

## She Read My Palm

She read my palm, and, from her eyes,  
I would have sworn that she was wise.  
"Fear not," said she, "though long you  
drop,  
Some day you'll shine 'way at the top."  
For weary years I toiled away;  
I worked by night, I strove by day.  
Yet fame and wealth seemed just as far  
Ahead of me as any star.  
All else I bore, nor thought to grieve,  
Until my hair began to leave.  
Oh! then I wept and cursed the day  
That palmist maid had crossed my way.  
When at the glass I chanced to stop—  
Behold! I shone upon the top.  
—Lippincott's Magazine.



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I was in love with Gloriana; that is, I was as much in love with her as I would let myself be; for, unfortunately, Gloriana was another man's wife. This was not only unfortunate for me, but unfortunate for Gloriana as well—not necessarily because she could not have me, but because she had him. He was a terror. He was as bad as they make them. Doubtless you wonder how so sweet and lovely a girl as Gloriana could have married such a fiend. That is because you have never seen him. Or if you have seen him, you never imagined he was married to Gloriana. He never behaved as if he were married to anybody. Perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to say that he always acted as if he were married to everybody. But I never heard of his marrying anybody but Gloriana. Perhaps it wasn't necessary for him to marry the others, for he was the handsomest man I ever saw. And Gloriana was only seventeen years old when the wedding took place.

Now, I am not handsome, but I am good. At least, I am pretty good. At any rate, I am so good that I tried not to fall in love with Gloriana while she was another man's wife. In fact, I loved her so well that I did not want to love her better than I ought.

In consequence there were often long periods when I did not see Gloriana. "Out of sight, out of mind," I philosophized proverbially, only to discover the same proverbial philosophy that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." The carrying out of my resolutions in this regard was made easier for me by the fact that Gloriana was much of the time on the road.

For Gloriana was an actress. He was on the stage, too. There was some compensation in this; because, as they never by any chance played in the same company, I knew he saw less of her than I did. As a matter of fact, Gloriana had left him in the middle of what is properly styled the honeymoon, though I never heard Gloriana so term it, and she had never gone back on him. Somehow or other she was always able to arrange her engagements so that it was not convenient—and thus avoided anything like a scandal. Never was there an actress who had a lower opinion of the advertising value of scandal than Gloriana.

"I am working for fame, not posing for notoriety," she declared; "and I cannot afford to let the public's mind become confused on this point. If I have committed an act of folly in my youth—Gloriana at this time was nearly twenty-one—I fail to see that



I was in love with Gloriana. It would be the part of wisdom to commit another act of folly now." "Oh, I don't know," I urged; "two negatives make an affirmative." "Not always," replied Gloriana; "and two affirmatives never make a negative; so that for you and your proverbs, Mr. Prosper Tappert! with a gesture of contempt, but with a damp little tear in the corner of her eye that made me forgive her.

Little things like this—two negatives, not the gesture of contempt—had forced me to the conclusion that it would be better for me and for Gloriana

if I gradually drifted out of her life.

So I did not write to her when the company went on the road again. Instead, I subscribed for the Dramatic Reflection and read the reports of the out-of-town correspondents as she journeyed from place to place. And when I read that the company was coming back to the city for a week's engagement before disbanding for the season, I found that the Chicago branch of my business required my immediate personal attention.

I had been in Chicago about a month and the Reflectors, forwarded



Gloriana Was Free!

from home, had been accumulating unopened on my desk, when in an idle half-hour I thought I would see what was going on in the theatrical world. I glanced through the reports of the out-of-town correspondents in the latest number and found them pretty dull reading.

I was about to throw the paper down in disgust when a familiar name in the personal column caught my eye. I read the paragraph. So Gloriana was to have the leading role in Henry Arthur Cloyd's new drama, "A Dead Man's Shoes," and in meanwhile was resting near Buffalo, N. Y.—at her cousins', of course.

My business in Chicago was practically accomplished, and I would see no reason for delaying the return beyond the end of the week. If I left Chicago Friday afternoon, I should be passing through Buffalo Saturday morning, due to arrive in New York late that afternoon and forty hours before the office opened up Monday morning. Why not spend those forty hours in Buffalo? It is a beautiful city and I had not been there for a long while. Then, I might run out and make a little call on Gloriana. Really, I had not treated her with ordinary politeness of late. I went to bed early that evening, but spent a rather restless night. I awoke at early dawn, hours before rising time. As I lay there thinking, it occurred to me that it would be foolish to stop off at Buffalo unless I was sure of seeing Gloriana.

