

-- A -- Love Letter

By F. A. MITCHEL

"My boy," said Thomas Brackett to his son, Tom, "I congratulate you with all my heart on this engagement of yours to Adele. She is a lovely and noble girl, and I am delighted to welcome her into our family circle. I am glad to be with you at this time. It is very important to you and Adele. I consider marriage the most important event in one's life. It is unlike birth and death, controlled. I trust you and Adele will take it seriously, and, above all things, do not fall into that sickly sentimentalism so common among lovers. Love letters, so called, filled with gush are especially to be avoided. Write plain common sense to each other with your plans for subject matter. Confide yourselves in the beginning to 'dear Adele' and 'dear Tom.' Think how stupid it will seem to you later on to come across 'dearest, sweetest, Adele.' She will be then a thousand times dearer to you than she is today, but you will not show it in any such ridiculous way."

"Didn't you write love letters to me when you were engaged, dad?"
"I don't remember just what I wrote your mother," replied Mr. Brackett, trying to think back to a period when he was twenty-one. "I was considered a matter of fact chap, and I am quite sure I never indulged in love-dovey nonsense."

What Tom and Adele's letters were like does not pertain to this story. Quite likely they were what most young lovers write. Shortly before their marriage Tom went up into the garret to gather such efforts as he wished to take with him to his new home and destroy what had lost its original value. Rumminging in an old trunk which contained various family effects, he came across a bundle of old papers. Untying a bundle of letters bound together with a faded narrow ribbon in lieu of tape, he examined them, noting that they had been written nearly a quarter of a century before. He read a number of them, then, selecting one of them, rebound the rest and put them back where he had found them.

The evening before the wedding the bride and groom to be dined with the Brackets. When the meal was finished and coffee was brought on Tom took a letter from his pocket and said to his father:
"Dad, you gave me a lecture when I became engaged on love letters which made a deep impression on me. I found the other day while rummaging among old papers one of those ridiculous epistles written by some fellow who must have had the lover fever very badly. It has convinced me that you are right. If reading such a document produces such contempt for the writer, what would I think of myself at reading such a letter written by myself twenty years from now?"

Tom handed the letter to his father who put on his glasses and perused it with the following:
"My Angel—Don't think that I exaggerate in calling you an angel. I do so because you are better, better, better than any girl I have ever known. I only wish I were with you now and could tell you so instead of writing it. I would take you in my arms and give you a million kisses. I looked for a letter from you by the early mail, but it did not come, so I suppose I'll not get it till noon. I have read the one received yesterday twenty times. I put it under my pillow when I went to bed that it might lead me to dream of it. It did. I dreamed that we were sitting in a garden of roses, but no rose rivaled the pink of your ear or the vermilion of your lips."
Mr. Brackett threw the letter on the table in disgust.
"Go on," said Tom.
"Go on," replied the father. "Go on through the twenty pages of such sickening stuff. The man who wrote it should have been tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail. I pity the girl who married him. No doubt he tried to support her writing poetry. Moonlight, music, love and flowers would suit him."

The speaker stopped and looked at those about the board. When he began to make his criticisms on the writer of the letter the corners of their lips took on an upward quirk. As he proceeded smiles replaced the quirks. When he reached the "moonlight, music, love and flowers" all burst into a roar of laughter—that is, all except Mrs. Brackett, on whose face there was an expression of embarrassment mingled with amusement.
"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Brackett, nettled.
"Look at the date of the letter, dad," said Tom.
The date was examined and was found to be November, 1892.
"Now look at the signature."
The signature was "Your loving Tom."

By this time Mr. Brackett had begun to realize the situation, more especially through the handwriting, which he recognized as his own.
"You didn't exaggerate a bit, dad, in calling mummy an angel," said Tom, and, rising, he went to his mother, put his arms about her and kissed her.
"Can it be possible that I was ever such a ninny as to write like that?" said Mr. Brackett, scrutinizing the cursive.
"No ninny at all," cried Tom. "The only mistake is in not keeping up some of it. You old folks drop it all after marriage when you should only smooth it down. I notice, dad, that when anything happens to mother you have no more control over your equanimity than you had over your ebullitions of sentiment when you were engaged."

The Danger of Lying in Bed.

