A TEN YEARS' INTERVAL

By EMILY J. ARMSBY.

The time had come for the meeting of a class of graduates of the Naval academy at Annapolis of ten years before. A lieutenant who had just arrived stood on a certain spot on the parade ground in a contemplative mood. A lady leading a little girl by the hand came along a walk.

"I beg pardon," said the lieutenant, lifting his cap. "Can you tell me if Professor D still occupies a chair at the academy?"

"He does."

"I am a member of the class of 190—. I studied under Professor D and had a great admiration for him."

He waited for the lady to say something more, but she did not seem inclined to do so. He continued:

"Professor D. had a lovely daughter, Alice. Is she still living?"

"She is."

"H'm!" He gazed on vacancy. Evidently he had returned to his cadet days and some especial memory.

"I knew Miss Alice D.," he resumed presently. "She was a lovely girl."

"She is an especial friend of mine. She told me once that she was engaged to a cadet who graduated about your time, possibly of your class."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He sailed for the east after leaving here and did not return."

"Surely he wrote to her?"

"I believe he sent her a letter or two, but that ended the correspondence."

"Dropped by the lady, I presume. We naval men are noted for our constancy."

"If having a sweetheart in every port is constancy then you are all models of faithfulness."

"I cannot conceive a member of my class—they were all honorable fellows—disregarding his plighted troth."

"There were some of them I can't conceive of regarding it. I was a young lady when your class graduated, and I knew many of its members."

"One of us you wrong. That I know—myself."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I loved a girl attached to the academy, her father being a member of the academic staff."

"Professors' daughters form excellent material for cadets to practice making love upon."

"You speak in irony. I parted from the girl I loved the night before I sailed right here where we are standing. The moon was at the full and shone down through the leaves, patches of light quivering upon the grass on which we stood. We vowed eternal constancy. It seemed at parting that I could not let go her hand. At last I tore myself away and the next day began the wandering of a naval officer."

He bowed his head, then finished in a trembling voice, "Alas, when I returned a few years later to America I heard that she had married another."

"Alice told me all about it."

"Alice!"

"Yes. You had not been long in Japan when a cruiser returned from there bearing an officer who had met you in Tokyo. Alice met him in Washington. He knew nothing of your engagement to her and told of two affairs of yours at the capital of Japan."

"And Alice believed these stories?"

"Others told them as well."

"I swear"—

"By the inconstant moon, or, rather, don't swear at all. You are absolved from all blame. There is some incongruousness in a midshipman of twenty keeping faith with his first sweetheart. Besides, you have gained rather than lost. Alice is now thirty. You would not recognize in the woman nearly middle aged the girl of nineteen. You may still flit from flower to flower for another decade and then be young enough to pluck a bud."

"I shall never love any woman except Alice."

"You would not recognize her if you should see her."

"I would know her among a thousand."

"Come and see me this evening and I will give you an opportunity to pick her out among half a dozen—the third house over there in the officers' quarters."

She passed on, leaving the lieutenant uneasy. He could not remember very well how Alice D. had looked as a girl. Now that she was ten years older to recognize her would be difficult. Nevertheless the officers of the United States navy are used to standing by their guns in more than one respect. He called on the lady he had met and found five other women of ages between eighteen and thirty. He entered the room, casting furtive glances on those assembled. They were all in the secret and on the quivive of expectation. He was presented to them all, but none of their names was spoken.

"And now," said the hostess, "the girl you parted with ten years ago stands before you. Choose her."

The lieutenant thought of the Indian ocean and wished he was riding on its billows. He scrutinized them all, growing the while very red, and at last concluded to risk a choice in a lady of twenty-five.

It was received with a burst of laughter.

"I am Alice," said the hostess, "and permit me to say that you are the most unmitigated humbug I have ever known."

An officer entered the room whom she introduced as her husband, an [illegible]

A LAUGH THAT SPREAD.

It Saved Ferranti's Reputation and Fooled the Critics.

