

The Bride's Bouquet

John Harrington wandered along the crowded sidewalks, bumping along with early shoppers, catching stray bits of conversation and feeling momentarily most miserable.

That he could go to a downtown bank and sign a check and receive across the counter a great handful of greenbacks didn't mean so much as those nuggets and beautiful diamonds which he carried about with him.

He refused then to let memory go further—the girl he used to pick great bunches of syringes for had passed out of his life.

He became impatient at his tricky memory—he wanted to live in the new day and not in the old, and was about to turn away when a tall, heavy woman, richly dressed in black silks, swept from a carriage toward the store door.

Before he comes into office he reproves a thousand faults, after he comes into office he commits the same himself.

Quickly pay your taxes, even if he should empty your purse, then you will be most happy.

Wishing to criminate, no difficulty will be met in finding a pretext.

Of ten reasons by which a magistrate may decide a case, nine are unknown to the public.

With only right to back you, sure the yamens lack you.

Yamens are deep as the sea; and their corruptions lofty as heaven.

In life beware of yamens; in death beware of hell.

Failed to Control the Lightning. Recently several thunderstorms visited the King Williamstown district of Cape Colony and two remarkable incidents are reported.

Another member of the "doctor" profession was standing in his hat, surrounded by his family, and going through the preventive rites. In a state of fury he dared the "bird" to approach.

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And at last, when almost half an hour had passed he saw a distinguished gray-haired man pass into the house and heard someone say, "That's the man she is to marry."

Suddenly, someone precipitated a bag at his feet, and a breathless, blushing girl, so like the girl he had known and loved that he thought he had dreamed the past years, slipped into the tannous and nestled at his side.

High-grade explosives—Skyrockets.

LEGAL PROVERBS.

Of the Chinese and What the Peculiar Expressions Signify.

There is no surer test of real feelings of a people than their proverbial sayings, those "gems which on the stretched forefinger of all Time sparkle forever."

Native proverbs relating to legal affairs divide themselves roughly into three classes: first those more or less common to all people, and dealing with that "once bitten twice shy" sort of wisdom which leads a man to put up with evil rather than to go to law.

If one family has a lawsuit ten families are involved in calamity.

But one word of information, against a man gets into court, nine locks cannot drag it out again.

Let householders avoid litigation, for once go to law and there is nothing but trouble.

Win your lawsuit and lose your woe.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied. But we must pass on to the mandarins, and here it may be said that though the majority of the proverbial sayings are not common to all people, there are a few to bear witness to the good that a good man may do even in an official capacity.

Men's hearts are like iron, and the rule of the mandarins like a furnace.

Even an honest Chih-fumay, during the three years term of office, sows ten myriads snow white tales of silver.

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Aunt Milly's Romance

Everybody in Wilmot loved Aunt Milly, as she was affectionately called by the villagers among whom she lived all of her fifty years or so of life.

Time had dealt leniently with Aunt Milly. Her little form still retained its girlish slenderness and the glory of her soft, waving brown hair was enhanced rather than diminished by a touch of silver here and there.

Her kindly gray eyes, clear and steadfast seemed to mirror the beautiful soul within. Her softly rounded cheeks were as delicately rosy as the sunny side of a ripe peach. Her dainty neatness of attire and homely was proverbial.

As a cook Aunt Milly's fame had passed to history, and there wasn't a child in the neighborhood, however ragged and dirty, whose heart had not been made glad by sundry cookies and spice cakes from Aunt Milly's goodly store.

Tramps were a rarity in Wilmot, but those who paused humbly at Aunt Milly's door did not seek in vain and not only went on their way the better of a hearty meal, but were further sustained by kind and encouraging words.

Across the road from Aunt Milly, lived an old resident of Wilmot, Joshua Beals by name, the owner of many broad acres, who had the reputation of being close, and after the death of his wife some years before, he lived much alone and was rather avoided by the villagers.

