

The Discovery of His Kingdom.

By LOUISE J. STRONG.

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She gave him a cheery greeting as she passed, which Deardorf returned with stiff embarrassment. Women always embarrassed him, which fact had been construed into a dislike of the sex, thus accounting for his bachelorhood.

No one would have believed that he lounged on the veranda solely that he might watch her down the street. Much less would any one have imagined that every time he looked into her candid womanly eyes his lonely, un-mated man soul clamored for the home and companionship he saw therein. He had not learned that this kingdom in woman's eyes is discernible only to the king to whom it is given to possess if he will. Therefore the little music teacher with the bloom of youth behind her was to him most desirable in



MUCH CONTEMPLATION WAS ALL THEIR LOT IN LIFE ALLOWED.

the eyes of all men, and he was not surprised, only started at the stopping of his heart, at what he overheard from a couple of young men behind him.

"She will make him a sweet little wife—the lucky dog!" one exclaimed. "The sweetest in the world," the other assented. "And there's nothing for the rest of us but hunting wedding presents. Come on."

They went their way, and with strangely blurred vision he stumbled up the stairs and through the gloom of the hall to his rooms at the end. Her door was opposite, and as he fumbled with his key he glanced across furtively with an odd sense of guilt for the accustomed thrill that shook him. It was as if she were already the wife of another, and closing his door with emphasis, he turned on the light and set about packing his minerals, telling himself that he would move immediately—that there was neither sense nor reason in his staying in this dingy place where his poverty, long a thing of the past, had at first stranded him; no reason, except that, unlike, he clung to the place as home, and—yes, he would acknowledge it—because she was there. He frowned and essayed a nonchalant whistle when he caught himself, as usual, straining his ears for the sound of her footsteps. It was true that he went.

But subsequent reflection persuaded him that his departure at this juncture might be connected with her marriage and excited comment. He felt that he must remain until the "lucky dog" had carried her away, and—he blushed painfully at the thought—he must prevent the inevitable wedding present if he would not be conspicuous.

Then followed strenuous days and sleepless nights of vain endeavor to decide upon something, with bitter reviling of the custom which forbade his presenting her with a gooily check in lieu of an article which would probably be but an unwelcome duplicate. He hunted the shops and stores, confuting himself uselessly with the multitude and variety of their wares. He grew thin and heavy eyed under the burden, thereby arousing in her an anxious solicitude he was too absorbed to perceive. In despair he sought advice of the office boy.

"Billy," he asked that versatile young person, "what would you give to a lady for a wedding present?" "Aw, that's easy! Something shoddy like, of course," Billy said airily. Then he explained: "I mean, sir, something you've heard her say she'd like. That's the only kind o' present worth having, only folks won't give 'em. I've tried it a-hinting and a-binting what I want Christmas and birthdays, and I always get some old thing I wouldn't take if I could help it," Billy smiled.

That seemed an eminently sensible suggestion to Deardorf, and he presented a grateful dollar to Billy for the idea, realizing when he came to make application of it that the only object of which he had any knowledge concerning her desires was undoubtedly questionable regarded as a wedding present. Still, according to Billy's decision, it would be a pleasure to her.

He had one day chanced upon her standing behind two little girls who were engrossed in the contemplation of an entrancing toy tea set in a shop window. It was obvious that such contemplation was all their lot in life allowed, and she was fingering her slim purse doubtfully, with moist eyes.

"I was wondering if I might not give it to them for the sake of a lonely little girl whose one desire in life was a vain longing for a tiny tea set," she said as she stopped.

"Let me," he begged, expanding under the influence of her impulsive confidence. After some insistence she yielded. They took the amazed children inside, and she examined and extolled each small article with a delight that equalled theirs.

we do not all put away childish things with years," she said when they were outside. "I love the wee things yet, and some time—I smile defiantly—some time, when I can and not feel it a wicked extravagance, I am going to have my childish heart's desire. I am so sure that you will not laugh at me that I will invite you to my first tea party."

He thanked her gravely, understanding and sympathizing entirely. Did he not carry in his pocket a wonderful carnelian "raw" in memory of the ungratified longing of the boy he used to be? He had been waiting for the Christmas opportunity to gratify her innocent desire, reveling in imagination in the intimacy of her promised hospitality. Now he had put away his day dream with a sigh and extinguished a dim hope that had glimmered feebly.

But it remained that he must make the wedding present, and finally, being confident of her perfect sincerity, he ignored obtruding doubts as to appropriateness and procured a fairylike tea set worthy the possession of a princess, which, being unequal to presenting it personally, he left at her door with his card one evening, just escaping her as she came up the stairs.

And then, when it was done, he for the first time considered his offering from the probable viewpoint of the prospective bridegroom and her friends, and the utter absurdity of it overwhelmed him. With shame he decided that after such a piece of idiosyncrasy there was nothing for him but flight, and he was toasting things better skelter into his suit case when he heard her crossing the hall.

