

No Fool Like An Old Fool

By ELEANOR K. BEACH

"My son," said the senior Winthrop who his boy was about to leave him to enter into business in the city. "I will forgive you for anything except making a senseless marriage. In other words, I expect you to consider when you marry upon what you propose to support a wife. If you marry a girl who can do her part in the family financial requirements, well and good if you secure an income to do it all yourself, well and good. But if neither of you has anything more than a pitance don't come to me for help. In short, I shall not want to see anything more of you. One word more: The worst thing you can do is to marry a girl brought up in affluence who has nothing on which to keep up a position."

Bob Winthrop chose what his father considered the worst thing he could do. Miss Rosalie Elliot was the daughter of a man who lavished luxuries upon her till she was twenty years old, then failed in business and died, leaving her with nothing at all. Bob was a gentleman-like, handsome chap and had not been long in town before he was received in society and met Miss Elliot just before her unfortunate father's family. She had met many agreeable young men and had had a number of suitors, but between her and Bob came something that neither had felt before. Bob proposed and was accepted when he supposed he was considering his father's warning. Then came the crash, and the young man was not only too honorable to withdraw his offer, but he did not wish to withdraw it.

But he had a hard time in persuading Rosalie to marry him. She had a good head on her shoulders and results of what would likely be the result of marrying a man whose income did not admit of his supporting any wife, and she said nothing of one who had been brought up in luxury, but since her heart was with Bob and he said he was willing to take the responsibility, if she was, she finally yielded and they became engaged.

Bob wrote his father all about it and received in reply: "They say there's no fool like an old fool. My opinion is that there could not possibly be a greater fool than a young fool." Bob showed his father's letter to Rosalie. She said not a word in reply, but seemed to be doing a good deal of thinking. Presently she said: "Well, Bob, there's evidently no hope for us with your father. And your income is too small for us to marry on. Either you must consent to my doing something to earn money or we must give up marriage. I am well educated and shall teach."

"We needn't be married right off," said Bob. "Wait awhile." "Six months of waiting passed, and Bob found it a depressing period. Rosalie went to live with an aunt in another city and wrote Bob that she was getting ready to teach. Then she wrote that she had found a position at a salary of \$300 a year. She could save most of it and in a year they would have the wherewithal to start a fortune. Bob smiled at her way of expressing it, but a year seemed very long to him.

One day Bob received a letter from his father, who was a widower, that he had concluded to take a second wife. In order to glid his announcement, he added that he would celebrate the event by giving his son \$10,000. If he chose to spend it in marrying a girl who had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and who would doubtless spend the money or lose it within a year, he was welcome to do so. But he advised Bob to follow his father's example and marry a practical woman.

Bob sent the letter to Rosalie, who replied: "Why don't you come and inspect your future stepmother? I have no confidence in the sense of old men in the matter of marriage. I hope your father doesn't mention his daughter's age. Ten to one he has got hold of some chit or rather some 'bit' he got hold of him, and she'll lead him a dance. I've found a position as governess in the family of a widower, and he's bothering me to marry him." Bob wrote his father, thanking him for his kind intention, and added: "I shall be able to get off for the week end and will run down and see you to offer my thanks in person and meet the future Mrs. Winthrop."

Saturday evening Bob appeared in his father's home and was welcomed by his two younger sisters, aged respectively fourteen and ten. They were used in their prizes of their future stepmother. Then came the father, beaming all over with happiness. Bob asked if his father would care him to call on the lady during the evening, to which his father replied that the lady was in the house and would be down in a few minutes. As he spoke the words the door opened and she stepped into the room.

"For heaven's sake, Rosalie, what are you doing here?" "I came here to disprove your father's words that a young fool is a worse fool than an old fool. I am the governess of your sisters and have become very much attached to them, also to your father."

The old man was much shocked and disappointed, but he finally decided to let it all in good part and consent to his marriage provided Rosalie would, which the year as his daughter's governess.

Fatal Accident.

