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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1902.

A Nation's Defense.

One of the younger poets of England has written:

Get ye the sons your fathers got,
And God will save the queen.

The idea of these lines comes out graphically in a story told by Mr. Harry de Windt in his book, "Finland as It Is."

Years ago an Englishman made the acquaintance of a Finnish schoolmaster in the town of Oulu. The traveler expressed surprise that Russia should have allowed Finland to keep her currency.

"Russia dare not take it from us!" was the reply.

"Dare not! Why, you could not fight Russia!"

"Oh, yes, we could. We make guns, and very big guns, right here in Oulu. We have an important foundry. Do you care to see it?"

The Englishman followed his host with doubtful curiosity until they reached the gates of a large brick building, from which came running a troop of children.

"There," said the Finn, pointing to the building, a schoolhouse, "there is our foundry, and there are our guns, at present on their way home to dinner. The weapons of my country, sir, are civilization and humanity, and they will be victorious over the deadliest engines forged at Kronstadt."—Youth's Companion.

Rural Courtship.

On the shores of the Moray firth—the spot need not be more specifically localized—there is a flourishing little village of some 1,400 inhabitants, consisting chiefly of fisher folk. The young man and maiden do not court in the orthodox fashion. Their method is much more prosaic, and what is characteristic of one case may generally be accepted as characteristic of them all. There is of course an occasional instance of genuine old-fashioned courtship, but that is a rather rare exception.

"Mother," said one young man on his return from a successful herring fishing, "I'm goan to get merried." "Weel, Jeems, a' think ye sh'd just gang an ask yer cousin Marack." And as he had no particular preference, he went straight away to ask her.

"Wull ye tak me, Marack?" was the brusque and businesslike query which he put to the young woman in the presence of her sister Bella.

But Mary had promised her hand to another that same evening. "I canna tak ye, Jeems," was her reply, and then, turning to her sister, "Tak ye 'im, Bellak." And the sister took him.—Chambers' Journal.

His Luck.

Mr. Botts—I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success.

Mrs. Botts—Well, just as likely as not you'll not be able to find the key-hole.

A Cat's Love For a Donkey.

In the bowels of the earth, says a correspondent, I was a witness to one of the most pathetic friendships that ever existed between animals. In this certain mine there was a cat which had lived in the underground stables for a great number of years. It was always to be found in the stall belonging to an old donkey when the animal was resting from its labors and would very often accompany the donkey in its working journeys a mile underground.

One day, owing to the carelessness of its driver in unloading it, the poor little animal suffered a severe strain and was unable after to do its daily work. For nearly a couple of weeks the donkey lay in agony in its stable, and during that time the cat scarcely ever left its friend. Sometimes the donkey would drive it away, but it would stealthily steal back again, and when the donkey died as a result of its injuries the cat began to howl pitifully and would not be comforted.

But the climax came when they were taking the donkey's carcass to the surface. The cat began to scratch and fly at the men who were removing it to such an extent that it had to be killed.

A Pig Race.

Some years ago, in celebration of the jubilee of the International club at Baden-Baden, a pig race was held on the Iffzheim race course. The pigs were trained by being fed once daily for a fortnight at a certain spot on the race course. On the day of the event the animals were let loose by the starter (alias swineherd) a few hundred paces from the feeding troughs and scampered toward the goal in wild confusion, emitting loud grunts of satisfaction. The prizes were arranged according to the regulations of the turf, and each pig was painted its own color—red, green, blue body and yellow head, etc. The sight was intensely amusing and one not easily forgotten.

Violets

By HELEN WOOD

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Edith Dean entered her Aunt Marcy's room with a great bunch of violets on her jacket. They filled the room with their perfume and seemed the spirit of their wearer, a slender girl with deep blue eyes and a pretty, pensive way of carrying her head. Mrs. Murray greeted her niece affectionately. They were strikingly alike—the same eyes, lips and wavy hair and the same quick, nervous way of speaking.

"How beautiful your violets are!" "Oh, yes," replied the girl carelessly. "Jimmy always sends me lovely flowers, but I'm getting so tired of violets. I don't see why he didn't get American Beauties instead today."