So I decided to send her a few lines telling her I was coming and asking if she would be at home. To pass the time away, I composed the note I should write when I got up. It was quite a little masterpiece in its way, bright and friendly, not too apologetic, a word of sentiment woven through a warp of playfulness, that seemed to make the closing sentence at once truthful, appropriate and non-committal—"I have not seen you for many months, but I love you just the same." Whereupon I promptly fell asleep again.

Immediately I dreamed that I was in court and on the witness stand. He had used me for countless millions for alienating the affections of his wife! I was conscious that a letter had been produced from somewhere and marked for identification. Out of the corner of my eye I could see it lying on the clerk's desk. No attention had been made to the nature of its contents, but there was something hauntingly familiar in its appearance.

## REMEDIES OF INDIAN DOCTORS.

### Strenuous Enough to Discourage Shamming Sickness.

R. L. Jones of Ontario, Can., told of some of his experiences while traveling on a recent trip in India.

"I was sick a few days after I arrived in India, and I immediately applied for medical assistance. It chanced that no civilized physicians was to be had in the neighborhood, so I called for a native doctor.

"An American friend who was traveling with me, but who was familiar with the customs of the country, said: 'Very well, I'll take you to a doctor.' "He then took me a few hundred yards from the hut where we were at the time, and then when I saw the 'native doctor' administering some of his medicines I at once lost all signs of illness and felt as fine as a 2-year-old.

"One of their favorite ways of treating in India is to raise blisters all over the body. This is accomplished by the application of a red-hot iron. The blister is then dressed with cayenne pepper.

"Gunpowder pills also are a favorite medicine in that part of the world. Twelve of them are given for a dose. A minute later a coal applied to a slow match leading down the throat is inserted. A movement among the particles then takes place, which either eradicates the disease or the patient—most commonly the latter."

Mr. Jones stands sponsor for all this and vouches for its verity.—Louisville Herald.

### WHAT A HAGIOSCOPE IS.

Term Used by Englishman Puzzled Visiting American.

"In spite of the close blood relationship," said an American who had visited England, "we are frequently reminded in England that we are foreigners. It crops up often in the ordinary conversation.

"An English friend whose guest I was took me around to see his native village. We entered the church.

"Whereabouts is your pew?" I asked.

"We sit over there by the hagioscope," he answered, as though a hagioscope were some common object like a table or a candlestick. My friend noticed the blankness of my face, so he repeated.

"Over there just below the hagioscope."

"Would you mind telling me what sort of an instrument it is that you call a hagioscope?" I asked meekly.

"The Englishman looked hurt, but with a sigh he explained: "We have them in nearly all the old country churches. Do you see that small glass window through the wall beside the altar? That was made at the time when lepers were at large. They were, of course, not allowed inside, so they stood outside and saw and heard the services through that hole, which is called the squint window, but more often the hagioscope."

### Happiness Merely Comparative.

Happiness, like beauty, is merely comparative. If all women had flat noses, like those of the belles of Africa we should find some flat noses extremely beautiful and other flat noses not at all presentable. A lone widow with three children and one small bed required her oldest boy to sleep on a pile of straw in the corner. One bitter night the howling wind coming through the cracks kept blowing the straw away. The little fellow shivered until blue in the face. His hands were nearly frozen trying to hold the straw in place. Finally the mother rose and completely covering her son with straw laid upon it an old door which had been leaning against the outer wall. The wind then blew in vain, and a happy voice came from the corner: "Mama, it ain't every boy that's got a door."

### Bit of Advice to Women.

Don't pick out a man for a husband simply because you love him. The most important thing is whether he loves you. A woman who loves her husband better than he does her is a doormat on which he treads. If he loves her better than she does him, he looks up to her as a goddess and spends his life trying to win her favor.

A too adoring wife bores a man with her affection, but no woman ever had and the more affection the man lavishes upon her the stronger the claim enough love given her to satisfy her, he establishes. After marriage a thousand things draw a woman's heart to her husband; a thousand things estrange him from her.—Woman's World.

