Cupid and Palmistry

Wilton was pleasantly surprised to find Sybil alone in her little green and gray study.

"By what happy accident," he asked, "are you at home to your mere friends? I think I do not remember having called once in the past six months that I did not find you closeted with a solicitor from some charitable association. Really, Sybil, you are carrying the thing too far. It's well enough to be moderately interested in such things, but as to giving one's whole time and attention at least wait till you are 60 and plain. Besides, you know where charity ought to begin."

The girl offered him a chair and then placed a tea-kettle over an alcohol burner, which she lighted.

"Now, Dick, don't be unreasonable," she pleaded. "You know I am very glad to see you and fortunately I have a few minutes to spare for you. Oh, I must tell you about our luck at the North End Bazaar last night. We cleared over $50. I was busy, of course, all the evening. I helped serve chocolate until 8 and all the rest of the time read hands in my gypsy booth. Oh, Dick, you have no idea how perfectly fascinating I am finding palmistry. I must tell you about some types I discovered last night."

"Bother the types," said Wilton. "Now, Sybil, we are not, if you please, to mention anything that savors of charity bazaars. Talk to me about yourself."

"Oh, but I'd rather talk to you about palmistry."

"All right, but make it a special case, then. Say, Sybil, you promised to read my hand once shortly after you took up the fad. Only being simply an intimate friend."

"You don't need to get sarcastic, Dick. Besides it is not a fad. Palmistry is very exact, scientific. The more I study it the more I am sure of this."

"Suppose you give me an object lesson to illustrate its truth."

"I don't want to."

"Why not?"

"Well, because, you see, it is this way, Dick. It is altogether different with one's friends. One doesn't like to study them psychologically. You want to feel that they are in the same class with Browning's 'certain star,' of which he only knew that it darted its red and blue. I don't want to dissect you, Dick."

"Thank you, Sybil. To change the subject, when are you going to marry me?"

She frowned at him over the cups.

"Now, Dick, that is not fair. You know we agreed we wouldn't talk about serious things like that, but be just friends."

"I didn't agree. I simply resigned myself rather ungracefully, perhaps. Now, Sybil."

"Now, Dick, do have some tea. And please don't let's talk about such things any more."

"All right, let us talk palmistry again. Do you know I have been studying it a bit on the quiet, so as not to be too dreadfully ignorant when you might favor me with an audience. Let me see your hand. Now, don't say 'no.' Remember I am in earnest and want to learn about it."

"How absurd, Dick, in you to want to try analyzing my character! You know me perfectly well already."

"Perhaps my specialty is making future predictions. You don't pay so much attention to that. Now, Sybil, if you don't let me try, I shall say you are not serious about the matter and don't half believe in palmistry yourself. No, never mind the tea now."

"Well, then."

She held out a dainty hand across the cups. Wilton looked at it with all appearance of earnestness.

"A very fair fortune, lady. Plenty of friends and money. I see several journeys, few disappointments, and, why, Sybil, sure as fate, on the line of destiny I can see a loyal husband for you, and he is coming within a year. Seems as though I can trace his initials. D. W."

"Dick Wilton!"

"If I know myself, yes."

"Let go of my hand. Why, Dick; listen; there is some one coming. Oh, yes, Mrs. Deering to see me about the Everett Street Church fair. I promised to read hands for them Saturday, Dick!"

"Yes, Sybil, but tell me first, did that line lie? Is palmistry exact or not?"

"Yes, only, oh, Dick."

It was a Sybil of ruffled curls and pink face that subsided behind the tea cups as the visitor entered. In a moment she had gained her composure.

"Mrs. Deering, I have been expecting you," she said. "So glad you have come. You have not met Mr. Wilton? We have been chatting for half an hour. He is very sceptical. Won't take my palmistry seriously, for instance. But I am sure I argued well this afternoon—"

"Did she convince you?" smiled Mrs. Deering.

Wilton noted the lights in Sybil's eyes.

"Perfectly," he said.—MISS M. M. DANA.

Fewer Marriages in Germany.

