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Old King

By
PAULINE PHELPS

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"HE LIVED up there in that little house, top the mountain, just 't'other side of the brook, without a wife nor chick nor child, an' not a neighbor settin' foot inside the door once a blue moon. Kind of lonesome existence, 'twould be for most folks—drive me crazy in less'n a week—but King liked it; an' if he hadn't, there wouldn't none of us ever heard him say a word. He wa'n't no hand to make a fuss over things, old King wa'n't.

"Stayed there after his mother died, keepin' batchelor's hall; never goin' anywhere, except over to the center for his paper once a week, or maybe to town meetin'; never talkin' any, an' never lookin' at a girl—kept on that way for a spell of 15 year, an' then fell in love with Lucy Pettibone to the end on't. Her mother made the match; 'twa'n't none of Lucy's choosin'. He'd ought to known it! He'd ought to know there wa'n't anything in an old crank like him to take a young girl's fancy, an' one that was writin' steady to another beau besides. But he didn't, I s'pose. He spruced up an' tried to be social; an' when the engagement was out he bought a new broadcloth suit, an' come to church with her a-wearin' it. Lord, I can shut my eyes an' see 'em now, a marchin' up the aisle—he proud an' high-headed, an' she lookin' as if she wanted to drop through the floor. 'She's 'shamed of him, an' she shows it,' folks said. 'but he can't see it. Thinks she's in love with him, like as not. There's no fool like an old fool,' says they.

"That was Sunday. An' the next mornin' Lucy run off an' met Phil Slocum an' married him, just a week before the time set for the other weddin'.

"They hated to tell King when he drove up to the house that day, but they needn't have. You'd thought 'twas a stray critter for all the concern he showed. Set there like a graven image, with his hands on his reins and his lips close together, an' heard the whole thing from beginnin' to end. An' when they got through—

"'Is that all?' says he, kind of quiet.

"'That's all,' says Pettibone.

"'Then git up, Prince,' says he. 'I guess I'll go home an' do the chores.'

"An' that's just what he did, an' kept a doin' 'em for 20 years; an' if her actin' so made a dif'rence, there couldn't none of us see it. He wa'n't no hand to make a fuss over things, old King wa'n't.

"Phil an' Lucy come back after a year or two, an' settled at Phil's father's. Marthy—that was the one my Sam married—was born there, an' Lucy died in the upstairs west room; caught cold hangin' out clothes one day in January, an' died the next March. There come up a sort of blizzard the day of her funeral, with wind blowin' an' snow piling up in drifts; wa'n't but ten folks went to the grave, an' old King was one of 'em. Come a wearin' them broadcloth clothes he'd bought for his weddin', an' stood there in them an' see her buried; an' you couldn't tell no more from his face how he felt about it than as if he'd been carved out of wood. Some said 'twas because he hadn't forgiven her, an' some said 'twas because he had; but what they said didn't make no difference to him.

"Meet him sometimes in the winter—snow blowin' an' wind whistlin', an' he a footin' it over to get his paper—always went just such a day, whether 'twas warm or cold. 'Pretty bad weather, King. Don't you want to ride?' 'I can git along all right,' says he. Pass by there in the mornin', when rheumatiz had hold of him, an' he'd be just crawlin' out to milk the cows. 'Must be hard for you to travel on them feet of your'n. Don't you want some help?' If he did, he wouldn't own it. Never spoke a pleasant word; couldn't make him! Just shut his teeth an' answer, surly as he always did: 'I'm a gittin' along all right,' says he—an' that's all.

"But when Sam got ready to marry Marthy, Phil Slocum sent him an invite to the weddin', an' he come. Come in that same broadcloth suit he'd wore to her mother's funeral—pretty well moth-

FOUND HIM JUST OVER THE HILL LYING DEAD IN THE SNOW.

eaten, 'twas—an' with his hair combed an' slick. Didn't say a word. It made some of the women nervous, because he set there like a tombstone, an' never moved nor smiled. But when a man don't go anywhere but twice a lifetime, 'tain't to be expected he'll act like other folks.

"An' he didn't see 'em married, after all. I told Sam them bridesmaids would do somethin' out of the way, an' they did—turned over a lamp, an' set the house on fire! Cold down to zero, too, an' all the young folks scurryin' around outdoors in white dresses. Lord, such a time! Hurryin' an' shoutin' an' confusion—ev'rybody yellin' something dif'rent—an' Marthy pretty near in hysterics because she'd left some things she'd been plannin' to wear on the winder sill upstairs; a ring, an' a ribbon, an' a locket with her mother's picture. You know the sayin', 'Something old an' something new, something borrowed an' something blue;' an girls are sort of superstitious.

