# The MAIDS of PARADISE

## By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Cardigan" "The Conspirators" "Maids-at-Arms" etc

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Scarlett, an American soldier of fortune in the employ of the French Imperial Police at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, is ordered to arrest John Buckhurst, a leader of the Communists and suspected of having stolen the French crown jewels. While searching for Buckhurst, Scarlett is ordered to arrest Countess de Vassart and her group of socialists and escort them to the Belgian border. Scarlett finds Sylvia Elven of the Odeon disguised as a peasant and carries her to La Trappe where the countess and her friends are assembled. All are arrested. The countess saves Scarlett from a fatal fall from the roof of the house. He denounces Buckhurst as the leader of the Reds and the countess conducts him to where Buckhurst is secreted. German Uhlans descend on the place and Buckhurst escapes during the melee. Scarlett is wounded. He recovers consciousness in the countess' house at Morsbronn, where he is cared for by the countess. A fierce battle is fought in the streets between French and Prussian soldiers. Buckhurst professes repentence and returns the crown jewels to Scarlett. He declares he will give himself up to the authorities. Scarlett doubts his sincerity. Buckhurst urges the countess to go to Paradise. Buckhurst admits that he receives pay from the Prussians for information which he does not give. He secures passports to the French lines for Scarlett, the countess and himself. Scarlett reports to the secret service in Paris and finds Mornac, shadow of the emperor in charge. He deposits the crown jewels.

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The shock came almost immediately, for, without a word, he suddenly emptied the jewel-bag on the desk before him. The bag contained little pebbles wrapped in tissue-paper.

"Suppose you explain this farce?" Mornac suggested, unmoved.

"Suppose you explain it!" I stammered.

He raised his delicately arched eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that an hour ago that bag contained the diamonds from the crucifix of Louis XI.! I mean that I handed them over to you on my arrival at this bureau!"

"Doubtless you can prove what you say," he observed. "It seems to me that it is high time we abolished the Foreign Division, Imperial Military Police."

"I refuse to be discharged!" I said, hoarsely "It is your word against mine; I demand an investigation!"

"Certainly," he replied, almost wearily, and touched a bell. "Bring that witness," he added to the soldier who appeared in answer to the silvery summons.

Somebody entered the room behind me, passed me; there was an odor of violets in the air, a faint rustle of silk, and I saw Mornac rise and bow to his guest and conduct her to a chair.

His guest was the young Countess de Vassart.

Mornac turned directly on me. "Madame, do you know this officer?"

"Yes," said the countess, smiling.

"Did you see him receive a small sack of diamonds in Morsbronn?"

The countess gave me a quick glance of surprise. "Yes," she said, wonderingly.

"Thank you, madame; that is sufficient," he replied; and before I could understand what he was about he had conducted the countess to the next room and had closed the door behind him.

"Quick!" muttered Speed at my elbow; "let's back out of this trap.

"I Refuse to Be Discharged!"

There's no use; he's one of them, and he means to ruin you."

"But he's got those diamonds! Do you think I can stand that?"

"I think you've got to," muttered Speed, savagely. "Do you want to rot in Cayenne? If you do, stay here and bawl for a court-martial."

He seized me with a growl of "Idiot! come on!" and fairly shoved me through the colonnades of the institute, along the quay, down the river-wall, to a dock where presently a swift river boat swung in for passengers. And when the bateau mouche shot out again into mid-stream, Speed and I stood silently on deck, watching the silver-gray facades of Paris fly past above us under the blue sky.

We sat far forward, quite alone, and separated from the few passengers by the pilothouse and joined funnel.

I waited; Speed chewed his cigar grimly.

"Look here, Scarlett," he said. "Do you know what has become of the crown jewels of France?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you. You know, of course, that the government is anxious. But you don't know what a pitiable fright the authorities are in. The crown jewels, the bars of gold of the reserve, the great pictures from the Louvre, the antiques of value, including the Venus of Milo, have been packed in cases and loaded on trains under heavy guard.

"Twelve of these trains have already left Paris for the par-port of Lorient. The others are to follow, one every twenty-four hours at midnight. A swift cruiser—the Fer-de-Lance—is lying off Paradise with steam up night and day, ready to receive the treasures of the government at the first alarm and run for the French possessions in Cochin-China.

