

Saved His Royal ears.
The present Kaiser in his youth was a frequent visitor at the country home of Sir Hugh and Lady Macdonell. "He was then," writes Lady Macdonell in "Reminiscences of a Diplomatic Life," "a fine young man with a strong sense of fun and fond of teasing."

"He liked our English teas and afterward used to claim me for a game of draughts. In the salon there was a big window with a deep seat that he especially favored. To this a small table was drawn up, and fine battles ensued over the board."
"I shall never forget one occasion when he accused me of cheating. He was so apparently serious that I became infuriated, and, unmindful of his high estate or my duty as hostess, I impulsively leaned across the table and boxed his ears. His sense of humor and the satisfaction of having been so successful in working upon my feelings saved the situation. I received full punishment later, for ever afterward when he met me he used to cry, 'I know a lady who cheats at draughts!'"

Ways of Darkest Africa.
In his book, "Thinking Black," Mr. Dan Crawford, who is held in England to be the successor to Livingstone, gives a curious picture of his missionary experiences in Africa. He helped to establish the mission station at Luansa, built on a cliff overlooking the Great White lake. Here, with unflinching success, he preached the gospel to the uttermost parts of Africa, drawing the natives to him from far distant places. On the woman question he is particularly interesting. He became aware of a secret society which flourishes in Central Africa. It is a sacred institution with hidden rites and ceremonies. Its purpose is to keep husbands in subjection. This is hardly the idea which the civilized world has of the place of woman in Africa, but, as Mr. Crawford says, nearly everything there is reversed, according to white notions.

Right on the Job.
During a flood which swept away several small railroad bridges and quite a stretch of track an operator in a country town along the line saw one of the company's box cars floating down the river. Instantly he sprang to his key and reported the matter to the main office.
"Mr. James," eagerly cried the operator in the main office to a railroad chief, "V. G. reports that a box car is floating down the river at his place."
"Is it ours?" asked the railroad chief, still looking over the pile of papers before him.
"He says it is," answered the main office operator after another spasm of telegraphy, "and wants to know what to do."
"All right," smiled the railroad man. "Just tell him to swim out to it and set the brakes."—Exchange.

Without "Padding."
The teacher of the class in English, says the Detroit Free Press, demanded that the pupils all write for their daily exercise a brief account of a baseball game.
One boy sat through the period seemingly wrapped in thought, while the others worked hard and turned in their narratives. After school the teacher approached the desk of the laggard.
"I'll give you five minutes to write that description," he sternly said. "If it is not done by that time I shall punish you."
The boy promptly concentrated all his attention upon the theme as the teacher slowly counted the moments. At last, with joyful eagerness, he scratched a line on his tablet and handed it to his master. It read:
"Rain—no game."

"Home, Sweet Home," Too Pathetic?
"Home, Sweet Home," the song of a homeless American, once moved Robert Louis Stevenson to an outburst of passionate protest. But it was the music rather than the words that roused his indignation. You will find the passage in "Across the Plains": "I have no idea whether musically this air is to be considered good or bad, but it belongs to that class of art which may best be described as a brutal assault upon the feelings. Pathos must be relieved by dignity of treatment. If you wallow naked in the pathetic like the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' you make your hearers weep in an unmanly fashion, and even while they are moved they despise themselves and hate the occasion of their weakness."

Watched the Jockeys.
When the Derby was first founded the stewards used to ride along the course to watch the competitors. A separate steward was detailed for each horse, and his duty was to see there was no interference with that horse or his jockey by the other competitors or the public. In a picture of the Derby of 1791 by J. N. Sartorius one of the stewards can be seen riding along gayly some lengths in front of the winner.

Making It Clear.
The mother of five-year-old George had been ill for several days.
"How is your mamma this morning, George?" asked a neighbor.
"Oh, she's better," replied the little fellow, "but she isn't quite so better as she was yesterday."—Chicago News.

Litral.
Servant—It's 'arf past 9, sir. Lodge!
—Good heavens! Why didn't you tell me before! Servant—Because it wasn't sir.—London Opinion.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.—Thomas Jefferson.

FATE AND A COW

By M. QUAD
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Professor Slocum of the college at Madison was fifty years old at a certain date. He was tall and stoop shouldered and ungainly. He was reticent and undemonstrative, and society knew him not at all. Miss Deborah Day of the same town had reached the age of forty-five. She was plain of face and frigid of attitude, and her charms were missing.

It was one Sunday in church that fate brought the old bach and the old maid together in the same pew, and they sang from the same hymn book. Fate, through a mutual acquaintance, introduced them after the sermon. A few evenings later the professor called. The talk was of philosophy. He called again, and they talked of theology. He made a third call, and the age of the world was under discussion for an hour. After that it was for the cow to do her part.

