

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

'Twas a gloomy glade mid the lowering shade...

Lo, a twig that lies beneath his eyes...

'It is up to me,' sobbed the worm...

—Burgess Johnson, in Harper's Magazine for December.

THE COMPOSITE

By GRAHAM NORTH. Copyrighted, 1905, by The Authors Publishing Company.

John Patterson was in love. No unusual thing in the case of a good-looking young fellow of five and twenty.

One evening he was carelessly turning the leaves of his sister's photograph album, scanning each face with the glance of a connoisseur.

The picture was finished in a style unfamiliar to him. A soft, dreamy haze surrounded the features, making them doubly alluring.

It was love at first sight, or, to be more exact, before first sight.

Naturally he wanted to learn all about the unknown girl without arousing suspicion. His sister, to whom his affectionately careless inquiries were addressed, with a woman's intuition in such matters, and with an equally feminine delight in tantalizing a man suspected of being in love, was most provokingly obtuse to his clumsy subtleties and stratagems.

This was poor consolation to John, but it was the best he could get. And so, consumed with love and curiosity, he passed his days in suspense.

One thing, however, he secured, that was at the same time a joy and a vexation to him, namely the picture itself.

It was given the place of honor among his most cherished possessions, and she became at once the goal and the center of his thoughts.

And now began a season of misery for John Patterson.

He had confided his secret to his most intimate associate, Harry Follansbee. Harry prided himself on being a second Sherlock Holmes, and many were the plans that he laid with his friend to discover her identity.

The strain began to tell on John. He lost his appetite and grew hollow-eyed, and when in Nan's presence he threw out hints of declining health.

Whether or not these tactics were instrumental in bringing matters to a crisis he could not tell; but one afternoon just as Harry Follansbee was leaving his bank, he met John in a high state of excitement. His sister had at last relented. She was to give a whist party that evening, at which, to his inexpressible joy, she assured



Carelessly turning the leaves of his sister's photograph album.

Six hours later, while Follansbee was dreaming over the adventures of his favorite detective, he heard a knock at the door, and John entered with a most woebegone and bewildered face.

'You can imagine that I dressed with extra care this evening, and so came down stairs a little late. Nan pounced on me and dragged me into a room full of young ladies. And then it began.

'Miss White, let me present my brother, John.'

'No, it wasn't Miss White; it was Her chit, but She didn't have a pug nose.'

'Miss Black, my brother!' 'Nor Miss Black; though the curve of the eyebrows was like hers.'

'Nor Miss Brown!' 'Nor Miss Brown; something in her features seemed familiar, but then Her hair couldn't be red.'

'And so it went. In every one of those girls I saw something to remind me of the face above my mantel. But not one of them looked exactly like it. Not one had her eyes. I was expecting that She would be the next. But She wasn't there. At the end of the list I brought up with a mental jolt, and dropped into a chair beside a girl with glasses, who began to chatter about cards. In a few minutes the game began. You know I abominate whist. How intelligent people can



'That is not so, I said, 'and you know it!'

waste hours on the spots and pictures on fifty-two gaudy squares of pasteboard, is a mystery to me. The game is well enough for sick persons, children and idiots, but I don't see how anybody, whom nature has endowed with brains can waste his time over it.

'Well, I played like a dummy. My eyes were studying the faces of my partners, and my thoughts were trying to solve the riddle of that photograph. I led from a sneak, trumped my partner's ace, played second hand high and third hand low, and in short, I broke every rule of the game.

'At last the intermission gave me a respite. I took my sister aside, while the others were busy with the refreshments.

'See here, Nan, I said, 'this nonsense has gone far enough. The chase you've led me for the past three months convinces me of that. I pity the man who marries you if you treat him as you've treated me. You pledged your word that a certain young lady would be here to-night. Now, unless you can give me some good reason for the way you've deceived me, I shall quit the house at once, and I sha'n't be in a hurry to come back.'

'I saw that what I said about deception had nettled her a bit, as I intended it should; for if you can get a woman to lose her temper, the truth is coming out.

'John,' she said, looking me straight in the eyes, 'what were the exact words of my promise to you?'

'You told me that the original of that picture would be here to-night. And she isn't here!'

'John,' she said again, and her eyes snapped a little, 'the original of that picture is in the room this minute.'

'Now, I've studied that photograph so carefully for the last twelve weeks that every feature is printed on my memory, and I'm sorry to say I lost my own temper, and contradicted her flatly.

'That is not so, I said, 'and you know it!'

'This was, of course, extremely impolite, even considering the plain speech our customs allow among members of the same family. But instead of being very angry, as I expected she would, and while I was feeling sorry for my rudeness, Nan began to laugh.