"And now, perhaps, you may guess why Buckhurst is so anxious to hang around Paradise."

Of course I was startled. Speed's muttered information gave me the keys to many doors. And behind each door were millions and millions and millions of francs' worth of plunder.

Our eyes met in mute interrogation; Speed smiled.

"Do you remember an application for license from the manager of a traveling American show—a Yankee circus?"

"Byram's Imperial American circus?" I said.

"That's it. They went through Normandy last summer. Well, Byram's agent is going to meet us at Saint-Cloud. We're engaged; I'm to do ballooning—you know I worked one of the military balloons before Petersburg. You are to do sensational riding. You were riding-master in the Spahis—were you not?"

"I tamed three lions for my regiment at Constantinople," I said.

"Good lad! Then you can play with Byram's lions, too. Oh, what the devil!" he cried, recklessly; "it's all in a lifetime.."

## PART SECOND.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The Road to Paradise.

On the 3rd of November Byram's American circus, traveling slowly overland toward the Spanish frontier, drew up for an hour's rest at Quimperle. I, however, as usual, prepared to ride forward to select a proper place for our encampment, and to procure the necessary license.

We were in seedy circumstances; an endless chain of bad luck had followed us from Chartres.

The fortune that Byram had made in the previous year was already gone; we no longer traveled by rail; we no longer slept at inns; we could barely pay for the food for our animals.

"Got enough cash for the license?" asked Byram, uneasily.

"Plenty, governor; don't worry," I replied, and set my horse at a gallop over the old stone bridge.

I passed a stone house, another; then the white road curved under the trees and I rode straight into the heart of Paradise, my horse's hoofs awaking echoes in the silent, stone-paved square.

A young girl with a face like the Madonna stole across the square in her felt shoes.

"Can you tell me where the mayor lives?" I asked, looking down at her from my horse.

"Ho! ia; oui, monsieur, si'l faut bien. The mayor is at breakfast in his kitchen yonder."

"Thank you, my child."

I turned my horse across the shady square to a stone house banked up with bed on bed of scarlet geraniums. The windows were open; a fat man with very small eyes sat inside eating an omelet.

I told him that I wanted a license for a circus to camp for one night; that I also desired permission to pitch camp somewhere in the vicinity. He made out the license, stamped it, handed it to me, and I paid him the usual fee.

"How much will it cost to have your town-crier announce the coming of the circus?" I inquired.

"That will cost ten sous if he drums and reads the announcement from here to the chateau."

I gave the mayor ten copper pennies.

The mayor glanced at me.

"Paris still holds out?" he asked, with a yawn.

"Oh yes," I replied.

"And the war—is it still going badly for us?"

"There is always hope," I answered.

"Hope," he grumbled; "oh yes, we know what hope is—we of the coast live on it when there's no bread; but hope never yet filled my belly for me. Why, not a keel has passed out of the port since August. Where is the fishing fleet? Where are the sardine sloops that ought to have sailed from Algiers? Where are the Icelanders?"

"Have the German cruisers frightened all your craft from the sea?" I asked, astonished.

"Yes, partly. Then there's an ugly French cruiser lying off Groix, yonder, and her black stacks are dribbling smoke all day and all night. We have

"I'll Cry Your Edicts and I'll Drum for You, Too!"

orders to keep off and use Lorient when we want a port."

"You believe the cruiser out at sea yonder is going to bring you evil?"

"She has brought it. But it's all the same to me. I am mayor, and exempt, and I have cider and tobacco and boudin for a few months yet."

At that moment we both caught sight of a peasant running and waving a packet of blue papers in the air. "Monsieur the mayor! Monsieur the mayor!" he called, while still far away.

"Cre cochon de malheur!" muttered the mayor, turning pale. "He's got a telegram!"

He turned to me, almost bursting with suppressed prophecy.

"It has come—the evil that the black cruiser brings us! You laughed! Tenez, monsieur; there's your bad luck in these blue morsels of paper!"

And he snatched the telegram from the breathless messenger, reading it with dilating eyes.

When at length the magistrate had mastered the contents of his telegram, he looked up with a stupid stare.

