

# A Lover's Test

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

About a century ago a crown prince of Prussia was in the matrimonial market. One day a Prussian deputation called on the reigning duke of one of the smaller of the German states and made a proposal for the hand of the duke's youngest daughter, Elsa, then nineteen years old. Her father, astonished and delighted at being so honored, went at once to communicate the news to his daughter. Elsa received it without the transports exhibited by her father.

"I am disappointed," she said, "for I have always supposed that not enough princes of the blood would be found for my older sisters and that I would be permitted to marry, if at all, for love. I will not wed the prince."

Her father argued and stormed, but could only secure his daughter's consent to the wedding on condition that she spend some time in Berlin that she might become acquainted with the prince and if he did not please her she could break the betrothal. Since her father must accept this condition of a refusal to the king of Prussia she consented to it.

The crown prince pleased Elsa very much with his personality, but did not show her the attention she had a right to expect from a fiance. There were many gallants at the Prussian court, and the princess accepted the attentions of those who were sufficiently impolitic to give them, for it was not expected that any man would devote himself to the betrothed of the heir apparent. Count Caspar Audenreid was one who seemed willing to trespass on the royal domain, and his attentions being accepted it was not long before the matter began to excite comment.

Meanwhile the crown prince, who took as little interest in his betrothed as his father, had been busied himself with them and when at leisure, instead of seeking the company of his betrothed, devoted himself to other women. He did not seem to notice Count Caspar's attentions to Elsa, or if he did they did not seem to trouble him.

Elsa was piqued by his indifference. She did not love the count or any of the other courtiers who paid her attention. Indeed, she was much cut up because the prince slighted her. At last she concluded to withdraw from Berlin and on reaching her own home compel her father to send word to the king of Prussia that his daughter had informed herself of the crown prince's desirability and that she had not been sufficiently well pleased with him to marry him.

Elsa was aware that her leaving Berlin would be interpreted to mean that she had refused the heir apparent to the throne, which would be considered an insult to the Prussian court and nation. She therefore determined to depart secretly or at any rate without leave.

One night a carriage stood waiting at a doorway directly below her apartments in the palace. The princess, veiled, descended, entered the vehicle and was driven away.

On reaching a wooded spot some distance from the city the carriage was stopped and the door opened by a masked man.

"Pardon me, your highness," he said, "I am looking for one whom I expected to be with you."

"And who may he be?"

"Count Caspar Audenreid."

"And pray what interest is Count Audenreid to you?"

"None to me personally, but as one who has insulted my master, the crown prince, he is a good deal of interest to me. I desire to avenge that insult."

"You mean that his royal highness is indifferent to his loss, but extremely sensitive to his dignity?"

"As to that the prince must speak for himself."

"I have no desire to hear him on the subject. I presume you will permit me to go on."

"But perhaps my master may desire to apologize for his neglect of one for whose hand he had proposed."

"In that case it is not necessary that I should return to Berlin."

"Why not?"

"He stands before me."

"How have you been able to recognize me?"

"I would know you through any disguise."

"May I ask where you are going?"

"Home."

"Why are you leaving Berlin?"

"Because I will marry no man who treats me with indifference."

"And you are not accompanied by Count Audenreid?"

"That you can see for yourself."

"Will you give me another trial?"

"Not in Berlin. I shall be happy to receive you at my father's capital."

"May I accompany you?"

Elsa hesitated. A change had evidently come over her betrothed. Her departure would doubtless occasion a great deal of talk and trouble.

"You may," she said.

The prince entered the vehicle, and it was driven on.

"You came to Berlin," he said, "to look me over. I have been to your home incognito to look you over. I selected you among the other princesses of Europe because I fell in love with you."

"Then why did you treat me with such indifference?"

"To learn if it troubled you. But you have been a match for me. I believe you loved Audenreid."

"I love only the crown prince."

# A Package of Letters

By RYLAND BELL

One cold, blustering day in November I took my winter overcoat out of the bag where it had been placed the autumn before to put it in commission for the winter. I rammed my right hand down into the pockets—why I know not—and felt kid. Taking it out, I found a pair of No. 6 lady's gloves. There was a slight odor of perfume about them that the odor of moth balls had not entirely destroyed. But perhaps this was imagination.

