A MEETING of ROYALTY

By SIDNEY H. COLE

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Barbara stood at the gate drinking in the mountain air, which was like a draft of wine to her. The sun, hanging just above the crest of Bald Hill, had lifted the early morning fog and set the dew covered spider webs on the grass shimmering like so many clusters of crystals. Adown the road linnets and thrushes were chirping merrily in the woods, and occasionally the breeze wafted the scent of pines to her. The woods were calling her. She would not disregard such an invitation.

She ran lightly into the house and presently reappeared with a parasol and a small red volume. Accoutered thus, she started down the road, followed by her aunt's admonition to be back

"PARDON ME, DOCTOR, BUT THEY'VE JUST GOT HER."

to dinner at noon and to remember not to cross the Johnsons' pasture, where rattlesnakes had been seen recently.

Barbara went briskly toward the woods with a feeling that on such a day it was indeed good to be alive. Well down the road she passed the great arched gateway of the sanitarium, and, looking up the steep driveway, she could see the buildings perched on the hill. She had not been down this road for ten years, but she suddenly remembered, with a little thrill of pity for its inmates, that the red brick building on the extreme left was the insane pavilion.

She took the little footpath which led across the lower end of the sanitarium grounds and into the pine woods. She found a place where giant pines towered many feet skyward and the ground was covered thickly with pine needles. Here she sat down and listened for a time to the tinkle of a tiny brook hard by and the sighing of the breeze through the pine tops. She had just opened the little red volume when the cracking of a twig warned her of some one's approach. She looked up. Before her, hat in hand, stood a handsome, well groomed young man, who regarded her with a steadiness of gaze decidedly disconcerting. As she looked up he bowed gravely.

"Good morning, Princess Louise," he said in a cheerful voice. "Really delightful morning, isn't it?"

Barbara's mouth curved scornfully. Then, all at once, the truth flashed upon her. This man before her was a strayed inmate of the insane pavilion. Her eyes opened wide in alarm and made her doubly charming—at least so thought the young man with a keen sense of pity.

"Charming spot here," he went on easily. "Let me congratulate you on your choice."

Barbara's heart was beating wildly. The man might be dangerous, and she was at his mercy. She remembered she had heard somewhere it was best and safest to humor lunatics. So, smothering a desire to scream, she faced the intruder with as much composure as she could summon.

"I should very much like to sit down here with you," he was saying. "It isn't every one, you know, who is favored with a morning interview with Henry IV."

"Oh, yes," Barbara said breathlessly. "Do sit down. I shall be very glad to have you sit down with me. Indeed, I'm awfully—awfully pleased to have you sit down."

He seated himself with a smile which in a sane person would have betokened unlimited patience.

"And what is Princess Louise doing this morning?" he asked.

"I'm—I was reading a book on birds, Mr. Henry IV.," she said.

He glanced at her quizzically. "Do you mind if I feel your pulse, your highness?" he asked quite humbly.

"Oh, no, indeed not," she assured him, at the same time extending her wrist to him. He pulled out his watch and took her wrist lightly in his hand. Presently he dropped it and returned the watch to his pocket.

"Ah, thank you," he said as he drew a tablet from his pocket and began writing rapidly on one of the pages with a pencil. He laid the tablet aside, and as it lay on the ground near her Barbara read in the round, full hand on the page:

"Janet Tolman.

"June 14. Tucker's Grove. Eyes unusually dilated. Conversation rational. Pulse 83."

"And now, Princess Louise," the young man was saying, "I think we'd better seek the banquet hall."

He rose and slipped the tablet and pencil into his pocket.

"I'm—it's very comfortable here," she said, and then as a forlorn hope she added, "but don't let me detain you."

"But really I insist," he said, with well bred firmness.

Barbara dared no longer hesitate. "Henry IV." assisted her to her feet, and as she gained them he slipped her arm through his own. She felt his arm pinning hers firmly against his side and realized that opposition was useless. Together they started through the grove, and Barbara was surprised to find they took the path leading to the sanitarium. They gained the grounds and started up the hill toward the buildings, "Henry IV." meantime conversing pleasantly and Barbara answering him as best she could. She breathed more freely now, for she was sure they would soon encounter an attendant, who would relieve her of her dangerous escort.

They had nearly gained the summit of the hill when an attendant in white coat came running toward them.

"Pardon me, doctor," he said, addressing Barbara's companion, "but they've just got her."

"Who?" said the other quickly.

"The Tolman woman. Found her in the laundry," said the attendant. "Here they come now," he added, pointing to two men who led a struggling woman between them.

"Good Lord!" gasped the erstwhile "Henry IV." "Who have I got, then?"

