

Marriage Superstitions.

- Married in January's hour and rime, Widowed you'll be before your prime. Married in February's sleepy weather, Life you'll tread in tune together. Married when March winds shrill and roar, Your home will lie on a foreign shore. Married 'neath April's changeable skies, A chequered path before you lies. Married when bees o'er May blooms fit, Strangers around your board will sit. Married in month of roses—June— Life will be one long honeymoon. Married in July, with flowers ablaze, Bitter-sweet memories in after days. Married in August's heat and drowse, Lover and friend is your chosen spouse. Married in golden September's glow, Smooth and serene your life will flow. Married when leaves in October thin, Toil and hardship for you begin. Married in vells of November mist, Dame fortune your wedding ring has kissed. Married in days of December's cheer, Love's star burns brighter to year.

SOMETHING TO SELL

By Francis A. Corey

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At the ringing of the doorbell a blush blended suddenly with the happy smile on Elizabeth Mellen's lips. It was Teddy Davenport, of course! Hadn't he called regularly at this hour of the afternoon for weeks and weeks? "I'm so glad you've come, Teddy," she cried, giving him both her hands. She always had for him this warm, impulsive greeting. But Davenport was not responsive for once. The slender, jeweled hands were quickly released. His lips were no answering smile. There was a new line in his face. "Something has gone wrong, Teddy," she said in her quick, direct way. "Yes." "Is it so very, very bad?" "As bad as it well can be," he groaned. Elizabeth paled a little. Teddy was not one to take alarm at nothing. But instead of asking what troubled him she drew a little nearer and said: "Let the unpleasant news wait. I want to talk of something else. Yesterday we were debating whether we would announce our engagement at once or not until next month. Why not settle the question now?" "That's the very thing I came to talk about!" he exclaimed. Then he went on hurriedly, before she could make any response. "Elizabeth, I'm glad now that we took no one into our confidence. 'Twill make things easier and better for you. You are no weakling; you may as well have the truth straight out. I very much fear that everything will have to be given up."



HE STARED HARD AT THE HALF DOZEN DOCUMENTS. "A wife from headquarters. The mine has gone smash—water, you see—utterly worthless. Nobody would take it as a gift." "Oh, Teddy, I'm so sorry!" she said. "Of course it means financial ruin. I'll have to begin again at the bottom of the ladder. It may take years to work my way up. It would be unjust to you to ask you to wait. I will not do it. I give you back your promise. You are free." A sudden trembling of the white lips showed what the words cost him. The look on his haggard face went to Elizabeth's heart. She was deeply in love with Teddy Davenport. She loved him for his handsome face, his manliness, his courage and strength, his high notions of honor. With a swift, impul-

sive gesture she slipped two slender white arms, lost at the elbow in enchanting frills of lace, about his neck. "But I don't want to be free," she cried. "Oh, what a goose you are, Teddy! As if I hadn't money enough for you both and wouldn't deem it a privilege to share all I possess with you!" He released himself resolutely from the clasping arms. "Yes, Elizabeth, I know you would do it, and willingly, if I would permit the sacrifice. But I will not. How can I take so much and give nothing in return?" "You will give yourself. That is enough." "Not from a man's standpoint. Don't tempt me. I had this fight out by myself before I came. I shall always love you, always be true to you, but until fortune smiles again we can be only friends."

Elizabeth loved him the better for his unyielding firmness and pride. After he had gone she stood for a long time at the window, the light gone out of her beautiful eyes. What a pity that so paltry a thing as the loss of fortune should wreck the happiness of two lives! Could nothing be done? Suddenly a thought came to her like an inspiration and she acted upon it at once. Crossing the wide hall to a small room at the rear of the library, she took the telephone directory from its shelf, ran her finger down the long column of names until she came to the letter S. Then she called up Mr. Sanford of the legal firm of Sanford & Rollins, and the following conversation took place: "Mr. Sanford, you have charge of Mr. Theodore Davenport's business affairs?" "Yes."

