the stomach of a cod was found a \$10 gold piece, with two diamonds set on one side and the initials "P. C. E." on the other. Mr. Levy was so amazed that he sent the story to the papers, and it was copied throughout the country. This he thought would be the end of it, and the matter slipped from his mind, and was forgotten. But Tuesday of this week he received a letter from Patrick C. Evans, residing in Kansas, who claims the \$10 piece as his own, and Mr. Levy will surrender it to him. Mr. Evans in his letter tells the following story:

"I some days ago saw in a St. Louis paper an item about your catching a codfish which when you opened it gave up a \$10 gold piece, on one side of which was a couple of diamonds and on the other the letters 'P. C. E.' The coin is my property, Mr. Levy. The coin is valuable to me, for the following reason: I was fool enough about five years ago to go into a 'wildcat' gold mining scheme in Col. rado. I paid the \$100 to the tune of \$4,000 before I found out what I was up against. The only thing I got out of the enterprise was this same \$10 piece, which I borrowed from the president of the company, a man named Harris Colby, at Leadville, Col., having only a check in my pocket at the time and being shy of ready money. As it happened, I did not change it, and the next day the mine busted up. So I said I would keep the coin as a warning to me not to be played as a sucker by any man or

man who owned gold mines. Frank H. Wells, a jeweler, of Denver, Col., put two diamonds in the piece, and also put my initials on the date side, charging me \$30 for the job, and I guess the transaction is still on his books if you wish to verify my statement.

"I wore the coin some years, and it made good whenever I was tempted to go into some scheme that promised a bunch of money for next to nothing invested. I was in New York on May 4, and remained over for some time with friends. We went blackfishing in the lower bay, and I was hauling a fish, when somehow or other the chain to which the coin was fastened got caught in the rigging of our sloop, which just then rolled, the chain snapped, and away went the coin. You can prove the truth of this if you will write me, when I will write and send you the addresses of witnesses of the accident. I will also give references of good men here and in New York, who will vouch for my business and moral character. I am interested in the salt industry of this town, and have also mining and ranch interests.

HIS NERVE WON.
How a Young Man Succeeded in Gaining Papa's Consent.

As the young man entered, the old man looked up and scowled.

"Well," said the old man, shortly.

"Your daughter—" began the young man, but the old man cut him off abruptly.

"I've noticed that you've been hanging around here a good deal," he said.

"I suppose that you've come to tell me that you love her and want to marry her?"

"No," replied the young man, calmly. "I've come to tell you that she loves me and wants to marry me."

"What?" roared the old man.

"She says so herself," persisted the young man.

"I never heard of such an exhibition of egotistical impertinence," said the old man.

"Then you misunderstand me," explained the young man. "My assertion is dictated by policy and not by impertinence. You see, it's just this way: What I want is nothing to you; now, is it?"

"Why—er—not exactly."

"I might want a thousand dollars, but that wouldn't matter to you, would it?"

"Certainly not."

"You're under no obligation to supply me with what I want, are you?"

"Hardly."

"Then, what a foolish proposition it would be for me to come to you and say, 'Mr. Parkinson, I have been very favorably impressed with your house and furniture,' or 'I think I'd like your daughter,' or anything else in that line. But when your daughter wants anything it's different. Now, isn't it different?"

"It certainly is different," admitted the old man, cautiously.

"Precisely," said the young man. "She and I figured that all out very carefully last night. You see, I have no particular prospects, and we could both see that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that you would give her to me. Then she suggested that you had never yet refused anything that she wanted, no matter what the cost might be, and that perhaps it would be a good plan to change the usual order somewhat. We sort of felt that it wouldn't be right to ask you to do anything for me, but it's different in her case, as I remarked before. So I'm here merely as her agent, to say that she wants me, and that she wants me very much, and to ask you to please see that she gets me. She never has wanted anything so much as she wants me, and I am so favorably disposed toward her, that, if you care to make the investment, I shall be quite willing to leave the terms entirely to you and her."

