

# MY WANT OF WISDOM

By MOLIEK WETHERILL

When I was sixteen years old, my father and mother both being dead, and I, not having a cent in the world, said to a friend one day that I thought I would take a trip to Europe. I well remember the look she gave me. Indeed, so impressed was she with the absurdity of my idea that she didn't think it worth while to remark upon it. The truth is I was dreaming aloud.

But a few weeks later I learned that I had been left a legacy of \$400. Then I put my dream to practice. Dreamers are not understood. There is likely to be some method in their madness, but their more practical acquaintances take no cognizance of this. There was a method in my madness, though I hardly understood it myself. Perhaps my story will explain it.

What I did with my \$400 was to buy a two-month trip to England and the continent of Europe.

When my friends heard of what I was about to do they wondered if they had not better shut me up in a lunatic asylum.

"She's certainly gone daff," said one.

"What is she going to live on when she gets back?" remarked another.

"The same old work," put in a third. "That will take the nonsense out of her."

One of my chums repeated these remarks to me that I might benefit by them. But I didn't. I prepared for my journey and sailed away, remarking that I would have one good time in my life if I never had another. The last words I heard from the dock were: "Are you coming home with that fortune?"

"Yes. A pleasant outing is a fortune in itself."

Now, I didn't know any more than they what was to happen to me. I certainly had no idea that my trip was to be completely spoiled, as it was. My room mate on the ship going out was a crumpled old maid. She was not only smug, but afflicted with an incurable disease. She was so stung that she would not tip the room stewardess, who would do nothing for her. Being unable to go to the dining saloon for meals, the invalid ordered the stewardess to bring them in to her. The stewardess would say, "Yes, m'm," go away and would not return.

What could I do—see the creature starve? Of course not. I walked on her all the way over, and when we reached Southampton, she being unable to leave the ship without assistance, I was obliged to take her ashore with me. When I got her there I felt compelled to take her to London.

"Hadn't you any relatives to come with you?" I asked.

"No, and I couldn't afford to pay the way of any of them if I had."

"Can't you afford to hire some one to take care of you?"

"No."

Well, the woman continued to grow worse. I had the choice of deserting her, leaving her to the tender mercies of nobody or staying with her. I didn't scruple to tell her that she was spoiling my trip. Her reply was that I had better go on and leave her to her fate. She might as well have told me to give her poison to get rid of her. At first she wouldn't do anything to relieve me if she could, and afterward she couldn't. She continued to sink, but remained alive, so that I couldn't get away from her and pursue my trip.

There was one curiosity in London I had always wished to see. One morning I gave a maid half a crown to attend to the invalid for a few hours while I went to the tower. When I returned the maid told me that her charge had sent her out with a note for a man, who had come to her and been shut up with her for half an hour. He had taken other persons into the room, but only for a few minutes.

I didn't care to ask an explanation of this of the sick woman. For it was none of my business. Her illness continued so long that the time and money I had put aside for my trip were nearly exhausted. One day the invalid called me to her and said to me: "I'm going to die. I don't wish any doctor to tell me so. He would charge me £2 at least, and I know it myself. After my death you will find five sovereigns in my trunk. Bury me here. My bones are not worth taking to America. You'll find an envelope under my pillow. Take it to the address in Philadelphia written on it."

The woman died just before the steamer sailed on which I had engaged a return passage. I had barely time to find a place to bury her when I was obliged to go aboard. On reaching port several of my friends were at the dock to meet me. One of them called: "Did you see it all?"

"Oh, yes. I saw London; there's enough there to see without going farther. The tower is immensely interesting."

A few days after my arrival I thought of the envelope I was to deliver and took it to the address on it. Marbury & Smith, attorneys. One of the firm opened the envelope and took out a paper. Then he asked me some questions, finally inquiring my name. When I told him he gave me a quick glance and said:

"You are the beneficiary of this estate."

"What? What estate?"

"This is a will. It makes you heiress to property worth \$250,000."

The moral of this story is that those who leave something to chance are not always wrong.