She tossed her coat carelessly on the couch, crumpling and crushing the violets. Her aunt looked up quickly and then drew the girl to the stool at her side.

"Edith, your words remind me of a story. May I tell it?"

The girl nodded her head delightedly. "It was in the spring of 1861. I was a gay, spoiled girl, like you, and Langdon Murray, to whom I had been engaged for several months, was my helpless slave. While our social pleasures differed slightly from those of the present day we, too, loved pretty gowns and flowers, so when Langdon promised to send me, for a certain dance, the prettiest flowers he could find I naturally expected something quite handsome in the way of a bouquet. Instead of the roses I had hoped for there came only a bunch of violets, not violets de Parma, like yours, but the simplest of fragrant blossoms. I was in a fine temper, tossed them aside and went to the dance undisturbed with any flowers. If Langdon felt hurt, he showed no sign, and his very self restraint annoyed me the more. I was disgracefully pettish all evening and on the way home had little to say to my long suffering escort.

"The next evening he called as usual, and in the meantime mother had placed the discarded violets and pressed them in a vase. He crossed to the piano and touched the half faded flowers whimsically. Then he turned to me with unusual gravity and tenderness.

"So you didn't like my violets, Marcy, dear?" "Childishly I shook my head.

"I thought, dearest, they were the reflection of your eyes. That's why I

nothing of his fate, nor could the inquiries instituted by my father solve the mystery. I railed at fate. I prayed to die. If only I could visit his grave, know where he was sleeping with my violets over his heart, as he had said they should always lie.

"The weeks dragged into months, and then suddenly came news from Nashville that he lay there in the government hospital: with other Federal prisoners he had been recently exchanged, and if I wished to see him alive I must come at once. Of the horrors of that trip and the days among the suffering and dying you can never know, but I nursed Langdon back to life, and when we reached our northern home it was a more sensible, thoughtful woman that he led to the altar, and, my dear, in the first few years of our married life whenever the old thoughtless words rose to my lips I recalled the violets which he had worn over his heart through the battles and the marches, and whenever I became selfish and thought my husband was not doing everything he could to make me happy I would steal away to my room and look into the pages where these withered flowers lay. Violets may be modest, but they can recall memories which no haughty American Beauties can boast."

Edith was very thoughtful as she kissed her aunt and went to her room. There on her tea table the maid had placed a vase filled with American Beauties. She flushed as she looked at them. What had she said to Jimmy about hating violets?

That evening when Jim Barber called on his fiancée Edith was wearing the violets. He elevated his eyebrows slightly, then bent down to kiss the tender, upturned face. Edith was looking unusually pensive.

"I thought you hated violets. Didn't you get the roses this afternoon?" Edith smiled.

"I won't fib, Jimmy. I do like roses best, but when you send the violets—why—why, that makes them different, you know."

Jim, rather surprised at the sudden tenderness and gentleness of his whimsical sweetheart, held her close to his heart. At last she raised her head and, pulling some violets from her corsage, fastened them on his coat. Again he stooped to kiss her hands as she whispered:

"You don't think, Jimmy, that there's going to be a war—very soon?" Jimmy, who belonged to the national guard, glanced at her curiously.

"No, dear."

She sighed happily and murmured, "I'm very, very glad."

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Fourth Century Shorthand.

That shorthand was used in the ancient world is well known, but our information is still scanty, and any addition is welcome. It may therefore be worth knowing that there is in the Armenian "Acts of St. Callistratus" a reference to the employment of stenography. A translation of this is included in Mr. F. C. Conybeare's "Armenian Apology and Acts of Apollonius and Other Monuments of Early Christianity." The account of Callistratus was probably written in the first half of the fourth century. It includes several long addresses of Callistratus to his fellow soldiers in explanation of the mysteries of the new faith for which he and forty-nine of his comrades became martyrs. Perhaps with a view to giving them authority as verbatim reports, the compiler says:

"But there was a certain scribe of the law court who was near to the prison, and he listened to the discourse of Callistratus, and he wrote it down in shorthand on paper and gave it to us, and we set in order with all accuracy the record and outline of his thought."

