

A Joke on the King. Sir Ernest Cassel was persona grata with King Edward VII. As a matter of fact there was a curious and striking resemblance between the back view of the late king and that of Sir Ernest. It was so pronounced that the great snapper was known among his friends as "Windor Castle."

There is a good story and a true one told in connection with this. It happened at a garden party at Windsor Castle. A well known peer of the realm was strolling about when, as he thought, he spotted Sir Ernest sitting in a chair. Going toward him on tip-toe, he gave him a resounding smack on the shoulder.

"Hello, old Windor Castle!" he cried. "How are you?" "The occupant of the chair, started, stared around. It was King Edward VII. So, unaware of Sir Ernest's nick name, was for a time exceedingly bewildered at this undue liberty. However when the circumstances were explained to him he enjoyed the joke hugely.—London M. A. P.

The Bull Snake. The bull snake, a species of pine snake, inhabits the shady pine woods along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Florida. But other species are found almost everywhere except in New England. The bull snake is quite harmless, but is a powerful constrictor. It lays eggs and feeds upon birds, rodents and eggs. It swallows an egg whole, and after the egg has passed a few inches down the throat where it forms a large swelling, the serpent lifts its head, elevates its back and exerts a downward pressure until the shell breaks. Owing to a curious contraction of its epiglottis its hiss is so loud and so well sustained as to resemble the sound of a steam whistle.

Beggar and Bandages. It was a case in which first aid to the injured was imperative, but no one present knew how to attend the case. Presently a bandaged beggar who had been sitting on the curb cast off his pretense of helplessness. Out of linen strips provided by the woman in the crowd he fashioned bandages and applied them skillfully.

Johnny Roach's Tower. Standing on the banks of the river Avon, between Mallow and Fernway County Cork, Ireland, is a remarkable edifice known as "Johnny Roach's Tower." The whole tower was built by the labor of one man, who subsequently resided in it. This individual, who received no education whatever, also erected a mill, constructing the water wheel after a special design of his own long before the introduction of the bicycle was sent about the country in a wheeled vehicle of his own construction, propelled by foot power. His last feat was to build his tomb in the middle of the river bed. John Roach died, but was not interred in the strange burying place which he selected for himself, his less original relatives desecrating such a mode of sepulture.—London Standard Magazine.

The Origin of Pyrotechny. About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Amster. Over the fireplace was an oak man hanging, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrotechny.

Neglected Opportunities. "This is the site of an ancient city," announced the Arab guide. "As you see, but one stone remains upon another." "You fellows lack enterprise," commented the tourist. "Why don't you take some of this building material and construct some ruins?"—Pittsburg Post.

Bad Arguments. The best way of answering a bad argument is not to stop it, but let it go on its course until it overleaps the boundaries of common sense.—Sydney Smith.

Information. Customer—Have you the papers for a week back? Newsboy—For a week back? Yer don't want papers; yer wants a porous plaster.—Exchange.

Decide but One. When you decide more than once not to do a thing it is a sure sign that you will do it sooner or later.—Athens Globe.

You never lift up a life without being yourself lifted up.—Emerson.

The Santa Ysobel Mine  
By ANDREW C. EWING  
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Adrian Burge, a young New Yorker, not satisfied with the prospect ahead of him and craving a more independent life than could be achieved in the east, determined to go to the southwest and grow up with the country. But Burge soon found that while the country was growing he was standing still. He tried clerking for a while, but though he found it easier to obtain a position there than in the east, the salary was not much better than that paid at home, and he could not save any more money. He concluded that if he couldn't get a better living than in New York he could at least get a more independent one, so he turned himself into a cowboy.

His employer, recognizing his superiority over the common run of cowpunchers, made quite a pet of him. He found that Adrian was making up to his daughter Gertrude, then turned against him. Adrian was discharged. He did not complain. Indeed, he thought his discharge the best thing that could happen to him. What business had he to be in love? It was all he could do to put bread and butter into his own mouth without trying to feed others.

Adrian said goodby to Gertrude. He parted with her, mounting his horse, rode away to find some other rancher who would employ him. The country he was passing through was old Spanish territory, whose original occupants were Archaes. They gave place to Spaniards, and the Spaniards had come to America thirsting for the precious metals and had opened up a great many gold and silver mines, some of which had paid largely, but all had eventually been abandoned, and the site of many of them had been lost.