Official statistics published to-day show a diminution in the number of marriages contracted in Germany. In Prussia marriages have decreased from 313,000 in 1907 to 302,000 in 1908. A corresponding diminution has taken place in other States of the empire in spite of the increase of population. The birth rate in Germany also reveals a slight decrease.

CROSSING CONTINENT BY BOAT.

Canoe May Traverse South America from Ocean to Ocean.

An official of the Geological Survey at Washington, in describing the gold fields of Western Colombia, has incidentally pointed out a route by which, in the wet season, a man might go in a canoe from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the northwestern part of South America.

The proposed route follows the river Atrato to the divide, which lies in a series of swamps, and then by way of one or two smaller streams, reaches the river San Juan, which empties into the Pacific.

Eastern Highbinders.

An ordinance just passed in Java falls heavily upon Chinese secret societies in the Dutch East Indies. A fine of 100 guilders or three months imprisonment is the penalty for every Chinaman found in possession of secret society documents or emblems or caught wearing the distinguishing marks of these organizations.

Those who preside over the meetings of such societies, allow meetings to be held in their houses or fail to inform the authorities of such gatherings being held incur similar penalties. The latter also fall upon Chinamen who recruit for these societies, supply them with money or give them help in any way.

More Useful.

The president of an ocean steamship company was taking a journey across the water. When the ship was in a dangerous channel he became engaged in conversation with the pilot, an elderly man who had spent most of his life on the water. The president of the company remarked: "I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel?"

"No," replied the pilot.

"You don't?" exclaimed the president. "Then why are you in charge of the wheel?"

"Because I know where the bad places ain't."

Kissing the Book.

In England and all the English speaking countries the kissing of the book before the oath comes from the practice of touching a halidame or sacred object, as the old Roman touched the altar or Harold the casket of relics. The form "So help me God" is inherited from ancient Teutonic Scandinavian law, under which the old Northmen, touching the blood daubed ring on the altar, swore "So help me Frey and Niordh and the Almighty God" (that is Thor). The first and last of these are the two old English gods whose names we keep up in Friday and Thursday.

The Atmosphere.

The height of the atmosphere above the earth has never been ascertained, because no one has ever been able to get far enough out to determine where it ends. But it certainly spreads far more than fifty miles from the solid surface of the earth and from the liquid surface of the sea. The quantity, therefore, that rests upon an acre of ground presses down upon that space with a weight of not less than 22,000 tons. Fifteen pounds of it are sustained upon each square inch of the land that is near the level of the sea.

Scientific Training.

Scientific education in the schools and colleges of this country may be said to date from the year 1862. The bill for scientific and technical studies was put through Congress in that year by the Honorable Justin S. Morrill of Vermont and received the President's signature at once. The bill received its main inspiration at the International Exhibition at London in 1851 and was proposed as early as 1857 but owing to the high party spirit engendered by the slavery discussion was delayed till the date given.

The Nebulae.

The discovery of the gaseous nature of the nebulae came about largely through the use of the spectroscope and analysis. Fraunhofer proved that the spectrum of an ignited gaseous body is "non-continuous, with interrupting lines" and J. W. Draper demonstrated that the spectrum of an ignited solid is always continuous, with no interrupting lines. In this way it was proved that many of the nebulae are gaseous, illustrating the process of development actually going on.

The World's Disease.

Mammonism is only an effect of which selfishness is the cause. Selfishness, the assertion of self against the law of the universe, self-gratification instead of the general good—that is the disease of the world, and we can never have social health until society is saved from selfishness.—Homiletic Review.

The Flea.

Oh, there's nothing quite so maddening as a pesky, crawling flea, when the little cuss is biting in a spot you cannot see! Nothing which drives man or woman to the point where they will swear, like this hopping, frisky critter, when he's out upon a tear!—Los Angeles Express.

Men's Measurements.

For the athletic type of man the average chest measurement is 38 inches, with the waist 34; while the motoring man, though shorter, demands a 36-inch waist.—Boston Globe.

Spread of German Language.