"Is it true that his Lookout shares have greatly depreciated in value?" "Excuse me, madam. That is a private matter. I cannot discuss it with a stranger." "You needn't be afraid. Mr. Davenport has just gone from here. I'm Miss Elizabeth Mellen of Gramercy Park." "Oh—ah—yes!" It was curious—the change that had come into the voice at the other end of the wire. "Of course, then, it is quite unnecessary to keep anything back. The mine is in very bad shape—even worse than Davenport is aware of."

"I'd like to have a talk with you, Mr. Sanford, if I may. Can you call at my house this evening at 8 to meet my business manager?" "I will come with pleasure, Miss Mellen." "Thanks. Of course you understand that Mr. Davenport is not to know of this." "That is all, Goodby until 8." The following afternoon Elizabeth sat waiting with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. On the stroke of the clock, Teddy bounded up the steps. Without giving the servants a chance to announce him, he rushed into the drawing room and caught her in his arms. "Such wonderful news, my darling!" he cried joyously, kissing her. "Sanford has sold my Lookout shares at par to somebody with more money than brains! The mine can't be in such a hopeless condition as I was led to believe. Sanford dropped a hint that the new owner has been investigating privately and knows what he's about. Well, he's welcome to make what he can out of it. It's off my hands, thank heaven! And now we will announce our engagement as soon as you please."

"Then let it be tomorrow, Teddy," Elizabeth murmured, with downcast eyes. "I—I have a prejudice against long engagements," she whispered presently. "Why not be—married—in three weeks?" "You darling!" he cried. At the first stop on their wedding journey Elizabeth dived to the very bottom of her trunk for a mysterious package. With this tightly clutched in hands that shook a little in spite of herself, she confronted her husband of an hour. "Teddy," she began rather tremulously, "it is the custom to make gifts on an occasion like this. Suppose you and I inaugurate a new departure. I have something to sell if you can be induced to buy."

Smiling into her solemn face, he asked teasingly: "Is it a kiss?" "Of course not. How absurd! But—see for yourself." He stared hard at the half dozen documents she spread out on the table; then as the truth dawned slowly upon him his face grew white. "These are Lookout mine certificates made out in your name! Elizabeth," he cried sharply, "explain! What does this mean?" "Oh, Teddy, forgive me," she pleaded, kneeling beside him in the adorable humility of a proud but loving woman. "I couldn't give you up. I could not. And I saw a way out of it, thank heaven. I bought up these shares of yours secretly."

"And I'm a poor beggar after all," he groaned. "Nothing of the sort," she declared eagerly. "You've been too busy getting ready to be married to watch the market reports, I suspect. Lookout shares touched par three days ago, and they went up these additional points yesterday. You've made a hundred thousand!" "You mean that you have," he cried, clasping her in his arms. —A Chinaman can live on much less a day than other people." "Yes; but think what he saves on hair cuts and shaves."

Gerald's Wife By IZOLA FORRESTER

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Broderick swung off the 435 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that they did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea, otherwise Pineville Improper. All that Broderick saw were pines, plenty of them, a flat white ribbon of roadway and a bit of a postoffice, roughly shingled, in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. He stepped into the postoffice as the central stop of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass enclosure, a girl with smooth dark hair. Beatrice had smooth dark hair. He watched the girl stamping letters with interest and wondered why some one did not tell her to wear her smooth dark hair in two soft braids around her head, crown fashion, as Beatrice did. "Where do the Vaughans live, please?" he asked finally, when the stamping ceased. "The Vaughans? Oh, Mr. Gerald Vaughn and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road."

A wide veranda and a funny roof. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife liked it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so called bohemian, and yet she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and bohemian, so called. He walked on down the flat white ribboned roadway and wondered whether he would find her like the girls Gerald had always admired. A lithe, slim, blessed damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been more than the sort of a girl to fall in love with. She had been a good fellow, a stanch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that flooded the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to reproach her with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had thought a girl like Beatrice had meant more by a kiss, a hand clasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she might wait until next summer. And now, in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, N. C., and his wife was Beatrice Stafford. Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exist upon love and art.

More or less for Gerald's sake and a little for Gerald's, Gerald's brother had taken it upon himself to visit the bridal couple and help Gerald. Smothering his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not suffer from it. "Well, good night, young man. I told you the Sal had a nose on her and would hit this 'ere house boat in the darkest night, and you see I am a mariner who speaks the truth. Good night all. Take the Merry Sal when you want a schooner with a smeller on her."

