

A Legend of Switzerland

By F. A. MITCHEL.

In those days when the confederated states of Switzerland were fighting to free themselves from Rudolph, Duke of Hapsburg, whose descendants now sit on the throne of Austria, four cantons, Lucerne, Schwyz, Uri and Unterwalden formed the original nucleus of the Swiss republic. Now, there was a time when both Rudolph and the four cantons were anxious to form an alliance with Zurich.

The heads of the four cantons got together and sent a spy to Rudolph's court with a view to heading him off in his negotiations with Zurich. The name of this man was Thorwald, and he took with him his daughter, Anna. The two settled themselves at the base of Rudolph's castle and waited an opportunity to make his acquaintance. Anna was fond of painting and occupied herself sketching the Austrian scenery about her. One day while she was sitting on a rock just beneath the base of the duke's castle painting the valley below Rudolph rode by and seeing the maiden at work stopped to look at what was on her canvas. So pleased was he that he bought her picture and gave her orders for others. Thus did Thorwald through Anna gain access to the duke.

Thorwald wormed himself into the confidence of Rudolph, pretending that though a Swiss by birth, he was an Austrian in feeling. He endeavored to persuade the duke to send him on a mission to Zurich for the purpose of persuading the authorities to submit themselves to the house of Hapsburg. But Rudolph was too shrewd to trust any but one Austrian born on such an important mission and sent one of his tried ministers, Count Rapperswill. Count Rapperswill was a soldier as well as a diplomat and in one of his battles had lost an eye, which had been taken out of its socket. Thorwald no sooner heard that the count was to go to Zurich than he began to think how he could cause his mission to result in failure. Meeting Rapperswill, he asked him why he did not wear a glass eye in the empty socket. The count replied that he had tried to find an eye that would match the natural one, but had failed. Thorwald told him that if he would give his daughter Anna a glass eye and sit for her to paint it he would guarantee that she would do the work to perfection. To this the count gladly agreed.

The next day he appeared at Thorwald's lodgings with one of the artificial eyes he had discarded and asked Anna to paint it to match his natural eye. Anna did so, but was not satisfied with her work till the count had given her a number of sittings. The truth is her father had instructed her to put off finishing her work till the count was ready to set off for Zurich. Rapperswill was delighted with the eye as it was and begged for it, but received it only at the last moment.

Count Rapperswill had scarcely departed before Thorwald and Anna set out in great haste for Lucerne, and Thorwald told the governors of the four cantons to send an ambassador at once to Zurich to meet and defeat if possible the one sent by the Duke of Hapsburg. Thorwald could not go himself, for he would be recognized by Rapperswill. So one Thunwaller was sent at Thorwald's suggestion, not because of his shrewdness, but because he possessed a very suitable countenance.

The two diplomats arrived at Zurich at the same time, and a meeting was called of the government authorities to hear their arguments and decide between them. Rapperswill with true Austrian arrogance claimed to speak first and last and the amiable Thunwaller assented.

Count Rapperswill was an admirable speaker and presented his case remarkably well. But he had not been speaking long before his auditors noticed a very crafty look in one of his eyes. This naturally prejudiced them against him, and the longer he spoke the crafty eye giving a crafty interpretation to everything he said—the greater grew the prejudice.

When he had finished the opening address at Thunwaller arose, the envoy of the confederates being a very tall man, the audience expected to hear him bellow like a bull. Instead, he spoke with a soft voice and great composure. He had scarcely opened his mouth before he won the entire confidence of his hearers, and when he sat down he was greeted with a round of applause.

The Austrian ambassador, at a loss to know why he was making a failure at the hands of one who made no effective argument, arose to finish with a determination to meet Thunwaller's amiability by kind. He spoke with frankness and a great regard for the Swiss people and their interests that every eye beamed him. It seemed to those who saw and heard his voice that he meant the opposite of every word he spoke. When he had finished he was greeted with a grim silence.