Thackeray's Facial Appearance.

In 1849 or 1850 Charlotte Brontë wrote of Thackeray: "To me the broad brow seems to express intellect. Certain lines about the nose and cheek betray the satirist and the cynic; the mouth indicates a childlike simplicity, perhaps even a degree of irresolution in consistency—weakness, in short, and a weakness not unamiable." And Mr. Motley, writing to his wife in 1858, said: "I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant—smooth, white, shining, ringlet hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years; a roundish face with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles."

This broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself. He caricatured it in his drawing, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son, "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug?"

A Tender Hearted Dog.

A sick dog took up his abode in the field behind our house, and after seeing the poor thing lying there for some time I took it food and milk and water. The next day it was still there, and when I was going out to feed it I saw that a small pug was running about it, so I took a whip out with me to drive it away. The pug planted itself between me and the sick dog and barked at me savagely, but at last I drove it away and again gave food and milk and water to my protegee.

The little pug watched me for a few moments, and as soon as he felt quite assured that my intentions toward the sick dog were friendly it ran to me wagging its tail, leaped up to my shoulder and licked my face and hands, nor would it touch the water till the invalid had had all it wanted. I suppose that it was satisfied that its companion was in good hands, for it trotted happily away and did not appear upon the scene again.—Cor. London Spectator.

A KISS IN THE DARK

By J. P. COUGHLAN

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No excuses for his conduct can be offered further than it was his first offense, and the whole thing was done in an offhand, unpremeditated sort of way. Besides, Mollie was really an attractive girl.

Burton had been living with the Lowdons for a number of years and had always been regarded as one of the family, so much so, indeed, that his real position, that of a boarder, was kept in the background.

The Lowdons did not like to think of themselves as "keeping boarders" and saw no reason for a descent in the social scale simply because Jim Burton, their old friend, lived with them in this comfortable home and bore a legitimate but fixed share of the expense.

Martha had been a stock feature in the Lowdon home for years when suddenly she was replaced by Mollie. The contrast was superlative. Martha, the hard faced, the stern, that martinet of the kitchen, the scourge of laxity, was a million removes from Mollie, the apple checked, the smiling, with Irish mischief in her eyes and the cometh on her lips. Burton thought the change splendid. At breakfast he smiled cheerfully into Mollie's bright face in shameless, good natured admiration.

What wonder, then, that three or four evenings later, when Burton was entering the house and found Mollie in the dusky hall lighting the lamp, he should tip tilt that dimpled chin and kiss the inviting lips?

"That's for your good looks, Mollie," he said and went upstairs three steps at a time. In the rear he heard a stifled shriek that died away in a soft chuckle. As he dressed he smiled complacently at himself in the glass.

Burton dined out that evening. At breakfast next morning he found a second Martha. Mrs. Lowdon apparently did not think the matter worth explanation. She had other matters on her mind. Turning to her husband, she said: "Jim must dine home this evening. I want him to meet Etta. Etta," she continued, speaking to Burton, "is my cousin. She is going to stay with us here for a month or two. She is a charming girl. You'll like her awfully, Jim. Now, be sure and be in time for dinner."

Burton was politely interested. He did not look forward to the prospect with any great joy. Mrs. Lowdon's friends were usually a duty to him and involved more attention than he was at times willing to give. His meeting with Etta Kingsley that evening, however, put matters at once on an entirely different footing. Rarely had Burton seen so much demure vivaciousness. A sparkle and a ripple in her laugh foretold pleasant things. Her smile was sometimes in reserve. Burton had his first acquaintance manners. He was a little slow, a trifle im-

portant and pleasantly serious. They talked books, plays, business and horses. Miss Kingsley was from Kentucky. It was a hotchpotch of conversation. Burton felt that he had acquitted himself well, but there lingered an uneasy consciousness that Miss Kingsley was "guying" him when he talked up to the dignity of his thirty-three years.