# THE MENACE OF RABIES

The great striking epidemic in a sick dog is almost invariably a deadly disease in its disposition. It either becomes more cross, irritable and petty or shows unusual friendliness and wants to be continually petted. Obviously in the latter case it is a most dangerous menace to its owner, who easily may be infected through scratch on the hand or by a lick during casual playfulness. In either case the dog soon becomes extremely restless, lying down, then jumping immediately getting up to run around nervously for a few seconds and again lying down. This rotation keeps up without interruption for some time. The dog is easily startled, growls and barks at the least provocation. The owner or keeper who knows its disposition will easily discern this change and by simply shutting up the dog securely for observation will obviate all further danger.

The Pasteur treatment has been proved beyond peradventure to be a specific prophylactic against rabies. It will prevent the development of the disease if administered properly and if used in time. The report of the Pasteur Institute of Paris (Annales de l'Institut Pasteur) states that during the past ten years 7,380 persons have been treated, of whom only twenty-one have died from all causes, a mortality of 28 per cent. The record in this country is almost as good—Walter Peet in Harper's Weekly.

# SERVED IN A COLD PIE

Sir Jeffrey Hudson's Introduction to Queen Henrietta.

Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf on record was Sir Jeffrey Hudson, the little fellow whom Scott introduced in "Peveril of the Peak." He was born in Rutlandshire, England, in 1619.

When eight years of age he was presented by the Duke of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta in a cold pie. He afterward became attached to the court of Charles I. At one of the court masques, the king's porter, a man of gigantic size, who used to torment the little dwarf, pulled from one pocket a loaf of bread and from the other Jeffrey, much to the surprise and amusement of the company present. Jeffrey was at that time only eighteen inches in height.

He remained at this stature until he was thirty years of age, after which a curious exception to the laws of growth took place, since Jeffrey rapidly grew to be three feet nine inches in height, whereas most men do not grow a quarter of an inch after the age of thirty. This dwarf had an enormous head and very large hands and feet; otherwise his proportions were symmetrical and his face was considered handsome.

The White Ship.

The age of chivalry is supposed to be that age when young men dressed themselves up in armor and pounded one another with lances and swords. It is perhaps well to recall the story of the White Ship, which in the year 1120 carried to England the grandson of the Norman conqueror. This ship was captained by the son of the man who had steered across the conqueror himself. The ship sank. There was only one lifeboat. The young prince was put in that, to be rowed away. His sister screamed. He put back to save her also. So many leaped into the boat from the sinking ship that all were drowned except one butcher, who clung to the mast. The passengers on this ship were 140 picked and noble knights, guarding the person of their future king.—Collier's Weekly.

Traveling Incognita.

Some investigator of curious subjects has discovered that the inventor of traveling incognito was Peter the Great of Russia. The next after the famous Russian sovereign to adopt the practice was Joseph II. of Austria, who in 1777 made a little stay in Paris under the title of Count von Falkenstein. During the revolutionary period Louis XVIII. buried his temporarily useless royal dignity under the privacy of Comte de Lille, while Charles X. passed as the Comte de Marles. The empress Eugenie in her splendor frequently took little trips as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds.

Practical Results.

"There may be something in this theory of telepathy," said the mystical person.

"You mean thought concentration that enables you to impress your ideas on others?" inquired Senator Sorghum.

"Yes."

"Well, there may be something in it. But don't depend on it. For practical results in impressing people, telepathy will never compare with a brass band and a parade."—Washington Star.

Saggy Pants.

"Why do you spend so much care on the crease of your pants, hey?"

"It is important, dad, not to wear baggy trousers."

"Important, is it? Why, you young cub, look here. Did you ever see a statue to a man who didn't wear baggy pants?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Consulting Papa.

"Papa, you know that George, who proposed to me last night, is coming for his answer this evening, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, thank you, papa! That was the answer I was going to give him anyway!"—Chicago Tribune.

Terms of the Game.

He—Dearest, you're the goal of my affections. She—(removing his arms)—Five yards for holding.—Harvard Lampoon.

# IN A MOTOR-BOAT

By SARAH FICE VAUGHAN

Her father called her Pussy, and her mother called her Pussy and several other names. She was a very pretty child, and was all times when she came. Her father and mother lived for her alone. Without her their lives were almost meaningless.

When she was sixteen she met a girl, half sister. She realized the whole was a mistake, but she could not help herself. She considered herself quite old enough to have a lover and was not long in getting one. Johnny Walker was the young man she decided upon for that position.