"An' one kind of craziness breeds more, I guess, for before we'd got her quiet there was another stir—old King a tryin' to rush into the house, an' two or three holdin' him back. 'Let me go in ther',' says he, strugglin' an' strainin'. 'You're crazy,' says Will Black. 'You won't never come out alive.'

"'Oh, I'll come out fast enough!' says old King, ugly as ever. He was all crippled with rheumatiz, but he give Black a fister that sent him reelin', an' pushed into the door an' upstairs. 'What in sin—' says Masson, an' stopped! Swearin' don't seem the right thing to a funeral. An' we all held our breath an' stood there, a starin' up.

"'T'wan't over two minutes, couldn't have been; an' then Sam give a yell: 'Back old King against a thousand for doin' what he sets out to!' We all yelled then; for a gust of wind had blew the smoke, an' from where 'twas cleared we see old King a comin' down, steppin' slow an' firm, with his hands shut tight an' sort o' smilin'—put me in mind of that day he walked with Lucy into church—come walkin' down the stairs, the fire each side but not touchin' him, an' through the hall, an' out into the street.

"An' when Sam run after him—'Look here,' cries Sam, 'you can't go now! They're comin' over to my house to finish the weddin', an' you've got to see it out—' he never stopped nor turned his head. 'I've hed enough,' says he, a hurryin' away. 'I've hed enough, I tell you, an' I'm a goin' home.'

"The young folks got to laughin' about it over to our house that night. Some said the fire itself made way for him on account of his temper; an' some said he run in there to cure the rheumatiz, an' some said 'twas for the sake of thawin' out. There was considerable fun. I've read somewhere that ev'ry laugh is set down to your credit, an' if so I don't know but what old King more'n made up for all his sins that night, without knowin' it.

"An' the next mornin' when Jim Masson went by to Hartford he found him just over the hill, lyin' dead in the snow—an' that locket with Lucy's picture in his hand! He'd breathed the fire, the doctor said; an' if that was true (as most like 'twas), he must have known he was dyin' when he come down them stairs, an' hurried away so's to die by himself.

"He wa'n't no hand to make a fuss over things, old King wa'n't."

AN OUTRAGE.

White clover blooms, and roses red,
And green leaves wet with dew,
My teeny-weeny touslehead,
Are "violets" to you;
And so you pick them right and left,
And you seem loth to stop;
It seems to give you wondrous joy
To pick "botays for pop."

You know that other, other day,
You toddled to my door,
And called out: "Papa's baby's here,"
And stamped, and stamped the floor,
With your wee feet to make me come
And ope to let you in?
I guess you have forgotten it;
I hope so! 'Twas a sin!

And I sat still and read my book
Until you quiet grew;
A story had me so absorbed
I gave no thought to you!
And, when at last I oped my door,
You lay between the rooms
All fast asleep, and in your fist
A bunch of clover-blooms!

The tears were half dried in your cheeks;
You sighed, dear, as you slept;
And, dear, remorse quite filled my heart,
I knelt and could have wept!
And kissed you where you lay asleep
With tear-stained face and sad,
And in your sleep you gulped and sighed:
"'Em's a botay for dad!"

And if I do that way again,
Dear baby mine, by you,
When I knock on the pearly gates
May God not let me through!
I'm glad you have forgotten it,
And love your daddy yet;
If I should live a thousand years
I never will forget!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

FAMILY SPAT LASTS YEARS.

New York Husband and Wife Carry Matrimonial Difficulties Into Court.

For about 17 years Henry B. Shepard, a real estate dealer of New York city, and his wife, Florence A. Shepard, have been involved in matrimonial litigation, suits and counter suits having been before various branches of the supreme court on a multitude of motions, stays and perplexing developments of many kinds. Notwithstanding this prolonged litigation there is not an end to it yet.

One of the suits and counter suits was on the calendar the other day before Judge McCall for trial, and although a request was made by counsel representing Mrs. Shepard for an adjournment, Albert I. Sire, counsel for the husband, protested that the litigation between these parties had been unnecessarily prolonged, Judge McCall agreed.

Mrs. Shepard brought the first suit in 1887 and a year later Mr. Shepard brought a counter suit. She was awarded alimony of $100 a month originally, but later it was reduced to $55 a month. It is said that during all these years Mr. Shepard has paid his wife almost $20,000 in alimony. They were married in July, 1868, and separated 18 years later.

HOW TO DIG YOUR BAIT.

Good Lesson for Fishermen Taught by the Little Woodcock in Getting Its Meals.

