

An Eventful Dialogue

By RUTH GRAHAM

A party consisting of an elderly gentleman, an elderly lady, a young man, a young woman and a notary were gathered in the drawing room of a chateau in the environs of Paris. The notary called each in turn for his or her signature on a paper lying on a table, then affixed his seal, folded the paper, put it into a tin box and, bowing, left the room. The young man and young woman followed, apparently wrapped up in each other.

"This takes me back nearly a quarter of a century," said the elderly man, "when I passed through a like ceremony. I was then as big a fool as Francois."

"And I am still pated as Lucille!"

"Your niece may possibly possess the gift of constancy."

"Your nephew may not be drawn either and either by every pretty face he sees."

During this bit of dialogue the man stood with one hand on the table where marriage settlements had been signed, eyeing the lady sternly, scornfully, reproachfully, while the lady walked to a window and stood looking out, tapping the waxed floor with the toe of her slipper. The man was forty-two, the woman thirty-eight, and both still looked young.

"What has become of De Belleville?"

"How should I know? Why should I care?"

"It was he who rendered that signing of settlements between you and me null and void. But, parbleu, there has been no such thing since then for many such infidelities."

"De Belleville never interfered between you and me."

"Did not interfere? Will you be good enough to inform me what did?"

"That actress."

"What actress?"

"The one who was breaking the hearts of so many young fools. She played at the Theatre Francaise, I believe, though it was so long ago I fail to remember. Doubtless by this time she is as unattractive as I am."

"Who told you that I admired an actress at the Theatre Francaise?"

"I saw you there myself the evening of the day the settlements were made for our marriage. I was indisposed and about to go to bed when a friend gave me a bit of information. I went to the theater and saw you gazing upon the woman through adoring eyes."

"H'm! Had the malicious information communicated by your friend anything to do with my eyes appearing to adore the actress?"

"What I saw through my eyes?"

"You mean your imagination."

"Then?"

"Then I proposed that two could play at a game like that. De Belleville happened to call the next morning. You came while he was there. I compelled you to wait, and when he went away—"

"I see it all. Why have you waited all these years to tell me that under a false assumption, instigated by—by whom?"

"My cousin, Julie Demourier."

"Julie Demourier? Why?"

"Why what?"

"She threw herself at me as soon as you had looked on me."

"She threw herself at you?"

"Certainly."

"Oh, heavens!"

He strode toward her and stood beside her, looking into her eyes almost fiercely.

"She blighted our lives," he said. There was no reply. She stood with her back to him, looking intently out through the window.

"You permitted yourself to be made a dupe by one who was not worthy to be your slave."

"If you loved me you would have sought me again. You would have given me an opportunity to—"

"How did I know that you were prompted by jealousy and were showing a preference for me who did not feel for another?"

The argument was unanswerable.

"Heaven grant," he continued, "that no 'friend' will come between these two happy creatures who have just left us before the knot is tied."

She shuddered.

"Horrace," he said in a quieter tone, "there is yet a hope for us."

"For me. You are in your prime. A man of your age, if he marries, will unite with a young woman."

"You are as beautiful to me as the day that contract was signed."

"Not to the world. You would become ashamed of me. Only men who grow old with their wives grow old in their affection for them."

"Horrace, let me close the gap between that sentiment ceremony and the present so far as we can by a wedding. I will call the carriage; we will drive to the mairie."

She neither answered nor stirred. He pined an arm about her and kissed her. Then he stepped to a bell and called a servant.

"Certainly not."

"The carriage," he said when the lackey entered.

That evening the two returned for dinner from a drive and were met at the door by the nephew and niece.

"Why, auntie, where have you been?"

"To the mairie," said her companion. "We have been married."

"Married?"

"Yes; we have nuptial ceremonies as young fools like you. Thank heaven we have passed that stupid period."

CLANNISH MANXMEN.

They Still Use Their Own Tongue in Premulgating Their Laws.

The Isle of Man is in the Irish channel, about equidistant from England, Scotland and Ireland and is famed for its lovely scenery, excellent climate and the quaint old world flavor of its places and people.

Home-rule has been enjoyed by the Manxmen for many years. Although there are fewer than 60,000 Manxmen, they have their own parliament and courts. The house of keys and the house of lords hold annual sessions in Douglas, the capital, and the laws they pass are read aloud every year from Tynwald hill. The statutes are proclaimed in the Manx tongue, a language as distinct from English as Italian or German.