"I want my drummer. Where's the town-crier?" he demanded, as though dazed.

"He has gone to Lorient, m'sieu the mayor," ventured the messenger.

"To get drunk. I remember. Imbecile! Why did he go today? Are there not six other days in this cursed week? Who is there to drum? Nobody. Nobody knows how in Paradise. Seigneur, Dieu! the ignorance of this town!"

"M'sieu the mayor," ventured the messenger, "there's Jacqueline."

"Ho! Vrai. The Lizard's young one! She can drum, they say."

"The little witch can drum them awake in Ker-Is," muttered the messenger.

The mayor rose, looked around the square, frowned. Then he raised his voice in a bellow: "Jacqueline! Jacqueline! Thou Jacqueline!"

A far voice answered, faintly breaking across the square from the bridge: "She is on the rocks with her sea-rake!"

The mayor thrust the blue telegram into his pocket and waddled out of his garden, across the square, and up the path to the cliffs.

Uninvited, I went with him.

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Town-Crier.

The bell in the unseen chapel ceased ringing as we came out on the cliffs of Paradise, where, on the horizon, the sun hung low, belted with a single ribbon of violet cloud.

Below the cliffs, on a crescent of flat sand, from which sluggish, rosy rivulets crawled seaward, a man stood looking out across the water. And the mayor stopped and called down to him: "Ohe, the Lizard! I want somebody to drum and read a proclamation. Where's Jacqueline?"

At this instant a young girl, a mere child, appeared on the beach, dragging a sea-rake over the ground behind her. She was a lithe creature, bare-limbed and ragged, with the sea-tan on throat and knee. The girl caught sight of the mayor and gave him a laughing greeting which he returned with a shrug.

"If you want a town-crier," she called up, in a deliciously fresh voice, scarcely tinged with the accent, "I'll cry your edicts and I'll drum for you, too!"

The girl threw her rake into a boat and leaped upon the rocks at the base of the cliff.

"Jacqueline! Don't come up that way!" bawled the mayor, horrified. "Hey! Robert! Ohe!! Lizard! Stop her or she'll break her neck"

Breathless, hot, and laughing, the girl pulled herself up over the edge of the cliff. I held out my hand to aid her, but she pushed it away, crying, "Thank you all the same, but here I am."

The mayor looked at her angrily, but, probably remembering he was at her mercy, suppressed his wrath and held out the telegram. "Can you read that, my child?"

"Yes, I can read it. Why not? Can't you?"

"Read? I the mayor of Paradise!" repeated the outraged magistrate. "What do you mean, lizard of lizards! gorse cat!"

"Now if you are going to say such things I won't drum for you," said the child, glancing at me out of her sea-blue eyes and giving a shake to her elf-locks.

I gave her a hand-bill; at the first glance her eyes sparkled, the color deepened under her coat of amber tan; she caught her breath and read rapidly to the end.

"Oh, how beautiful," she said, softly. "Am I to read this in the square?"

"I will give you a franc to read it, Jacqueline."

"No, no—only—oh, do let me come in and see the heavenly wonders! Would you, monsieur? I—I cannot pay—but would—could you let me come in? I will read your notice, anyway," she added, with a quaver in her voice.

"Come whenever you like, Jacqueline," I said. "Ask for me at the gate."

"And who are you, monsieur?"

"My name is Scarlett."

Scarlett," she whispered, as though naming a sacred thing.

The mayor, who had toddled some distance ahead of us, now halted in the square, looking back at us through the red evening light.

"Jacqueline, the drum is in my house. I'll lend you a pair of sabots, too. Come, hasten little idler!"

We entered the mayor's garden, where the flowers were glowing in the luster of the setting sun. The mayor soon reappeared with drum and drumsticks in one hand and a pair of sabots in the other. "Go, my child," he said, and Jacqueline marched through the garden out into the square by the fountain, drum-sticks clutched in one tanned fist, the scrolls of paper in the other.

In the center of the square she stood a moment, looking around, then raised the drum-sticks; there came a click, a flash of metal, and the quiet square echoed with a startling outcrash. Already a knot of people had gathered around her; others came swiftly to windows and doorsteps; the loungers left their stone benches by the river, the maids of Paradise flocked from the bridge. The drum-roll ceased.