She made Johnny's acquaintance in this way: His father owned a summer cottage on the Atlantic coast, and one summer Mr. Cummings, Pussy's father, rented a cottage near by. There is no coast in the world so adapted to boating as this—that is, if you have a motor boat or row boat, though there may be both. It is especially fitted for motor boating. All day one hears the rapid explosions of gasoline engines coming over the water far and near.

It was a motorboat that did the honors for Pussy and Johnny. Johnny was eighteen years old and had grown up, so to speak, in a motorboat. He had a very nice one, so Pussy thought, only she would have preferred that it should have been painted blue, her favorite color, instead of white. When she first saw Johnny go out in it she stood on the shore looking at him so wistfully that he asked his mother to call on their neighbors so that he could take "that pretty girl" out in his boat. His mother called, and Johnny and Pussy did the rest.

That was the first summer. When the two families went home "after Labor day"—the American people all go home from the country at one time after Labor day, much to their discontent—Johnny and Pussy were engaged. Pussy managed it all, though Johnny was quite willing. Pussy began starting in for another year of school told her mother of her engagement.

The good lady was so much surprised as if her daughter had announced the engagement of her doll, that had been laid aside but two years before. Nevertheless since Johnny was a nice boy and of a good family and all that she told her daughter that if she and Johnny were of the same mind in four years she would have no objection to their being married.

"Four years!" exclaimed Pussy.

"Yes; when you are twenty."

"Why, mother, I'll be as old as Methusalem in four years. It's an age."

The next summer Pussy was seventeen years old. Like most very young people, she had very little respect for the opinion of her elders. She thought it was time for her and Johnny to be married. Johnny hadn't thought much about it, but since Pussy thought so he thought so too. But he didn't make any move in that direction.

The two families occupied during this second summer the cottages they had occupied during the first. One day when Johnny and Pussy were out in his motorboat Pussy said:

"Johnny, how long do you propose to keep me waiting?"

"Waiting for what?"

"Are you going to marry me or not?" Johnny caught his breath. "Why, of course I am."

"When?"

"When we're older."

Pussy turned her back on him. Johnny colored and added: "All right. Now it's a good time. We'll go to B. and be married."

He had "seeb" Pussy's bluff and gone her one better. But she was tired of waiting for all those years to pass before being married, so she said she believed she would consent to go to B and be married.

Johnny put on all the power in the engine and, pointed the boat toward B, five miles away. Pussy sat very quiet. She neither moved nor spoke. Johnny occasionally looked at her out of the corner of his starboard eye, but he didn't say anything either. In half an hour they reached the floating dock at B. Johnny got out and made fast the boat, then put out his hand to Pussy. She didn't move.

"Come," said Johnny.

"Where are you going to take me to after we're married?"

"We'll go on a wedding trip. I have a nice little sum saved up in bank."

"I wonder what papa will say?"

"I don't know."

"And mamma?"

"I don't know that, either."

"It would be nice to have her with me when I am married."

Johnny cast off the line, threw it into the boat, got in himself and started for home.

The ride was not a chatty one. Pussy remarked that the boat was not going as fast as usual, and Johnny replied that he thought it was doing quite as well. This was the only remark made during their return, though the distance was eight miles and they were an hour doing it.

When the interminable four years of waiting were ended Pussy had been engaged three times and at twenty would have scorned to marry any of the men to whom she had been engaged, but she still thought she was not extraordinarily particular as to the man she would marry. At twenty-five she admits that she was very particular. She has a fair prospect of being an old maid.

# HENRY BELL'S CORSET

The first woman that had the honor of wearing a corset was a Greek woman named Cleopatra. The first woman that had the honor of wearing a corset was a Greek woman named Cleopatra.

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THE GOLDFINCH.

Changes in Plumage That Are Puzzling to the Novice.

Most every one in America is acquainted with the goldfinch, but many people know the bird by the name of lettuce bird on account of its bright yellow color. Goldfinch is a very appropriate name, as the bright yellow of the male when he is in breeding plumage is like brimstone gold. The female goldfinch is more modestly dressed than her mate. The changes in plumage of the male are very interesting and to the novice somewhat puzzling.

