

## A MOUTH CURVED UP AT CORNERS.

The world is not so bad a place  
As the growling cynic paints it,  
And life in the main is fair and sweet  
Till selfishness mars and taints it.  
So don't belong to the pessimist crew  
And don't be one of the scorners,  
Don't go about with a clouded brow  
And a mouth drawn down at the corners.  
Though fortune seemeth to frown on you,  
Be never you disheartened,  
Pray let the bow be inverted,  
If you put your mouth into rainbow shape.  
Though you be slighted by fortune's pets,  
Though you be scorned by the scorners,  
Still keep a heart that is brave and strong  
And a mouth curved up at the corners.  
Don't look on life through a smoky glass,  
The world is much as you take it,  
'Twill yield you back a gleam of light  
Or a glow of warmth if you make it.  
However fortune may seem to frown,  
However may seem the scorners,  
Still face your fate with a fearless eye  
And a mouth curved up at the corners.  
—Martha S. White in Good Housekeeping.

## LEGENDS OF LADIES.

### A DISCUSSION OF THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY ON THE TENDER PASSION.

Did the Devil Ever Choke the Life Out of a Beautiful Woman?—A Story Which is Very Laid, to Say the Least—A Homely Woman Seen Through Love's Eyes.

A discussion interesting to the ladies is running through some of the French papers. Briefly stated, the question is whether or not beauty has anything to do with the kindling of the tender passion. Handsome women say yes; homely ones, or, to be more correct, the less beautiful, say no. In proof of the soundness of their platform, which rejects the plank of affection for loveliness only, the latter have unearthed the dusty old legend of the loves of Leile and Megnon.

When the king of Persia heard of the smitten young man, beset for him and asked him how it was that he had become so desperately epoxy.

"In order to understand that," replied Megnon, "you would have to see my ladylove."

"Well," said the king, "let's see the wonder."

Leile was brought before him. She was redheaded, scraggy, squint eyed, stump nosed and freckled face.

"A thousand blizzards!" roared his majesty. "Is this the object of your extraordinary ardor? Splinter my scepter! The meanest slave in my kitchen is better looking than she!"

"Then judge how I must love her," said Megnon, "since she is as beautiful in my eyes as she is homely in yours!"

So far so good. But here comes the lurid legend of the famous Ninon de Lenelos. Ninon flourished during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV, and many enthusiastic descriptions have been given of her incomparable charms.

Well, one fine day Mlle. de Lenelos was quietly seated in her parlor when the servant came to announce to her that a gentleman wished to see her, but that he would not give his name. She told the servant to say to the stranger that she was engaged with company and could not see him.

"I know very well," said the stranger to the servant, "that mademoiselle is alone. Go back and tell her that I have a matter of the very highest importance to communicate to her."

This strange reply tickled the curiosity of Mlle. de Lenelos. She gave orders to admit him. He appeared before her. He was a little old man, clad in black, with a sinister look. He wore a black skullcap and carried a little black cane. His eyes were full of fire; but, after all, his features were intellectual.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "be good enough to send away your waiting maid. Nobody but you alone must hear what I have to reveal."

Ninon was terrified at first, but at last, remembering that she was in the presence of a little, decrepit old man, she took courage and sent away the waiting maid.

"Don't let my visit frighten you," said the stranger. "It is true that I do not honor everybody in this way, but you have nothing to fear. You have before you a man who is obeyed, more or less, by all the world, and who can bestow at will all the gifts of nature. I was present at your birth. I fashion the fate of all human beings, and I have come here to learn from your own lips how I shall dispose of yours. I bring you the highest titles, enormous riches and an eternal beauty. Which will you have? Take your choice and rest assured that no mortal on earth has the power to give you so much."

"Really, sir," said the woman, laughing, "you are very kind, and the magnificence of your gifts is so great that—"

"Mademoiselle," said he, interrupting her, "you have too much good sense to make fun of a man whom you do not know. Choose quickly. Which will you have—titles, riches or eternal beauty?"

"My dear sir," said she, "there is no room for any hesitation over the good things that you offer me. I'll take eternal beauty. But what must I do to obtain this precious gift?"