One evening Carlotta Patti sang in a large town. Just as Ferranti, the buffo, was leading her out of the door upon the platform some one in the anteroom behind cried out to him that his coat had burst at the seam in the back. It was too late to go back, for the audience had seen him, and the two singers advanced to the footlights. The knowledge of this mishap took all the fun out of Ferranti, and the duet, which was sung in Italian, was so dolefully devoid of its usual humor that Patti noticed it before they were half through, and, dropping the text of the duet, she fitted the following words to it, in Italian: "What is the matter with you tonight? I don't understand your nervousness. Nobody laughs at you!"

Whereupon Ferranti, in the mellifluous Italian, responded: "By the saints, I have burst my coat! Everybody will laugh when I go off the stage if they don't now!"

At this unexpected interchange of personal feelings Max Maretzek and his orchestra began to laugh. Then the people in the front seats, seeing the orchestra and the artists laughing, joined in themselves, and the merriment presently broke out into applause all over the house.

"Ah," said one of the papers next morning, "there is always something majestic in Ferranti's singing of that song. [illegible] heard the sympathetic laughter with it, being able to tell why."

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

This Tells What It Is, Though You May Not Quite Grasp It.

The fourth dimension is a property of space quite beyond the sense perception of men, an abstraction derived from the results obtained by well comprehended processes in the higher mathematics. Certain things happen in these computations which are in no way susceptible of explanation in a space restricted to the three ten chest dimensions of length, breadth and thickness. From a sufficiently considerable number of such phenomena the theory has been evolved that space has a fourth dimension.

In the common progress of mathematical study the need of such transcendental dimension first arises in the specific case of that plane section of the cone designated the hyperbola. At an infinite as well as in all intermediate distances of that curve from the point of origin the line is continuous in a given direction, if now to infinity a single unit be added the curve comes into view in the diametrically opposite direction.

In this elementary demonstration the fourth spatial dimension appears to suggest sphericity, but this is only the beginning. It is still under careful examination by mathematicians. Scholars at one time seized upon the idea in explanation of thought transference, psychic phenomena and the whole hoodoo range in general.—New York Sun.

The Banshee.

The banshee is the domestic ghost or spirit attached to certain Irish or highland Scottish households and is supposed to take an interest in the welfare of the family generally and especially to wail at the death of any one of its members. The banshee is pictured in Irish folklore under the form of a little old woman with long hair which she continually combs at the same time keeping up an incessant weeping and wailing. The incident of the comb is exactly similar to the legend of the German lorelei, a spirit which sings while the banshee weeps, as an accompaniment. The proud distinction of possessing a private banshee is allowed only to families of pure Milesian stock. The word is derived from the Gaelic ban sith, a woman fairy.

Hadn't Seen Them.

"You know," said Miss Oddways, looking critically at a picture that a friend had purchased, "that landscape does remind me so of Mr. Vermillion's work. You've seen his pictures, of course?"

"No," said the friend frankly, "I haven't."

"Not seen Mr. Vermillion's paintings! Why, my dear, and you an art contributor! I understand he has a picture in every saloon in Paris."—New York Press.

A Lasting Example to Him.

A North Carolina negro was brought out on the gallows to be hanged for murder.

"Henry," said the sheriff, "have you anything to say?"

"Yas, suh," said the condemned man. "I'se got a few words to say. I merely wishes to state dat dis suttingly is goin' to be a lesson to me."—Saturday Evening Post.

What He Meant.

Baker—I was out in Blakesley's motor last week. He has everything in it, even a pedometer. Barker—You mean a speedometer, old man. A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk. Baker—All right. I'll stick to pedometer.—Harper's Bazar.

His Restless Heart.

Nervous Patient—It's the 'eart, doctor. Wearin' itself out it is. Whenever I put up my 'and to it there it is wabblin' to and fro. Ain't never still for five minutes together.—London Opinion.

The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.—Marcus Aurelius.

A Doctor's Start

By CUTHBERT BROWN

Dr. Forbes Robinson when I was a medical student was to me a wonder of medical knowledge and skill.

