"Oh, nothing," resurned Isobel, with essumed indifference. "Only my brother-" she added, and stopped, "Well?"

"Well, Brother Bob came home from college and my ideals toppled over. He slams about the house singing an awful bass way off the key and he clutters his room with punching bags and smelly pipes, and—and looks horribly unromantic in his shirt

"A girl," continued Isobel, "expects her father to love his oldest slippers and prefer the stock reports to a concert. But it's a terrible shock to wake up to the fact that young men are mere humans—not at all like the lovely creatures who feed us ices and compliments at a cotillon and tenderly help us in and out of automobiles. Still, I could stand the disillusionment of my own brother if it weren't for the fact that he's torn the halos off all other men."

"It is a case of the other girl's brother, after all," declared the caller, triumphantly.

"Well, yes. That is, of course, no particular girl's brother-just broth-



ers in general. They've horrid. used to be vain enough to think few men liked me. But now, when I see a young man in the hall I'm more than likely to hear him ask: 'Is Bob at home?' It used to be: 'Is Miss Lamson at home?' And if they don't ask for Bob alone they say: 'Is Miss Lamson at home—and Bob?' And if been seated ten minutes before he says: 'Is Bob upstairs? I'll just run up for a minute to surprise him.' And And when he does come downstairs Bob tags along and-well you know

or writing me nice notes, these men ing his eyes off his beef and potatoes: 'Oh, by the way, sis, Jimmy Howes Watson wants you to keep Friday night for him. He has a theatre party on. He said he'd see you to make arrangements when he comes up some night this week to look at my new fishing tackle."

"But last night was the climax. You see, Mr. Walker-"

The other girl's eyes marrowed and her lips twitched knowingly. This was what she had been waiting for. "Well. Mr. Walker came and didn't

even ask for me. It used to be different, you remember."

"Indeed I do," cooed the girl in the new brown coat.

"Bob took him into the library and I was sitting in the room just across the hall. Now, I was in that room before Mr. Walker came and it was my own father's house and I didn't see why I had to run away just bebrother. Besides, Bob ought to have taken him up to his own room if they meant to talk secrets. So I sat still, not to listen, of course. I tried honestly not to. But the first thing I knew Mr. Walker was telling what he called a joke and Bob was chuckling. I, for one, don't see the humor of it. but-well, I heard Mr. Walker say: 'Yes, went into the store to send her the clerk her address, for the life of he took well." me, I couldn't remember her name. It had gone from me as completely as if I had never heard it. And you know. Bob, how many boxes of candy I've

sent her---'" "The villain!" broke in the girl in the brown coat. "Why, he's been sending candy to you, too, till--"

"Yee, But listen. I wasn't caves dropping. I just couldn't help hearing. And Mr. Walker said: 'So I told the clerk to hold the package till I went for the address and I walked the street for an hour before I remembered her name. And yet, honestly, Bob. I'm awfully fond of her.'

"At that instant the doorbell rang and I flew up to my room, and they were laughing, so they didn't notice me as I went past. And the maid just then brought up a perfectly beautiful box of candy with Mr. Walker's card." "So you must have been the girl

all the time!" gasped the caller. "I believe so," agreed Isobel, demurely. "But I don't know whether to out him dead for forgetting my name or smile on him because he confessed to Bob that he-he liked me." "I think I know which you'll do," said the girl in the brown coat .-- Chi-CARO News.

#### WELCOMING AMERICAN TARS.

Rousing Reception by People of Cape Town to Our Sailors.

