

A GAME OF BLUFF

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Adrian Oglethorpe, a steady, matter of fact fellow, was engaged to Lucy Ashurst, a butterfly. Oglethorpe was much in love with his fiancée, but one day about her troubled him very much. After settling his affections upon one girl he had no desire what ever to pay any attention to any other girl, could not see why Lucy must needs accept the attentions of other men.

One day he remonstrated with her upon what he called flirting after her engagement to him and told her that if she continued it he would break the engagement. A young girl—Lucy, at any rate—is like a child whose ruling passion is to carry disobedience as far as possible without getting a whipping. Lucy let her lover "scold," as she called it, to his heart's content without making a reply. While he was "laying down the law" to her—this was also an expression of hers with regard to his lectures—she was laying plans for breaking his intentions.

During the next few weeks after this "laying down the law" Lucy flirted more than ever. Adrian bore it stoically; he had made up his mind to carry out his threats, then wrote her a note breaking the engagement. Lucy, who had expected something of the kind and was prepared for it, paid no attention to his note whatever. That which a child most dreads is "the dark." On the same principle that which an adult most dreads is uncertainty. If Lucy had pleaded with him, upbraided him, even scolded him, he would have been ready for her, but to be left without any notice whatever of his discharging her was like the child in the dark—it appalled him.

But Oglethorpe was a methodical chap, and as soon as he got on his thinking cap he solved the problem. Either Lucy was ready to break with him for some other man, or she was bluffing. If it was for another man the fact would soon be apparent; if she was bluffing—that was a game at which two could play. Moreover, if she had replaced him in her affections he was not likely to win her back again, for, he argued, women who crave a multiplicity of lovers are not apt to return to an old one. They must have something new.

Adrian waited for developments. Lucy when under his observation at functions would look frowning upon her attendant, but Adrian thought she over did it, that she was doing it for his benefit. Time passed, and he did not hear of her encouraging any particular man. Then, beginning to tire of the stratagem, he began to lay his plans to bring about a more definite situation. He had thus far treated her as an acquaintance, a friend. He now began to hint to her when he met her with extraordinary politeness—being established by out-herding Herod. If he bowed low to her she returned his civility with a cordiality that might have been gratifying to a stranger, but not to a man to whom she had been engaged.

Then came a period of self reproach to Adrian for his sudden and decided breaking off of the engagement. Had he not placed an insurmountable barrier between him and the girl he loved? He could not seek him. If they were to get together again he must go to her. And what would that involve? Nothing less than an apology for his action and begging her forgiveness.

This is the usual outcome between man and woman, but this is an unusual case. If he succumbed it would mean that, provided he was forgiven, he would marry a woman whose love for admiration would outweigh her love for her husband. The panic induced by the thought that he had raised an insurmountable barrier between them having been played, Adrian determined to play a card that up to this time he would have scorned to play. Indeed, he had never thought of playing it till it had been suggested to him.

"What is the matter between you and Lucy Ashurst?" asked an attractive widow of him one day. Adrian told her the story. "That is very easily settled," she said.

"How?" "You believe the lady is bluffing?" "I am sure of it." "Very well. We can soon find that out. Be my cavalier for awhile. If she has turned from you to another she will not mind your devotion to her. If she still loves you she will make peace at once."

"It will require some time, I suppose?" "Not if I know my sex." During the next function at which these three conspirators met Mr. Oglethorpe devoted himself to the widow rather, the widow devoted herself to Mr. Oglethorpe.

"Did you see that scared look on her face?" she asked him when they passed Miss Ashurst. "No. Did you?" "Certainly. She may not be afraid of you, but she is deathly scared of me. You will hear from her very soon."

And he did. The next day he received a note from Lucy begging him to come and see her. He went and found her penitent. At least she pretended to be penitent, because she supposed by the severe look her lover ascribed that he would stand no more fooling. Really she was ready to try the same prank again as soon as she saw that she had the chance.

Inspired Patriotism.

