

Cousinly Kisses

By MURIEL E. GRAY

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"I'm looking," said an elderly lady in glasses and a couple of short curls on either side of her face, "for a student of the name of Smith."

She was in one of the college dormitories and had with her two very pretty girls, her daughters. She was speaking to a young man who emerged from a door into the corridor and was about to descend the staircase.

"My name is Smith. There are several Smiths in college. Which one are you looking for?"

"Edward B. Smith."

"I'm Edward B. Smith. You can't be."

"Your Aunt Elizabeth."

"You don't mean it! And these girls are—"

"Your cousins, Bess and Ethel."

"Well, well, I'm delighted."

The young man put his arms around the old lady's shoulders in a staid embrace and kissed her back between them. Then he kissed Ethel—on the cheek. Lastly he kissed Bess—on the lips.

"When did you come down, Aunt Elizabeth?" asked the student.

"We reached here this morning. We've been wishing for a long while to see the college, and your mother wrote us that you had come here. Let me see how many years since we have seen you! It must be ten or twelve. You were then a little boy six or seven years old."

"Bess said I were playmates. I be here."

At the remembrance he gave Bess another kiss.

"Oh, no; you weren't," said the old lady. "You spent but one summer with us, and that summer Bess was obliged to go south with her Uncle Charles' family for her health. You never seen her before."

"Never seen her before?" Well, if this is the first time I hope it won't be the last."

And he kissed her again.

At that moment the real Edward B. Smith came along. Seeing his chum Gardner Dale chatting with an old lady and two pretty girls, he looked wistfully at the latter. Dale excused himself for a moment and went to Smith and whispered:

"These are your aunt and cousins. I've passed myself off for you. If you give me away I'll murder you."

Then, leading Smith up to the ladies, he said:

"This is my chum Gardner Dale. He will be very glad to assist me in showing you the college sights and making you stay pleasant."

"Delighted," said the false Dale, pulling off his cap.

"Smith is a very good fellow," Dale announced to the party, then in a stage whisper to the aunt, "He leads his class and is altogether the most prominent man in college."

"See here, Gardner—mean Ned—you stop that. You can't bribe me that way. What do I do in pure mercy?"

"What is he talking about, Edward?" asked the old lady.

"Oh, he's got modesty on the brain. Besides, he studies so hard he doesn't know what he's talking about."

The young man walked about with the old lady and the two girls, taking them into the different buildings and showing them the sights generally. There was to be a "prom" in the evening, and the students invited the girls to attend it with them. They asked the old lady to go, too, but she obliged them by declining.

A BANANA TREE.

The Fruit Grows Small and Cut While Unripe.

Contrary to popular belief, bananas do not grow on the tree as they hang in the grocery, but with the small end of the fruit pointing upward and an appearance upside down.

There is probably no other fruit of such universal consumption about which so little is known to the average person as the banana. Scarcely a man in a thousand not connected with the business knows what a banana tree looks like.

The fruit is never allowed to ripen on the tree, but is cut half or three quarters full—that is, half to three quarters developed, according to the distance it is to be shipped and comes to maturity by feeding from the stalk which contains a large amount of sap. Bananas cut in this way attain practically the same size as if allowed to remain on the tree in which case the bunch becomes too much of a burden for its support and either falls or breaks the tree and ripens on the ground.

FREAKS OF A GENIUS.

The Man Who Smashed Glasses in a London Tavern.

One day a talkative and well-dressed gentleman with bushy restless eyebrows entered a London tavern. The waiter did not ask him for a order but immediately brought him a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale. Having consumed his lunch the guest sat upright in his chair for awhile leaning his hands on a heavy walking cane and staring blankly at the opposite wall as if in a dream.

All at once he gave a start. He raised the empty glass and dashed it to the floor with all his might, smashing it to atoms. He then reflected for a moment and a coin on the table got up and left the inn without a word to any one. After his departure another guest had the curiosity to ask the waiter whether the gentleman who had just gone out was not wrong in his head. Quite the water.

"Oh, no, sir. That's no talking usual with 'im, sir. 'E's broke maybe a hundred glasses since 'e's been a-comin' in this house. 'E don't seem to know it when 'e does it. 'E just goes 'n' thinks and seems to get hungry at something or other about it. 'T's the great Lord Marstonly sir."—St. James Gazette.

The Name Cuba.
Cuba is the name by which the island was originally known to the Lncayan Indians, who were with Columbus when he discovered it. One of its villages or cities was called by them Cubancan, and it is reported that from the similarity of sounds Columbus, still supposing himself to be on the coast of Asia, imagined that this must be a city of Kubli Khan, the Tartar sovereign celebrated by Marco Polo. The survival of the original name for Cuba is a remarkable instance of persistence, as the island has been baptized and rebaptized many times since its European discovery. Columbus first called it Juana in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella. After Ferdinand's death it was called in his memory Fernandina. Subsequently this name was changed to Santiago, after St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Still later it was named Ave Maria, in honor of the Virgin Mary. But none of these names held, and the Indian name is still preserved.