Lack of muscular exercise is the first result of lying in bed. As a result the appetite is weakened, the digestive action slows down and the muscles of the stomach and abdomen cease to act upon the intestinal mass. When the body is in a recumbent position the heart works with the least expenditure of effort and the least fatigue and the circulation and the functional activity are decreased. But unless the subject is exceptionally vigorous all the benefits are counterbalanced by dangers. In bed the subject is shut away from fresh air and sunlight. The result of that deprivation is a condition similar to anaemia. But the supreme menace to the weak or the aged confined to bed is the clogging of the pulmonary circulation, an action which frequently results in passive congestion of both sides of the lungs. For this reason the simple fracture of a bone may be the cause of death, because when the patient lies in bed there is no movement of the muscles to act as an incentive to deep breathing.

Writers and Artists Too.

George Du Maurier was an artist who turned author after making a European fame with the pen as a satirist of society. He suddenly started the world with "Trilby" and set two continents comparing feet. With him novel writing seemed his true forte, but he had started too late. He enjoyed his new fame only a few years. Even Thackeray tried art before he found his true vocation, and he illustrated several of his own books even though that is a very quaint story which tells of Thackeray calling on Charles Dickens to see if he could get the commission to illustrate one of his earlier novels. He had not written "Vanity Fair" then.

No Harm in Cucumbers.

The cucumber is not, in any sense, a poison nor an injurious vegetable. Sprinkling the sliced cucumber with salt is unnecessary. It does not "draw out" any poison. It only wilts the vegetable and renders it less appetizing. The harm resulting from eating cucumbers is due to the neglect to thoroughly chew the cucumber slices before swallowing them. All foods, green ones in particular, need to be most thoroughly masticated before they are swallowed. The cucumber gives zest to a meal, especially if it is served cold and crisp. In preparing the cucumber first peel it and then slice it in very thin slices and place these in plain ice water to soak and become crisp. It requires an hour for this usually.—Philadelphia Record.

Paraguay's "Spider Lace."

Missionaries in Paraguay more than 200 years ago taught the native Indians to make lace by hand. Since that day the art has greatly developed, and in certain of the towns lacemaking is the chief occupation. Almost all the women, many children and not a few men are engaged in this industry. A curious fact with reference to the Paraguayan laces is that the designs were borrowed from the strange webs woven by the semitropical spiders that abound in that country. Accordingly this lace is by the natives called mandul, which means "spider web."—Exchange.

Would Rather Not Go.

"So you were late to school, Hessler?"
"Yes, mamma."
"Why didn't you run, dear?"
"Because you told me never to deceive, mamma."
"But how would that deceive, my child?"
"It might give some one who saw me running an idea that I was anxious to get there, and I wasn't."—Yonkers Statesman.

Time For the Lecture.

"You're not going so early?"
"Yes, indeed! I have had a fine time at your party, but if I am to get any sleep at all tonight I've got to go now to give my wife a chance to tell me all the breaks I have made while here."—Detroit Free Press.

The Retort Courteous.

He—This bargain hunting shows your character. You are always looking out for something cheap.
She—Too true. That is how I came to marry you.—Baltimore American.

Saromatic Pop.

She—I told papa you wanted to see him the next time you called. He—What did he say? She—He said for you to come on, he wasn't afraid of you.—Boston Transcript.

Practical Health Hint.

Varicose Veins.
Operation is necessary in very severe cases. In simple early cases treatment consists of applying suitable bandages and paying attention to regularity of the bowels and general health. The bandage, which should be of flannel, about two inches wide and a yard or so long, is wrapped spirally round the limb affected, commencing well below the prominent veins and taken well above them. It should be adjusted firmly, but not too tightly, and each layer should slightly overlap the last. It should be put on while lying in bed in the morning and not taken off again till lying down in bed at night. Never massage or rub the parts.

An Embarrassing Mistake

By OSCAR COX

Ricketts first saw her at an evening concert. She was listening to the soft strains of a sonata. There was dreaminess in her pose. Her eyes seemed to be looking at heavenly visions. Whether or not she was beautiful, she was certainly spiritual.

After that he haunted concerts for months, hoping that he might meet her. He did not. But one Sunday morning, passing a cathedral, he concluded to go in for the service. His entrance was at the moment of the elevation of the host. All was silent; then the three soft strokes intended to concentrate the minds of the congregation upon the solemn service. On the other side of the church was the girl he sought. She was kneeling, and her Madonna-like face seemed to glow in a light from heaven.

The next time he saw her he was very fortunate. He was spinning through the park in his runabout. Suddenly a car coming from the opposite direction swept past him. As by a lightning flash he caught an instantaneous glimpse of his divine face. An old gentleman sat beside her, and she was looking at him with the tenderness of a daughter who idolized him. Ricketts pulled up so suddenly that he nearly went through the glass wind shield, then lurched. The road was narrow, and he was obliged to go forward and back several times before he could get around. He succeeded barely in time to see the object that held him in thrall carried around a corner. He went around that corner on two wheels and at the risk of his life. Later he saw the car he followed pull up before a handsome stone front residence. The girl helped out the old man and supported him into the house. Ricketts noted the number and drove on.

