

## TELLING HER SO.

### His Grandson's Letter Brings a Regret to the Old Man.

"There's nothing wrong with Arthur, I hope," said Mr. Lobdell to his daughter, in whose hands were a number of closely written sheets of foreign newspaper. Although Mr. Lobdell sat on the other side of the hearth, he noticed that several tears had fallen on the letter Mrs. Benton was reading. "I've never been quite sure, Ellen, that you did the right thing when you let the boy go to Paris to study. It's easy for a young fellow like him to get weaned from home. We ought to have kept him near us. Now, if he's in any trouble—"

"He isn't, father. He's very well, and busy with his work, and he has written me such a dear letter for my birthday that—well, it made his foolish mother cry a little. Read it, father." Mrs. Benton gave him the letter, and then took from the mantel a photograph of a bright, boyish face, whose fearless, honest eyes seemed to answer her tender gaze.

Mr. Lobdell glanced at the first page hastily. The pleasures of correspondence had never especially appealed to him, and he was rather scornful of long letters. In a moment he adjusted his glasses more securely, and began to read slowly. When at last he came to the end, he folded the sheets carefully and replaced them in the envelope, sighing as he did so.

"It's a beautiful letter, Ellen, beautiful; strong and manly, too," he said, in reply to his daughter's expectant look, "but it makes me sad."

"Why, father? I thought it would make you glad, not sad."

"It does make me glad for you and for him, but it takes me back to my own boyhood. Arthur says that the thought of you is his inspiration, his safeguard; that he carries your image in his heart, and with your picture in his pocket, he cannot go to any place where he couldn't take you. It was just so with my mother. The thought of her goodness kept me out of many a scrape, and I loved her just as Arthur loves you, but I never told her so. What wouldn't I give, Ellen, to have written her a letter like this one!"

Mrs. Benton knelt by her father's side and took his hand.

"Grandmother always understood," she said. "She knew how you loved her."

"Yes, perhaps, but what a comfort and a pleasure it would be to me to have told her as your boy, God bless him! has told you."—*Youth's Companion.*

### Not a Willing Victim.

The neat, middle-aged matron gazed suspiciously at the disreputable-looking tramp who had knocked at her kitchen door. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Would ye mind givin' me a piece o' pie, ma'am?" he said.

"I don't know about that. I can't say I like the looks of you."

"I know I ain't very prepossessin', ma'am, but it ain't my fault. I can't afford to dress any better."

"I'm not speaking of your clothes altogether. You don't look clean."

"I'm willin' to confess it, ma'am. I guess I don't."

"And you don't look as if you ever combed your hair, or took any sort of care of yourself."

"Well, I reckon that's 'cause I live close to nature."

"If you do," she said, as she went after the pie, "I'll guarantee it isn't nature's fault!"

### Broke the Eleventh Commandment.

"Why, of course it was wrong," the plain citizen declared; "he accepted a bribe."

"Oh, I don't know," began the politician; "there's nothing wrong about—"

"What? They caught him dead to rights and he admits?"

"Oh, if he was caught at it, of course it was wrong."—*Philadelphia Press.*

## MEERSCHAUM PIPES

### A Test by Which to Tell the Genuine from the Spurious.

Once upon a time there was a man who spent eight of the best years of his life coloring a meerschaum pipe, only to find at the end of that period that he had been nursing a piece of "massakopfe" instead of the genuine "ecume de mer." The "massakopfe" is a composition made of the parings of genuine meerschaum and a mineral clay. The parings are triturated to a fine powder, boiled in water and molded into blocks, with or without the addition of clay. Each block is then cut into a bowl, but as it contracts considerably it must be left some time to dry. These bowls are distinguished from the genuine meerschaum by their greater specific gravity, but there is no absolutely certain test by which the real meerschaum can be told from the composition.