There was nothing half-hearted about the entertainment given the officers of the United States navy when the south Atlantic squadron recently touched at Cape Town. Lieut. E. B, Manwaring of the Atlanta has written some interesting letters telling of their experiences. When the squadron arrived at Cape Town "every boat for miles around was chartered for the occasion to give us a hearty welcome, all flying American colors. The town is all draped with our flags and the newspapers devote a page a day to us. Cabs have been assigned each ship and the name of the ship painted on the outside. We are lying alongside dock and drills are suspended. Monevening 'Arizona' was played by Frawley at the Good Hope theatre, in honor of the squadron. Tuesday evening boxes were placed at our disposal for "The New Barmaid.' Wednesday afternoon a garden party was given for us by the American residents at the Mount Nelson. Thursday there was a reception on the flagship by the squadron,"

Started on the two weeks' trip to the diamond mines Lieut. Manwaring writes another letter from Kimberley. He says: "Having the time of our lives. The admiral and seventeen officers as guests of the De Beers company left Cape Town Saturday evening by special train and arrived here Monday noon. Since then we have spent every minute at balls, garden parties, banquets and looking over the diamond mines. This entire hotel is reserved for us, each having a suite of rooms. Automobiles are at our disposal every minute, as well as the train, each officer having a state room. We go to Johannesburg as the guests of Lord Milner. This trip will cost the De Beers company alone at least \$50,000."

In still another letter he says that the train consists of two locomotives, a baggage car, wine car and three coaches, and that from all he can find out the whole of South Africa has been purchased for the benefit of the American officers. He says: "This trip surpasses anything of the sort ever enjoyed by human beings. The chief caterer on the train has been begging us all day to help him by drinking more champagne. He says that unless he can induce us to use more he will lose his position at the end of the run." In the conclusion of this letter he says that the party had reached Johannesburg and 30,000 people were out to see the Americans.

#### Some Curious Caves.

"Spelaeology" is scientific cave hunting. There is a society for that one does ask merely for me he hasn't purpose with headquarters in Paris which recently investigated the caves in the Mendip hills in England. These caves are of vast extent, perforating two masses of limestone, lying on eiup he goes, and Bob gives him a rag- ther side of a core of old red sand- your mind off of it, tell me all about ged old smoking jacket and a pipe. stone, forming the center of the Men- it, Polly, from the very beginning, sorbing rivers, others stalactite caverns. One, called Wookey hole, marks "Then instead of calling me up the emergence, in the form of the over the 'phone for good, long chats, | river Axe, of two streams "swallowed" some miles away. One of these swalsend me word by Bob and he calls out lets is 500 feet deep. Another cave, in the middle of dinner, without tak- called Swildon's hole, is draped with wreaths and festoons of pure white stalactite. Lamb's Lair, on the nothsaid he'd come up to-night, maybe, if ern side of the hills, is the most magyou're going to be at home.' Or, nificent stalactite cavern in Great Britain; while adjoining Wookey hole another chamber has just been found with 1,2000 stalactite pendants, all of dazzling whiteness. The famous spring which gives its name to the town of Wells is believed to come through hidden caverns from the higher parts of the Mendips.

# Tennyson's Worries.

Aubrey de Vere has written some interesting lines concerning a period in Tennyson's life of which the public knows but little. He says concerning an unexpected morning call: "On my way in paid a visit to Tennyson, who seemed much out of spirits and said he could no longer bear to be knocked about the world and that he must marry and find love and peace or die. He was very angry about a mumps ever made it. Then after I'd very favorable review of him. Said that he could not stand the chattercause a man happened to call on my | ing and conceit of clever men or the worry of society or the meanness of tuft-hunters or the trouble of poverty or the labor of a place or the preying of the heart on itself. He complained much about growing old, and said he cared nothing for fame and that his life was all thrown away for want of a competence and retirement. Said that no one had been so much harassed by anxiety and trouble as himself. I told him he wanted occupation, a the candy and when I tried to give wife and orthodox principles, which

> Founding German East Afrea. At the international geographical congress meeting in New York recently Dr. Joschim Graf von Pfeil un Klein Ellguth, a noted German explorer, stated that he and two companions, while traveling in East Africa in 1884, seized all that territory was going to be torribly fat, Tomin the name of Germany. They had borrowed \$10,000 to finance the enterprise, struck across Zanzibar to the African coast, signing treaties of cession with the native chiefs as they went along, and when they reached the coast the doctor's companions went to Germany to negotiate, leaving him alone, the only white man within 1,000 miles to await their return. The proposition submitted by his companions was eagerly accepted by the Ger. it, and tell about that Benham felman government, warships were sent low." to the scene, the region, equal to Germany in area, was seized, and thus, according to the story, German East turned on Tom alluringly. Her head Africa came into being.

