

George Guessed

The girl who had come to visit wandered to the piano after dinner, struck a few desultory notes, then adjourned to the mirror over the mantel and gave her hair some extra touches.

"Do you suppose, Mabel," asked the hostess, "that George Moran will call tonight, seeing that you only got here today?"

"My gracious," said the girl who was visiting, a trifle sharply. "I'm sure I don't expect him to call at all. Really, how did you ever happen to speak of him? You have such odd notions, Sadie."

"Well, I never!" cried Sadie in amazement. "After the way he hung around when you were here six months ago! I thought you and he had kept up a correspondence and I supposed that of course he'd call. Didn't you let him know you were coming?"

"There may be girls," said the young woman who was visiting, "who would feel right about announcing to a man that they were soon to be in his town, but I think that is downright fishing. Why, I'd never dream of writing to a man that way."

"I don't care," she continued, according to the Chicago Daily News, "whether George comes to see me or not. I'm perfectly happy with you dear. What time is it?"

"Eight o'clock," said her hostess. "Well, I suppose you expected him. You and he haven't quarreled, have you?"

"Quarreled!" echoed the girl who was visiting, going to the mirror again. "I don't see how a girl can quarrel with a man who is nothing but a—well, a casual friend. Why, I have never devoted enough thought to George Moran to be able to quarrel with him. Besides, it would take him a whole hour to get dinner at 7 he could not start much before 8, could he? And—"

"Well, he isn't likely to start, since you didn't tell him you'd be here," remarked Sadie, a little shortly. "I'm sure I don't see when he's such a splendid fellow. Anyhow, his feelings will be fearfully hurt, for he's so sensitive. He'll think you didn't care about seeing him."

"I think I can endure life if I don't lay eyes on him," said the girl who was visiting, picking out a piece of sheet music and then rejecting it. "It's really annoying for me to assume that I care in the least about him just because I want around with him the other time. Goodness! I go around with lots of the boys at home and nobody thinks anything of it. Listen!"

"The two girls stared at each other in silence, and then Mabel colored a trifle. "I thought it was the doorbell," she explained, indignantly. "Some one to see you, you know. The suburban train runs every half hour out here, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said her hostess. "Well, if you aren't to have callers let's go upstairs and get into kimono and be comfortable. I have some new books and a box of candy—"

"Of course, if you want to vary your diet," said the girl who was visiting, reluctantly. "But I feel like playing the piano while I wait for my hair flying loose in the back? I can't see in this glass."

"Your hair looks fine," said Sadie. "You must have spent at least an hour on it. It's a shame to waste so much effort on just me, but I appreciate the compliment. Do play if you feel like it."

"I don't suppose George Moran is very popular is he?" carelessly inquired the girl who was visiting as she sat down at the piano. "He's not attractive enough to—"

"Popular!" cried Sadie. "I should say he is! Why he's perfectly splendid! Just because you don't seem to appreciate him—"

"Really, he never interested me especially," said the girl at the piano. "I never think of him unless I see him or hear from him. He does not appeal to me. Doesn't this blouse wrinkle across the shoulders? I believe I'll change it."

"What for?" asked her hostess in amazement. "Nobody will see it now except me and I've stood it remarkably well thus far. Why don't you play something?"

"I will," said Mabel, taking out her side comb and readjusting them before the mirror. "It is so nice to see you again and have a chance to visit with you, Sadie. I do hope no one will interrupt us."

"That's sweet of you," said her hostess. "Only I can't see why you didn't write George that you were coming. I believe I'll telephone him."

"Hurry, no!" protested Mabel. "As if I cared! Do you think my hair is as becoming done this way as the way I used to wear it six months ago? There's the bell!"

"She flew to the mirror and as Sadie recognized the voice of the caller in the hall she looked with dawning suspicion at her guest.

"That's George Moran," she said, in a stage whisper. "And you said you hadn't written him that you were coming and didn't care for him!"

"I don't care!" insisted the girl who was visiting, with wabbling dignity. "And I didn't tell him—only he guessed it from something or other that I wrote. It's likely—"

"Yes, I think it is," argued Sadie.

IRRIGATION ON MARS.