Thinking that I might have some one else's coat, I looked at the maker's name. It was that of my tailor. There was no such mistake. Perhaps there might be something else in the coat. I put my hand into the other pocket and pulled out a bunch of letters. They were not in envelopes, so I got no addresses.

I put on my thinking cap to try to call up some reason for these articles being in my overcoat pocket. Where had I been when spring was coming on? I had gone on a trip to the Panama canal. I had taken the overcoat with me, using it for the first few days. During the homeward voyage I had noticed a young lady traveling with her mother and a young man who was attentive to her. The girl I admired; the man I took a dislike to. On the evening before our arrival at New York I was seated near this couple. The wind was chilly, and I wore my overcoat. Wanting to smoke, I went below for a cigar, leaving my coat on a steamer chair. Meeting a friend, I consented to go with him to the smoking room. I remained there till all had turned in, then, remembering my overcoat, went on deck for it and found it in the chair where I had left it.

My solution was this: The girl near whom I had been sitting, feeling chilly, had slipped her coat over my shoulders. The fellow was a lover and had been dismissed. The girl's letters had been returned, and she had slipped them temporarily in the coat pocket. Having the gloves in her hand, she slipped them in the other pocket.

There were doubtless defects in this hypothesis, but it was the best I could form. It was supported by the fact that I had seen the lady go ashore and the man was not with her.

I had envied him on the ship and wished that I was in his place, for there was something in the girl's appearance that appealed to me. I felt that it would be very easy for me to fall in love with her. Now that I had property of hers in my possession, if I could find her, its return would serve for an introduction. But I was between two stools. I could only hope to find a clew to her whereabouts by reading the letters, which I had no right to do. If I did not read them I must remain ignorant as to who she was. I read a few of them, but, gaining nothing, I refrained from proceeding further.

A year passed, during which I thought a great deal about the girl of the gloves, as I called her, but did not meet her. Then one winter while at St. Augustine, Fla., strolling past a group on the beach, in one of them I recognized her. She did not notice me, and I walked on, but remained on the beach till her party left it and I saw them go to a hotel. The same evening I betook myself to the same hotel. I watched for an opportunity to catch her alone and was rewarded one morning by seeing her sitting on the hotel porch. Approaching her uncovered, I addressed her.

"I beg your pardon, but did you not visit the Panama canal about a year ago?"

"I did," she replied, looking at me as she would at any intruder who was trying to force an acquaintance.

"And did you not one evening temporarily appropriate an overcoat lying on a steamer chair beside you to protect you from the night air?"

"I did."

"Then I presume these gloves belong to you?"

I handed her her gloves. She took them and examined them, then said, "I have no remembrance of these gloves."

"That is not remarkable, since it is a year and a half since you put them in my overcoat pocket. Perhaps this package"—holding up the letters—"may stimulate your memory."

"What is it?" she asked coldly. I withdrew into my shell.

"I think I must have made a mistake in the person," I said, putting the package into my pocket, and was about to walk away when she called to me: "Excuse me, but I mislaid a package of letters about that time."

"Love letters?"

"Have you read them?"

"Only two or three in order to discover a clew to the ownership that I might return them."

Her manner changed. She remembered appropriating my coat, but it had never occurred to her that she might have slipped the letters into the pocket temporarily.

The ice was broken. I learned from her in time that she had been on the eve of an engagement to the recipient of the letters when she learned something to his discredit and wrote him for them. He had followed her on her trip to the canal, taking the letters with him, and she had succeeded in getting them the night before she reached New York.

The next love letter she wrote was to me.

# DEADLY SHRAPNEL

Read "Man Killers," but Their Effectiveness is Limited.

Shrapnel, so called after their inventor, the British General Shrapnel, are thin cases of tough steel containing a large number of bullets—the British artillery 263 and the French and German 300—with a small burning charge at the base of the projectile. The burning charge breaks the thin steel case, when the bullets sweep forward with the velocity imparted to the projectile by the gun. Shrapnel are regarded as good "man killers," but they are quite ineffective against buildings, where shells are deadly. For the attack of field guns and batteries and for action against troops in trenches most armies employ howitzers, which are short, squat guns that toss their projectiles high in the air, high angle fire.

