IN BLACK AND WHITE

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

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"Frank," said Evelyn to me one evening when I went to see her—Evelyn and I were engaged to be married in about a month—"I'm all upset about Mildred."

"What's the matter with Mildred?" I asked.

"She's engaged to Ed Whittaker, who is utterly worthless."

"Well, I don't see what you are going to do about it."

"There's one thing I could do, only you'd object. Ed is the most vacillating fellow about girls. If some girl should make up her mind to take him away from Mildred she wouldn't have any trouble doing it, and when she'd done it Mildred would not take him back."

"I see. You want to help Mildred out by taking Ed away from her. Go ahead. Anything goes till after we are married, then you'll have to mind home business and let your friends alone."

Evelyn gave me a hearty smack and assured me there would be no trouble in the matter. She only wished to show Mildred what a fickle fellow Ed was.

A week passed during which I believe Evelyn commenced her demonstration of Ed's fickleness. Then we all met at a ball. Ed and Evelyn were dancing together when I happened to see Mildred standing alone. Of course we two being engaged and our fiances being occupied with each other, I naturally joined Mildred. We both made light of what by this time was apparent between Ed and Evelyn just as though we had perfect confidence and didn't fear anything. For my part, since Evelyn had told me just what she was going to do and her reason for doing it, I wasn't much worried. Mildred didn't seem any more worried than I. In fact, she seemed to be very well satisfied to have me with her. I was modest enough to tell her that I was doubtless a very poor substitute for her lover, but she said I needn't concern myself about that, for no girl wished for one man's attention all the time.

"Besides," she added, looking at me archly, "who knows but that if you'd have come along before Ed we might have made a match."

This was pretty frank, but I always liked persons who blurt things out and went on jokingly about the matter till the next dance came round, and we danced it together. After that Evelyn joined me. I asked her how she was getting on with Ed, and she said "pretty well." When we left the ball together and Ed and Mildred passed us I saw Evelyn give him a very meaning smile.

A few days later I said to her that since we were going to be married within a few weeks I thought she had better draw her good offices with regard to her friend Mildred to a close. She said that she wished to get Ed down in black and white, so that she might prove his faithlessness to Mildred.

One day I received word from Mildred, saying that she would like me to come and see her. I went reluctantly, thinking that she was jealous of Evelyn and wished me to discuss the affair with her. This, of course, I didn't wish to do, understanding Evelyn's object. I found Mildred much more calm than I had expected. She didn't seem disturbed at all. She asked me if I had observed what was going on between Ed and Evelyn. I told her I had, but it hadn't troubled me.

The upshot of the matter was that I was obliged to tell her that I knew Evelyn was flirting with Ed for a purpose. When I had told her this much it was only a question of time as to my telling her what that purpose was.

"If," I concluded, "Evelyn can draw Ed away from you, proving that he is not to be relied on, I really think she will have done you a great favor."

"I agree with you," she replied, very much to my surprise, for few girls would look upon such an act as friendly. "When," she asked, "am I to know the result?"

I decided that since our confidence had gone so far I had better tell her the whole thing. "When Evelyn gets Ed down in black and white," was my reply.

"And suppose Ed gets her down in black and white?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, startled.

Here is a letter Evelyn wrote to Ed. Ed is a careless, shiftless sort of a fellow and by mistake put it in an envelope instead of one he had written me. Either this or he made the mistake on purpose. Read it."

She handed me the letter, and I read it with astonishment. It gave him the details of a plan by which she proposed to get rid of me and marry him. She had already begun her scheme in certain acts mentioned in the letter. This confirmed me in a knowledge that she was deceiving me and not him.

"Mildred," I asked presently, "are you crushed?"

"I'm not even stung."

"They have swapped us for each other. Suppose we do the same."

The next day the breaking off of my engagement with Evelyn was announced. A week later the breaking of the engagement of Ed and Mildred was made known, and four months later Mildred and I were married.

Ed and Evelyn had a quarrel and ceased to speak to each other. Neither of them speak to me or my wife.

Coins of Philadelphia.

At the mint in Philadelphia are a number of coins far more precious than any which find their way into circulation. They are a collection of curios, and many of them date from times of great antiquity. Perhaps the most interesting among them is a handsome coin bearing on its face the profile of a woman which has a striking resemblance to the goddess of Liberty of our own currency. Underneath is the single word "Demos," which is the Greek for people. On the reverse of the coin is a beautiful figure of the goddess Diana arching her bow, and the inscription translated into English reads, "Diana, Friend of the Philadelphians."