"Attention! Men of Finistere! By order of the governor of Lorient, all men between the ages of twenty and forty, otherwise not exempt, are ordered to report at the navy yard barracks, war-port of Lorient, on the 5th of November of the present year, to join the army of the Loire.

"Bretons! France calls! Answer with your ancient battle-cry, 'Sainte-Anne! Sainte-Anne!' The eyes of the world are on Armorica! To arms!"

The girl's voice ceased; a dead silence reigned in the square. The men looked at one another stupidly; a woman began to whimper.

"The curse is on Paradise!" cried a hoarse voice.

The drummer was already drawing another paper from her ragged pocket, and again in the same clear, emotionless voice, but slightly drawling her words, she read:

"To the people of Paradise! The manager of the famous American traveling circus, lately returned from a tour of the northern provinces, with camels, elephants, lions and a magnificent company of artists, announces a stupendous exhibition to be held in Lorient at greatly reduced prices, thus enabling the intelligent and appreciative people of Paradise to honor the Republican circus, recently known as the Imperial circus, with their benevolent and discerning patronage! Long live France! Long live the republic! Long live the circus!"

A resounding roll of the drum ended the announcements; the girl slung the drum over her shoulder, turned to the right, and passed over the stone bridge, sabots clicking.

The maids of Paradise were weeping now by the fountain; the men gathered near, and their slow, hushed voices scarcely rose above the ripple of the stream where Robert the Lizard fished in silence.

I walked across to the Quimperle road and met Jacqueline, dancing along with her drum. We stood in the middle of the high-road looking through the dust haze, she doubtless dreaming of the splendors to come, I very, very tired.

Suddenly, straight out of the flaming gates of the sunset, the miracle was wrought. Breathless, she shrank back among the weeds, one hand pressed to her throbbing throat. Then she caught sight of something through the dust that filled her with a delicious terror, and she cried out. For there, uptowering in the haze, came trudging a great, gray creature, a fearsome, swaying thing in crimson trappings, flapping huge ears. It shuffled past, swinging a dusty trunk; the sparkling horsemen cantered by, tin armor blazing in the fading glory; the chariots dragged after, and the closed dens of beasts rolled behind in single file, followed by the band-wagon, where heaven-inspired musicians played frantically and a white-faced clown balanced his hat on a stick and shrieked.

So the circus passed into Paradise; and I turned and followed in the wake

"Long Live the Republic! Long Live the Circus!"

of dust, stale odors, and clamorous discord, sick at heart of wandering over a world I had not found too kind.

And at my heels stole Jacqueline.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Would Be Worth Seeing.

A young woman from the east was conversing with a Kentuckian about tobacco and tobacco raising. She was very pretty and a good conversationalist, and the young man from Kentucky was vastly interested in her until she gave him a sudden shock by announcing:

"I should love to see a tobacco field; especially when it is just plugging out."—National Food Magazine.

# For Handy Boys and Girls to Make and Do

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall)

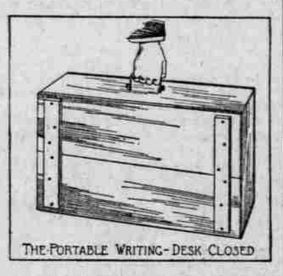
By A. NEELY HALL.

### A FORTABLE WRITING DESK.

Every boy needs a writing desk, and the plans below show an entirely new idea for a desk. It has no legs, but is made to stand upon a table. The front drops down to write upon, just like a drop-leaf of any desk. When the front is closed and hooked, the desk is in a compact form, and it may be lifted from the table by means of the handle attached to the top and stood in some out of the way corner until wanted for use again.

A grocery box, together with its cover or some additional box boards, is needed for working material. The box shown in the illustrations is one in which cans of preserved fruit had been packed, and it measures 21 inches long, 13½ inches wide and 7½ inches deep. Very likely you can get a box of approximately the same dimensions by going to your grocer. Pick out as perfect a box as you can find. The fewer cracks, knots and joints that there are in the boards, the less puttying you will have to do when finishing.