In forming a pipe from "ecume de mer" the silicate of magnesia is prepared for the operation by soaking in a composition of wax, oil and fats. The wax and oil absorbed by the meerschaum are the cause of the color produced by smoking. The heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fatty substances to pass through the stages of a dry distillation, and, becoming associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, they are diffused through the substances of the bowl, producing those gradations of tint which are so much prized. In some cases the bowls are artificially colored by dipping them, before being soaked in wax, in a solution of sulphate of iron, either alone or mixed with dragon's blood.

Good meerschaum is soft enough to be indented by the thumb nail. It yields readily to the knife, especially after having been wetted. There are various densities. Some kinds sink in water; others float on the surface. Those of medium density are preferred by the pipe maker, for the light varieties are porous and even cavernous. Many judges assume that the heavier kinds are spurious, but there is no absolute proof that such is the case. A negative test may be mentioned. The composition bowls never exhibit those little blemishes which result from the presence of foreign bodies in the natural meerschaum. Therefore if a blemish occurs in a meerschaum bowl, which is very frequently the case, the genuineness of the bowl is rendered most probable. But as blemishes do not show until after the bowl has been used for some time the test is not of much value.—*New York Press.*

### New German Paint.

If one-half that is claimed for the new German paint is true the white lead base of paints so universally used is doomed. The new pigment is obtained from a burnt limestone which contains a considerable proportion, 20 per cent or more of magnesia, the best combination being that found naturally in dolomitic limestone, says the *Philadelphia Record*. This is mixed with a hydrocarbon and fired until all the carbon is consumed. Among the desirable features claimed for the new paint are fineness and smoothness of surface, covering power, permanence and cheapness; quick-drying qualities without the addition of driers; freedom from yellowing with age, unaffected by ammonia, sulphurated hydrogen or sulphurous acid and a natural hardening or enameling after a few months. Greatest of all, it may be washed without destroying its original smoothness. Coloring pigments may be used in conjunction with it, as in the case of white lead.

### Abolish It.

"How can lobbyists be kept out of the legislature?" the anxious New York Press inquires.

Perhaps as good a way as any would be to put the legislature out of business.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Let the light come to your eyes from one side or from above, not from in front.

## Insult to Washington.

The principal of a high school in Jersey suddenly ordered all classes to assemble in the auditorium, and when teachers and pupils, in amazement, were gathered together before him, addressed them on "George Washington, the Father of Our Country," says the *New York Press*. In finishing his encomiums on the immortal George he said: "The bust of George Washington which stood upon the pedestal in the reception room has been removed and placed upon the floor with its face in the corner. Until the culprit, whoever he or she may be, comes to the front and makes a public confession of the misdemeanor, not a soul will be permitted to leave this building! Remember—there will be no other punishment imposed than the open and public confession!"

Sensation! Teachers glanced at teachers, pupils fidgeted around in affright, the principal looked solemn and funereal. If that old pin had dropped, every one would have heard it. Then the janitor arose and stepped forward, to break the awful silence. "I'm afraid it's up to me, sir," he said. "The roof was leakin' mighty bad, an' the boost of Mister Washin'ton were in the drip, an' I thought proper to move it to keep the rain from spillin' it, an' I meant no insult by turnin' his face to the wall, sir." The principal, a man of talent and some brains, tapped the bell and dismissed the school without further questioning.

### Comfort in a Bald Head.

There are advantages accruing even from bald heads. It is pointed out by a writer in a medical journal that bald-headed men never suffer from consumption and that a tendency to baldness is an assurance that the dreaded scourge will pass over him whose thatch grows thin. At first glance it would seem absurd to argue that a man's hair is indicative of his immunity from disease, but the writer who advances this novel theory declares that in the five years during which he seriously added a record of his patients' hair or lack of it his case cards have failed to show a single instance of "bald" being entered upon the card of a consumptive.

He had under treatment more than 700 cases, and he makes the further statement that in a census of more than 5,000 tuberculosis cases he failed to discover a single sufferer who was bald. He makes no effort to explain his theory upon medical grounds, but simply offers the results of his observation for the benefit of the profession.

