

A Double Mistake

By SARAH BAXTER

"Mr. Popenjoy" announced a maid in a black uniform, white apron and faint cap to Miss Angela Rivers, who was standing before a mirror in her dressing room.

"Tell him I'll be down directly." The visit was not unexpected. Miss Rivers' mother—a widow—had some time before written her daughter that she had decided to marry again; that her fiancé was not by any means an old man, but full of life and spirits.

"Indeed, I expected to call soon, but I was not aware that there was any special appointment as to the date." "Have you been in the city long?" "Oh, yes, I live here."

"I've been living here only a month," he said. "I came here to go into business." "In so short a time you could not have made many acquaintances. I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to some of my friends."

"Thank you very much." "Of course, considering the relationship, we shall have a great deal of freedom in going about together. We won't need a chaperon."

"Not at all." "Only I wouldn't like mother to be jealous." This was said archly and with a smile. "I'm more afraid of father as to that."

"Father?" "Yes, father," looking at her with surprise. "How old is your father?" "How old is my father? Haven't you been told how old he is? Why, he's fifty-five."

"I confess I haven't heard anything about him." "That's singular. I should have thought he would have told you everything." "I haven't ever seen him."

"The young man looked at her with opening eyes." "What kind of a match do you call this, anyway?" he asked presently. "I think it a very good match. So long as mamma is pleased I am."

"Oh, your mother's consent was necessary. Of course it was. How stupid of me!" "I should think it was." At this moment there was a ring at the doorbell. The maid answered the summons and preceded a visitor into the drawing room, at the same time bearing a card on a salver. Miss Rivers took it up and looked at it wonderingly. On it was the name "Mr. Roger Popenjoy." While she was still staring at it an elderly gentleman entered.

"Morning, father," remarked the Mr. Popenjoy, who had been announced earlier. "Morning, my boy. Happy to find you here. Present me to—" "Your fiancée! How can that be necessary?" Miss Rivers looked on and listened with amazement. The last comer advanced toward her with outstretched hand and said cheerily:

"Your mother wrote you, I believe, that I would call." Miss Rivers looked from one to the other of the two gentlemen for some moments before replying. "Mamma wrote me that her fiancé, Mr. Popenjoy, would call, but she did not say that there were two fiancés. Can it be that mamma has forgotten she is no longer of an age to engage herself to two men at the same time?" "Dad," cried the younger man, "didn't you write me to call on your fiancée, Miss Rivers?" "I asked you to call on my fiancée, Mrs. Rivers."

"I see!" exclaimed Angela to the elder Popenjoy. "You are to be my stepfather. I wondered if mamma had lost her senses to engage herself to such a—" "Fool!" supplied the younger man. "Not at all—one so much younger than herself." "All's well that ends well," said Mr. Popenjoy, Sr. "You can go about with Miss Rivers very nicely—no chaperon needed, no."

England's Oddest Island.

There is an English parish, only forty-eight miles from London, where roads, shops, lamps, telephones, motorcars and postoffices are unknown. It is Elmley, and it is an island, says the Boston Transcript. The island has an area of 2,000 acres and is the property of Oxford university.

Some time ago the island was the home of thirty-five men, women and children. The inhabitants are mostly "lookers" or shepherds of large flocks of sheep. The oldest man of the village is in his seventieth year. He has never seen a motorcar. The school and church are the two chief landmarks on the island. The reason they were built in such a sparsely populated spot is that in winter it is almost impossible to leave the island. The mud is literally knee deep, and the ferry that runs to and from the island is dangerous. A novel method of obtaining the services of the ferryman, who lives opposite the island, is by opening the white door of a hut facing the shore. The ferryman on the lookout knows that the open door is a signal for the ferry. At night a lighted candle held aloft serves the purpose of the open door.

Rented Wedding Cake. There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said. It looked all right, and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right.

"Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing, and we will keep it for a week," said the proprietor.

"Who in the world would rent a cake?" some one asked.

"Wedding parties," said he. "They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake of that size good enough for a wedding would cost more than they can afford to pay, so they order fine cake put up in individual boxes for the guests and use the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it, they just rent it. Sometimes a cake is rented a dozen different times." After each wedding it is freshened up with a new coat of icing and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good rental fetches about \$3 a wedding. —Washington Star.

Mixed Bathing. Mixed bathing was a question that caused trouble under the Roman empire. It came in with the collapse of austere republican manners, and the Emperors Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius found it necessary to issue orders against it. Alexander Severus also forbade the opening of "bainna mixta" in Rome. Later on we find great diversity of view in Europe on the matter.

In the fifteenth century Bohemian and Spanish travelers were astonished at the goings on at Bruges, Malines and Brussels. The Spaniard observes that "the bathing together of men and women, skin bare, is here reckoned as innocent as is, with us, a visit to church." The public baths at the Swiss Bades, where only a railing separated the sexes, scandalized Poggio Bracciolini.