Camera Artists, He-So you think love is like a pholographic plate. And why? She-Why, it takes a dark room to

levelop it.—Loslie's Weekly.

#### HER DREADFUL DAY

When Tom came up last night be was told by an awed maid that Miss Polly was in the den. He strude toward the back of the hall with a queer feeling about his heart; its direct cause being the manner of that half-frightened maid. What was the matter with Polly?

He entered a room whose lowered light spelled headache—and possibly tears. He beheld Polly buried in a nest of pillows, with a tiny wad of damp linen in the one hand. On the floor beside the couch lay a pathetically empty fudge box.

As he took speculative hold of her shoulder Polly sat up suddenly and surveyed him sadly. She was not crying, but even in the dim light Tom could plainly see that she had been weeping to excess.

"Who's dead, Polly?" he asked, in a tone of deep sympathy.

"Nobody, Tommy," she replied, "but all day long I've been wishing I was." 'What's the matter?" Tom asked. He swept about forty pillows to the floor and sat down beside her. "Who's been cutting up rough or giving you the worst of it?"

"Not a single thing has happened at all," said Polly, still seriously. "But



don't you remember, Tommy, my telling you that once every six months or so I just cry and cry all day long without anything special being the the matter-except everything?"

Polly's hand with the big diamond solitaire went up to her eyes and her voice trembled. Tom is a young man of resource. With quick and skillful treatment the threatened attack was averted.

"There, now," he said at length, "as long as you can't seem to get

"Well." mused Polly, with pathetic indifference to what was demanded of her, "I suppose it all came about because my kitten got stubborn this morning and wouldn't eat its catmeal out of my saucer. Perhaps that wouldn't have mattered if Billy hadn't laughed and mother smiled a little. Isn't that enough to make any girl think the whole world is against her? So I shut myself up here, and then it just developed into one of those blue days, Tommy, when you cry and cry and think and think, and just want to die."

"Why did you go on thinking about the cat and its feed?" demanded Tom. "I do think, Polly, that for a sensible

giri, you---" "I didn't," said Polly, with just a trace of her wonted spirit. "I thought about lots worse things-about all the troubles I ever had in all my life. I cried quarts of tears over my old rag doll that Billy hacked up when I was 6 years old, and about the party Mollie gave when I was 8 and had the mumps. Why, I've cried about that to-day till my face sched worse than gone over all my sorrows I began to tumes from I cannot imagine. They remember my past joys. That was worse than ever, because I saw that nothing nice would ever happen to me again. I remembered about my first long dress, and my first silk one, and boarding school and Mollie and Jimmie Benham and my first box party at the theatre-

"Say," remarked Tom with interest,

"who's Jimmie Benham?" "He's just a boy I knew once." said Polly swiftly. "So then I began to remember future sorrows-things that would happen. I mean-and it was all just as gray as all day has been. I saw myself old and wrinkled and living wth relatives because everybody else was dead and I was an old maid. I knew it would be with Cousin Mary and I just hate her and her sister-Bess is meaner than Maryand they hate me. I saw, too, that I my. I'd just get fatter and fatter as I got old till I'd be a sight. That's the reason I'll be an old maid, and you'll have stopped loving me-"

"Suffering Jeremiah!" cried Tom. 'You've got 'em, haven't you? But don't you suppose I cast an eye on your mother before I let myself fail in love with you, just to get an idea of what you'd be at 45? Anyway, forget

A faint gleam came into Polly's eyes. She straightened herself and was thrown to one side, and her glance struck him at an angle of 45 degrees. The everlesting feminine instinct was roused at last.

"I haven't told you all my old joys yet, Tommy," she said, with a seductive primness.

So the same was on and Polly's dreadful day was at an end.