Choosing a piece of chocolate colored, rich looking soil, the woodcock dug some 15 or 20 holes in this soil, an inch or two apart, with his bill. Then he began a kind of cake walk. He beat the earth with his wings; he rapped it with his bill sharply; leaping into the air, he alighted, stiff and heavy, on his feet.

Was the woodcock insane? Evidently not. For now the noses of many inquisitive earthworms began to protrude from the holes the bird had drilled. The earthworms had heard the noise and they wished to know what the trouble was. They turned their heads slowly from side to side. The woodcock devoured them, one by one.

That is the way woodcocks get earthworms to eat, and fishermen may learn a lesson from the birds. If a fisherman will make a number of holes in the soil and then beat upon the earth with his knuckles the worms underneath will come up through the holes to find out what is going on, and their capture will be easy.

The One Thing Needful.

"What do you think of those songs without words?" asked the fair maid as she arose from the piano.

"With a little alteration they would be divine," replied her bachelor relative.

"How could they be improved?" she asked.

"By omitting the music also," he answered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Troubles of Russia.

Some of our best sign readers, remarks the Chicago Daily News, think there are a few signs of the times that indicate more danger for the imperial government of Russia from the red peril at home than from the yellow peril abroad.

Prof. George L. Ladd, of Yale, is raising a fund for the destitute families of Japanese soldiers and sailors.

The eyes of the birds that fly by night are generally almost double the size of those of day birds.

UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER, TENNESSEE.

Two of the most powerful armored cruisers in the United States navy will be the Tennessee and Washington, sister ships now building. The two vessels will possess the following characteristics: Length on load water-line, 502 feet; extreme breadth, 72 feet 10½ inches; trial displacement, 14,500 tons; mean draft, trial displacement, 25 feet; maximum displacement (full load condition, with all coal, stores, ammunition, water in boilers, etc.), 15,950 tons; mean draft (maximum load), 27 feet; total coal-bunker capacity, 2,000 tons; coal carried on trial, 900 tons; trial speed at sea for four hours, 22 knots. The following heavy ordnance will constitute the main battery: Four 10-inch, 40-caliber B. L. rifles; 16 6-inch, 50-caliber R. F. rifles; 22 3-inch, 50-caliber R. F. rifles. The secondary battery will consist of: Twelve 3-pounder semi-automatic guns; two 1-pounder automatic guns; two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns; two 30-caliber Gatling guns (machine); six 30-caliber Colt automatic guns; two 3-inch field guns.

MOST DEADLY OF SNAKES.

The Cobra Is a Beauty, But Its Bite Is Sure Death in Every Case.

The cobra de capella, which kills from 20,000 to 25,000 people a year in India, is one of the most beautiful creatures you ever saw, says the New York Press. With a reed a yard and a half long his keeper arouses this most deadly of all serpents, which lifts its head 18 inches from the ground, and, standing perfectly erect, expands its neck into a hood—as seen in the tales of Indian juggling. The two greenish-yellow spots, one on each side, look like enormous eyes. The snake is ready for a strike. Its bite is sure death in eight minutes. Science has found no antidote for it. In striking the head goes downward and forward, not straight out. The fangs are permanently erect, not movable, as in the rattlesnake.

Snakes never close their eyes, because they have no eyelids. Light is shut out by contraction of the pupil and admitted by its expansion. A rattlesnake's fangs are among the curiosities of the creation. Each has its individual poison sac, located at the base, and the contents are forced out by the act of striking prey or an enemy. The fangs, two in number, are hinged to the inside of the upper jawbone. Suspended from the outer side of the bone are four rudimentary fangs (four on each side of the head), which constitute his serpentine majesty's reserve. He often breaks a big fang and immediately the nearest of the four little ones works around to the inside of the jawbone to take the place of the broken one, while another delicate, threadlike instrument of murder grows on the extreme outer edge of the jaw. Thus there are always ten fangs, two ready for business, eight in various stages of embryo.

PROMOTION FROM RANKS.

Length of Service Requisite to Render an Enlisted Man Fit for Advancement.

The splendid service rendered by those who obtained commissions in the army following the civil war was abundant proof of their fitness for command. The test of war service, says the Army and Navy Journal, is one which cannot be equalled by any system of examination or marking that may be devised in a time of peace. The fact of the qualifications of an officer as developed under war conditions is absolute; the question of probable efficiency has no definite standard. In addition, 40 years of military progress have made the requirements for the accomplished officer more exacting than ever before. Now that there is a prospect that we may have 12 appointments in the year to the commissioned ranks of the navy, so long as there may be a shortage of graduated officers, and with the reduction of the term in the warrant grade so that the enlisted man may get to a commission at some time before his thirties, it would seem that all had been done that need be done toward making the promotion easier. What is mainly to be feared is that under the stimulus of the need of officers the restriction of numbers may be removed and a broadly framed general provision may make it possible for those to secure a commission who would not or could not qualify under the present restrictions. On the other hand, promotion within the limits now set should not be made impossible through the establishment of standards which, however conscientiously adopted, might be found prohibitive.