One evening, just at sundown, Miss Day walked forth in a meadow to gather a few daisies. At the same hour it singularly happened that Professor Slocum sought the same meadow in search of geological specimens. The lady discovered her daisies, the professor discovered his pebbles, the two people discovered each other, and together they discovered a cow. A cow may be simply an animated object on the landscape or she may be a discovery because she is enraged over the loss of a horn knocked off in some way and because she has her head down and her tail up and is charging the pebbles and daisy gatherers.

Then the fifth discovery showed up. It was a cow shed twenty rods away, a rough affair that had seen better days. The meadow was retired and the shed was more so. They reached it just in time for the professor to find a board and bar the entrance against the cow and later on to further strengthen it. There was no doubt about the bovines being in earnest. She made frantic efforts to tear down the shed with her remaining horn, and when she could not effect an entrance she stood on guard to keep her victims from coming out. Darkness suddenly fell, and then the perturbed couple suddenly realized their situation.

"Professor Slocum, I must leave here this instant!" exclaimed the horrified Miss Day.
"And so must I!" was the reply.
"It is not proper!"
"Certainly not!"
"I shall be a laughingstock!"
"And I the same!"
"I can't go, but you must!" said Miss Day as the cow quieted down. "Professor, you must see that you must go—you must see it!"

"I do see it," he replied, "and, while I cannot depart from the shed, I can climb on the top of it."
This he accomplished by making his way through a gap in the roof. He was now in a position of propriety, but there was the cow again. When she saw him perched up there, so near and yet so far, she tried to climb up after him, and at the end of two minutes Miss Day was shrieking for protection. Down scrambled the professor, and the cow took to running around the shed to find where he had disappeared. The interior of the shed had now become so dark that nothing could be seen. In trying to strengthen the door some more the professor fell down and rolled over. In trying to go to his assistance Miss Day suddenly found herself sprawling.

A man's life was not very valuable in those strenuous days. If he scratched his name on Westminster bridge, if he wore a wig or false moustache or any other disguise on a public road, if he cut down a young tree, if he stole property worth more than \$1.25, if he had been transported for crime and returned a day ahead of the expiration of his term of punishment, if he wrote a threatening letter, if he stole a hide from a tanner's, for any and all of these things and for 200 more than these he was hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Preparing For the Worst.
"I always prepare for the worst, and then if it doesn't happen I am agreeably surprised."
"But what if it does?"
"Well, then, of course, there's nothing left for me to do but kick myself for not having known better."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Proved His Smartness.
Wedderly—'I'd hate to have any business dealings with Slyker. He's too smart. Singleton—Do you mean to say that you consider him smarter than yourself? Wedderly—I certainly do. Why, he had a chance to marry my wife, but he didn't.—London Tit-Bits.

Weak Points.
He—Why does an actor to portray deep emotion, clutch at his head and an actress at her heart? She—Each feels it most in the weakest point.—Judge.

Winning Wives.
Mrs. Ege—Some husbands win their wives by sheer audacity. Mrs. Wren—Yes—and many others by sheer mediocrity.—Boston Transcript.

Wonders of Victoria Falls.

Victoria falls is in shape like a huge capital T—the falls represented by the top of the letter and the outlet by the stem. The water pours into a great pool a mile long and escapes by a narrow outlet not more than 150 feet wide in places. The water pours into the pool with a roar that may be heard twenty-eight miles and stirs up a spray that causes constant rain to fall in its immediate territory. This spray is so great that it looks like a cloud against the sky and may be seen before you hear the roar of the falls. Yet the water from this great pool escapes almost as quietly as water from an undisturbed lake. After the water escapes from the great pool below the falls through the stem of the letter T it makes a turn at right angles and sweeps around like the capital letter U. Yet there is no great disturbance in any part of the outlet from the falls. At Niagara the whirlpool rapids is one of the world's wonders. Here the river a few hundred feet below the falls seems to be navigable.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Couldn't Be Much Lighter.
At a mock parliament held in Bristol the "honorable member for Stranraer" asked the "right honorable the president of the board of trade" (referring to the merchant shipping act, 1894, prevention of collisions) "whether a lighter man, having two light lighters in tow, would be required to light a lighter light on the lighter lighter, so that the lighter the lighter the lighter the lighter?" The president replied:
"Obviously the answer is in the negative, since the lighter lighter being the lighter and the use of the comparative 'lighter' denoting that the lighter is already 'light' the lighter of the lights would not be required to light a lighter light on the lighter lighter, since the lighter lighter is lighter than the light lighter."—Strand Magazine.

Selenium in Time Recording.
An ingenious application of the peculiar property of selenium of varying its electric resistance with change of illumination has been made in Heidelberg in the electric transmission of pendulum beats to a distance for recording time and comparing clocks. For a long time the beats were electrically transmitted through contacts made by the pendulum itself. This method introduced irregularities of consequence, where hundreds of a second are taken into account, as in astronomical observations. The Heidelberg method causes the swinging pendulum, just as it touches its lowest point, to reflect a beam of light upon a selenium cell, which transmits the message without physical contact with the pendulum.—New York Tribune.