Many a lively tilt had taken place between Aunt Milly and Joshua on matters pertaining to charity. Joshua often chiding her for her broadcast hospitality.

After Aunt Milly's patience had become exhausted, she would say, "Go home and read your Bible, Joshua Beals, and if you can find one syllable in it again helping unfortunates, I'll match it with a thousand words picked right out of the same Bible, to show you that charity is the greatest thing in the world, for it not only benefits those to whom you give, but it will fill your heart right up with a joyous feeling that's brighter and more warm'n than sunshine and beat more lastin'."

The climax in Aunt Milly's affairs came about through a town meeting called to act on the case of Jim Watkins' family. Jim was an invalid, with a wife and several small children. Aunt Milly, commenting on the matter said, "It's no use to stand round and say that if Jim Watkins hadn't been so shiftless, and given to drink, he would have something laid by for a rainy day—he didn't, and that's all there is to it. Let's forget Jim's failin's and fill up his pantry with good heartenin' victuals, for his peevish babies ain't responsible for Jim's shortcomin's, an Jim's not bad, but only a weak vessel, as you may say."

Some of the neighbors smiled knowingly, and prophesied that Jim Watkins would "come out the little end o' the horn" if he looked to Josh Beals for charity. But Aunt Milly's arguments and precepts had not been in vain for Joshua electrified the committee by offering in a shamefaced sort of way, as though apologizing for his weakness—to give a cow toward making the Watkins more comfortable, nor did his good work end there, for when winter came on, with its biting cold, it was known that on several occasions vegetables, eggs and other necessities mysteriously found their way to the Watkins home.

There was considerable speculation at the time as to the donor, but Aunt Milly with that acute observation of the villagers' weak and strong points, had no trouble in tracing the giver to her neighbor across the way. When it became generally known, everyone marveled at the change in Joshua, Aunt Betsy Harris remarking, "You could ha' knocked me down with a feather, and old Grandpa Godey, who sometimes became rather mixed in his speech, which was not strange considering his four score years and ten, was heard to declare that "Wonder's will never stop coasing."

The scene of excitement was reached one day in early spring, when hill and valley were clothed in tender green and the air fragrant with lilacs and arbutus.

On one of these fairest mornings Joshua and Aunt Milly went quietly to the residence of the aged minister, before whose parings they had sat from time immemorial and when they returned they did not say good-by "at the parting of the ways," but went together to Joshua's stately home, which the neighbors afterwards declared assumed a cheerful air right away.

To all kindly chaffing of old friends Joshua had but one answer: "I had to marry Milly to keep her from giving the roof away over her head."

Aunt Milly as smiling and cheerful as of old, would say: "Joshua's as good as gold, but men naturally need looking after and are as helpless as a parcel o' babies without the guidin' hand of a lovin' woman, so she ain't helpin' one another, as the good Lord commands."

GAY FASHIONS OF THE PAST.

Gorgeous Raiment Worn by Men a Few Centuries Ago.

Compared with the gay apparel worn by the dandies of the past ages the youths of our time in the gay-st of gay raiment make but a poor show.

The Bishop of Ely in the fourteenth century had a change of raiment for every day in the year. The Earl of Northumberland boasted no less than sixty cloth-of-gold suits at this time. Much later, in Queen Mary's time, the wardrobe of a Bishop must have been the envy of Solomon for the variety and costliness of its contents, and even a simple village priest wore "a vestment of crimson satin, a vestment of crimson velvet, a stole and fane's set with pearls, gown spaced with taffetas," etc.

In the time of Chaucer the men wore clothes as many colored as Joseph's coat, so that, says the American Tailor and Cutter, while one leg would be a blaze of crimson the other would be picked out in green, blue or yellow, without any regard for harmony or contrast. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century a dandy would dress himself in a vivid green coat, a waistcoat of scarlet, yellow breeches and blue stockings.