Wind and a drenching rain were doing their worst to make the lives of those going New York miserable when the conductor of an uptown car joined forces with nature and announced that everybody would have to take the car ahead of the car behind because that car wasn't going any farther. Protests rather more numerous and violent than common greeted that announcement.

"Can't be helped," said the conductor stolidly. "This car is all out of fix. It ain't fit to travel." So, according to their custom when ordered to do a thing, the New York crowd did it, but one of the number continued to ponder on the disability of the abandoned car. No fuse had blown out, and it had run with only the ordinary noise and friction. Presently he said to the new conductor: "What was the matter with that car we were hustled out of back there? What was broken about it?" "The cash register," said the man. "They couldn't ring up any more fares."—New York Times.

Women's Love of Ugly Men.

The illustrious men in history who were distinguished as much for the fascination which they exercised over the fair sex as for their talents and ability were, as a rule, plain and insignificant in appearance. Julius Caesar was a very ill favored man, and yet when a mere stripling, before his family in Rome, girls of his own age sighed for him and mature women longed for his love. Among the men of later times who were renowned in like manner were Sir Phillip Sidney, plain almost to ugliness; Paul Venron, the comic poet, a cripple; Voltaire, unmistakably ugly, and Rousseau, whose manners were awkward as his face was plain, while John Wilkes, who had the power to subjugate any woman who spoke to him for even five minutes, was admitted by his own showing to be the ugliest man in England in his time.

Rattled.

Mammy Lou was visiting Lucindy. The latter lifted a boiling pot of coffee, set it in the fireless cooker, covered it closely and pushed it under the table. "What's yuh a-goin' to do wud dat?" "Is a-goin' to cook dem beans in de fireless cooker." Mammy rose, a scared, hunted look on her wrinkled face. "Does yuh mean to tell me yuh a-goin' to bile dem beans widout hab?" Lucindy nodded. Mammy backed to the door and looked at the girl as at an apparition, then, with defiance mingled with fear, commanded: "Put on your bonnet! You sure is hoodooed! You ain't goin' to live in no house where the devil does de cookin'!"—Judge.

The Overruling of a Judge.

A judge once awoke in the night to find his room in the possession of two armed burglars. Covered by the pistol of one of the marauders, the judge watched the proceedings with his usual judicial calm. One of the depredaters found a watch. "Don't take that," the judge said. "It has little value and is a keepsake." The motion is overruled, replied the burglar. "I appeal," rejoined the judge. The two burglars consulted, and the spokesman then replied: "The appeal is allowed. The case coming on before a full tribunal of the supreme court, that body is of the unanimous opinion that the decree of the lower court should be sustained and it is accordingly so ordered." Poking at the watch, court adjourned.

A Tearful Monkey.

There is a species of very small monkey found in the Brazilian forests which is remarkable for its gentleness, the delicate elegance of its appearance, and its almost human conduct. Bounding from branch to branch or from tree to tree, it has every appearance of a bird. When hanging from a tree asleep it looks like a black doll. Its dark, soft eyes are very large. Its coat is like black velvet trimmed with satin and dotted with gray beads. "I have seen him weep," said Humboldt, "and I know that the animal is like a child in every feature. He has the same innocent expression, the same bright, intelligent smile, the same child like way of passing swiftly from joy to sorrow."—Harper's.

The Higher Equity.

Bismark used to delight in telling the story of how, when foraging for food with two companions in an almost deserted village he came upon a man from whom he procured five eggs. Unable to divide five among three, he began by swallowing two, then, calling his companions, shared the three remaining eggs with them a truly Bismarkian idea of an equitable division.—Fall Mail Gazette.

A Great Scheme.

Young Husband—When my wife first began to do her own cooking we were having company every day—tiresome relatives, colleagues, so called friends. Gradually they all dropped off, and then we engaged a good cook.—Fleegende Blatter.

The Quersness of It.

"The baby takes after his father." "Strange!" "Why strange?" "A father like that baby's got seldom leaves anything after him for anybody to take."—Baltimore American.