Bede House Feasts.
At Fosdyke, a tiny village in England, there is held every year a most quaint dinner known as the Bede house feast. Some gentlemen, many years back, left a sum of money with which half a dozen Bede houses were to be built, and once a year he directed that the occupants were to have a feast. Every year the six old ladies and the six old gentlemen meet the trustees and have dinner. Some of the trustees are county councillors and the like; but, according to the terms of the will, they have to serve the old people first and make them comfortable. The guests always sit in the same order as the number of their houses, and the menu must include a veal pie with plums in it.

When Hanging Was Common.
Edmond-Burke said that he could in his time obtain the assent of the house of commons to any bill that carried the death punishment.
A man's life was not very valuable in those strenuous days. If he scratched his name on Westminster bridge, if he wore a wig or false moustache or any other disguise on a public road, if he cut down a young tree, if he stole property worth more than \$1.25, if he had been transported for crime and returned a day ahead of the expiration of his term of punishment, if he wrote a threatening letter, if he stole a hide from a tanner's, for any and all of these things and for 200 more than these he was hanged by the neck until he was dead.

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On the Box

By THOMAS R. DEAN

Years ago there were two men living in one of the great cities on the east coast of the United States who, though they were father and son, were chums. They were rich and ultra fashionable, which meant that they were something far different from what it would mean today. In those days the fashionable people of the land were refined and intelligent. Now to be ultra fashionable has a questionable sound. One may be ultra fashionable, yet devoid of ordinary breeding.

The two men referred to looked like gentlemen and acted like gentlemen. Shakespeare has described them in his words "to the manner born." They were always seen together on the street, and one looking at them would think them a pair of noblemen belonging to some lordly English estate. In society they were known as "Dombey & Son."

The father, who was a widower, drifted on, thinking that their companionship would last as long as they lived. What a shock, then, was it to him when his son announced to his father his engagement! The older man could not believe his senses. But when he learned that his son was to marry a girl with no fortune, that the young couple could not retain the position in society that their ancestors, the Van G.'s, had held for 300 years, his desolation was complete. He could not conceive of himself failing to appear at the functions he had from his youth been accustomed to attend, and to go to them without the companion who had always gone with him would be worse than not going at all.

The first quarrel the two had ever had followed. "You shall not marry," said the elder Van G., "unless you marry one of our set and one with sufficient fortune to enable you to keep up a position as a married man."
"I have asked a lady to be my wife," replied the son, "and I will not turn upon my invitation."
"Very well, then, you must shift for yourself."

Harry Van G. married a lovely girl, but since it would have required an income equal to his father's to take her in the society he had been used to going with, he did not attempt it. But this in comparison with the young couple's real condition was a bag of salt. They had nothing whatever to live on and sank rapidly into poverty.
The elder Van G., though it nearly broke his heart to go to functions without his double, chose what he considered the lesser of two evils—and went. He saw nothing of his son, but he blamed him at every opportunity of the chosen set who had composed society since colonial days and it would be contamination for him to associate with any one except the elect.

One day the elder Van G.—this was several years since he had parted with his son—stepped out of his club to a carriage that had been called for him. Elegantly dressed, as usual, his head covered with a shining silk hat, his feet with white spats, his hands with tan gloves and carrying a cane, he stood for a moment looking up and down the street, then went down to the cab. The coachman annoyed him for instead of looking straight ahead of him he turned his face in the opposite direction.

Mr. Van G. got into the carriage and told the cabman to drive him to the home of a lady social leader. On arriving at the door some friends of the aristocrat happened to pass, and he stopped on the sidewalk to speak to them. When doing so he happened to cast his eye to the coachman and recognized his son. He was too well bred to show surprise or shock at even this contretemps. Nor did he in any way recognize the fact that his own offspring was his cabman. When his friends passed on he went into the house before which he stood and after making a call came out, directed the coachman to drive him to his home, tipped him and went inside.


The next day the same cab was called at the same club for the same man. On this occasion Mr. Van G. was dressed in his most ordinary costume. As he entered the cab without looking at his cabman he gave his directions as to where he wished to be driven.
The cabman started. He was directed to take his fare to his own humble domicile. He whipped up his horse with as much sang froid as if he had been directed to drive to a railway station, considering as he proceeded what he should do. It was evident that his father had recognized him and was going to see him and his wife, but what for he did not know. Harry and his wife lived in a small suit of rooms in a cheap flat. On reaching it his father without the least unbending said:
"Can you direct me to the rooms of Harry Van G.?"
"Certainly, sir," said the coachman, touching his hat respectfully, and he leading him to his rooms, rang, and the door was opened by Mrs. Van G.
Once across the threshold, a marked change came over the visitor. Taking his son's hand in one of his own, his daughter-in-law's in the other, with wet eyes, he said:
"Come home, my dear boy and girl. I can stand this no longer. I shall give up society for you."
That ended the estrangement. The father was getting old and found more comfort at home than in society.

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