The four cantons had won, and Zurich entered the confederation. Thorwald was made a baron, and his daughter who had put the crafty look in the artificial eye, was presented with a thousand florins and voted the freedom of Lucerne.

This episode in the formation of the Swiss confederation is not mentioned in history, but there is no historical reference to the legend of William Tell.

SHOWING CONFIDENCE.

It Has a Strong Influence in Making Business and Good Times. Preachments about the value of optimism are a trifle bromidic, so instead of hurrahing for optimism I have a few instances of the influence that comes from putting a good face steadily toward bad fortune, and contrariwise the bad effect of mourning because business is not better.

"How's trade?" I asked a stationer. "Trade!" he exclaimed. "Trade! There isn't any. Things are rotten." Now if I had had any intention of buying anything from him, which I had not, that depressing statement would have gone a long way to keep me from buying.

"How's trade?" I asked the boss of a men's furnishing store a few hours later. "Little quiet, just now," he smiled. "But I can't complain. We have run ahead of last year and prospects are good." I felt like buying a new hat because the cheerfulness of his reply made me feel that money was coming to me.

"How's trade?" I asked a tobacco dealer. "Good," he replied emphatically. "Little slow today, but trade is mighty good with me, coming right along," and I bought a cigar.

Confidence is the influence that makes good times because it quickens trade. But if all business men were to croak about bad business, would not that influence make us all very careful about doing anything? We would all want to sit tight and wait. The way to get good times is to face the world hopefully and go to work. The croaker is a trade killer.—Inland Stationer.

HAD NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

He Couldn't Clearly See the Joke the Boys Had on Him. Some people have absolutely no sense of humor. A little London urchin ran into a baker's shop and, placing a half penny on the counter, asked, nervously and timidly, "Mister, 'ave you a 'alfpenny buster (bun)?"

"Yes, my little man. Here is one quite hot." "Thanks, mister. Would you mind 'shovin' it down my back?" "Down your back, my little man? Why down your back?" "Cos, sir, I'm only a little un, and if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am so 'ungry, I am."

"Dear me, how wrong of them! Come round here, my little chap. There—there, it is down your back." The boy ran off. In an instant another entered—a bigger boy. "I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?"

"Yes." "And did 'e buy a 'alfpenny buster?" "Yes." "And did 'e ask you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would take it?" "Yes."

"Yah! Where's your watch and chain? 'E's got 'em. 'E's just round the corner." Out rushed the baker. In a trice the big boy collared the fill and bolted. The shopman never saw the comical side of the transaction at all.—London Strand Magazine.

New York. New York is the most wonderful city in the western hemisphere. It has the tallest office buildings in the world; it has the greatest bridges on the North American continent; it has more hotels than any other city in the world; its Stock Exchange is the greatest in existence; it is the world's greatest seaport; it has the most magnificent railway stations in America; it is the greatest banking center in the country; more popular songs are published in New York than in all other cities combined; it has more Pittsburgh millionaires than Pittsburgh; it has a larger Irish population than Dublin, a larger Jewish population than Jerusalem had in its most glorious days, and, according to estimates made by some of our most able estimators, it has a larger number of native New Yorkers than Cobden.—Chicago Record Herald.

A Bit of English Humor. The boy entered the office as silently as possible, conscious of having taken a very long time to go a very short distance. The cashier eyed him sternly and demanded: "Do you work here?" "Yes," stammered the boy. "Your name?" "John Thompson."

The cashier gazed long and earnestly at the mystified youngster, then remarked: "Ahi Thompson. Now I remember your face. It's such a long time since I saw you last."—Manchester Guardian.

Too Much Decoration. Mr. Smith, out walking with his small son Bobby, met Mr. Brown, a fellow architect. They strolled along together. To keep their minds in working trim, the two men patronizingly plucked out the good and bad qualities of the new buildings they passed.