In Chili there are regions where there are so many Germans that the native servants learn their language.

TRANSPLANTED HEART'S-EASE

None of the boarders at the Homestead knew why Eben Buker's face was always sad. Even Faith Emery, the pretty stenographer who sat next to him at dinner each day, had never been taken into his confidence, and had she been told the story of his heartache, she might not have suspected that it was her own golden hair which framed the face so dear to big, patient Eben Buker.

When Faith came to the city four years before, a poor little stranger, Eben helped her to find a situation.

It was hard to be poor and old and yet love so young and fair a girl. Had he possessed great wealth she might have forgotten the barrier which Time had placed between them. As it was—

Eben sighed deeply and began to dig more vigorously about the small plants which were his share of the garden plot belonging to the Homestead boarders.

"Still trying to make your heart's-ease grow?" It was Faith's merry greeting.

"Yes, you shall have a blossom before long," Eben [illegible] as he arose to welcome her.

"But I shall [illegible] needing any," Faith made answer [illegible], and Eben saw that her face was radiant with some new found joy.

"Such a [illegible] thing has happened, Eben. You never could guess, so I must tell you what it is. Aunt Martha has [illegible] her home in the country if I will go and live there with her. Such lovely flowers as [illegible] garden! [illegible] say you are glad."

[illegible] Eben was silent, stunned by the thought of losing Faith. When he [illegible] cheerful [illegible]

[illegible] he said then [illegible] But [illegible] the country. You [illegible] and sounds. Perhaps you [illegible] the Homestead."

Eben's voice was very wistful, but Faith only laughed.

"What part of the Homestead, pray? The pea soup which is eternal, the stuffy rooms, the crooked stairs? Oh, no! I shall not miss the Homestead. I would be very ungrateful when [illegible] have so beautiful a place of my own."

"I suppose so," Eben spoke very [illegible]. Had not Faith said she should [illegible] miss the Homestead of which he was a part?

"You do not seem at all glad!" It was Faith's reproach which aroused Eben to set aside a bitter reflections and [illegible] with enthusiasm the bright prospects before his little friend.

There would be time enough to mourn when she was gone. Time enough! Were days ever so long as those which followed Faith's departure?

It seemed to Eben as if he never could plod on alone in the same old path. To make his desolation even more complete, the very day that Faith went away some rude street urchin, so Eben supposed, scaled the wall which separated the Homestead garden from the street and stole the precious heart's-ease plants over which he had worked so long. He had [illegible] to have a few flowers [illegible] Faith, but now that Faith [illegible] he had not the heart [illegible] fresh plants, so even the pleasure of working in the garden after a [illegible] was no longer his. [illegible] every day that youth [illegible] farther from him, and now there was no sweet voice to bid it [illegible].

[illegible] was in this disconsolate frame [illegible] when a letter from Faith [illegible] one morning asking him [illegible] in her new home. Eager [illegible] of her he needed no second [illegible] but started at once for [illegible] country town where she now [illegible].

It was a long journey and the western sky was already aflame with the [illegible] when Eben found himself [illegible] with Faith through the beautiful garden.

[illegible] were the breezes that blew [illegible] the flower scented [illegible] the girl at his side that [illegible] he must be in a land of [illegible].

When Faith had won sufficient praise for the stately gladiolas, the old fashioned hollyhocks and the sweet peas that seemed to have borrowed every tint of the rainbow, then she led Eben to the old elm which grew by the gateway.

"See!" she cried, pointing to a small purple flower that nestled beneath the shade of the tree.

"Heart's-ease!" Eben exclaimed.

"Yes, your heart's-ease, Eben. I stole it. It seemed so like a part of you. You had cared for it so long. See! It has blossomed!" and she glanced up shyly into his face.

The look meant much, but Eben's eyes were on the small blossoms at his feet.

"You do not mean that you cared for the heart's-ease because it was mine," he said, slowly, while hope dawned in his eyes, that had been sad so long.

"Yes, I said I should not miss the Homestead, but I never said I should not miss you," and Faith's pretty head drooped very low.

