

ONLY AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Miss Helms Morris. "It's no use, Aunt Mary; I can't find it; and whatever shall I do?"

"What is it, auntie?" she cried. "What have I done?" "Nothing dear child, but come here and I will tell you a story, a true one, Louise, for no other than your old auntie is the heroine of it."

"We became engaged," continued the soft voice, "and he gave me a ring, a beautiful thing, something like the one Frank has given you, Lou."

There was a slight movement on the other side of the heavy portieres, which caused both to look in that direction, but as all was quiet again, the voice went on.

"There was a young man around town at that time, who had just returned from the West. His name was Joel Wingate. Several years before we had met and been very friendly, nothing more than friends, Lou, for we were almost children. He had given me a ring, just a token of friendship, he said, and I can remember that with childish delight I prized that ring above everything else. Long before I became engaged to Harry, Joel and his ring were alike forgotten, and I thought only of my true love. I had been engaged but three months when I lost the ring I prized so highly. That same evening we were going to a ball together and I knew Harry would miss it at once. I was sure it was somewhere in my room, and that on the morning I would find it, but what to do for the present was what worried me."

"I frantically looked through my jewel case, and suddenly my eye caught the glimmer of a ring which exactly resembled the lost diamond. I found it on inspection to be the one Joel had given me years before, and I wondered if I might not wear it and Harry never suspect but that it was his own. Suddenly I thought of Joel's being in town, and the probability of his being at the ball, too. Then I thought that even though he were there, he, like myself, would have forgotten that childish token. I danced and danced that eve and towards the middle of the night it didn't surprise me to see Joel coming towards me eager to claim a waltz. I discreetly kept my hand out of his sight and was flattering myself that all would be well, when suddenly Joel picked up my hand which held the ring and said: 'You still wear my ring, I see.' Harry was standing near me and I could see as regarding me with jealous eyes. He caught the last words, and, coming up close to me said: 'Your ring, did you say? I looked guilty I suppose, for he excitedly said: 'Is my ring, is it not?' He tore the ring from my finger and looked inside for the initials, and of course found none. I faltered out something about losing his ring, but he cut me short, and bowing first to me, and then to Joel, said very sarcastically: 'I wish you good evening,' and stalked away. You can imagine my heart-broken condition to see the man I loved so dearly leave me in such a manner."

"Did you love him very much, auntie, much as I love my Frank?" "And Mary smiled tenderly at her. 'Love him?' she echoed. 'ah yes, dear, more than my life, but I fear he did not return it, else—'" "But she was interrupted by a pair of strong arms thrown around her, and a deep voice saying brokenly: 'My Mary, I've always loved you, but you, I thought you loved that man; and Mary, can you forgive me, can you?'"

He looked into her eyes, seeing only joy and happiness there. "When Harry Desmond entered the room to claim Aunt Mary as his own, Frank Desmond, no other than his nephew, seized and carried off Louise to the garden."

"But, Frank, is he really her lover?" "gaped Lou when she could get her breath. 'Yes, would you believe that he and your aunt could have such a romance, and we know nothing of it? To-day uncle told me something of it, and I persuaded him to call with me and see you. He very reluctantly came, and when we heard voices on the other side of the portieres we stopped to listen, and this is the result.'"

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad, aren't you?" "said she, whispering to her nephew, who had no ring on his finger."

JAPANESE MILITARY TRICK.

Simple Way of Providing Men With Gun Bots.

An Austrian military organ draws attention to one of the minor details of Japanese military practice during the late war, which seems to have escaped hitherto in Europe. In European armies the question of a rifle rest for long range firing has led to many ingenious contrivances for devising tripod arrangements. The Japanese War Department solved the difficulty in a much simpler but equally effective way. They just provided the soldier with a bag of stout cotton eight inches wide and twenty inches long, which he could carry in his cartridge case on the march, and on reaching the fighting line could in a minute stuff with earth or stones. The device gave amazing assistance in accuracy of rifle fire.

Plant Used for Fishing.

In a paper presented to the Academie des Sciences, M. Hanriot gives an account of the active substances which are contained in the Tephrosia vogelii. The leaves of this plant and neighboring species are used for fishing by the natives of Madagascar and the east coast of Africa. The plant is crushed and the pulp macerated with a little water; then it is put in the pond or river at different places, especially in slow streams. Soon the fish become paralyzed and mount to the surface. They can then be caught by hand and eaten without danger.

Land Owners in Ireland.

The landlords own most of the land in Ireland and rent it out to the farmers, who assert that it is poor and consequently they have a hard time to produce enough to support their families and pay the rent. Most of the land seems to be used for pasturage and but little of it is under cultivation, as are the lands of Italy, Germany and France. Besides, there is a great waste caused by the building of wide turf fences. There are more fences to a farm in Ireland than in any other country.

Relics of Boadicea.

