

A Case of Worldly Wisdom

By EFFIE D GARDNER

When Miss Mabel Willmarth wrote her lover, Edward Auchinkloss, that under her parents' orders she must break with him he was very badly cut up. He did not blame Mabel; she was not much over seventeen years old—certainly not an age at which a girl is warranted in marrying counter to the express wishes of her parents.

Auchinkloss was permitted to call upon Miss Willmarth to say good-bye after which he was expected to refrain from visits or communication. He found her as much averse to breaking with him as he was to breaking with her, but he also found her resolute in her determination to obey her mother. "Father and mother," she said "have only me. If I marry you in opposition to their commands a barrier will be raised between them and me that will never be removed. Besides, mother has convinced me that couples usually grow together, irrespective of any attachments for others either husband or wife may have had before marriage. We must make the best of the present—for the sake of the future. You will marry another girl and I will be nothing to you. I suppose I shall."

"I don't know. It doesn't seem to me now that I can."
"What you have said has, of course, come from your mother. It is too wise to be spoken by a girl of seventeen. But I confess that it is wise, or seems to be, and I would not for the world persuade you to do an unwise thing. One thing I wish you to tell me. Has not your mother some one in view for you who she thinks will be able to give you more than I?"

"Why do you ask that question?"
"Because until very recently both she and your father seemed to be well satisfied with me for a son in law."
"Mother especially enjoyed me to say nothing to you about any future relations between me and any one else. She says that, having broken with you, you are not supposed to take any further interest in me. Surely you can not be expected to approve of any man that she—I mean I—might marry."

"Right again—that is. If your senses had been finished as you began it, you should have finished that she might select. Nevertheless it is evident that some one has been selected for you, and naturally I am especially anxious to know who the fellow is."
"The fellow?"
"Well, the gentleman."
"Your use of the word shows that mother is right. You would naturally be prejudiced against any man I might marry."

He tried for an hour to induce her to tell him the name of her new fiance, but, having promised her mother that she would answer no questions with regard to her future, she stood firm. Finally he asked her if she should write a number of names on a bit of paper to tell him whether the name he wished to know was on the list. Since the man was a newcomer and she did not believe Auchinkloss had ever seen or heard of him, she consented. He wrote twenty names on the paper and handed it to her. She handed it back to him with a request to be released from her agreement. Auchinkloss released her and immediately took his departure.

Several weeks rolled around, and Miss Willmarth saw nothing of her discarded lover. She did not even meet him on the street. This was surprising, because the town in which they lived was small. His place was not supplied by the new arrival, because Mr. and Mrs. Willmarth had decided that he might not pay their daughter any attention whatever till she had passed her eighteenth birthday. Then the couple might be engaged, but for a year before marriage. Such an arrangement prevented anyone from linking the two names together.

Four months passed between the time Auchinkloss was discarded and Mabel's eighteenth birthday. The latter had passed and the engagement had been made, though not announced when the new appointee was arrested one day on a charge of giving a check on a bank where he had no account. Other claims against him rotted the first, and it was not long before a pretty black record came to light. The engagement between him and Mabel was broken without any one outside the family knowing that it had occurred.

Then one day Auchinkloss appeared at the Willmarth home and was restored to favor.
"You remember," he asked, "our conversation when I was dismissed about a certain promise on my part as to the one who would take my place? Well, that promise served a purpose. It was I who unearthed your new lover."
"You? Why, you didn't know his name?"
"I did. His name was the only name on the paper I handed you that was not fictitious. I had heard of him several years before and had not heard any good of him. I went away and spent weeks tracing his record, and finally put those he had swindled on his track."
"You don't mean it?"
"But for me you might have married a swindler."
All of which goes to show that our worldly wisdom doesn't count for much.