#### THE INTELLIGENT ANT.

Naturalist Insists That the Insect Possesses a Mind. Lord Avebury, the naturalist, insists

that ants possess minds and display a high order of intelligence. "The social habits of ants afford arguments which seem conclusive," he says. "Take first their relations with other insects. Those between ants and aphides, which have been called ant cows, are indeed most remarkable. It is not merely that the ants milk them, tend them, defend them from attack, sometimes protect them by earthen inclosures from too great summer heat, but over and above all this they collect the eggs in autumn, keep them through the winter and plant them out on their proper plant in the spring Some of the root aphides may always be found in ants' nests, but I was much puzzled years ago by finding in ants' nests some black eggs, which obviously were not those of ants. Eventually I ascertained that they belonged to a species of aphia which lives on the leaves and leaf stalks of plants.

"These eggs are laid early in October on the food plant of the insect. They are of no direct use to the ants. yet they are not left where they are laid, exposed to the severity of the weather and to innumerable dangers, but are brought into their nests by the ants and tended by them with the utmost care through the long winter months until the following March, when the young ones are brought out and again placed on the young shoots of the daisy. This seems to me a most remarkable case of prudence. Our ants may not perhaps, lay up food for the winter, but they do more, for they keep during six months the eggs which will enable them to produce food during the following summer, a case of prudence unexampled in the

animal kindom." Dr. Forel gives these examples of the mental processes of anta: "While success visibly heightens both the audacity and tenucity of the ant will, it is possible to observe after repeated failure or in consequence of the sufden and unexpected attacks of powerful enemies, a form of dejection which may lead to a neglect of the most important instincts, to cowardly flight to the devouring or casting away of offspring, to neglect of work and similar conditions. There is acute discouragement when a combat is

## A Mighty Preacher.

John Ross was a Scotch minister who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century. Tales of his wonderful deeds are told to this day in his former parish of Blair. At one time the reverend gentleman walked to Mause a distance of about three miles for the purpose of seeing a certain farmer and if possible inducing him to come to church, where he had never been. He found him thing so generous and sweet? fishing in the river and asked to be "No-hush, Rex!-not that exactly, to him and ready to yield to the charm "But." replied the minister, "I have come all the way expressly to see you, and I must have a cast." The farmer. who was a very strong man and had never been beaten in a fist fight, of-

"All right," said the minister, and he gave the farmer such a mauling that he was giad to give up his rod. fered to fight for it. But it was different kind of fishing

that the minister had come for. He asked the farmer to keep the rod and conduct him to his house at Mause. When they arrived the minister said. "Now, you go on your knees and pray" telling him that he would leave till he did so."

So the farmer fell on his knees and cried: "Oh, Lord, deliver me from this man." "Stop!" said the minister. "That is very good. I hope you may always be able to do as well. Now. you have to promise to come to the kirk next Sunday." This the farmer did. Not long afterward he became a leading elder.

# "Othelle" in Malay.

A traveler thus describes a performance of "Othello" in a Malay theatre: "It was all in Malay, of course, but where they got the European coswere of all kinds and descriptions. Othello was dressed as a torendor, with tennis shoes on; Cassio, as Henry VIII.; lago, in a black velvet court suit, with a barrister's wig well down over his nose; Desdemona, in a short Spanish dancing girl's dress; Roderigo, a green druid's gown, with pink stockings and tanned boots. But the joke of the whole thing was the music. There was a Malay orchestra of banjos, mandolins, etc., but they played scarcely any native music. They all simply love European music, to which they set their own Malayan words. The play was interspersed with songs, like our comic operas. The gem of the evening was when Othello says to Cassio, 'Never more be officer of mine,' and Cassio throws himself at Othello's feet. The band struck up, Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back, and Othello sung to it passionately!"