### A Glorious Mansion.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green;  
I praised the seas, whose ample field  
Shines glorious as a silver shield;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
In wheels of amber and of gold;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;  
And ocean and sun in answer said,  
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O God beyond compare!  
If thus Thy beauties gild the fair,  
If thus Thy boundless gold the span  
Of ruined earth and awful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!  
—Reginald Heber.

### Singer's Two Mementoes.

Mme. Marie Rose cherishes among her many treasures two strangely contrasted mementoes. One is a program printed in gold letters on white satin of the songs she once sang before Queen Victoria and the other is a beautifully executed testimonial presented to her by a convict forger when she sang to the inmates of Auburn prison, New York.



## JOLLY

Satisfactory Reason.  
"I've just been making my will. I have bequeathed everything I possess to my wife."  
"Then you did it in about ten words."  
"Not at all. The lawyer who drew it up for me used four sheets of paper."  
"What did he charge you?"  
"Five dollars."  
"Then he's an honest lawyer. He wanted to make the service worth the fee."

### No Faith in Them.

"Do you believe in vacations?" we asked of Miss Speedleigh, apropos of a conversation in which Uncle Russ Sage's anti-vacation theories were being discussed.  
"No; I doubt most things I hear during them," she replied.  
And then we remembered having seen her at the seaside, listening to the sweet nothings that Percy, Harold and Algernon were slipping into her ear.



Mr. Twopair—Here, here, Edgar! Don't lose all my poker chips!  
Edgar—Why, pa, you might as well let me lose them as you.—Chicago Bulletin.

### Something Just as Good.

Dyspeptic Customer—Have you any lime water?  
Drug Store Boy (rumaging among the shelves and producing bottle)—Yes, sir. Here it is.  
Dyspeptic Customer (looking at the label)—But this isn't lime water at all. It's lime juice.  
Drug Store Boy—Yes, sir. It's the same thing in a more concentrated form. Some people prefer it that way.

### Unpardonable Offense.

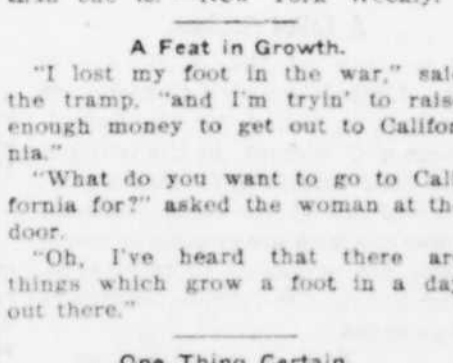
Friend—Aren't you rather afraid of that handsome rival of yours?  
Smartchap—Not a bit.  
"He is very rich."  
"Yes."  
"A great favorite with the ladies."  
"I know it."  
"Yet you have no fear?"  
"No. He guessed at her age once and got her only two years younger than she is."—New York Weekly.

### A Feat in Growth.

"I lost my foot in the war," said the tramp, "and I'm tryin' to raise enough money to get out to California."  
"What do you want to go to California for?" asked the woman at the door.  
"Oh, I've heard that there are things which grow a foot in a day out there."

### One Thing Certain.

"Has your lawyer got money?"  
"He's got all of mine."



### Water Cure.

"Among other things," remarked the temperance man, "I consider water a good sleep producer."  
"And so do I," replied the suburbanite. "I empty a pitcher each evening before retiring and then I sleep like a top."  
"And you really drink a pitcher of water?"  
"No; I empty it on the dog that howls under my window."

### Wanted Hales.

"What did that new arrival want?" asked the Recording Angel.  
"He asked me if I knew where he could get hold of four old hales," said St. Peter. "He says he wants to try to build an automobile."

### Fair Exchange.

Stern Parent—"I heard that young man kissing you in the parlor last night. What does it mean?"  
Ereosine—"Oh, papa, you told us there were germs in kisses and we were just exchanging a few."

### Artists' Difficulties in Painting Men.

Artists will tell you it is no easy thing to paint a man in a frock coat so that he shall appeal picturesquely to the casual wayfarer. The modern habiliments affected by the male person do not lend themselves to artistic reproduction on canvas. There are no scintillant colors, no fine lines of form, in a trousered poseur, and to achieve a successful portrait of a man is to spell the artist's capabilities in capital letters. With women models—well, there the story is of a different case, just as woman herself is so wholly different, so enchantingly complex.