In the British army every division has fifty-four field guns and eighteen howitzers. These howitzers are of 4.5 inch caliber, firing a shell 4.5 inch diameter and weighing thirty-five pounds. They have a range of 12,000 yards, which is 1,000 yards greater than the range of the British field gun. The defect of the howitzer is that its shell is very heavy, and consequently much fewer rounds can be carried than with the field gun. There is no security that a single howitzer shell will do twice the damage of an ordinary field gun shell, though it weighs twice as much.

The French do not employ a howitzer in their field artillery. The Germans use a heavy pattern of six inch caliber, firing a shell of about ninety pounds, and a lighter pattern of 4.2 inch caliber.—New York Sun.

# PATTI STOOD PAT.

She Wanted Her Money Before She Sang, and She Got It.

One of Adeline Patti's peculiarities was that she never sang a note until she had her salary either paid or so fully assumed that there was no doubt as to her getting it. When she sang at the Academy of Music, in New York, at one time the manager was sorely put about to find money to pay her, but she always stoutly refused to sing until she had her salary.

One night at a quarter past 8 her representative went to him and said: "Madam is all dressed except her shoes. She will put those on when she gets the money."

The manager, half distracted, rushed about the house and succeeded in raising one-half the amount due the prima donna, which he hastily sent to her. But another quarter of an hour passed, and though the audience showed great impatience there was no Patti, whereat the manager ran to her room.

"My dear madam, why do you not go on? I have sent you half the money, and the rest will reach you before the end of the first act."

Patti smiled dolefully, exhibited the tips of her feet and said: "You see, I have only one shoe on. I cannot go on the stage without the other. It would be quite impossible."

Almost crestfallen, the manager rushed out and discovered that the other half of the money could be raised.—New York Tribune.

# NERVES AND WATCHES.

When They Don't Agree There is Sure to Be Poor Time.

One of the troubles of watchmakers is the man who gets on his watch's nerves. There are lots of customers on whom a good watch is wasted. A good second hand watch that has kept perfect time for other people will with certain other people go irregularly when it is not standing still. It is common knowledge in the trade that watches are greatly influenced by their owners.

Nobody knows the reason, but the explanations have been offered. One is that watches are sensitive to personal magnetism, the natural electricity that human beings contain in varying quantities.

The other is that a watch may be disturbed by the vibrations set up by a footstep which is heavier than the ordinary. The man who puts his heels down heavily usually needs to set the regulator toward slow to keep it from gaining.

One of the mysterious sides of the subject is that watches seldom keep good time on people of nervous, excitable temperaments.—Pearson's Weekly.

# Gesture Part of Talk.

There is a man who from a very early age has lived in countries where Spanish is the almost universal tongue. From force of this training he speaks Spanish perfectly. He has not the slightest trace of an English accent, and persons who do not know that he is of American parentage are willing to believe he is a Spaniard merely from hearing him talk. He is so perfectly bilingual that it shows even in his gestures. When talking with English speaking persons he sits quietly and does his conversing with his mouth alone. Only in case of making a point most emphatically does he use a gesture. But the moment he drops into Spanish his every word is accompanied by a movement of the hands or arms. It is interesting to watch the change from the English to the Spanish side of him, because it comes so suddenly. He really can't speak Spanish without gesturing.—New York Sun.

# Training a Dog.

It may surprise some people to be told that dogs have a strong sense of justice, so, unless you want your pup to gain a poor opinion of you, be careful when you punish him. Never punish unless the pup can associate the punishment with the offense. The circumstantial evidence may be very strong, but you had better wait and catch him in the act. Common sense is about all that is required to rear a puppy into a dog which will be a faithful, useful, steadfast companion—common sense and consideration. Whenever I find one of these "anything will do for the pup" kind of people I can see in my mind's eye what the humans in that family look like.—Outing.

# A Unique Cross.

In the heart of the Rocky mountains may be seen the Mountain of the Holy Cross, which is 14,000 feet in height. It derives its name from a gigantic cross on one side, near the summit, formed by fissures in the rock. It can be seen for many miles with great distinctness and is looked upon with superstitious fear by the natives.—Exchange.