The late Senator Hoar was once importuned to lend his influence in behalf of a chronic office seeker. It was not a difficult matter to gratify the applicant's ambition by securing for him a place as consul at a Guianan port, which was not considered a highly desirable office. The newly appointed official had served but a short time, however, when his wife, unable to withstand the malignant climate, sickened and died. Disheartened and discouraged, he resigned his post and returned home.

Some years later the senator was mildly surprised at being again approached by the ex-consul, who asked for reappointment to his old berth. "Perhaps I can do something for you," said Mr. Hoar; "but, considering your tragic experience there, your request seems a little strange."

"I know," explained the aspirant, a trifle ruefully, "but, you see, senator, I'm married again."—Judge.

The Uses of Talc.

Talc, derived from soapstone found in various quarters of the world and in many states of our Union, is as a general thing marketed as rough from the mine. It is sawed into slabs, from which are manufactured various objects, or it is ground into powder. A great deal of the ground talc is employed in the manufacture of paper. It also enters into the making of molded rubber forms and foundry sands and paints, but the form in which it is most familiar is the toilet powder. Not only is talcum dusted into gloves and shoes to obviate friction, but it is also blown into conduits to ease the introduction of electric wires or other conductors. Soapstone is largely employed in the manufacture of laundry tubs and similar articles. The very best grades of talc free from flaws, are sawed up to make pencils or crayons. Gas tips are also made from talc.—Harper's.

An Artist's Slip.

Sir John Gilbert was once commissioned to illustrate a short story for a London weekly. When he had finished the work the editor remarked, "Why, Sir John, the story says an escort of infantry soldiers, and here on the block you have given us mounted ones."

"Dear me, so I have," responded the artist, "but I haven't time to do another drawing now. Can't you make an alteration in the story to make it fit?" The copy was handed to a subordinate to make the requisite alterations, but that gentleman forgot to edit the chapter describing how the soldiers had gained the summit of a steep mountain, parts of which they were obliged to scale with ladders.

Horses could not have been got there unless by the assistance of a crane. Afterward shoals of letters from subscribers wished to know how the cavalry got there.

The Golfer's Wager.

A man who knows baseball, but never played golf, was talking to a professional golfer and remarked that the latter's pet game was at best only a wilding sort of game.

"Well," said the golfer, "I'll wager you that I can play around this eighteen hole course in fewer strokes than you can throw the ball, and you need not bother to put it in the cups, but throw as far as you can every time."

Instantly the bet was made, and then the baseball enthusiast began to figure. The golfer could do the course in seven or eight strokes. To run that the other would have to make seventy-two throws of an average length of 250 feet, the course being 6,000 yards. For an ordinary man this would be an impossible task.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Applause and the Stage.

In the Konzert-Taschenbuch is an article by Felix Weingartner on "Applause." In which the director says: "The relation between the public and the artist rests on what is rendered by both. The artist gives his strength, his knowledge and the fruit of his life's work. The public can give nothing but its recognition. As the individual has no opportunity to speak his approval, the logical way to show it is by applause." The writer says that he has never known a case where this form of satisfaction on the part of an audience has failed to please. All declarations on the part of modest stage folk in the contrary notwithstanding. Beethoven resented silence, and Wagner "loved applause."

Teeth of the Sperm Whale.

Instead of having plates of baleen the square nosed sperm whale carries a row of twenty to twenty-five heavy teeth on each side of the lower jaw. These fit into sockets in the roof of the mouth and assist in holding the giant squid and cuttlefish on which the enormous animal feeds. The squid seldom gets away from the warm currents; hence the sperm usually remains in the tropics.

How to Look Young.

She—I sent a dollar to a young woman for a recipe to make me look young. He—What did you get? She—A card saying, "Always associate with women twenty years older than yourself."

Never.

She—We women are all misunderstood. He—Well, you never saw one who tried to make herself plain, did you?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No, indeed.

Silicium—Do you believe any man is rich enough to do absolutely as he pleases? Cynicus—Not if he's married.—Philadelphia Record.

A coward never forgave. It is not his nature.—French proverb.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Game of Artists.