"Mademoiselle," said the stranger, "you must write your name upon my tablets." And he presented to her an old blackened tablet, upon which she signed her name. Then he gave her a light tap of his black cane upon the left shoulder. "That will do now," he said. "You will be beautiful all through your life, and you will live for a long time.

You will create passions at a period in life when other women are in the horrors of deceptitude. You will never grow old. I give you the power to charm everybody. During 6,000 years I have traveled through the universe from one end to the other, and upon the earth I have only found four women who were worthy of this great privilege. They were Semiramis, Helen, Cleopatra and Diana de Poitiers. You are the fifth and the last to receive this gift. Ask me no question. You will see me again, once more only, and that will be when you shall have only three days more to live. Remember my name is Noctambule!"

He disappeared, leaving Mlle. de Lenelos frightened almost out of her wits.

The career of the wondrous beauty is too long to follow. It is enough to say that three days before her death Noctambule appeared before her, showed her her signature, and in a dreadful voice told her that she was captured; that she lived all her life under the power of Lucifer, and that her end was at hand. On the third day he came and choked her to death!

It is consoling to think that there is some doubt about the exact truth of this story. Indeed it is said that it goes back far beyond the birth of poor Ninon de Lenelos, and that it began with Louis de Bunko, the second wife of Henry I, who died in 1599.—New York Sun.

## AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

The English Boniface Is Making Preparations to Entertain Many of Us This Year.

Already the indications are that more Americans are coming to Europe this year than ever before. The proprietors of the principal hotels in London are rejoicing over the fact that they have received more applications for apartments during the season from all parts of the United States than at so early a date in any previous year. If their expectations are unfulfilled, it will be a dismal time for the English boniface, for the best of them found the balance on the wrong side of the ledger last year, and America is the sole hope for many of them. One thing only it was feared might check the exodus, and that danger is probably over. Most of the steamship lines made some advance in first class fares last season in anticipation of World's fair travel. It proved to be the most unprofitable year for a long time. The recent conference of managers of the principal lines discussed the point unofficially, but the managers were almost unanimous in opposing a further advance.

The agents recognize that the bulk of American summer travel comprises clergymen, schoolteachers and others having moderate salaries and long vacations. A heavier tax would keep them at home. It is further argued that these classes rather profit than suffer by the hard times, so it is expected that travel this year will be unusually large.—London Letter.

## WANTS TO BE CUT UP.

There's Money Inside Him, He Thinks, Besides a Strange Disease.

A poorly dressed old man walked into the reception office at Bellevue hospital the other afternoon and surprised the clerk by hauling a thick roll of greenbacks out of one of his pockets. He followed this up by taking more bills out of the lining of his hat.

"It's all mine," he said gleefully, "and I know where I can get more."

He said he was Bernard Bergen, 69 years old, a peddler; that he had been all over the world, and that he had money to burn.

"I'll tell you how it is," he went on. "I decided last night to become a martyr to medical science. I have discovered that I have a strange disease which has never been heard of before. When the doctors cut me up, they'll learn something."

A doctor pronounced the old peddler crazy and committed him to the insane pavilion. In his pockets were found \$270 in bills and a handful of small change. He refused to tell where he got the money.

"When they cut me up," he added, "you'll find a lot more."

He said he had no friends, and that all people wanted was to get away his money.—New York Press.

## To Save the Speculators.

The bishop of London has ordered his clergy to make a special effort during Lent on behalf of the worldlings of the Stock Exchange and Lombard street, who certainly need a spiritual awakening as much as the poor east end. The bishop's scheme includes midday services at various ancient city churches, and as business is very slack they have been so far well attended.

The stock produce brokers regard the scheme as a remarkably funny joke and consider it their duty to help it along. On Thursday during a dull interval on the Stock Exchange somebody suggested a special mission on behalf of the souls of the bucket shop keepers, whereat there was much enthusiasm.—London Cable.

## Mustn't See Them All.

"Your great men seem to carry their honors most easily," said the observant foreigner. "I have met several of your senators, and they seem just as common as any one."