No Merit in It.

Mother (reprovingly)—When I was young girls never thought of doing the things they do today. Daughter—Well, that's why they didn't do them.—Boston Transcript.

A DESPERATE BANDIT

By MARGARET BARRY

Lieutenant Giuseppe Griolano of the Italian national police being summoned to headquarters at Naples, his chief said to him: "This brigand Lanetti who has been terrorizing the mountains must be captured. I have sent out a spy, who says that in a ravine back of Sorrento he came upon the band. He was halted and told to turn about. He could see no one, but remarked the position and says that if they remain there long enough for a competent force to attack them they must all be captured. Take fifty men, go at once and bring Lanetti here dead or alive if you can bring the others do so, but do not fail to capture their leader."

"Have you a description of him?" asked the lieutenant. "No. Nor have I found any one who has seen him. He has but recently begun his depredations and thus far we have not been able to get any information about him. Persons who have been captured by his band and held for ransom have not been brought before him."

Lieutenant Griolano with his men went by train as near to the point they intended to attack as possible, then at nightfall followed a road leading up into the mountains. As soon as it grew lighter the police, all armed with rifles, advanced, turning a bend in the ravine, which led them face to face with a barricade of stones the bandits had erected across it. Griolano halted his men and stood looking up at the barrier. All was silent. Not a living thing was to be seen.

"The bird has flown," he remarked in a disappointed tone. No sooner had the words been uttered than a bullet sang close to his ear.

The bravest man will duck at being thus surprised, for the nerves do not give the brain time to reason that the danger has already passed. Griolano involuntarily ducked then ordered his men to lie down under cover till he could determine upon the best method of attack. He stood upright himself, taking in the defensive before him. He was a handsome man, twenty five years old and brave. While he was looking for an opening by which to make a flank attack upon the position another bullet sang a few inches above his head. This time he was prepared and did not flinch.

On both sides of the ravine where the barrier had been erected there was a wall of rock, which the lieutenant saw no way of passing. Indeed, the position the bandits had taken could only be captured from the front, and this could not be done without considerable loss of life. The young officer was at a loss how to proceed. While deliberating another rifle cracked, and another bullet whizzed past him, this time knocking off the uniform Napoleon hat worn by the national police. "For heaven's sake, lieutenant," cried a sergeant. "Cease to expose yourself in that way. The next shot will surely bring you down." "Those shots have come from different parts of the barrier," replied the lieutenant without heeding the warning. "There must be half our number behind it, and if we attempt to carry it by storm we shall lose the greater part of our men. I must find a way to get at them from behind."

Pink! Another bullet grazed the officer's shoulder. "I bet of you, lieutenant," reiterated the sergeant, "to get behind a rock. Why the villains have missed you four times I cannot understand."

"Nor I," replied Griolano. "However, there is nothing for it but to carry the place by assault." Given the order to advance the men moved up the ravine, each man getting over the rocks in his own way. Every moment all expected to receive a volley that would thin their ranks, but they made half the distance and not a shot had come from the barrier. Every neck was stretched, every eye bent on the improvised rock-works for a burst of flame and smoke and a hailstorm of bullets. Half the remaining distance was covered and yet no sign of defense.

"They are waiting," said the sergeant. "I'll get right before them, then each bandit will aim at one of us, and they will fire all at once." But in a few moments more they were at the base of the barricade, then on and over it, all unharmed.

In the farthest corner crouched the garrison, a girl some seventeen years old. No other living being was there. Griolano stood in amazement. "Where is Lanetti?" he asked. "I am Lanetti." "You Lanetti?" "Yes, signor." "Where are your men?" "They are crounder. They have deserted me."

After a brief silence, during which the officer was lost in wonder, he said: "Why did you miss me so many times? Are you so poor a marksman?" "No, signor. I can hit a bird on the wing." "Well?" "You looked so handsome in your beautiful uniform I could not kill you."