Relics of the days when Boadicea conducted her campaign in the neighborhood of what is now King's Cross, or, perhaps, of even an earlier day were turned up recently by some workmen at Crayford, Kent, England. The men were digging in sand pits on the Wansant estate when they noticed some metal articles. On examination these proved to be nine gold armlets of uniform shape but varying sizes. The articles were taken to a police station, where the police took them on behalf of the Crown as treasure trove.

Rivers as Dividing Lines.

In human history a great river has sometimes formed a dividing line between peoples possessing quite different characteristics. Dr. W. M. Lyon, Jr., has discovered a similar phenomenon affecting squirrels in Borneo. He found eight different forms of squirrels inhabiting the northern and western parts of the great island, and observed that a large river proved an effective barrier in separating two distinct races.

Kite Control.

Kite control within certain prescribed limits has been accomplished in France by means of a "deviator" and this makes the kite available for life-saving purposes. A severe test was given to the device some time ago at Royan, on the east coast of France, and wonderful things were accomplished.

Cost of Sultan's Food.

The cost of the Sultan of Turkey's food does not exceed \$5,000 a year, as he lives mostly on entrees and boiled eggs. But to feed the numerous members of his household and pay all domestic expenses lessens his annual income of \$10,000,000 by \$80,000 a week.

King Edward's Gift.

King Edward has sent \$15 to a Devonshire artist named Wiltshire, who painted a picture of His Majesty wearing his coronation robes and forwarded it to Buckingham Palace. Wiltshire is a cripple and works holding his pencil or brush between his toes.

Willed Away His Son.

At the Northwich (England) rural Council Councillor Watts reported a case of a boatman who willed and bequeathed his son Fred to another boatman, who paid a half-crown to make the transaction, as he imagined, legal.

Making a Pair of Shoes.

By modern process a piece of leather is converted into a completed pair of shoes in 14 minutes, and during this time it passes through the hands of 63 persons and through 15 machines.

Imported Asparagus.

It is claimed by grocers in Mexico that asparagus is being imported from France in large packages and canned in the City of Mexico under American labels as though coming from California.

Money in Onion Raising.

A Vermont gardener has succeeded in raising on a patch of ground three by twenty feet nearly four bushels of onions. At this rate an acre would produce 4,004 bushels, which would bring about \$1,000.

HER KING CHARLES SPANIEL.

By Abbie F. Ransom.

Rodney Jackson was at his desk in the office of the Hustler, in that enviable state of mind which usually follows a good dinner and makes a fine cigar a railroad on which to travel far into the castles of Spain.

A lady's voice on the other side of the partition which separated his desk from that of the city editor, reached his ears. It wasn't an ordinary lady's voice - at least not to him - for it caused him to jerk his feet off his desk, sit upright and peer furtively around the corner to obtain a mere glimpse of a blue tail, or made suit, the pinkish rim of an ear and some locks of brown hair under a brown veil.

"I inserted the ad day before yesterday," was what he heard, "and as yet have received no answer whatever. If you will put a little notice among your news items that my dog has been lost perhaps the finder may see it there. The dog was a King Charles spaniel, and his collar was marked 'R. J. to D. B.' He was a present from a friend, a very dear friend, and I prize him more than ever now because I have lost my friend."

"I understand," the editor's tone was kind - too kind, Jackson thought, listening behind his desk. "I'll make a note of it and mention it in to-morrow's paper."

The blue suit turned to go; then the voice spoke again.

"Please don't mention what I said of why I value the dear little dog," she said. "I'd much prefer you would not."

"I understand," came the suave reply. "I'll see that it is written in a way to please you, Miss—"

"Blessed. Good morning, Mr. Editor."

"Arthur Edison, at your service, Miss Bessden. And I hope our ad will bring your dog, Good morning."

The blue suit left the office and scarcely had it disappeared when Jackson was all action. Seizing a pencil he scribbled a few lines and then rushed like a cyclone upon an innocent boy guarding the entrance to his brand of genius.

"Here, you rascal, get this ad up and get it quick!" Tell 'em to hold back the earth if necessary to get it in to-day. Skit! Hurry up, double or quick, or I'll order your coffin dug for you."

"Don't see what there is in that to make a fuss over," the boy muttered to himself. "Found—A King Charles Spaniel with initial collar. Owner can have same by calling at the editorial rooms of the Hustler and proving property. Inquire for Mr. Jackson. Nothing in that I can see; nothing but a dog."

The next morning, back to the door and his head bent over his writing, a gloved hand laid a newspaper clipping beside him and a voice said:

"I called in answer to—" He raised his head. Miss Bessden stopped, straightened up and said with a dignity sadly tintured with embarrassment:

"Excuse me, Mr. Jackson, I called to answer an advertisement about a dog, and the office boy showed me here. I wish to see Mr. Jackson."