Until the student becomes acquainted with the bird he may wonder why he sees no males during the winter. The truth is that this season the flocks of supposed female goldfinches are really of both sexes, the male bird having assumed in the previous fall, usually by the end of October, a plumage closely resembling that of the female and young bird of the year. The male retains this inconspicuous dress until late in February, when one can notice a gradual change taking place in some of the birds.

This renewal of feathers is actively continued through March and April, and by May 1 our respondent had it with us again. The year period with the male goldfinch continues as long as he wears his gold and black tinsel, he is conspicuous as early as the middle of March and ends late in August.

A Sensational Interview.

The late Arthur McEwan, when he was working on a San Francisco newspaper, was attracted by the activities of a politician who was vulgar, illiterate and hideously ungrammatical in his methods of expression. McEwan looked up this man and had a talk with him. Then he went back to the office and wrote the interview in the most perfect English, brilliant, polished and crisscrossed the story full of classical allusions, quotations and big words. It was a most scholarly production, and McEwan considered the satire great. Next day McEwan had a call from the politician. "I wanted thank you for that interview," he said. "It's bully. Just what I said. You must be a grand shorthand reporter."—Saturday Evening Post.

Martyrdom of the Bride.

A peculiar and barbaric marriage custom of the Kabyle women of Africa consists in the mistreatment of the bride who, clad in her wedding dress, stands through an entire morning against a pillar in the village square, her eyes closed, her arms pressed to her sides and with only the narrow base of the column for a foothold; the while a ring of villagers criticizes and comments on her appearance.—Argonaut.

Evidence to the Contrary.

"You're had a bad cold in the head, have you, Brooks?" said Eliza. "Well, one good thing about that is that it doesn't make you cough."

"Whereupon Brooks, without a word, exhibited the doctor bill he had just received.—Exchange.

Teak It as a Compliment.

Magistrate (about to commit for trial):—You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way—in fact, with quite exceptional cunning. Prisoner—Now, yer honor, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer.—London Sketch.

No Room for Him.

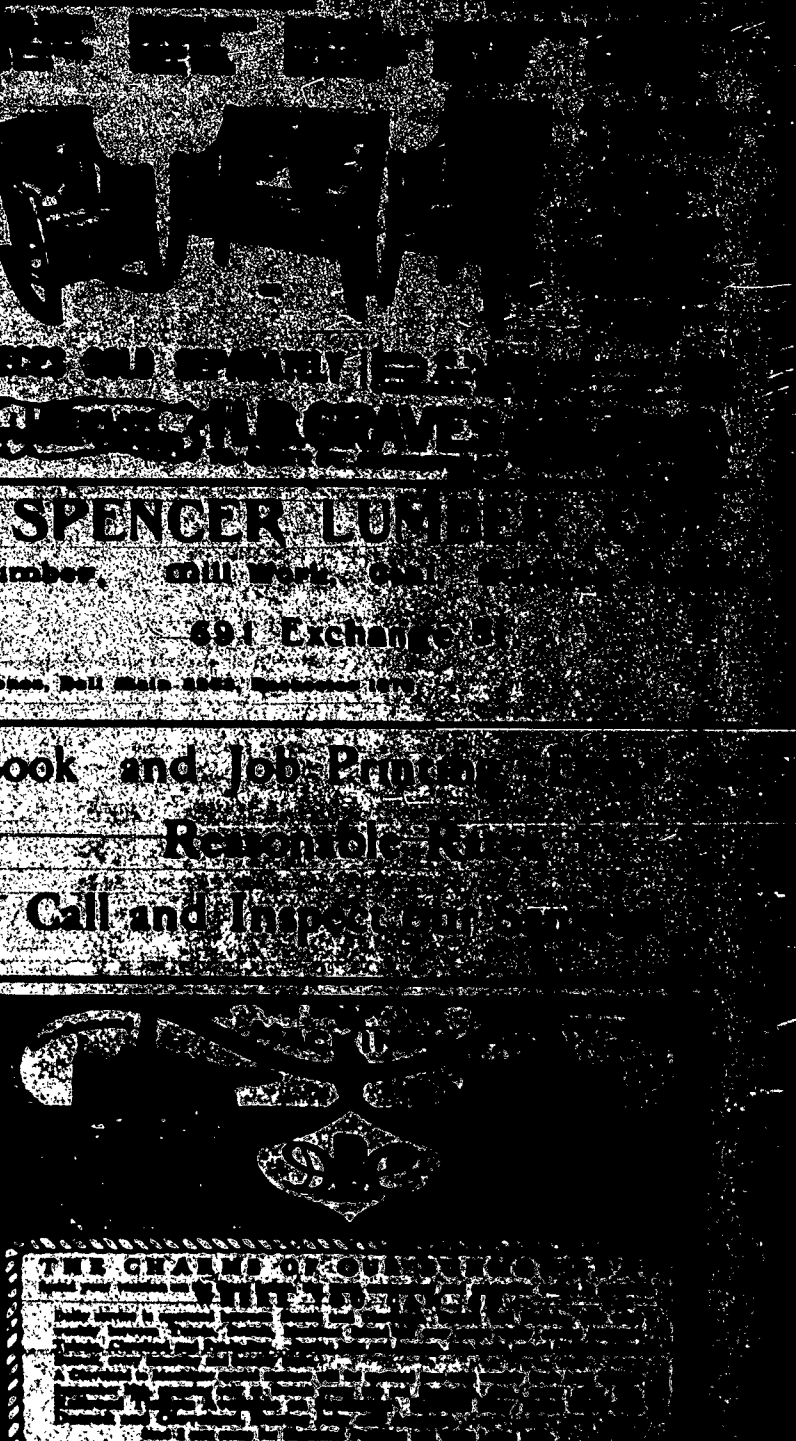
Mrs. Crawford—What's the advantage of a kitchenette apartment? Mrs. Crabshaw—Your husband can't come out in it when you're cooking.—Puck.