The Lash in English Prisons.

Flogging is still allowed in English prisons as a punishment for mutiny or violence, but recently published statistics make it doubtful whether even in these extreme cases corporal punishment serves the purpose for which it is intended. It is shown that since the number of prison offenses for which flogging was allowed was reduced in 1898 the number of offenses against prison discipline has decreased from 147 to 131 per 1,000 prisoners, while there has been an increase in the number of those offenses for which the "cat" is still the penalty.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Letter.

When Willie Blank was at the seashore last summer his father wrote to him quite frequently, and in each letter inclosed ten cents or a quarter to add to the little lad's pleasure. Willie was no letter-writer, but one day he managed to compose the following comprehensive epistle, which he sent to his father:

"Deare Papa—I got all your leters, and you have put some munny in each one of them. Please write oftener. Your loving son, WILLIAM."
—Woman's Home Companion.

Confident Assertion.

"Some political economists," said the woman with steel-rimmed glasses, "say that an excess of money is a disease."

"Well," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "if you know any one who is worried that way he can go to the races with my husband and get cured."—Washington Star.

Coal Tar Products.

The coal-tar colors on the market in 1894 numbered 454 distinct compounds. A new survey enumerates 695 products, the actual number of new dyes being 300, as 59 have been dropped from the list as obsolete.—Scientific Americal.

Point Well Taken.

New Wife—Horace, I wish you wouldn't call me "Puss."

New Husband—Why not, dear?

"Because, when I'm 40 years older, it may seem natural for you to call me 'Old Cat.'"—Chicago Tribune.

MONOTONY OF MONARCHY.

Rulers Tire of the Unchanging Round of Court Life and Long for Privacy.

There is probably no reigning sovereign in Europe who does not express a fervent wish at least once a day that he could be rid of his position either temporarily or permanently. Monarchy is a monotonous business for those who have to play the leading part and many a ruler would gladly exchange his throne for the privacy of the average citizen. Nicholas II., of Russia, has stated repeatedly, says an eastern exchange, that he would never have become czar had another course been open to him.

Unfortunately for the czar, he is never suffered to be alone, save when he is in his own apartments. The Russian monarch is eyed perpetually by detectives, yet in sheer desperation he occasionally insists on forgetting that he is the shining light on a throne. When in these moods he gets away for a little sea fishing; or, if he cannot leave home, he plays for hours with his children.

The czar believes in absolute simplicity and he is compelled to submit to pomp and ceremony. He regards himself as a martyr. On his last visit to England as czarewitch—he was the guest of Prince Louis of Battenburg, who had a furnished house on the Thames—he declined the offer of the use of the royal carriages, and whenever he wanted a ride contented himself with hiring a white cob from the local jobmaster at the not very ruinous rate of half crown an hour.

Owing to circumstances which he cannot control, King Edward has few chances of forgetting that he is the ruler of the British empire. He goes to Germany once a year with the avowed intention of existing for a space as an ordinary mortal, but unfortunately he is so pestered by curiosity mongers that it is impossible for him to carry out his wishes.

The king of Italy drives away the court cobwebs by burying himself at intervals in the country, and employing his leisure either motoring or cycling.

Far from being enamored of court life is the young duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He is but a boy, and is determined not to abandon his boyhood prematurely. He expects none of the homage that is paid to ruling princes, and when in London prefers to ride in a hansom cab to journeying in a carriage emblazoned with royal arms.

Finally one must mention the old grief-stricken emperor of Austria. Tired of his throne, Francis Joseph would vacate it instantly were it not that he is the only man who can keep his empire together without raising the sword. Periodically he vanishes from Vienna to take up his abode in one of his quiet country residences where the glitter of the court cannot reach or bore him. Here he enacts the role of the country gentleman, and for a week or so strives to forget that he is the wearer of a crown of thorns.

It is safe to say that not one monarch in ten considers himself a personage to be envied.

GIFTS OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Whole Realm of Animal "Mimicry" Is Centered in the Beautiful Creatures.