By this time the worshiper was beside himself with a desire to know, to possess, the object of his adoration. But he was deterred by conventionalities. There seemed no possible hope of an introduction. Might he not call at the house, ask for the old man, tell him that he had seen his daughter and desired to know her.

Urged on by impatient love, he adopted this plan. One afternoon he appeared at the house where he had seen his innamorata alight and ring the bell. The Madonna girl answered the summons. Ricketts was taken flat aback. He stammered a query if the gentleman of the house were at home. She said that he was, but seldom saw any one. If Ricketts would state his business she would see. Ricketts said that he wished to see the gentleman upon a private matter which might have important results for both of them and one other. The girl went away with the message and, presently returning, invited Ricketts to follow her. He did so in fear and trembling, walking as though he feared some one might hear his step.

On entering the room, where the old man was Ricketts saw him in an easy chair, propped up with pillows. The girl handed him an ear trumpet, then, instead of leaving the two together, she stood near her father, ready to minister to him during the coming interview.

An old man with an ear trumpet, into which Ricketts must shout his request for one who was present and could hear every word even if spoken in a low tone? Ricketts was not up to such a test. If he had had his wits about him he might have invented some reason for his call other than the real one, even if it were only that he had come to sell plasters for a weak back. But Ricketts lost his head completely. He could think of no substitute for his real object and made a mess of the truth.

"I have called, sir," he began, "to say to you."
"I have called, sir, though a stranger to you."
"I can't hear you; you must raise your voice."
"Great heavens!" exclaimed Ricketts mentally. "How can I prepare him for what I have to say? Brevity is terrible in this case, but I must be brief." Then he dashed at his announcement as a regiment of soldiers would storm a fortification.
"I love your daughter," he shouted.
"What?"
"I want to marry your daughter!" yelled Ricketts, coming nearer with every statement to the object he had in view.

"That is the worst of saying anything to deaf persons; it is so hard to make them hear that one has to cut it short. 'I haven't any daughter.'"
Ricketts started as though a mule had kicked him in the abdomen. His eyes darted inquiringly at the Madonna-like creature who was taking this all in. He had it not been for his tell-tale eyes she might not have understood the situation. As it was, she said, putting her lips very near the old man's ear.
"You don't hear right, dear," she said, putting her lips very near the old man's ear. "The gentleman says he has got into the wrong house and has apologized for his mistake."
Ricketts understood. He had been asking an old man for his young wife. Red and white by turns, he arose and beat a retreat. The "girl," a nearer view of whom indicated a woman near thirty, followed him to the door. As he bewilderingly bowed himself out she gave him a smile.
A year later the old man died, and Ricketts married his widow.

Philippine Women.

Women in the Philippines, from Filipino to Iugoso and from Ikalings to Moro, have a lot to say about the way things are run.

My best realization of the different status of Philippine womanhood came on the Pacific steamer on which I last returned to the United States. A young Filipino wanted to wrestle with some of the Japanese on board. But his wife was with him, and she feared she would lose a husband in the melee. She vetoed his desire with considerable ease and perfect effectiveness. If she had been a Chinese, Japanese or Indian of the same class her husband would have wrestled as long as he wanted to, or could, and the woman in the case would have kept her mouth shut. In Turkey a man doesn't mention his daughters. But in the Philippines in several cases I have observed that the woman holds the purse and the gavel.—Christian Herald.

The Man in the Navy.

It is probably true that most of us think of the navy as an adventure and not as a career, says James B. Connolly in Collier's Weekly. Yet the navy will take a young man, feed and clothe him, give him a good all-around training and while he is yet in middle age retire him with at least \$50 a month for the rest of his life. No matter how low his rating has been, that \$50 a month is certain after his thirty years of service, while if he has shown moderate intelligence and ambition he can count on close to \$100 a month, and this without his having ever been a commissioned officer. The years after his retirement he may spend as he pleases—go into business, get another job and make another wage on top of his pension. He can go to jail if he prefers. Whatever he does, always there is that sheet anchor of a pension to windward.

Society Islands.

The consular district of Tahiti embraces all of the islands in the south Pacific ocean that are included in the Society, the Tuamotu and the Tubuai archipelagos, the Marquesas, Gambier and Marretri groups and the island of Rapa, a total of more than 200 islands and islets belonging to France and known as the French establishments in Oceania, or more commonly known as the Society Islands. The total population is estimated at 35,000, made up of about 25,000 natives, some 3,000 Chinese and about 4,000 of all other nationalities, including European and Americans. The inhabitants are unevenly distributed throughout the various groups, leaving many of the islands uninhabited.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

What's in a Name?