The police went back to Naples and reported that the brigands had disappeared. But this is not the last of the story so far as Griolano and the bandit are concerned. The rest is a tale of love.

Red Cedar For Pencils.

Missouri, particularly the Ozark hills, furnishes the greater part of the wood used in making lead pencils. Though many other varieties have been tried, none has proved as satisfactory as the red cedar. The cedars grow on the rocky hillsides all through the White river district of Missouri. They are small, stunted trees, seldom reaching a diameter of more than a foot at the butt. The logs are either hauled to the railroad and sent to the mill or floated in rafts down the river. At the mill the logs are first cut lengthwise by circular saws into planks. These are cut into right lengths for lead pencils, and those chunks go into the hands of men who with circular saws rip them up into what are called "slats." Only the red heart of the log is used. The white sapwood is thrown away. The slats are bound in bundles and sent to New York, where the greater part are worked up into lead pencils, and the remainder goes to lead pencil factories in Germany and other European countries.—Exchange.

The Perfect Suitor.

"Sir," began the young man, "I desire to ask for the hand of your daughter Beinda in marriage." The father gave him one quick, searching stare. Then he demanded crisply: "What is your rating?" "My share of father's estate was two Broadway blocks." The father held out his hand. "Very good. Now go to her mother. Nothing can be settled until—" "I understand," said the young man, and he went away, thinking profoundly.

"Madam," he began, "I wish to have your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter." She looked at him haughtily. "With a view to an alliance with our house?" she demanded incredulously. "Yes, madam. I love—" "One moment, please. Your family?" "We trace our descent to Isabella de Vermandois."

"She put out both hands."—Hartford Post.

Scotland.

Prior to the year 258, which witnessed its invasion by the Scots, a tribe who inhabited the northern portions of the country now known as Ireland, Scotland bore the name of Caledonia. Literally the hilly country of the Caeli, or Caeli. The word "cael" or "cael" is a corruption of Gadhel, signifying in their native tongue "a hidden cover," while Scot, derived from the native scute, means practically the same thing. I. e., a wanderer. The Caledonians were the inhabitants of the highlands, the prefix dun expressing the Celtic hill, fort, stronghold, etc. The Scots were the invaders from Scotia, who appropriated the Hebrides and western islands, whereas the lowlanders were the Picts, so called from their description by the Romans, pecti, painted men.—Names and Their Meaning.

Pure Sugar.

Even a chemist, surrounded by all his scientific laboratory equipment, cannot distinguish beet sugar from the cane product. Although derived from different species of plants, the refined product from the juice of the cane and beet is the same in composition, in sweetening power, in dietic effect, in chemical reaction, in all other respects. Furthermore, if maple sugar were refined and passed through the process of refining it would lose its aroma and flavor, which are wholly in the impurities, and the white crystals would be identical with those derived from sugar cane and sugar beets. Pure sugar, whether derived from beet or cane, is as identical as is pure gold, whether mined in the Rocky mountains or in the Transvaal.—Argonaut.

Machiavelli.

Nicolo Machiavelli, from whose surname has been coined a synonym for treacherous craft, was a writer of nervous and concise Italian. He took high rank as a dramatist, his comedy of "Mandragola" being pronounced inferior only to the work of Voltaire. Leo X. admired it so much that he had it played before him in Rome. His book on the "Art of War" won the praise of so competent a judge as Frederick the Great of Prussia. His policy in state-manship embodied in his work "The Prince" was the direct antithesis of Washington's sentiment that "honesty is the best policy."

Where Ignorance Was Not Bliss.

A story is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night fell into an apparently bottomless pit and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.

Still on the Lookout.

"Before she was married she was constantly on the lookout for a husband." "Well?" "And since she got one she is still constantly on the lookout for him."—Houston Post.

Expected Too Much.

"Say, waiter," he growled, "this steak is not very tender." "Well, did you expect it to kiss you?" replied the tired waiter as he took the plate away.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Fruits of Love.