# All Right.

"That girl's all right," said the blond girl in the dressing room after she had looked everywhere for her overshoes. "The one who has just left, she's gone off with both the right overshoes and left me the left ones."—New York Times.

# His Mistake.

"I cannot live without you!" "You have evidently got me confused with my cousin. It is she who is wealthy."—Houston Post.

# Some Traveler.

"Has he traveled much?" "He must have. I understand he's gone through two fortunes already."—Detroit Free Press.

# It is a great blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule.

# A Disappointed Pensioner.

Mrs. Higginson's letter to her husband's family in Brattleboro, says Mary Tschler Higginson in her biography of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, always contained characteristic comments on her husband's going.

"Wentworth has been away two days this week," she wrote. "and is going to Washington tonight to fight for women. I wish they had been freed before we were born. . . . Lately he has been trying to find a father and grandfather for some stray girl—I don't know who. He hasn't found them yet, but I suppose he will persevere. I should think that one would be enough but he is naturally thorough, you know."

The colonel explained in a postscript: "The case of this girl is that she wants a pension because her father was a soldier and died in a military prison. I have come upon only two obstacles to her wish: "First, that she is not the man's daughter. "Second, that he is still alive."

Killing Cooking Odors. No odor of cooking should greet the guest in a private home or even an apartment which claims to be of the exclusive class. A simple and agreeable deodorizer may be made of a handful of cloves, allowed to perish with bits of orange peel on a tin plate in the oven, says the Kansas City Star. This mixture imparts a fragrance not unlike that of carnations, and, scattered about the rooms, it will completely destroy the odor of cooking vegetables or roasting meats. In the country the wise housewife may gather sweet clover, and the spring, dried out, will impart a fresh and delicious fragrance to the house linen all next winter. Lavender, that standby of oldtime housekeepers, may be purchased in little bags at trifling cost and makes a delightful fragrance for the linen closet.—Exchange.

The Post of Danger. The Eleonore de Joinville in his memoirs of St. Louis tells us that a certain man, sorely beset by the pressure of temptation, sought counsel from the bishop of Paris, "whose Christian name was William." And this wise William of Paris said to him:

"The castle of Mont'her stands in the safe heart of France, and no invading hosts assail it. But the castle of La Rochelle in Poitou stands on the line of battle. Day and night it must be guarded from assault, and it has suffered grievously. Which, gentleman, think you, the king holds high in favor, the governor of Mont'her or the governor of La Rochelle? The post of danger is the post of glory, and he who is sorely wounded in the combat is honored by God and man."—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

# Resistance by Air.

The effects of air resistance are well shown in the twelve and a half mile Simpson tunnel, where an exceptionally high amount of energy is required for running the electric trains. The tunnel, which is fifteen feet wide and eighteen feet high, with a sectional area of 250 square feet, has a venting current of 2,500 feet cubic of air per second, maintained by two large blast fans at Isello. Trains going with this current encounter less resistance than in open air up to fifteen and a half miles an hour, but at higher speeds or in the opposite direction the resistance is much greater than outside. Moving by gravity down the seven per one thousand maximum gradient a train, even though going with the current, cannot exceed thirty-five miles an hour on account of the braking by the air.

# Impertinence of Genius.

Dr. Johnson once called upon David Garrick in London and was shown into his study. Unfortunately, a door being open, he strayed into an adjoining room, which contained the novels and lighter works which had been presented as tributes to the highly adulated actor. Johnson first read a bit from one and then another and threw them down, throwing the floor with the expensive volumes. Garrick was angry at finding Johnson there and said, "This is a private cabinet, and no company is admitted here."

"But," said Johnson, with impertinent coolness, "I was determined to examine your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts—stuff, trash and nonsense."

# Origin of a Word.

Few words have so remarkable a history as the word "bankrupt." The money lenders of Genoa, Venice and Florence had benches or stalls in the bourse, or exchange, in former times. At these benches they conducted their business. When any of them became insolvent his bench or bank was broken, because he had no further use for it, and the name banco rotto, or broken bench, was given to him. When the word first came into use in England it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerrot" instead of bankrupt.

