WEARING A CROWN

By JOHN Y. LARNED

"What do you think, doctor, of this statement that metal worn on the head of one afflicted with hysteria when the same is placed on the head of another person will produce a like effect?"

"I don't believe it."

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because, in the first place, it has been demonstrated by medical men in Paris, and, in the second place, I once had a case of it in my own practice."

"Give me the case."

This was the doctor's story:

"There were two sisters. I do not care to give their names, so I will give fictitious names—Lillian and Louisa. Lillian was the older. During a certain winter it was proposed to give an entertainment for charity, and the sisters were among the performers. Among other attractions were living tableaux. In one of these tableaux Lillian took the part of Queen Mary of Scotland, seated in a room of Holyrood palace at Edinburgh, surrounded by courtiers. Lord Darnley, whom she afterward married, was among them.

"Now, the man who personated Darnley was a very tall man—Darnley himself was long, you will remember—whom Lillian had never seen before rehearsal. Strange to say, she fell violently in love with Darnley. There was but one rehearsal before the performance, and, while those who took part were being posed, it was noticed that the queen's eyes were bent on Darnley lovingly. Perhaps you have never seen a woman so infatuated with a man that she can't keep from showing it. I have.

"Nobody thought of the crown the queen of Scots wore or where it came from. I certainly did not then, but since I have hunted the matter up and have learned all about it. Lillian by her evident predisposition for this fellow who personated Darnley attracted the attention of all present at rehearsal. When the tableau was given before an audience she looked at him so lovingly that all except those who knew supposed it to be a part of the performance and were delighted with the representation.

"This performance was such a success that it was determined to repeat it the following week. The day it was to be given again I was called on to visit Lillian professionally. I found her in an abnormally nervous condition, with other symptoms. I forbade her taking part in the tableau, which was to come off that evening, and it was decided that her sister Louise was to assume the part in her place.

"What do you suppose happened? Louise was very like her sister, and during the few moments that the picture was exposed to the audience she regarded Darnley with the same infatuated look that her sister had worn, so that most of the audience supposed that it was Lillian who personated the queen and was assuming the same lovelorn expression as when she had exhibited before. I was in the audience and was astonished to see a real lover look such as I had seen in Lillian.

"Among the performers the matter made a good deal of talk, for it was evident to most of them that these lover's looks of the sister were real. I, being a brain specialist, at once saw a problem before me. It seemed to me that there must be something in the relative position of Darnley and the queen known to each of the sisters that produced the love or an effect similar to the emotion felt by the real Queen Mary for the real Darnley. But on inquiry I learned that Lillian knew nothing of the historical relationship between Mary and Darnley, while Louise had supposed that Mary hated him.

"I talked with both girls and, without accusing them of being in love with the man who had personated Darnley, drew from them their feelings while in the tableau. Both admitted that they had felt a strange emotion which had disappeared as soon as the curtain was rung down and they took off the crown. I made bold to ask them the nature of this emotion; but, it being a matter on which a woman would shrink from speaking, I got no definite information. But from different admissions coming from one or the other of the two I gathered that they felt an emotion the nature of which they did not understand themselves.

"The matter passed so far as remark was concerned, but not from my mind. Yet, seeing no solution of it, I finally dropped trying to solve it. Then came the announcement of these fellows in Paris. I had no sooner read it in the newspapers than I reverted to the tableau, and I immediately thought of the crown worn by the two sisters. I went to the man who had furnished the costumes for information about it. He referred me to a certain theater and gave me his card introducing me to the property man. I asked him to tell me something about the crown that had been used in the tableau.

"'There's a history to that crown,' he replied. 'It was worn by an actress who committed suicide for love. She played a part requiring her to wear it at many successive performances.'

"'Was she in love with an actor who played with her?' I asked.

"'No,' was the reply; 'he had nothing to do with the stage.'"

There were a few moments of silence, after which the narrator said:

"You may think what you like about this discovery, doctor; I believe there is something in it."

DINED ON JACKALS.