'John,' she said, 'I presume you've looked at that picture once or twice since I let you take it. Didn't you ever notice anything peculiar about the finish? I told you I'd introduce you to its original to-night, and I've kept my word. That is a photograph of the Idlers' Whist Club; it's a COMPOSITE!'

'Well, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I was in a daze the rest of the evening, and as soon as I could get away, I came here.'

'Now, what in the name of common sense am I to do?'

'Well,' said Harry, 'I see just two ways out of it for you. Marry them all, and emigrate to some Oriental country.'

'Bosh!' exclaimed John.

'Or,' continued his mentor, 'you might pick out the girl who comes nearest to the picture, and see if you can't get her to look at the matter in the same light that you do.'

'By Jove!' shouted John, 'I'll do it.'

And he did.

NOVEL THEORY ABOUT STONES.

Newsboy's Explanation as to Why They Had Stopped Growing.

Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburg capitalist, who died recently, took a profound interest in the children of the poor. Hence his gift to Pittsburg of a magnificent public bath, and hence his frequent and friendly conversations with newsboys, bootblacks and messenger boys.

It is said of Mr. Oliver that one day, after buying a paper from a very little chap, he thought he would test the lad's intelligence by putting a few questions to him. Accordingly he pointed to a pile of paving stones and said:

'How were these stones made, son?' 'They wasn't made; they grewed,' replied the boy.

'Growth?' How do you mean 'grewed?'" said Mr. Oliver.

'They grewed the same as potatoes grow,' the boy explained.

Mr. Oliver shook his head. 'No, my lad, you are wrong,' he said. 'Stones can't grow. If you were to come back to these stones five years, or ten years, or twenty years from now, they would still be the same size.'

'Of course,' said the little newsboy, sneering. 'They've been taken out o' the ground now and have stopped growin', same as potatoes would.'

Laughter Reveals Character.

'If,' said a gentleman whose forte is the delineation of character, 'if I could not gain a clue to the true nature of a man in any other way, I should wait until I heard him laugh.'

'He might alter his expression, his voice, and his manner, but his laugh would infallibly betray his inner self. Laughter, in fact, gives a marvelous insight into character. If there is anything false, weak or malicious in a man it always discloses itself in this direction, and we have the innate 'teeth' of the feeble-minded, the harsh, grating laugh of the coarse, sordid nature, and the half-suppressed chuckle of the plotter.

'It is the more curious, because crafty people often laugh to cover their real feelings, but to the acute ear the false note is readily apparent, whether the laugh be real or assumed.'

'Frank, honest laughter is a sign of sterling character, and can be confidently relied upon.'

Futility of Corporal Punishment.

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.

Schools in Russia.

According to the latest statistics, there are 84,544 public schools in the empire of Russia, out of which number 40,131 are under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Public Education, 42,588 under the jurisdiction of the holy synod, and the remainder under other departments. Of the pupils, 73,167 were adults, 3,291,694 boys and 1,262,392 girls. The teachers number 172,000. The maintenance of all these schools costs more than \$25,000,000. The average school tax for city schools is \$9.50 and for village schools \$5 a pupil.

The Night Voyage.

Silent we sat on the phosphorescent seas, Our ship a craft with shadowy masts and spars, While gloomed above, in glorious galaxies, The phosphorescent stars.

The breeze that breathed about us bore the balm Of coral cove and long land-locked lagoon, While glistened o'er the tall, lanned palm The Caribbean moon.

A distant pharos from its hidden height Across the waters flung its beckoning beam, And so we glided through the violet night.

Bound for the bourn of dream, —(Tilton Scullard, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

New Ways to Whiten Teeth.

Up-to-date dentists have several new wrinkles for whitening and polishing the teeth.

One of these is to first dip the brush into salty water and then apply the powder, which should be of the finest quality. After three or four minutes' brushing rub a little dry salt over the teeth, and in time they will become perceptibly whiter. If you want to have teeth like polished ivory, take a piece of chamols skin, dip it in lemon juice and rub the teeth until they are hot to the touch.

Splendid Spelling Record. Miss Beatrice Gordon, aged 12, of North Sullivan, Me., has just won a prize for not missing a word in spelling for a ten weeks' term at school.

Prepare for Future Event. At the birth of a child in Cyprus a vessel of wine is buried, to be served up afterward at its marriage.

SUNNY, LAZY JAMAICA

IDEAL SPOT IN WHICH TO SPEND A HAPPY SUMMER.

Mountain Ranges Afford Visitor the Chance to Choose as He Likes His Climate—Picturesque Scenery in the Market Places of Kingston.

