

Japan is after war vessels. Russian papers please copy.

Haiti appears to be greatly in need of a good, energetic mother-in-law.

Bartholin was not the only man whose remains might be identified by his jaw.

After escaping Miss Deacon the crown prince of Germany has bought an automobile.

The London Saturday Review must be a welcome visitor at William Waldorf Astor's house.

The wise man never judges a political situation by the length of the twilight procession.

It isn't every motorman that can boast of having had a presidential fist shaken under his nose.

Poor old Niagara. Almost any ham can go through without getting killed. What attraction is left?

This is an off year in politics, but the ping-pong craze is doing its best to make up the deficiency.

Probably Rudyard Kipling's idea of heaven is that it is a place where you don't meet any of your relatives.

Sir Thomas Lipton continues to regard the cup as one of the best advertisements available for his business.

If all the stories we hear about John W. Gates are true, how does it happen that anybody else has any money?

They say that there is just as much bicycling as ever, but the bicycle trust doesn't seem to be able to prove it.

That boy in Iowa who committed suicide rather than go to school would not have been benefited much by an education.

Japan's courtesy in waiving all claim to Wake Island is appreciated. Uncle Sam needs the rock for use as a telegraph pole.

It is getting to be more or less unusual to pick up a newspaper without finding the headline, "Killed by an Automobile," in it.

The editor of the London Saturday Review has to keep a file handy to bite on whenever he happens to think of the United States.

The anarchists are making another still hunt for the king of Italy and hope to catch him either in an automobile or a trolley car.

It cost a Chicago broker \$24,771 to talk with J. P. Morgan three minutes. Some men insist on having the best even if it does come high.

Perhaps the Prophet Amos had the early part of the twentieth century in view when he said: "And the songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day."

The doctors say that the Illinois girl who took arsenic to improve her complexion now has a chance of life. Condition of complexion not reported.

That Washington youth of a hundred years who soundly thrashed a boy of twenty-five proved as ably as he could that a man is only as old as he fights.

A red ribbon stretched across the window is claimed to be an effective bar to mosquitoes. A sledgehammer stretched across the insect is also absolutely sure.

A Milwaukee man has a quart of pearls, and is happy. One hundred and forty-four thousand other Milwaukee men have a quart of beer and are just as happy.

It is now asserted that Saratoga is the wickedest place in the world. The contention must be based on the old fashioned idea that it is wicked to take people's money from them by gambling.

Ten young men and an equal number of young women have formed a salubrious club in New York. The society editors will now watch for cards announcing the approach of at least ten weddings.

From the Congo comes news of the discovery of an octopus, which seizes its human victims and eats nothing but their brains. The young Belgian officer who sends the report escaped unharmed.

When the doctors postmortemed a Chicago citizen the other day they discovered that he had no heart. It is not stated whether the deceased was a constable or a coal magnate.

King Edward, accustomed as he is to every kind of magnificence, was completely amazed at the attractions he found in Mr. Carnegie's castle.

Castro reports that there is no revolution now going on in Venezuela. If this is true the vacation season in Venezuela must be fairly open.

The Wayfarer

He had no crown upon his head
When he first met me by the way,
His feet upon the thorns had bled,
His gown was sodden gray;
But in his eyes, stars, moon and sun
Were one.

He came, his empty hands outthrust;
I gave to him with glad good-will,
And since my pitying heart rebelled
That he should fare so ill,
I took his gold head to my breast
For rest.

When lo! his empty hands were piled
With all gifts craved in dreams of mine,
And over me the pilgrim child
Spilled benefits divine;
Joy, Heart's-Desire and Peace most
Fair
Fell there.

For my great pity in his stress
Because that sad and bare he went,
I now am clad with happiness
And rich in sweet content;
'Twas Love, the King, who crossed
my way.
To-day,
—Ethna Carbery in Lippincott's.

A Modern Love Story.

BY VICTOR H. SMALLEY.