But There Was Other Food the Arabs Simply Would Not Eat.

Describing the Mohammedans of Algeria in his book, "The Barbary Coast," Albert Edwards says he discovered that with the exception of the obvious difference in clothing they seemed to be very much like other men, although "they do not care for the same things—at least not for the same reasons." Of this he had a striking example during his first winter in Algeria:

"I had asked my host about the jackals which howled the night through in the brousse about his home. I was curious to know how much they resembled the coyotes of our western prairie. A few days later he called me from my desk with the news that some of his Arab workmen had trapped a jackal. I followed him out into the patio and found a half dozen natives squatted about an earthen pot. Two of them were holding the animal while another skinned it. A jackal looks like nothing but a very sick and mangy dog. I can not imagine anything less appetizing. I was surprised and rather nauseated to see that the men were preparing the beast for cooking.

"'Do the natives eat these things?' I disgustedly asked my host in French.

"The man who seemed to be the chief cook understood the language of the conqueror. He looked up surlily.

"'Yes,' he growled, 'but we don't eat pig.'

"I thought of our slaughter house scandals and the doubtful cleanliness of our food supply and felt very much like the owner of a glass house who had thoughtlessly begun to throw stones."

IVORY CARVING IN CHINA.

Only Six Expert Workers in Forty Shops in Canton.

There are in Canton about forty shops which make and sell ivory articles. Each store is small, consisting usually of a showroom open to the street and a back room, where the cutting is done. Members of the store also usually work in the showroom. The industry may be divided into two stages, cutting and carving. Tusks imported from Siam constitute the raw material. These are first cut with a saw to the shape capable of being worked up by carving. The cutting apparatus consists of a wooden block or vise, a saw and a tub of water. The ivory is secured firmly by the vise, moistened with water and cut to the required shape.

Perfectly flat pieces of ivory nearly as thin as paper were shown in evidence of the skill of the cutter. The cutting finished, the blocks are then carved into shape with knives of many different shapes. These have a short blade and a long handle made of bamboo, like a penholder. Other instruments noted to be in use by the carvers were wire saws and a gimlet worked by a leather twirling apparatus.

The number of expert workers in Canton is far less than the number of stores, being only about six in number. An expert carver seldom works in the shop which employs him. He generally works in his own house and can earn about $30 Canton currency a month.—Consular Reports.

Lapping Up the Land.

Aldeburgh, which annually holds its feast of sprats, has run considerable risk in recent years of providing a feast for the sprats themselves. Fierce gales in the eighties and nineties did very great damage and almost completed the ruin begun by the sea that swallowed up ancient Dunwich. At one time the land went a quarter of a mile farther out to sea, and an old map preserved in the venerable Moot hall shows that the church had at least ten times more land toward the sea than it has now. The market place and the cross are among the trifles which the sea has stolen, while in 1799 eleven houses disappeared. The arms of the borough were selected with some sense of humor, "A ship in the waves of the sea, all sayles bearinge."—London Chronicle.

Police in Old Glasgow.

In the eighteenth century the whole safety and order of Glasgow, Scotland, were intrusted to the unpaid and reluctant burghers. Every citizen who was between the years of eighteen and sixty and paid a yearly rent amounting to $15 had to take his turn at guarding the city. "On touch of drum," says the writer, "the gentleman was at his post at 10 at night and strolled with weary tread and yawning gait along the Trongate and High street and up the pitch dark lanes of winter nights till 4 in the morning. After that hour the city was without a police."

Man and the Office.

"The office ought to seek the man," said the patriot.

"Perhaps," replied Senator Sorghum, "but when an office has to seek the man the salary is generally so small that it makes the office look like a downright mendicant."—Washington Star.

Poor Method.

"He seems to be always chasing rainbows."

"Yes, that appears to be his method of providing for a rainy day."—Judge.

Not Very Dusty.

Jack—I don't believe you've the sand to propose, anyway. Tom—You're mistaken. I've the sand, but I haven't the dust.—Exchange.

It is easy to improve what has already been invented.—Latin Proverb.