After renailing any boards that may be loose, cut the board A of a length equal to the inside length of the box, and of a width equal to the inside depth of the box (Fig. 4), and the piece B of equal width and 2½



THE PORTABLE WRITING-DESK CLOSED

inches high. Fasten piece B across the center of board A, with nails driven through A into the edge of B. Then fasten the nailed together pieces in the upper part of the box, as shown in Fig. 3, to form pigeon-holes. Nail through the ends of the box into the ends of board A, and down through the top into the edge of board B, to hold the pieces in place.

Strip C (Fig. 5) forms the front to a rack for stationery and loose papers (Figs. 2 and 3), and has four screw-hooks screwed into it (Fig. 5) for pen and pencil racks. Cut this strip of a length equal to the inside length of the box, and about 2 inches wide, and fasten it between the ends of the box, about 1 inch out from the box bottom, by driving nails through the box ends into its ends.

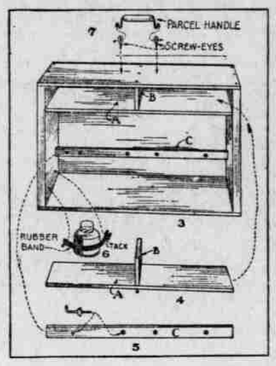
The box-cover boards should be fastened together with two strips placed across them near the ends as shown in Fig. 1, for the front drop-

THE PORTABLE WRITING-DESK OPEN

leaf. Either nail or screw these cross-pieces to the boards, using nails or screws short enough so they will not go all the way through the two thicknesses of wood. Hinge the drop-leaf to the inside of the desk bottom with a pair of 2-inch hinges, as shown in Fig. 2. Fasten a small hook to each end of the desk, and screw a small screw-eye into each end of the drop-leaf in the proper position for it to hook into, as a means for hooking the drop-leaf when closed. A pair of very small hook-and-eyes can be bought at the hardware store for a few cents.

A parcel handle will make a satisfactory handle for carrying the desk by (Fig. 7).

It would not be safe to keep an ink bottle in your portable desk without fastening it. There would be too many chances of upsetting it. A good way of securing it is that shown in Fig. 6. Get a long, heavy rubber-band, or a piece of elastic, and tack




its ends to the inside of one desk end, as indicated in Fig. 3. This will form a pocket into which the bottle may be slipped with safety, as the rubber will hold the bottle tight against the desk end (Fig. 2)

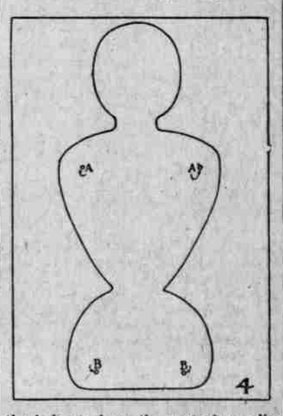
By DOROTHY PERKINS.

### A DANCING DOLL.

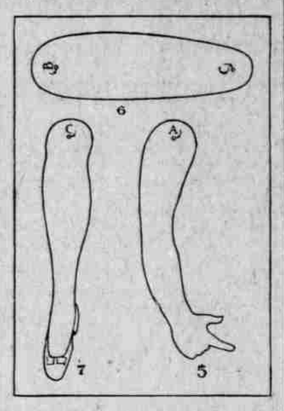
The little dancing doll in the illustration will dance as gracefully as a fairy and keep perfect time to any music you may furnish. All the materials required to make it are a piece of thin white cardboard, a coarse

thread and needle, some pink water-color paint or a pink crayon pencil, four broom straws, and a piece of tissue-paper.

The first thing to do is to prepare the different parts of the doll, and as these are shown natural size in Figs. 4, 5, 6 and 7, they can be cut right out of this page. Only one arm and one leg is shown, however, and you will have to use these parts as patterns for marking out the second arm and leg. Paste the paper parts upon lightweight cardboard to give them stiffness. To fasten the parts together, pierce holes through them with a pencil point or a hat-pin, at the points A, B and C (Figs. 4, 5, 6 and 7), and join the correspondingly lettered holes with thread, tying a knot on each end of each thread enough larger than



the holes to keep the parts from slipping off. Figure 2 shows the doll assembled complete. The circular piece with the center cut out of it, shown in Fig. 3, fits down over the doll's body, resting upon its hips, as shown in Fig. 2. It is cut through on one side to make it easier to slip it over the doll's body. This piece forms the top of the standard which supports the doll while dancing. Pierce four holes through it, near the outer edge, and at equal distances apart; insert a broom straw in each hole, bend over the top, and glue it to the cardboard so it will not slip out. Cut off the lower ends of the straws so they will extend just a trifle below



the doll's feet when the doll is stood upon its broomstraw standard.