A boy and girl are chosen as captains, and they choose alternately from the company until all are divided into two parties under the respective captains. Then the girl selects one of her party so that he must face the members of the opposition, who then address remarks to him, each in the character of the artist. To every remark he must answer, "Twas I," except when an artist's name is mentioned. Then he must say, "Indeed!" For instance, the head of the opposition might say:

"I painted the picture of a donkey." "Twas I." "He was eating thistles." "Twas I."

"Ross Bonheur furnished the copy." "Indeed!" should be the answer to this.

Then the next member of the opposition takes up the observations. "Chase has a new model." "Indeed!"

"I got him for Chase from Sing Sing." "Indeed!"

"He was in jail for bigamy." "Twas I."

No matter how much the other guests may laugh while playing this game, the victim must keep quite serious. If he laughs or if he fails to make the proper response he is obliged to take only his seat with the opposite side, and the captain who chose him loses one member of her company.

A Queer Pet.

A tree toad is a queer pet and yet he is interesting enough. Children who are in the country all or a part of the year soon learn to distinguish the song of this creature. He seems to be continually calling for rain; it isn't a song exactly—rather a shrill trill.

One tree toad pet was caught young. He was a shy, frightened little thing, whom it seemed impossible to tame. Much to the astonishment of the family, he soon began to manifest a preference for some of them and would have nothing to do with others, although all the family were equally interested in him. He would come when he was called and would sit on the hand and make himself quite at home with those he liked, and he could never be fooled into any familiarity or into accepting favors from those he disliked.

He was called Mozart because he sang or trilled not only at the usual eventide hour but whenever there was an unusual noise. His home was in a fern case—but he was seldom there except at night. He took his baths in a saucer of water, where he remained a long time, throwing the water over his head with his hind legs.—Chicago News.

Concerning Buttons.

"Rich man, poor man, bigger man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." All children learn to name their dress buttons in this way. If buttons could talk they would tell some interesting stories. The pearl button would tell of its life at the bottom of the sea and describe the pretty shell fishes that are the homes of strange fishes. Perhaps we should hear of its journey to the shore how it was carried by great waves and tossed upon the beach. If we examine a pearl button closely, pretty delicate colors may be seen, such as we notice in the soap bubble.

The ivory button, made from an elephant's tusk, would surely tell a story of strange adventure in a far away jungle country. Because ivory comes from such a distance it is very expensive and is made only for the finest wear.

The wooden button would have stories to tell of the life in the forest, the bone button of animal life and the china and other buttons would not be lacking in good stories, too.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Raft of Coconuts.

In the Philippine Islands one frequently sees a raft of coconuts being floated down the river to market. The buoyant nuts are closely packed into a circle, braced across with bamboos and tied with fiber, and the queer craft, with its native paddler, is then ready for the trip downstream to a point where the raft will be broken up and the coconuts sold.—Wide World Magazine.

Mustered Out.

The oldest vessel of the United States navy, the Independence, built in 1805, has been put out of commission. For more than a century she has served her country, of late years as a receiving ship at the California navy yard.

Big Leaved Palm Trees.

There are palm trees growing on the banks of the Amazon whose leaves are from thirty to twelve feet broad and from thirty to fifty feet long.

A Lesson in English.

When the English tongue we speak Why is "break" not rimed with "freak" Will you tell me why it is true We say "cow" but "how" is low; And the fashioner of verse Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse" "Beard" sounds not the same as "beard," "Cord" is different from "word." "Cove" is a cow, but "how" is low; "Shoe" is never rimed with "foe." Think of "hose" and "dose" and "low" And of "goose" and also "chose." Think of "comb" and "bomb" and "bomb," "Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some." And since "pay" is rimed with "may" Why not "paid" and "aid," I pray? We have "blood" and "food" and "good," "Week" is not pronounced like "weak," "Wherefore" "where" but "where" and "wear" Is there any reason known?