Supposed Fiery Planet May Have Extensive Artificial Watering System.

The latest studies of the so-called canals on Mars by Percival Lowell, at his laboratory in Arizona, bring into prominence again the question of the nature and meaning of those enigmatical markings. One is compelled once more to ask himself: "Is it possible that in these things we really do see the results of the labor of intelligent beings inhabiting our red brother planet, and, when it is nearer us, startles every eye as if it were a fiery potent?"

In considering Mr. Lowell's recent observations, we must first remember that there is no warrant for thinking that the Martian canals are simple water courses. According to Mr. Lowell, who has given the most constant interpretation of them that has yet been offered (whatever we may think of the scientific probability of that interpretation), the lines called canals, and the rounded spots frequently seen at points where several canals meet, are to be regarded as irrigated areas, and oases, in the midst of vast expanses.

There are many reasons for regarding Mars as a nearly dried-up planet, having no oceans, and very little water left. Its polar snows annually, in each hemisphere, lock up most of the water that remains on the planet, only releasing it with their alternate melting as summer shifts from north to south and back again from south to north. The periodic disappearance of the white polar caps and particularly the southern one, which is best presented for our observations, is one of the most conspicuous features of the telescopic study of Mars.

Now the theory is that life is only retained on Mars through the advantage of its inhabitants who, taking advantage of the temporary supply of water furnished by the melting of the polar snows, gain it into vast systems of irrigating ditches—Success

Wood Pigeons in the Catskills.

Reports from the forest dwellers of the Catskills, in Ulster County, N. Y., say that considerable numbers of wild blue pigeons are returning to that locality.

The forests thirty years ago sheltered millions of these birds, which lived on the beech nuts, of which there were large quantities. Along about 1873 the pigeons suddenly abandoned this county and until this spring there had been hardly a pigeon seen in the Catskills.

During the summers of 1872 and 1873 there were such immense flights of pigeons in this locality as to obscure the sun as with a cloud at noonday. The next summer they were gone, and nobody could tell whither.

It is believed that the severe winter just passed has driven the pigeons from their nesting and roosting grounds in the Canadian woods to a new breeding ground further south, and that some of the flocks have taken up their home in the almost impenetrable woods of this county.

This is cheering news to the sportsmen, as the pigeons will never be slaughtered here again by netting by pothunters as they were years ago.

The remorseless manner and the means of slaughter in the later 60s and early 70s no doubt helped to drive the pigeons away, as there has never been any lack of food. They will be protected now along with the other game.—New York Sun

Japanese Proverbs.

A traveler familiar with the literature and customs of Japan tells some interesting facts about its proverbs. "We all know," he writes, "the proverb about 'more haste, less speed,' but the Japs put it. 'If in a hurry go round.' We say, very crudely, that 'accidents will happen in the best regulated families,' but the Japanese, with a view to making the phrase more picturesque, say: 'Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.'"

"The saying about 'out of tools and cut fingers the people of the flowery kingdom vary to: 'If one plays with their own one is likely to have a wound,' while our 'Oil and water won't mix,' they know as 'You can't rivet a nail in a custard.' Where we say 'Out of evil good may come,' they say 'The lotus springs from the mud.' Mrs. Partington's attempt to, in Japan, 'scatter fog with a fan,' building bridges to the clouds,' or 'dipping up the ocean with a shell.' And when the person making such attempt had failed the Japanese say that after all, 'thine own heart makes the world.'"

Walking Across a Lake.

Tulare lake, in California, once navigable by steamers, is now perfectly dry. A man on foot can cross it safely at any point, and in some places the ground is hard enough for a team to drive over. The cause of this condition is the draining of Kern and King rivers of their water by irrigation canals.

Vaccinating Mules.

A man who lost eight mules by vaccination sued the company making the vaccine points for \$800, and a jury gave a verdict for \$512.50. When a child dies from vaccination there is no thought of suing. It would appear from the above that a child is not worth as much as a mule.

Russia's Chief Fault.

Russia's slovenliness is deeply rooted in the whole Russian system. It caused Russia to be unprepared when the war began, and it is responsible for the wearing away of the Russian fleet.