The coin was minted more than 2,000 years ago at the city of Philadelphia, in Asia Minor, where there grew up in later years one of the seven churches of which St. John writes. The prize was discovered some years ago in Europe by a citizen of our own Philadelphia, himself an authority on coins. By him it was appropriately presented to the mint in Philadelphia.—New York Press.

Carlyle's Sneer at Gladstone.

J. E. Boehm, the sculptor, once met Gladstone at a country house and was immensely impressed by the extent and diversity of the statesman's knowledge as revealed in his conversation. Boehm was still full of the subject when the morning arrived for Carlyle's sitting for a bust, and to the philosopher the sculptor poured forth his admiration for Gladstone's intimate acquaintance with subjects so far apart as gardening and Greek. Carlyle listened for a time in scornful silence; then he said, "And what did he say about your work?" "Oh, nothing," said Boehm. "He doesn't know anything about sculpture." "Of course," growled Carlyle, "of course, and he showed his knowledge about things that you didn't understand. No doubt if you asked Blackie he'd say that Gladstone knew nothing about Greek, and the gardener would tell you that he knew nothing whatever of gardening."

How Sheridan Paid a Debt

No one knew better the power possessed by a really polished compliment than Sheridan, and on innumerable occasions during that rather stormy theatrical management of his did he extricate himself from a difficulty by means of one. A good instance is the following: An English nobleman who had married a beautiful actress once applied with much dignity in the greenroom to Mr. Sheridan for the arrears of her salary and vowed that he would not stir till they were paid.

"My dear lord," said the impecunious manager, "this is too bad. You have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for the little dust she has left behind her."

The nobleman immediately burst out laughing, and the debt was canceled.—London Standard.

Graveyard Marriages.

A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies some one calls upon a bereaved parent who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of a year and says: "Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

Lightning Rods.

There were no lightning rods in ancient times. The first one that the world ever saw was set up by our own illustrious countryman Benjamin Franklin shortly after the year 1752. He had just had his celebrated experiment with the kite, in which he demonstrated the identity of lightning with electricity, and was therefore prepared for the construction of the rods for which the world had waited so long. It is not generally known that Franklin was as distinguished in science as he was in statesmanship and diplomacy.—Exchange.

As It Really Was.

On the morning after his first appearance on the stage the confident but dissipated youth met a friend who had witnessed his first performance. "What do you think of my acting?" asked the would-be Hamlet.

"That wasn't acting!" replied the friend. "That was misbehavior."

Men's Clothes.

Since 1825 the clothing of men has grown simpler and simpler, and if the course of evolution has taken away from the picturesqueness of the crowd it has added to the dignity of the man.—Men's Wear.

Unreasonable.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week."

"Hang it all, old man, be reasonable. It's been raining ever since."—London Punch.

A Faith Cure.

Towne—Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure? Brown—Yes. You see, the doctor and the druggist both trusted him.—Medford, Dunn.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Charles Dickens.

THE TRIO

By CUTHBERT R. KRAAFT

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Gerald Herbert, George Tisdale and I were bosom friends. It is not often that three persons become inseparable, for two are liable to pull together, leaving the third out in the cold. Our case was an exception. Nevertheless our trio was broken up, not by another man, but by a woman. She came between Gerald and George directly, then between the two of them and me indirectly.

One evening I got a telephone message from Gerald asking me to meet him and George at the gymnasium at 10 o'clock. He said they were to have a fencing match and wished me to be umpire. At that hour we would be alone. When I got there, instead of finding the two together, Gerald met me and said George would join us in a few minutes. Meanwhile Gerald put on a mask, took up a foil and amused himself stabbing the wall. Presently George came in. I noticed he didn't look at or say anything to Gerald, but got ready at once for the match. Before taking position they put the tips of their foils under my nose and Gerald said:

"Take notice of these foils, Charlie. There was an accident at the —— Athletic club the other day with foils. The button of one was snapped off and a man got hurt. Afterward it was charged that the man who held the foil purposely used one without a button."

"Go on," I replied. "The buttons on these foils won't come off, I'll guarantee."

They set to, and the way they fenced, I confess, puzzled me. Neither seemed to be trying to pink the other. Neither spoke to the other. They seemed to be fencing against time.

"Oh, get a move on you!" I said. "I don't propose to sit here watching you two fellows go to sleep."

"Go get me a glass of water," said George. "My throat's dry as parched corn."

I went to the cooler and brought him a glass of water. I didn't turn my back on them any longer than necessary to draw the water, but when I turned and went back to them they both looked conscious.

"Been stealing something?" I remarked.