A GRAFTED TREE

By ELIZABETH WEED

Farmer Perks was very proud of an apple tree that grew beside the front door of his house. The apples it bore were greenings, and there was usually a bountiful crop. Perks' son, Abel, was engaged to Amanda Squeers, who was a very thrifty and a very shrewd girl. The old man was a widower, with no other children except Abel, and when the father died the son would inherit all his property. But Perks wouldn't either die or give Abel enough on which to be married.

One day the farmer brought home a bough of an apple tree and grafted it on to a limb of his favorite apple tree that pointed directly toward his house.

Not long after this a man named Schmitt came to settle an account with the farmer that had been of long standing. The man had put in a cultivator for Perks which had been washed away, and Perks, who had been obliged to have the work done over by another man, refused to pay the bill presented by the first. The creditor came after supper in the evening and remained arguing with and threatening Perks with a lawsuit till 10 o'clock. Perks was not well, and the controversy occurred in his bedroom on the second story. Abel was in the house, but at 10 o'clock he went to bed in another part of the house and was soon sound asleep.

When in the morning he went into his father's room the old man was dead. There was evidence that he had been struck on the head with some hard instrument like a poker. Abel called in the neighbors and told them the facts. Schmitt was arrested. But he had evidently prepared himself for the ordeal awaiting him, for he denied having been at Perks' house at all. Indeed, he said he had spent the evening with a man ten miles from Perks' talking about some work both were to do together. The man corroborated Schmitt's statement. Why he did so was never known. But it was supposed that Schmitt made a confidant of him and either worked on his feelings or paid him to save him.

Suspicion then fell on Abel, who inherited his father's estate. He was arrested, but since there was not a scrap of evidence against him, except that he and his father were the only two persons known to be in the house on the night of the murder, the jury hung for a long while, then finally brought in a verdict of acquittal. But his neighbors believed him guilty and refused thereafter to have anything to do with him.

Amanda Squeers alone believed in her lover's innocence and that Schmitt had committed the murder. She had only Abel's word for Schmitt's having been at the house to collect his bill and that Abel had left him with his father when he went to bed. But she knew, apart from her lover's statement, by a woman's intuition, that Schmitt had done the murder. She married Abel and accepted the stigma that rested upon him.

Three years passed. One summer Amanda noticed that the bough Perks had grafted to his apple tree would grow if the ash were left up into a window of the old man's former bedroom. The weather being warm, she propped up the sash, and the bough covered with blossoms, extended a yard or more into the room. One day in midsummer she passed Schmitt's house and said to him.

"Mr. Schmitt, it has been revealed to me who killed my husband's father. That has always been a mystery, and I confess I have always believed you did the deed. Now I know who did it. Come to the house tomorrow afternoon and I will convince you."

Schmitt kept a steady face, but with in he trembled. He did not wish to go to her house, and he dare not stay away. Above all, he felt that he must know if Mrs. Perks had any clew. He did not say to her whether or no he would accept her invitation, but the next afternoon, bracing himself with a strong potato, he started for the house.

Amanda welcomed him at the door, and so cordially that he was persuaded to believe that she had got on to a wrong track and had become convinced of his innocence. He saw no one in the house, and that gave him courage. At any rate, there were no witnesses to what would occur. Amanda chatted with him for a time on ordinary matters, then said:

"Now, if you will follow me I will enable you to prove your innocence of the murder."

She led the way up the staircase and into the room in which the murder had been committed. The window sash was up, and the end of a branch of the apple tree extended into the room. On it were several ripe apples.

"The other night," said Amanda, "Mr. Perks appeared to me in a dream. I saw him as vivid and distinct as I see you now. And he said: 'I have caused a bough of my greening apple tree to grow into my bedroom window. If the man who murdered me eats of one of the apples it will show within stains of my blood.' Pluck an apple, Mr. Schmitt, and prove your innocence."

Schmitt turned pale, but plucked an apple, though his hand trembled as he did so. Biting into it, he looked at the gap he had left and fell in a swoon on the floor. There were blood red streaks in it.

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The graft Farmer Perks had made was from a tree which produced fruit containing streaks similar to those of a blood orange.