His Angel

By SADIE OLCOTT

"Good morning, Delia."

"Good morning, Margaret."

"I see you have a letter in your hand. I suppose it's for Howard?"

"It is."

"It's breaking your engagement with him maybe?"

"No, it isn't. Why do you think that?"

"Can it be that you haven't heard what every one else knows?"

"What's that?"

"I supposed, of course, you knew it or I wouldn't have said anything."

"Heard what? For heaven's sake, stop this fooling and tell me what you're talking about!"

"Why, they say Howard is engaged to a girl in Akerville, where he lives."

"Who says it?"

"It's common talk."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Delia said: "Yes, I know all about it. I am going to write Howard what I think of him."

She passed on, but instead of going directly to the postoffice she went to her home by a roundabout course and, sitting at her writing desk, wrote Howard Benjamin a letter of a different kind entirely from the one she had intended to post.

In a couple of days Mr. Benjamin was announced. Delia had had time to at least cool down and wished that she might have taken more time in the writing of the letter she had sent him. As she remembered it, her feelings had run away with her. She was surprised that Howard should have come to see her after having received it, but supposed he had come to return her letters and demand his own.

To her surprise Howard advanced to meet her as she entered the room with his customary smile, took her in his arms and kissed her. She blushed to think of the disagreeable things she had written him, wondering the while whether he had received her letter or whether there was any truth in the reports as to his inconstancy. She was much puzzled.

"I came down for the week end, sweetheart, to be with you," he said. "I couldn't stand to be separated from you any longer without one kiss." He gave her a dozen. "But how cold your hands are! Is there anything the matter with you?"

"Oh, no; I'm very well! I'm so glad you've come."

Delia trembled lest this were preliminary to an announcement of his defection and his contempt for her on account of her complaint, just to make it more effective. But as her lover went on in the usual strain, interrupted only by an occasional kiss, she became gradually reassured as to the falsity of the reports that had reached her. But her letter—Howard must have come away just before its delivery. She dreaded to have him go back and get it. What would he think of her, he who had assured her time and again that she was an angel, better fitted for heaven than this wicked world?

Howard left his sweetheart thoroughly convinced of his constancy, but in terror at his returning to receive the imprecations she had written. Every time the postman left any mail she went to the delivery box with dread and grasped the letters with a trembling hand. It was several days before she received a missive from her lover, and when she did she was afraid to open it. She took it to her room, and, after taking it up and putting it down several times, she broke the seal.

It began by stating that to make up work left undone, to visit her, he had been busy day and night since his return. Then he went on to speak of those happy hours they had spent together and how he could count the days till he would see her again. Not a word about that horrible letter of hers. What could he mean? Had he received it, and was he too high minded, too generous, too magnanimous to take advantage of it, knowing that it had been written under a false impression?

In a few weeks he came again, and this time Delia felt sure that he would speak of the subject that troubled her. She wished he would and have it over with. But he did not. He was just as affectionate and kind and loving as ever and evidently still considered her an angel.

Weeks passed and Delia began to believe that her letter had miscarried. She inquired of the postman as to where undelivered letters were taken, and he told her they all were sent to the dead letter office in Washington. Letters misdirected or unclaimed or without stamps were to be found in the dead letter office. Delia wrote there and received a card stating that the letter she had written about was there unstamped, and if she would send 2 cents it would be sent her.

When the letter came Delia found that she had been so angered that she had not written her address on it and had neglected to put a stamp on it. She began to read it; but, coming to that which now in her cooler moments she was ashamed of, she tore it into bits and threw the bits into the fire.

When Howard came again he noticed a change in his fiancee. The cloud that had been resting upon her had been lifted.

"My angel!" he said.

"Oh, please don't," she protested, burying her burning cheek on his bosom.

SERVANTS OF OTHER DAYS.

A Uniform Scheme That Failed and Ugliness an Asset.