To dress the doll, cut a strip of tissue-paper three and one-half inches wide and 25 inches long, pleat or gather it, and sew it around the doll's waist for a skirt. Then make a waist out of the same material and sew it in place. Cut a pretty head of the right size from a magazine, and paste it to the doll's head.

When the doll is finished, place her on a piece of cardboard with the end of the cardboard extending over the edge of the table, tap the cardboard with your fingers, and you will be delighted upon discovering how gracefully she can dance.

The dolls should not be made to look alike, for the doll's party, but as different as possible. This will be quite easy to do. A variety of pretty heads will be found by a careful search among fashion pictures and magazine illustrations, and with tissue-papers of different colors to work with, there will be no limit to the number of styles of pretty party dresses that you will be able to devise. Tissue-paper doll dressing is fun, and just the right kind of fun for an afternoon when the weather is too disagreeable for you to play outdoors

## SAILORS' GREAT FEAR

### FLOATING DERELICT ONE OF WORST PERILS OF THE SEA.

#### Forsaken Ships, Practically Unsinkable, Can Rarely Be Perceived Until Too Late to Avoid the Fatal Collision.

The dismasted, battered hulk of a derelict, floating so low in the water as to be almost level with the waves, is, of course, a very great danger to navigation, especially in foggy weather.

The majority of derelicts are sailing ships laden with timber. They may have been dismasted and rendered absolutely helpless in storms, partly demolished by fire, by collision with an iceberg, or by the mere force of the waves themselves. The crew, unable to make their ship seaworthy, may have abandoned it in the boats, or have been rescued by some passing vessel, but, whatever their fate, their forsaken ship, if laden with wood, remains practically unsinkable and is driven hither and thither over the ocean, at the mercy of the winds and currents.

In course of time the swelling of the wood cargo may burst the hull asunder, but until this happens, or until the vessel is driven ashore and broken into matchwood against some ironshod coast, it will remain a terror to passing ships.

Now and again a steamer may be rendered helpless owing to its machinery becoming disabled by shortage of coal, by fire or by the loss of its rudder or propeller in heavy weather. Its crew may decide to abandon it and take to the boats, but if they neglect to open the seacocks on their departure their ship may float for many a long day. The erratic movements of some derelicts are almost uncanny. Not so very long ago a Norwegian sailing ship called the Crown left Nova Scotia for a South American port. It was laden with timber, and while still in the North Atlantic ocean was overtaken by a terrible storm, which dismasted and left it a battered wreck.

The crew, realizing it was useless to remain on board, abandoned it and took to the boats, never to be heard of again, but their ship, although it vanished completely for no less than three months, was sighted at the end of this time on the edge of the Sargasso sea, a good 700 miles away from where disaster overtook it. Soon afterward it was sighted off Bermuda, but then disappeared again, and may still be drifting about the ocean.

Another sailing ship was abandoned off Cape May. The crew endeavored to destroy it by fire on their departure, but, although it blazed furiously, the sodden, waterlogged cargo eventually extinguished the flames. A few weeks later the hulk was off the English coast and it was thought it would be dashed to pieces on the shore, but, altering its course, it proceeded to the southward along the French coast and was next seen near the Azores. Having got thus far, it proceeded to cross the Atlantic, and after covering fully 6,000 miles in its wanderings, finally drifted ashore near Panama.

Derelicts are sometimes salved and bring in a large sum in salvage money to the crews of the ships who tow them into port. On one occasion an American steamer bound for Liverpool with a cargo of cotton ran out of coal off the north coast of Ireland. The sea was running high, signals of distress were made to a passing steamer, which passed a tow rope to the helpless ship. But the towing wire snapped and the crew were accordingly taken on board the newcomer, while the disabled vessel was left to drift.

