

The End of a Courtship

By RUTH GRAHAM

Kitty McBride was a factory girl and a very pretty one. She was contented with her work, though it was hard, and she took no thought of marriage.

But one evening Kitty went to a dance and made the acquaintance of Peter Brown. Peter was an attractive chap with a devil may care way about him that was very taking with the girls.

He danced with Kitty several times, thus exciting the envy of other young women, who considered Mr. Brown the cleverest, handsomest and in every way the finest catch of the evening.

The next afternoon when Kitty left the factory her admirer of the dance was there to meet her and walk home with her.

For some time the stranger courted the factory girl, hinting at marriage, but never being just ready. Kitty, who was not of a specially confiding nature, did not commit herself in any way, waiting for the outcome of Mr. Brown's attentions.

At last he gave her a ring and told her that he was going to a town where he owned some property, after securing which he would return to her and they would be married.

He seemed very loath to leave her even for a short time. Kitty encouraged him, assuring him that she would be making her clothes for the wedding while he was away and ready for him when he returned.

Then he confessed that the reason for his distress was that, having experienced certain pains, he had consulted a doctor, who told him he had appendicitis and must go where he would receive proper surgical attention.

If he passed the ordeal safely he would return with funds and they would set up housekeeping in their own little cottage. He kissed her again and again and wiped away a tear at the final parting.

Ten days passed during which Kitty heard nothing from her lover, then she received a letter through the postoffice addressed in an unknown hand.

Opening it she found a note from one signed, "Hospital Nurse," announcing that Peter Brown had been operated on for appendicitis and had lived but six hours after the operation.

There was another letter in the envelope from Peter himself. It read as follows:

They tell me, dear heart, that I must prepare for death. The only preparation I have to make, my darling, is to write you my last farewell. There is no one in the world whom it pains me to leave but you.

Oh, how hard it is to do when I have so much to live for with you. My heart is sinking within me. Would darling, you were here, that I might die in your beloved arms, that you might keep the life within me a little longer by kissing my cold lips with your warm ones. Farewell, darling! So long as you live keep a corner of your heart for your dying lover.

PETER BROWN.

Though Kitty was duly impressed with this letter and shed tears over it, one little matter contained in it struck her practical mind.

Peter wrote that she was the only one whom it pained him to leave. What a pity he hadn't thought to make a will leaving her that property he had gone for! But a man who has just come out from the influence of ether with only a few hours to live should not be expected to think of worldly matters.

So Kitty stopped making the wedding clothes she had begun and set herself to recover from her disappointment as best she could.

Owing to some financial difficulty the factory where Kitty worked was shut down and she was adrift without means of support except a pittance she had saved.

Being told that another factory of the same kind as the one that had closed located in another city needed hands, she went there to apply for work.

On her arrival, leaving the station she saw a man leaning against a lamppost smoking a long cigar. She approached him to ask the way and recognized her dead lover, Peter Brown.

"Why, Peter?" she exclaimed.

"Who are you?" he said, turning white and red alternately. "I never saw you before."

This was too much. A policeman was standing on the opposite side of the street, and Kitty called him over.

"Arrest that man!" she said.

She went with the policeman and Peter to a station, where she made a charge against him, and, since there was no ball forthcoming, he was locked up.

A Coin in the Sea.

A coin dropped into the sea will sink to the bottom, however deep it is, owing to the fact that the metal is heavier than the volume of water that it displaces.

Quite Alive, In Fact.

A New York man who spends his summers on his farm in Maine persuaded one of his rural neighbors, Joshua Brown, to pay him a visit during the winter in the city.

During his visit he was introduced to a friend of his host familiarly known as Jack, who astounded Joshua at the first and only evening of their acquaintance by consuming two quarts of champagne.

"Well, Joshua, I've got bad news for you," he began. "Jack Falvey is dead. He died last spring."

"Dead, is he?" repeated Joshua, whipping up the mare.

"Yes," said the New Yorker soberly. "Fuh," exclaimed Joshua after a short silence. "He weren't dead when I saw 'im."—New York Sun.

Machinery of Memory.

The machinery of memory was thus interestingly described by an authority on the brain: "The act of remembering something," he said, "involves a distinct change in the brain substance."