The extraordinary gifts of the butterfly race have always excited the wonder not only of naturalists, but of the most ignorant observers, writes T. W. Higginson, in Atlantic. Their silent and unseen changes; the instinct by which they distinguish their favorite plant-food, as, for instance, even among the scarcely differing species of the complex race of asters, where they show themselves, as Prof. Asa Gray said, "better botanists than many of us;" their skill in depositing their eggs unerringly on or near the precise plant on which the forthcoming caterpillars are fitted to feed, although they as butterflies have never tasted it. To these should be added their luxurious spread of wings, giving opportunities for those likenesses and variations of color which protect them during the few days of their winged state; the brief time when, if ever, their eggs must be laid and the continuance of the race made sure. The whole realm of animal "mimicry," as it is now termed, reaches its highest point in them, and leads to some extreme cases; as in the fact that, while butterflies are ordinarily monogamous, there is yet one species in Africa which has departed so widely from this rule that the male has not one mate only, but actually three different wives, each so utterly unlike him in appearance as to have long been taken for wholly different species.

Great Conference.

Eight hundred young men and women, representing 20 universities, attended a recent conference of student volunteers at Edinburgh, to discuss "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

Pointed Legacy.

A Mr. Snow left a sum of money to an eminent K. C. "wherewith to purchase a picture of a viper stinging his benefactor," as a perpetual warning against the sin of ingratitude.—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Improvements.

Optimist—The rich no longer trample on the poor.

Pessimist—No, in these days they run them down in their autos.—The Smart Set.

Works Easy.

All that anybody needs to break into society is a gold drill with a diamond point.

TORPEDOES AND WARSHIPS.

Opinion of a French Admiral Regarding Their Respective Efficacy in Action.

Look at what happened at Port Arthur. People are inclined to judge the operations there merely by the somewhat uncertain statements that come over the cable. Everything is credited to the torpedo. The torpedo boats just now on top, and, with the assistance of a little imagination, a part of the success of the Japanese may be attributed to submarines. Can it be seriously thought, even admitting that all the reports of damage done by torpedoes are true, that the Japanese boats would have been able to perform the tasks assigned to them if they had not been supported by a powerful fleet? What could the little things have accomplished if they had been left to their own resources? They would soon have been short of coal, their crews would have been harassed and worn out, and they would inevitably have been destroyed, says Admiral Maltarne, of the French navy, in the Matin.

The attacks of torpedo boats are less dangerous than they are generally believed to be. In order to be successful, many boats must be employed. They must be handled with vigor, which can only be expected from men perfectly fresh and they must be steered with extraordinary skill. Their attacks are extremely difficult in daylight and are very hazardous at night. Now this is contrary to the opinion of the public, but it is true. In daylight by losing one-half of its number, a flotilla of torpedo boats might do serious injury to a fleet. At night its chances of success would be reduced, because then the conditions would be very much more unfavorable. Certainly, if a fleet were to travel at night in any order with its unities grouped, it would facilitate an attack from torpedo boats. But in time of war that is not the way they go. And, moreover, the torpedo boats do not always succeed in reaching the proper distance for discharging their torpedoes.

I am not an out-and-out and exclusive partisan of the battleship; on the contrary, I am convinced of the utility of torpedo boats and submarines. These little engines are destined to play a very important part in naval warfare; but to render them effective, they must be supported by a powerful naval force and that force lies in the battleship and the armored cruiser.

The really redoubtable engine is the gun. Sufficient attention has not been paid to what happened at Chemulpo. The Japanese began to fire at the Variag at a distance of about five miles, and their shots told. That is a noteworthy fact in which there is a profitable lesson.

It is necessary now to multiply artillery practice at long ranges. In the French navy we have a trained and devoted personnel whose professional value is universally recognized. Very well. It is necessary to increase tenfold that value by constant practice. The English, who obtain remarkable results from the frequency of their practice, have made heavy gun firing a perfect sport. Let us imitate them.

Tell your readers that the battleship does not mean so much money tossed into the water. In order to obtain the best results, a fleet must include all unities possessing a tactical value, and in a wisely determined proportion.

WHY MANY MEN DIE YOUNG.

Man the Most Irregular, Intemperate and Hard Working of Animals.

It has been said that few men die of old age and that almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily toil, or accident.

The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly, says Health Culture. The common expression, "choked with rage, has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young, weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use—the latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and the temper; the strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally the prescribed term of years. Thus the horse lives 25 years, the ox 15 or 20, the lion about 20, the hog ten or 12, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven.

The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live 100 years, according to the physiological law, for five times 20 are 100;; but, instead of that he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard working of all animals.

He is always the most irritable, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

Japanese Women Smoke.