THE SKIRMISH

The girl with the golden vanity bag looked determined. If it were anything else on earth but a charity bazaar, I would gladly lend my assistance," she said. "But the very thought of the last one I was in gives me nervous prostration."

"But, insisted the girl with the blue-topped shoes, you would make such a stunning gypsy. Besides, we're going to read by cards and not by palms."

"Don't please. It sounds just like the last one. Miss Perkins inveigled me with just such subtle art. She told me first about the poor girl babies in India who were fed alive to the crocodiles just because they were girls. She ended by saying that I would make a lovely gipsy girl in her Japanese booth. Well, I thought if I could really help to keep a lot of babies from being swallowed alive by crocodiles it was plainly my duty to do it. I yielded and got a gorgeous kimono, with birds flying all over it."

"Miss Perkins made us up for the opening night. I had two chrysanthemums popping over my ears and a half-dozen fans in my hair. When Miss Perkins wanted to rouge my cheeks I told her that mine were pink enough already. Tess Summers remarked that it was very clever of me to put on my make-up at home, as it really saved time. That made me angry so when she asked me if I didn't think her costume artistic, I told her sweetly that it was indeed, for it made me think of my artist palette at home. That was the way I started off the evening."

"We rattled some china tea sets in our booths and Miss Perkins sent the girls round the hall with chances to sell. I saw Ted over at the flower booth and Tess saw him at the same time. We both made a dash but I reached Ted first and held my chance book tight under his nose. He said he would take all my chances if I would go into the cafe with him and have something to eat. Of course since I had sold all my chances, I thought it wasn't wasting any time, so I went in with Ted."

"I was enthusiastically explaining to him all about the babies and the crocodiles when Miss Perkins, with a where-is-she-air that sent the shills along my spine, came in. She saw the chrysanthemums above my ears and came directly over to our table. She asked me if I wouldn't kindly give her my chance book, as the other girls were probably losing opportunities of selling them. She apologized sarcastically for interrupting our conversation. I took a nice bit of chicken salad before I answered her, as I was too angry to speak. When I had myself under fair control I told her that I regretted very much that I couldn't oblige her, as I had already sold my \$5 worth of chances on the 50-cent tea set."

"She said then if I didn't mind she would like to have me serve tea in the Japanese booth the rest of the evening. Ted asked if he might come and squeeze the lemons and Miss Perkins went away with her head in the air. You see, Tess Summers is Miss Perkins, niece isn't it perfectly obvious?"

"Well, I went back into that stuffy booth and poured tea. Ted came over in a few minutes, but Tess cornered him and fixed his tea and flirted with him on one of the bamboo seats right before my eyes. I overheard Ted ask her if she didn't think my costume becoming. She nodded her head emphatically and said it certainly was a dear kimono. The flying-bird pattern was so unusual and quite my style. The general effect was extremely flighty, she said and giggled. Ted laughed too."

"I was so enraged that I dropped a whole lemon into a cup of tea that I was passing and spiltashed the tea all over Miss Perkins' embroidered kimono. She almost wept then and said she would relieve me, as I seemed nervous so she gave me some more chances to sell in the hall. That left Ted to Tess tenderly as I would have cried if I hadn't been afraid of spoiling my Japanese face."

"As I went out of the booth I almost knocked over the Japanese dragon, but I wouldn't have cared much if the whole booth had tumbled down. I saw Charley Walker over in the gypsy tent. The gypsy girls haven't yet forgiven me for taking him away and bringing him over to our Japanese booth."

"We sat on the bamboo seat, next to Ted and Tess. Ted didn't seem to be very happy and I heard him tell Tess that if she didn't mind he would rather write out a check than drink any more tea at 50 cents a cup. Later somebody made an address and Ted managed to get next to me. When Ted whispered that he thought it was time for me to go home I was just about ready to burst into tears. I asked him to please take me away at once and—"

"Well, of course, Ted and I are engaged now. But, really, dear, when I think of the uncomfortable experiences I had as a gipsy girl you must forgive me for not caring to be a gypsy."

German Railway Carriages. On the state railways in Germany the carriages are painted according to the colors of the tickets of their respective classes. First-class carriages are painted yellow, second-class green and third-class white.