Tenderly Eben raised it until he could look into the deep blue eyes.

"My darling," he whispered. Then: "At last I have found my Heartsease!" And his lips pressed Faith's.

Germany is to have an English theater in the very near future.

"HAIR LACE" NEARLY GONE.

Most Curious of All Fabrics Found Only on Exhibition.

The most curious lace is called point tresse. It is very rare and was made of human hair. French collectors say that it exists in the present day only in their cabinets.

It was confined to the early part of the sixteenth century. Margaret, Countess of Lennox, the mother of the wretched Darnley, sent from the tower where she was imprisoned when her son, Lord Charles Lennox, married the daughter of Bess of Hardwicke, a bit of this kind of lace to Mary, Queen of Scots.

This is a very strong proof of her belief in the queen's innocence of the guilt that had been imputed to her. The little square of point tresse was worked by the old countess' own hands from her own gray hair. It was in fact, hair mixed with fine flax.

A Suggestion.

A certain retired coal dealer of Pittsburg is, in the good old phrase, as tight as wax, but has a passion to be considered a "spender" and good liver, never neglecting an opportunity to refer to his "wine cellar," etc. A short while ago he snared a well known clubman and had him at his house for dinner. A bottle of sherry was produced with considerable ostentation and the glasses filled. The host held his to the light, then drank, and smacked his lips.

"What do you think of that, hey?" he suggested.

"Why, er, very good," the guest commented, setting his glass upon the table. "But I say, old man," he added in a confidential tone, "I know a place where you can get wine even cheaper than this!"—Brooklyn Life.

What Cynics Are.

Cynics was the name applied to a school of philosophers founded by Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates. The main tenet of the extreme Cynics was that civilization is a curse and true happiness can be obtained only by gratifying the most primary physical appetites which man has in common with brutes. The general attitude of the Cynics, as distinguished from that of the Stoics, who regarded everything in the external world with indifference, was one of contempt. They were not an important philosophical school numerically, but attracted attention largely by their eccentricities and insolence. On account of their contempt for refinement their name came subsequently to be applied to any one who takes a mean view of human life.

Clearing House Operations.

A clearing house is an agency established by the banks of a city to which all checks drawn upon one city bank and deposited in another are sent for payment. Every morning there is a clearance or settlement of accounts in which the checks deposited in each bank and the checks drawn upon each bank are separately summed up and compared. If there is more deposited in a bank than there is drawn upon it the bank receives the difference in cash. If the reverse is the case the bank pays the balance instead of receiving it. The term clearance means either the act of settlement or the sum of all the checks presented for payment. The amount of business done by the clearing house is a pretty sure index of the general condition of business.

A Vacancy.

Dr. Hale once told of a minister who preached over an hour on the greater prophets, and then when his exhausted congregation thought he was through, took a long breath, turned a fresh page, and, leaning over the pulpit, said: "We now come to the more complex question of the minor prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where, brethren, shall we place Hosea?"

An irascible old gentleman in a back pew rose, took his hat and stick, and said as he departed: "You may give him my place if you want to. I'm going."

Feminine Propensity.

There is a prominent clergyman in Richmond, Va., who has a happy way of enjoying his own disadvantages.

Never a handsome man, Mr. C— was severely battered in a railroad wreck in which he suffered the loss of a foot.

Soon after marrying a beautiful woman the ill-used minister met an old friend on the street, who bantering'y asked: "C—, how in the world did such a pretty girl come to marry you?"

"Oh, ladies like remnants!" was the cheerful reply.—The Circle.

Exceptions.

"You don't have to be enthusiastic to succeed in some things," said the boarding house philosopher; "I once saw a man achieve a speed of a mile a minute sliding down a mountain side, without the slightest effort on his part and without having had any ambition to do it."

Shooting Stars.

The popular term "shooting star" covers a number of phenomena that are very similar, like meteors, fire balls and aerolites. Meteors and aerolites actually strike the earth very often. Luminous meteors or actual shooting stars do not come nearer than fifty miles from the earth.

What's in a Name.

