

HER HALLOWEEN

By F. A. MITCHEL

Ethel Auchincloss was seventeen years old, an age when girls are fond of fancying that the man whom they shall marry will be like...

A new moon stood in the west which she took pains to see—It being the first time—over her right shoulder. In her time these little superstitions counted for more than they do in this realistic age...

The first thing Paul knew he saw a lighted taper passing him. Surprised, he ceased rowing and eyed it wondering what it meant. He turned his face upstream and saw another lighted taper a dozen yards ahead...

Ethel, standing on the bank, saw the first taper go out and remarked to herself, "It isn't Fred!" When she saw the two remaining tapers go out at once she exclaimed, "It isn't any of them. I'm to be an old maid!"

"New moon, true moon, tell unto me who may true love shall be. The color of his eyes, the color of his hair. The color of the coat that he shall wear the day he marries me."

Ethel stood mute till she heard the sound of oars, and in another moment the dark form of a man sitting in a narrow boat appeared. The boat glided on the pebbles at her feet, and the man stepped on shore and said in a hoarse voice:

ENGLAND'S GUINEA HABIT.

They Have No Such Coin There, Yet Still They Use It.

Strangers in foreign countries always find some difficulty in getting used to the current coinage. In England they find themselves up against quite a number of problems...

The guinea is a gold coin current for 21 shillings sterling, or about \$5. But it has not been coined since the issue of the sovereign in 1817.

SOURCE OF SHELLAC.

East India Insects and Trees That Produce the Substance.

India is the home of the Coccus lacca, the insect that produces the resinous substance known as shellac.

The insect, which is a scale, pierces the twigs of several different kinds of trees, among them the bo, the bilar, and the butea.

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They Have an Arbor.

A member of the London county council was regretting the lack of art sense displayed by his fellows when they placed an open space at the disposal of the people.

And He Got That Wrong.

Ernest Thälman, the international banker, was greatly liked by newspaper men in Wall street.

Not Reciprocated.

"How many children have you?" "Three—Two grown up daughters and a son in college."

Deceiving.

Minister—'I'm sorry to find you coming out of a public house again. Ham fish, after all you promised me. Ham fish—Aye, sir, it's wonderful what an awful deceiv'n' thing this mist is. D'y'e ken, I went in there the noon chinkin' 'twas the butcher's shop—London Tit-Bits.

She Hated Flattery.

"I hate flattery," she said. "Of course you do," he replied. "Every pretty girl does." Then she drew a long, deep sigh and permitted him to press her cheek against his own.—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Made His Mark, but Wrote A Fine Hand

By PAUL WOODRUFF

While I was serving in the Army of the Potomac in Virginia as captain of B company, —th Pennsylvania volunteer infantry a countryman came into camp and told a painful story.

The next I heard of Saunders was sent from general headquarters under care of an orderly to me with the information that he had asked the general when he proposed to move against the enemy.

I explained to him that he had enlisted three years and would not be permitted to fight on his own hook. Whereupon he said he reckoned he would go without permission. I informed him that if he did so and we could get our hands on him he would be shot for a deserter.

Bad For Tall Hats.

New Year's eve which is sacred to St. Sylvester is celebrated in Berlin by the blowing of tin horns, the ringing of bells and all other devices for making a noise.

Feminine Finance.

A poor lady whose husband had just failed was bemoaning the fact that she had no money.

Discovered His Mistake.

"Do you believe that all men are created equal?" "I used to before I was married."

Proof to the Contrary.

"They say that Wombat is a genius." "Nothing to that story. It's a canard. I loaned him a dollar once, and he paid me back all right enough."—Pittsburgh Post.

Sympathy.

Froud Mother—Such enormous sums we've spent on Clara's voice, Sympathetic Visitor and you can't really do nothing for it?—London By-stander.

A Discovery.

"There is something uncanny about this baby, John." "Then, my dear, it must be his creepy ways."—Baltimore American.

The Fate of all of us.