Adrian had heard of one of these mines, the Santa Ysobel, the tradition said had been worked successfully till the early part of the nineteenth century, when the Indians in the neighborhood determined to drive out the whites and commenced a course of pillage and murder. The mouth of the Santa Ysobel was closed and concealed so that neither the Indians nor any one else except the owners could find it again. When the Indian troubles were over, whether those who had worked the Santa Ysobel mine were dead, whether they had failed to mark the entrance so that subsequent owners could find it, or whether it had been lost.

Adrian was riding along, dreaming of some day securing the papers describing these lost mines and making a search for some of them. He was a visionary fellow, much more attracted by will-o'-the-wisp schemes than solid drudgery. Like Johnny Roach in the air in the nursery tale, he was building castles when suddenly his horse went down into a hole. Adrian succeeded in extricating himself and by pulling hard on the bridle rein induced his horse to make an effort to clear the hole. It was successful, and Adrian was about to mount and ride on when he became interested to know what kind of a hole he had fallen into.

It looked to him as if the earth over a subsurface cavity had fallen away and thus formed the hole. But what kind of a cavity? The idea of a lost mine occurred to him. The only mine of which he had ever seen a description was the Santa Ysobel, and he remembered that this description located it under an orchard of guinea fow. There were a few old trees near by, and upon examination they proved to be guinea.

Adrian resolved to investigate the hole. Riding to a ranch, he borrowed pick and shovel and, returning to the hole, dug deeper. It was not long before he found himself, sure enough, in the tunnel of a mine. At one end of the tunnel was a pile of silver ore. A number of tools lay about, and Adrian saw at once from their make that they were very old. One day a wagon drawn by four mules drove up to the McGregor ranch and a young man well dressed and with a prosperous air alighted and went to the house. Gertrude saw him coming, and, although at first she doubted her perceptive faculties, she soon saw that the comer was Burge. She opened the door for him. They stood looking for a moment at each other, then flew into each other's arms. That evening Adrian made a formal application for Gertrude's hand from her father. He told him how he had stumbled on, or, rather, into, the Santa Ysobel silver mine; how he had taken a capitalist into his secret, bought the property and upon investigation had found that when it was closed up the owner had just struck a rich vein of ore. Adrian's partner had furnished him with means to go east and organize the Santa Ysobel Mining company. He had returned, and the mine was now in good working order, turning out tons of silver.

There being no longer reason to separate the lovers, McGregor gave his consent, and the three celebrated the betrothal by a visit to the mine. Gertrude looked down into the hole into which her lover had sunk and shuddered. Then she said: "Had you passed a few feet on that side?" "You would have never been my wife," replied Adrian.

HER JUDICIAL FRIEND  
By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN  
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"Well, Ruth, tell me frankly, what do you think of my lover?" "Frankly, Amy, I don't like his looks. He is not to be depended upon." "Oh, heavens!" "I am sorry I said it. Don't let it trouble you for an instant. You asked me for my opinion of him, not some one else's opinion. Try again, ask others if they agree with me, drop him. If they do not, pay no attention to what I have said."

"That's just like you, Ruth. You have taken a wise course—a judicial course—I may say as a judicial course. Men say that we women should never be judges or jurors. Your action disproves this. You have given me the benefit of your impressions, but have admonished me that unless I get on primary evidence to pay no attention to them."

"I trust you will show yourself as worthy to receive them as you consider me worthy to give them." "What do you mean?" "That you are under no consideration to reveal to your lover the fact that I have even given you any opinion."

"Azz Brinkwell thought a moment then said 'I suppose I shouldn't, so I won't tell him, if you would let me.'" "Certainly I won't let you! Do you promise?" "Yes, I promise."

"If you tell, that will end our friendship forever." Miss Brinkwell asked a number of persons what they thought of her lover, but not one confirmed the opinion of her friend. Indeed, all those she consulted told her that they had been very much pleased with her personnel and those who knew him spoke very highly of him. This lifted a load from her shoulders. She religiously kept faith with her friend, refraining from mentioning the matter between them to her lover or any one else.

"But a time came when she began to wonder if Ruth was not right, after all. The lover's calls became less and less frequent. He grew under-mourning and there could be no doubt that he was preparing to throw up the sponge and to bid him to his father's office, when she showed this disposition she said to him: "I was warned against you soon after we became engaged."

"Who warned you?" "I have promised not to tell that." "Was your friend man or woman?" "Woman."

"Well, why didn't you take her advice and shake me?" "The person who warned me was a very superior woman. After warning me she told me to get the opinion of others, and if they did not confirm mine was to pay no attention to what she had said. You see, she had a judicial mind."