And the gentleman of a few years later wore, among other vagaries, a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves, a pair of fine Manchester breeches without money in their pockets, clocked silk stockings, a club of hair behind larger than the head which carried it, a hat not larger than a sixpence on a black no-worth a farthing.

Another quaint chronicle tells of a fashionable epoch of our ancestors when they would wear clothes so tight to the skin that it might be well conceived they wore no clothes at all, and at another time they would wear them "so voluminous that a single suit might well have afforded raiment for a whole family, and so stuffed out with feathers that of a variety their wearers resembled nothing so much as walking sacks."

A fad which had great vogue was to combine on one person the dress of all the countries of Europe. At another time shoes with square toes were the rage, and a royal proclamation was issued limiting the width to six inches. These were succeeded by shoes with the finest points. In the time of Henry IV shoes with points two feet long were worn by the fashionable, and in the reign of Henry IV these points had grown to such length that in order to be able to walk at all it was necessary to attach the tips to the knees by chains, which were of gold or silver. The tops of the shoes were carved with all kinds of curious designs and patterns.

It was a common thing in the early part of the eighteenth century for a man of fashion to spend several hours daily in the hands of his valet. Among the many operations which took up this time was "the starching of the beard and the proper perfuming of the garments, the painting of the face and anointing oils, tinctures, essences and pomatums." It is even said that some of the dandies of that day bathed in milk and wine "for the rejuvenation of their complexions" and of their energies.

When an English vessel is wrecked an immense amount of red tape must be gone through before the case is finally closed. It depends a great deal, of course, on the nature of the wreck, but supposing, for argument's sake, that a vessel carrying a valuable cargo has been wrecked by being cast ashore and that no lives are lost. The first thing to be done is for one of the officers in charge of the vessel, the captain or a subordinate, to make his way to the Receiver of Wrecks and lodge a report of what has happened—in short, make a deposition.

This must give full particulars, including the name of the vessel, its number and tonnage; name and address of owners; age, rig and build of the ship, description of the cargo, number of the crew, who the shippers and consignees are, if any passengers, how many, and whether the wives and children of any of the officers were on board. There must also be stated the draught of water at the time of sailing, the hour of sailing, state of tide, weather, wind, limits of intended voyage, loss incurred, and cause of capture. These particulars are for use in the Admiralty Court.

Collisions at sea are fruitful of much litigation. Owners endeavor to obtain photographs wherever possible, as evidence. The Receivers, in addition to obtaining depositions, have to keep a constant lookout for driftage, for which an owner may be found or which may be converted into coin.

If anybody should chance to rescue any wreckage, or "driftage," as it is technically termed, in the shape of barrels of beer, oil, or barks of timber, from the water in the lower reaches of the Thames he will probably receive a percentage of the gross value in the way of salvage money, provided, of course, that he delivers up the goods to the authorities. He is not legally entitled to anything, but it is customary to make such a reward. Not infrequently this kind of merchandise is found derelict on the river. The percentage awarded varies according to the value of the find.

Belgian courts have upheld the will which a man named Devle, who hanged himself in Adrenne, scratched on a piece of rusty iron with a nail. He left \$40 for the fire brigade at Adrenne to have such a carousal as was never seen before.

Theory vs. Practice

Jane Meek had filled her apron with wood and was about to leave the shed when she stopped a moment, woman fashion, to hear what her husband and the parson were talking about. The words that came to her ears caused her cheeks to flame with anger and resentment.

"All women I reckon, are more or less deceitful, her husband was saying. "Now there's my wife—as good a woman as there are in these parts—can't seem to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothin' but the truth."

Without stopping to hear more Jane fled to the kitchen, dropped her wood into the box with a bang and returned to her butter making, where she gave vent to her outraged feelings by splashing the dasher up and down with unwonted vigor. As her skillful hands patted and moulded the golden mass into neat-looking prints, Jane gave her intentions a thorough search and found them honest, the only semblance of deceit being those little bits that seemed as necessary to the harmony of every day life as oil to machinery.