Archbishop Out of His Head. Archbishop Thompson was greatly surprised when he was given the archdiocese of York. He had been suffering acutely from toothache, and upon medical advice had resorted to narcotics. After a particularly bad night he set out for his doctor, though his wife had besought him not to submit to further narcotics, as after them he was "not himself" for some hours. On the way he met the postman, who handed him a letter announcing his preferment from Gloucester to York. He rushed back and burst excitedly into the house, the toothache all forgotten. "Zoe, Zoe!" he cried, "what do you think has happened? I am archbishop of York!" "There, what did I tell you," rejoined his wife. "You've been taking that horrid narcotic again, and are quite out of vont

Found in all clim's-fourt

# MANAGER STATE IN VICENIA

Six complete sets of dining room furniture for a bride and groom who were not going to keep house! They found the articles dumped in the back yard of their boarding place the day after the wedding. Besides that they found chiffoniers and dressing tables and chairs and couches and more chairs.

"That's what comes of being in the furniture business all my life. You farm near Ches paire City see, most of my friends deal in this stuff," commented young Grahain ruefully, as he studied storage prices later in the day. But your six let Not long since one of the your ters of thanks for those dining-room sets are works of art, Dotty," he add-he was halled by unite loc. ed. "I'm glad I've got you, if you "Mistah George" he said sheepisking did bring an avalanche of chairs and tables."

"Come, Rex, be sensible and help me now," responded the girl at the deak. "I've thanked people for every single thing except those spoons. Can't you decide who sent them? Try

a process of elimination." Graham drew down his brows. They're nice solid ones!" "Very. Colonial pattern."

"They're from some of my relatives." of Course."

yours eren't!"

my Stackhouse relatives living there it ain't her it's Liss Allen, down I and not one of them sent anything." . de orick. "And there are those three lovely Here was dismus. Well"

St. Louis girls I met at the lake last the white man "there's only summer, too. I hadn't an idea of tains to do. You must get another to their giving me a present when I sent cense. It is just \$3 throws away." them an invitation, but what if they Uncle Joe took the paper, folded if should have done it? I can't write, and put it in his pooket.
how awful that would be!"

"I'll done ask "Mandy to have me. how awful that would be!"

the Stackhouses. I'll pen them a line diffrunce 'tween dem ladles.'--Palla-like this: 'In obecking off relatives delphis Public Ledger. who have made good on my list of wedding presents I find you draw a blank. If there is any mintake about this kindly-"

"Ridiculous! But, really, wait a minute. See what you think of this as a form that might be sent to each of them—varied a little, of course:

"Dear So-and-So: I have received a set of the lovellest spoons I ever saw, sent without any name, and I've been racking my brains to guess who could have sent them. Can it be possible that you could have done any-

allowed to have a cast. "I never lend but something like this: "I never of his matchless oratory." once dreamed of your being so lovely as to send me anything at all, much ure to introduce to you this evening less No, not that either, of the Hon. Hiram Hankins, who will now course, but wait-I have it now: 'Can address you." you help me to solve the mystery? Do Notwithstanding this introduction give me a suggestion if you hav, an Mr. Hanking came forward and made idea.' How's that?"

"Great head, Dotty! Get it of bune." quick and I'll write something along the same lines to my Stackhouse peo-

Four days later the morning mail brought the following letters all

from St. Louis: "My Dear Nephew: It had slipped

my mind that the 28th was your wedding day, and I'm glad your inquiry about the spoons reminded me. No, I didn't send them, but I am starting to-day a piece of cut glass, which, I his friend, the american for an entrust, will reach you safely. With all planation, accusing him of ingrablesia good wishes, your uncle.

"RICHARD STACKHOUSE" "Dear Cousin: Yours received. I have no idea about the spoons you mention, but I am sending you a perfor lamp, which brings my con-gratulations, though it comes a little feet .- Harper's Washiy. late. Devotedly.

"CLARA STACKHOUSE." "Dear Rex: I'm not guilty about the spoons, and don't know who is, but I am guilty of being very late in sending a remembrance for your wedding day. I inclose check for \$15, which I should like to have you invest in a chair for your bride. I do it this way, because I know, being in the business, you can select better and get more for the money than I could. Your affectionate uncle,

"JOHN STACKHOUSE." "Dear Old Fellow: None of us sent the spoons, but if you see a big leather chair coming down the street you may know it came from all of us together. We have ordered it from Bradley's, in your town, and hope you'll like it. Congretulations and love from us all. Your cousin.