There was no reply from either. George very politely offered the glass to Gerald, who thanked him very much and declined. Somehow it struck me that there was something unusual in this politeness between the two. They would more likely have chaffed each other. After taking a sip of the water George set down the glass, and they renewed the contest.

But what a difference! Each man's eye was fixed on the other's. Each watched for a thrust as though his life depended on it and parried it when it came with all the skill he possessed. Every minute they became more earnest. And then I began to notice a look in their faces that surprised and pained me. Their accustomed friendliness was replaced by hate. Their eyes began to gleam; the blood mounted to their faces.

"You two fellows had better stop that fracas," I said. "You're getting riled."

They paid no attention to me. Indeed, I doubt if they heard me, so intent were they on what they were doing. Presently I saw blood running from a gash on the back of Gerald's sword hand.

"Here," I cried, "stop this!"

I was rising to get between them when Gerald made a pass, breaking through George's guard, and I saw the foil go right through the fleshy part of George's arm. When it was withdrawn the sleeve was saturated with blood.

In vain I cried to them to desist. From friends they had become wild animals. They paid no attention to me, and so maddened were they that I did not dare to force myself between them, fearing to get stabbed. A red stream trickling down Gerald's leg was the next evidence of the seriousness of the contest; then while Gerald's point was within an inch of George's heart the latter in the tenth part of a second threw it away, parried it and something with which to beat down the weapons and on facing the combatants again saw a foot upon the floor. Helen Dodge stood into the room. What a world has existed a woman to accomplish this end by her simple presence. The men lowered their foils.

"How did you get on to this?" asked Gerald.

"Your sister overheard."

"Well."

"Drop those foils, both of you, if you value my acquaintance."

The foils rattled on the floor.

"I have known you three friends for a long while," Helen continued. "I will admit that one of you I love."

"Is it I?" asked Gerald quickly.

"No."

"I?" asked George.

"No."

The two men looked at each other, then both turned toward me.

"Charlie?" asked both at once.

"Yes."

They could have knocked me down with a feather. I had worshiped her secretly, but not dreaming that I had any chance with either of the others.

"See the ugly home, Charlie," said George. "We'll attend to those cuts."

"It is time you did," I said, and offering my arm to the pale, I escorted her to her carriage, and we moved away together.

If Canada Had Been Ceded to Us.

But for the wishes of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin Maryland would have ceded Canada to us at the close of the Revolutionary war. Washington and Franklin knew that if Canada had been ceded to the colonies France, from which Canada had been wrested some twenty years earlier, would have demanded that country as indemnity for the expenses she was put to in the war for our independence. With the French flag restored in Canada it would have been a matter of a very short time when we would have been at war with France, and to have us free defeat since is nothing more certain than that we would have appealed to England. The aid would have come, and come swift and irresistible, and the chances are we would have returned to our allegiance to the crown of England, for it was years between the treaty of peace and the formation of the Union, plenty of time to get into a quarrel with France over some dispute as to boundary or fishing.—Washington Post.

Why Gold Is a Precious Metal.

Pure or fine gold will stand any test it may be put to in comparison with other metals. It can be rolled or hammered, extending it in any direction, until it becomes transparent. It can also be drawn into a thread as fine as human hair. It melts at about 2,000 degrees F., and, though it may be kept in a molten state for an indefinite time, it loses none of its weight, even should the heat be increased. The color is unaffected by air, water or heat and will stand any test of oxidation. No simple acid will dissolve or attack pure gold. In conjunction with silver gold is the first metal with which man became acquainted and is the most valuable by reason of the vast number of uses to which it is put. It is found in almost every country in a metallic state and nearly always in crystals. The old Egyptian symbol for gold signified divinity and perfection. The chemical term used today is aurum.—New York Press.

Pottery Work in China.

The Chinese are pioneers in the art of pottery, the rapidity with which they construct pots being marvelous. One man will mold two two-inch pots in three minutes. The potter's wheel is the essential part of the equipment. The workman's left hand is gently thrust into the center of the clay, while his right hand is slightly pressing on the outside to keep the whole together, but it is from the inside that most of the shaping is done. Meanwhile the "wheel" is made to turn more quickly. Then, by keeping both hands opposite each other—i. e., one inside and one outside—together moving slowly up from the wheel, prepared by both hands is exerted, and the shapeless mass of clay assumes the shape of a pot with astonishing rapidity. A thin piece of wood is used to flatten the rim, and usually the same piece is used to measure the pot to see if it is the correct size.

Ancient and Fragile Bowls.