The fate of all of us, men and women alike, is to be forever wanting what we have not.—Jerome K. Jerome.

A Lucky Home Run.

"The funniest home run that ever my peepers were laid on," said an old time player during a fanning bee. "happened in Chicago some years ago. The Athletics were playing the Sox, and it was on the old grounds. One of our fellows, I can't just recall his name now, whaled one in the air out where Danny Green held forth.

Immensity of the Swiss Glaciers.

The glaciers united to form the great Gorner glacier above Zermatt have a width of ten miles. Soon after they have joined the width is reduced to two miles and farther on to one mile.

The Bread of Mexico.

Tortilla is the universal substitute for bread in Mexico. It is a flat cake made of coarse cornmeal and baked on a hot sheet of iron or a slab of stone.

Pronunciation.

There is a story that Tennyson, hearing at a dinner party somebody pronouncing knowledge with a long o, jumped up from the table, rushed at his fellow guest and shook hands with him.

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The Power of Luck

By BENJAMIN BERKHALTER

"Can you direct me to the works of the Loon Gulch Gold Mining company?" I asked of a ragged man, at the same time drawing rein to receive his reply.

"Right around the spear of the mountain; take the right hand road after crossin' the creek. You can't miss it. It's the only lot o' buildin' there is around there. Fine property, sir."

"So I have been told. I have also heard that it was built up on a striking piece of luck."

"You bet, the goldrusted luck that ever happened to a prospector."

"Why Hawley, he come out yere a matter of fifteen year ago, fur to see if he couldn't make a fortun' by a short road. I been tryin' to do that myself ever since I was twenty five year old and just look at me—my clothes in tatters and nothin' in my stomick."

"One day he was walkin' around over there where he could see up the gulch He'd been to Antelope, where the post-office was then, and had got a letter from his wife in the east sayin' she'd been turned out o' the house she'd been livin' in, the children was sick for want o' proper food and the bottom had dropped out o' everything Hawley was clean discouraged. He thought he'd find a place so hidden that he'd never be found and would kill himself. He hadn't nothin' to kill himself with except the blastin' powder, and he hadn't the good luck to have any matches with him or any other means o' settin' it off."

"He walked up the gulch a ways, or rather staggered up it, for he was weak from want o' food and discouragement. He left the road by a path and, comin' to the end of the path, walked on no-where 'comin' to a lonely place among some trees and bushes, he sat down and tried to think of a way to set off his blastin' powder. Purty soon he struck an idea. He hung his magnifyin' glass on a twig and put the powder on the ground so that the focus of the sun's rays would strike it."

"But he didn't want to know just when he was again to be blown to atoms, so he moved the powder a few inches, keepin' it in the course the focused sun spot would take, so's it would pass over the powder after a while. This would leastways give him time to say his pray's."

"When he'd got it fixed so's the sun spot was sure to strike it he lay down a few yards away with his back to the powder and waited. It wasn't a cheer-ful condition was it?"

"I should think not, I replied. "I dunno how long Hawley waited. I never heard. But bimble there was a big explosion. Hawley didn't know for awhile whether he had been killed or not, he was so stunned. But he wasn't even hurt. The force o' the explosion was all upwards."

"I dunno if he was disappointed or not? I never heard that nuther. But he rolled over and looked into a hole in the ground made by the explosion. It was just like a prospector to look to see what was in the hole instead of thinkin' where he might 'a' been if he'd tryin' to kill hisself hadn't failed. Then he looked for his magnifyin' glass. He remembered hearin' somepin drop just after the explosion and, gettin' up, went where he'd heered the sound. The glass was layin' near by on the ground. He tuk it up and gettin' down on his stomick looked through it into the hole. Then he picked up a piece o' quartz and examined that. Then he got up and danced all around by hisself like a crazy man."