The Isle of Man was long a bone of contention among the kings of Northumberland, Scotland, Norway and England. The government, as it is in operation today in Hall Caine's island, was established by Orry, a Scandinavian adventurer who made himself king of the island. He divided his kingdom into six shendings, and this division, with four municipal districts, still serves in the election of members of the house of keys. The bishopric of the Isle of Man is declared to have been founded by St. Patrick, who stopped off and established the see while on his way to Ireland.—New York World.

A FAMOUS OLD FLAG.

The Star Spangled Banner of Fort McHenry in 1814.

Hanging from the walls of the National museum in Washington is one of the most famous flags in the world—the star spangled banner that floated over Fort McHenry during the British attack in September, 1814. The flag measures no less than 26 by 36 feet.

At the time of the battle Fort McHenry, just outside the city of Baltimore, was in command of Major George Armistead. The garrison flag that flew from its ramparts was made by a Mrs. Mary Pinkersgill, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Caroline T. Purdy.

In the battle one of the stars was shot away by a British shell. After the war the banner became the property of Major Armistead and was left by him to his daughter, Mrs. Appleton. It was from the son of that lady, Mr. Eben Appleton, that the museum received it two years ago. The arrangement is that the flag shall remain permanently in the custody of the museum and must not be permitted to leave the building to be exhibited anywhere else. Time has somewhat marred the beauty of the banner, but no American can look at the fading and worn fabric without a thrill. That is the flag that gave birth to the national anthem of his country.—Youth's Companion.

Doughty Berbers.

The ancient Berbers, who still live in the mountain territory of Kabylie, were never conquered by Roman, Goth, Vandal, Arab or Turk. They made their first oblation before the firearms of the French under the second empire. Through all these millenniums they have lived in their populous villages perched high on the tops of steep hills. Around them in all directions is a zone of trees, with pasture above, beginning at about 3,000 feet, and the oft conquered open valleys below. Hard for unknown ages the Berber has lived among and from his trees. There are four staples of life in Kabylie—dried figs, olives, bread and meat. For miles there is one unending succession of villages set in this open forest of figs and olives.—Argonaut.

Cordovan Leather Boots.

At the court of Elizabeth the wide topped Spanish boot, handsome and, to our eyes, theatrical, became popular among the rival courtiers, each endeavoring to outvie the other in the queen's eyes. The most handsome and admired of all were made of white Cordova leather, edged with costly lace and having gold spurs. Sometimes buff and red and much more rarely the now prevalent black leather was the material. Boots for men seem to have gone out of fashion during the Stuart era, so far as the upper classes went. Your plain citizen always adhered to a more or less substantial shoe when at home and seldom drew on boots save when on a journey.—London Saturday Review.

Gentle Reminder.

A gentleman, on a visit to another city, entered a restaurant and on leaving took away with him by mistake a hat belonging to another man. The hats were so nearly identical that the mistake was not detected, and the surprise of the gentleman may be imagined when, reaching home, he glanced at the lining of the hat and found written there the words, "You darned fool, what did you take this hat for?"—Lippincott's.

Willie Wants to Know.

"Pa, how can guns kick when they have no legs?"

"Don't ask absurd questions."

"Guns haven't any legs, have they, pa?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, what's the use of their having breeches?"—Boston Transcript.

Sunflowers.

The old name for the sunflower was solsoeze, the sun follower. The ancient sunflower or sun follower was the marigold. The tall plants of the present day are of American origin.

Weak men never yield at the proper time.—Latta.

A FIGHT IN THE CLOUDS

By F. A. MITCHEL

Interlaken is a good central point for tourists to make short trips visiting Swiss places of interest. Perhaps the most interesting of all these trips is to take a train at Interlaken for Grindelwald, thence up the steep side of a mountain to Scheidegg.

When I made this trip the railway from Scheidegg to the top of the Jungfrau was just begun. In the car ascending from Grindelwald was a young American with two guides who were intending to ascend the Jungfrau from Scheidegg. He was a quiet, inoffensive fellow, but the fact that he carried an ice ax indicated that he was a climber. A Frenchman with a waxed mustache and a goatee proportionately small seemed disposed to guy him. Webster, the American, kept his temper, but, being quicker at repartee, got the better of him and set the car laughing at him. This made the Frenchman, whose name was Du Pierre, angry, and he insulted Webster. Since they were sitting opposite each other Webster reached forth his hand and slapped the other's cheek.