"What a narrow street that is!" said the visitor being shown about the suburban town by a citizen.
"Yes, it is narrow," replied the citizen.
"And in wretched condition. See the holes in the pavement?"
"Yes, it looks bad."
"And dirt everywhere. What is the name of that street?"
"That's Grand avenue."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Might Object.

A physician says, "Girls in feeble health should take a tramp through the woods or fields every day."
But suppose a tramp should object to being taken through the woods or fields every day by girls in feeble health? There are two sides to this argument.—Boston Transcript.

An Expressionist.

Our idea of an expressionist is a woman who can keep her face straight when telling her son she hopes he will be as good a man as his father.—Galveston News.

Vicious Treatment.

Caller—Doctor, have you ever treated a patient for loss of memory? Doctor—Oh, yes, indeed. I employ a bill collector quite often.—Exchange.

Practical Health Hint.

Biliousness.
What is called "biliousness" is brought about by too great an intake of food and drink and not enough of outgo of energy and exercise.
As to the taking of calomel for "biliousness" a doctor says: "Calomel will give relief. So will aloes or any other purgative. But to charge the liver with responsibility is like overloading a willing horse and then abusing him because he cannot pull it all. Temporary relief can be had from twelve hours of hunger and purgation."
As to the cure of this condition the doctor says further: "The cure lies in readjusting the habits. The amount of muscle work done must be in proportion to the food taken. The amount of meat and eggs eaten must not be greater than is required to repair the waste in tissue from work, nor the amount of starches, sugars and fats greater than the requirements of heat and energy. If one must supply an overgrown appetite let him fill up on watery fruits and vegetables. If he wants to eat heavily of richer foods let him earn the right by working in the field or riding horseback. If he would escape constipation let him eat bran, fruit and vegetables. This constitutes the only royal road in biliousness."

Captured by a Cruiser

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When the great world's war opened several German cruisers broke through the cordon of British ships in the North sea and began to rove the seas, sinking any allied vessel they met. The most famous of these was the Emden, and she continued the work longer than any other privateer.

During the first year of the war I was acting as chief engineer of the British ship Tommy Atkins, running between London and Valparaiso. It wasn't long before the German cruisers made themselves evident in the south Atlantic, and after crossing the equator we began to fear we might fall into the hands of some one of them. Sure enough, one day we saw black smoke on the horizon which grew plainer every hour, and we soon made up our minds that she was coming toward us. She proved to be the Emden, and when she came near enough to us she fired a shot across our bows, and a few minutes later I got a signal to stop the engine. An officer from the cruiser came aboard and directed every one to get ready to be removed to his ship. He came down into the engine room, where I was waiting in case I was wanted there, and, seeing me, he asked me if I was the engineer. I told him I was, and he ordered me on deck and put me in charge of a sailor who took me aboard of the cruiser. When I saw the officer again he told me that one of their engineers had died of fever, another had broken an arm and they were short of engineers. I must take one of the periods of running the vessel.

In a couple of days we fell in with an Austrian bark bound for a German port, and all the passengers and crew except me were put aboard of her, for our ship had been sent to the bottom as soon as we were transferred to the Emden. It was a sad sight for me, seeing the others leave the Emden, and I forced to remain and work for the enemy. But what could I do? From the moment the last boat left the Emden for the other vessel I began to think how I could escape a service that was undesirable in that it was for an enemy.

We were moving down the Brazilian coast, sometimes within a few miles of land. My watch, or period of duty, had been changed from night to day, for I was breaking down under the strain, and it was one night when I was supposed to be asleep that I had my plans.

One of the crew had died the day before and was laid out for burial. Besides him was the sack in which he was to be sent to the bottom. It occurred to me that if I could get rid of him and put myself in the sack I would be thrown overboard. Land had been in sight during the day, and I, being a good swimmer, might keep myself on the surface long enough to be picked up by some passing boat.

It would probably result in death, but I preferred to take the chance rather than remain in the enforced service. I, a Briton, to be the slave of a German! Better a hundred deaths!

At first the Germans kept a close watch on me, but gradually they grew lax. I could do nothing harmful which would not react on myself as well as on them. Every one about me was sound asleep. Those on deck were wide awake, but all below, tired with the heavy duties, were glad to sleep when relieved.

I arose, went to the corpse, put it on my shoulder, carried it to the ship's side and through an open space dropped it overboard. I next stole a knife from a sleeping sailor without waking him. Then I got into the burial sack and awaited my fate.