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It was on the broad, cool veranda of the spacious Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island. Scores of fashionably costumed guests were enjoying the cool, invigorating breezes wafted from that big body of water in front of them, Lake Michigan. The orchestra was in the midst of a dreamy waltz from Strauss, and the environment was one of peaceful languor.

Occasionally the quiet serenity of the place would be happily interrupted by a burst of laughter from a group of young men and women lounging on the steps leading up to the porch from the driveway below. A trap or two, laden with pretty, fresh-looking girls in white, and lazy, lolling fellows in blue serge, rattled by, and a few horsemen and equestriennes ambled past.

A girl stepped out from the office and walked slowly down the veranda, glancing from right to left in search of a vacant chair. She appeared to be about twenty years of age, was about medium height and very fair. Her face was decidedly pretty, with almost "Gibsonian" features. Her hair was almost golden—Titian, some would call it. She walked gracefully, and attracted considerable attention as she passed along the piazza.

An unoccupied rocker finally caught the girl's eye, and she settled down into it with a little sigh of contentment. Seated directly at the right of the girl was a woman of striking appearance. The "chappies" referred to her as "stunning"; the middle-aged men called her an "out and out beauty," while the old gray-whiskered fellows rolled their eyes ecstatically and said nothing.

The object of this astonishing amount of admiration was a brunette in the true sense of the word, and divinely beautiful. She was of about medium height and a trifle above the medium weight, but the slight superfluity of avoirdupois only accentuated her charms. Her finely shaped head was set upon a throat so symmetrical, so proud and white, that she appeared to be taller than she really was. Her complexion was of the Southern type, olive, with a delicate tinge of rosy hue. Her eyes were the most attractive of her many charms. They were large, luminous, dark as a starless night, and a fringe of long jet lashes almost hid them from sight.

As the blonde girl seated herself, her dark-haired neighbor eyed her curiously, penetratingly. The glance was returned, and both smiled in a friendly manner. Soon they were in the midst of an animated tete-a-tete, the girl doing most of the talking, while her companion proved to be a good listener.

The girl said she was from the North. She was the only daughter of



Were in the midst of an animated tete-a-tete.

rich parents, and had just arrived at Mackinac. No, she hardly knew anyone, and did feel a trifle lonely. Her parents were ardent golfists, and were at that moment deeply engrossed in the popular game.

They made a striking couple, these two women of such different types of beauty, and they were freely commented upon by the passers-by. The girl chatted away volubly, and was surprised to find herself making a confident of her new friend. The large black eyes seemed so friendly and sympathizing that the girl opened her heart in a way that all girls do. She had been away from home so long, and had been so long apart from her chums and intimates, that she felt

happy in the possession of a new friend who seemed so interested in her girlish adventures and confidences. At first she spoke only of her school days at Smith, but was soon telling of her love-affairs, an ample amount always being the property of every winsome miss who has passed her twentieth birthday.

"But I am really and truly in love, now," she went on, coloring prettily. "I met him on the 'Manitou' on our way here from Chicago. He is very handsome and is quite a good deal older than I. I first saw him in the dining saloon; he sat opposite me, and



"He's my husband."

was so polite and courteous in handling such things that were out of my reach. He looked at me rather persistently, I should think. Once, when he passed me the salad, our hands touched, and I fancied that he tried to squeeze mine.

"That evening our folks played cards in the cabin, and I went out on the deck to enjoy the beautiful night. It is simply glorious on Lake Michigan after dark! I drew up my chair at the stern of the boat, behind a big wheel which is never used, and began to doze and dream of—well, I thought of him.

"Suddenly I felt a thrill shoot through me, and I actually believe my heart stood still. I knew he was near. It was so dark I could scarcely see my hand in front of my face, yet I was positive he was approaching. Presently I heard his voice, and he said:

"Pardon me, little friend, if I seem rude; but I am lonely, and you do not appear to be very well entertained, either. May I sit down and chat with you. Misery loves company, you know."