The thing to be remembered is recorded by a little nerve cell. The first time the cell does its work an impression is made upon it.

But that impression is apt to wear off unless the action of the cell is repeated, and the oftener this is the case the more fixed becomes the impression, or cell memory, as it is called.

Suppose that the work of this particular cell is to enable you to recognize a certain smell.

If the impression is made but once the cell may fail to retain it, but if it is repeated several times a lasting impression will be made, and you will recognize the particular odor when you meet with it again.

A Curious Marine Monster.

One of the horrors of the sea is the great ray of Florida waters. Schools of them are often seen playing on the surface of the bayous or in the inlets.

Their immense black fins rise and fall in the water like the flapping wings of buzzards or vultures. The great ray shows on its head protuberances resembling horns, features that give them the appearance of the conventional devil as they sport themselves on the surface of the water.

It is said that these monsters sometimes attain the weight of a thousand pounds, and mariners have availed that a great ray has unwittingly towed a vessel by becoming entangled in the anchor cable.

They are hunted with harpoons and a way-give the fishermen an exciting struggle.

Von Bulow's Rebuke.

It so happened that two ladies were met on the way to the theatre at the very moment Von Bulow finished his introduction of the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata Pathetic.

This so irritated him that he purposely commenced the allegretto such an absurdly slow pace as to make the quavers in the bass correspond exactly to the time of the ladies' footsteps.

As they became impatient they fell on Von Bulow as fast as they could while Von Bulow accelerated his tempo in sympathy with their impatient pace.

Barrett's Musical Reminiscences.

Killing a Devil.

Once a Saharan traveler was informed by one of his African escort that he had just killed a devil, which proved to be his master's watch that the savage had found, and, hearing it tick, concluded that there was an evil spirit inside.

Accordingly he smashed the timepiece by hurling it against a tree.

Hard to Decide.

"How did that race between the zebra and the giraffe come out?" asked Little Jinks.

"It hasn't been decided yet," said Jorkins. "The giraffe's head came in two feet ahead of the zebra's, but his tail was three feet behind."—London Express.

Breakers Ahead.

Auntie (anxiously): Do you think you have had the proper training for a poor man's wife? Sweet Girl—Yes, indeed. Papa hasn't given me any spending money worth mentioning for years. I always get things charged.—Exchange.

Lost Money.

Mrs. Pryer—Why did she leave her husband? Mrs. Crier—He, lost his money. Mrs. Pryer—How? Mrs. Crier—Gave it to her.—New York Globe.

A hundred men make an encampment, and one woman makes a home.

WHEN THE SUN MOVED

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press

Moses Hoke, farmer, has six children, and so when the question of building a schoolhouse in his neighborhood came up he agreed that it was up to him to do the fair thing.

He did it by donating the site, and the county went ahead and erected a neat frame schoolhouse. There had never been a regular school in that district before, and parents and pupils were proud of it.

A teacher was hired, and for six weeks after school opened all went well. Then a shadow came.

One day as Farmer Johnson, who had three children attending the school, was driving by Farmer Hoke went out to the gate to stop him and say: "Look here, Jim; about our school."

"It's 'luno," was the reply. "I dunno about that; I dunno."

"Why, Moses, what can be wrong? That gal teacher fills the bill mighty well, and my children are learning something every day."

"Yes; but what are they learning?" "Why, what we've all had to learn. Nothing has happened to make you dissatisfied, I hope."

"Say, George," said Moses as he came a step nearer and lowered his voice a bit. "What about the north pole and the south pole? The teacher is telling that this earth is like a pumpkin suspended between two posts with a stick through the middle of it."

"Well, I reckon that's right." "But has that got anything to do with plowing and planting? Is it going to raise more corn to the acre? Is it going to stop a kicking cow from kicking? Is it going to cure a sore backed horse?"

"No-o-o, I reckon not. But it's just as well to know these things, ain't it?" "Just time thown away, as I look at it. And the teacher is a-telling that this earth is round."

"That's what everybody is a-saying nowadays, Moses." "Look at that meadow out there, George. Is it round, like an orange, or flat, like a pancake?"

"It's flat, of course." "And all the rest of the world is round, is it? Something mighty queer about that. If the world is round why don't we fall off? Man can't walk around on a side hill and keep his balance."