WILD BEAUTY OF BRAZIL.

Where the Jungle Crowds Close to the Elegance of the Cities.

There is much wild beauty in Brazil. A new language has been forced on the peaceful Indian, but his land remains unchanged. It is only a few minutes' walk from the orderly rows of palms in the botanical gardens of Rio de Janeiro to the jungle. If one would ride, the trolley car and the cog train will take him in five minutes to where the wilderness is as wild as if man had not conquered it with steam. As one sails across the broad harbor among many strange craft, says the Baltimore American, the view on one side discloses the red and yellow metropolis sitting on the hillsides, but all around are the budding mountains crowding down upon it. The ride to Petropolis is so rugged and picturesque that if one will not listen to the puffing of the engine or look back at the sea-going rails he may well believe that he is the first to pass that way. Huge birds soar upward in the haze, and brightly painted butterflies spread their delicate sails as they dash back and forth in the white sunlight, there are clumps of wonderful willows, affable with masses of bloom, all beglazed by towering peaks of lofty mountains.

Petropolis sits in the lap of the hills. The tree-lined canals all come from the lead back to nature's haunts. A trade lead to rough places. Petropolis stands for all the elegance Brazil can boast. It is the national show place. About 500 of its citizens spend five hours of every day on the train going to and from their business in Rio. The legations of nearly all the foreign governments are located here. To live in Petropolis is quite the thing, yet on all sides it is hedged in by the wilderness.

A Quaker City Bird. A prominent lawyer, who resides in an attractive portion of Walnut street, beyond the river has a queer sort of pet. It isn't a parrot, nor a dog, nor a cat, it's an everyday chicken, a Plymouth hen.

Pete is an intelligent bird. She does all sorts of tricks, including a graceful jump as chicken jumps go, and spirals, walking through its master's feet, as he wanders around the yard. Pete has won a warm spot in the hearts of the household. She has free access to the richly furnished apartments of the entire house, besides having a special room of her own.

The lawyer in question anticipated a trip to the Thousand Islands over the holidays of July 4, and naturally, when the preliminary arrangements for the three days' trip were being looked over the other night, the question arose: "What shall we do with Pete?"

"To with Pete?" interjected the barber. "Why Pete must go along." And now the preliminary arrangements will include a method of transportation for the tame chicken.

By the way this same chicken lays one egg every day, and it's the only egg her food master will eat at the breakfast table. Other varieties are said to be inferior. This would signify that Pete is useful as well as ornamental. Exchange

Pigeons in the House of Commons. The dining room at the House of Commons had an unusual guest yesterday afternoon. While a number of members were having lunch they were surprised by a carrier pigeon flying into the room through an open window. The pigeon calmly settled at one of the tables amid a group of amused legislators. It was clearly not one of the flocks which haunt the precincts of parliament, that had dared to enter so unceremoniously. The intruder was of the true carrier variety, and had evidently traveled far. It appeared to be tame through fatigue and hunger, and eagerly partook of food and water at the hands of some members of parliament. The tale of the curious arrival and tameness of the pigeon soon spread in the lobby and created a good deal of interest and amusement. The pigeon, which is being well looked after, bears a ring on the left leg, and the number "1134." It had probably been engaged in a flying match and had gone astray. London Chronicle

The "New Thought" Religion. Approached by a passage through the Southampton Row lies the temple of the newest religion—the "New Thought."

A curious congregation gathered there recently to hear Mrs. Kohaus expound its tenets in addition to a number of fashionably dressed women there was an African negro and an Indian resplendent in a turban of pale blue and gold, but otherwise attired in cycling costume.

Passages from the Old and New Testaments were read, and after some music Mrs. Kohaus, a dark and middle-aged lady wearing two white chiffon rosettes in her hair, explained that the genus man possessed a second higher soul, which, when aroused, was nothing less than the divine essence.—London Mail

A Woman's Long Sleep. A Bremen woman, now forty-four years of age, went to sleep in 1896 and has just awakened. During the whole course of her long sleep she never once opened her eyes. When she awoke the sleeper would groan, and on food being given her swallowed it in a natural way. Most of her teeth fell out in the course of her sleep, some she swallowed, others were found on the pillow. She awoke suddenly while the fire alarm bells were being rung.—Exchange

ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

By Martha Alma Proxmy.