(Special Correspondence.)

It is summer in the sunny, happy island of Jamaica, but the fierce tropical heat is so admirably tempered by the cool breezes of the trade winds that, just as one is about to swelter, lo! such a delightful breeze is wafted over the land that one gives himself up to blissful comfort of its enjoyment.

Jamaica is so traversed by mountains, some of whose peaks attain as great a height as 7,000 feet, that one can spend a summer in the island and



A Jamaican Beauty.

choose as he likes his climate. In the country parts the summer is ideal. On every side one rests the eye upon the undulating hills, studded with verdure of palest green, that gradually rise one above the other until they lose themselves in the deep blue of the mountains that stand silhouetted against the paler blue of the sky.

A Jamaican house, like most of the houses built in tropical countries, has the appearance of being all windows and doors, or else all blinds and doors, and it is not uncommon to find the main room of a large house having as many as a dozen windows, with a door leading into the front garden and another leading into the rear garden, for a Jamaican house does not stop at one, there are often several surrounding the house. And the windows are never closed.

It is in the city of Kingston that one gets the best idea of what a Jamaican is like, for it is here that he meets all classes. There is a pronounced class distinction in the island, the upper classes having nothing whatever to do with the servant class socially.

There is a Jamaican aristocracy composed of the most refined and intelligent element and of those who can trace their ancestry back to English and Scottish aristocracy. They are the landed proprietors of large estates, the merchants, or they are the men in offices of trust or those who occupy the most influential positions.

The middle-class Jamaican is a good-natured, sunny dispositioned, happy creature. They include, among others, conductors, motormen, bus drivers, tailors, shoemakers, keepers of tiny shops, policemen and peasant proprietors of small holdings. The middle class is always well dressed, well behaved and without doubt takes life easy.

The peasant class are the pure blacks who live in the country parts of the island in small huts, in the

Of these there are two. One, the Victoria market, overlooks the water's edge. The hollow square, bounded by iron fences, has its stalls heaped with all manner and kinds of produce.

The fruits of the island are lavishly displayed. These include the young green cocconut, whose cool, refreshing water makes a delicious drink; the large green mango, called the "black mango," and the handsome yellow mango; a superior fruit called "No. 11"; the bright red ackie, with its bursting yellow center and black seeds; fresh, ripe, sweet pines, sweet-scented guavas, shining green limes, and, at this season of the year, when the oranges are just getting ripe, large, greenish yellow ones are noticed in the display; also the big, tempting grenadilla, golden yellow plums, big, heavy bunches of yellow bananas, the dull green bread fruit, sweet sops and sour sops, and an endless number of other delicious fruits.

A curious spectacle is a line of sugar sellers with tins of new sugar, brown sugar or dried sugar, the former being sold at 8 cents per quart. Opposite them is a haberdasher stall, where bright bandannas are the most conspicuous objects. At one counter little troughs of meal, flour and rice are displayed; and here and there and almost everywhere fruits and vegetables are heaped in view; in fact, needles, pins, knives, forks, glasses and calico dress goods are as much a part of public wares as meats and fish and fruit.

By 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon the place is quite thinned out, and one meets on almost every road women riding their donkeys back to their country homes. At night what is left is sold out for whatever the seller can get, and so the poorer people wait until night to buy their provisions at their own price.

At the foot of Victoria market the

Jamaican Woman and Child.



most rural and primitive fashion. It is the peasants who make market day one of the principal attractions of the town, and it is they who furnish the traveler with a good insight as to the native tropical fashion of living. To an American it is quite a sight to note the black policemen in white helmet hats, white packets and black trousers; the black soldiers patrolling the streets, dressed in Zouave costume with stripes of gilt braid running up each side of the baggy trousers, the

white jacket trimmed with gilt braid, with a round, red cap surmounting the head, with white gaiters over black boots, and a long supple stick carried in the hand; the bus drivers with their two-seated buggy, each one on the alert to secure a passenger; the large shops on King street and Harbor street, with show windows and counters that are quite American, and the tiny shops without show windows and counters, where one enters the little barn-like establishment through big wooden doors thrown back from the street, making the entire store wide open to the passers-by, and revealing its one narrow high counter and the wares piled on shelves or in wooden trays back of the counter. There is no attempt to make the shops attractive to the buyer. The articles are heaped in sight of the purchaser with no eye to an artistic arrangement of the goods.

But there is no place of greater interest in the city than the markets.

TROUSSEAU A THING OF ENVY.

Wonderful Costumes in the Possession of Mme. Wong.