"Then—then you're not insane?" said Barbara, giggling hysterically with this sudden removal of the tension.

"I wasn't an hour ago," he said, rubbing his forehead in a bewildered fashion.

"A woman named Tolman confined here escaped, as we supposed, this morning," he explained. "You are the image of her, which accounts for my actions in the grove. She thinks she's Princess Louise and everybody else is some other celebrity. Henry IV. fell to my lot. I'm particularly interested in the case, and because I was wondering what effect the quiet of the woods would have I took your pulse and made those notes in the grove. It's a terribly absurd situation. I don't know how to apologize to you. I presume you thought me insane and tried to humor me."

"Precisely," said Barbara, and they both laughed heartily.

"At least, let me get my automobile and take you home," he said. "I presume you've had quite enough of the grove for one day."

"Thank you," said Barbara, "but it's only a step to where I am staying with my aunt, Mrs. Durgin."

"Mrs. Durgin's!" said the doctor. "Why, I spend half my evenings there."

"Oh, then you must be Dr. Dennett, my aunt's idol," said Barbara.

"A fallen idol, I fear," he returned, "when she hears of my latest escapade."

Three months later they sat one evening before the fireplace at Mrs. Durgin's.

"Really, Barbara," the doctor said, "I demand an answer."

Barbara lifted her downcast eyes and flushed becomingly.

"I suppose I should humor you, as I did once before, 'Henry IV,'" she said.

"I'm utterly uncontrollable when crossed," he laughed.

"Then," sighed Barbara, "for the sake of peace"— But at this point the sentence was interrupted.

Several Kinds of Sausages.

The Germans, in most instances, altogether discard bread crumbs for their sausages, and when they do use them moisten them with milk or water, but the Italians refuse to put any bread into their sausages, and they claim that their famous "Bolognese mortadella" is at once a more nourishing and a more economical sausage than the very best German wurst, inasmuch as the "mortadella" must be boiled three times before it is properly cooked, and the water in which it has been boiled constitutes a strong clear soup. The Romans make likewise a highly ambitious sausage, in which no kind of bread is allowed to enter. They call it "zampino," which is the foot and leg of young pork, the best of which is obtained from Modena.

A leg freshly salted is chosen and carefully skinned, the trotter being preserved; then the meat is finely minced and after being seasoned is replaced in the "zampino," which is tied with string and simmered in an oval pan for two hours. Wholly innocent of bread crumbs are also the renowned "cervelas" of Strassburg.

A View of Robespierre.

At the time of the destruction of the Bastille the most remarkable of the unfortunate wretches who had been confined within its walls was the Comte de Jorge, and he was brought to Mme. Tussaud that she might take a cast of his face. He had been incarcerated for thirty years, and when liberated he begged to be taken back to his prison. The people flocked in thousands to see the dungeons, and Mme. Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends for the same purpose. While descending the narrow stairs her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling when she was saved by Robespierre, who held out his protecting hand and just prevented her from coming to the ground. "It would indeed have been a great pity if so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place," said Robespierre, in his own peculiar complimentary style.—"Memoirs of Anna Maria Pickering."

TRIBUTES TO WIVES

WORDS OF TENDERNESS UTTERED BY GREAT MEN.

The Homage That Tom Hood Paid to the Partner of His Sorrows and Joys—Jean Paul Richter's Unstinted Praise of Caroline Mayer.

Few great men have paid more enthusiastic tributes to their wives than Tom Hood, and probably few wives have better deserved such homage, says the Chicago Chronicle. "You will think," he wrote to her in one of his letters, "that I am more foolish than any boy lover, and I plead guilty, for never was a wooer so young of heart and so steeped in love as I, but it is a love sanctified and strengthened by long years of experience. May God ever bless my darling, the sweetest, most helpful, angel who ever stooped to bless a man." Has there ever, we wonder, lived a wife to whom a more delicate and beautiful tribute was paid than those verses of which the burden is, "I love thee, I love thee; 'tis all that I can say?"

"I want thee much," Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to his wife many years after his long patience had won for him the flower "that was lent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul." "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me, and now I am only myself when thou art within my reach. Thou art an unspeakably beloved woman." Sophia Hawthorne was little better than a chronic invalid, and it may be that this physical weakness woke all the deep chivalry and tenderness of the man. And he reaped a rich reward for an almost unrivaled devotion in the "atmosphere of love and happiness and inspiration" with which his delicate wife always surrounded him.