"That may be the case with senators," replied the citizen, "but you just ought to meet a newly elected justice of the peace."—Indianapolis Journal.

## THE JAGERSFONTEIN DIAMOND.

Emperor William Wants the \$3,000,000 Sparkler For His New Crown.

I learn from London that the emperor of Germany is eager to purchase the big diamond found at the Jagersfontein mine in July last. This monster gem turns the scales at 971 carats, and there seems good reason for believing that it is the very biggest in the world. It has been christened the Jagersfontein "Excelsior."

The Jagersfontein mine, which is situated about 50 miles from Kimberley and within the territory of the Orange Free State republic, is owned by a company, many of the shareholders of which reside in England and few of them on the spot. For some time they have sold the yield of diamonds by public tender in advance. The contractors for the purchase of the diamonds in July were Messrs. Wernheim & Beit, and their contract expired on the very day this famous stone was found. Had it been handed to the manager only a few hours later it would have fallen into other hands.

The "Excelsior" was found by a native Basuto laborer named Jonas, and he could easily have secreted it, as he has been done in thousands of cases, no doubt, because it happened that he was working at the time at a place where no diamonds were expected to be found. However, he promptly placed it in the hands of the manager, who did not for a considerable time realize its enormous value. The natives at the mine, as an encouragement to zeal and honesty, are allowed a small commission upon the diamonds they find, and Jonas' share was about \$30. This sum to an African native is quite a small fortune, and as the bonus was supplemented by the gift of a horse, saddle and bridle the Basuto left for his home a very proud man.

On the spot the diamond was valued by the official government inspector at £25,000, but when it reached Kimberley a bid of £250,000 was made for it. The offer was declined, and the "Excelsior" was shipped to Europe. It was a curious sight to see the parcel guarded to the Cape Town docks by a squad of cavalry and a detachment of police. It reached England safely, and immediately the value went up, until now the owners decline to part with it for less than £1,000,000. It has been lodged in the Bank of England for security, and at the present time negotiations are proceeding for its purchase on behalf of the German emperor, who is having a new crown constructed and has an idea apparently that this particular gem will add lustre to the diadem. He is not, however, the only bidder in the market, and it is quite uncertain what will be the gem's ultimate destination.—Jewelers' Circular.

## FILTERING MERRIMAC WATER.

It Has Been Found That Pollution In This Stream Increased the Death Rate.

The city of Lawrence, Mass., is experimenting with a "filter bed" with which it hopes to purify the water of the Merrimac river, the source of the water supply of that city. The sum of \$60,000 already has been expended for the purpose. The experiment is being made in pursuance of the discovery made two years ago by the state board of health of Massachusetts that certain cities which had suffered especially from typhoid fever were using water from polluted rivers. The board gave assurance that by the use of filter beds 98 per cent of the bacteria organisms, some of which are harmful, would be removed.

The filtering was begun Sept. 20, since which time daily investigation shows that this proportion of the bacteria is removed from the water, and also that the water is so purified that three-fourths of the remaining 2 per cent die before the water reaches the dwelling houses. The fact that the number of deaths from typhoid fever in that city during the months of October and November of last year was only one each month, while formerly the average for five years was five each month, seems to furnish conclusive evidence that there is a virtue in the plan recommended by the Massachusetts board.—Troy Press.

## New Year's Cards in France.

The custom in France of sending one's visiting card to acquaintances on New Year's day is rapidly increasing. Even the establishment of a society for the suppression of complimentary visiting cards has been powerless against the progress of fashion. The French post-office officials have made an interesting calculation on the subject. It is reckoned that in the department of the Seine alone, which of course includes Paris, 3,750,000 visiting cards were delivered by postmen on the 1st of January, 1881. The following year it had risen to 9,500,000, the year after to 13,000,000 and finally, in 1894, it reached nearly 15,500,000.—Paris Journal.