When the clock struck five Essek gave the usual invitation to stay to supper.

"I shall be pleased, of course," answered the parson, overjoyed at the prospect of again enjoying Mrs. Meek's hot puffy biscuits, "but I don't want to inconvenience your wife."

No fear of that," Essek laughed for my wife is always prepared. There ain't a better housekeeper this side of the Connecticut, if I do say it. Ain't that so, Jane?" and he beamed upon his wife with pride.

Here was an opportunity to give a demonstration of "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," and though Jane's hospitable heart rebelled within her, she made answer, "No, you know it ain't Essek, you know that company o'ten comes when I am wholly unprepared, and when they sit down to the meal I have hurried and scurried to prepare for them, I feel like laughing right out when they say, 'We like to come here for we never put you out any, you are so forehnded.'"

"Now quit your joking, Jane," said Essek, alarmed at the seriousness of his wife's tone, "the minister will think you mean it and don't want him to stay."

Jane trembled, but remained firm. "He'll think right, then," she answered shortly.

"Why, Jane," exclaimed her husband, now thoroughly alarmed; "what is the reason? Ain't you feeling well?"

"Yes, perfectly well, the only reason being that there is next to nothing in the house for supper, and what with the churning and the splitting of several baskets of wood, and picking over three barrels of apples, besides my regular work, I feel too tired to even bake biscuits and am ashamed to put before your visitor the few pieces of stale bread and hashed potatoes left from dinner. However, Elder Durgin, if you care to stay you are welcome to what we have."

But the parson with profuse apologies was already making his adieu.

Now, Jane was a tender-hearted little body, and began making amends to her husband by making some buttermilk biscuits of which he was especially fond. As she deftly tossed the mixture upon the well-oiled board, a stranger entered.

"Your man, told me to come in and warm up while he drove the parson home," the man said, making his way toward the stove. "I've been looking over the critter he wants to sell me, and she is a beauty, no mistake."

He went on, rubbing his hands with satisfaction over the red-hot covers. "What does he want to sell such a good milk'er for, anyhow?"

"Because she's all run out and don't pay for her keep," jabbing the dough with her biscuit cutter. Mr. Carter, who was blowing his nose vigorously, stopped in the middle of a resounding snort, and stared at the woman.

"Besides that," Jane added, "she is such a kicker that Essek can't milk her at all without me a-standing and petting her." The angry farmer waited to hear no more, but started for the door, muttering something about "wastin a hull afternoon" as he disappeared.

As he drove home the thought of the rich bargain he was about to make drove the embarrassment of the previous hour from Essek's mind, and when he entered the kitchen a pleased smile played around his lips.

"Where's Carter?" he said, looking around.

"He's gone," was the reply.

"Why didn't you keep him? till I got home?"

"He was so mad that I did not try," Jane answered calmly, as she turned her biscuits to brown evenly.

"Mad! What about?"

Jane repeated the conversation, adding sweetly: "I done it to please you, dear; hereafter you shall be proud of having a wife who speaks the truth, the whole truth, and nothin' but the truth."

"Jane," the contrite man said sheepishly, as he took his seat at the table, "you can't think any meaner of me than I do myself." He blushed painfully as he spoke, and braced himself for his wife's reply.

"Haw a biscuit, Essek!" she asked, pleasantly.

COFFIN NAILS FOR CHINA.

Cigarette Output 9 Per Cent. More in 1905 Than in 1904.

Nine per cent. more cigarettes were manufactured in 1905 than in 1904—3,500,000,000 in all—but not all of them were smoked here.

Cigarettes are the only tobacco manufactured whose exportation from this country is important, and during the last three years this foreign trade has been growing. In 1904 there were 1,568,608,000 cigarettes exported, and last year, 1,800,000,000 an indicated increase for the twelve months of 1905 of 232,000,000.