Presently Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, father," he said scornfully. "Look at that dog. I don't like it. There's too much work on it!"—Everybody's.

Gave Him Variety. "How is your rheumatism this morning?" "Rather better." "Has the pain disappeared, then?" "No, but it has shifted to a new place, and that gives me something of a rest."—Philadelphia Record.

If better were within, better would come out.—German proverb.

Art Critics.

When Orhardson's picture, "Hard Hit," was exhibited at the Academy, the artist was strolling through the rooms one day when he saw, to his alarm, an excited little foreigner making toward him with threatening aspect and brandishing a stick as he came. "Ah, sir," he exclaimed, "if I thought that by killing you I could paint a picture like that I would crush your skull this instant!"

David Murray, a Royal Academician, was once painting in Piccadilly when his stock of canvas became exhausted, being desirous of securing an "impression" for use later in a more ambitious attempt, the artist did one bit on a handkerchief tacked on a stretcher. Upon his return to London this piece of work was being inspected, with others, by a wealthy old lady, who expressed a desire to purchase it. Murray thought it advisable to tell her that it had been painted on his pocket handkerchief. "On your pocket handkerchief?" exclaimed the old lady. "Then I'm quite sure you've ruined it, Mr. Murray. The paint will never come off!"—London Spectator.

Quaint Little English Church. Culchome church, which among many others claims to be the smallest church in England, is situated on the coast of north Devon, not far from the picturesque little village of Porlock, and the church is so guarded by hills and woods that the sun's rays reach it only four months of the year. The building is but thirty three feet long by twelve feet eight inches wide and has a porch, nave, carved oak chancel screen and Norman font, an alabaster altar piece and a quaint high pew near the chancel, used by the family of Lord Lovelace, by whom the property is owned. The steeple is lit by a tiny square leaded iron barred window, the oldest feature in the church, being pre-Norman and cut out of a single stone. It is amply large for the population, which is about thirty five in a parish of only 1,337 acres. In summer the church is crowded owing to the influx of visitors from many parts of the world.

Story of a Novelist. Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," the "best seller" of its generation, was forty and a wife and mother before she turned her hand to novel writing, and her most famous book seems to have been written to soothe the weariness of a severe illness. Much of it indeed was composed in bed, and the writer scarcely hoped to live to complete it. After running an oblique course in a monthly magazine the story was refused by several publishers and accepted only with considerable misgivings by Richard Bentley. It fell flat until some one reviewed it enthusiastically in the London Times, and then the printers worked night and day to cope with the demand.

Within a very short time "East Lynne" was translated into almost every language in Europe, and as book and play its popularity has known no eclipse.—Argonaut.

In on the Ground Floor. "I have always been suspicious of good things," said a well known New York lawyer, who has a reputation for a large philosophy. "I remember when I was a young man I had an opportunity to get in on the ground floor of what looked to me like a load of easy money."

"I consulted one of the old time conservative men of Wall street. He smiled and said 'Listen to this story and then decide.' 'A wife arriving home in high spirits tells her husband she has purchased a new bonnet. 'And, sweetheart,' she said, kissing him, 'I got something for you too.' 'Good!' exclaimed the buppy husband. 'What is it?' 'The bill,' she said."—New York Sun.

Catacombs of the Druids. Seven miles southeast of London, in Kent, not many years ago were discovered the catacombs of the ancient druids, which have now been visited by sightseers and are lighted for a part at least, by electric lights. Over fifty miles of chambers, cut in the chalk cliffs, have already been explored. The druids lived in these catacombs which attacked by their northern enemies, and here they buried many of their dead. The stone in which the human sacrifices were made is still to be seen, and also the well, from which water is drawn to this day.

Professional Banter. Parson A.—It's hard to get people into the church, Dr. B. But it's easier to do that than it is to get them into heaven. Parson A.—True. We ministers can only point the way to heaven. When it comes to getting people there we are obliged to fall back on the doctors.—Washington Herald.