In 1889 the formation was attempted in London of a league of housewives pledged to engage only servants who would undertake to wear a uniform. In the preliminary manifesto it was also proposed to prohibit servants from wearing "superfluities, such as flowers, feathers, brooches, buckles or clasps, earrings, lockets, neck ribbons and velvets, kid gloves, sashes, jackets, Garibaldis, trimmings on dresses, crinolines or wheel of any kind." On her Sunday out a servant was to assume "a neat alpaca dress, linen collars and cuffs, black apron, black shawl, straw bonnet bound round with ribbons, thread or cotton gloves, small cotton umbrella to keep off the sun and rain." The costume was to be diversified in cold weather by a linsey dress and a shepherd's plaid shawl. This extraordinary scheme found very few supporters and had to be abandoned.

Some bygone housewives appear to have regarded ugliness as a quality to be desired in their servants. When Eliza Coke, daughter of Coke of Norfolk, was about to marry she wrote to her prospective mother-in-law: "Pray have the goodness to decide as you think best about the pretty housemaid. I wish she were less pretty and less fond of dress, but if her conduct and principles are good neither are really objectionable faults. I think our establishment will be a pattern of morality, particularly if Mr. Stanhope engages the squinting butler and the terrible housemaid he mentioned to me."—Chicago News.

VERY ANCIENT ART.

Rude Paintings That Date Back to Prehistoric Times.

Remains of prehistoric man which are occasionally discovered seem to prove that there was a knowledge of art even in the earliest times. A Spanish nobleman, Marcelino de Sautuola, was industrially digging in a cave on his estate in search of prehistoric stone implements and bones, while his little daughter, who accompanied him, occupied herself in play.

She happened to look up at the vaulted ceiling overhead, and began to shout, "Toros! Toros!" in such excitement that her father paused to investigate. Immediately he forgot his search for stone implements. The little girl had discovered some very remarkable prehistoric paintings.

The paintings were of the bison, which the little girl mistook for bulls, or toros. The colors were red, black and gray. The technique of the drawings and the proportions of the figures were really good and the positions were very lifelike.

In the cavern of Font de Gaume, France, paintings of mammoths, bison and other animals have been found, and most of them show a considerable degree of skill. In the great cavern of Niaux, near Tarascon, France, half a mile from the entrance, the smooth polished walls are covered with outline drawings of animals, drawn in oxide manganese mingled with grease, which gives permanent lithographic effect on the smooth limestone.

"Rats" and Royalty.

In "Random Recollections," by R. Caton Woodville, is a story in which King George (when Duke of York) figures. The duke was examining a new Mauser rifle of the latest pattern—the type then purchased by Kruger—which had been presented to Mr. Woodville:

"I showed him the rifle and its mechanism and expressed an opinion that it was superior to the Lee-Metford and Lee-Enfield rifles. I had a very talkative parrot which did not always use polite language. The duke examined the two rifles carefully and at last expressed an opinion that he thought our rifle better, or, at any rate, as good, when a voice came from behind his back with the rude remark, 'Rats!' It was my parrot. The duke wheeled round. 'Who said that?' he asked, and the bird again repeated, 'Rats, rats!'"

A Frontier of Peace.

With its row of crumbling forts and musty guns the frontier between Canada and the United States stands as an object lesson to all nations. While it is the longest, it is the safest and surest frontier in the world. Three thousand miles and more of it lie between Passamaquoddy bay and Puget sound, and in all that distance not a shotted gun points menacingly from either country toward the other. A few small and comparatively ineffective fishery cruisers guard the water front, none of which would be of much use in time of war.—St. John's Telegraph.

Not Even Common Sense.

Mrs. Newrich—My husband has a bad cold. Mrs. Kawler—I understand that colds are quite common. Mrs. Newrich—Oh, then please don't mention my husband's cold to any one. I shouldn't want it known around that we have anything that's common.—Boston Transcript.

Theory and Practice.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day."

"How much have you saved?"

"Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mines.

Nine mines in ten the world over are richer in the first 1,000 feet than in the second, but few are worth operating below 3,000 feet.

Light may disclose a jewel, but it takes darkness to disclose a star.—Van Dyke.