"Oh, I know I should have sent him away, but I didn't, and we talked for over an hour. He was so interesting, and seemed to be very cultured and a great traveler. He spoke of Paris and Calcutta in the same breath, and entertained me greatly with his reminiscences. How I did hate to go! But I knew that I had already broken too many rules of propriety, so I bade him good-night and went to my stateroom.

"Did he kiss me?" The girl averted her face and her lips trembled as she answered frankly, "Yes, and I am not sorry, either."

"Well," she continued, "I did not see much of him next day, as I was with my parents almost all of the time. I caught a glimpse of him at the dock when we landed here, and he raised his hat as he shook hands with me and said:

"Good-by, little friend; we shall meet again."

"I saw him a few minutes later as he jumped into a carriage, and—"

The girl stopped suddenly. Her hands, clasped together, trembled perceptibly, and her face was suffused with a carmine blush. She was looking towards the driveway, where a horse and his rider came slowly up the path. The rider was a man of about forty. His brown, curly hair was streaked about the temples with gray. He was tall, looked every inch an athlete, and rode with the grace and ease of a trained trooper.

the man I love," returned the girl impetuously. "Ah, my dear," said the brunette smiling compassionately, "you mustn't mind him, you know?" "Then you know him?" "Slightly; he's my husband."

NO POUND WEIGHTS IN TROY.

Measure Exists Only in the School Books and Not With Jewelers. "Did it ever occur to you," said a college professor to a Chicago goldsmith, "that you have no such thing as a pound weight?"

It had, but the professor is willing to bet that not one graduate of a high school out of twenty has an idea that there is not a metal weight of twelve ounces to represent the Troy pound.

But there is no such thing. Twelve Troy ounces make a pound, but there is no such material unit of measurement. There are the grain, the scruple, the drachm, and the ounce weights, but nothing more. The man who has ten pounds of gold in reality has only 120 ounces, and for him to go into the gold market and speak of gold by the pound would be for him to be laughed at.

Incidentally these units of measurement in the Troy scale look a good deal more like Greek or Chinese coins than they look like weights. For the average high school graduate to pick up a set of these weights would be to bewilder him.

It is the contemplation of such absurdities of the English tables of weights and measures that bring the student to the metric system as the sane solution of it all.

FUTURE OF NAVAL WARFARE

English Periodical Tells How Battles Will Be Fought.

In the next naval battle the ship engaged will be arranged in three categories. Nearest to the enemy's array will be the battleships, drawn up in one line in close order as of old; they will, as a rule, follow each other, just in the same way as did the ships of a century ago, but at a high speed in lieu of a low one. Unlike the old timers, the modern battleships will not come to close quarters. They will use their guns, not at musket-shot range, or, say 200 yards, but at ranges approaching 3,000 to 4,000 yards. They will not come within 2,000 yards of their opponent, lest they be torpedoed. Farther from the enemy than the battle line will be the cruisers, trusting mainly to guns, as do their heavy consorts, but keeping at a greater range, in order to get the protection which distance will always give. If a favorable chance offers, they might support the torpedo craft in a dash at the enemy's battle line. Out of range altogether will be the torpedo craft, ready to dash in if a favorable opportunity offers, but taking no risks early in the action lest their usefulness should be lost when their services are required.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A MASTER OF LANGUAGES.

Kansas City Man Can Boast of Wonderful Attainments.

Few cities in this country or even in the world can boast of possessing a man of linguistic acquirements and versatility like those of Prof. Edmund De Vemie of Kansas City, Mo. Mr. De Vemie is a teacher of modern languages. He came to this country and to that city in 1879. This many tongued Kansas City man speaks and reads English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Roumanian, Provençal, Romances, Flemish, Dutch, Friesian, Plattdeutsch, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian and Icelandic. He reads, but does not speak Greek, Romic or modern Greek, Latin, Old French, Old Provençal, Anglo-Saxon, Old English, Old Saxon, old and Middle High German, Nordic, Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Hebrew, Breton, Basque and Hindustani. Moreover he has a general knowledge of the grammatical construction of several more representatives of the different branches of human speech, such as Irish, Welsh, Hungarian, Finnish, Japanese and some more.