The head waiter of a famous New York restaurant said the other day: "A few nights ago, after having charge of a very large dinner, I started for home. My way led me through West Seventy-second street, where, late as it was, I saw a little girl only a few years old sitting on the lower step of a private stoop, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. I stopped to ask her what was the matter, and she told me that she had got lost upon that street, and that if she only had car fare she could get back there. Being in a hurry, I gave her a quarter and started to pass on. "The moment the kid got the coin she jumped up and ran away around the corner like lightning. I never before saw any one disappear so quickly. It dawned on me at once that I had been 'dead easy.' Of course she was simply a well trained little actress and had taken the quarter to her father or mother, who was in hiding near by. It's an outrageous shame that a little child should be trained up in that way."—New York Post.

Some Strange Customs. A very interesting account is given of the strange customs of the Bedouins of the Sinai peninsula in Lord Cromer's report on Egypt and the Sudan. If a man kills another in time of peace the relatives of the murdered man, beginning from the father to the fifth generation, have the right to revenge or pardon against the receipt of "blood money." This latter is fixed at forty-one camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer the latter or his next relatives have to give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without receiving the usual dowry. When she gives birth to a child she is free to go back if she chooses. In the latter case the marriage must be renewed and the usual dowry paid. Five camels may be substituted for the girl.

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Board the Colonial Dame all had gone well. She had been towed down to the bay and anchored. The sculptor felt that the game was in his hands and was determined to win. He counted on a moonlight night, rippling waters, wavelets softly tinking against the sides of the boat, poetry, sighs and the soft strain of music floating over the waters from some summer resort where sandwiches sold at 15 cents each. The fog came and blotted out the moonlight. It was too damp to sit on deck, and the artist's sister accompanied them down in the cabin, and his suit did not advance. At 10 o'clock the house boat rocked silently on the waters with all on board retired. At about that hour also the captain of the Merry Sal was saying to Harold Strong as they walked the quarterdeck together: "Yes, sir, the Sal has got a nose on her, and there is really no use for me to carry a compass. I've told her to smell out that ere boat of yours, and she's a-doin' it. I'm reckonin' she'll hit it within fifteen minutes. Why, I could turn in right now and feel that if that boat of yours is anywhere on Princess bay the Sal would hit her within—"

The Sal hit her. Whether she was guided by Providence, the lunthead of a young man or by her nose may never be known, but as a matter of fact she suddenly crashed into the Colonial Dame and cut her down to the water's edge. There were shouts and screams and yells of confusion. It seemed for a moment as if all on board the house boat must be drowned, but luck was with them. The tide had gone out and there were only three feet of water under her keel, the crew of the Sal were active on the bows of their craft, and the artist went overboard at the first crash and fished around until he found the right party and then saved her in a sopping, but uninjured state. He also magnanimously extended a saving hand to his rival and to his future mother-in-law, and as he piloted them to the sandy Jersey beach and counted heads to find all present and accounted for he was hailed from the departing schooner with: "Well, good night, young man. I told you the Sal had a nose on her and would hit this 'ere house boat in the darkest night, and you see I am a mariner who speaks the truth. Good night all. Take the Merry Sal when you want a schooner with a smeller on her."

The Art of Begging. The head waiter of a famous New York restaurant said the other day: "A few nights ago, after having charge of a very large dinner, I started for home. My way led me through West Seventy-second street, where, late as it was, I saw a little girl only a few years old sitting on the lower step of a private stoop, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. I stopped to ask her what was the matter, and she told me that she had got lost upon that street, and that if she only had car fare she could get back there. Being in a hurry, I gave her a quarter and started to pass on. "The moment the kid got the coin she jumped up and ran away around the corner like lightning. I never before saw any one disappear so quickly. It dawned on me at once that I had been 'dead easy.' Of course she was simply a well trained little actress and had taken the quarter to her father or mother, who was in hiding near by. It's an outrageous shame that a little child should be trained up in that way."—New York Post.