The wedded life of Wordsworth with his cousin, "the phantom of delight," was a poem more exquisitely beautiful than any his pen ever wrote. Mrs. Wordsworth was never fair to look upon, but she had that priceless and rarer beauty of soul which made her life "a center of sweetness" to all around her. "All that she has been to me," the poet once said in his latter days, "none but God and myself can ever know," and it would be difficult to find a more touching and beautiful picture in the gallery of great men's lives than that of Wordsworth and his wife, both bowed under the burden of many years and almost blind, "walking hand in hand together in the garden, with all the blissful absorption and tender confidence of youthful lovers.

It never needed "the welding touch of a great sorrow" to make the lives of Archbishop Tait and his devoted wife "a perfect whole." Speaking of her many years after she had been taken from him, he said, "To part from her, if only for a day, was a pain only less intense than the pleasures with which I returned to her, and when I took her with me it was one of the purest joys given to a man to watch the meeting between her and our children."

When David Livingstone had passed his thirtieth birthday, with barely a thought for such "an indulgence as wooing and wedding," he declared humorously that when he was a little less busy he would send home an advertisement for a wife, "preferably a decent sort of widow," and yet so unconsciously near was his fate that only a year later he was introducing his bride, Mary Moffat, to the home he had built, largely with his own hands, at Mabotsa. From that "supremely happy hour" to the day when, eighteen years later, he received her "last faint whisperings" at Shupanga, no man ever had a more self sacrificing, brave, devoted wife than the missionary's daughter. In fact, they were more like two happy, light hearted children than sedate married folk, and under the magic of their merriment the hardships and dangers of life in the heart of the dark continent were stripped of all their terrors.

Jean Paul Richter confessed that he never even suspected the potentialities of human happiness until he met Caroline Mayer, "that sweetest and most gifted of women," when he was fast approaching his fortieth year, and that he had no monopoly of the resultant happiness is proved by his wife's declaration that "Richter is the purest, the holiest, the most godlike man that lives; * * * to be the wife of such a man is the greatest glory that can fall to a woman," while of his wife Richter once wrote, "I thought when I married her that I had sounded the depths of human love, but I have since realized how unfathomable is the heart in which a noble woman has her shrine."

Out Went the Bandbox.

Lord Ellenborough, the great English judge, was once about to go on circuit when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided she did not incumber the carriage with bandboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. During the first day's journey Lord Ellenborough, happening to stretch his legs, put his foot through something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. Up went the window and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped, and the footman, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The bandbox accordingly was left by the ditch side. Having reached the country town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the courthouse. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where is my wig?" "My lord," replied the attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window."

WAYS TO ADVERTISE.

The Wise Man May Easily See Which Is the Best Method.

If you have goods to sell, advertise.

Hire a man with a lampblack kettle and a brush to paint your name and number on all the railroad fences. The cars go whizzing by so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps the obliging conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive passenger.

Have your card in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar or two before they leave town, and they need some inspiriting literary food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a fancy frame at the depot, pay him about 200 per cent more than it is worth and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are freezing or he is puffing and "phewing" at the heat is the time above all others when he reads an advertisement.

Have thousands of little dodgers printed and hire a few boys to distribute them. You've no idea how the junk dealer and paper and rag man will respect you.

A boy with a big placard on a pole is an interesting object on the street and lends a dignified air to your establishment. Hire about two.

Advertise on a calendar. People never look at a calendar to see what day of the month it is. They merely glance hurriedly at it so as to be sure that your name is spelled with or without a "p," that's all.

But don't think of advertising in a well established, legitimate newspaper. Not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, where are the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesmen in other lines and into the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and it would be read and pondered, and people would come down to your store and patronize you and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profits.—Detroit Free Press.

For Their Stomachs' Sake.

Sunday school treats must come round oftener in England than in the United States, for the dean of Bristol has included in his book, "Odds and Ends," many stories of the hold of such festivities on the juvenile heart and stomach.

The hand of a small boy wavered for an instant over a plate of cakes before he took one. "Thanks," he said, after his momentary hesitation, "I'm sure I can manage it if I stand up."

Another boy, still smaller, who had stuffed systematically, at last turned to his mother and sighed: "Carry me home, mother; but, oh, don't bend me!"

The average boy in Yorkshire knows why he attends these feasts and does not relish being furnished forth scantily. A solicitous curate approached one who was glowering mysteriously. "Have you had a good tea?" the curate asked.

"No," said the boy, in an aggrieved tone, laying his hand on his diaphragm. "It don't hurt me yet."

Ducks and Drakes.

A schoolboy in Jewell City, Mo., was assigned to prepare an essay on the subject of "Ducks," and this is what he wrote: "The duck is a low, heavy set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. He is a mighty poor singer, having a hoarse voice caused by getting so many frogs in his neck. He likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that she came purty near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called drakes. Drakes don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf, go swimming and eat. If I was to be a duck, I'd rather be a drake every time."