"Doctor," I said to the great practitioner, "what especial talent gave you your present position at the head of your profession? Was it an ability to diagnose cases, a knack for handling cases or a knowledge of the nature of disease?"

The doctor looked out of a window with a comical expression on his face.

"Come, tell me. I know it was not luck."

"Not exactly."

"Well?"

"It was principally stupidity."

"Nonsense."

"There's always a turning point in every man's career. I practiced for ten years before that turning point came. Before that I was driven from place to place by losing some patient whose case I couldn't make out or perhaps blundering. In the last town I left from such a cause I had got fairly well started. Then a small boy was brought to me with a broken arm. I treated him for a sprained wrist for three weeks, when his mother discovered the break. That ruined me for that place. At any rate I left.

"I came from there here, and for several years I was in a chronic state of starvation. One evening I didn't feel very well and thought I would take a dose I fixed for myself. By mistake I got hold of the wrong bottle and took a big dose of laudanum. I didn't know of it till I had got the stuff down, and even then I wasn't sure. I was wondering what I'd better do when a carriage was driven up to my door by a coachman in livery. A handsomely dressed young lady jumped out, hurried up the steps and pulled the bell violently. I ran down stairs, and she gasped:

"'You a doctor? Come quick. Father is dying.'

"I ran back for my bag of medicines, then got into the carriage with the young lady and was driven to her home. I was beginning to grow stupid or I would have asked the girl for the patient's symptoms. All the thinking I did was about myself for I suspected that I had swallowed poison. As soon as I got to the house I asked for a pitcher of water, drank a tumblerful to dilute the stuff in my stomach and went upstairs to the patient. He was in great agony and was holding on to his stomach with both hands. I concluded his trouble was acute dyspepsia and, opening my bag, I attempted to get hold of a remedy for that trouble.

"I was by this time so far gone with my own trouble that I was unable to get the bottle I used back into its place in my satchel, so I dropped it on the bottom. I was sufficiently conscious to know that I must keep moving and drink water. So I called for it, intimating that I wanted it for the patient, and when it came for every glass I drank myself I gave him one.

"He stopped groaning and, closing his eyes, was going to sleep when it occurred to me that something might have gone wrong. Instinctively I dived down into my satchel and pulled out the bottle that had contained the dose I had given him. Great heavens! It was labeled laudanum.

"Without explaining to those in the room, I got the patient out of bed—he was in his shirt—and began to walk him back and forth. Every few minutes I would stop at the water pitcher and pour some water down his throat. Meanwhile I was gradually recovering from the effects of my own dose and getting back my wits.

"The family, seeing the two of us staggering to and fro in the sick chamber, were nonplussed. They kept firing questions at me, to which I paid no attention. This frightened them all the more, and they made such an ado that I ordered them all out of the room.

"I walked the patient till I could see that he had recovered from the effects of the poison, then told the family to keep him awake for another two hours and left him. I went home, took a drug that I knew would brace me and later went back to see how my patient was getting on. I found him sitting up and looking fairly well.

"'What was the trouble, doctor?' asked his wife.

"'It was the'— I was trying to think of some ailment with a name that would puzzle them and not commit me when the patient forestalled me.

"'I know what it was,' he said. 'It was the lobster.'

"'But why did you walk him back and forth?' asked the lady.

"'Why, you see,' I replied, 'the lobster was decayed and poisoned him. I was obliged to give him a powerful antidote, which deadened the pain; but, being a narcotic as well as a dangerous one at that, had I let him go to sleep he would have died.'

"'Isn't it wonderful,' exclaimed the woman, 'how much the doctors know?'

"The whole family considered that had it not been for my drastic treatment the patient would have been lost and they spread my fame far and wide. They had a large circle of acquaintances and sounded my praise everywhere. There are persons who when they recommend a doctor or a remedy are offended if their advice is not accepted. This family was one of that kind. Having recommended me, they frowned on all who would not employ me.

"That was my start, and I have been growing in favor ever since."

OUR UNCLE SAM.