About four-fifths of the total exports of cigarettes go to Asia, China, including Hongkong, imported 722,000,000, and the British East Indies, 508,342,000. The next-largest importing country is Australia, which last year took 125,000,000 cigarettes.

The manufacture of cigarettes is limited to four cities—New York, Richmond, New Orleans and San Francisco. New York, first among the cigarette making cities, manufactured nearly two-thirds of the cigarettes or about 2,000,000,000.

There are 226 cigarette factories here in a total of 486 for the whole country. In recent years the number of small factories has been growing rapidly on the East Side, where newcomers make by hand the variety of cigarettes called Turkish.

The total number of foreign made cigarettes imported into the United States last year amounted to 3,000,000 only—an insignificant quantity when compared with the large number of American made cigarettes exported into other countries.

Dachshunds as Fighters. The good-natured, philosophic German dachshund has always been regarded as more or less of a joke in this country. Even in the Fatherland he is a staple for jesting. His elongated body, his crooked legs, his animated tail, his resemblance to a sausage—who could fail to make some sort of joke about the dachshund?

But the dachshund has a very serious side, and a work in life. "Dachshund" means "badger-dog."

Now, the badger is an animal that, generally speaking, needs neither game laws nor sympathy, because he is able to take care of himself and fight his own battles. Nature has placed him as a link between the ear family and the weasels. He has about all the strenuous characteristics of both, with some of his own in addition.

Badger-baiting was formerly a barbarous rustic sport that drew trade to country inns and taverns. A badger was placed in a barrel and the man whose dog could bring him out got a prize. A single dog seldom did it. A full pack might—sometimes.

The badger is a tremendous burrower, and the jolly dachshund of the jokes has been trained for centuries in Germany to go into his burrows like a ferret after rats and drive the badger out or fight him. In some German and Austrian cities there were formerly badger-baiting tournaments in which crack dachshunds entered a pit with an able-bodied badger and fought for points. It is said that such contests are still held in Vienna. For spirit, endurance and agility the dachshund has no peer in this work, and a bulldog pitted against a badger would probably find himself cutting a poor figure.

So, make the jokes about the dachshund if you will, but give him credit for his prowess, and for that gentlemanly, characteristic also of the bulldogs, that makes either an affectionate companion to man and a loyal playmate to children. Give the dachshund credit, too, for intelligence. As he has it in a large degree. Few dogs are keener, and probably his acumen is such that he even sees a good many of the dachshund jokes.

Stockholm's Balmly Skies. From Sweden's capital an enthusiastic visitor writes: "The sky has an almost Italian radiance, as the sun shines clear and bright on the glittering levels on the lagoon that divides the new town from the old. Across the water, on which a fleet of white ferries ply, rises the broad front of the palace, the stern outline of which is relieved by the tussled glow which time has lent to the brick work. In front of the palace runs a broad quay crowded with shipping, behind which one may catch peeps of narrow, winding streets, with sloping roofs and painted houses bent with age. The square front of the palace rises above the red and gray roofs, seeming to command the old city. On my right the waters narrow to a swift rushing stream, over which a stately bridge has been thrown, uniting the palace with the picturesque pile of the opera house, or rather with the broad square in which it stands. Behind the opera house lie broad streets of modern houses, in which there are unexpected glimpses of waterways crowded with shipping."

Freak of Kleptomania. Mohammedans of the Caucasus have a religious ceremony called "Chuck-see Wucksee." It is a ceremony in which the fanatics cut and wound themselves in the following ghastly fashion, according to a traveler: "Each man, grasping a kintal in his hand, brought it up in front and down on the crown of his head. Almost at every stroke the blood gushed forth and soon one man after another became a staggering, blood-soaked figure."

Benners—"Don't you think that talk is cheap?"

Jenners—"No; it costs me good money every time my wife starts to howl?"