Boarding House, A. Hotsell ..	$6 up
Hotsell Hotel	$9 up
Hotel Hotsell	$14 up
Hotsell Inn	$18 up
Hotsell Court	$21 up
Hotsell Arms	$24 up

As the Fathers Willed

How she hated him! Why had her father pledged her to this man just because he was fond of his father. He had no right to do it when she was so young and now that she had become of age this man was holding her to it. His father, William Howard, had promised Fenton Braithewaite that when Myrtle was 21 his son Gilbert should spend at least a month with her, after which time, if they agreed to marry each other, they should both receive $10,000. Mr. Howard had provided for this in his will and if they failed to marry, the money was to go to certain charities.

Gilbert was now fulfilling his father's promise. Ever since he had come to visit his promised fiancee he had been balked in every way by her. She only appeared at the breakfast table when he specially asked it; the same at lunch, and he knew that she came to dinner only because she must treat her father's guest with common courtesy. With Gilbert, without thought of the money, it had been love at first sight. The thought that he had come to try to win her made Myrtle hate him before he got there. If he mentioned a drive, walk, tennis or even just to sit and read or talk she always had a ready excuse—letters to write, orders to give to the servants or some equally unnecessary thing. He had almost given up in despair.

Myrtle had not appeared at breakfast and he had gone for a walk by himself to try and make up his mind whether to give in now or wait a little longer. She too was off riding by herself trying to make plans. Either he must go away or she would. She had dreamed of him all night. Why was he so good looking anyway? Why couldn't she get him out of her mind? The more she snubbed him the more pleasantly he smiled. Oh, how she hated him for it! Just that morning she had found some beautiful orchids on her desk because at dinner the night before she had said she was fond of them. Her first thought then had been to crush them, but they were too beautiful.

She was so engrossed in her thoughts that she did not see Gilbert sitting by the roadside until the spirited horse started and rose on her hind feet. He jumped up quickly and caught the bridle.

"Sorry to have startled you," he said. "Are you going for a ride? Why didn't you ask me?"

"Simply because I wanted to be alone."

"Very well," he said and touched his hat.

Myrtle bit her lip and unconsciously touched the horse with her spur. He reared and striking out wildly caught Gilbert on the shoulder, knocking him down. Myrtle thought he had been struck on the head. The blood rushed to her brain, her heart leaped as if it would leave her body. She slid from her saddle and was beside him in a moment.

"Gilbert, are you hurt? Tell me, oh, speak to me!"

Her whole frame was trembling, her eyes were wet. He sprang to his feet and caught her by the arm.

"I'm not hurt, Myrtle."

They were looking into each other's eyes; his breath was coming fast, painfully; her heart had seemed to stop beating.

"Myrtle," he said again. "You cared! You cared if I were hurt. We are not, not friends yet you cared! Myrtle, look at me. I love you."

She drew away from him with a feeling akin to fear, but that fear was mingled with a strange joy. She had shrunk from his grasp, yet she longed for him to take her again.

"Do you hear?" he said. "I love you. My little girl, can't you love me?"

He caught her and drew her toward him. Her pride fought hard, but her heart was the victor. His arms closed more tightly around her; he bent his head and kissed her. But for that kiss she might have resisted, but it seemed to take all her strength, and half unconsciously she whispered: "I love you." He crushed her to him again. There was a pause. No sound reached them but the twittering of the birds overhead.

"You love me," he said, with a catch in his voice. "It is too great to believe."

"It seems so strange, so impossible," she murmured from his shoulder. "Why, only last evening we quarreled. In fact I have quarreled with you ever since you came. I don't see how you ever could love me after the way I have treated you. I thought I hated you, but it was just my pride. I had to love you and I know why. You are so strong, so self-willed, so much of a man and I love a man."

So they sat in the silence of their great happiness, until he whispered to her: "Darling, what clever men our fathers were."

Beetle Hunting in Queensland.