It Was Just Possible.

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Youngmother, "why it is that baby won't go to sleep. Here I have been sitting and singing to him for the last hour, and yet he keeps crying and seems just as wide awake as ever."

"Well," said her husband thoughtfully, "I don't know, of course, and perhaps I am wrong, but it may be that baby has a musical ear."

Where Man and Dog Differ.

"Pedigree in a dog makes him valuable, doesn't it?"

"Certainly."

"Funny, isn't it?"

"What's funny?"

"Why, it's my experience that pedigree makes a man pretty darn near worthless."—Chicago Post.

Few Prayers.

Yern—Now, if all men would vote as they pray this would truly be a happy world. Dern—But if that should ever happen you wouldn't get the average man to the polls once in ten years.—Catholic Standard.

Their Good Offices.

"I see they're advertising twenty-five cent lunches. What do they give you?"

"An appetite for your dinner."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Chance is a word void of sense. Nothing can exist without a cause.—Voltaire.

BETWIXT DAD AND JOE

By JOHN SEATON BLAIR

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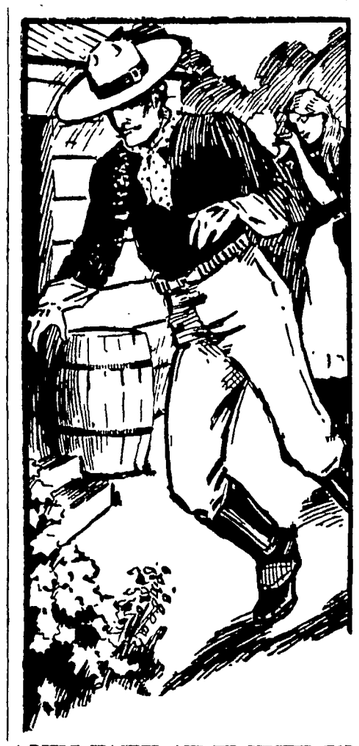
No one around the frontier town of Lewisburg knew much of Dr. Davy. He had come into the locality without ostentation, taken up a claim four miles away and built a sod house, half above and half below ground. For a year he had dwelt there alone and had only come into town once a fortnight for provisions. He was called doctor because he was a doctor, though not seeking to ply his art, and no one was able to say just how his title came to be known. His next neighbor was a mile away, and travelers who stopped at his house for a drink of water or to inquire the way were treated with scant courtesy. There was considerable gossip about the stranger, and many people shook their heads and whispered that the officers of the law would turn up in search of him some fine day, but after awhile, as nothing was heard against him, he was put down as a recluse and left undisturbed.

It was a year or more after Dr. Davy's appearance that he came to town one evening to meet a young woman who stepped off the train from the east. The family resemblance was so marked that it was agreed by all that the newcomer was his daughter. She was hurried away as if the father feared to let the townspeople get sight of her, but it had needed only a glance to show that she was good looking and about twenty years of age. Her coming revived the gossip, but as she was not seen in town during the next three months she was in time forgotten by all with one exception. That exception was young Joe Taylor, who had been made sheriff of the county a year before and who was being talked of as a candidate for the legislature. He had only to accept a nomination to be elected, as he was a general favorite with all. He made it his business while scouting the country for horse thieves to call at the Davy cabin, and he was the first and about the only one to see the daughter Mollie in her own home and to be hospitably received by the father.

If he had any curiosity to gratify as an officer of the law he was disappointed. The doctor was free to talk, but not about himself nor his past. He was made welcome by the daughter, but he could not question her as a suspect.



A RIFLE CRACKED, AND HE PITCHED FORWARD ON THE GRASS.

He called three or four times "by accident," but after that he was a weekly visitor from choice and invitation. In time he was quite ready to acknowledge to himself that he was in love and to hope that his feelings were reciprocated. He was feeding up his courage to speak his mind when something happened to make him turn pale and set his heart to thumping. As sheriff, he received an official document by mail one day in which he was commanded to arrest one Dr. James Bird as an embezzler. It was Bird instead of Davy in the warrant, but the personal description fitted the man who was living out on the prairie with his daughter. His offense had been committed many years before, but the complainant had kept the warrant alive and followed the embezzler's trail like a bloodhound. The demand was that he be arrested and securely held until extradition papers could be secured, and as even the locality in which he was in hiding was pointed out the sheriff realized that he must do his duty if it broke a woman's heart.