"I was saying so to Smith when I was in town buying a shovel the other day, and he says it's gravity that keeps us standing upright."

"I don't believe any such god darned nonsense!" exclaimed Moses. "If that's what they are going to teach my children then I'm sign it. My Sam come home the other day and said it was 33,000,000 miles to the sun. The teacher had told him twice over—33,000,000 miles, George?"

"Yes, I've heard it was about that." "And you ain't done anything about it?"

"Noap. Didn't see what I could do. I can't measure the distance." "Farmer Hoke thought the thing over for a week, and there might have been no more trouble had not his son Sam come home one day and asked of him:

"Pop, where is the sun at 7 o'clock in the morning?" "In the east, you doughhead." "And at noon?" "In the south." "And at sunset?" "In the west." "How does it get there?"

"How do I get from the house to the barn and back? I move, don't I? What has that gal teacher been putting into your head now?"

"Pop, the sun don't move a hair's breadth all day," announced the lad, with a chuckle.

"By the jumping Jehosophat, but that's going too far—too far!" growled the father. "More? More? Look at that sun 'n there and tell me if you dare that she ain't moving?"

"But it's the earth, pop." "Then why ain't we moving along either toward the house or barn?" "Gravitation is a holding us."

"By thunder, but we'll see about it! I won't lick you this time, but don't you talk any more nonsense. I'll make certain folks' eyes bung out tomorrow!"

Moses Hoke had said he would give the land for the schoolhouse site, but the deed to the county hadn't been drawn yet. He was, therefore, free to go to the trustees and say:

"I want you to move your old schoolhouse off my land!" "Why, Moses, what's the matter?" was asked.

"Our children are being made fools of. That gal teacher is a-telling them that the sun don't move a blamed inch all day long."

"And it doesn't, Moses. It's the earth that moves."

"I'll give you a week to move the schoolhouse!" "But you donated the land." "Where's your deed?"

Moses had them dead to rights. The trustees and the teacher and the more intelligent farmers consulted together and the best they could do was to send word to the unbeliever that they had changed their minds and were now satisfied that the sun did move. He waited a year before he gave a deed, and then when they went back on him he could smile and say:

"Well, I had her hustling right along for twelve months anyhow, and we had a mighty open winter and a powerful early spring!"

High Priced Poems.

What is the highest price ever paid by a publisher for a poem? It would be interesting to know whether any advance has ever been made on the \$3,000 (\$15,000) that Scott received for "Rokoby." Stephen Gwynn, in his "Life of Moore," tells us that Murray offered 2,000 guineas for the copyright of "Lalla Rookh."

But Moore's friends thought he should have more and, going to Longman, they claimed that Mr. Moore should receive no less than the highest price ever paid for a poem.

That, said Longman, was £8,000, paid for "Rokoby." On this basis they treated, and Longman was inclined to stipulate for a preliminary perusal.

Moore, however, refused, and the agreement was finally worded, "That upon your giving into our hands a poem of the length of 'Rokoby' you shall receive from us the sum of £8,000."—London Chronicle.

The Alps Will Be Washed Away.

The Alps, from a geological point of view, are very recent. The Welsh hills, though comparatively speaking, insignificant, are far more ancient. They had been mountains for ages and ages before the materials which now compose the Rigi or the Pilatus were deposited.

Indeed, we may say that it is because they are so old that they have been so much worn down. The Alps themselves are crumbling and being washed away, and if no fresh elevation takes place the time will come when they will be no loftier than Snowdon or Helvellyn.

They have already undergone enormous denudation, and it has been shown that from the summit of Mont Blanc some 10,000 of 12,000 feet of strata have been already removed.

Denudation began as soon as the land rose above the sea and the main river valleys were excavated.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Word "Lubber."

The word "lubber" is in "Ralph Roster Dolister," circa 1550, III, 3. And where he is lauded and laughed to scorn.

For the veriest dot that ever was born And the veriest lubber, sloven and beast Living in the world from the west to the east.

Shakespeare uses the word in "Five Hundred Pounds of Good Husbandry," Act 1, scene 1, line 100.

For tempest and showers descendeth And lingering lubbers loose many a penny.