Every one expected a fight, but since we were climbing at an angle of something like forty degrees no one relished the prospect of having one. We could not blame Webster for resenting an insult at the moment rather than having it pass into something more serious. Nevertheless, the affair did pass into something more serious. The Frenchman, handing Webster his card, said:

"This is no place for an altercation." Of course that meant a challenge, but where or when the end of the affair would be reached no one knew and few cared. When we reached Scheidegg I, being a fellow countryman of Webster's, he called upon me, asking me to go to Du Pierre and make an effort to settle the matter. Before doing so I learned from a man who had witnessed the fracas in the car that the Frenchman was a celebrated Paris duelist. I had therefore very little hope of securing an adjustment, and that hope was extinguished as soon as I met the Frenchman's representative. He informed me that such an insult as he had received unavenged would ruin his reputation at home. He could not afford even to accept an apology.

Webster turned out to be a sheep raiser in the heart of the Rocky mountains and used to high altitudes. He directed me to accept Du Pierre's challenge. By the code Webster was entitled to the choice of weapons and the terms of the fight. He directed me to make the following provisions: One of the principals was to go to a point on the road a mile down toward Lauterbrunnen, the other remaining at Scheidegg. Each was to be armed with a revolver, two chambers loaded. At an appointed hour they were to advance and begin firing whenever they chose to do so. The road leaving Scheidegg is not at first steep, and it made little difference which of the two won the Scheidegg end.

Du Pierre, who supposed he would fight under terms to which he had been accustomed, was indignant at such an innovation, but since I assured him that Webster would only fight him on the terms offered he was obliged either to go back to Paris leaving his face slapped without having wiped out the insult or accept the situation.

The matter was kept perfectly quiet. Those who had witnessed the fracas in the car were tourists and scattered in all directions. Consequently when one went out the next morning as the sun was casting its first beams on the surrounding peaks there was no one to present except the principals, their seconds and a surgeon who was stopping at one of the hotels. Du Pierre won the toss and chose to move out from Scheidegg. Two shots were given each man, and Webster and I went down the incline for a mile, waiting there for the time for the duelists to start.

I started him on the incline, and he advanced slowly up the road. The two men could see each other for nearly the whole distance. When they were a quarter of a mile apart the Frenchman, halting, took deliberate aim and fired. The ball fell on the road some distance from the American.

I now saw the meaning of Webster's tactics. Having lived in a mountainous country, he realized how much clearer objects appeared through the air than they were. Du Pierre had supposed he had his enemy within range when he was not. I could see that he was surprised that his shot had not taken effect, but I doubt if he knew the reason.

Webster now had two shots to his enemy's one, but showed no sign of firing. They continued to advance for perhaps a hundred feet when Webster suddenly raised his weapon. Du Pierre at once raised his and fired. Webster lowered his pistol. A spent ball struck him in the leg, but did no serious damage.

This ended the fight for the Frenchman had used both his shots, while the American had used neither of his, and the latter had no intention of shooting an unarmed enemy. Indeed, he had planned the affair to result exactly as it had resulted. Handing his weapon to me, he walked up the road, lifted his hat as he passed Du Pierre, and proceeded to the station. An hour later, with his guides, he started for the summit of the Jungfrau and made the first successful ascent of that season. As for the Frenchman, he went back to Paris disgusted with Americans and what he called their Yankee tricks.

Another Shattered Romance.

I met a girl the other day. I thought her quite beyond my reach. Bill Hinton, Pa. to what I say: She was a peach!

Her eyes and hair were both dark brown. She had the oddest little nose. A roguish smile, a pretty frown—You're right, some rose!

I told her that I loved her so. Mavis telling filled me with such pride. She only smiled and answered low, "I'm just a bride!" —New York Mail.

Cold Blooded.

"Those life guards are a great protection," said the matter of fact young man.

"Surely," boasted the coy girl, "a strong swimmer like you has no fear of drowning."

"None whatever. But if a girl stubs her toe and imagines she's going to sink it's better for her to be saved by a professional rescuer. She isn't so likely to get her gratitude mixed up with her sentiments."—Washington Star.

What Shall You Do?

The blouse of today puffs and swags. The gown is less shapely than before. So how do you think You are going to shrink And be fit for next season's glad rags?

For the blouse that compresses the waist is coming, they tell us, posthaste. But how will you squeeze Yourself into it, please, If your waist line is lost or misplaced? —Judge.

Limited to Men.