Tried to Stay Good. She was angry, and her face revealed the fact.

"What is the matter, dear?" said her husband as he entered the kitchen. "You see that?" she replied vehemently as she raised a mixing bowl in which she had just broken an egg. "That is the second bad egg I have found today. I believe Jim Fletcher keeps all the bad ones he gets in his old store for me!"

"Well, you shouldn't get angry about it, Nellie," said her husband soberly. "You ought to have more sympathy." "Sympathy?" she echoed. "What do you mean? Sympathy for Jim Fletcher?" "No, for the eggs," he replied. "Think how long they must have been trying to be good." —Lippincott's Magazine.

Fantastic Freezing. One morning last winter I put out a saucerful of water in the garden to freeze, and about ten minutes afterward it had a skin of ice on the top. I then left it and returned in an hour and a half's time, when there was a tall pillar of ice sticking straight up from the surface, up the center of which was a string of air bubbles, forming a tube. It was not placed under anything from which water might drip on to it. I have tried to find out the cause and have not succeeded. —London Strand Magazine.

Retort Courteous. Lady (to tramp)—How dare you come here again after I had forbidden you to call on a previous occasion? Tramp—Begging your ladyship's gracious pardon, but my secretary must have forgotten to tick your name off my visiting list.—Exchange.

Tableau. "John, it was very sweet of you to hold my hand all through the moving picture show. You haven't done that for several years." "But I didn't hold your hand." "Then who did?" —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Women's Kisses. Ho—As a sex you are full of pretense. Now, why do women always kiss each other? She—Oh, that's only to make you men jealous. —Philadelphia Record.

Brass Dies. With proper care brass dies for printing upon wood have been known to make more than 2,000,000 impressions before wearing out.

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A Singular Test

By MARJORIE CLOUGH

Miriam Wotherspoon had ideas of her own respecting love—that is, love between the sexes. She was at the proper age when women or men are apt to think a great deal of love and marriage.

Miss Wotherspoon had noticed the increasing number of divorces with concern and thought of a divorce in her own case with horror. Therefore when she became engaged to George Chandler she occupied herself thinking of the probabilities or possibilities of their separating after marriage till her mind got into a condition of semimonomania. Believing that the chief cause of divorces is a want of genuine love, she resolved upon testing both her lover and herself to discover whether the bond between them was or was not true love. Absence she considered the best test and resolved to live apart from her fiancé for six months.

Chandler was a practical sort of fellow and was principally concerned in getting his affairs into shape to be married. When Miriam told him that she had resolved on a trip abroad to be absent a year he was astonished. When she gave her reasons he endeavored to dissuade her from her plan. Not succeeding, he finally gave his consent. When he saw her off on the steamer he said: "I know a better test than absence. Perhaps I shall apply it." Miriam begged him to tell her what it was, but he, knowing that she would not give over trying to get it out of him, refrained from mentioning it till just as the vessel was leaving the dock.

When Miriam had been gone six months Chandler wrote her that her absence had made no difference with his feelings toward her, and if she had experienced no diminution of her affection for him she would better return. She replied that she still felt the same toward him, but she had resolved at the time of her departure to remain away a year, and she thought their future happiness might be made more certain by her keeping her resolution.

It was about a month after this that a young American, Edward Treat, joined the party that Miss Wotherspoon traveled with. He seemed to take a desperate fancy to Miriam, and since he was a very attractive fellow, she found his attentions agreeable. Love springs in the path of tourists of opposite sex like daisies in a clover field. When there is nothing to divert the mind of young persons from loving they are likely to love. Sightseeing—visiting ruins, works of art, gardens—that have been cultivated for centuries—does not divert the mind from love. On the contrary, it encourages love.

Miriam, though she was somewhat troubled at a change she experienced within her, was confirmed in her opinion that she had been wise to apply her test. She began to doubt if her love for George Chandler was genuine, and one evening when floating in the moonlight on the bosom of Lake Como she was quite certain that it was not genuine. There are many degrees in the art of love-making, and Treat was an adept. Besides, any girl who would fall to be impressed by the devotion of an attractive man on a moonlight night on the most beautiful lake in the world must have a heart of adamant.

Treat did not get to a proposal. Miriam warded him off from that. Though she was convinced that there was nothing about her love for George Chandler that might not be broken through, she was not ready to throw up the old and take on the new. Nevertheless she wrote her fiancé a letter which indicated that she had not the faith in the endurance of her love for him that she had supposed. Within another week she wrote him asking if it would be convenient for him to come over.

Chandler asked for Geneva as soon as he could make his arrangements to be absent and joined his fiancée at Milan. He found her in a very much improved condition. She had confessed her engagement with George to Treat, and the latter had ceased his attentions until she had decided to break with her fiancé. She told Treat that Chandler was coming over and suggested that he go to Switzerland.