"BOB STACKHOUSE." "Dear, Dear Dorothy: We three girls have had the greatest time trying to decide what to get for you and at last have hit upon the idea of any at last have hit upon the idea of at-dering a big green days port, just about two protter players and the like the one we four used to all more experiences to a Make temperature much up at the lake last summer. It town Feeling is need of Mochael to very late in the day, but we just retreshment they made application. loads of love from us all.

"GLADYS. "BERTHA. "MARGARET.

and the second s

"P. S .- We received your inquiries about the spooms. None of us knows a word about them." Dorothy looked at Rex and Rex

looked at Dorothy. "Dotty." he said, solemnly, "we've held up St. Louis."

"I should say we had!" she gasped. "And now, who sent those spoons!" "Hang the spoons! We won't ask another soul about them that's one sure thing! Green davenports and leather chairs! I wonder what it would cost me to buy a storage ware-house outright? Chicago News

FIGURING ON A WIFE

The favorite afort of Schley is told thus Uncle Joe is an old negro farm owned by the family who he was years ago. He is a t and lately has spruced up to a de of the place started for the city, a "you done roin to fown! You migh do a favor tob me." "Certainly, uncles," was the respon

"What Is it?" Well, your might prox, mage!

The this was the section was as the section which are the section with the uncle lillings in and longer a red Aller Attending to her own askille town in audden it consentences to marring liconity but was nonethern for he had not saked the name of m "The only reason I think so is be- cle Joe's flances. He happened cause mine are all represented and recollect that he had noticed une Joe around the kitchen a good deal of "Clever turn, Dotty!- You say they late, and that Amanda, dusky, tat and came from St.:Louis? Why didn't always had a delectable morse reserved the chumps send a card?"

I'm deathly afraid they did. These sed for the sid man; so, afragen, it is spoons came while I was dressing for the wedding and all I know is that the girls said they were postmarked loped home and handed the paper to the old man, who took it and localistic states are selected to the old man, who took it and localistic states are selected to the paper to the old man, who took it and localistic states are selected to the selec

St. Louis. If there was a card it was the old man, who took it and looked t. Louis. If there was a card it was at it. The license was read to him that."

"Well, there are four families of bride's name was presonated." Way.

Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with he said, "foh I don't think dar's M

In spite of the "Fellow citiens," said the chair-man of the meeting, "the gentleman whom I am about to introduce to you needs no introduction at my hands. Wherever the English language is spoken his name in a household word. His eloquence has thrilled vast awdienoss. His volce has always been lifted in defense of the principles of truth and right, I appreciate it as an honor and a privilege to preside at a meeting where a public man so distinguished in to speak-a meeting of cultivated people, all eager to listen

as pretty fair speech -- Chicago Tris-

# Acted According

This story is being told of a certain New York politician: He had succeed. ed in securing for a friend of his a place as tax assessor at the cost of considerable exertion Not loss after the friend had begun work in his new place the politician was surprised and rrieved to see that he was taxed, under "personal property," \$24 as the possessor of one great. He called on and forgetfulness of favors received

"But I couldn't do loss than obey the specific details of the law" pre-tested his friend; "look here's what to saye" and he read from his papers:

TO FIT THE TARGET.



Thompson-'I want a good fevol-

Thompson-Better make it a nise shooter. I want it for a cat next door!

couldn't decide any sconer. With the local drug store, but were told that stimulants were sold only in on make bits.
The actors had about decided to

content themselves with such recrea-ment as the town provided when they heard that a certain resident owned a rattlemake which he kept as a met Securing his address, they called on him and offered to hire his make by use in some scientific experiments.

"Nothing foing" suvered the even er. Thes booked solid for seal months alread. - Hauren's Westly.

Ginner- 1 and Bender at 1 to down the other evening." Guyer-Tolia is the Bis of