Naturally, she got him. No wide-awake man is going to overlook a chance to get such a fine sample of nerve in the family.

Miraculous Vault in Dublin.
The most interesting place of pilgrimage in Dublin is St. Michael's Church, where the organ is still to be seen upon which Handel is said to have composed his "Messiah." In the graveyard is the last resting place of Robert Emmet, and the vault of St. Michael's provides a more gruesome thrill than the morgue. The sexton lifts an iron door and descends a few rude steps carrying a light, without which the place would be pitch dark. You follow and find yourself in a narrow passage, from which cell-like recesses belonging to different families branch off. Whether it is owing to the extreme dryness of the surroundings or to some mysterious property of the place, the process of decay has been arrested, and the features of persons dead for two centuries may be recognized from authentic portraits. Here lie the brothers Shee, who were executed for their share in the United Irish conspiracy, side by side (almost with the Earl of Leitrim, who was murdered about thirty years ago). The Earl's ancestors for hundreds of years back rest in the same vault. Perhaps the strangest thing about the vault is the fact that, apart from the weird sensation, there is nothing offensive in the surroundings.—London Tatler.

Leaf from History.
Some one has characterized the advertising columns of a daily newspaper as a "leaf from the history of men and nations." Illustrative in a way is the following from a Pretoria paper:

"To let—Ex-President Kruger's late residence; a few nicely furnished bedrooms, with board, etc."

God will not give you power until you have some purpose to which it is

OLD FAVORITES

Lord Ullin's Daughter.
A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fed together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady."

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drear,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded near.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, O! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive our Highland chief,
My daughter! O, my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.
—Thomas Campbell.

Against Idleness and Mischief.
How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy, too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.
—Isaac Watts.

The Real Chestnuts.
That an apparently ignorant and certainly ill-dressed fruit vendor may be endowed with a keen sense of humor is evident from a story told by Augustus Van Wyck of a man near his residence from whom he tried to purchase some chestnuts.

"Have you any nice, fresh chestnuts this morning?" asked the ex-Judge of the son of sunny Italy.

"No 'Merican nutties, got Etalial ches'nuttas," answered the man, in almost unintelligible English.

"But I want the regular old American chestnuts, not the foreign variety," said Judge Van Wyck.

At this a broad smile spread over the face of the foreigner, in delightful anticipation of the witticism he was about to perpetrate.

"Ah, Meester," he answered, with a bow, "you mus' go for zat kin' tr Meester Shauincey Deepew."

The Octopus.
The following pen-portrait of this strange creature has been given by a recent writer—"Sometimes you will see one crawling over the congewol changing from one pool to another in search of prey; its greeny-gray eyes regard you with defiant malevolence. Strike it heavily with a stick or thrust it open with a spear, and in an instant its color, which a moment before was either a dark mottled brown or a mingled reddish black, changes to a ghastly, horrible marbled gray; the horrid tentacles writhe and cling to the surrounding points of rock; a black, pulpy, and shiny body, and then, after raining blow after blow upon it, it lies unable to crawl away, but still twisting and turning and showing its red and white suckers—a thing of horror indeed, the embodiment of all that is hateful, wicked, and malignant in nature."

A man exhibits great presence of mind if he isn't absent-minded when the contribution box comes his way.

Sometimes a bank cashier saves up enough to see his remains arranged.

TRIALS OF TEACHER OF CHINATOWN'S CHILDREN

After spending three months in the detention pens at San Francisco and at Montreal, Canada, because of official red tape, Mrs. Loo Lin, of China, has been formally admitted to this country and has rejoined her husband in New York City. She is to take charge of a mission kindergarten in Chinatown. She is a Christian, as is her husband. She was only admitted



MRS. LOO LIN.

OUR ALPHABET FOR JAPAN.

Roman Script is Hereafter to Be Used in the Mikado's Domain.