General Daumesnil's Leg

General Daumesnil's wooden and iron leg is in the Paris military museum. The warrior is question lost one of his legs at the battle of Wagram, and when he returned to Paris it was replaced by a mechanical contrivance of timber with iron springs. Although crippled, the old soldier remained in active service and was in command of the Vincennes fort in 1814 when the allies were in Paris. It was to the troops of the anti-Napoleon coalition that General Daumesnil said when called upon to give up his fort: "Let me have my leg and then you can take Vincennes." The old general died in 1832, deprived of his mechanical limb. It had been taken off while he was in the order to be repaired by a smith named Bron, living in Vincennes. Bron kept the article and handed it down to his family, from whom it subsequently passed into the ownership of the municipality of Vincennes. The councilors of the artillery borough handed it over to the war department and it is among the most honored relics of French armies of the past.

Subdued the Peer

In her reminiscences Lady Dorothy Nevill said that in her younger days, parents were very particular about the matrimonial alliances made in their families, and she told an amusing story of one old peer who was greatly surprised to be told by his sister that she had developed a great affection for a well-known scientist of humble birth.

"The peer sent for him and said brusquely, 'Now, sir, I should like to know something about your family.' 'I think it will be sufficient,' replied the scientist, who was of Semitic extraction, 'to say that I descended from the illustrious blood of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.' 'The peer was taken aback. 'Oh,' he said, 'of course, my family has nothing to compare with that. Therefore, if my sister really likes you you'd better take her.' 'And the scientist did.'

Assistance Necessary

The first field glasses taken to the New Hebrides sorely puzzled the simple minded natives. A traveler tells how one of the mission clergy was walking along the shore, when a native at his side pointed out a figure in the far distance. "There goes one of my enemies," said he. The white man drawing out his field glasses and focusing them, handed them to his companion, who, gazing through them to amusement, beheld his foe apparently close at hand. Dropping the glasses, he seized his arrows and looked again. The enemy was as far away as at first. Once more he snatched the magic glasses, once more exchanged them for his arrows and once more was baffled. A light thought suddenly occurred to him. "You hold the glasses to my eyes," said he to the missionary, "and I can shoot him!"

A French Comedy

When John Ruderly was building his famous wooden Edgelystone lighthouse he was much harassed by the depredations of French privateers. Thus on one memorable day all his men were surprised while at work and borne off in triumph to France as prisoners of war. The captors thinking they had done something very smart. But Louis XIV. did not approve at all and promptly ordered the men's release. Their work," he said, "is for the benefit of all nations. I am at war with England, not with humanity."—Lightships and Lighthouses.

Badly Disappointed

Little Mattie flew into the house one evening very late for nursery tea and hurried to her mother's chair. "Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me, for I've had such a disappointment. A horse fell down in the street, and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so, of course, I had to stay. And after I waited and waited he came, and, oh, mother, what do you think, it was only a man!"—New York Globe.

Bringing It Home

"I was weaving an—aw—account of a woman being gored to death by a beastly cow, Gunder know," remarked young Duddleigh. "Weally, I can't imagine a more howlible affair, can you, Miss Caustiquo?"
"No, Mr. Duddleigh," replied Miss Caustique, with a mighty yawn, "unless it is being gored to death-by-a-calf!"—Parson's Weekly.

Stung

My pet embarrassment was when I learned that the girl I went around with a little, but did not love, was engaged. To give her the impression that I was wasting her time I went over and proposed. My embarrassment can be easily imagined when she accepted me.—Chicago Tribune.

Living Up to It

"We don't always do as we should. For one thing, we are told to love our enemies."
"A great many of us live up to that. Didn't you ever notice a couple of society leaders kissing each other?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easily Divided

The hour was divided into sixty minutes because the number sixty can be evenly divided by two, three, four, five, six, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty and thirty.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's but as well as the palace of his superiors.—Bacon.