"That girl is a peach!" "Ah! She is the apple of my eye." "Then I suppose you are going to make a pair?"—Baltimore American.

Clean hands are better than full ones in the sight of God.—Publius Syrus.

A Punster Punished

By F. A. MITCHEL

There are misfortunes and misfortunes. It is a misfortune to be dumped into an ocean from a steamer leaving you at the rate of twenty knots an hour, but you are very soon either saved or your troubles are ended. I suffer under a misfortune that began with my birth, was added to at my baptism and has been endured ever since. My father's name was John Darling. If he had named me John for himself one-half my life's sufferings would have been avoided, but my mother's family name was Rosedale and I was given that surname. I presume I should remember my parents with reverence and affection. As for the latter, so I do, but how can one revere a pair of intellects which even combined were too stupid not to foresee that I, as boy and man, would be Rose Darling?

The trouble began when I first went to school, the boys suggesting that I be chased with the girls. When I grew older and joined a musical club I was asked if I sang soprano or contralto. I was called Rosie Dear, Darling Rose. Indeed, every play upon my name that could be invented.

Foreseeing that a manly part in life was needed to help me to throw off this suggestion of effeminacy, I determined to become a soldier. I applied to the congressman of my district. He told me that he had given out his appointments, but I saw from the amused expression on his face that he would not think of recommending a boy with such a name. I walked away to the nearest recruiting station and enlisted.

I knew, what I had to expect, from my comrades, and I was not disappointed. I was soon given the soubriquet of "Sweetheart" and, except officially, was never called anything else. I bore it stoically. When addressed as "Sweetheart" or "Rosie Dear" I did not complain, taking it as a matter of course that I, pretending to do so, thought every time I was thus addressed it was like a stab.

I resolved to be the best soldier in my company, and I was. Norwithstanding my incubus I was promoted to be corporal, then sergeant and finally orderly sergeant. When I reached the highest non-commissioned office in my company I secured an advantage. It enabled me when on duty to compel the men to address me by my right name. I permitted them to call me what they liked unofficially, but the official occasion I brought him up with a round turn. This gradually killed the habit.

My service in the ranks was during the last Indian troubles, and in a fight that occurred in attempting to drive a tribe of redskins back on to their reservation, I, preferring to die rather than gain something by which to balance the disadvantage of the name under which I lived, fought regardless of danger. The result was that when we got back to the fort the colonel commanding sent for me, complimented me and told me that he had recommended me for a commission. He knew me as Sergeant Darling Darling by himself is not a very bad name, and I hoped that when I came to associate with the commissioned officers I should gain a respite. I would be Mr. Darling, and when I came to the next grade above I would be Captain Darling. Then I would get rid of the "Rosie Dear" and all that.

But I was doomed to disappointment. I found that the higher I rose the more ambitious were my associates. Ambition takes many forms. The ambition of the stupidest persons seems to be to crack a joke and the stupidest person the more reliant he is upon an opportunity. When a few weeks later the colonel sent for me to hand me my commission I found him looking at the parchment with a smile hovering about his lips. With a twinkle in his eye he said half musingly:

"Rosedale Darling, Rose Darling, Sir, Mr. Rose Darling, I am pleased to greet you among the commissioned officers of the army. I dare say you will be very dear to the ladies of the garrison."

"Thank you, colonel," I said, forcing a smile. "That's a very good pun of yours. How did you happen to think of it?" "Oh, it's in the name—Rose Darling, Darling Rose, Rose Dear, see?" "Upon my word," I replied, my face lighting up with assumed surprise and admiration. "Excellent! I wonder no one ever thought of it before."

"Haven't they?" His own face reflecting the pleasure in mine. "Well, I suppose it's my sense of humor." Then and there I resolved that I would make a bold stroke for revenge upon him for indulging in that humor. I had often seen a pretty girl of seventeen at guard mounting or dress parade whom I had been told was the colonel's daughter. I laid siege to her heart and after a struggle won her. Then the colonel tried to head me off by trumping up charges against me. I was tried and acquitted, and I married the girl. Since then every time a Darling child is born to me I feel that I am giving my humorous father-in-law a new stab. I have at times been tempted to say an incubus on one of my own boys by naming him for myself in order to be able to gloat the more over the old fool who thought he was the first man to pun on my name.