"And you asked the others?" "I did, but it turned out she knew better than they." "I should like to know the name of this judicial person." "That you can't know." "And you supposed that the people you asked for their impressions of me, knowing that you were engaged to me, would tell you the truth?" "I asked them all to be frank."

"Stupid!" "It is not pleasant to be called a fool." Miss Brinkwell pouted, but said nothing. "I'm going to tell you something," said her fiancé. "I have heard reports about you that have needed investigation. After a man is married he should scout evil reports about his wife; before marriage it is better that they should be cleared up. I'm going to make a confession as well. An old friend of mine has appeared on the scene, and I've been with her a great deal lately." "You have?" "Yes, I have, my reason being that I suspected she was the author of those reports about you. I concluded to renew my devotion to her for detestable purposes. I have found out nothing as yet, but I hope to soon. She supposes me to be on the eve of breaking with you and rejoining my engagement to her." "The horrid thing! Who is she?" "I am not just yet ready to tell you, I may suspect her wrongfully. If so you will never know. But this person whose judicial talent you appreciate so highly—I'm not going to ask you to break a promise, but I'm going to mention the name of a woman I suspect. You need make no reply. I caught all the information I require without one. I suspect Ruth Swain." "The young lady started." "I am confirmed in the opinion," her lover continued, "that your judicial friend and my former fiancée, who expects soon to be re-engaged to me, are one and the same person."

Queer Skirts in Yap. In the "Island of Stone Money," Dr. W. H. Furness tells of the female fashions of the natives of Yap, the most westerly of the Caroline Islands, and expresses wonder that the women are so rarely burned to death.

"In the first place, their skirts are composed of four or five layers of dried leaves and strips of bast and are so voluminous and distended that they stand out all around the body, outliving the old-fashioned hoopskirts. Even when sitting down the women are surrounded by a mound of veritable tinder. In the second place, they are forever striking matches to light their cigarettes, nay, worse even, they carry about with them, for the sake of economy, the glowing husk of a cocoanut, and neither to matches nor husk do they give the slightest heed, striking the one recklessly over their own skirts and absently resting the other against the skirts of their neighbor. Yet in spite of this utter recklessness never did I see a skirt catch fire. One month at longest is the life of a woman's dress, then the old skirt is burned and a brand new one plaited, with no tedious strings at the dressmaker's nor depressing bills to pay."

Use Short Words. Literary aspirants should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently exaggerate the obtuseness of the mentality of the peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthest minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing realistic verisimilitude, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity.

Observe, for instance, the unmistakable and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoeic, interjectional, monosyllabic utterances, especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage.—Life

A Shock For Tennyson. If any one asked Holman Hunt about persons he would tell delightful frank anecdotes concerning, maybe, the great men he knew and loved and measured exactly. He liked a spice of fun in everything, but his face beamed as he described a walk with Tennyson he had lately taken. They heard footstep behind, and the great man frowned. "How they dog us, the Hunt! How shall we escape them?" "Just sit on the stile till they pass," said the matter of fact artist. They did so, and two lads in knickerbockers marched by swinging their sticks and not even turning their heads. Tennyson was chafed.

"Do you know, Hunt," he said, "I don't think they know who I am?" "Very likely, my dear Tennyson, and they would not even know if you told them,"—the collection of Holman Hunt in London Academy.

Provided For in Advance. A playwright in an interview in New York said that without attention to the minutest details theatrical success could rarely be attained. "And yet," he added, smiling, "even this grand virtue of attention to detail may be carried to excess. Thus a certain playwright said at rehearsal to his leading man: "Now, remember, John, after you speak this line, 'Helen, I will save you, though I perish,' pause and wait for the applause."

"But the leading man sneered and answered cynically: "How do you know there'll be any applause?" "That is my business, not yours, John," the playwright answered with calm confidence.—Washington Star.

What the World Lost. "It was the worst calamity that ever happened to me," sighed the pale, intellectual high-browed young woman. "I had written a modern society novel, complete to the last chapter, and a careless servant girl gathered the sheets of the manuscript from the floor, where the wind had blown them, and used them to start a fire in the grate."

"What a burning shame that was!" commented Miss Tartan.—Chicago Tribune.