When George Chandler arrived Miriam was so glad to see him that new doubts arose in her bosom. She regretted that instead of sending for him she had not gone home to him. Nevertheless she felt that she had not stood the test, that she had proved her affection for him was not true love, and she told him the whole story.

"I see nothing for me to do," he said, "but release you from our engagement."

"But I am not sure that I wish to be released."

"Miriam," he said, looking with a kindly expression into her eyes, "do you remember saying that I had a better test than yours?" "Yes, I do."

"Well, I have applied it. Ned Treat is an old friend of mine. Hearing that he was coming aboard, I secured his promise to seek you and try to win you from me." She gave him a look of astonishment, reproach, self-abasement, then collapsed on his breast. "It's all right," Chandler added. "I'll see during our married life that you don't fall under the influence of a fascinating man. If that won't keep us from the divorce you dread it is at least all I can do."

LEGEND OF THE TEAPOT.

Origin of the Beverage as the Tale is Told in China.

The Chinese claim to be the first users of tea as a drink, and how it originated is told in a pretty little legend that dates from 2,000 years before the coming of Christ.

A daughter of a then reigning sovereign fell in love with a young nobleman whose humble birth excluded him from marrying her. They managed to exchange glances, and he occasionally gathered a few blossoms and had them conveyed to her.

One day in the palace garden the sweethearts met, and the young man endeavored to give her a few flowers, but so keen was the watchfulness of her attendants that all she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves.

On reaching her room she put the twig in water, and toward evening she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. So agreeable was the taste that she even ate the leaves and stalks. Every day afterward she had bunches of the tea tree brought to her, which she treated in the same way.

Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, the ladies of the court tried the experiment and with such pleasing results that the custom spread throughout the kingdom—and the great-Chinese tea industry became one of the greatest businesses in the world.—London Tit-Bits.

PAINT THE SCREW HOLES.

Then You Can Use Them Over and Over Again Without Trouble.

Many persons experience considerable difficulty in getting screws to hold in screen doors and other movable conveniences which are put up and taken down frequently and which are held in place by screws. The holes occupied by the screws become worn, and the screws are often quite loose, causing doors to sag and be otherwise out of proper order.

Bits of paper, string and small pieces of wood are used to partially fill up the holes so as to cause the screws to be tight, but these work out and cause great annoyance, and a better method is greatly desired.

A coat of paint on the inside of the screw holes is the most satisfactory remedy for such an annoyance.

When screws are removed paint the holes with a small pencil brush or a bit of cloth twisted and dipped in the paint. When the paint fills the creases made by the threads on the screw and thoroughly dries the screw will fit tightly the next time it is thrust into the cavity. The painting should be done each time the screws are removed, and it will protect the wood as well as make the holes ready for the readjustment of the door or other object which has to be changed quite often.—Philadelphia North American.

A Quaint Old Clipping. From an old scrapbook, under the date of Oct. 25, 1701, is the following:

A young Fellow, of the City of Bristol, being in London lately, was out of Curiosity, led to see the Lunatics at Bedlam. His first Approach was to the Cell of a poor Man, to whom he addressed himself thus—"So hot what brings thee here?" The miserable Object remaining silent, he repeated his Question, and was answered only by a Laughing Look, which was given by the Visitant, that he immediately spit in the Man's Face through the Grate. This caused the Lunatic gently to wipe his Face with a Whisp of Straw, and raising his drooping Head, he made this calm, sage and sensible Reply—"I am here, Sir, because God deprived me of that Blessing which you never enjoyed."

Habits. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat: what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the timbers of your boat and avoid all practices likely to introduce either wet or dry rot among them. And this is not to be accomplished by desultory or intermittent efforts of the will, but by the formation of habits. The will, no doubt, has sometimes to put forth its strength in order to strangle or crush the special temptation. But the formation of right habits is essential to your permanent security. They diminish your chance of falling when assailed and they augment your chance of recovery when overthrown.—John Tyndall.

Rapid Sightseeing. Europeans are wont to talk of Americans who rush through Europe with a guidebook in one hand and a railroad timetable in the other, but an Englishman overheard on a Fifth Avenue bus the other day was in a class by himself for speed.

"I've been up to the Metropolitan museum," he volunteered to a seat-mate. "Bally fine place, but big. Took me an hour to see everything in it!" —New York Tribune.

Gaustic. He had refused to buy her a new dress, yet she made no complaint. "You don't call me a brute any more," he said tauntingly. "No," she replied; "the brutes have been maltreated too much already." —Boston Transcript.

Placing the Blame. Wife—Everything you have you owe to me. Husband—That's what Dr. Jones says. Wife—Who's Dr. Jones? Husband—The stomach and nerve specialist.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Greatness Lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength. —Henry Ward Beecher.

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