"James, you've already danced with that young Miss Smithers four times. I think you ought to drop her now. People will be talking."

"Now, ma'."

"I tell you it doesn't look right."

"Don't get jealous, I'm not in love with her. She's the only one in the ballroom who dances the hesitation the same way I do."—Detroit Free Press.

These Were the Happy Days.

Consider Cain and Abel. When they were little boys No dismal rale or table Threw dampers on their joys.

They wore no shirts or collars Nor washed behind their ears Nor needed to be scholars—The happy little dears. —Chicago News.

Took the Better Proposition.

"The girls of today are all money mad," observed the grocer. "They are looking for the big 'win when they marry."

"What's the trouble now?" asked the old fogey.

"Why, here's a New York girl who forfeited a \$2,000,000 estate to marry a plumber," replied the grocer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Real Girl.

Her cheek is free from rouge and chalk; Her form is known no dress; She wastes no time on idle talk Of man and food and dress; She hath a sweet and roguish smile— I think she's fond of me— She knows no tricks, no shame, no guile— Because she's only three. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of Little Use.

"Yes, I tried the experiment of an office girl instead of an office boy. She didn't whistle or smoke, but she failed to please the office force."

"Why was that?"

"She could never learn to go out and get the correct score."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Expert Opinion.

To kiss away a maiden's tear Is really worth the trying. Select a time when no one's near To kiss away a maiden's tear. The only drawback is, I fear, That she will keep on crying! To kiss away a maiden's tear Is really worth the trying. —Puck.

The Cynic.

"Taw, why did they give the officers the medals?"

"For bravery, my son."

"What's bravery, paw?"

"Well, in most cases it's having the lock to command a lot of mighty good fighters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bold Fisherman.

That man should take heed and cast prudence aside— Some day he is sure to be caught— Who has himself photographed, smiling with pride On the fish that he borrowed or bought. —Washington Star.

Never Knew the Difference.

Smith—H. Peck went on a silence strike the other day, but it did no good.

Thomas—Why not?

Smith—Mrs. H. Peck wouldn't stop talking long enough to notice it.—Judge.

Oh, Doctor!

A bashful young lady named Fie. Who wore glasses, was one day asked why.

"I'm so shy," she replied.

"That'll be mortified."

"If the men should see my naked eye." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Deserved His Fate.

"Why are you here?" queried the visitor to the prisoner.

"I forged my own fetters," replied Jim the Pennan, and then the steel gate clanged menacingly upon his atrophied conscience.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Turning the Tables.

"The table fairly groaned," said she. Her love of dainties owning. "But when we quit the room, oh me, 'Twas I who did the groaning!" —Detroit Free Press.

So Homelike.

"What is that noise, Bridget? Have the children come home from school?"

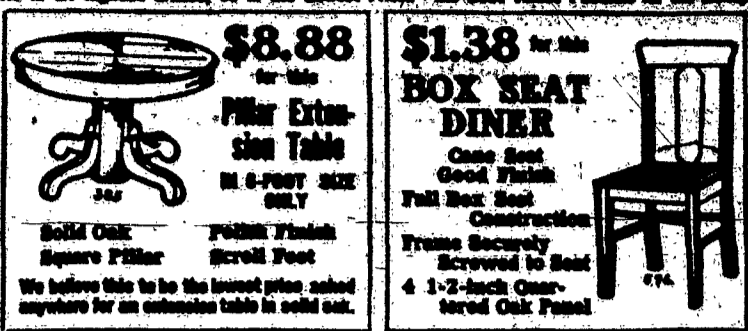
"No, ma'am; that's the powder works down the street just blown up." —Philadelphia Ledger.

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STRENGTH IN EXCITEMENT.

Either Fear, Rage or Pain Starts the Adrenal Glands to Work.

Many a person has wondered where he obtained the strength that enabled him to undergo some emergency, that called for unusual physical exertion when under ordinary conditions he would be unable to control a tithe of that strength. It was from the adrenal glands, two little glands situated above the kidneys which secrete what is known as adrenaline and when stimulated discharge the same into the blood. The effect of this addition to the blood is to release sugar from storage in the liver and bring it into the blood, drive the blood from the abdominal regions into the heart, lungs, central nervous system and limbs. The resulting effect is to excite the muscles to irritability and enable unusual effort to be made.