He rose. "Please be seated, Miss Bessden. What is it? Trouble about a dog? Perhaps I can help you."

The girl's cheeks burned redder. Something in Mr. Jackson's manner held so much power, knowledge, possession, that she was mastered in spite of herself.

"I've lost my dog," she said; "the one you gave me. I was shopping with Aunt Esther and left the dear little fellow in the carriage. When we came out of Black's he was gone. I advertised him and then I found this in the Found column, and I came here."

"I see," Mr. Jackson responded. "Well, I found a dog—a King Charles spaniel, near Black's; two other dogs were worrying him and I picked him up. I thought perhaps he'd been turned down because his owner was tired of him. I've been turned down myself that way and I know how it feels, so I took pity on the little case."

The eyes opposite him filled slowly. "Was it Teddie?" she asked. "Oh, I didn't try of him; I like him better than ever after—it was all that opal ring," she added irrelevantly.

He studied her narrowly. "I gave the opal to another girl," he said, "and we haven't quarreled yet."

She rose. "Good-by, Mr. Jackson. Perhaps she will appreciate my dog, too."

"Perhaps she might," he said, standing before her. "But, you see, you don't know yet that it is your dog. You haven't proved property."

"I leave it for you to do. Good-by."

"Don't hurry. I forgot to tell you that the other girl was my sister."

"Oh!" "I've saved enough in the last two months in ice cream, candy and such to buy a ring."

Another "Oh!" "Is it my dog, Mr. Jackson?" "Shall I buy the ring?" "You may bring Teddie up to-night if you like."

The Reconciliation.

By Elizabeth F. Thurlow.

Slowly the canoe drifted along down the stream. A vision in pink lay in the stern among scores of gayly colored sofa pillows lazily eyeing the landscape.

It was a beautiful landscape. Everything was bathed in the glow of the setting sun, which had sunk almost below the horizon. All around lay the calmly flowing river. On one side of it great mountains rose grandly upward to the sky. On the other, low fertile valleys sloped away as far as the eye could reach.

There was not a human being in sight. Now and then the chirp of the crickets hailing the coming night or the chinking of a bullfrog far away in the distance disturbed the ominous silence.

The girl in the canoe soliloquized thus, as she held up her tanned left hand and gazed at the bare third finger: "I don't care, it was all his fault—well, I guess perhaps I did flirt with that George Harding—but, anyway, it's time—oh, well (with a little sob), if he doesn't want me he needn't have me, only—oh! dear!" Without thinking she gave a sudden lurch and sat up in the canoe. Without a minute's notice it had capsized, throwing her into the tangles of eel grass along the shore. She did not know how to swim; but when she came to the surface, held fast by the reeds, she grabbed hold of the bottom of the canoe and hung voluting to every reflux parental in-lion. It seemed to her that she hung, on hours and hours, but in reality it was about ten minutes.

Slowly down the path leading to the river came a young man. His hands were clasped behind him—his eyes were cast downward, and his forehead was wrinkled into great knots. Once in a while he would give a vicious kick to some small rock which lay in his path. "Oh, dear—," he was saying to himself, "what a blasted fool I was to be jealous of Harding last night. If I didn't know that he was head over heels in love with her, I don't believe that I would be, but when he tells all the fellows that he will win her yet, as all's fair in love and war, and then she seems to encourage him—oh gad—well (giving a terrific stamp) Doll will never take me back, no she'll never take me back!" Suddenly as he reached the brow of a low hill he looked down to the river, and there, floating along on the wide expanse was an overturned canoe with a bit of frail humanity in Jane Porter, 14; George Sand, 72; pink clinging to it. As quick as a flash he pulled off his oxfords and then fairly flew over the ground to the river bank. As he ran his eyes saw and his strength almost failed him, for that tiny unburned face, thrown back in a mute appeal to heaven, was none other than his sweetheart's, Doll.

Down the bank he ran, and along the edge of the water until he found a clear stretch bare of eel grass going out towards the middle of the river and towards the canoe. He knew that it would be impossible to reach her through the eel grass, as he himself might become entangled. Quickly he jumped into the water and quicker still he pulled himself along. Stroke after stroke—would he ever reach her? Could he reach her before she became exhausted and let loose her grasp?

At last he got to her side and taking her now unconscious form into his arms quickly swam to the shore. He carried her to a little green knoll close by, and there sat down with her in his arms, covering her face with kisses. Slowly she opened her eyes and gazed into his face.

"Oh! Jack," with a soft sigh. Then with a convulsive sob—"Jackie dear, where is my ring?" Jack remembering he had forgotten to take it from his pocket since the previous night, quickly brought it forth and placed it on her finger.

The last rays of the setting sun shone down on them, as they plodded up the hill towards home, and as she lifted her hand to fix a stray lock of hair, the diamond caught the gleam of the slanting rays in its own clear depths.