Smoking is almost a universal custom among Japanese women. The empress uses a silver pipe with a stem ten inches long. The bowl is small—in fact, only a quantity of tobacco sufficient to give the smoker two or three whiffs can be put into it. Then the ashes are knocked out and the pipe is carefully cleaned before it is refilled. To an American this form of smoking seems to involve too much work. A pipe is cleaned many times in the course of an afternoon. The Japanese word for smoking means, literally, "drinking tobacco."—Chicago Tribune.

Evil Angel of the Makaroffs.

In the late Admiral Makaraoff's house, at Cronstadt, there hung over the mantel piece a portrait of his grandfather, Capt. Basil Makaroff, who commanded a famous Russian line-of-battle ship, the Vlestnik, in the eighteenth century. This Basil Makaroff had three brothers, all of whom were drowned.

Uncle Sam's Big Navy.

The completion of ships now under construction will make our navy twice as strong as it is now and three times as powerful as it was at the beginning of the Spanish-American war. It will then rank as the third navy in theoretical tonnage and the second in actual fighting power.—Success.

Swallows in Houses.

In Palestine the swallows are allowed not only the freedom of the houses and living rooms, but of the mosques and tombs, where they build their nests and rear their young.—Detroit Free Press.

The Changes of Time.

A fair bicyclist in bloomers created a sensation on the streets of Boston the other day—which shows that times have changed.—Indianapolis Journal.

SLEEPING BUDDHA'S SHRINE

Cave in Ceylon Wherein His Lair for Two Thousand Years the Rock-Hewn Image.

This is a story of a visit to the sleeping Buddha in Nirvana, in the cave shrine in Ceylon, where 2,000 years ago the teachings of Buddha were for the first time reduced to writing, writes a special correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. At the end of a lane of foliage a steep flight of rough stone steps led to a high parapet, where a yellow shoulder showed against a background of black bowlder, with cocoa fronts arching higher against the blue. We went around by an easier ascent, up a grassy path, between cantana bushes, and came upon the high terrace, to find the clerical had fled, and only a betel chewing layman was left to stare at us as he slowly worked his jaws. We turned an invisible key in air, and the ruminant biped went away across a flat sand space between two gigantic bowlders, more bowlders looming ahead.

The ledge beneath one overhanging rock was built up with a masonry front into a recessed temple portico, and from a dark crevice between two vast rocks came a sound of whirring machinery. It was pitch dark in the far crevice, and as we drew nearer the sound resolved itself into the twittering of a myriad of bats, and the stifling odor drove us away after a short look into the dark, Dantesque crevice. Surely there was a black cave crevice swarming with bats in some circle of the inferno.

Around the shoulder of a greater bowlder a languid person was pushing refuse cocoanut husks over the edge of a slope into a thicket, and in a little construction built in under the overhang of the vast rock the priest was shuffling into his better and newer yellow robe, his company clothes that picturesquely appeal to the foreigner who snapshots and gives.

The big keys clanked, the locks turned and the doors of the cave sanctuary creaked open to show patchwork and Nottingham lace curtains hanging close across the inner space. They were drawn aside for us to see the rock cut, recumbent image, the sleeping Buddha to Nirvana, who has been dreaming in the dark, fragrant cave for full 2,000 years.

Little candles were carried down and held close to show the soles of the Buddha's feet, with the symbolic markings, carried to the opposite end to show the memorable, expressionless countenance of the wide-eyed sleeper. The shrine had been opened at sunrise and fresh flowers strewn on the long stone altar table that ran the full 18 feet length of the image, and the air was heavy with their scent.

Image and platform couch and the altar table were all hewn from the immovable rock 2,000 years ago, but one gets no impression of antiquity, since the image has been lately done over, made up with fresh paint, and gilding to the last degree of gaudy splendor.

No one of the company would hazard a statement as to which spot among, under or within the vast rock masses had sheltered the convocation of monks when they reduced oral traditions to written history; but it is probable that so large a company of holy men were scattered through the neighborhood, each with a cave, a tree or the shadow of a great rock as his resting place, where he wrote out his version to submit it to the discussion of the full company before the text was made final.

There is a fine view back to the Matale mountains and out to the hills and the descending valleys of rice that lie in checkered shades of green and gold between the brilliant green of the tea bushes and the blue of the duller foliage of the shaded cacao plantations.

The Matale mountains rise to wooded heights of 5,000 feet, and all the way from Kandy both the railway and the coach road had been on a gentle down grade from that 1,600 foot level. Fleecy white clouds blew across the purest blue sky, palm fronds bent glistening in the breeze, and the leaves of the bo tree by the old vihara clashed together with a fresh sound as of rain.