Physically Impossible.

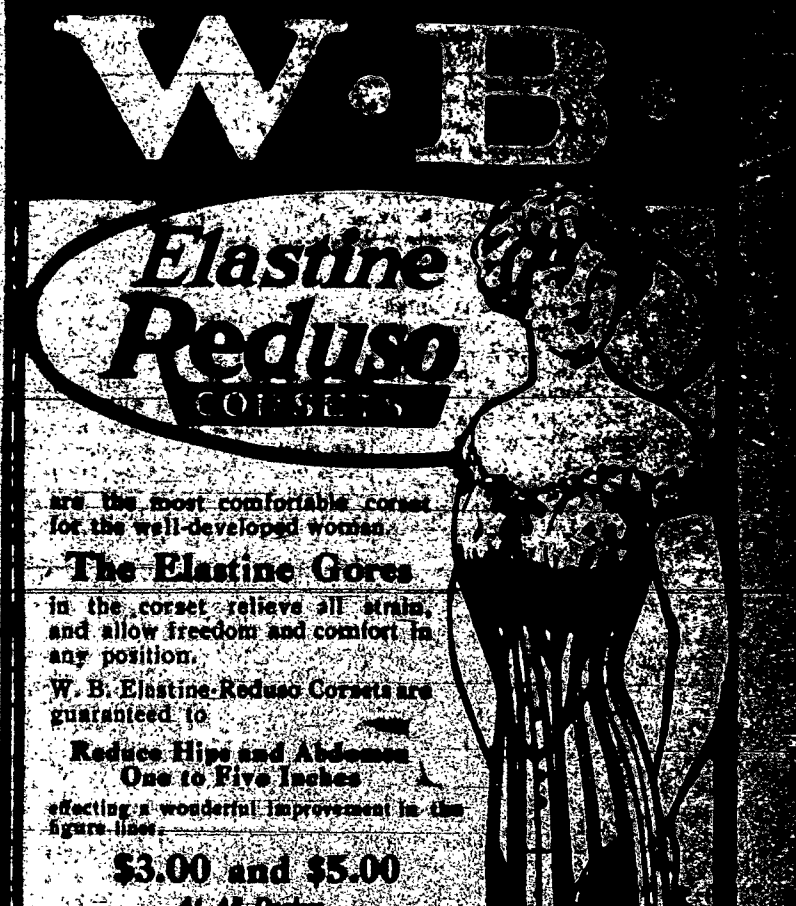
Chairwoman of Suffragette Meeting:—Does any lady wish to make a motion? Voice—Yes, I do, but my gown's too tight.—Satire.

All pain must be to teach some good in the end.—Knoxville.

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