"Diggin' out some pieces o' quartz from the hole he tuk 'em to Antelope, where there was an assayer, and had 'em assayed. They showed gold enough to make ten millionaires, pervidin' the stuff was a reg'lar vein. Then he stole away to his hole by hisself and dug till he was satisfied that it was a vein, then entered his claim and went to men who had money and formed a company. Hawley, gettin' three-quarters o' the stock. "That's the origin o' the Loon Gulch mine, one o' the biggest in the world."

Helping the Cause.

"She— I am almost baked. I have been shut up in a close, stuffy room for two hours. He—What was the occasion of that? She—A meeting of our Fresh Air society.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Catty Retort.

"My husband considered a very long time before he proposed to me. He was very careful." "Ah, it's always those careful people who get taken in."

Etiquette on British Warships.

Etiquette plays an important part on a modern battleship, and the British navy enforces many little forms and customs.

In the wardroom, where the officers and midshipmen dine, the commander does not sit at the head of the table. That place is reserved for the president of the mess. The commander invariably sits at his right hand, while the former changes every month.

Evening dress is a steadfast rule, so much so that the man who has to take a watch after dinner and who has no time to change sits at a table by himself. The toast of "The King" in the navy is drunk sitting. Tradition has it that a certain king once proposed a toast and, jumping up, hit his head against a beam above. Orders were given, the story goes, that all toasts were in future to be drunk sitting.

The "middy" on a warship is just like a fag at a public school, with the officers as his prefects or monitors. Midshipmen have to make themselves generally useful to the latter.—London Answers.

Burning Cold.

One who has been reared in either the temperate or tropic zones and who is unacquainted with the mysteries of the chemical laboratory can hardly imagine a degree of cold that would reduce the temperature of any known substance to that point where, if the hand were brought in contact with it, the result would be the same as if he had received a burn. But that such things are possible are well known to chemists and other experimenters.

One noted experimenter with liquid air gases, which require wonderful degrees of cold for their success, says that a heat burn is a luxury when compared with burns he has received from cold substances. A drop of liquid gas on his hand made a bluish blister, which changed into an ulcer which did not heal for six months, while a heat burn five times as large healed in twelve days.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Tenor and His Beard.

Mario, the famous tenor, was excessively proud of his fine beard. One day in Russia, where he had become the favorite of the court, the Emperor Nicholas ordered him to sing in an opera dealing with an episode in the eighteenth century and necessitating a clean shaven face. Mario refused to obey. The Emperor became angry. It was his vain that the Empress tried her arts of persuasion. Mario was in flexible.

Buttons and Women's Clothes.

"Why does a woman button her garments on the left side?" The question is discussed in the London Tailor and Cutter by several correspondents, one of whom advances this theory: "For ladies to have the buttonholes in the right side of their garments has its origin in the times when it was necessary for a lady when going out at night to have a gentleman escort who supported her upon his left arm, leaving his right or sword arm at liberty. Thus the lady's left hand would be free to fasten or unfasten her cloak at her own pleasure and without inconvenience."

Charles V. Liked Mechanics.

Charles V. of Spain, like Louis XVI of France, was particularly fond of timepieces and had a decided taste for mechanics. When in Germany he invented a carriage for his own accommodation, and after his abdication he would amuse himself in making little puppets—soldiers performing their exercises, girls dancing with their tambourines and little wooden birds that would fly in and out of the window.

Sam Houston's Retort.

General Sam Houston was a master of stump speaking and bitter invective. Once while addressing a large audience he was interrupted and asked what he thought of a certain politician. Without hesitation he replied: "He has every characteristic of a dog except fidelity."

Advantages of Kilts.

The London Tailor and Cutter observes with its usual keen insight into human nature: "No one has yet suggested the utility of kilts. They never bag at the knees, nor do they ever require patching at that part, and their hygienic properties are proverbial."

Fixing the Value.

Jones—So the price of that "old master" is \$5,000. It doesn't look to be worth \$10. Art Dealer—Yes, but remember it was painted in 1249. Just think what \$10 at compound interest would amount to for that length of time!—Exchange.

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ROMANESQUE