Fortune Hunting Girls

By HELEN CONSTABLE

Marjorie Tait, a miss in short dresses, was sitting by a table studying her lessons when she heard her mother and a visitor, Mrs. Winston, talking in the next room.
"Malcolm writes me that he's coming down for a week this fall to visit me."
"What can your nephew find to amuse him in such a quiet place as this? There are no young men, and as for girls, there are only a few in short dresses."
"That's what he's coming for, to get rid of the girls. They are worrying the life out of the poor fellow trying to marry him. You know, Malcolm has just come into a fortune of four or five hundred thousand dollars. He's handsome as a picture, was voted the most popular man in his class while in college and is highly intellectual."

Marjorie gasped at this catalogue of attractions.
"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Tait, "how I should worry about him if he were my son! The marrying age is the most dangerous of all to a man."
"By and by you'll have to worry about Marjorie."
"Not for years. Marjorie has scarcely put away her dolls. Tell Malcolm when he arrives to come and see us."

When Malcolm Wright came to town he called at Mrs. Tait's. Mrs. Tait was taking a siesta, and it required some time for her to awaken and get herself in proper costume to receive visitors. Marjorie, who examined the card as it was carried past her in the upper hall, ran down a back staircase, seated herself before her study table and began to repeat her lessons aloud.
"Amo, I love, amamus, then lovest; amat, he loves, amamus, we love, amatis, you love, amant, they love."
Mr. Wright, hearing the Latin verb "to love" conjugated by a soft feminine voice, arose from his chair and looked into the other room through the open door. He saw a very pretty, innocent looking schoolgirl sitting before her books, apparently unconscious of being observed. He listened to some more self drilling, then gave an "Ahem!"

Marjorie gave a start so well feigned that the young man did not doubt for a moment that it was caused by seeing him.
"Oh, dear," she exclaimed.
"Well, now I like that! I find you saying 'I love you love, we love' and on seeing me you exclaim: 'Oh, dear! I presume if you had finished it would have been 'Oh, dear Malcolm Wright!'"
"I assure you—I was studying. You were quiet. How long have you been in the drawing room?"
"Long enough to have sent my card to Mrs. Tait. Your mother and I have been waiting some minutes."

At this juncture Mrs. Tait was heard coming downstairs, and Mr. Wright, who had just crossed the threshold, stopped back in time to avoid appearing to have left the room. The lady received him cordially, regretting that she had not some of her daughters' or an age to help make his stay pleasant.
A day or two later Mr. Wright, approaching Mrs. Tait's home, saw her emerge from the house. Marjorie saw him from an upper window. He mounted the steps and rang. Marjorie opened the door.

"Good morning, is your mother at home? No? How unlucky! Perhaps you will permit me to come in for a moment. I wish to leave a message for her."
A month passed. Mr. Wright remained away from the many girls who were trying to snare him. The route past Mrs. Tait's house was his favorite walk, and whenever he was sure Mrs. Tait was not at home he called and asked for her and was taken in charge by Marjorie. One evening he called when he knew the mother was at home.
"Why, Mr. Wright, the good lady exclaimed, "you here yet? What a dread you must have of the girls of your home to have kept away from them so long?"
"It is about a girl of your home that I have called to speak to you."
"A girl of my home?"
"Yes, your daughter, Miss Marjorie. I wish your permission to pay my addresses to her, or, rather, your permission that we be engaged."
Mrs. Tait gaped at Mr. Wright.
"I love her very dearly, and she loves."
"What, that child?"
"She tells me she is nearly eighteen."
"But how, when, where?"
Marjorie came up behind her mother and put her arms about her.
"I heard all you and Malcolm's aunt said about those horrid girls who were trying to catch him for his fortune, and I thought it a pity that they should deceive so nice a man. He heard me conjugating the verb 'to love' when he called on you, and somehow it affected his brain, for—"

Mr. Wright took Marjorie away from her mother and, placing his own arms about her, the two pleaded their cause together.
"Oh, it's all right," said the older lady. "Only I can't make out how you two managed to do the courting."
"I managed it, mamma. I did it for Malcolm. Just think of his being driven from his home by those horrid fortune hunting girls."