Manners Versus Mannerism. There's a vast difference between manners and mannerism. For instance, manners takes its soup softly and quietly, while mannerism gorges it. Manners says, "Pass the butch, please," while mannerism bites a chunk out of a piece of bread and stutters, "Slip me the grease, will you?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Contest. "All men," said the earnest citizen, "are born equal." "They are that," replied Mr. Rafter. "But they don't stay equal after they're big enough to get together in the schoolyard."—Washington Star.

Commendable Caution. "My son, remember this—marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man." "I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"—Cleveland Leader.

Dear at the Price. McCubber.—The footpad said "Money or your life?" so I gave him \$2. Mrs. McCubber.—Huh! You're always getting stuck, Billy!—Puck.

MYSTERY SOLVED

Whittemore first saw her at the opera. It was her sweet face that attracted him, a face that bespoke some great sorrow. She kept her eyes turned upon the stage, but he noticed that it was where there was acting rather than music. All those in the box with her were chatting during the opera, while she, resting her cheek on her hand and her arm on the rail, her fingers partly covered by a curtain, seemed to be absorbed by her own drama. The opera was "Faust." During the scene where Mephistopheles and the nurse are walking in the garden and Faust and Marguerite are singing their love she turned her eyes away, and they fell on Whittemore, in the parket, his head turned toward her, his eyes fixed intensely on hers. She blushed slightly and looked again at the figures on the stage.

When the opera was ended and all rose to go, Whittemore was watching her box. An elderly man put a wrap around her shoulders, and the others of the party were also getting ready to leave. Whittemore watched to see some of them speak to her, but though they were chatting with each other, no one said a word to her. Then they went out, and it seemed as if the electric lights had been turned off. Winter passed into summer, and Whittemore went to the seashore. The morning after his arrival at bathing time he strolled down to the beach. There, sitting under a sun umbrella, was the girl he had seen at the opera. She was peering far out where the water and the sky met, and here and there a glint of sunshine on the horizon bespoke a sail. She was alone. Whittemore would have given worlds for some one to take him to her and introduce him, but he knew no one there. He had come to be alone and for rest. He waited, expecting that some of her friends would join her, but they did not, and after the bathing she arose and went away. As she passed him she started. Evidently she remembered him.

The next morning he was at the beach early, watching for her. When she came it was with a party of girls and an elderly man, all in bathing suits. What symmetry! Her hair, instead of being coiled under one of those unbecoming bathing caps, was streaming down her back as it is sometimes worn by very young girls while bathing. All the party save her were talking and laughing. She alone was quiet. Surely she must have some sorrow.

The bench was shelving, and few dared venture beyond the breakers. The man of the party took the fair one by the hand and led her beyond their depth. Suddenly Whittemore saw him struggling in the water. The fair one had gone under. With all his clothes on, Whittemore plunged in and brought her out.

They stood on the beach, Whittemore presenting a poor appearance in his dripping clothes. The fair one looked at him with an expression so distressed that he thought she regretted that he had saved her. Then, with out a word of thanks, she turned and ran away to the bathing house. The man who had taken her beyond her depth had been dragged out of the water, and Whittemore saw him coming toward him. Whittemore, indignant, turned his back upon him and walked away. The next evening he saw the fair one being driven toward the railroad station. As she passed him she regarded him with the same pained glance.

Winter came again, and Whittemore, who had detested society for its hollowness, plunged into the gay world, hoping that he might meet the girl who had absorbed his whole being. He appeared at teas, receptions, balls, he went to the opera, to concerts, everywhere where music was to be heard. At last at a musical entertainment at the home of one of his most intimate friends he saw her, but where? Sitting alone in a recess, so immersed behind curtains as almost to be indistinguishable! Although he was looking for her, when he found her he was taken completely aback. He stood still and trembled.

"Pardon me," he said, "I am permitted to speak to you here under our mutual friend's roof, but I will not avail myself of the privilege. Remain here for a few minutes, and I will bring him to introduce me."

Without waiting for her consent he hurried away, found the host and brought him to the recess. It was empty. In vain he dragged the man through the rooms looking for her. She was not in any of the rooms below. They waited in the hall, and presently she came down, followed by her maid. "Ah!" said the host. "Now I understand. That is Clara Van Cleve, an orphan. She is a deaf mute."

Whittemore went home in great distress. He was desperately in love, but he was a practical man and considered what it would be to be tied to one upon whom there was such a slight. For a week he suffered torture, then made up his mind that to go on through life suffering without her would be worse than suffering with her. Then he spent some time studying the deaf mute sign language. This mastered, without calling in any one as a go-between, he wrote to her, intimating that he knew of her misfortune and begging to be permitted to share it with her. When the two met the next evening at her home Whittemore astonished her by addressing her by her own method of communication. They soon became engaged, and when married Whittemore found, to his surprise, that her misfortune only drew them closer together and made their married life the happier.