## Armour Met the Emergency.

Phillip D. Armour is a man of vast resources. A few months ago an attempt was made by a grain corner to squeeze him. His own granaries were full, and the combination refused to let him have a square inch of space in their elevators. Armour had 3,000,000 bushels of wheat to place and 30 days in which to do it. He sent for his builder, told him what he wanted, and in 28 days the largest and finest grain elevator in Chicago had been erected and the grain stored in it.—Chicago Correspondent.

## CURIOUS CHINESE CUSTOMS.

A Bride's Salutation to Her Husband Elected and His Response.

A Chinese paper describes some amusing marriage customs. In a small mountain village between Kaga and Etchu the bride comes to the bridegroom's gate and hails out to him, "Hello, brother! I've come."

To which the other replies, "Glad you've come." The bride then appeals to him, "You'll never forsake me?"

And the bridegroom answers her, "We'll earn our living together."

With these assurances the bride comes into the house, followed by a long procession of well wishers, old and young. Cheap, muddy sake is distributed to them, and they commence dancing and are not content until the floor gives way, when they clap their hands, crying, "How auspicious!" and take their leave.

At Kunita, in Echizen, the betrothal takes place when the parties are 8 or 9. The boy's parents and a deputation, numbering from five to fifteen, proceed to the girl's family, who, anticipating their coming, spread mats before the houses and await them. After the usual salutation the deputation present as a betrothal present pieces of hand woven cloth for cushions and at the same time praise the girl's family, who return the compliment with interest. Here the ceremony ends, and the deputation take their departure.

When the boy is 15 or thereabouts, he goes to stay with his betrothed's family and works like a menial at the house for a year, after which he is sent home in fine apparel. Soon after the girl comes to her lover's home, accompanied with resplendent music and song. The noise and bustle are as great as on the festival day of the tutelary god.

When the girl comes to the house, cushions made of the cloth given by her parents are piled one upon another for her to sit upon. On these cushions the three repeated exchange of the triple wine cups, the most important ceremony at a wedding, takes place.

## Stringing Pictures.

The one thing that is unforgivable in picture hanging is to string them along the walls in a line. Their loneliness is pitiable. Next to that crime is the one of arranging exactly symmetrical groups, suggestive of nothing so much as a lesson in geometry. Group pictures, group them gracefully, but don't, when one has succeeded in making a graceful bunch on one side of the fireplace, reproduce it exactly on the other side.

According to one who speaks with the emphasis of authority, delicately framed water colors are the only proper things for the drawing room, magnificent oils for the library and hall, and etchings and engravings for the dining room. Meantime those who do as they please will continue to hang their etchings, water colors and oils exactly where they will gain most pleasure from them, taking care only not to place side by side ridiculously inharmonious things.

The smaller the picture, or the more full of detail, the nearer the level of the eye it should hang. Sometimes two parallel wires are brought straight up to separate hooks on the picture molding, but generally the old fashioned angle of wire is made. Gold and silver wires are generally used, but it is said that small steel and iron chains are to be used this winter for hanging dark framed engravings and etchings. Some of the daintier pictures, instead of being hung from the moldings, have wires stretched tightly across the back and are caught invisibly on small screws.—New York Journal.

## A Servant's Instructions.

The following rules of conduct for servants are said to be found in a Liverpool household:

Servants who have the good fortune to reside in my house must co-operate with the following rules:

They must be up punctually at 6.

Have all meals punctually to time.

Must be clean and tidy in their persons, and at their work must not be spoken to.

Must not speak at the doors to any of the tradespeople.

Must not sing.

Must not wear heavy boots.

Must close doors quietly.

Must stand meekly while being reproved.

Must not answer back.

Must be obliging and cheerful.

Must be willing to stay in any Sunday or day out when required, and when asked to do anything to do it quickly and well and show no impatience or ill temper, as Mr. — hates that.

Must put up with fault finding and complaining whenever Mr. — wishes to fault find or complain.

Mr. — likes to be called at 7.

Takes tea at 9 past 7, towel at 20 to 8 and breakfast at 9 prompt, and will not wait a minute, and no nonsense.

By order, Mr. —

—London Million.

## Good Cause For Suspicion.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "do you think there is a burglar in the house?"