By this time I had learned a little German, and in the morning I heard a voice: "Where is Hans? He was not put in the bag?" I heard a footstep coming toward me and felt a hand grip my shoulder. "Here he is," said the man who gripped me. "Some one must have put him in. But he is not sewed up. That must be done at once. Schneider, come here."
Some one came and sewed up the sack. Very soon after this I was carried to the forward deck. There was some kind of service, but I did not know enough of the German language to determine what it was. Then I felt the board on which I was placed tilted and I slid into cold water.

When Time Hung Heavy.

Today, when there is such a premium on time, one finds it hard to realize the condition portrayed by William Wistar Comfort in the Bookman:
"In its day and for two or three centuries later 'The Romance of the Rose' was the most popular work composed in medieval Europe. It consists of about 25,000 eight-syllable verses in the old French original. That forms a very considerable poem. A poem in two volumes would be sufficient in our day to rebuff most readers. But think of copying out in longhand such a poem!"

"Time was something to be killed by our ancestors, and hands were found to copy this endless poem almost 200 times. That is to say, we have nearly 200 French manuscripts of the 'Romance of the Rose,' and that does not account for all those that must have been lost in the course of 600 years. However, the figures give us some idea of what medieval literary popularity was."

Two Men and a Problem.

When Lord Rayleigh, the British scientist, was a student at Cambridge the examiners get among other problems one which they based on an article in a German mathematical periodical supposed unlikely to have penetrated to Cambridge. "Only two men solved it," Mr. Strutt (Lord Rayleigh) and another. The examiners asked the other man about this problem. "Oh," he said, "I take the — (mentioning the name of the periodical), and I was very glad to find that, thanks to an article in the last number, that problem came out quite easily." When Mr. Strutt's turn came they expected a similar answer, but he astonished them by replying, "The fact is, gentlemen, that I sometimes contribute to — and I could not help feeling greatly flattered that you should have thought my little problem worthy of a place in this examination." He was awarded the prize.

The Scale on a Map.

Distance on a map is measured by its "scale." By laying a rule on a government map and ascertaining the number of inches between two points the number of miles between them can readily be calculated. Nearly all maps are drawn to a scale representing one, two, three or more miles to the inch, as the inch is the common unit of measurement in the United States by which the eye is accustomed to judge distances on paper.

A scale of 1:50,000, used in the well known United States geological survey topographical maps, denotes that one inch on the map represents 52,800 inches on the ground, which is the approximate number of inches in a mile. Therefore the scale is, almost exactly, one inch to one mile. A scale of 1:125,000 is approximately two miles to one inch, and a scale of 1:500,000 represents sixteen miles to one inch.

Pantheon and Parthenon.

The Parthenon, or what is left of it, stands upon the Acropolis of Athens. The most famous building on earth was erected under the administration of Pericles about B. C. 449. Its present ruinous condition was caused by the explosion of a bomb during the war between the Venetians and Turks in 1687.

The Pantheon at Rome was built by Agrippa in B. C. 27 and unlike the more beautiful temple at Athens, is still in a fair state of preservation. The Pantheon is, of course, well worth seeing both for its own sake and on account of its historic interest, but it does not hold the fame belonging to the incomparable building on the Acropolis.

Campfire Laurels in Japan.

There is a stringent law in Japan that when one campfire laurel is cut down another must be planted in its place. The tree is hardy and long lived, attaining to an enormous size. It is covered with a small leaf of a vivid green color. The seed, or berries, grow in clusters, resembling the black currant in size and appearance. And the wood is employed for every purpose from cabinetmaking to shipbuilding.

Bright Hair.

Tommy, a bright little three-year-old, had just made his first visit to the barber's and was very disatisfied upon his return.
"I don't like my hair curled in this way, all in little curls," he said.
"How do you wish it?" queried mamma.
"Why, I want it like Uncle Tom's. I want it in two slices."

Slow Work.

"How's your boy Josh doing in the army?"
"First rate," replied Farmer Conant, "although his mother's a little disappointed. She speaks about the slowness of Josh's promotion every time she sees in the paper that the same old general is still holding his job."—Washington Star.

Looks Like Discrimination.

"I don't see why Cupid should discriminate against any particular trade or profession."
"Didn't know that he did or was supposed to."
"Then why do they say that love laughs at locksmiths?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Broader Field.

"I want to reach people in all walks of life."
"That's a narrow audience, old man. Better include all makes of cars."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We know books by reading them, horses by handling them, heroes by living in them and men by mistaking them.