Relief in Music. "Did you enjoy yourself at the musical?" "Very much. A musical is a great relief after a series of card parties. You don't have to take part in conversations or remember what the trump is."—Boston Record.

Anglo-Saxon Poise. First Sport—(looking at magnificent view of the Alps) Not bad, that. Second Sport—Yes, it's all right, but you needn't rave about it like a bally poet.—London Punch.

"No Questions Asked." Advertising in England for lost property and adding "No questions will be asked," is illegal, the penalty being \$50.

A RUSSIAN WAY

By M. QUAD

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A man named Bogoff came to the United States in 1865 and acquired title to some lands in Montana. He returned to Russia, where he died without knowing the value of his property. A syndicate bought up all the surrounding land and wanted that belonging to Bogoff's heirs.

As a member of the syndicate I was sent to Russia to put the matter through. There was just one thing to be kept secret—Bogoff had paid about \$700 for property worth over \$100,000. I was to get hold of the land as cheaply as possible, giving no hint of its real value. Bogoff was a native of the port of Narva, on the gulf of Finland, and one day I landed there in search of information. I had my passport and other credentials and anticipated no trouble, but I was ignorant of the way things work in Russia. After taking up quarters at a hotel I called upon a lawyer to make inquiries and secure assistance. Yes, he had heard of the Bogoffs and thought the family could easily be found. I was to call again on the morrow and meanwhile he would gather such information as he could.

Two hours later the chief of police of Narva entered my room with two of his men. The astute officer questioned me for three long hours and was more suspicious at the finish than at the beginning. It was so queer that Bogoff should have purchased that land, so queer that he hadn't reported it on returning, so queer that I should make such a long journey to see the heirs, so queer that I should seek out a lawyer instead of calling at the police station. I knew exactly what all this meant. "Had I said to the lawyer in the first place that there was a 'divvy' in the matter for him and for the chief of police and two or three other officials all would have gone well."

When the chief realized that I could not be had all my papers taken to his office. The police were ordered to look upon me as a suspicious person, and a detective was detailed to watch me day and night.

Thinking I might carry on the business from St. Petersburg, I went to that city and again called upon a lawyer first of all. He was sharp enough to realize that the property was of considerable value, and without any beating around the bush he told me that he would find the heir and put the matter through for the sum of \$5,000. I refused to bribe him and as a result soon discovered that no lawyer would have anything to do with the case, and only two days had passed before I was summoned to the office of the chief of police. He closed the interview by saying that I would be shadowed while I remained at the capital and by advising me to take no further steps on my own account to discover the Bogoffs.

I had not been provided with money to bribe any one. I must either defy the police and work up the case single handed or return and report a failure. Being firmly convinced that Mrs. Bogoff was in Narva, I secretly left St. Petersburg for that town. Securing rooms in a boarding house and disguising my personal appearance to a considerable extent, I prosecuted my inquiries under one excuse and another until I had finally discovered the woman. She was living in her own home and in poor circumstances and was rejoiced at the prospect of selling the land, which she remembered her husband referring to as a poor investment on his part.

I must have the assistance of a notary to make out the papers, and it was while seeking this assistance that the police got track of me again. As soon as they interfered I was balked. They not only warned every notary in Narva against me, but the widow was obliged to take a journey and go into hiding. Things might have stopped there had I been a cool and placid man. When I found the police bounding me again I lost my temper and gave the chief my opinion of things in general and of his own conduct in particular. It was arrested on what charge I never knew.