I live in Providence because my business interests are here, and not, I assure you, because of any romantic predilections. On account of these same business interests I have an office within sight of the depot. I see them come and go and I wish them joy, but way down deep in my heart I have my doubts.

The first section of the New York train had disappeared in a cloud of smoke that sunny May morning and I was planning a set of telegrams to send to my various brokers when that girl rushed in. All I was clearly conscious of was a slender figure in brown.

"You must hide me!" she said, "for Uncle Dick is determined to make my life miserable, and I just won't stand it."

"Well," she broke into my puzzled silence, "what are you going to do?" Then she laughed in a smothered fashion. You do look so funny and scared," she said apologetically, "but you were the only one I could think of and I felt sure if Uncle Dick found me here—"

"But good heavens! my dear young lady, your uncle must find you here," I burst out. "You must know I am a respectable member of society and don't harbor runaway girls—"

"But for Tom's sake," she said with her eyes hypnotizing me and her cheeks flaming excitedly. "Wouldn't you do it for Tom's sake? Why, if you had seen him shake his hat in Uncle Dick's face this morning when Uncle Dick called you—er—well, he called you names, and Tom told him it was a pity he didn't follow the example of just such—er—well, you know, as yourself, and if he did he would never have been caught on the wrong side of the market, and then Uncle Dick turned literally purple because he made of our money that time and he tried to kick Tom out, and—well, here I am, that's all."

"So you are Dorothy Henderson?" I asked at last. "I always knew Dick had an awful temper—still he ought to have made good on this market."

"Yes, I suppose so," she said absently. "But you see that's the second section coming in now and you'd better hide me."

"But what objection has Dick Henderson to Tom?" I asked in desperation, for this matter involved my principles to no uncertain degree.

"Don't you see?" she said waving her hand dramatically. "It's because he's Tom and he thinks he's always airing his opinions and he won't have any such smart folks in the family, he's too much like you, and Uncle Dick would have to take a back seat and oh, innumerable other objections."

"Dick Henderson always did have to be handled with gloves," I said triumphantly. "and Tom certainly hits with bare hands. But where is Tom?"

"He stopped to get a license in Boston," she said with a deeper flush than ever, and though I knew Tom's sweetheart was a very pretty girl I wish with they could do it some other way. "He's probably on this train and if Uncle Dick caught it too, why—"

While I stood considering quick steps rushed down the corridor and Tom precipitated himself into the room and grabbed the girl in his arms.

"He's coming," he said with repressed force. "He was in the last Pullman. Now where is the fire escape, Uncle Henry?"

I gasped, for there I was in the midst of one of the wildest of those romantic escapades and couldn't say my soul was my own. I led them into my little private office and pointed out the back window, which luckily opens on an alley. Heavy steps thundered along toward us and just as Tom, gently but forcibly, raised the window and swung out on the narrow flight of steps. I closed the door between the two offices. I never had felt more agitated in my life, but I quietly went about mixing a whiskey and soda. I looked at Dick Henderson with a surprise and a pleasure that I will guarantee was a finished product while he glared at me from the threshold.

"I thought I should find someone here," he blustered. "I hope you aren't harboring any young fools here."

"By no means Richard," I interrupted. "I'm the only fool that's here and not very young at that. Here, have a drink—I had a little birthday celebration last night and I feel kind of seedy."

When my telephone bell rang I must own my assurance caved in somewhat. After I got the gist of the message I turned to Richard.

"Our niece and nephew want us to lunch with them on a drink to their health," I said with well simulated surprise. "Think of it, Dick, couldn't anything be finer than for those two to get married! Is it a go?"

He grinned sheepishly but he couldn't back out and I must own I never had a jollier meal than we partook of that noon.

Shanghai's Ruffian Beggars.

According to the North China Daily News the very serious riots in Shanghai were largely the work of the sale "king of the beggars" and his followers.