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Symptoms. A physician was talking about his patient's symptoms. "Young, strong people don't give me enough symptoms when they are ill," he said, "but the middle aged and the aged give me too many. Thinking about their health all the time, studying their condition all the time, the aged and the middle aged discover a symptom in every muscle, in every organ, in every limb. Thus they confuse me. "The average sufferer of fifty or so will pour upon my head a deluge of symptoms like this: "Well, doctor, I'm miserable all over, feverish one minute, freezing the next. I've a gnawing pain in my hip and side and back and an all gone sensation in the stomach, with a shooting, neuralgic headache over the left eye. I have a queer taste in my mouth, a dizziness when I stoop over and a dull ache up and down the right side, along with a kind of numbness. I cough a lot, my throat's sore, and I've the earache. Appetite's fair, but not what it should be. I have a feeling of lassitude, and I'm very weak. These are only a few of my main symptoms. To proceed, etc."—Exchange.

An Unruffled Spirit. A contented spirit was Mrs. Snow's, so contented that at times her neighbors found it trying and took an unrighteous satisfaction in presenting any small thorns which might prick through her comfort. "No, my Angie hasn't the measles," said Mrs. Snow one day. "Well, perhaps it seems strange she should escape the epidemic, but my children are unusually fortunate always in those respects. Of course I take the best of care of them, and, then, they inherit a tendency to throw off any germs. I anticipate no illness with Angie." In spite of this the redoubtable Angie came down with measles a week later, and the inquiring friend again approached Mrs. Snow. "Yes, dear Angie has the measles at last," said the contented mother. "Now, most of the other children are well, and as the doctor has plenty of time to attend to her it really seemed an opportunity for Angie. I don't suppose there ever was a child on whom they came out more beautifully than on Angie. I tell the doctor I think he may well be proud of his little patient."—Youth's Companion.

The Atmosphere. Even if it were possible for man to live without breathing air he could not exist on the earth if it were without an atmosphere. Plants derive carbon, the most important element of their food, from the air, and without plants there could be no food for animals and therefore no human beings. Water also comes from the atmosphere, but if there were no water there could be neither plants nor animals. If food and water could be supplied in some other way the world would still be uninhabitable by plants and animals owing to the severity of the cold. Without an atmosphere there would be no winds and consequently no waves or ocean currents. The sea—if we may suppose one to have been supplied by some unknown cause—would be a stagnant pool, uninhabitable by seaweed or fish.

American Buyer in London. My American accent came near to taxing me just \$430 on my last trip to London," remarked a clubman. "When I tried to buy a certain bulldog pup there the kennel man priced it at \$500, as he had me sized up as an American and, in his regard, an easy mark. I made a deal with a caddy at the hotel stand, who went around and bought the same pup for me at \$60, a very fair price, as the dog will never be a show winner. I gave a \$10 tip to the caddy, so I made \$430 by employing an agent who called his hansom an 'ansom and his horse an 'orse."—New York Sun.

Jackdaw and Magpie. In England the daw is hardly ever mentioned but as Jack, yet daw and not jackdaw is the proper name of the species. It is suggested that the pie comes from the "mag" to some corruption of Margaret or Meg. To mag is to chatter, but whether the verb was derived from the name or the name from the verb is a question. It is more than probable that the Jim Crow of America (the old name for a negro boy) was brought across from England in the days when a crow was Jim, as a swallow was Dick.—London Standard.

Egg and Bottle. Take a boiled egg, remove the shell, have a bottle with a large neck, add a piece of paper to the neck and light it. When in blaze put the egg on it, point down, and the heat will pull the egg with great force inside. Now put again a blazed paper in the bottle and manage to have the egg in the neck point up, and the heat will push out the egg with an explosion.

Perpetual. "You always appear to be worried about your housekeeping," remarked the sympathetic friend. "But really," replied the housekeeper, "there are only two occasions when I am really worried. One is when I haven't a servant and the other is when I have."

At the Art Museum. Her Husband—That statue isn't true to nature. His Wife—What's wrong with it? Her Husband—Why, it represents a woman sitting still, saying nothing.—Columbus Dispatch.

Is It? Ethel—Mamma, what makes the lady dress all in black? Mamma—Because she is a sister of charity, dear. Ethel—Is charity dead, then?