As soon as incarcerated I asked leave to communicate with the American minister. This request was refused. I was not allowed books, writing materials or other food than the regular prison fare and was, in fact, treated in all respects as a criminal. On the third day the chief of police sent for me and asked if I would leave Russia if given my liberty. I replied in the negative and was returned to prison. My threats that the matter would be thoroughly sifted by our representative only made him smile, and he quietly informed me that he would keep me in prison for the rest of my life if need be. On the seventh day he sent for me again. I had now changed my mind. I saw that I could be sent off to Siberia if the officials so desired, and that there was no longer the slightest hope of accomplishing my errand. I therefore answered him that I was ready and willing to leave the czar's dominions at a moment's notice, and as a steamer was to leave port that evening four police officers were detailed to escort me on board. Not only that, but I was locked up in a stateroom and not set at liberty until noon next day. I found Americans, Englishmen and Frenchmen on the boat, but got no sympathy from any of them. On the contrary, I was called an idiot for my conduct, and every one agreed that I might have been packed off to Siberia without any one but the police being the wiser.

SOLAR ENERGY.

Its Constant Radiation is Lessening the Mass of Our Sun.

The work of Einstein on the principle of relativity shows that a body which radiates energy loses a portion of its mass depending on the energy radiated. It follows that the sun, which continually radiates energy, is constantly losing mass. M. J. Bessler has calculated that the sun loses a mass equal to that of our earth in 30,000,000 years.

If it be assumed that the mass thus lost is gravitational mass it follows that the length of the year increases by six seconds in 1,000,000 years and that in the same time the mean longitude of the earth is affected in such a way as to produce a variation of one-tenth of a year—that is, a retardation of thirty-six days in the seasons.

Such variations are too minute to be observable. In stellar systems possessing a higher temperature the effect would be much more marked, for the energy radiated by a body varies as the fourth power of its absolute temperature.

If, as M. Nordmann believes, there exist stars having a temperature six or seven times that of our sun their radiation is one or two thousand times as intense. Thus, if the temperature of Algol is 13,800 degrees, it is calculated that at the end of 2,000 years the eclipses of Algol suffer a retardation of about twelve minutes.—Boston Herald.

RULE OF THE GLOVE.

Queer Custom of Suspending the Law in an English Town.

By reason of a curious custom the people of the old town of Honiton, in Devonshire, England, are exempt from arrest from dawn to sunset of a certain day of the year. It is while the horse fair there is in progress that the law is thus suspended for a while. The custom is a survival of a quaint and picturesque ceremonial dating from the days of King Henry III.

At the beginning of the fair the towncrier, in the gorgeous dress of a beadle of the old days, appears upon the scene with a pole to the end of which is attached a large gilt glove decked with flowers. Having rung his handbell three times, the crier announces:

"Oyes, oyes, oyes! The fair is begun. The glove is up; no man may be arrested until the glove is down. God save the king!"

Each sentence is chorused by the children standing round, and at the conclusion they scramble for nuts. The glove is taken down at sunset.—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. Adam and the Crinolines. Mrs. Adam has been confiding to an interviewer that she owed her introduction to journalism to the fact that she did not wear a crinoline at the time when fashion decreed the garment. Alphonse Karr, who objected to the crinolines, had been denouncing them in his journal, but had concluded his denunciation with the sentence, "Still, there is not a pretty woman in France who does not wear one." Where upon Mrs. Adam, who was then Miss Lambert, took up her pen and wrote: "Mr. Editor—One may be pretty—some people even say that I am beautiful—and yet one may abstain from crinolines." And she went on to develop the thesis. She developed it so wittily that Alphonse Karr printed it in Le Siecle and that was her first contribution to the periodical press of which she has since been one of the pillars.—Westminster Gazette.

Women and Tipping. That women are close listed when it comes to tipping is the consensus of opinion of all waiters. "I was on duty in the pen—the upstairs room where women are served—all last week," said a waitress in one of the popular priced restaurants, "and I hardly saw a nickel from one week's end to the other. They never give you anything, but I thought the limit was reached when I saw a well dressed woman deliberately pick up a dime which a young man, inveigled up there by his feminine companion, had left on the table for me. I wasn't bashful about telling her that it was mine, and she handed it over without a word—but it just shows you one of their lovely little ways."—New York Tribune.