"The mob consisted in the first place, naturally, of the rowdies, loafers and unemployed coolies of the settlements, next of a body of gamblers and salt smugglers from outside the Shanghai district, and, lastly and most important of all, of the followers and partisans of the late Cheng Te-ming, an erstwhile 'chiao-hua wang' or king of beggars of Shanghai, late of district—a post which, by the way, is a hereditary one in China. Cheng Te-ming, when he succeeded to his hereditary dignities, had found under his special command some thousand or two lusty and strapping ruffian beggars in this district, and further added considerably to his strength and influence, by means of his brute courage and strength, a following of some hundreds of rowdies, loafers and gamblers who are known as, and also proudly call themselves, Zung Te-ming or partisans of Cheng Te-ming. By their help the beggar king murdered and robbed, kidnapped and oppressed the whole countryside for some dozen years or so within a seventy-five mile radius of Shanghai.

"In his gang also were Vah Ma-mao Vahder and other ruffians whom the Shanghai police are using their best endeavors to lay by the beam. So notorious had Cheng Te-ming become by the lawless acts of himself and gang that the Chinese authorities could shut their eyes no longer to the man's shortcomings, with the result that his arrest was decided upon and a large reward was offered in the usual way for Cheng Te-ming dead or alive. This ended in some of his followers, tempted by the reward, betraying their chief to the authorities. The latter forthwith had the man summarily decapitated.

"Then the mantle of this arch ruffian fell on the much-wanted Vah Kah-der and his lieutenant Vah Ma-mao, now undergoing twenty years penal servitude in the municipal jail. The followers and partisans of the late beggar king are all armed with knives when they go about, while the principal members of the gang keep a regular arsenal of weapons and revolvers on their persons. These were the rascals who had the chief hand in starting the riots with the ultimate object of breaking down the municipal jail to rescue their present chief lieutenant."

Sources of Book Titles. The great percentage of title roles of books are quotations or derived from familiar sayings and proverbs, said a prominent publisher who occasionally drops into statistics of the trade.

"Some authors have a natural scent for good-selling names; others lack the instinct entirely, so that christening the brain-child is a hardly easy difficult process than bringing it forth. But, in any case, authors are under the deepest obligations to the quotation book."

"The two works to which we are most indebted in this respect are Shakespeare and the Bible. A list of even the celebrated books with significant headlines would of itself fill a large volume. Some of these are direct and immediately recognizable but others—such as 'Red Potage' and 'The Golden Bowl'—require a little thought to trace them to that source.

"Shakespeare is hardly second to the Bible in furnishing inspiration of this kind. Take the works of one American writer alone W. D. Howells—and you have several titles at least. 'The Quality of Mercy' is of this class, and so are 'A Hazard of New Fortunes,' 'The Undiscovered Country,' etc.

"Of late years I notice that Omar Khayyam is being drawn upon to quite an extent for the purpose. Not of course, to the extent of the greater works just named, but very generously, taking into consideration the limited bulk of the Rubaiyat and the comparatively short time they have been familiar to us. 'The Potter and the Clay' and 'The Master Knot' are examples of Omarian titles. There are dozens of them among the books of the age.

"A specially prolific field for book names has been the hymns and sacred songs of the language, verses of which have become household words with us. 'There Were Ninety and Nine' was, I believe, derived from a hymn of that name and there are hundreds of others. Prayer books, too, are responsible for a good man. In the 'Midst of Life' To Have and to Hold are from the Book of Common Prayer.

First Pearl Collection. It is probably not generally known that the Dowager Empress of China has the finest collections of pearls in the world. Other sovereigns have been photographed so extensively wearing gorgeous collections of jewels that the rarely pictured Tsai Ann is not thought of as the possessor of similar gems, but her pearls are the most beautiful in the world and her jade, as might be imagined, is unrivaled.

The pearl, being the symbol of the Manchu dynasty, is worn by the Dowager Empress more by any other jewel, and when Miss Kate Carl was painting her portrait at the imperial palace baskets of pearls would be brought in and placed before Her Majesty for selection. In the diadem which she wears over her straight black hair is a large gem of great beauty called the "flaming pearl," from which light and fire are supposed to radiate. The Empress also owns a coat or jacket falling a short length below the waist, which is woven of pearls and rubies and bits of jade.