Where is the American heiress who can boast a trousseau of 300 costumes, in which every stitch has a poetic and symbolic significance? A wardrobe of this kind is the possession of Mme. Wong, the wife of the vice-commissioner from China to the St. Louis world's fair. These wonderful dresses were unpacked the other day at the Wong residence in St. Louis. No two of the gowns are alike and many of them are woven in an entire piece. The exquisite workmanship on the robes is beyond the power of description. All are embroidered in so delicate a fashion that an artist's brush could not have delineated them more perfectly. Each flower and emblem worked on the gown of a Chinese woman of rank signifies some beautiful sentiment. A robe embroidered with plum blossoms speaks the poetry of life. The phoenix, with its outstretched wings, denotes wedded happiness. To the uninitiated eye this wealth of embroidery is the perfection of the artist's skill, but to the Chinese husband each sprig and blossom, bird and butterfly, carries its own message of love.

DUTIES OF "ELBOW MEN."

Prompt Presiding Officers of the House and Senate.

Mr. Frye likes his duties as presiding officer of the senate, but he likes them much better when his "elbow man" is present. Both the presiding officers of congress have "elbow men," who are experts in handling the details of legislative proceedings. It takes years of experience to be able in an undertone to coach a presiding officer intelligently so that he can speed the senate or the house in its work. Chief Clerk Henry M. Rose, the senate "elbow man," went away last week to Michigan, and Mr. Frye undertook to go it alone. After having narrowly escaped parliamentary tangles and steered clear of several troublesome matters about the disposition of papers, he is now glad to have a mentor again within call.

School in the Country.

The little country schoolhouse—you remember it; of course you do! Within the angle snugly set, Where two long yellow highways met, And saplings planted here and there About the yard, and boxed with care As if to unify, in turn, The youngsters caught and caged to learn.

Around the rolling pastures spread, With woodland patches garlanded, From which the breezes gladly bore sly invitations to the door, Across the hills the leaves' soft hum Was mingled with the muffled drum, And from their cover, in the vale, In plaintive pleading plead the quail.

With basket and with pail equipped, Clear-eyed, tan-checked and berry-lipped, Athwart the pastures, down the road, They trudged to learning's poor abode: The pink sunbonnet, broad-brimmed straw.

The bare brown feet that knew no law of fashion's last; the lundred forms That laughed aloud at cold and storms.

What tales the scared desks might relate Of triumphs gained with book and slate! What lore the claspboards loose possess Of feats at noontime and recess! And doomed, how oft, the parent to see, Back up the road, and over thelea, In haste boy and girl, new words to find, The little schoolhouse left behind.

O little country school! In vain May critics hold you in disdain. The greatest lessons that you taught Were not by chalk and pencil wrought. As open your door on fields and sky, So, likewise just as wide and high, You opened to the eyes of youth The principles of love and truth.

Youth's Companion.

A Colored Hibernian.

'Private' John Allen says that an old dorky preacher in Mississippi was recently approached by a deacon in the church, who desired to gain the reverend gentleman's consent to his daughter's marriage with him, the deacon.

'I don't know 'bout dis,' said the preacher, dubiously. 'You ain't sech a young man, deacon. I ain't shore dat you kin support mah chile!'

The deacon bridled. 'Dere won't be no trouble 'bout dat, sah!' he asserted, warmly. 'I kin support her all right!'

The minister reflected for a moment. 'Has you ever seen my Chloee cat?'

'I has, sah!' came from the suitor. 'But, sah!' exclaimed the old preacher, impressively, 'has you eber seen her eat when nobody was a-watchin' her?—Woman's Home Companion.

Rush Lights on Dinner Tables.

Fashionable hostesses are wearying of the brilliant electric bulbs and are going so far to the other extreme that even the homely and old-fashioned rush light is coming back in favor.

Fitted into cunningly devised standards of silver or glass and with tinted silk shades, these lights are a decided attraction to a dinner table. Besides being ornamental they shed a soft and most becoming glow on pretty faces and handsome jewels. It is said by a London paper that the Princess of Wales prefers rush lights to any other, and has a collection that is worth many thousands of dollars.

A Hint.

'Something bothering you, Miss Weaver?'

'Why, yes, Mr. Ragmore. It's only a trifle, of course, but our lives are made up of trifles, you know. Mamma and Aunt Miriam had been giving me such a lot of nice linen lately, and I was just wondering how I would have it marked.'

'Why not with your name?'

'Yes, of course. B-but if I wanted to change it?'

'But you don't want to change it, do you?'

'Oh, Mr. Ragmore, this is so sudden!—Cleveland Plain Dealer