Rice in the Orient.
Rice is kept for use in the orient in its husk, just like horse oats or unthreshed wheat. It is called "paddy" and is beaten or threshed for daily use. But pure husked rice is too rough and unattractive looking for world markets, so it is polished in revolving cylinders with French chalk to make it pretty, pearly and smooth. But this robe of its outer layer and most valuable food qualities. Polished rice is regarded as poison in Japan and is known to produce the dreadful epidemic disease beriberi in Japanese who live too exclusively on a rice diet and eating little or no meat.—Exchange.

Well Supplied.
An inveterate wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards how he managed to get dinner on the passage. "Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a board, do you?" rejoined the wag. "Then I see you have been well provided with provisions this trip, at all events."—London Tit-Bits.

Getting Even.
Howard—When Dr. Incision operated on me he left a pair of surgical scissors in my anatomy. Can I sue him for damages? Lawyer—Better just send him a large bill for storage.—Life.

Malicious.
Youngleigh—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter? Cynicus—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.—Exchange.

Why, Indeed?
She—Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him? He—Why does she take everything else he's got?

When death comes it is never our comrade that we repeat of, but our severity.—Bible.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

By M. QUAD

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The house and the hill were situated in a town in the state of Ohio. The hill is there yet, but there is no house on it. Twenty years ago a stranger went to the town and bought the hill and built a frame house there. When the house was about completed he died. It was a decaying wreck when along came a Mr. Bushwick from one town and bought the property for \$100. As soon as he had the deed he offered it to any villager for \$300 and was laughed at as weak in the top story.

Falling to effect a sale Mr. Bushwick and the house put in repair and announced that he intended to live there. He also announced that he should use it as an observatory. Of course the villagers knew what an observatory was. When Mr. Bushwick's telescope and tripod arrived and were set up on the veranda he permitted the villagers to have a look out at the heavens, but at the earth. They could almost see the houses in the town beneath their feet.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bushwick when all was ready, "the price of this property is \$300. It will increase \$100 per week until sold."

Of course he was away but so long as he appeared harmless the people would only laugh at him. The first one to make a discovery was a Mr. Graham. He was an old man and he had an old wife. They were always wrangling, more or less. When they would wrangle so long each time he would box her ears. Two days after the observatory had been established and as the old couple sat on the piazza of their house a wrangle took place. After a bit the husband looked around and seeing no one passing, he administered a cuff. A moment after he happened to look up on the hill and saw that the telescope was rained upon him. If there was any doubt that Mr. Bushwick had seen that ill inflicted it was dispelled by the waving of a small white flag.

Elder Thompson was a good man, a very good man as all elders should be and rare. He was sitting in his back yard under an apple tree thinking how good and peaceful and nice it was to be real good when a humblemouse came along and after him one of his brother's sake. After coming down from the high jump the elder broke down a young cherry tree, tore down a panel of the fence and ran his dog into the house. It was no more than a good man should do but when he looked up and saw that accusing telescope and white flag he felt hurt and conscience stricken.

A dozen other things of the kind happened during the first week, and then the citizens decided that an observatory was unlawful. They consulted a lawyer, and he smiled at them. He told them the town could be surrounded by observatories and not conflict with any law. Then it was thought best to make up a shake purse and buy Mr. Bushwick out.

"Gentlemen," said the telescope man when they approached him on the subject, "the price of this property is \$600. Take it or leave it."

"But you have no right to be springing on our homes," was retorted.

"There is no springing. I am simply surveying the earth before me. If any of you happen to come within my range of vision I cannot help it. I do not think I shall write a book on what I see. I may, but do not think so."

The citizens refused to pay the sum named and went down the hill to their homes, while Mr. Bushwick returned to his post and his telescope. One of the residents of the village was an old maid named Miss Sanderson. She had a home of her own. She was fond of strolling in her garden. A Mr. Blossom, who lived next door, was fond of leaning over the line fence and quoting poetry to her. His wife had warned him to stop it or she would quote something to him, but on a certain afternoon he forgot the warning and was repeating "Sheridan's Ride" to Miss Sanderson when there came a wife, a club and a cataclysm. The telescope took it all in. The white flag waved joyously. Dozens of people saw it wave and went hunting for the cause, and there was some more to talk about. Two or three days later a committee climbed the hill with \$500 in its hind pocket and told Mr. Bushwick to take it and get out.