An hour after receiving the letter he was on his way to the doctor's place. All the way out there he was hoping that the doctor might have been given a hint and fled or, if he had not, then that he might have indisputable evidences of his innocence at hand. His face betrayed his perturbation of mind to the girl the instant he dismounted at the door. She was alone, and as she stood forth in the June sunshine and looked up at him she quietly said:

"Mr. Taylor, I know your errand here. You have come to arrest my father on the old charge."

"They—they have sent on this warrant!" stammered Joe, as he handed it to her to read. "But I'm hoping that your father is far away by this time."

"He is down at the lake fishing. We had hoped that this matter was dead at last, but it seems that the man desires a malicious revenge. It says embezzlement."

Joe nodded his head as he looked away over the prairie.

"But it is false. It was a partnership business, and the other man was seeking to cheat father and fell into his own trap."

"It was likely that way," nodded Joe.

"But father even restored the money after awhile, all but a paltry sum. He would also have restored that, unjust as it was, but he has been hounded and driven till he has become desperate and determined. Is that wretch to follow him to his grave?"

Joe sat down on the ground and dropped his chin on his hands and appeared to be thinking. The girl had put the warrant back into his hands, and there was a sob in her throat as she turned and entered the house. It was a quarter of an hour before she reappeared. Joe looked up into her face with eyes telling of sympathy and love, and a blush came to her cheek as she asked:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"It's going—it's going to be the hardest thing of my life," he replied, "but I've got to do my sworn duty. I must do it or stand impeached. Girl, you don't know"—

"Joe," she interrupted, calling him by that name for the first time, "a girl knows when she is loved."

"Yes, she ought to, and you ought to know that I love you."

"I do, Joe, and I love you in return, and you will break my heart if you drag my old father to jail. Say that you won't do it—that you will leave the warrant unserved."

"Duty, girl," he whispered as he rose up and put his arms around her and kissed her for the first time.

"Then you will arrest him?"

He kissed her again and turned away toward the lake, looking at the paper in his hand through tears in his eyes. He had not taken a hundred steps, however, before a rifle cracked, and he pitched forward on the grass. His horse would have dashed off at the sudden report, but it was secured by the girl.

"How did it come about?" asked the doctor, who had hurried home at the report of the rifle and found his daughter standing over a wounded and unconscious man.

"He—he started to the lake to find you, and a gun went off!" replied the girl between her sobs.

"And—and did he have any legal paper with him?" queried the father in a whisper.

"If he had, it has been burned. Tell me, father, is he fatally wounded?"

"No. The bullet plowed along his scalp, and he will be all right in a week. I will load up the wagon, and we must move on and find another asylum."

"But the man—Mr. Taylor—Joe?" she asked.

"We shall take him with us. He will need my skill and your nursing for some days to come."

It was two weeks later when the sheriff opened his eyes and saw Mollie Davy seated near his bedside. The old claim had been left a hundred miles behind and the abandoned cabin of a settler had been taken possession of. Joe Taylor had been nursed and tended through fever as the wagon rolled along.

"Mollie, I take it that it was betwixt dad and me?" he said as she saw that he had come back to earth again.

"It was, Joe," she replied. "But, now"—

"But now it's betwixt you and me, and as soon as I can shake myself together I'll fix things so that you won't have to do any more moving. Thanks, dear, that you shot a little too high!"

Mushrooms.

Mushrooms, even cellar grown ones, which are everywhere to be had in large quantities, however good and genuine they may be, may develop a violent poison a few hours after they are picked. They are generally safer, however, than the wild mushrooms. The latter, though the genuine article, will sometimes absorb poison from the spawn of dangerous fungi which lie in the ground they grow in and be as deadly as any toadstool; in fact, a great many of the deaths reported every year as caused by toadstools mistaken for mushrooms are caused by the true mushroom which has absorbed poison. Out of a single field one batch of mushrooms may be excellent and others not fifty yards away perfectly poisonous. Yet there will be no difference in appearance, and both will peel and show all the marks of the genuine article. There is one test which is generally safe—put a silver spoon among the mushrooms when they are frying, and if it turns black reject them; also if they show a yellow tint round the edges throw them away.—London Standard.

No Inventors Among Animals.

It has been said by a writer of nature books that a coon will amputate its wounded foot and treat the stump in a rational way to allay the inflammation. If one coon will do this, then all coons will do it under like conditions. The same writer avers that he has seen a woodcock with a broken leg mend the leg with a cast made of clay and dry grass. Then will all woodcocks with broken legs do the same thing. Exceptional intelligence of so extraordinary a character does not occur among the animals. If one fox has been known to catch crabs with his tail, then will all other foxes, under the stress of hunger, where crabs abound, fish with their tails. An animal will not do anything which necessity has not taught its progenitors to do.—John Burroughs in Independent.