A Liverpool tug heard of the affair, and being doubtless aware of the great value of the cotton cargo, determined to find the derelict and to tow it into harbor. After a protracted search it came upon it and eventually took it into Belfast, little worse for its buffeting. The enterprising tug netted no less than £7,960 for its share in the proceedings. By an act of parliament, passed in 1896, the master of any British ship sighting a derelict is bound to report the fact to the nearest Lloyds agent, so that if the abandoned ship is in the track of ships a man-of-war may be sent out to destroy or bring it into port.

#### Hymn Writer to Aid Girls.

Fanny J. Crosby, the blind hymn writer, is president of the Golden Rule alliance recently formed for the purpose of securing funds to erect a home for blind girls who may be in need of care and education. Miss Crosby was for many years a teacher in the New York Institute for the Blind. There she formed the friendship of Grover Cleveland, who as a young man was secretary in the school. Her work in the Bowery mission is replete with incident. Already, while the alliance is yet in its infancy, a wide field of usefulness is being opened. Several instances of sightless little ones have come to it for treatment and care and complete cure has resulted in some cases, while in others provision has been made for permanent care of blind girls. The problem of educating girls in similar conditions is a serious one. Miss Crosby gives out a statement in which alluding to her recent severe illness she believes her life has been spared that she may complete the establishment of a home for blind girls. The Golden Rule alliance has headquarters at 75 Fifth avenue, New York.

#### Home Made Floor Polisher.

Take a wooden box, such as starch or cocoa is shipped in, and stretch several thicknesses of carpet or flannel over the bottom, allowing it to come well up on the sides and tack smoothly. Make a handle of two stout pieces of wood, thirty-six inches long, and join their upper end to a shorter piece of wood as a cross piece and nail all to the box. Place three paving bricks inside of the box and it will weigh sixteen pounds, just the weight sold for use by women. Rub always with the grain of the wood.

This, with the addition of housewife muscle and elbow grease, makes the work perfectly simple.

#### Looking Ahead.

"No, my man, this is not mine. It was a $20 bill I lost."

"But it was a twinty-dollar bill before I got it changed, sor."

"What did you get it changed for?"

"Och, sure, so the owner could convayniently reward me, sor."—Puck.

#### The Last Straw.

"What is she mad about?"

"He criticized the pies she made."

"Told her they were not like his mother used to make, eh?"

"No; he told her they were."

## NOT THE SHOCK EXPECTED

### Seemingly, Debutante Would Have Been Willing if It Had Been Otherwise.

After the Spanish melon, while awaiting the cold consomme, a young Japanese diplomat took the fan from the white hand of a debutante, and opened it—from the right to left delicately.

"You noticed how I opened it?" he said. "From right to left?"

"Yes," she returned indifferently. "But everybody opens fans from right to left."

"And do you know why? No? Then I'll tell you—I'll warn you—so that you yourself may never, by any chance, open a fan from left to right."

He sipped his amber-colored chablis and resumed:

"Fans originated in Japan, and from time immemorial the Japanese fan-makers, whose morality is not like western morality, have constructed fans in such a manner that, opened from right to left, they reveal innocent and lovely things—flowers and temples and tea gardens—while, opened from left to right, they reveal scenes of an indecency and obscenity passing belief.

"Of course, all Japanese fans are not of a double entendre such as this, but many are, and hence Japan has taught the world to open its fans in only one way—the safe way."

The young lady opened her fan, very cautiously, the unsafe way. Then she said:

"Pshaw, my fan is all right."

And then gave a little disappointed shrug of her white shoulders.—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### Japanese Greeting.

Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other they slacken their pace and approach with downcast eyes and averted face, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other; then they bow so as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed.

A succession of hissing sounds is next heard, made by drawing the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility, each trying to outdo the other.

At last the climax is reached and each endeavors to give precedence to the other. For perhaps a full minute the polite contest continues; then the ceremony abrutly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, with a look of extreme relief.

The Japanese gentleman who has many acquaintances must require an hour to walk the length of a block on a city street.

#### United States' Superiority.

According to a report issued by the American bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, based upon a study of seventeen industries in the United States and Great Britain, it requires 18 per cent more power and two and one-half times more labor to do the same work, in the industries examined, in Great Britain than it does in the United States.