A reward of 1s. 2d. a pound was recently offered by the Queensland sugar planters, writes a Brisbane (Australia) correspondent, for beetles of the destructive sugar cane grub. Hundreds of men and boys have now taken up beetle hunting as a profession. One man earns £6 a week throughout the "beetle season," and the boys make from £2 a week up.

Work Means Growth.

Work is the only means of growth. Not to work is to keep always an undeveloped hand, or heart, or brain. The things which work may achieve are not half so important as that which work does in us.—Turner.

CURE FOR SLEEPING SICKNESS.

Discovery by Rockefeller Institute Means Much for Africa.

A cure for the African sleeping sickness has been discovered by the John D. Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. At least the scientists in the institution believe they have hit upon a cure, but they refuse to make any definite anouncement to the medical world until the new medicine has been put to the most severe tests. They have been collaborating with a German scientist of world-wide fame for several months in compounding a powder from which a serum is made that cures the scourage of the African jungles.

Two doctors connected with the institute recently admitted they thought they had a cure for the disease. They said the serum had been used with success in several cases of the sleeping sickness. They think the serum is as pronounced a specific for the disease as antitoxin is for diptheria.

The powder is light brown. It is dissolved in from ten to twelve parts of water and administered hypodermically. The patient begins to show improvement in a few hours and is completely cured within a few days.

"This discovery," said one of the doctors, "means the solution of the African problem. It will open the way for white immigration and civilization in the Dark Continent. For this reason here could be nothing more important to the modern world than the demonstration of the efficacy of the serum."

The sickness is caused by the bite of the tsetse fly which communicates the disease just as the mosquito carries yellow fever. Almost every government in Europe has sent commissions to Africa to study the disease hoping to find a remedy for it. Until the German scientist and those in the Rockefeller Institute got to work little success in treating the disease was obtained. Sir David Bruce has made a study of the disease. He has written much about it. He discovered the parasite after several years work in Zululand. The disease has levied a heavy tribute on the African inhabitants in the last eight years. Once the germ gets into the system the patient becomes drowsy and becomes more so until death.

Husbands Own Wives' Clothes.

A married woman in Louisiana does not own her own clothes. Judge W. W. Ferguson of New Orleans revealed that fact the other day in an address to the women of the Era Club in that city. He said this was an inequality which should be rectified, as a husband had the power at any time to seize his wife's wardrobe and sell it or bestow it as a gift. The same law prevails in Delaware and a Wilmington judge has been guided by it in a ruling to the distress and humiliation of a woman well known in that city. Following a divorce the husband demanded his former wife's wardrobe. She indignantly refused and he appealed to the courts. The decision was in his favor and the woman had no recourse except to deliver her clothes to him. It was decided under the law that even if a husband gave money to his wife and she invested the money in clothes he remained owner of every garment.

A Cat for Luck.

Stock exchange men and racing men regard luck as a side issue. They follow it secretly and make excuses for it if it goes astray, as if it were a personal friend, but the actor has a deep reverence for it and superstitious customs that sprang into observance during the restoration period are still maintained in the age of Socialism and problem plays. It is almost pathetic to see the joy that beams in the faces of a theatrical company at rehearsals if a harmless necessary cat strolls on the stage, but if the cat sits down and appears to watch the proceedings with approval the joy becomes ecstatic.

Died in Good Company.

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are?" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it: they all had the minister with them when they were dying."—Tid-Bits.

Rather Severe Denunciation.

There is a story of Carlyle in his old age having taken the following farewell, in his broadest Scotch, of a young friend who had had him in charge for walks, and who, while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood, had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him: "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest bore in Christendom."

To Thine Own Self Be True.

Take it not grievously if some think ill of thee, and speak that thou wouldst not willingly bear. Thou oughtest to be the hardest judge of thyself, and to think no one weaker than thyself. If thou dost walk righteously, thou wilt not much weigh fleeting words.—Thomas a Kempis.

As Observed.

"Golf is a good deal like the piano," observes the grouchy old sportsman. "It's generally played by people that don't know much about it."

Victim's Wail.

It's all right for a woman to save time, but making cherry pies with the tones in 'em is a poor way to do it.—Detroit Free Press.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.