"Certainly not. Why, I haven't heard a sound all night."

"That's just what alarms me. Any burglar who wasn't foolish would keep perfectly quiet so as not to excite our suspicions. Indeed, John, I do so wish you would get up and look through the house!"—Washington Star.

## A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Bullet Passed Through a St. Louis Man's Brain, and Yet He Recovered.

Emil Witzky, after occupying a cot at the City hospital for over two months with a bullet in his brain, is now walking about nearly as well as any one and will be discharged a cured man in the course of a few days.

Witzky's case is one of the most remarkable that ever came under the notice of St. Louis surgeons. It is much stranger than that of the man Tesson, who attempted to commit suicide in Forest park a year ago. Tesson lingered between life and death about a month, but finally died from the effects of the bullet, which lodged in the center of his head. Tesson never got up from his bed after sending the leaden pellet into his brain, and for that matter was unconscious nearly all the time. Witzky is as rational as any man walking the streets. He shot himself over the left eye after having trouble with his wife and mother-in-law.

From the paralysis it caused in his right leg Dr. Marks decided that the ball lodged in the back of his head on the left side. The jagged hole in the forehead finally healed over, and after remaining in a half dead state for nearly a week Witzky came to. He was not able to move for fully a month on account of the paralysis. No sensation was in the right leg whatever. Needles could be thrust into it, or it could be pinched or burned without his feeling the pain. Three or four weeks ago the paralysis began to disappear. It was thought strange indeed by Dr. Marks and the other physicians, for the bullet had not been removed, and no reason was apparent for the "deadness" to disappear. Yet go away it did, and since that time his recovery has been steady as clockwork. How that 38 caliber bullet plunged through six or eight inches of his brain and remained resting among the tissues without causing instant death or perpetual idiocy passes the comprehension of every scientific man who has heard of his case.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## WON AND LOST MILLIONS.

Death In California of a Man Who Was Once a "High Roller" in Europe.

I. S. Senti, who had made and lost millions almost in a day, was found dead in his cabin on Alamitos beach, California, a few days ago. He had died from pneumonia.

Senti had a checkered career. Seven or eight years ago Paris was the scene of a great gambling craze, which was of short duration. Senti, who was a native of Spain and a man 60 years of age, created more excitement in gambling circles at the time than did Billy Hurt. During his short stay in Paris he managed to make several millions of dollars through cards and other gambling devices known only in Paris and Monte Carlo. He lost his gains as easily as he won them.

Becoming disgusted with the life, he sailed for New York with quite a snug sum. Several years passed over his head, and he was without anything save the valuable jewels and trinkets which he always carried with him. Misfortune having overtaken him, as it eventually does every man of his kind, Senti came to California. When he settled in the little cabin by the sea, he decided to live and die in obscurity. His life as a hermit did not last long.

Senti avoided meeting people when ever possible. He lived from the sale of his trinkets and sold them at a great reduction.—San Francisco Examiner.

## A ROYAL TRAIN.

The Sort of Cars Which Are to Be Provided For the Czar's Convenience.

A new imperial train for the czar of Russia is at present being built at the Alexandrowski wagon manufactory at St. Petersburg. It consists of 11 carriages, of which one is reserved for the railway officials, a kitchen carriage and two luggage vans. With the exception of wheels and the axles, which have been supplied by Krupp, at Essen, the whole of the material is of Russian origin and manufacture. By means of a very powerful automatic brake the train can be brought to a standstill in a minimum of time from every one of the carriages. The interior of the carriages is appointed with much taste. The windows are different on both sides. The side with the corridor has windows of a uniform size, while the windows on the other side are made in accordance with the requirements of the various compartments. The passages between the various cars are vestibuled.

The carriage of the czar and czarina is connected directly with the dining room; then come the large saloon car, the carriages of the grand dukes, etc. The carriages will be sent on a trial trip to Copenhagen. Some of them have already been sent to Vienna and back.—Railway Review.