What the Boys Thought.

A prominent educator, talking to a class in an elementary school he had visited, decided to illustrate a point he was making by a problem in long division, the intricacies of which the class had just mastered. He put down the necessary figures and then said:

"Now, let us see how many times this number will go into the other. Let us try six." He tried six, and, as he intended, six wouldn't do. "Well, let's try five, then," he said. Five was all right, and he went ahead with his talk.

On his way home that evening he overtook two small boys with their bags under their arms and heard the conversation:

"Say, Bill, did a long whiskered baldheaded old feller come into your room today?"

"Yep," replied Bill.

"And did he talk to you?"

"Yep," said Bill.

"Well, so he did to us, but the funniest thing, by golly, was that the old chump stamped himself on an example in long division."—Philadelphia Times.

Most Beautiful Water in World.

Little restaurants are scattered along the cliff overlooking the bay of Capri, and here by the water's edge you can sit and sip and gaze at Vesuvius away off in the distance or perhaps at the water in the bay below.

The most beautiful water in the world! The blue water of the grotto is more mystical, perhaps, but the water of the bay of Capri is more exquisite. It is a wonderful pale green, with a greener, darker color streaked through it. There is no other water like it in all the world.

And here in the little restaurant you sit and sip, gazing at the water below, although you know in your heart you ought to be seeing the rest of the place. But this water is so green and beautiful that when the warning whistle of the Naples steamer blows you awake with a start and realize you have seen nothing of Capri at all—nothing but the emerald water, so enticing and beautiful.—Mary Sutley in Pittsburg Dispatch.

A "Primitive" Painter.

Henri Rousseau, a man who used to hold a minor government position in France, was for a quarter of a century the joke of artists and art students in Paris. For years in the independent salon he showed daubs which had not the most distant kinship with art. Some of his "famous" pictures were a "Lady on a Sofa in a Jungle," a "Tiger in a Jungle," a "Nigger in a Jungle." He affected jungle, which consisted of innumerable parallel green lines to represent grass; the tiger was a painted wooden toy; the lady looked as if she had come out of a Noah's ark. The unfortunate Rousseau went on exhibiting the same sort of work every year, and the painful thing was that he gradually became a celebrity. Eminent humorists told him he had genius, and he took himself quite seriously. "I am a real primitive," he would say.—Some practical jokes even went the length of burying his pictures.

In Honor Bound.

"Here's 25 cents," said a tramp to a bartender in New York. "I want to pay it to you for that free lunch, and then you can throw in five glasses of beer."

"Twenty-five cents will buy the beer," answered the bartender. "The lunch is free, you know."

"I don't want it that way," the tramp insisted. "I want to pay a quarter for the lunch and get the beer free."

"It's all the same price either way," the barman explained. "What difference can it make?"

"It's a matter of personal honor, sir," was the tramp's reply. "I expected the old lady would give me the 25 cents that I'd spend it for something else."

Hopeless.

Pat—I say, Mick, I'm very hard up. Can you lend me the loan of a pound? Mick—Sure, Pat, to tell yer the truth, I haven't a bob on me. My only penny I get I give to my poor old mother.

Pat—Be jabers, Mick, I've just been talking to yer mother, and she tells me ye never give her a farthing.

Mick—Oh, well, Pat, if I don't give my poor old mother a farthing, what sort of a chance have you got of getting any?—London Mail.

An Inquisitive Scot.

Scotchmen are fond of an argument and delight to find flaws in an opponent's logic. Two blacksmiths were once conversing as to which was the first trade in the world. One insisted that it must have been gardening and quoted from Genesis, "Adam was put into the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it." "Aye, John," retorted the other, who had stood up for his own trade "but wha made the spades?"

A Carlyle View.

Carlyle compared the advance of the world to the progress of some drunken man who, reeling from one side of the street to the other, slowly and at the expense of much wasted effort finally arrives at his destination.

Cutting.

Maud—Mr. Brownleigh tries to flirt with every pretty girl he sees. Ethel—I've seen him try to flirt with you too.—Boston Transcript.

Severe Punishment.

Belle—And did you make her eat her own words? Boush—Eat 'em? I made her Fletcherize 'em.—Yonkers Statesman.

Unless you hear with the faults of a friend you betray your own.—Byron