Dealing With a Lunatic

In front of the Oberlin house Sir Thomas More had a garden and gatehouse, and, as there was a pleasant view from the summit of the gate house, he used frequently to sit there, accompanied only by his dog. Here it was that he was found one afternoon by a wandering maniac, who crept upstairs and saw the feeble old man dozing.
"Leap, Tom, leap!" he cried, and at the same time tried to throw him over the battlements. More had not physical strength enough to resist, but he had the wit to say:
"Let us first throw this little dog over."
The man immediately threw down the dog.
"Pretty sport," said the lord chancellor. "Now, go down and bring him up; then try again."
While the madman went down for the dog More made fast the door behind him and so managed to hold the fort until help came.

The Earth's Journey

Our world's journey in space is a long one. If we are to accept the conclusions of Dr. Turner of the University observatory of Oxford and Professor H. C. Plummer, royal astronomer of Ireland. Recent astronomical work suggests that the sun and its planets form a single unit in a vast system, the stars in which, though separated by enormous distances, have a common center of gravity, and in response to gravitation all move in unison like a stupendous machine. The paths of these stars, instead of being nearly circular, like those of the planets around the sun, are much like the oscillations of a pendulum. The calculations show that on this elongated course our sun must travel 400,000,000 years before completing a revolution and that it passed near the center less than a million, perhaps not more than 300,000, years ago and is now on the outward stretch.

Barney Barnato's Comedy

In the journal South Africa the late Sutton Vane, the dramatist, once told this story of Barney Barnato. "He was the best amateur melodramatic actor I ever met. A little rough; so is a diamond, but the fire is there. He played Claude Frolo in Victor Hugo's 'Esmeralda' splendidly. I playing Quasimodo, the hunchback, with him in the great scene on the parapets the hunchback tries to throw the monk (Frolo) into the street. Mr. Barnato related vigorously. He asked me by my bump, which came off in his hand. It was a sponge bag stuffed with various articles. He shook his fist at me and then, with a quiet smile, threw the bump from the cathedral roof. Look over, he exclaimed, 'Good heavens! I have killed a policeman!' Tremendous round of applause from the audience."

Armies of Animals

Some idea of the vast numbers of animals that Africa used to support can be gained from a passage in W. Scully's reminiscences. It was Mr. Scully's good fortune in 1892 to witness the last great trek of springbok from east to west of the Bushmanland desert—a trek on a scale such as no man will ever see again. Fencing, the increase of population and the destruction of grass have almost exterminated the once innumerable host. He says, "I have stood on an eminence some twenty feet high, far out on the plains, and seen the absolutely level surface as far as the eye could reach covered with resting springboks, while from over the eastern horizon the rising columns of dust told of fresh hosts advancing."

Shoes and Nerves

Travelers say that the reason why nervous people don't exist in China is because it is there the custom to wear soft shoes. There is no doubt that hard, soft, creaking footwear is responsible for much nervous wear and tear as well as much physical fatigue in western lands. Tired feet and tired nerves will find solace in a warm foot bath with a handful of sea salt in it. Move the feet about or keep them still as best pleases you as long as the water is pleasantly warm; then dry them with a rough towel and put on a fresh pair of stockings.—Dundee Advertiser.

Bread of Persia

Persian native bread differs little from that used a thousand years ago. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground, usually about the size of a barrel, and many of those now in use have been used for a century. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes and is set out to cool.

Long Dozed

"What will you do with the \$20,000 if you get a verdict in your breach of promise suit?"
"I guess," said the dear girl, "I'll marry the lawyer. It's such an awful lot of money to let get out of one's hands."—Puck.

Bohemian's Coal Mine

The lowest human habitation is said to be that of the coal miners in Bohemia, some of whom make their dwellings at a point over 2,000 feet below the level of the sea.