## DISCONTENT NOT ALL GOOD

### True That It Has Its Uses, but There Are Other Things to Be Considered.

It is perhaps true that some writers and teachers have over-emphasized the gospel of contentment with our lot. It is not always well to be contented with our lot. Avancement in every line has been made by people who were discontented with their present opportunities and broke through to something higher. But, even allowing this, it is undeniably true that there is a vast amount of unholy and wasteful discontent. We are apt to think pretty constantly how much more and how much better we would do if circumstances were different. While history presents many cases of people who broke away from humble task to force their way to something higher, it is fuller of instances in which a man or woman, by doing with patient faithfulness an insignificant task, has been celled to greater things.

The answer to the problem is the old rule of living by the minute. It is almost never right to leave a task unfinished. This day, this hour, this minute, puts a task into our hands.

"Because of the nail the shoe was lost; because of the shoe the horse was lost; because of the horse the rider was lost; because of the rider the battle was lost." So it was the blacksmith, after all, who lost the battle. If he had done his work well, the cause might have triumphed.—Christian Herald.

#### Character Told by Laughter.

A French paper has discovered that a person's character is expressed in his manner of laughing. If you laugh in "Ha ha" fashion, you are frank if a man and inconstant and incapable of keeping a secret if a woman. If you laugh "Heh, heh," you are neurasthenic, melancholy and skeptical. If you adopt a deeper tone and laugh in "Ho, ho's," you are generous, easy-going and good-natured. The proper pitch for the fair sex to laugh in is "He, he," while people who laugh with a "Hoo, hoo" effect should be avoided as hypocritical, scandal-mongering and miserly.

#### German-American Institute.

Not many institutions for the promotion of international understanding can boast such a record of practical usefulness as the Amerika-Institut of Berlin, which this month completes its third year. Founded under the auspices of the Prussian ministry of education, and located in the new Royal library, its chief province has naturally been that of scholarship. But for the many Americans and Germans who, in public, scientific, and literary pursuits alike, find themselves in need of information as to what has been done across seas, it has become an invaluable medium of inquiry. Its services, again, to the great number of students, government officials, professors on sabbatical leave, and representatives of learned societies who are annually interchanged, ignorant often of local conditions and even language, cover a wide range. It has assisted the authors of 2,500 German books to obtain a copyright in America; it has encouraged the translation of books and articles in both countries; and it has accumulated a large library of Americana in Berlin, for the use of German scholars and exiles or visiting Americans. Such an institution seems peculiarly German in the very thoroughness with which it has substituted systematic methods for the naturally haphazard means of intercourse; but it is all the more to be wished that as between other European nations and the United States similar bureaus could be brought into existence.—New York Evening Post.

#### No Grammar for Her.

In a Fort Scott school the teachers gave orders for all pupils to buy a certain kind of grammar, and bring the book to the class the next day. When school started one little girl walked to the front of the room and carefully laid a note on the teacher's desk. She picked it up, rather surprised, but she was more surprised when she read the following note: "I do not desire that mattie shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer her to ingage in more useful studies, and can learn her speak and write proper myself. I have been through two grammars, and can't say they did me no good. I prefer mattie to ingage in German or drawin' and vockal musich on the piano."—Fort Scott Tribune.

#### Confession.

Servant Girl—Have you any love letter manuals?

Clerk—Naturally a large assortment. Is it to be a higher grade?

Servant Girl (bashfully)—It's a sergeant.—Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).

#### Busiest Railway Station.

The busiest railway terminal in this country is the South station of Boston, which handles more trains, passenger baggage and mail per day than any other. The largest railway station in point of size is the recently completed Grand Central terminal in New York city.

The total number of passengers in and out of the South station from July, 1912, to June, 1913, exceeded 28,000,000; the number in and out of the Grand Central exceeded 22,000,000. Almost twice as many trains are handled each day at the South station as at the Grand Central, but the number of cars per train is greater at the latter.

In spite of this tremendous traffic, says the Engineering News, the passenger facilities of the Grand Central are far from taxed.

There are now licensed in England 320,119 motor vehicles. These are made up of 175,247 motor cars, 132,245 motorcycles and 12,627 heavy motor vehicles.