His Nickname, It Is Claimed, Originated in Troy, N. Y.

Troy, N. Y., is said to be the place where the name "Uncle Sam" originated, says the New York Sun. After the last declaration of war with England by the colonies a New York contractor, Elbert Anderson, visited Troy and made it his headquarters for the purchase of provisions for the Continental army. The supplies were duly inspected before shipment. One of the inspectors was Samuel Wilson, brother of Ebenezer, also an inspector and known as Uncle Sam to the workmen whom he superintended.

The casks in which the beef and pork were packed were marked with the initials of Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and the United States, thus: "E. A.—U. S." The first pair of initials were of course familiar to the men, but the "U. S." stumped them. The fact was that the name United States was then so new to these countrymen that its initials were a complete puzzle. They turned to the nearest explanation, a humorous one and intended as a joke on their boss. If "E. A." stood for Elbert Anderson, then, they opined, "U. S." must stand for "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke spread to the continental army, which carried it to every part of the country.

FLAX WEAVING IS ANCIENT.

And the Process Has Improved but Little in Forty Centuries.

Flax weaving, according to a recent authority, is 4,000 years old as an industry. Egypt was the first country to raise flax. All fine table linen is made from water spun flax, as water is essential to its manufacture. Vapor has been tried, but unsuccessfully. The process of manufacture has improved but little in 4,000 years, the linen made by the Egyptians being often found in an excellent state of preservation, wrapped about the bodies of mummies.

There is no grass bleached linen today, as grass bleaching is too slow a process. Chemicals are used to shorten the work.

Very little flax is raised in the United States because the air contains too little moisture. The finest lawns and handkerchiefs are made in Ireland, and the Scotch linens wear perhaps better than any. Straight line patterns do not wear as well as figures with rounded edges.

In single thread damask the same number of threads run each way. In double thread damask there is double the number of threads in the weft which doubles the wear.—New York Post.

The Wedding Cake.

The custom of having a special cake at weddings was introduced into England by the Romans. This cake, or, rather, biscuit, signified fruitfulness, hospitality and prosperity. The rice that was showered upon a bride had a similar meaning. For many centuries after the Romans left the custom was to break the biscuit over the bride's head, and then the fragments were picked up and piled before her for distribution to her friends. At the restoration Charles II returned with a small army of French cooks, who speedily converted the ancient biscuit into a delicious piece of confectionery. Iced it with sugar and gradually adorned it with emblematical devices till it towered into the amazing structure which the luxury of later times has developed.—London Chronicle.

Apes and Beards.

Almost all apes have beards. Darwin says that gorillas, chimpanzees and orang outangs have also stiff and bristly hairs upon their upper lips, resembling cats' whiskers. The beards of apes possess a remarkable resemblance to those of men in being almost invariably lighter in color than the hair of the head. In apes the chin growth is most frequently yellow or red, becoming white in age. It is common to both sexes although more strongly developed in the male. Apes and monkeys also have eyebrows as well, which do not grow thickly together as in human beings but are scattered through the hair covering the part of the face which would be called the forehead in man.

Cutting a Hailstorm.

During a severe hailstorm in the Himalayas our native gardener brought out a hatchet and pinned it edge upward in the garden to "cut the storm," as he said. Catlin in his "North American Indians" describes a ceremony of the Mandan Indians in which hatchets and edged tools are sacrificed to the "spirits of the waters" to avert a recurrence of the great deluge, of which the tribe has the tradition.—London Notes and Queries.

A Partnership.

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter. "Where's Asia?"

It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly. "That is one of the questions my father knows."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Converted Uses.

Assistant: As we've given up our music department, I may as well throw away this sign reading, "Take This Home and Try It on Your Piano." Manager—Throw it away? Certainly not! Stick it up on the furniture polish counter.—Boston Transcript.

A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.—Lowell.