Voting

"Do you believe that women ought to vote?"
"Sure! And, what's more, I think men ought to, too."—Detroit Free Press.
Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

Protected

By A. D. WILDER

My brother Tom was killed at the battle of Shiloh. We were in the same company and at the time he was shot, were repelling one of those sledgehammer attacks General Johnston hurled against us like blows upon an anvil. I saw Tom turn around and fall on his face. There was a pang, and then I was like a madman. The Confederates were right on us, and we were fighting them hand to hand. I forged, danger and poked and clubbed with my musket, fighting for vengeance.
They said afterward that my "bravery" held the others, and we drove them off. Then I took Tom in my arms and carried him to the rear. They came at us again and again, and every time they came I fought them more fiercely. They did not give me time to cool off. But when the sun set on the last day of the fight I lay on the ground physically used up, and sorrow took the place of revenge.
When the term of enlistment for my regiment expired we were mustered out. Many of the boys re-enlisted, but I did not. I thought I had seen enough of war. But a war fever is like any other disease—it must run its course. Whenever I heard a drum beat, a distant shot, the sound of martial music, I grew restless with a desire to be again tramping, fighting, in among the living and the dead. I resisted as long as I could, then gave in and enlisted for another "three years or during the war."
During this enlistment I was with the army marching to the sea. One evening soon after sunset I felt ill and was obliged to drop out of the ranks. I sat down beside the road, and after awhile, feeling better, I got up and staggered on. In the west, above where the sun had set, the twilight still lingered, but about me was the verge of darkness. Suddenly I was conscious of some one walking beside me. "I was too tired and ill to be especially interested in who was there. I supposed him to be some straggler like myself who was trying to get yet somewhere, and that he would soon go ahead of or drop behind me. But he did neither. He kept just so far away from me and a little to my rear for the development of a sort cover. I remember once or twice looking for him, but either on account of the darkness or because he was at the time farther away from me or for some other reason I didn't see him, or, if I did, it was but indistinctly.
But somehow it got into my head that my brother Tom was beside me. In fifty years ago I would have said that the feeling was something like a dream, but I was awake. Moreover, I didn't see Tom. I only felt his presence. I felt so ill and so exhausted that I didn't concern myself about this presence of the dead. My sensibilities were at a very low ebb, and it was all I could do to get on. I doubt if even I had seen Tom walking beside me and had talked with me I would have had any ability to exercise the faculty of wonder.
However, my consciousness of the presence of my brother remained with me till I saw a campfire to my left and the silhouettes of some men between it and me. I sheered off, and as I did so it seemed to me that the figure beside me parted from me. I staggered up to the persons about the fire and fell on the ground.
They were making coffee, and one of them held a tin cup full of it to my mouth and poured what seemed like a new life down my throat. I tried both coffee and whisky for a brace from fatigue, and found the coffee infinitely preferable. Under the stimulant I felt refreshed and lying flat on the ground with my head on a pile of dirt I slept till morning. Then after another cup of coffee and some hard tack I felt strong enough to hunt up my command. While doing so I passed some Confederate prisoners. One of them accosted me.
"I say, young man, who was that with you last night?"
"What do you mean?" I asked. I had never seen the fellow before and couldn't make out what he was driving at.
"Just before dark some of us were hanging on the rear of you uns, laying for stragglers. I saw you drop out, and I just thought I'd pick you off. But it wouldn't be safe to do it till the column got out of earshot. When you got up I shadowed you, and was drawing ahead on you when another man got in between you and me. I hadn't calculated on any one else being there and didn't like to shoot because I didn't know who he was, for fear I might kill one of our boys.
"He kind of flickered in what little light there was between you and me, specially whenever I raised my gun to shoot. What made me curious about him was that he kept getting in my way whenever I got you against the sky where I could get a good aim at you. Who was he anyway?"
"There wasn't anybody walking beside me that I know of," I replied. "What else could I say? I felt as surely as if I knew that Tom had protected me. But I had no intention of telling a stranger who confessed that he had tried to kill me that I had been saved by a ghost. He would have laughed at me or thought I was daft.
One thing this experience did for me during the rest of the war, I had no feeling of fear. I didn't believe I could be killed."