It was all paradise and picturesqueness as we drove away, until at a bend in the road we came upon the green compound, the painfully neat buildings, of the government's free dispensary and cholera hospital—a serpent in the Eden, after all.

THE MAP PROOFREADER.

Great Care Is Taken That Every City and Town Is Correctly Located.

"I thought I knew my business until I took a job holding copy in a mapmaking establishment," said a veteran proofreader, according to the New York Press. "The change from the rush of a morning newspaper to the leisurely work of an encyclopedia was queer enough. It was three weeks before I began to feel that I was earning my salary.

"It takes about two weeks to read the proof of a good map. If it is a business atlas, particularly comprehensive as to small towns, we linger over a proof and its successive revises over a month or six weeks before the final electrotype is made.

"In mapmaking it is not only essential that every town should be on the map, but that it should be in precisely the right place. In some parts of the country where accurate geographical surveys have not been made by the government this is a difficult task.

"The man who is buying a map or an atlas has no use for it unless it gives accurate information about the city or town where he was born, where his wife was born and where he was married. The first thing a prospective purchaser does when shown a new atlas by a canvasser is to look up one or all of these points.

"If his native city or town is not there he won't bother to take another glance at the book. If it is there, but not in its precise location on some river or bay, he does not hesitate to say he has no high opinion of the atlas. The motto of our business seems to be 'Get it all in, and get it in right.'"

Curious Butterflies.

A curious form of protective mimicry in insects is that which causes one species to mimic another because the latter has for some reason immunity from the attacks of birds or other enemies. One of our best examples of this kind of mimicry we see in the viceroy butterfly, a species palatable to birds, but which is not attacked by them because of its general resemblance to the monarch or milkweed butterfly, which, by reason of a disagreeable taste or color, or both, has nothing to fear from feathered enemies.—Woman's Home Companion.

Mexican Cattle King.

Don Luis Terragos, cattle king of Mexico, owns millions of acres, 1,000,000 cattle and 500,000 sheep.

"THE DOOR SLAMMERS."

Accompaniments of Bad Temper That Tend to Make Trouble in the Home.

The woman from whom the following bit of conversation is quoted is not, it may be well to explain, of the easily excitable type upon whose nerves the least unpleasant sound grates with perceptible annoyance. She is not one, says the Detroit Free Press, in whose presence you cannot read a newspaper because of its persistent tendency to rattle when its pages are turned, nor write a letter because the pen scratches a bit. And the fact that anyone comes home after ten o'clock in the evening does not disturb her slumbers for the remainder of the night.

"I frequently visit a family," said she, "which some years ago I named, and quite appropriately, it seems to me, 'The Door Slammers.' I doubt if a single member of that family of five ever closes a door without slamming it. And whether the temper of the family causes the slamming, or the slamming the temper, might form an interesting subject for psychological study. At any rate the atmosphere of the home is apparently never quite clear and sweet, and everyone seems to possess easily ruffled dispositions. If the father's breakfast is not just to his liking, or if something else has irritated him, the vigorous slam of the front door as he leaves for the office is all that is needed to proclaim it. The children's uncontrolled desire to get out to play is manifested by the same sign, which is also a sure indication of the mother's haste or carelessness or impatience.

"Gruffness, thoughtlessness, haste, carelessness, impatience — these are surely prominent accompaniments of bad tempers. How often I have tried, indirectly, of course, to impress upon my family of door slammers that not only is it a fact that our thoughts influence our deeds—it is equally true that a manifestation of gentleness and quietness in our acts and movements is sure to have a beneficial effect upon our minds."

SHE CAME RIGHT BACK.

Kentucky Woman Was as Good as Her English Tormentor in a Pinch.

"I was at a dinner in London last spring," said the Chicago lawyer, according to the Louisville Post, "and almost directly opposite me sat a country woman of mine from Kentucky.

"One stout, red-faced English woman in the party persisted in baiting the Kentuckian till I looked to see her lose her temper long before she did. The English woman talked about America and the Americans as if the Kentucky woman had invented the country and was responsible for everything.

"Nothing American escaped her censure; and at length she began on the race question in a way that isn't heard at American dinner parties. She went on and on, and the Kentuckian began to look dangerous. At last the English woman said:

"'But you can't deny that you actually burn niggers in the states."

The Kentuckian smiled deliberately.

"'O, the reports of that are greatly exaggerated,' she said. 'The practice isn't general. We only do it in parts of the country where coal is too expensive to use."

"And the English woman didn't speak another word for nearly five minutes."

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

Fresh Bits of Finery That Find Favor with the Devotees of Dress.