"You must be awfully prim, Mr. Burton," she remarked suddenly, apparently apropos of nothing in particular. "Prim!" he echoed, momentarily shaken out of his self possession. "My gracious! Why do you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just flashed through my mind that you never do anything frivolous."

Mrs. and Mr. Lowdon laughed, and Burton, a faint tint on his face, looked at his plate and laughed too.

A few days later the four went to the theater. On the way home Miss Kingsley was, frankly condemnatory of the play. "The hero," she told Burton, "was, to begin with, a fool, and in the next place I'm sure he wasn't half as good as he was pictured. There aren't such men living now, except it be in Kentucky. Men who pretend to that sort of standard there are in plenty, but in secret they drink more cocktails than are good for them and stay out late at night and, I suppose, kiss

the maid when her mistress isn't looking."

Burton saw no application to himself in particular and took the shot at his sex as a piece of badinage. He retorted laughingly, "You wouldn't have him kiss her in the presence of her mistress?"

Miss Kingsley had been in the house just one month when Burton went through the operation of personal stocktaking. "You're not a Ouida Adonis, Jim," he told himself, "but you seem to be a decent, fairly good looking sort of chap, according to everyday standards; you are good tempered, reasonably domesticated and willing to become more so, of a tolerable disposition and financially in a position to marry a modest maid."

When a man holds this kind of communion with himself, it goes without saying that he is in love, and Jim was frank to himself, at least on that question.

Although no definite time had been fixed upon for Miss Kingsley's departure, Burton felt instinctively that her stay was coming to an end. There was a premonition of farewell in the air, and, although his acquaintance was only six weeks old, he determined to take the desperate step. Now, a proposal is a delicate and difficult matter, and Jim felt that of all the known and approved methods only one suited his temperamental and physical make-up. The romantic was out of the question, the flippant too extreme on the other side, the abrupt too unwise, the roundabout beyond his compass. Therefore he planned what he believed to be a style of his own.

She was playing the piano. He was leaning negligently at the side.

"I suppose you are looking forward to the opening of the grand opera season?" he inquired, with deliberate intention to discover the date of her departure.

"No; that is one of my disappointments. I leave on Monday."

Jim was silent for awhile. It was part of his plan.

"I shall be very sorry. It is a pity you will not remain in New York altogether."

"Thank you. You are very kind." This, with a frank smile into his eyes, disconcerted Jim somewhat. He had expected a reply with a "why" in it. He tried it again.

"I wish you could remain."

"But I can't."

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"I wish you could remain."

"But I can't."

"You can."

"How?"

"I should like the right to keep you here."

"Is this a proposal?"

Jim nodded.

"Well, I am very much flattered indeed, and I think I would like to accept you—now, keep your distance, please—if—"

"If! Yes! If what?"

"If you comply with the conditions. Do you drink?"

"No."

"Good! You don't stay out late at night?"

"No."

"Excellent! And, I suppose, if I married you, you'd never kiss the maid?"

"Never!" said Jim fervently.

"Stay where you are, please. Have you ever kissed the maid?"

"What! Kissed her?" cried Burton in righteous indignation at the imputation on his taste.

"Not Mollie, I mean. I hear she was a very attractive girl."

Burton was about to flounder into a confession and an explanation, but a twinkle in Etta's eye saved him. "No," he declared stoutly, "I never kissed Mollie. I kissed you!"

He had her in his arms, and she capitulated.

"I never debted up that kiss against your character," she told him, "because I knew from the way you did it that it was the first attempt."

And now Jim is wondering how she knew.

She Made Herself Understood.

She was young and innocent looking and coy and shy, and the half dozen men among the passengers on a Chicago street car the other day caught themselves looking at her more than once and almost wishing they had such a daughter. Presently another girl got in, and the two exchanged exclamations of surprise. Two minutes later the last comer was saying loud enough to be heard all over the car:

"Dear me, Madge, but your new hat is a stunner!"

"Yes? Do you like it?"

"It's perfectly splendid. It must have cost at least \$5."

"Five dollars!" echoed the coy and shy and innocent. "Why, my old 'gav' coughed up fourteen bones for this hat, and we got \$6 off at that!"