"Gentlemen, I am sorry if you have been put to any trouble," he kindly replied, "but the figure on the property is \$600. You see, a sort of real estate boom has set in."

The committee hemmed and hawed and refused to pay. Two days after that the report spread that the observatory man was going to have a night as well as a day glass—a glass that would almost see through a pine door. Then there was a bustle. Three men took up the task of collecting. Oh, no; they were not afraid of the day glass or the night glass or any other kind of glass, but it would be a great improvement to the landscape to remove the house on the hill and set out some pine trees there. When they went up to see Mr. Bushwick again he wanted \$700, but seeing it was they and seeing they wanted to better the landscape, he would throw off \$50 and get out. In three days he was gone, and the sigh of relief that went up was heard all over Loraine county. Things do happen yet in that town, but the world never hears of them.

A NOBLE RED MAN.

He Was Not the Stately Chief Wolesley Expected to Meet.

Lord Wolesley was stationed in Canada many years ago. On one occasion he spent a holiday in the wilds, building a wigwam and practicing generally what we should now call the "back to nature" cure.

It was soon after his arrival in the country, and as the means of communication were still somewhat primitive he had never seen an Indian and was most anxious to make the red man's acquaintance. Some friends of his promised to send one or two to see him as there was an encampment not very far away.

As far as morning Lord Wolesley was informed that a chief had called for conventional Indian, a man of commanding presence arrayed in all the glory of paint and feathers he eagerly stepped outside his wigwam to make his acquaintance. But he received a rude shock when he found a stunted gentleman dressed in a tattered frock coat and ancient waistcoat.

However the general stifled his astonishment and noted the general but although terribly bored at the incessant chatter of the Indian, who had come to the service of the Hudson Bay company and therefore could speak broken English fairly fluently.

At length anxious to get rid of his visitor he took a twenty-five cent piece out of his pocket and fearing he might be grossly insulting his visitor presented it to him.

The latter took it, looked at it carefully, felt the edges and then said: "As you make it half dollar?"

THE WET RAIN.

There Are Several Varieties, and All Have Their Whims.

Rain is principally composed of water but it should not be confused with misting clouds.

Rain always comes on Sunday after wash days and wash days.

Wash day may be changed to any day in the week, but Sunday is the only one that is generally observed.

Sunday afternoon however cannot be changed to any other afternoon. The rain will hold off until you are ready to go driving, and then the word will be passed along the mysterious currents of the air and a double order of clouds and cumulus will be hurled in from the west.

Also in the morning when you leave home and carry your umbrella and raincoat the rain will go away and rain. But if you take heart of the fair sky and leave the umbrella and other trappings then the rain will wait until you leave the office and then get you. Invariably it will tick a few grip and rheumatism germs into your system.

Rain is good for the crops, but why it takes you for a crop is hard to understand.

Rain never brought fame to any one except Noah. Probably on the day the flood began he watched the last picnic party drive out of town in a bus, about his sarcastic things at him through the dust.

There are several varieties of rain but the one most popular with the weather bureau is called "Probably."—Chicago News.

A Great Assistance.
"Good morning," greeted the young man in the breadbasket suit.

The millionaire turned around in his plush chair.

"Er—I think you have the advantage of me young man," he said distantly.

"We don't, you remember me sir? I am broke. Two years ago you told me if I ever went broke to come around and see you."

The millionaire beamed a benevolent smile.

"So I did, my son, so I did. Here is the envelope all ready for you."

The young man took the bulky envelope, and his spirits rose like the mercury on a July day.

"Ah, a little assistance, I suppose?"

"No, a great assistance. It is a valuable little pamphlet I wrote during my spare time entitled 'How to Be Broke and Happy.'"—Chicago News.

Persian Shawie.
The "shaw" of Persia—whence our word "shawl"—is made of goat's hair. Like the carpets, the shawl patterns are learned by heart, and the work is even finer. Children also do this work. It is estimated that Keran turns out \$300,000 worth of shawls, handmade, a year. The finest product is a fringed pattern, a rich color effect, made especially for the governor of the province, who wears it as a robe of honor on the Persian New Year's day.

Me Got Her.
"It's so long since you called upon me," said the girl as she came down to the young man in the parlor, "that I was beginning to think you were forgetting me."

"I am for getting you," replied the smart youth, "and that's why I've called tonight. Can I have you?"

A Real Crisis.
"Johnnie, do you understand what is meant by a crisis?"

"Yes, mumm."

"Tell us, Johnnie."

"Two out an' the bases full, mumm."—Buffalo Express.

His Big Bill.
Guest—How long is this lease of your hotel to run? Hotel Clerk—What lease? Guest—The one I just gave you the money for.—New York Press.

Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty cannot.—De Toqueville.

AN ADDED VALUE

By BEATRICE TUCKER

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"Come, pet, let's go out in the garden, and see how your rosebush is getting along."

Morton Jenkins spoke these words to his little daughter, seven years old. If ever a man worshipped anything Morton Jenkins worshipped this child. The place on which the family lived consisted of ample grounds, and Mrs. Jenkins having a natural taste for flowers, there were many beautiful varieties about the house. The daughter, Miriam, had inherited her mother's taste, and her father the day before had planted for her a rosebush of a very choice variety.

It was a beautiful summer morning when the two went out to where the rosebush had been planted, the child chatting with expectation.

"Will it have any roses on it papa?"

"Oh, no, my darling. It was planted only yesterday. Possibly we may find it a trifle wilted, but that will not matter. A little water sprinkled on it will bring it up. Well, go get the watering pot—Hello!"

The exclamation was caused by seeing a hole where the rosebush had stood with loose earth scattered about. The father's brow gathered ominously.

"If I can find out who did that I'll—don't cry pet. There are more where that came from. Some one has taken the bush up by the roots. What a outrage!"

He took his darling in his arms and kissed away her tears. At the same moment he saw or thought he saw water but it should not be confused with misting clouds.

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MANY KINDS OF FLEAS.

About 400 Different Species Are Known to Naturalists.

One of the first naturalists who devoted himself to watching fleas, with such microscopes as were then available, was Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman, who lived at the end of the seventeenth century. Leeuwenhoek discovered that a small mite fed on the flea, and it was this discovery which inspired Swift's familiar lines:

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller still to these—
And so proceed ad infinitum.

The flea's parasite, however, to be accurate, is not another flea or even another insect, but is a mite clasped among the sarcoptidae. Linnaeus, writing in 1758, described only two species of flea. The first, which was the human flea, he rightly named Pulex irritans. The second was the chigoe of hot countries. To this, on account of its burrowing habit, he gave the name of Pulex penetrans. At the present day about 400 different species of fleas have been described and named by the small band of scientific men who have devoted themselves to their study. Most of these have been discovered within quite recent years, so it is probable that many new forms and varieties will be collected and observed.—Harold Russell in London National Review.

OLD TIME HAT STAMPS.

Death Used to Be the Penalty in England For Forging Them.

Hats have in England been subject to very severe protective enactments. The blocked beaver hat, for instance, imported by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Low Countries, won its way so rapidly that in 1571 Queen Elizabeth passed an act to protect the making of "thrummed" caps, made from wool, for the advantage of the landed proprietors, whose sheep furnished the material. The statute provided that every male person shall on Sundays and holidays wear on his head a cap of velvet wool made in England, penalty, \$3. 6d. per day.

About a century later the law, for which there is nothing too high or too low having taxed men's shoes, turned its attention once more to their hats and soon put a check on all improvements in the trade by requiring every vendor of hats to take out a license under a heavy penalty. Subsequently a stamp duty was imposed on all hats, which were officially marked inside where the maker's name now appears. The penalty for selling a hat without a stamp was \$10, and the penalty for forging a hat stamp was death. Hence, no doubt, the modern custom of the man who goes to church, side down, looks into his hat—to read his maker's name.—London Chronicle.

An English Sanctuary.
Beverly minister, 180 miles north of London, is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died in the year 721. In 983 Apfelstan, king of England, gave several privileges to the monastery, one being the privilege of sanctuary. This was not merely for Spain slaying; it was open to all wrongdoers except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offenses, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being back ward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be four crosses on the main roads leading to Beverley marking the limit of the area. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in a stone chair known as the "trid stool" or "freed chair." To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country.

Appropriate.
The worshippers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago. During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of matches in his pocket and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him. The minister, being shortsighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking to diplomatically cover the incident, he innocently said: "Brethren, there is a little bolt going on. Until it is over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"—London Answers.

A New Regress.
Annette, aged three, has two very talkative little sisters, and sometimes she finds it difficult to make herself heard at the table. One day when the others had been monopolizing the conversation longer than she liked, Annette raised her finger with a warning gesture and whispered half aloud: "Everybody keep still. My feet's asleep."—Delaware.

True Charge.
She—Did you see where some man declares that women are not honest? He—Well, he's right in saying so. She (secretly)—When did you ever know me to do a dishonest thing? He (tenderly)—When you robbed me of my page of mind and stole my heart, you dear little thief!—New York World.

The Language.
"This is a pretty state of affairs, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a very ugly matter, but somebody will have to pay handsomely for it."—New York Journal.

A good way to be happy is to try to be useful and helpful.