### The Great Jersey Resort.

Speak to the man from "way down East," or the cowboy from the plains, about Atlantic City, and the chances are he will tell you as much about it as any Jerseyman who runs down to "the beach" in an hour from his home town. This little sandy island off the Jersey coast has become one of the nation's greatest pleasure grounds; a city created solely to help people kill time.

There are bathing, yachting, boating and fishing for those who are fond of water sports; there are golf links, a race-track, and baseball grounds; every form of diversion from the machine which tells your fortune, gives your weight, and plays a merry jingle while doing so—all for a nickel—to the band concert, merry-go-round and "trip to the moon."

Nightly the large hotels are scenes of balls and card parties. Every hour of the day, from the time one rises from the breakfast table until even the dawn of the next morning, something diverting can be found by the pleasure-seeker. In the forenoon, before the evening dinner, and from nightfall to midnight, it is "the thing" to be on the promenade.

### Defined.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is "conscience money?"

Pa—Conscience money, my son, is the quarter your mother leaves in my pockets when she makes a midnight raid.

## The Dress Suit Case.

If dress suit cases had the gift of speech, it is a foregone conclusion that their first words would be, "How are the mighty fallen!" Time was when a man who entered a car with a suit case was the object of respectful attention from the other passengers. Its possession was considered ample proof that he belonged to the fortunate class who changed their clothes for dinner. The popular fancy depicted him as flying from one scene of festivity to another, and absolutely no doubt was felt as to the metal of which his natal spoon was made. All this is now changed, and the man with the suit case may be anything, from a burglar escaping with his "swag," to a meek little family man bringing in his wife's white skirts to be "done up" by her favorite laundress. Nor is the tale of degradation completed when the case has been relieved of the skirt, for like as not the thrifty dweller beyond the city limits will undertake to "do" the local butcher by bringing home his meat in the conservative looking bag when on his return trip.—*New York Evening Sun.*

### On Reading Newspapers.

Every man should read one good newspaper each day. I do not mean, of course, that he should read everything in it; but he should go over the entire contents, carefully making his selections and reading attentively the articles which give promise of being helpful or instructive. The weekly, and, more particularly, the monthly reviews are also of great value, from the fact that they familiarize their readers with current history—which, after all, is the most important history—while at the same time possessing some advantages over the daily newspapers, because the editors are not compelled to accept first reports, and also have an opportunity to correct any inaccuracies which may creep into hurriedly prepared discussions of subjects. Nevertheless, these reviews must ever but supplement the daily newspapers, for we are not content, in this age, to wait until the end of the month for our news.—*Success.*

### Patch Long Enough.

A Virginian whose home adjoined the early one of Thomas Nelson Page tells this story of the author's father. The family, like many other Southern ones, was much impoverished by the war, though the old time hospitality was as warm as ever. One day guests were expected upon whom Mrs. Page wished to make a good impression, and the furniture and fittings were furnished for the occasion. The good dame's heart was much disturbed by the worn condition of the upholstery of a rare sofa and she petitioned her husband to stand before it when receiving the visitors, and then sit carefully over the ragged spot. With fine chivalry Mr. Page greeted the arrivals and discoursed entertainingly until the neighing of his favorite horse attracted his attention, as a stable boy led it past the window. Then rising, he said to the guests: "Will you excuse me for a short time?" and to his wife: "My dear, I really cannot act any longer as a patch for that sofa."—*New York Times.*

### Addressed to Smokers.

A firm in Fort Smith, Ark., has this reading notice posted in the counting room: "We are never busy. We like the odor of strong pipes; we like the little dude cigarette; we like a cheap cigar, but never smoke a genteel 10-cent cigar; we are not used to them; no place of business or workshop is complete without the odor of tobacco; if you can't smoke, then chew; spit on the stove, desk or floor—anywhere except out of doors."

### Very Like'y.

"I wonder what was the origin of that old saw about people in glass houses not throwing stones."

"I suppose it was meant as a warning to the women. You know, if a woman living in a glass house were to throw a stone at another she'd be sure to hit her own."—*Philadelphia Press.*