The Devil's Knell. Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Boothill," which was presented to the church in explanation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell." It being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Standard.

The Dissemblers. Gibbs—I'd really like to know the secret of social success. Dibbs—My boy, there are numerous secrets of social success, but one of the most important is to be able to pretend you are having a good time when you're not.—Boston Transcript.

Poor Woman. "I have to laugh every time I see that man." "He can't help his looks." "I know, but his wife thinks every other woman is trying to lure him away from her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Most people fancy themselves innocent of those crimes of which they cannot be convicted.—Gambin.

Relation of City and Country.

With us cities are as certain to spring up with the increase of country population as the forests are to disappear. City and country are organically related. Crops cannot be grown without fields nor exchanged and manufactured under the modern system of division of labor without cities. Only in the rudest pioneer settlements do men dispense with this division of labor by doing everything painfully and badly on the farm. Such settlements are retarded and hampered until they have towns for the city part of the work. When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have but a few score square feet for his own use we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground producing for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them, what Professor Penck has called his "sustenance space."—Atlantic.

Beauty Fashions. In the days of Roman supremacy the women tinted their eyebrows with black in emulation of "ox eyed Venus." They painted their faces, sprinkled themselves with perfumes and even wore false hair or tinted their own locks in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

The Greek ladies of the same period employed maids who rubbed out their mistresses' wrinkles, "decorated" her face with red and white paint and darkened her eyebrows. It was then also the fashion to coat the face with white of egg and goose grease to protect it from the sun and wind. It is even said that they had a recipe for turning blue eyes to black.

These fashions all had their origin in Italy, where in later years the notorious Lucrezia Borgia is said to have dyed her hair different colors, according to her fancy of the moment.

An Ancient Suez Canal. It is certain that in ancient times a canal connecting the Mediterranean and Red seas did exist. Herodotus ascribes its projection to Pharaoh Necho, 600 B. C. The honor of its completion is given by some to Darius, by others to the Ptolemies. How long this canal continued to be used we do not know, but becoming finally choked up by sand, it was restored by Trajan early in the second century A. D. Becoming again useless from the same cause, it was reopened by the Caliph Omar, but was finally closed by the "unconquerable sands" about A. D. 767, in which state it has since remained. This ancient canal, from Suez to Bubastis, on the east branch of the Nile, was ninety-two miles long, from 106 feet to 160 feet wide and fifteen feet deep.

Not Reassuring. He was so well satisfied with the impression he believed he had made on the young lady that he did not attempt to verify his belief, but boldly tackled his standing with the rest of the family. "Do you think," he said, "that your worthy father will accept me as a son-in-law?" "I haven't a doubt of it," said she. "Father and I never agree on anything."—Washington Star.

How to Make Home Happy. Mary (angrily)—I think you are the biggest fool in town, John. John (mildly)—Well, Mary, mother used to tell me that when I was a little boy, but I never thought she was right about it until I married you.—Liverpool Mercury.

Presumptive Evidence. "What made you think Mr. Lovet wet had been drinking?" "Why, when the charlotte russe was set before him he tried to blow off the foam."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Exclusive. Nellie (aged five)—Our family is awfully exclusive. Is yours? Bessie (aged four)—No, indeed! We haven't anything to be ashamed of.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In the early part of the last century women enjoyed the right to work in the coal mines of Great Britain, swinging the sledge, or on bands and knees hauling through the midnight darkness of low roofed tunnels carts laden with ore weighing hundreds of pounds.

Have To. "Young Biffer and Miss Wapple fell out yesterday." "Do you think they will make up again?" "I'm sure Miss Wapple will. They fell out of a motorboat."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Greatness. The truly strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. I would have a man great in great things and elegant in little things.—Johnson.

Our Coal Deposits. The known coal areas of the United States cover 310,000 square miles, and there are 160,000 square miles believed to be underlain with marketable coal.

The pleasure we best enjoy is that we have divided with others.