He looked about desperately for a way of escape, then dragged himself unwillingly to the door at her rap.

"I have only this moment realized how preposterous my unfortunate selection is for a wedding present," he stammered abjectly as she entered.

"Oh! The glow on her face faded. "How stupid of me! I ought to have known there was a mistake, and I have opened the box." She set it upon the table.

He shook his head dismally. "There is no mistake. I beg your pardon. I—"

"But there must be a mistake! I left the package at my door," she said, a little sharply.

"I left it myself. I meant it for a wedding present, but I see how!" His voice failed again.

She regarded his woebegone face intently for a moment. "Very well, I will take it down." Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes sparkling with mischief. "When I found the package I thought you had somehow discovered that today is my birthday and had kindly remembered my childish longing, but if it is a wedding present it must go to Miss Bessie, who is soon to be married."

He sat down heavily and stared at her.

"You see, one must be married to receive a wedding present," she explained demurely, her color flaming under his gaze.

The tangle suddenly straightened, he sprang up. "Yes," he assented, still looking into her eyes, where by a flash of inspiration he had seen his kingdom, himself crowned king. He plunged forward across the table and seized her hands, asserting boldly, "It is a wedding present—your wedding present, Alma, dear, for you are going to be married immediately."

For answer she murmured tearfully and happily, "Oh, Morris, we will have tea in the darling little cups our first evening at home!"

Ripened Romance.

On the occasion of the ninetieth birthday of Dr. Martineau, who preached in Liverpool for many years, Sir Henry Roscoe, the English chemist, congratulated him on attaining such a fine old age. The distinguished clergyman said that he had been overwhelmed with congratulations and that he was working through the letters he had received.

"By degrees," he said, "I shall answer them all."

"One of the most remarkable," Dr. Martineau continued, "was from a lady, the only person who addressed me as 'Dear James.' I had not seen her since we were boy and girl together in Norwich. She is one of the daughters of Dr. Rigby in that city. My friends used to joke me as a young man about Miss Jane Rigby, and I received their shaft pleasantly. I believed her long since dead; and now comes this letter to remind me of her existence and her friendly recollection of me."

The old minister paused an instant, then added, with a tremulous smile, "She is now also in her ninetieth year."

The Magic Glass.

Pour water into a wineglass until it is nearly full and place the palm of your hand squarely over the mouth of the glass, taking care



to bend your fingers at a right angle, as shown in the lower illustration.

Still holding your hand firmly upon the glass, stretch out your fingers suddenly in a horizontal position, and this will produce a partial vacuum under the palm, which will permit you to lift the glass from the table.—Chicago News.

A CLEVER PICKPOCKET.

He Was a Russian and Alarmed and Surprised a Grand Duke.

One day at the dinner table of a Russian grand duke a French ambassador extolled the dexterity of his fellow countrymen, as exemplified, among other things, in the cleverness of the Paris pickpockets.

"I should not wonder if the St. Petersburg pickpockets could give them a start," replied the grand duke. And, seeing an incredulous smile play around the features of the ambassador, he added, "Will you bet that before we rise from the table your watch or some other valuable will not be taken from your person?"

The ambassador accepted the wager for the fun of the thing, and the grand duke telephoned to the chief constable, asking him to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on. The latter was to receive the full value of every article he managed to "annex" and be allowed to go unpunished.

The man came and was put into livery and told to wait at the table along with the other servants. The grand duke told him to give him a sign as soon as he had accomplished the trick. But he had to wait a long time, for the ambassador, whose watch was the article to be experimented upon, always kept on the alert and even held his hand to his fob when conversing with the most distinguished guests at the table. At last the grand duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket and drew forth a potato instead of his watch! There was a general burst of laughter, in which the ambassador himself joined, though with a wry face, for he was unmistakably annoyed. To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuffbox was gone! Then he missed the seal ring from his finger and lastly the gold toothpick which he always carried about with him in a little case. Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lark was requested to restore the articles, but the grand duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuffboxes, etc. His imperial highness made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time.—Neue Blatt.

Egyptian Geometry.

The Ahmes papyrus doubtless represents the most advanced attainments of the Egyptians in arithmetic and geometry. It is remarkable that they should have reached so great proficiency in mathematics at so remote a period of antiquity. But strange indeed is the fact that during the next 2,000 years they should have made no progress whatsoever in it. All the knowledge of geometry which they possessed when Greek scholars visited them, six centuries B. C., was doubtless known to them 2,000 years earlier, when they built those stupendous and gigantic structures, the pyramids. An explanation for this stagnation of learning has been sought in the fact that their early discoveries in mathematics and medicine had the misfortune of being entered upon their sacred books and that in after ages it was considered heretical to augment or modify anything therein. Thus the books themselves closed the gates to progress.—"History of Mathematics," Cajori.

The Stinger Stung.