## Mount Blanc In Winter.

The Mont Blanc observatory is undergoing its presumably worst season, and the most interesting news of the kind during the coming spring will be the winter and what observations they were enabled to make. But it is not expected that much can be done in winter, except in connection with meteorology, and we must look for what ever discoveries are to come through the advantages of high altitudes to the South American and Californian observatories.—English Mechanic.

## Saved by a Gypsy.

An incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 was told by the Archduke Joseph to a party of friends. The story is told as follows in the Neue Post Journal: On our retreat before the advance of the Prussian army, said the archduke, we camped in the neighborhood of a Bohemian town. I was lodged in a peasant's cottage, when about midnight I heard the sentry challenging some newcomer. My adjutant entered and reported that a gypsy wanted to see me in private. A soldier (a gypsy) entered, and on my asking what was the matter he told me that the enemy was approaching to surprise us.

"The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," I said. "No, your highness, because the enemy is still a long way off." "But how do you know this?" I asked. "Come to the window, your highness," answered the man. "Do you see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?" "Yes, I see them. What then?" "What then? Do not birds sleep as well as men? They certainly would not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is marching through the wood and has frightened all those birds."

"Very well, my lad. You can go." I at once ordered the outposts to be reinforced and the camp to be alarmed. An hour later the outposts were fighting with the enemy, and our camp was only saved by the keen observation of a simple gypsy.

## A Philadelphia Incident.

The easy and comfortable attitudes assumed by most men riding in street cars have frequently been a source of irritation to women, and one feminine passenger had the courage to publicly condemn the practice. A sixteenth street car was scudding up town with many masculine passengers and one woman, who sat in an upper corner and whose physiognomy stamped her as a school-ma'am.

Another woman entered the car at Poplar street, and finding no vacant seat was proceeding to grasp a strap when the voice of the school-ma'am piped out, "If these men would put their legs together, there would be plenty of room!" A dead silence was followed by a stealthy shifting of nether limbs until sufficient room was visible to accommodate the standing passenger.—Philadelphia Record.

## Their Titles.

Shakespeare has been a mine of wealth to authors in choosing titles to their books. Tersely descriptive are "The Quality of Mercy," "A Woman's Reason," "A Modern Instance," "The Undiscovered Country," which W. D. Howells found in the great dramatist. Mrs. Oliphant remembered her Shakespeare when she named one of her novels "The Primrose Path." Mr. Hardy must have been reading "As You Like It" when he called his book "Under the Greenwood Tree." Other writers have taken "A Fairy Lullaby," "A Daughter of the Gods" and "The Heir of the Ages" as titles from Tennyson.—Journal of Education.

## Fact and Fiction.

Burglars recently broke into a jewelry store in New York and stole among other things a gold snuffbox that once belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain. The newspapers seriously announced that the snuffbox was given to Queen Isabella by King Ferdinand in 1462. The longer we live the more we learn. We imagined that tobacco had something to do with snuff, and, as school-boys were taught, that tobacco was not known in Europe till many years after Ferdinand presented this snuffbox to his queen.—Jewelers' Circular.

## An Infelicitous Speech.

"Why, you're looking better already, Sir Ronald!" "Yes, thanks to your delightful hospitality, I've had everything my doctor ordered me—fresh air, good food, agreeable society and cheerful conversation that involves no strain on the intellect."—Harper's Magazine.

## A Last Resort.

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday.

Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son.

Little Boy—No, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.—Good News.

In early times what is now Ireland was called Scotia, and its inhabitants were known as Scotts, or Scots. A branch of this Scotic stock invading north Britain ultimately gave its name to all of what is now Scotland.

Gold is spoken, it seems, without sounding the "l." English folk call it "gowl," and if we import the game it is only proper that we should import the pronunciation.

It is a very lazy man who will not take the trouble to reverse his cigar when he finds that he has put the lighted end of it by mistake into his mouth.

A square copper coin struck by the Swedish government in the sixteenth century is nearly one-half inch thick and weighs a pound and a quarter.

A Parisian lady wears ball shoes with tiny watches set in the insteps. Presumably this enables her to keep time with her feet.

India has 50,000,000 of Mohammedans—a larger number than are found in the entire Turkish empire.