All He Was Paid For.

The leader of the band frowned as he brought the music to a standstill in the middle of a bar.

"Say, Pumpernickel," he demanded, in a loud whisper, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half notes where there should be whole?"

Pumpernickel took the horn off his neck.

"Well," said he, "I make explanations by you. You remember dot you cut down my wages to half, don't you?"

The leader stared in amazement. He had done so, but—

"And so I gontinuing to make der nodes out mid dis horn, half notes, until der vages vos restored into whole vages. Ain'd it, yes?"

Sometimes a comedian can produce a grave crisis.

History Rewritten.

Queen Elizabeth had refused to reconsider the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots. "No," she insisted, "my mind is made up." "I think your face is, too," instantly retorted the captive sovereign.

Location of Gold Remains a Mystery.

The death of Mrs. Futch, an aged lady of Moutrie, a small settlement on the Mantazas river seven miles south of St. Augustine, Fla., recalls a story of buried gold, which now lies undiscovered probably upon the old farm on which she spent many years, and in quest of which she devoted many years of her life.

Her husband, the late Joshua Futch, was a man of secretive habits, who did not divulge his business to his own family. He was a thrifty cattleman and like many woodsmen had a horror of modern methods of banking. A number of years ago Mr. Futch sold to Mr. William J. Sanchez a bunch of cattle for which he received \$1,300 in gold. Mr. Sanchez and his father, Mr. Vanancio Sanchez, enjoyed the confidence of nearly all the people of St. Johns county with whom they had extensive dealings. In a burst of confidence Mr. Futch told Mr. Sanchez that the gold received from him he had buried and that no living person knew of its existence, or its hiding place.

He also said that whenever he received money which he did not have immediate use for he converted it in gold and made another deposit in

Mother Earth. He was tempted to reveal to Mr. Sanchez the spot where his treasure lay, but the latter begged him not to tell him, as if perchance some person should track him to his hiding place and make away with the money he might perhaps always suspect Mr. Sanchez as the only person who knew his secret. Mr. Futch was urged to inform his wife, but he declined to do this. He promised, however, that if at any time he became ill, or anything serious happened to him, he would send for him and tell him where the money was hidden.

About four years ago Mr. Sanchez received a hurried summons to go out to the Futch place. He mounted a saddle horse and galloped out to the old farm. Mr. Futch lay there speechless and almost unconscious. He endeavored, however, to make signs which were unintelligible and the secret died upon his lips.

Mr. Sanchez told the story to Mrs. Futch, who, ever since, until her death, has been unceasing in her efforts to discover the treasure.

The passions have the voice and the voracity of the syrens.

Wu Ting Fang Tells Why Americans Succeed.

Americans are known, in whatever quarter of the world chance happens to throw them, by their marvelous self-reliance and independence. A typical American is never at a loss what to do with himself. If, by some enchantment, he were whisked away over night and set down in the middle of Timbuctoo he would doubtless be astonished, but before luncheon he should be busily engaged in some business enterprise, so readily does he adapt himself to circumstances. In every instance he knows how to take care of himself, but perhaps the real secret of his success is that he knows how to make the most of his opportunities.

The intelligence of the average American is worthy of note. This, I take it, is due in large measure not only to the excellent schools but also to the innumerable newspapers and other publications. I have found in all parts of the country that in every town of any size there is published a daily paper, and that the metropolitan publications circulate in the homes of the most remote corners of the land.

The ability to seize his opportunities, which is characteristic of the American, is seen in the business enterprises of the country. Its industrial machinery is adjusted to the production of wealth on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. This is a valuable condition. American brains and American capital are reaching out to control the markets of the world, and, with good reason, other nations are watching the efforts with keen interest. China is but awakening to its vast possibilities, and more and more will she welcome the American merchant and American commerce within her borders. American enterprise is now building a railway from Hankow to Canton, and no doubt other roads will soon be building. China's rivers and harbors are to be improved and there will be more and more demand for American steel, rails and other products.—Wu Ting Fang in Success.