A GAME OF POKER

By J. B. FERGUSON

I was playing a friendly game of poker with my two friends, Bingle and Parkinson. We had played together often for fun and when we sat down to a game this Saturday afternoon had no idea of running into a big game. But Bingle, who was a real estate dealer, had made a large sale, pocketing several thousand dollars commission, which had just been paid him in cash. Parkinson was operating in wheat and had just closed out an investment which had paid him $15,000. As for me, I was on the opposite side of this luck, having lost $300 by the bursting of a bank. Nevertheless I had $50 in my pocket that had been paid me after banking hours.

As may be supposed, I was not responsible for the high betting that gradually grew upon the party. I was drawn into it very unwillingly. It started by Bingle's getting a full of nines and Parkinson getting three aces.

I dropped out then, and Bingle won $140. It's easier to expand than to contract, and after that, there being some good hands around the board, we kept betting higher with every hand. Though I had very little money to start in with, I had unlimited credit with my two friends. Indeed, though the other two had the cash, we played on tab. But with us tab was as good as gold.

Bingle and Parkinson were both winners. I was a loser. I had no business to be in such a game, for the loss of a thousand dollars or thereabouts would break me up. Of course my friends wouldn't press me for any quick payment, or any payment at all for that matter, but I would pay anyway, or if I didn't I could never look either of them in the face till I did.

Instead of losing a thousand I got socked for three or four thousand. The devil seems to be in cards. Here were three bosom friends, wild with excitement, trying to ruin one another, who under other influences would give their lives for an opposite purpose. We grew more and more wrought up till a jack pot was opened and every man came into the betting.

Now, it was evident from the moment we all took up our hands that there was going to be some pretty warm betting, but whether it was to be on big hands or bluffing on small ones was a question. Desperate, I sailed in on three tens. Bingle raised me and Parkinson raised Bingle. We were slapping on the bets with some six or seven thousand dollars in the pot when we were brought to a halt by a sharp ring on the telephone bell. Somebody from Parkinson's house asked us if Parkinson was with us and when told that he was said he was wanted at home immediately; his wife had fainted.

Parkinson threw down his cards, face on the table, and ran out of the room, leaving me and Bingle with a big pile in the pot. We concluded to wait awhile, thinking that Parkinson might telephone us after getting home. So he did, but his wife had received a stroke and had died before he reached her.

Of course some time must elapse before our game could be resumed. After consultation, Bingle and I decided to drive a tack through each hand, face down, fastening it to the table. This was done, and, scooping the pot into a handkerchief, tied up the corners and it was committed to Bingle's charge. Then we went about our business.

Parkinson caught cold on the day of his wife's funeral and was confined to the house. He lay there for three months, during which time I suffered untold agony, not knowing whether I was out some $6,000, which meant ruin to me, or by the hand that was locked up I would come out even. As fond as I was of Parkinson, I preferred that he should die rather than linger between life and death, keeping me in suspense. Such is the influence of gambling.

Parkinson finally died, and Bingle and I had a conference as to what we should do about the locked up poker pot.

Parkinson's interest in it was a part of his estate, and when a man dies the law takes charge of his estate to see that it goes to the proper owner, and no one has any right to touch any part of it. The condition was not only inconvenient, but embarrassing. It kept me on the anxious seat, and in order to settle who owned the poker pot the whole matter must come out, and not only must it be known that Bingle and I, who lived, had been indulging in a big game, but the same reflection would be cast upon Parkinson, who was dead.

Bingle and I went together to a lawyer, told him all about the matter and asked his advice. He took a week to look up the case, then asked us to his office and said:

"The jack pot, according to certain decisions I have run across, is part of Wilkinson's estate—if he won it. But if he didn't win and he owed either or both of you money by gambling losses you can't collect under the law."

"You mean," I interrupted, "it is heads Parkinson's estate wins and tails we lose?"

"Thereabout," and he slung a lot of Latin things at us. Then we left him.

Defying the law, we went to the room where the cards were and turned over the cards. Parkinson held a pair of deuces, Bingle kings on sevens, and I, as I have said, three tens.

The hands squared us all around, and I have never touched a card for money from that day to this, and never will.