Drinking from the saucer was not a social solecism seventy-five years ago. In fact, sets of old china may still be found intact that include dainty tea-table spoon which the cup was to rest while the contents, taken from the saucer, were imbibed and from the attending noise apparently almost inhaled by the drinker. One spoon was regarded as sufficient for all courses of food as well as drink, and the ever-worked knife did duty both for cutting and carrying. As for finger bowls, did not the late Senator Tom Benton confide to his diary that his first experience with them was at a dinner given by President Van Buren? "The President," said he, "dipped his fingers daintily in the bowl and dried them upon his napkin, but I rolled up my sleeves and took a good old fashioned wash."—Boston Transcript.

The Plea Failed.

The Complainant—You see, judge, I was a little too happy. As you might say, when I went home, and me wife was frowin'. We had had a word or two, in the morning, as we always managed to have before breakfast, and when I got home I was feelin' kind of—well, you know, sorry, like, for what I'd said. So I says to her, "Mary, what, darlin', do you say to a bit iron against me jaw?" The Judge—Trying to smooth it over, of course. You can't blame me for that. Go home, both of you.

Black Soap.

In Ceylon there is a considerable trade in the oil of the white grub. The fats of the animal are rendered down in potash and are used largely by the Chinese for making soap of good color, declare that the grubs, prepared by epicures in the manner of a pheasant, and possess many fine

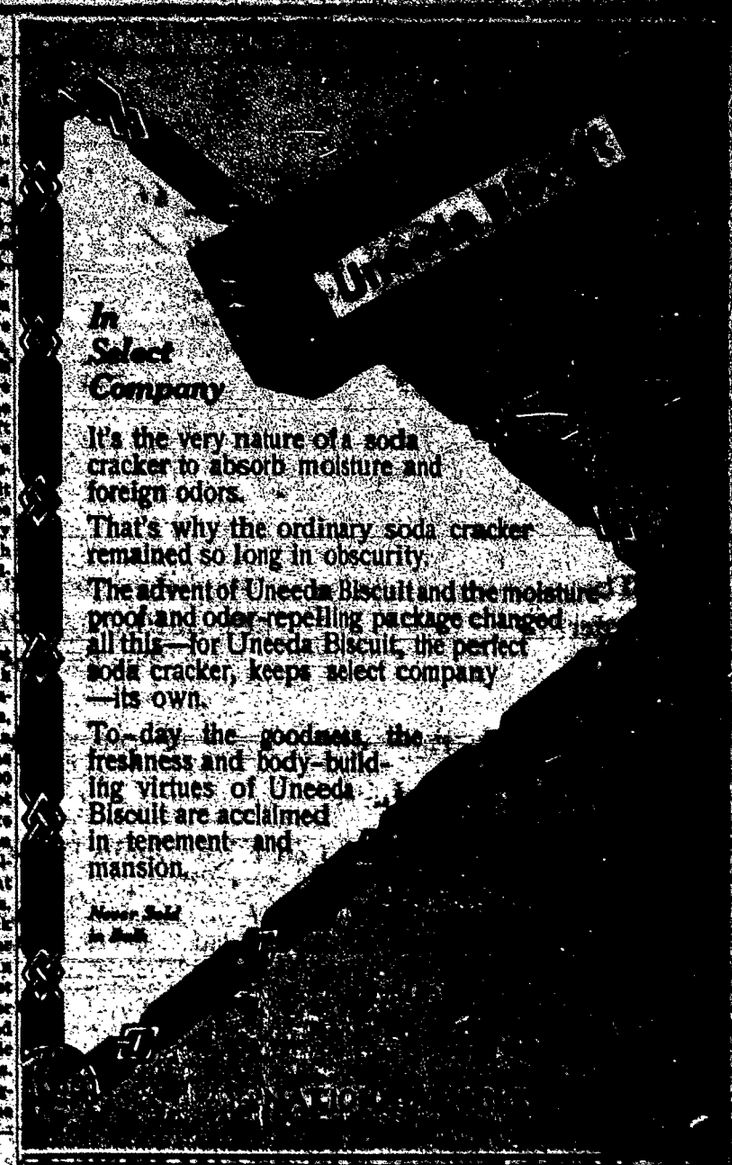
Well Patched.

Johnny's mamma had put several patches on his trousers and when the little fellow tried the [illegible] said gravely, "Mamma, if you had made the patches a little bigger I'd have had new pants."

Hard Lines.

She—Because I cannot marry you do not be disheartened. You must face the world bravely. He—It isn't a question of the world. I've got to face my creditors.

Secret Sorrows.

Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad.—Longfellow.

Kindness is contagious, and if you go around with a thoroughly kindly face you'll be surprised to see how many people will be ready to get it.