

VIOLA SCHOTTISCHE.

GEORGE J. ZOLNAY.



DUCHESS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, WHO ADMITS SHE IS BEAUTIFUL.

The Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, who is a daughter of the late Senator Mitchell of Oregon, once remarked when she was merely Mattie Mitchell: "I know perfectly well that I am one of the most beautiful women in the world. My figure is perfect, and I shall marry for position. There are very few women as exquisitely beautiful as I am, and I intend to make the most of myself." So Miss Mitchell married the French duke in 1892, and apparently the match has turned out happily. Up to the time of their meeting the duke was classed as a woman hater.

Baking Day.
Say, baking day's just lots of fun, though Liza Ann she gets so mad and says we're awful, awful bad. And chase us and makes us run—still baking day's just lots of fun. For when she has her cake all done and in the oven baking she calls to brother Dick and me: "Come 'long, now, boys, you two rogues can lick the spoon and scrape the pan." And then, gee whiz, how we do run! Say, baking day's just lots of fun! —Lippincott's Magazine.

Optimistic View.
Tom (proudly)—Miss Pinkleish has promised to be my wife. Jack (counseling)—Oh, don't let that worry you. Women frequently break their promises. —Chicago News.

AN EXPERIMENT.

How One in Optimism Caught Mr. Dallington Off His Guard.
Nothing stood in his way now. They had the parlor to themselves. "It's curious about optimism and pessimism, isn't it?" "In what way?" she asked. "Why, for instance, if a man is an optimist things seem to come his way, whereas if he is pessimistic everything turns against him. That is to say, the things we think are going to happen generally do happen." "Oh, I don't believe in that theory! I've often thought things were going to happen when they didn't, and lots of other things have happened when I didn't believe they would." "Yes, I know there are exceptions to the rule; but, generally speaking, I think optimism brings the things one is anxious to have. For instance, here we are, Miss Brooke—you and I. Now, I am a thorough going optimist. I believe certain things are going to happen—certain things which will be profitable and pleasing to me." "What have I to do with them, Mr. Dallington?" "Well, perhaps nothing, as far as that is concerned. But here we are, you and I. If I were, as I was saying, a pessimist I would think the things I have in mind couldn't happen. There, you see, is where the pessimist loses out." "Yes." "So we are bound to recognize the advantage of optimism, are we not?" "I haven't noticed them as yet." "But you will if you make it a practice to be optimistic." "Just a moment. It may be that I don't quite understand this matter. Now, if—if, just for instance—if I were to think you would ask me to be your wife, that would be optimism, would it?" "Er—yes." "And if I thought there was no probability that you would propose marriage to me, that would be pessimism?" "You have grasped the idea." "Or, to put it as you had it at first, what one thinks will happen does happen and what one is afraid won't happen doesn't happen?" "Of course there may be times when—"
She leaned forward and, whispering, said: "Look at the curtain." He looked and turned a little pale. At the bottom of the curtain he saw the tips of two shoes. "Heavens!" he gasped. "Your father!" "Sh-sh! Don't let him know that he is discovered." "Miss Brooke," he said in unsteady tones, "may I have the honor of—will you become my wife?" "If you are sure you never can be

THE SACRED LOTUS.

Scantiment of the Orient About the Fruit of Destiny.
Concerning the rich fruit of the lotus, which grew luxuriantly in the Nile, many charming legends have been told. It was believed that it was so delightful that those who ate of it would never leave the spot where it grew, but for it would abandon home and friends to spend their lives in a dream of serene delight. Homer, in the Odyssey, mentions the lotus eaters who lived on the northern coast of Africa and records their attempts to detain the followers of Ulysses by giving them the fruits of the lotus to eat, so that they should never wish to leave the spot where it grew.
The same poetical idea is known to the Arabs, who call it the "fruit of destiny," which is to be eaten in Paradise, and it is on this foundation that Tennyson built his charming poem of the "Lotus Eaters." This mythical lotus has been identified by several botanists with that indigenous to Tunis, which is a thorny shrub, with berries the size of an olive.
Mungo Park found a species of lotus in Central Africa bearing berries of a delicious taste, which on being dried and pounded made wholesome and pleasant bread. The lotus fruit found in Tunis has a stimulating, almost intoxicating effect, and it is therefore probable that this plant furnished the foundation of the ancient legends.