Arab Haggling.

Alan Oatler in "The Arabs in Tripoli" comments on the amusing haggling scenes in the desert plunder market when looted of war was the merchandise.

"Why do you not sell at a set price to all alike?" he asked a merchant. "But why?" said he. "If I can get but half a crush the more from one of them than from another, is it not gain?" "But that wastes time, for while you bargain with one you might have sold to three." They say with us, Time is money. "Oh, folly," he retorted scornfully. "Time is God's and gives freely to all men, so that all have it alike. But with the sun one has much, another none, and you must take what you can get."

To haggle with any one is a joy to the Arab. But mutual trust he lacks. "I have known two men," says Mr. Oatler, "farm partners, walk eight miles to a market with three scrawny hens to sell. Both must needs go, for neither would trust the other not to cheat him."

The Speed of Animals.

According to naturalists, no animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race horse Sysonby. Instantaneous photographs show the full length of one complete stride as about twenty-six feet. In the stride of the fastest racer the hind quarters and the limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders and from this relatively great height brought downward and forward, widely separated from each other, as a sportsman says, "to avoid striking the fore legs." The hare which is hunted with fast hounds has not in reality the speed of the dog. The dog, on the other hand, does not attain the speed of the horse. The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen meters (yards) per second under the most favorable conditions. The elephant, going at the rate of two yards a second, carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses.—Harper's.

An Interested Listener.

Mark Twain one rainy day found himself in a room in his club which contained only one other occupant. The two men drifted into conversation. Mark began a discussion on the merits of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," and made brilliant deductions as to the character and personality of the writer of "Tess," from what he called the internal evidence of the story. His listener at times mildly dissenting, but on the whole maintained an attitude of impassivity.

"When 'Tess' had been labeled only passable, Mark Twain's chance acquaintance crossed himself and departed. Calling the smoke room attendant Mark Twain asked him whose he had been conversing with. "That's Mr. Thomas Hardy, sir," replied the steward impressively.

The Dread of Death.

Granted that it is the will of God that we shall remain on earth and that our appointed lives there, it is essential that mankind should feel the dread of death. Without that dread, the world could hardly remain peopled. The dread of death is to the soul what the law of gravity is to the body. It anchors us to the earth. Without that dread to weigh us down and keep us in the globe half mankind would be driven by curiosity, by the love of change, by the dread of ennui, by what Bacon calls "niceness and satiety," to push open the closed door and see what is beyond. Children and a few very happy and easily pleased people might perhaps say they would not express farther and that they were perfectly content with things as they are.—St. James' Gazette.

To Calculate Longevity.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true today as they ever were. You won't live long, Bacon pointed out. If you have soft, fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early corpulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears. Your life, barring accidents, will be very lengthy if you have slow growth, coarse hair, a rough skin, deep wrinkles in the forehead, firm flesh, a large mouth, wide nostrils, strong teeth set close together and a hard, gritty ear."

Obligation Both Ways.

"Some of those pictures are genuine old masters," said Mr. Cumrox. "Of course you are very proud to have them." "Yes, and I have no doubt the old masters would have considerable respect for me if they knew what I paid for them."—Washington Star.

A Social Catastrophe.

"Was no one injured in the railway collision, count?" "No, but nevertheless it was a most painful situation. First second class and fourth class passengers all mingled together. Simply unheard of!"—Fleegende Blatter.

Not an Expert Opinion.

"He has just returned from Mexico. He says a Mexican burro is the most aggravatingly stubborn thing on earth." "He isn't married."—Houston Post.

A Helping Hand.

"Why are you removing all the rocking chairs?" "Pa has sworn off on swearing, and we want to do all we can to help him."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't met thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Proverbs.