A CIPHER DISPATCH

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

We were hemmed in between two different Confederate forces, and if they should make a simultaneous attack upon us they would crush us. But communication between the two was difficult since we were in a valley with high mountains on either side, and, realizing that we must keep our enemies apart, we threw out a line of pickets on either side of us extending as far up the mountain as a passage was possible.

I was in command of about 800 men. My information was that the force southwest of us consisted of about 600, and that on the northeast of us numbered about 1,000 men. It was evident that if compelled to fight one of these forces in our front and another in our rear there would be nothing left of us. If the Confederate commander south of us, Colonel B., had been as enterprising as he should have been and attacked us, doubling the force to the north, bearing his guns, would have joined in the fight. But the colonel seemed to prefer a certainty and sent one courier after another to Major L., ordering him to attack us on a specified day and hour. Every one of these couriers we captured. One bore a message in writing. The others either carried no message or, if they did, managed to get away with them without our knowing it.

Finally we were reduced to our last ration—we had only three days' rations to start with—and even if not attacked we must soon surrender. When I was contemplating asking for terms my pickets sent in to me a negro who had been caught trying to steal through the lines for a piece of meat. He was as stupid looking a man as I ever saw, and my surmise that he was not shamming proved correct. Indeed, it was probable that he had been selected to do the work he was intrusted with because he was so stupid that he would not likely be taken for the bearer of an important message from one officer to another.

I directed that he be searched and anything found on him be brought to me. My orderly, who did the searching, brought me a pocketknife, a small piece of tobacco and a dirty piece of paper that proved to be a receipt for 27 cents paid for chicken feed. I threw the paper down as unworthy of attention, but took it up again and, getting more light on it, noticed certain marks on it in pencil that looked as if a newly hatched chicken had been walking over it. These tracks were on two lines on the back of the receipt, the one on the upper edge of the paper, the other lower down. I confess I was much puzzled by them. I called in several of my officers and asked if they could make anything out of them. Lieutenant Budd suggested that they might be parts of letters. This view was soon voted correct by the rest of us. But of what letters they were parts we did not know and made no headway in discovering.

Budd said that if I would let him take the paper to his tent he would try to study the matter out. I gave him permission, and in an hour he returned with the puzzle solved. The paper had been wrapped about a round stick, probably a ruler for line making, and a message had been written where the upper edge had overlapped, half of each letter being on the edge and half on the paper over which the edge lapped. When adjusted on a stick like the one on which the message had been written it was perfectly plain. When the paper was unrolled the upper parts of the letters were separated from the lower parts. The message was addressed to Major L. and read thus:

Attack the force south of you at dawn on Tuesday next. When I hear your guns I will take the enemy in rear.

I was delighted with the information I had received, and it occurred to me that I might turn it to account. Might I not rub out the message and write another one in its place? The negro had undoubtedly been given the message and shown how it was to be deciphered, but probably he couldn't read it himself and did not know what it was. I directed Budd to test the man's capacity to read and he reported that he didn't know one letter from another. This decided me. I resolved to send Major L. orders of my own choosing in Colonel B.'s name. Rolling the message on the stick, I wrote the following:

March on receipt of this southeastward through the pass directly in your rear and join me at R., whence our commands proceed to Richmond.

I signed the colonel's name to the message and sent for the negro. I asked him a number of questions as to where and why he was going north and why he didn't come to me for a pass instead of trying to steal through my lines. He told a pitiful story about a sick wife and starving children, and, pretending to be moved by it, I handed him back his knife, his tobacco and his receipt and told Budd to see him through the lines.

When the next morning my mountain pickets reported that the enemy to the north of us had moved through the pass as I had directed, I was delighted with the success of the scheme. I directed that a feint be made by a small part of my command on the Confederates south of us, and while it was going on marched the main force out of the trap, to be followed by the others. So by turning the enemy's trick on himself I saved my force and myself.

TALKING AT TABLE.

A Common Inquiry That Has Its Answer Ready.