The word "lubbers" was in constant use in the sixteenth century and occurs at least twice in Tindal's translation of Erasmus' "Anophthalmos."

Almost 200 years before this Langland told of the "grete lubbes and longes" who were too idle to work.—London Notes and Queries.

Net For Fashion's Sake.

The criminal law of England was formerly marked by indiscriminating severity. Theft of an article valued above 10 shillings was punished with death.

In writing about "Sweet Hampstead and Its Associations" Mrs. White records a pleasant time of Lord Mansfield, who as a rule leaned to the side of mercy.

It was Lord Mansfield who directed a jury to find a stolen trinket less in value than 10 shillings in order that the thief might escape capital punishment.

To this the juror who professed demurred, asserting that the fashion of the thing had cost him twice that money.

"Gentlemen," replied the judge, with grave solemnity, "we ourselves stand in need of mercy. Let us not hang a man for the fashion's sake!"

A Groom's Wedding Present.

Among the Brass river tribes of west Africa when a young couple get married it is the custom for the oldest member of the bride's family to present the bride with a plot of ground.

This is for the grave of her family and herself when they die. The first member of the new family who dies is buried about twenty feet below the ground and the next one all most sixteen feet, and this goes on until all the family die and are buried.

The grave holds them all, and this, they think, prevents them from being separated. This gruesome wedding present is the one most valued by the bride, the favorite native saying being: "When all other things are gone this remains."

The Wasted Witticism.

"I always thought," said the hostess, "that Scotchmen were humorous. One night I showed a departing Scotch guest a great pile of overcoats in the dressing room."

"Here," I said, with a wave of my hand, "you are the first to leave. Take your choice."

"Thank you," said he as he fumbled searchingly among them; "I'll have me own."—Exchange.

His Own Words.

Hubby You could make me very happy if you would only exert yourself a little.

Wife But you told me when I accepted you that I'd made you the happiest man on earth. How can I improve on that?—Boston Transcript.

The Little Pitcher.

Said Edith to her doll. "There, don't answer me back. You musn't be saay no matter how hateful I am. You must remember I am your mother!"

Luck.

Hokus—I wonder how it was that old Methuselah lived so long? Pokus—Probably some woman had married him for his money.—Judge.

Clever.

He—Oh, yes; I write verse occasionally, but I tear it up as soon as I write it. She—A! I knew you were clever.—London Tit-Bits.

Japan's Curious Museum.

The oldest museum in the world may be found in the city of Nara, the former capital of Japan. Since its foundation, in 784, it has gone through all the changes of the Japanese empire.

Without one single addition to its collection, Dr. Otto Kummel is one of the few Europeans who were permitted to visit this museum. It opens its doors but once a year, on a day in spring, when a special committee inspects the collection, and a new list is made out.

The museum contains about 3,000 articles, which are said to be the most beautiful specimens of decorative work which have ever been produced by human hand, such as lacquer ware, decorative furniture, enamel ware, ceramic-like fabric, etc.

The origin of the articles is uncertain. Some came from China and others from Korea, but most of them appear to be of a more exotic origin. All, however, came of a time prior to the year 784.

Handy Life Insurance Policy.

A curious festival takes place annually in the village of Isoda, in the southern province of Japan, the Wide World says. The festivity is called the Omika and attracts large crowds from the neighboring districts.

The young men, stripping off their clothing, take their positions in a rice field, where they struggle violently with one another for possession of a decorated bamboo pole.

The man who succeeds in pulling the pole down promptly cuts it into pieces, which he distributes among his less fortunate competitors, retaining a portion for himself. It is believed that if any one meets with a storm out at sea he can easily save himself from a watery grave by simply throwing a portion of this pole into the sea.

With a handy life insurance policy of this kind to be obtained at the price of a little effort, it can be understood that the struggle for the pole is a distinctly strenuous one.

Patti's High-Charges.

Adeline Patti at all periods in her long and unexampled career received by far the largest honorarium of any singer in the world.

At no time did she obtain less than \$4,000 a night, while on her last tour, when her wonderful voice was waning, she was paid \$5,000 a night for singing two songs and two encores.

Patti also received a percentage of the gross receipts when these were in excess of \$7,000 a night. And on the night of Nov. 9, 1904, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, she achieved the record of singing to not only the largest audience ever recorded for a concert in America, but her fee on that occasion was \$8,200, by far the largest sum ever paid to any singer or player for one performance in the world's history.—New York World.