### Tablequah an Interesting Town.

Tablequah, which used to be noted on the maps of all old geographies as the capital of the Indian Territory, is a town now of about 2500 people, and the majority of its population are Cherokee Indians. The Cherokees are of all shades of complexions. Some coal black negroes boast of being Cherokee Indians, but the prevailing color is a dusky brown, a little darker than that of a Japanese, or a yellow somewhat lighter than a mulatto. As a whole, the Cherokees, from all appearances, have far more white than Indian blood.

### Willing to Keep It Dark.

Governor Joseph K. Toole, of Montana, has a lawyer friend who has the faculty of always being able to say the right thing at the right time. One evening he started home rather the worse for wear, having been to a stag dinner. His idea of location was somewhat hazy, but by accident he took the right street, though he was unable to find his home. A bright idea came into his befuddled brain. He would inquire at the nearest house. He rang the bell and the daughter of the house appeared. She knew him, and when he asked her in as clear tones as he was capable to tell him where his house was she pointed to it. The governor's friend thanked her effusively and many times. In order to cut short the conversation the young woman said: "Don't mention it; don't mention it." "I never will if you don't," was the reply of the lawyer.

When you notice a mud-daubed jockey after a race on a sloppy track, credit him at least with the gift of acquiescence.

He who can make the dollars materialize is applauded by the world as the greatest magician.

The married man and his money are soon parted.

### WORLD'S FAIR.

For low rates to the World's Fair via the Texas and Pacific Railway ask any ticket agent, or write E. P. Turner, General Passenger Agent, Dallas.

A man's force in this world is frequently in the inverse proportion to his fashionableness.

### Texas Gulf Resorts.

Making the coast country into a summer and seaside resort is one of the aims of the Southern Pacific as evidenced by recent events. Successful endeavors have been made to interest foreign as well as local capital and special managers have been placed in charge of such resorts as La Porte, Palacios and Seabrook, and at the latter place has been erected a new \$30,000 hotel owned and managed by Mr. Chas. Rogers, of New Orleans, which was formally opened on May 14, and already has resulted in securing a large number of Texas visitors who ordinarily go to the Eastern water-side. The ground has just been broken, but all indications point to a new era in the thriving Texas coast country.

Nefer ged in front of a mule's back to critique him; much better you say id to his face.

### "Santa Fe All the Way"

from Texas to Colorado, to Arizona and the Grand Canyon, to California, to Kansas City, to Chicago, to St. Louis. Magnificent trains—a dustless, well ballasted road—a system of world famous eating houses. Ease, comfort, speed, luxury—that's what you get on the Santa Fe. Ask for detail information. Address W. S. Keenan, G. P. A., Galveston, Texas.

Heavenly manna does not make a man neatly mouthed.

The World's Fair Way—Cotton Belt Route—operating fast through trains, carrying magnificent new equipment on convenient schedules to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis. For copies of our handsomely illustrated World's Fair Folder containing an indexed map of the Exposition grounds and the City of St. Louis, and for full information regarding rates and schedules to the World's Greatest Fair, ask any Cotton Belt man, or address A. S. Wagner, Trav. Pass. Agt., Waco; D. M. Morgan, Trav. Pass. Agt., Fort Worth; John E. Lehane, Gen. Pass. Agt., Tyler.

A little patient pushing is worth a profound lot of puffing.

### IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW

that during June, July and August, each season, sixty to eighty thousand summer visitors are entertained in "Cool Colorado," for which there is ample reason.

Limited space forbids mention of even a small fraction of its many varied delights, but among them the great Colorado Chautauque Assembly at Boulder, is suggested as a principal, affording at minimum expense, as it does for thousands, annually, weeks of Musical, Intellectual and Miscellaneous Entertainment by the cream of the nation's talent.

Develop your curiosity enough to ask us for Complete Programme and other particulars, and you'll be surprised. Inquire about the new Tri-Angle Ticket via St. Louis. A. A. GIBSON, Gen'l Passenger Agt., "The Denver Road," Fort Worth, Texas.

Sometimes when it seems that our own particular little world has been knocked into chaos, and all things for us have come to an end, it is merely that we are being born to better things.—Cora Lippincott Hazard in New York Tribune.