Printed cotton in Scotch tweed effect is one of the new fancies for the two-piece costume.

Real torchon is the most durable of all the lingerie laces, and holds its own in spite of changing fashions.

A black suede slipper for morning wear has a big bow of black and white striped ribbon.

The present-day corset cover is most carefully fitted, so there will be no unnecessary fullness around the waist.

The blouse coats, belted in, are very comfortable and useful, but they are appropriate only for morning or for traveling.

Great quantities of embroidery appear in summer dresses, and as the tendency to raising it is marked, the trimming is of showy character in many cases.

It is a comfortable prediction that dark muslins will be fashionable for promenade wear this summer, and the newest models have no trimming on the skirt except two or three flounces.

Never Heard the Names.

Two New York booksellers were riding down town recently and were reading "shop" gossip in the newspaper. A sporty-looking man sat just behind them. "Now, this paper," said the first bookseller, turning to his friend, "places 'The Virginian' first, 'Mrs. Wiggs' second and—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sporting man, eagerly, "excuse me for butting in, but as I've followed this game for years I know what I'm saying. That dope sheet you hold is a pure fake. There are no such horses running; take my word for it."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Hygienic Hint.

Many housekeepers do not know that the tiny black specks seen on almost every lemon are the eggs of an insect. If the grated rind is used these eggs become an unwholesome element of the dish. Lemons should be dropped into water as soon as they come from the store, then scrubbed with a little brush, dried with a cloth and hung in a net in a cupboard until used.—Detroit Free Press.

Green Peas and Veal Salad.

A delicious salad is made by cutting a cup of cold veal into dice, to which is added a cup of cooked and seasoned peas; arrange in individual lettuce cups, sprinkling well with celery salt, and pour over a French dressing, highly flavored with mint and mustard. Garnish with capers and tiny cucumber pickles.—Good Housekeeping.

Furniture Hint.

A paste of salad oil and salt is said to remove the white marks on polished trays or tables occasioned by the placing upon them of heated articles. The mixture should be spread lightly over the stain and allowed to remain an hour; it may then be removed with a soft, dry cloth, and the discoloration will vanish with it.—Good Literature.

For Blistered Feet.

A good remedy for blistered feet which result from long walking, is to rub the feet when going to bed with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand.—Chicago Daily News.

Not a Mere Flirtation.

"It's only a flirtation, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, no. She's been looking up his commercial rating."—Chicago Post.

Miss Whittaker, a prominent club woman of Savannah, Ga., tells how she was entirely cured of ovarian troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I heartily recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** as a Uterine Tonic and Regulator. I suffered for four years with irregularities and Uterine troubles. No one but those who have experienced this dreadful agony can form any idea of the physical and mental misery those endure who are thus afflicted. Your **Vegetable Compound** cured me within three months. I was fully restored to health and strength, and now my periods are regular and painless. What a blessing it is to be able to obtain such a remedy when so many doctors fail to help you. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is better than any doctor or medicine I ever had. Very truly yours, MISS EASY WHITTAKER, 604 39th St., W. Savannah, Ga." — *$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women prove beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Forbidden Fruit.

A request was once made to the authorities of one of the colleges at Cambridge that room might be found on the spacious lawns of their garden for the lady students of Girton College to play lawn tennis.

Guessing clearly enough what would be the result of the admission of these students of the fairer sex among the undergraduates, the master replied that it was ordered in the statutes of the college that the gardens must be devoted to the purposes of floriculture, and must not be used for husbandry.—Spare Moments.

One objection to the "Star-Spangled Banner" as the national air is that so many citizens of the nation never see anything "by the dawn's early light."—Kansas City Journal.

Old Soldier's Story.

Sonoma, Mich., June 13.—That even in actual warfare disease is more terrible than bullets is the experience of Delos Hutchins, of this place. Mr. Hutchins as a Union Soldier saw three years of service under Butler Barke in the Louisiana swamps, and as a result got crippled with Rheumatism so that his hands and feet got all twisted out of shape, and how he suffered only a Rheumatic will ever know.

For twenty-five years he was in misery, then one lucky day his druggist advised him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Of the result Mr. Hutchins says:

"The first two boxes did not help me much, but I got two more, and before I got them used up I was a great deal better. I kept on taking them, and now my pains are all gone and I feel better than I have in years. I know Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism."

The man who hurries is frequently only spurring a rocking horse.—Chicago Tribune.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

SOME FUNNY ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted, experienced nurse for bottled baby."

"Furnished apartment suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Wanted a room for two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad."

"Lost a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to the name of 'im with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle."

"Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday."

"For Sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Mr. Brown, furr