Dining Room Cranks.

The waiter became talkative after he had answered a question and among other things said: "Don't go to the funny ward at Bellevue if you want to study cranks. Get a job as waiter. The man who just went out in a steady. He's all right except for coffee and bread. He must have his coffee boiling hot, and he always puts a jump of ice in it. He has always paid for special hot bread. He gets a small loaf, cuts it in two, removes all the crumb part from one half and eats the crust. The other half he leaves untouched. I have a regular who puts salt and pepper on his grapefruit, and—"

"He could be talking yet," said the man who related the story. "If I hadn't told him that I was a crank on being served quickly."—New York Tribune.

Locating the Poles.

Both Peary and Amundsen made allowances in determining the site of the poles. Their position is not perfectly constant, there being a counter clock elliptical movement of some thirty feet and a counter clock circular movement of some twenty-six feet in diameter in a period of 428 days at the extreme axis of the earth.

This change, however, is so slight as not to be reckoned in practical calculations. Peary and Amundsen made no guesses, but took several observations from various standpoints to determine conclusively that they had reached the poles.—Christian Herald.

A Curious Case.

In 1888 Janos Meryesi, who was eighty-four years old, jumped off the suspension bridge at Budapest into the Danube. He was rescued and then explained that he wished to end his life, as he was becoming too decrepit to support his father and mother.

This statement proved to be true, Meryesi's parents being aged 115 and 110 respectively, and a public subscription was organized to set all three above want.

A Wise Guy.

Hewitt—Gruel is a wise guy. Jewett—How so? Hewitt—He got married on the 29th of February, so that in the years to come he won't be bothered very often by having his wife remind him of the anniversary of something he would like to forget.—New York Press.

Cured.

Doctor—That man who just went by was my first patient. Friend—Is that so? Of what did you relieve him? Doctor—Twenty-five dollars.—Chicago Tribune.

Sure Sign.

"Bo Green has been promoted again." "Yes, but how did you know?" "I just overheard you knocking him."—Detroit Free Press.

To be Wise is to Know the Foolishness of Much of Your Own Wisdom.

The box cut named wiped the fat, slugging pie crumbs from his lips with a grimy coat-sleeve and dragged his reluctant feet over to where the scythe was. His whole nature revolted against touching the thing, but he had his part of the contract to fulfill.

Then he rested the hated blade on the ground and called to the farmer. "Say, boss, this scythe ain't hangin' right."

"Well," was the retort "hang it to suit yourself."

Whereupon the bobo hung it upon a convenient sapling and departed hastily in the direction of the railroad track.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Right—Try It!

Get up right in the morning. Go to bed right at night. Start with joy to your heart, hope in the future, kindness to your purpose.

If it is a dark day, never mind; you will lighten it up. If it is a bright day, you will add to its brightness. Give a word of cheer, a kindly greeting and a warm handshake to your friends.

If you have enemies, look up, beat them by, forget and try to forgive. If all of us would only think how much of human happiness is made by ourselves there would be less of human misery.

If all of us would bear in mind that happiness is from within and not from without there would be a wall-packet of joy in every heart and the sun would shine forever.

Try it.—John A. Schleicher in Leslie's.

Thompson's Aunt Wives.

Americans by the thousand visit Mount St. Michel every year, there to explore the famous old monastery and feast on the renowned omelets of Mme. Boulaire, and most of them carry as route at St. Malo, the grey watering place on the Brittany coast whose grim past is recalled by the fortifications by which it is held.

Chateaubriand, the father of French romanticism, is buried at St. Malo, and no true American night-traveler fails to pay a visit to his tomb, a mausoleum which at high tide is covered by the sea. Jules Le-maitre in a work on "the great poet," as he calls Chateaubriand, tells how the author bargained with the mayor of St. Malo for the grant of a rock whereon to plant his tomb, which he stipulated, was to be a simple stone with a cross, without a name, amid the waves. "He was best," says Chateaubriand's latest biographer, "in establishing the world, even when he could no longer be by to enjoy the effect. There was vanity in his very skeleton."—New York Press.

Hung by an Expert.

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