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.

A queer marriage ceremony was that in Queen Elizabeth's reign, before the deaf and dumb alphabet was invented, between Thomas Elshy and Ursula Bridget. Ursula could talk fast enough, but Thomas was a deaf mute, and as it was required that promises should be exchanged in spoken words nobody knew how to manage the thing. Finally the bishop of London helped to devise a service by signs, and Thomas proceeded thus: Having first taken Ursula in his arms, he took her by the hand and put the nuptial ring on her finger. He then laid his right hand significantly on his heart and afterwards, putting their palms together, extended both his hands toward heaven. Having thus sued for divine blessing, he declared his purpose to live with Ursula till death should separate them by closing his eyelids with his fingers, digging the earth with his feet as though he wished to make a hole in the ground and then moving his arms and body as though he were tolling a funeral bell.

Curious Marine Tragedy.

On March 31, 1840, the pilotboat Coquette, cruising off Cape May, discovered a capsized schooner floating bottom up. A boarding party put off to the wreck, and some of the crew climbed up on the rounded bottom. Suddenly rappings were heard on the inside. Evidently some one was imprisoned in the hold. Saws and axes were brought, and a hole was cut in the schooner's bottom. But the attempt at rescue brought swift disaster. The imprisoned air that had sustained the captives rushed out, and the schooner began to sink rapidly. As the water rose on the inside one of the doomed sailors struggled near enough to the hole to cry out that they were five in all, one forward and four aft. The capsized vessel was the Russell, and they had been prisoners for five days. Then the water reached his lips, and the would-be rescuers scrambled into their yawl as the Russell sank, carrying the five men down with her.

Early Sport on the Thames.

Sport on the Thames in London's early days was more exciting than boat racing in the twelfth century. For instance, the young "bloods" enjoyed a kind of "tilt the bucket" pastime and delighted the spectators. Thus William Fitz Stephens, clerk to Thomas a Becket, on the rules of the game: "In the Easter holidays they play at a game resembling a naval engagement. A target is fixed to a tree trunk, which is fixed in the middle of the river, and in the prow of a boat driven along by oars a young man who is in it strikes the target with his lance. If in hitting it he breaks his lance and keeps his position unmoved he gains his point and attains his desire, but if his lance be not driven he is tumbled into the river." It is comforting to learn, however, that the rules then allowed his friends to pick him up.—London Spectator.

It Moved Dr. Johnson.

William Law's "Serious Call" was the work that converted Dr. Johnson. "It became a sort of lax talker against religion," said the sage of Fleet street to Boswell, "until I went to Oxford, where I took up Law's 'Serious Call,' expecting to find it a dull book (as such books generally are) and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an overmatch for me, and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion."

Johnson once more pronounced the "Serious Call" to be the "finest piece of hortatory theology in any language." Where Law's masterpiece has also been highly praised not only by Wesley and Whitefield, but even by such avowed enemies of Christian orthodoxy as Gibbon and the late Sir Leslie Stephen.—Westminster Gazette.

These Gift Cigars.

Hemmenhaw handed his best friend a cigar. "Have a smoke," he said. "Sure," said the friend. "There, I'm glad that's off my mind." "Off your mind?" "Yes. That cigar is the last of a box my wife gave me, and I will tell you in confidence I have been handing them out all day. You got the last. Ha, ha!" "Well, the laugh is on you."

"On me?" "Yes. I went with your wife to pick out those cigars, and they were the very best I could find in town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Turkish Stamps.

Because of a passage in the Koran forbidding the making of images Turkish postage stamps have no picture, but bear instead the sign manual of the sultan, which is, in fact, an impression of his imperial hand. This signature is said to have had its origin with the Sultan Murad I., who on completing a treaty with the Italian republic of Ragusa in 1365 and being unable to sign his name applied ink to his open hand and stamped it upon the parchment.

Conscience.

Mrs. Knagg—Talk of conscience! I don't believe you have any idea of what conscience is. Mr. Knagg—Sure, I do. Conscience is that inward monitor that, when you're wrong, prompts you to think up an excuse for blaming some one else.—Counselor.