The first Lombardy poplar in America was planted by Michaux in 1785.

Denver's First Stagecoach. On the 17th of May, 1850, Denver turned out to welcome the first through coach of what was destined to grow into the "Overland Mail," an enterprise which for sheer American pluck and daring must be forever linked with the name of the "Pony Express." Red shirts drifted to the outskirts of the gamlet and dotted the hills around. Hard faced bartenders made ready for the "hottest night that ever tore the camp loose." The artillery of holster and saddle boot was unlimbered for an ecstatic fusillade. There was lively betting in dust and nuggets that the first through stage had been gathered in by Indians, with takers as eager to stake their faith that the scalps of driver and guard would come through intact. At length a swirl of dust showed far down the trail. It grew into a yellow cloud that crept toward the eager hamlet. Then six mules, stretched out on the gallop, emerged from this curtain, and behind them was the lumbering, swaying stage, come safely through on time, and Denver was in touch with the world where men wore white shirts and lived in real houses. The cheers that roared a welcome to this heroic enterprise were echoed in every western town which hoped and longed for a link of its own with the home country, "way back east."—Outing Magazine.

The Polite Burman. In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with Europeans, says the author of "Burma, Painted and Described," they have lost some of their traditional politeness, but in the country districts old school courtesy is still the custom. An English gentleman who had bought a new pony was trying him out on a Burman road when the animal bolted and ran at top speed down a narrow road. In the way ahead was a native cart, in which was a family party out holiday making. The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merrymakers and severely injured the Burman who was driving. Before the Englishman had an opportunity to explain his unexpected onslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low. "My lord, my lord," he said apologetically, "the cart should not have been there."

Inherited Memories. A writer in the Nineteenth Century tells a strange story of "inherited memories." The ruins of an ancient Roman fortress rise from the grounds of a Mr. Phillips. A clergyman called upon the owner one day and asked to see the ruins. "He told me he had a distinct recollection of living there and that he held some office of a priestly nature in the days of the Roman occupation," said Mr. Phillips. "One fact struck me as significant. He insisted on examining a ruined tower which had bodily overturned. 'There used to be a socket in the top of it,' he went on, 'in which we used to plant a mast, and archers used to be hauled to the top in a basket protected with leather, from which they picked off the leaders among the ancient Gorlestonians.' We found the socket he had indicated."

When Paris Was Dirty. It takes the labors of 4,000 to keep the city of Paris clean today, but in times past that capital did not care so much about the matter and was not always pleasing to look upon. In 1345 King John of France made the request that Parisians should not allow their pigs to roam the streets. Charles VI (1380-1422) complained that the practice of throwing rubbish into the Seine made it a "great horror and an abomination to look upon." Until the seventeenth century everybody who could went about Paris on horseback in order to avoid contact with the filth of the streets. Various ordinances were made to compel the people to sweep the road before their own doors, but it was not until 1791 that the dust cart became an institution.

A Lullaby. Magistrate—You are accused of attempting to hold a pedestrian up at 2 o'clock this morning. What have you to say in your own behalf? Prisoner—I am not guilty, your honor. I can prove a lullaby. Magistrate—You mean an alibi. Prisoner—Well, call it what you like, but my wife will swear that I was walking the floor with the baby at the hour mentioned in the charge.—Chicago News.

Isen on Friendship. Friends are a costly luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a mission in life one cannot afford to have friends. The expansiveness of friendship does not lie in what one does for one's friends, but in what one out of regard for them, leaves undone. This means the crushing of many an intellectual germ.—From a Letter to George Brandes.

Just Like Him. Arthur—You think I don't love you, darling? Why, I would die for you. Arcthusa—Yes, and it would be just like you to do it so that your funeral would come on a day when I had to give up a real nice engagement to attend it. Oh, you men are so selfish!

First Baby—You look sad. Second Baby—I am. I feel keenly the responsibility of having parents who cannot afford to have me.—Smart Set.

Seized His Chance. Miss Prim—In Siberia do they have reindeer? Mr. Nervey—Yes, but often they have snow, darling.—Cleveland Leader.

He who does not improve today will grow worse tomorrow.—German Proverb.