It was at an Indiana hotel of some pretentiousness. A traveling man had had his order filled. With the meat and vegetables and other material was one tea biscuit. Looking with what he considered great roguishness at the waitress, he said: "Say, sister, do you know that that one biscuit looks to me as if it were awfully lonesome in here all by itself?"

"Very well," replied the girl, without the twitch of a facial muscle, "I'll take it back into the kitchen with the others then."

And to this day that traveling man doesn't know whether he fooled the dumbest girl on earth or was outwitted by the keenest one.—Chicago News.

He Probably Guessed It.

"No, I don't want it cut, and I don't want it trimmed," snarled the shaggy haired young man, seating himself in the chair and glaring savagely at the barber, "and I'm not a football player or a pianist, and I haven't taken any vow not to have it cut. Perhaps that will save you the trouble of asking questions. All I want is a shave."

"Yes, sir."

The barber worked in silence for ten minutes.

"I have a brother," he remarked at last, "that's got a head shaped just like yours. He has to wear his hair the same way."

A Weak Heart.

"They tell me Bad Bill's dead," said Alkali Ike. "Is that right?"

"Sure," replied Cactus Cal; "shot plumb through the heart."

"Well, I ain't surprised then. His heart always was weak."—Philadelphia Press.

The World's First Story.

It is probable that the first story in the world was a ghost story.—London Telegraph.

A BASEBALL STORY.

The Pictures of a Pitcher That Were on Exhibition.

Dad Clark, once a pitcher of the New York club, who was perhaps the most unconscious humorist the game has ever known, could be made to believe the tallest story ever told, provided the teller kept a serious face, and this sublime faith of Clark's caused him to be "stung" on many occasions.

One of the most notable cases wherein Dad got "stung" happened one morning when that genial soul and prince of good fellows, Parke Wilson, the New York catcher at that time, came hurriedly into the clubhouse just when the fellows were preparing to don their baseball clothes for morning practice and excitedly exclaimed:

"Say, men, what do you think? As I came to the park this morning I walked by Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s place and saw a big crowd gathered about their largest show window."

"Getting curious myself, I went up to see what the trouble was, and what do you imagine caused the street to become blockaded? Why, nothing more than this—they have the entire window filled with canned goods, and on each can is the picture of Dad Clark!" shouted Parke.

"What!" shrieked Dad as he began pulling on his street clothes. "Me picher on cans in Siegel-Cooper's window? Now, you fat heads, see whose de popular guy of dis park outfit! I'm de little boy who's fillin' up dis park every day, an' I'm goin' ter strike for a t'ousand dollar raise in me salary right away. Me picher on cans in Siegel-Cooper's window! If de folks at home could only see me now!"

All during this spiel Dad was hustling on his duds, and the moment he got the last garment fastened he tore out of the clubhouse and raced for dear life toward Siegel & Cooper's big store.

He arrived there all right, and, rushing up to the window, he saw the cans, just as Parke Wilson said they could be found, and on the front of each can was the picture of a great fat red lobster!—Duluth Herald.

Stole His Own Grip.

A man was arrested the other day for stealing his own grip off an express wagon.

"It was a game that he had worked with success on local expressmen for several years," said the man who had been instrumental in bringing about the trickster's downfall. "He moved frequently and always after dark. Invariably, when the trunks had been piled high into the wagon, the schemer appeared with a suit case which he washed hauled, just as a matter of accommodation. The unsuspecting driver obligingly accepted the extra bundle, which somehow was always missing at the other end of the line. Later the owner of the grip appeared and raised no end of a row over its loss. He claimed that it contained some valuable goods, for which he demanded compensation. The damages claimed were excessive, but in all cases the expressman rather than have any trouble compromised for an amount that fully paid the man for any risk incurred in stealing from himself."—New York Post.

The Evolution of the "Doll."

A relic of the old days, probably not much more than two centuries ago, before little girls began to call their toy babies "dolls" instead of "puppets" or "poppets," is to be found in "pretty poppet," a term of endearment still sometimes heard. No doubt "popsy wopsy" is simply an improved version of this. "Puppet" is descended, of course, from the French "poupee" and the Latin "pupa," a little girl or doll, from both of which have come other English words. "Poupee" has given us "puppy," so called because the tiny dog was naturally petted as a plaything, and the Latin word survives in the sense of a chrysalis and has a descendant in the "pupil" of the eye, the "baby" that any one may see reflected in it.—London Chronicle.

Changing the Topaz.

Pink topazes and white sapphires are imitated to perfection and passed off successfully as the genuine stones. The amounts paid for some of them are considerable, varying according to size and quality. These stones are imitated by the aid of heat and require very careful manipulation. The pink topaz is made by heating a yellow topaz, which is not of great value, to a certain temperature, when it gradually turns to a very pleasing pink or delicate rose color. The Saxon topaz or a very pale sapphire can be made perfectly white, so as to resemble diamonds, but are more often passed off as a white sapphire, which is also of much value. A Brazilian topaz by the same method can be made to imitate a very fine ruby.

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