Reversed.

Greeble—Is that your baby? Crawford—No, sir. The possession is on the other side. He is not my baby. I'm his father.—Christian Register.

Everything has two handles—one by which it may be held, another by which it may be broken.—Spectator.

MACHINERY MEN AT STATE FAIR.

Coming Exhibit of Farm Implements Will Be Greatest Ever Shown at Big Exposition.

FINEST DISPLAY EVER MADE.

More Space Taken Now Than Any Previous Year—Many Entries Have Been Booked by Machinery Manufacturers For Space at Exposition at Syracuse Sept. 8 to 13 Inclusive.

A strong feature of the New York State fair this fall, one that will meet with commendation on all sides, but especially from the farmers of the state, will be the exhibit of farm machinery.

Never in the history of the fair has a display been created which approached the one to be made at the state fair grounds from Sept. 8 to Sept. 13 inclusive.

Already Secretary-Treasurer Albert E. Brown has booked more entries in this department than have been booked in any previous entire year and every mail brings letters applying for space.

It has been and continues to be a rush to get in on the ground floor on the part of the farm machinery manufacturers. The astuteness of these manufacturers is proverbial and their judgment is based on business values and not on sympathy.

No one for a moment thinks these firms are in the business of exhibiting their machinery for their health. When they decide to come to a fair there is but one logical conclusion—that the fair is offering them something worth while in return.

Some idea of what the show will be can be gathered from the fact that one concern alone has signed up space formerly occupied by a half-dozen or more exhibitors. This concern, only one of the country's many great manufacturing firms, has decided on exhibiting at but four expositions or fairs this year. Their decision to base this exhibition on their ability to get the requisite space to exhibit at the New York state fair speaks for itself.

Had it been found impossible to exhibit at the state fair, none of the other three great fairs would have been considered. This firm will spend more than \$20,000 in putting up this exhibit and its decision has forced all competing firms to be present with big showings in order to keep in the running.

While the steady growth of the state fair is, of course, largely responsible for this determination, the decision of the state fair commission to hold night shows on the grounds has been a potent factor.

The production of the Fair-Fireworks company are so famous the country over that the announcement the company was to furnish its "Deconstruction of Pompeii" with a marvelous succeeding program of fireworks each night settled the question with the machinery men.

The night shows, conducted on such a scale, meant but one thing—practically doubled attendance. Where the people go is where the manufacturer of farm implements wants to be.

This year it is to be the New York State Fair.

Ibrahim the Ingenious.

Ibrahim, whose dusty history Dr. Hester Donaldson Jenkins of Columbia university has related in monograph, entitled "Ibrahim Pasha, Grand Vizier of Suleiman the Magnificent" was a child of destiny.

By birth a Greek, he rose from the estate of a slave to a position second only to that of the sultan himself, and the secret of his swift rise to power is subtly indicated by an isolated instance of his cleverness in playing upon his master's vanity. Soon after Suleiman's marriage the young sultan is said to have asked his grand vizier which of the two ceremonies was the finer, his own or Ibrahim's.

"There never has been a feast equal to my wedding," Ibrahim replied.

"Why?" asked the sultan, somewhat offended.

"Oh, my padshah," said Ibrahim, with intense modesty, "my wedding was honored by the presence of Suleiman, lord of the age, firm rampart of Islam, possessor of Mecca, lord of Damascus and Egypt, caliph of the lofty threshold and lord of the residence of the Pleiades, but to your festival who was there of equally exalted rank who might come?"

During its 125 years of existence the revenue cutter service has proved one of the most valuable adjuncts to the government service of the country. Last year the service saved the taxpayers of the United States \$12,000,000. It collected fines for infringement of the navigation laws amounting to more than \$2,000,000.

The official gazette of the French African colonies has announced that the French officials of the West Africa Ivory Coast hereafter will make all their official journeys in wheelchairs. The growing disinclination of the natives to carry either passengers or baggage on their heads is given as the cause of the innovation.