When a woman's husband quits doing something he knows she doesn't like it is time for her to discover what he has begun doing in its place.

Forgot the Location of Bonanza Gold Mine.

"There's a man with a hard-luck story beside which our troubles look like 30 cents," said one human derelict to another as they stood in front of a New York cheap lodging house. The man to whom he referred had just emerged from the building. He slouched along in a despondent way, with downcast eyes, stooped shoulders and that look of resigned hopelessness peculiar to those who have never expected to be anything else. As he disappeared into a neighboring saloon the man who had pointed him out to his companion resumed his story.

"I knew that fellow well when we were both prospecting for gold in southwestern Arizona. He, like most of us, had been at it a long time without having any luck, and was down to hard pan, when one day he suddenly turned up with a bunch of nuggets rich enough in gold to make your eyes pop out of your head. He started in to whoop it up, and whoop it up he did until his stake was gone. Mean-

while he had told enough to convince us all that he had found a bonanza, but no amount of persuasion would induce him even to hint at its location. About the time he went broke the 'rot gut' he'd been drinkin' got in his work and he had the 'Willies' as bad as I ever saw a man have 'em. When he came to his memory was gone. Not a single event in his past could he recall for months, when some portions of it began to come slowly back to him. The location of his bonanza where nuggets of the richest kind could be picked up from the surface could never again be recalled by him, not even a general idea as to its direction, and to this day it remains among the many lost gold mines of that locality."

"Gee, that's enough to make a man swear off forever, and I'd do it if I thought I could remember where there is a gold mine," said the second derelict as he and his companion followed the "man with a history" into the saloon.

FOUND RARE OLD PARCHMENT.

Letter Written in 1500 Recently Discovered in England.

A remarkable history of an illuminated letter of King Henry VIII, was related by the Right Rev. Monsignor Corbishley to the members of the Sunderland Antiquarian Society on their visit to Ushaw College on July 5. Among the numerous ancient manuscripts exhibited was a long parchment scroll, a letter of Prince Henry afterward Henry VIII., beautifully illuminated to the tutor of the prince. A gentleman was passing through one of the streets in the poorest part of Liverpool a few years ago, when his attention was drawn to a parchment roll that a little boy was using as a football. On examination he found it to be a Latin illuminated scroll. The parents of the boy could give no account of how they became possessors of it, except that it had been in the family for many years, and only preserved because of the pictures on it. It was of no value to them, and they readily parted with it for a sum more than they thought it worth.

The gentleman had the parchment cleaned and discovered it to be an autograph letter of Prince Henry to his tutor. The date will be about 1500. It is in a wonderful state of preservation, the coloring on the illumination being bright and clear. The discoverer of the rare manuscript presented it to Ushaw College, where

it is now shown as one of their most valued possessions.

OLD MAN KEPT HIS PROMISE

Kentucky Mountaineer Has Fun With Revenue Officer.

Deputy Police Commissioner N. B. Thurston, who still holds his position as colonel on the staff of Major General Roe, is credited with the following story of a young revenue officer who was detailed to discover illicit distilleries, or private stills, as they were familiarly called, in the mountains of Kentucky. One day this officer met a mountaineer, who confessed he was a moonshiner, but was promised immunity from punishment if he would show the officer a private still. He led the way through swamps and underbrush, across streams and up rocky trails for perhaps an hour; and at last, with much display of caution, he paused on the edge of a clearing, in the center of which was a rude hut.

"Do you see that man in the doorway?" he asked in a husky whisper.

"Yes," replied the officer in the same tone.

"Well, that's my son," and there were tears in his voice. "Seven years ago he went into the army with the solemn intention of becoming a colonel, but bad luck's a private still." —New York Times.

An alpenstock for a mountain; common sense for philosophy.