THE DUTCH FARMHOUSE.

Family and Cattle Find Quarters Under the Same Roof.

The typical Dutch farmhouse is square, one storied, with a pyramid shaped roof. The space between the apex of the roof and the ceiling of the dwelling part is generally used as a storehouse for winter food for the cattle. The living room door opens into the stable, for the cattle are invariably housed under the same roof as the family. The homes vary little in their furnishings. One always sees bright strips of carpet, a highly polished center table, where the family Bible is displayed, and a glass dresser, with its shelves filled with rare old brass and delft ware. The most curious thing about the houses are the sleeping quarters—unique and certainly unhealthy from the modern viewpoint, which requires plenty of fresh air in the bedrooms.

The cheesemaker's family sleeps in beds built in cupboard-like recesses in the wall and as far from the window as possible. There is a door similar to that of a cupboard, and this is kept closed during the day in order that the bed may be hidden from view. The stuffy condition of this walled in bedroom can be readily imagined. The linen is always snowy white, and the whole makeup presents an attractive appearance even to the decorated strap suspended from the ceiling and used to assist the occupant of the couch to rise. The visitor is always welcome at the cheese farms, but the visit must be made early in the morning if the cheesemaking is to be seen.—Mrs. C. R. Miller in Leslie's.

THE SWISS PRESIDENT.

His Powers Are Quite Limited, and So Is His Salary!

The president of Switzerland is so hedged about by the constitution that except for official purposes and to facilitate the exchange of courtesies and of amicable understandings with foreign nations, he has no more standing than the other six members of the council of which he forms a part. He is elected for one year, has no official residence, and his chief business is to sign the documents of the bundesrat or council of seven. His salary is in our money equal to about $3,600 per annum, and there is no provision for private expenses, such as traveling or entertaining. He is expected to live in the capital of the country during the year he holds office. His associate members in the bundesrat get $3,000 a year, and they are elected for three years, their votes having the same force as that of the president.

As a rule, the president of Switzerland is before election a member of this council and is elected to the higher office without opposition, but in 1883 he had a rival, and, though he won in the election, he was unable to support what in his country is looked upon as an affront and committed suicide before his inauguration.

In this connection it might be well to note, too, that Switzerland is the one country on the globe where it costs nothing to die, as in certain cantons rich and poor are buried at the expense of the state.—Harper's Weekly.

A Chance of a Lifetime.

"Have you any cheering news?" asked the boarding house landlady when her husband got home.

"Dearie," he cried, "I have more than that. I have a happy surprise."

"Huh! Are you sober?"

"Better than that, dear heart."

"Well, tell it to me. Did you earn two bits spading up somebody's peony bed?"

"Aw, say! This is the real thing."

"Tell me the worst."

"You know that milliner you got a $90 hat from?"

"I do. Don't tell me she's dead."

"Better than that. She's coming here for two weeks' board."

"Henry, you can have that trip to Monte Carlo you've been wanting."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cocaine.

Travelers in Peru and countries where coca grows chew the leaves of this plant for the purpose of allaying the sense of hunger and the feeling of exhaustion that accompanies it. At first the leaves were thought to possess food elements, but now it is known that the cocaine they contain merely allays the irritability of the nerves that produce the sense of hunger. Cocaine is an alkaloid made from the coca leaf, which has the effect of completely destroying the sensibility of nerves. The discovery of this active principle of the coca leaf explained fully and satisfactorily the effect produced by chewing the leaves.

Trouble.

The worn, gray haired man met a mysterious stranger.

"And who might you be?" asked the man.

"My name is Trouble," replied the stranger.

"Strange that I got these gray hairs dodging you and never met you before," said the man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Kiss Feminine.

Brother—Which one of those Penton girls is it that you don't like? Sister—Sssh! Some one might hear you. When the crowd comes up I'll kiss her twice.—Illustrated Bits.

Literature.

"Pa, what is literature?"

"Literature is writing printed in some expensive manner."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Too many people mistake a wish for an ambition.—Chicago News.