When Wages Were Low.
And a Turkey Dinner For Six Cost Only 17 Cents.
"Columbus," said an antiquary of Chicago, "got a salary of \$320 a year—less than a dollar a day. His captives got \$180 a year apiece. His crew got \$2.25 a month. To equip the expedition that discovered America cost \$2,500. The total cost of discovering America was \$7,200."
"Lawyers nowadays, especially corporation lawyers, think nothing of earning a million a year. In the reign of Edward IV, a baronet entered in his diurnal, or diary:
"Paid to Roger Fylpott, learned in the law, for his counsel, 3 shillings, with fourpence for his dinner."
"Ministers often make today \$20,000 or \$30,000 a year; yet John Knox only got \$230 a year, or 84 a week, and that was a dollar more a week than Scottish judges got."
"Small salaries, those," concluded the antiquary, "but we must remember that in that epoch there were no trusts to inflate prices, and a dollar went a long way. In fact, a Christmas dinner for a family of six would have cost in John Knox's time: For the turkey, 10 cents; cranberry sauce, 2 cents; potatoes, 1 cent; turnips, 1 cent; celery, 1 cent; plum pudding, 2 cents; total, 17 cents, or less than 3 cents a head."



The Sufficiency of Wealth.
Chimmie—So yer refuse me 'cause I'm poor. Well, yer'll find dat money don't bring happiness.
Amandy—Well, it don't have ter. See? It kin hire it brung.—Leslie's Weekly.

Old Story.
Gunner—During our courting days she said she would go through anything on earth for me.
Gruver—Ah, and, now that you are enjoying wedded bliss, has she made good?
Gunner—Well, no. About the only thing she goes through is my vest pocket.—Chicago News.

Engaged a Girl.
"My wife," said Newlired, "is a very good cook."
"Oh, come!" exclaimed Newlired. "Her mother told me she was just taking her first lessons when you married her."
"I know, but she was good enough not to continue her lessons on me."—Boston Transcript.

Jack and the Kitty.
Mrs. Knicker—Kindness has a wonderful effect on animals.
Mrs. Bocker—I suppose that is why Jack is always trying to sweeten the kitty.—Judge.

She'll Get Along.
Alice—That girl is pretty, but she hasn't any brains.
Lorraine—If she's pretty she doesn't need any brains.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Trimmed Him.
"Have you heard how Hawks was trimmed?"
"No."
"The courts have ordered him to pay \$25,000 for breach of promise to that pretty little maniac lady he used to talk about."—Judge.



LILLIAN DAVIS IN A SNOWSTORM.
A timely picture is this one representing Miss Lillian Davis, the actress, in a snowstorm. The summer girl has been numerously photographed, to the neglect of the winter girl. Here we have the winter girl at her best.

She Didn't Think.
Mrs. Gumbusta—What size rooms are there in this flat?
Real Estate Agent—About 3 by 4.
Mrs. Gumbusta—They wouldn't be quite large enough, because my husband has a 5 by 7 camera.—New York Press.

Clever Children.
Fond Father—Well, professor, how are my children getting on in their studies?
Professor—Finely. Arthur is a very clever boy, and Mary is too.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Atmosphere.
Mr. Ant—Bill Moth is going around telling people he feels like an actor.
Mr. Fly—Well, he ought to feel that way. He has been living in a heavy tragedian's fur overcoat six months.—Chicago News.

Putting Him Wise.
His Wife—John, dear, I need a new dress awfully.
Her Husband (gruffly)—I'd like to know what you need a new dress for.
His Wife—Why, I want it to cover the piano with, of course. You didn't suppose for a minute that I intended to wear it, did you?—Chicago News.

Sarcasm.
"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Starven as Mr. Newbord made a wry face. "Is there anything wrong with your soup?"
"Soup!" he replied. "I don't know anything about soup, but this dish of hot water is too greasy!"—Philadelphia Press.

Life to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression. We must always purpose to do more or better than in time past.—Johnson.