Origin of the Dead Letter Office

"What was the reason for our office getting its name of the dead letter office, as it is often called?" said an official in the returned letter office. "Well, it was originally started in order to return to the senders all letters, etc., addressed to people who turned out to be dead. The need for such an arrangement became evident from the number of valuable inclosures contained in such missives, and that the old tradition still lingers in the department is evident from the fact that the bags containing returned letters are black in color.
"Yes, there are people who imagine us to be mysteriously connected with death itself, and some time back we received a peculiar letter from one of them. Within a week of having a letter returned to her a certain person living in the same house had died, and consequently the writer, evidently associating her friend's death directly with us, begged us in future never to send back letters again, but to burn them instead."—London Answers.

The Bridal Veil

The bridal veil is evidence of eastern origin, being a relic of the bridal canopy held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. Among the Anglo-Saxons a similar custom existed, but if the bride was a widow it was dispensed with. According to Saxon usage, a fine linen cloth was laid upon the heads of the bride and bridegroom, and was not removed until the benediction had been said. The old British custom was to use nature's veil unadorned—that is, the long hair of the bride, which was so worn by all brides, royal, noble and simple. Only the did every one behold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety and for the last time, as after marriage they were neatly dressed on the head.
Among some the tresses were cut and carefully stowed away on a woman becoming a wife. It was customary in Russia for village brides to shear their locks on returning from church.
Family Doctor.

Tress and the Sell

The soil is a resource of priceless value. Its formation on rocks is exceedingly slow. According to Professor J. Bowman, many glacial scratches that were made on rock during the last glacial period, between 60,000 and 75,000 years ago, are still as fresh as if I supposed him to be some straggler like myself who was trying to get yet somewhere, and that he would soon go ahead of or drop behind me. But he did neither. He kept just so far away from me and a little to my rear for the development of a sort cover. For man it means a period so great that the mind can hardly grasp it. The cutting off of the trees exposes the soil so that the rain beats upon it, and since it has lost the protection that the roots and the litter on the ground afforded the soil is soon washed away. In fifty years a single lumber merchant can deprive the race of soil that a required 10,000 years to form.—Youth's Companion.

Premiums Upon Babies

Augustus emperor of Rome, made babies a passport to office. By the Lex Papia Poppaea, passed in A. D. 9, definite preference as regards office was given to the fathers of satisfactorily large families. Such fathers were eligible for office before twenty-five. They took precedence of colleagues with no children or fewer than three and were preferred all round. The privilege was called the "jus trium liberorum" (three children privileges), but the qualifying number, three in Rome, was four in Italy, five in the provinces. The system, however, never worked well.

A Snow Hurricane

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs, is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in summer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in one winter it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where scarcely a mistral before the sky was perfectly clear.

Very Sad

First Salesman—A woman was arrested downstairs this morning. Second Salesman—What for? First Salesman—She was caught in the act of concealing a hand mirror. Second Salesman—Poor woman! That's what comes of taking a glass too much.—Chicago News.

The Indicting Instinct

"Do you think women ought to hold public office?"
"Well, in some cases. But judging from the way they talked about everybody in the community, I'd hate to have those who met at my house yesterday on a grand jury."—Washington Star.

Phenomenal

"Papa," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?"
"It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wisepate, "when a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—Truth.

Ribbons

The original spelling of ribbon was Ribband, for it was a band that went around the waist, enclosing or binding the ribs. The hair ribbon is thus a very odd verbal paradox.

Size of Queensland

To give some idea of the size of Australia, Queensland alone is half as big again as Germany. Austria and Hungary put together. Its area is 608,977 square miles.