As a rule, a dinner conversation is seldom worth remembering, though it may be gay. Man, who must talk, of course, talks about what he knows most about, namely, himself, and woman, who is natural, dramatic, and knows the art of work, may be relied upon to be interesting, provided she is a Tantalizer in her own country, and the memory remains only a pleasant dim of a vague, pleasurable sensation. Conversation, like the dinner prepared by the cook, has been elaborated.

Why should not humorous people do as much effort to stimulate the mind as cook spends in trying to gratify good palates? What a book it would be if many a masterly joke uttered by a woman with wings to her words, or common, if only humorous, remarks during the dinner relieved the monotony of always thinking up what he should say next! And, moreover, he could enjoy the fine dinner his hostess had provided—and as for the woman, what a number of compliments she might avoid!

To take great pains and spend large sums to provide tasty food for people who cannot enjoy it because they have to talk to one another seems a pity. Let one man talk to the curved ear, leave them leisure to eat in my opinion then.—Wu Ting Fang, Late Chinese Minister to United States, in Harper's Monthly.

CLOVE APPLES.

Spicy Odored Ornaments That Were Once Quite Common.

The manufacture of clove apples, common in the days of our grandmothers, is very simple. You can buy an apple, the rounder and smoother, the bigger the better, and jab in as many cloves as thickly as possible, with the heads showing and forming a continuous surface all over. Roll it in orris powder or in a mixture of orris and whatnot, and there will do the trick.

The clove apple becomes dry and firmly hard, maintains its form perfectly and requires an appearance of immortality—if carefully protected, of course, from accidents and children. The latter, if memory serves, were wont to assay the grandmothers' clove apple days by inspection of the cloves or, if especially adventurous, working at one of them till it came to whole. Either entertainment, when covered, as it always was, with indignant outcry, ceased and desisted not infrequently.

The exact purpose of the clove apple, whether it was intended as a sachet or as the source of a pleasant odor, the present communicant does not remember, if he ever knew. In value, however, it ranked with the shells brought from foreign lands by seafaring husbands and sons, and both were about equally dumbfounding.—New York Times.

A Busy Man.

A customer of a large department tailoring establishment was presented service out of a suit of clothes he had not paid for. Statement after statement was sent to the customer and finally a letter informing the man that unless he paid his bill the matter would be put in the hands of the company's attorney. That awakened the customer. He hastened to the store and demanded to see the head of the company. He asserted the only reason for not paying the bill was that he had been so busy with other affairs that he had overlooked his debt to the tailoring company.

"Why, see here," he emphatically told the president of the concern, "just to show you how busy I have been I brought this telegram along. I got that telegram day before yesterday, but I haven't had time to read it yet."—Minneapolis News.

Domitian Devoted Flies.

The original "swat the fly" man was Domitian, Roman emperor from 81 to 96 A. D. History records little good of Domitian, but it does say that he anticipated the anti-fly movement by more than 1,800 years. Maltreating the buzzing pests was his favorite amusement, it is recorded, but he was not animated by a desire to save human lives or avert epidemics.

One biographer says of the old Roman that "one of his favorite pastimes was hunting and killing flies," and Suetonius, the famous historian, wrote that of Domitian: "In the beginning of his reign he used to spend daily an hour by himself in private, during which time he did nothing else but catch flies and stick them through the body with a sharp pin."—New York Tribune.

Rail Splitting.

Finished splitting the winter's rails—about sixty. Have never been able to determine whether they split best from top or butt. Sometimes one succeeds, sometimes the other. In splitting posts the usual plan is for the men to face each other, one slowly advancing while the other backs away and the blow of each into the cleft loosening his partner's ax.—From "A Farmer's Note Book."

Curious Water Supply.

A curious form of water hole is found in the deserts of Western Australia. The hole is dry by day, but yields an abundant supply of water by night. The flow of water is preceded by weird hissing and sounds of rushing air.

But It Is Easier.

If it were only easier to smile and praise than it is to growl and criticise many a rough mile of life's journey would be smoothed.—Milwaukee Sentinel.