Either fear, rage or pain will supply the stimulus required to set the adrenal glands into action. When a muscle is fatigued without any accompanying degree of excitement it may take a couple of hours for it to recover its normal condition, but if adrenaline is injected, or if through excitement the adrenal glands are stimulated to discharge and secrete, the fatigued muscle may regain its "irritability" in three minutes. The sugar set free from the liver and circulated in the blood stimulates the muscles, for sugar is the source of muscular energy. Fear, rage and pain are thus given us by nature as agencies to enable us to use our physical powers to their fullest extent in the crisis that produces the excitement.—Los Angeles Times.

BEARDS IN BATTLE.

And Why Clean Shaven Men Become Prized as Warriors.

The habit of shaving is not of a very ancient origin. According to James Stephens in "Here Are Ladies," when humanity lived a quiet, rural and unambitious life men did not shave; their hair was their glory, and if they had occasion to swear, which must have been infrequent, their hardest and readiest oath was "By the beard of my father," showing clearly that this feature was held in veneration in early times and was probably accorded divine honors upon suitable occasions.

With the advent of war came the habit of shaving. A beard offered too handy a grip to a foe who had got to close quarters; therefore, warriors who had no true hardihood of soul preferred cutting off their beards to the honorable labor of defending their chins.

Many ancient races effected a compromise in order to retain a fitting military appearance, for a bareheaded warrior has but little of terror in his aspect. The ancient Egyptians, for example, who had cut off or could not cultivate or had been forcibly deprived of their beards, went to go into battle clad in heavy false whiskers, which, when an enemy seized hold of them, came off instantly in his hand, and the ancient Egyptian was enabled to dispatch him while in a trance of stupefaction and horror.

Clean shaven men became by this cowardly stratagem very much prized as fighting men, and thus the foundation of the shaving habit was laid.

Names of Nations.

The names of the great nations of Europe set many puzzles to the philologist. There is no doubt that France is the country of the Franks, the free men, or that Austria is the eastern empire. But one would not so easily guess that "Russians" means rowers or seafarers—a word of Swedish origin commemorating the Scandinavian vikings. The Britons have been supposed to take their name from a word

signifying "variegated," in allusion to their staining their skins with wood. Most puzzling of all is "Germania," which is not the Latin "germanus," own brother, but of Celtic origin, and has been variously interpreted as meaning "the people" or "the shouters."—London Chronicle.

Taken at Her Word.

A Bloomfield woman looked across her lawn to where passersby were breaking off the blossoming twigs of her favorite quince tree.

"We might as well cut the tree down as let it stand for people to destroy," said she.

Half an hour later the tree lay on the ground beside a little hatchet, while around behind the house the small boy of the family was getting a "switching" with one of the branches.

This teaches us that we should be sure of our audience before we employ hyperbole in our speech.—Newark News.

A Means of Approach.

Though I am not a snooker I like to carry matches in my pocket. One is always liable to be accosted on the street by some one in need of a light. To be able to give a match is a great luxury. It forms the basis for a momentary friendship.—Atlantic.

That Feminine Minute.

"Sit down and let's have a good talk. I have a free hour."

"Aren't you going out with your wife?"

"Yes, but she just called down she'd be ready in a minute."—Baltimore American.

Feminine Touch.

"Pa, what is meant by a feminine touch?"

"A feminine touch, my son, is a bow of pink ribbon on a fly swatter."—Baltimore Sun.

The barometer reaping the biggest crops in Europe yields an ancient sceptre, and his name is Death.

Hatred takes time and energy and blight. And the dividends on the investment are pitifully small and unsatisfactory.

Sugar is a good heart tonic, says a medico. It ought then to provide its own cure for the man who buys it these days.

One Cuban editor won two sword duels on the same day. That is where a cutting editorial is backed by a cutting editor.

In this universe, as our schoolbooks informed us long, long ago, everything is useful. Wonder what's the use of a mosquito?

Now that the European war has shut off our supply of citric acid, the good old fashioned lemonade may come into its own again.

It cost \$1,500,000 to make the American's cup race a fizzle. On that basis to pull the race off would equal the expense of a battleship.

Some fellows could make a lot of money exporting cyclone cellars to London and Paris for use of people who are afraid of Zeppelins.

We are threatened with a scarcity of matches. But why? Even if all the foreign noblemen do have to go to war, there are still some stalwart young Americans in the market.

By rechristening his cousin, Ferdinand the czar has earned the gratitude of those Americans who could never remember whether the last syllable of the other name was spelled "burg," "berg" or "burgh."

ROCHESTER