Japan seems to be about to take one of the most remarkable and not least important of all her steps toward harmonizing herself with the highest civilization of Europe and America. That is nothing less than the adoption of Roman script—our own English alphabet—pari passu with, if not as a substitute for, her own ancient system of ideography. For the last dozen years a knowledge of Roman script has been increasing in Japan among the most highly educated. But now it is proposed by the most influential educational organization in the empire to make the teaching of our alphabet and of our mode of word formation compulsory and universal in the public schools. It seems probable that the government will adopt the proposal, in which case, of course, all private schools will have to do the same, with the result that all the children of Japan will presently be learning, not necessarily the English language, but at least to write and read their own language in English fashion.

That will be a great thing for Americans and Europeans who want to learn the Japanese language. It will make that language little harder to learn than French or German and will enable people to learn it in the same way that they learn the European tongues. At present the great stumbling block in the way of mastering Japanese is the necessity of learning a multitude of different ideographs. Once Japanese words are expressed in letters like our own the task of learning will become immeasurably easier. It will then also be much easier for the Japanese to learn our language, for of course our alphabetically formed words seem as strange to them as their ideographs do to us. Moreover, it will cause a change amounting almost to transformation in the Japanese mind, or in the linguistic functions of that mind. The Japanese will for the first time regard words not as indivisible integers of speech, but as composite things formed of letters. Perhaps we can partly realize the magnitude of that change by ourselves trying to regard words as not formed of letters, but as indivisible units.

Nor is that all. Dual systems of languages are abominations. Wherefore it is to be expected that, having adopted alphabetical script by the side of ideography, the Japanese will soon substitute the former for the latter altogether. It will be greatly to their advantage so to do, and also to our advantage to have them do it. But it will none the less be an extraordinary thing. For the mother tongue, in all its details, is one of the things to which men cling most tenaciously. We need, to convince ourselves of that, to recall only the language controversies in Canada, in Bohemia, in South Africa, in Malta and elsewhere, not mentioning the recent clamor about the teaching of German in New York public schools. We may also recall Bismarck's inexorable opposition to the introduction of Roman script into Germany in place of the far less legible German characters. That the Japanese should voluntarily make this revolutionary change in their national script indicates their possession of an exceptionally high ambition to place themselves abreast of the best civilization of the world—and all this emergence from savage seclusion within the memory of men not yet grown old.

—New York Tribune.

Interchangeable Parts.
"My brother bought an automobile here last week," said an angry man to the salesman who stepped forward to greet him, "and he says you told him if anything broke you would supply a new part."

"Certainly," said the clerk. "What does he want?"

"He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow and about half a yard of cuticle," said the man, "and he wants 'em right away."

Only One Place for Him.
Darkleigh Brown—Brr, but it's cold. I'm just dying to get to some place where it'll be really warm.

Letter Green—Well, I can't think of any quicker way to get there.—New York Sun.



DICTATED A GUSHING LETTER.

to the question I should have asked you this morning if Mrs. Stanton's entrance had not prevented me from doing so. I want you to be my wife, Nellie; my loved and honored wife. Will you? Write yes or no soon to your loving but impatient Ralph."

A small fire burned in the grate. She put the letter into her pocket and burned the envelope. . . .

"Dear Ralph," murmured the lady. "I want you to write to him for me, Nellie. He promised to let me know how his sister was. But I suppose he has not had time. He does not know your handwriting, I think."

Very soon Ella Stanton had dictated a gushing, affectionate letter, and with blanching cheeks Nellie had written it.

"Don't close it now, Nellie. Throw it aside. There is only one other that need be written now."

"What is it?" Nellie asked, a trifle wearily.

"Why, you know, dear, Mr. Graham wants me to open the Brixton bazaar, but I really don't feel equal to the task. I must write to decline. But he always laughs at nerves, and I do so have to be laughing at."

"My dear friends: I have thoughtfully considered the subject and must decline the honor. I am grieved beyond expression to disappoint you; but feeling as I do, I cannot act otherwise. However, I feel confident that you will meet with one worthier than that with which I cannot grant she will only concede. Only one thing I ask—that this shall in no way interfere with the friendly relations which have always existed between us."