Jack saw it and taking her hand in his said: "Dolly, dear, just to think that the overturning of that canoe gave you back to me," and then laughingly, "say, Doll, I tell you what we'll do. We will enjoy our honeymoon by paddling in this same canoe on the lakes of California." And Doll's eyes looked her consent.

Right-Handedness.

According to an official of the Bureau of Anthropology, some anthropologists hold that primitive man was ambidextrous. Among the reasons given for this view is the fact that the stone implements and rough drawings made by early races of men are so shaped as to suggest that both hands were used with equal facility in forming them. Anthropologists are ambidextrous. Scientists of a contrary opinion, who think that man began by being right-handed, point to the fact that primitive languages, words denoting the left hand, always signify something degenerate and inferior.

Canada's Wireless System.

A De Forest wireless telegraph station is being constructed at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. It will have a capacity of sending and receiving 600 miles over land and 2,000 miles over water in daytime. This system is being extended all through Canada and to the Pacific.

MOUNTAINERS' TOOTHACHE REMEDY.

It is Yellow Clay and is Applied Red Hot.

"In traveling over the Tennessee mountains a short time ago I discovered a remedy for the toothache," said Cyrus Fleming of Martin at the Tulame. "I stopped at a mountaineer's house one night. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning I awoke with a terrible toothache. I aroused the whole family with my groans. The old man got up and gladly offered to give me relief. He went out in the yard, got a handful of yellow clay, brought it in the house, poured it in a skillet and began heating it. When it was dried out and red hot he made me slip it to my jaw. The pain for just a moment was terrible, but in another moment my toothache had entirely disappeared. I kept the hot clay on my jaw until I fell off to sleep. It is a great remedy."—Nashville Tennesseean.

Are We Progressing.

Whipping sailors in the navy is forbidden by law. So also the lowest courts in the prisons of all leading countries. Persons are arrested for cruelty to animals—cruelty even less than beating. Why should public school children be beaten? It would seem that American brains prompted by twentieth century humaneness should be able to devise some means by which incorrigibles may be handled without resorting to corporal punishment. At best the latter is a custom which is at once antiquated and brutal, besides being revolting to every refined parental in-lion.

Snail Farms in France.

France is the premier snail-producing nation, although Austria, Bavaria and Switzerland have thousands of small farms, where the famous escargots are raised and fattened on vine leaves. The demand for snails in France is far too great for the supply to be left to chance, and thus it comes about that snail farming is an important industry. Paris alone consumes millions between September and May, when these little creatures are at their best.

Artistic Life Healthy.

The artistic life is conducive of longevity in men. Apropos of this, it would seem that literature might make a similar claim as regards women. For instance, Caroline Herchel reached the age of 92; Harriet Lee, 99; Mary Somerville, 92; Maria Edgeworth and Anna Barbauld, 82; Jane Porter, 74; George Sand, 72; Hannah Moore, 88, and Mary Mitford died in her seventieth year.

Implosion and Explosion.

Everyone knows what an explosion is, but its opposite, an implosion is less familiar. At greater depths in the sea the conditions are favorable for its production. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, two and one-half tons to the square inch—that is to say, several times greater than that exerted by the steam on the piston of a powerful engine.

Queen Alexandra's Wedding Dress.

The wedding dress of lilac poplin worn by Queen Alexandra on the occasion of her marriage 44 years ago, and in which she first won the hearts of her future subjects, is still very carefully preserved by Her Majesty. This dress was chosen in compliment to Queen Victoria, who always had a love of lilac.

Wealth of the United States.

The wealth of the United States today is \$120,000,000,000 or more than that of its two nearest competitors, Great Britain and France, combined. Every successive sunrise sees \$10,000,000 added to the market value of the tangible property of the United States.

Professional Dinner Taster.

An out-of-the-way profession for a woman is that of dinner-taster. She is, a product of Parisian refinement, and spends a portion of each day visiting houses and tasting dishes. She suggests improvements, and shows the cook new ways of preparing foods.

King's Son in Almshouse.

Wanilo, son of the late Behanzin, once King of Dahomey, not being on any French state pension list for two years past, has been kept at the almshouse in Bida, but now the French government has provided him with a pension of \$15 a month.

Mania for Things English.

In remote villages of the Szalkamergut, Hungary, the mania for things English is so strong that the postboys frequently remove English stamps from letters and substitute drawings made by early races of men are so shaped as to suggest that both hands were used with equal facility in forming them. Anthropologists are ambidextrous. Scientists of a contrary opinion, who think that man began by being right-handed, point to the fact that primitive languages, words denoting the left hand, always signify something degenerate and inferior.

Queen Eugenie's Ambition.

Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain is credited with the feminine ambition of being considered the best-dressed queen in Europe. Her figure has improved greatly since she was a girl.

The Piglet is often a big fit.

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