# A Bold Monarch.

Charles IX. of France was bold enough to interfere with the attire of the women of his realm. In 1561 he forbade the ladies to use any "bands of embroidery, stitchings or fixings of silk, excepting only a bordering the width of a finger or at the most two borderings with chain stitchings."

# Keeps His Word.

"Is Higginson a man to be trusted?" "In some respects. If he owes you something and says he can't pay you, you can place absolute reliance in his word."—St. Louis Star.

# In the Same Boat.

As a general thing, when a young man is unable to give a girl all the luxuries to which she feels entitled he is in the same boat with her father.—Galveston News.

# Shifting the Blame.

Aunt—Do you like his dancing? Fannie—Yes; but I wish he wouldn't tread on my toes so often! Aunt—What else shoe do you wear?—Judge.

# Toasts.

Willie—Paw, why is an after dinner speech called a toast? Paw—Because it is usually so dry, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# Oil of Bergamot.

The world's supply of oil of bergamot comes from a comparatively small part of Calabria, in the extreme south of Italy, fronting on the strait of Messina.

# Schumann on Chess.

In music it is as with chess playing—the queen, melody, possesses supreme power, but it is the king, harmony, who ultimately decides.

# Skill is stronger than strength.—OK

Saying.

# THE RED CROSS.

Its Real Origin Dates to Napoleon's Italian Campaign of 1859.

The Red Cross owes its real origin to the great and terrible campaign of 1859, when Napoleon made it his boast that he would free Italy "from the yoke of the Austrian." At this great battle of Magenta 10,000 Austrians and some 5,000 French soldiers were left dead and dying on the field.

A Swiss gentleman, named M. Henri Dunant, made a pilgrimage to that battlefield and was an involuntary eyewitness of the awful carnage of the battle of Solferino, a battle which lasted some sixteen hours and left some 30,000 dead and wounded. Henri Dunant realized that the medical service of what was probably the greatest army in the world was absolutely inadequate to cope with the casualties, and he was at once compelled to take some action to rectify the matter.

The result was that he wrote a small book for private circulation, entitled "Un Souvenir de Solferino," and this by his private appeal, resulted in Napoleon III. commanding Dunant to his presence, where, with the great Marshal MacMahon, they seriously talked matters over.

The result of this was a conference of the powers, called together by the Swiss federal government, at which Henri Dunant placed his proposition. Out of this Geneva conference of 1864 resulted the Geneva convention, under which all medical supplies and personnel in war time are protected.

# A Prehistoric Lake.

One of the most interesting remnants of a prehistoric lake in the United States is the one known as Escondido valley, which lies south of Santa Fe and east of Albuquerque, N.M. From examination of the deposits in this section geologists are of the opinion that this lake existed at the same time as Lake Bonneville, in Utah, and other ancient lakes of the arid west during the cold, humid glacial period. The theory of the existence of an ancient lake in the valley is based on the presence of shore features and lake sediments. Sea cliffs, terraces, beaches, beach ridges, spits and bars are found on all sides of the lake flat at altitudes between 6,100 and 6,200 feet above sea level.—Argonaut.

# Modern Uhlan.

The uhlan is a distinctive corps. The name is by no means distinctly German. A body of uhlan was formed for the French army by Marshal Saxe. They were introduced into the Prussian service in 1740, and forty years later the Austrians also had a corps of uhlan—light cavalry armed with lance. The modern uhlan may be classed with the heavy cavalry.—London Opinion.

# Unanimous View.

A popular novelist was talking in Chicago about genius.

"There are a hundred different opinions as to what a genius is," said he, "but all authorities are agreed that it's absolutely unsafe to lend him money."—Chicago Herald.

# City on a Steep Hill.

The town of Simla, India, is built on the side of a steep hill and the roof of one house is often on a level with the foundation of one on the next terrace.

# Hardened Him.

Madge—You shouldn't say he's a confirmed bachelor unless you know. Marjorie—But I do know. I confirmed him.—New York Times.

# Two Systems.

When wifery is on the warpath some plan their faith on Dutch courage; others prefer French leave.—Kansas City Journal.

Skill is the united force of experience, intellect and passion in their operation on manual labor.—John Ruskin.