

ESCAPED IN TUNE.

James had paid Gertrude marked attention while she was visiting her aunt. Though others knew to a certainty that he intended proposing to the charming stranger, James himself was undecided.

"Meeting a girl at dances, only seeing her with her company manners on, isn't conducive to really knowing her," soliloquized James. "How can I tell that like the girl who when she was good, was very very good and when she was bad she was horrid. I'll solve the enigma. Accept her invitation to spend a few days at her country home. The rest will do me good. Then after that if we prove congenial, me for a benedict."

Gertrude was a vision of loveliness when she greeted her admirer at the station.

"So delighted you came," she said welcoming him with a joyful face. "We needed another for our tennis match."

"I'm too tired to play," commenced James. "Don't be disagreeable but hurry; they're waiting for us," returned Gertrude.

After the game, at which the newcomer was badly beaten, Gertrude suggested a swimming contest.

"I'd rather not," complained James. "Let's sit in that inviting hammock."

"Your no sport, don't be a ditherer," said one of the party.

"If you insist, all right," answered James.

So in swimming they went. Every one except James enjoyed the cool refreshing waves. But, he never did enjoy anything he didn't want to do.

At dinner Gertrude commented upon the fact that her guest did not appear in a white suit.

"I thought I suited you all right," he replied.

"No, you seem to dislike all the things I find pleasure in. For instance, would you like to take a tramp through the wood?"

"Surely, let's start early in the morning," agreed James, glad for an opportunity to be alone with Gertrude.

After being abused for three hours because he insisted upon tramping his partner's ace, James retired, to be awakened at dawn by a gentle knock at his door.

"Hurry, I'm all ready," called Gertrude.

James jumped helter-skelter into his clothes and found Gertrude waiting for him, looking not quite as pretty as she had in the favorable gauntlet.

After walking a couple of miles James protested that he felt weary and hungry.

"There's an apple orchard about a half-mile from here. We'll get some apples," said Gertrude, for nothing could deter her from continuing her walk.

A very sober couple appeared on the porch a few hours later. After a hearty breakfast Gertrude begged James to go fishing. He had to row around the lake for the rest of the morning in the broiling sun and all they caught were two small perch.

"Some strenuous life," he commented as the boat neared the landing and he was becoming bored by Gertrude's incessant talking of topics which did not interest him.

"These stunts are an everyday occurrence. Wouldn't you like to live this simple life?" questioned Gertrude.

"Not to my taste."

"The boys expect you to play in their baseball game," Gertrude called after James as he left her.

The baseball over Gertrude appeared with her golf bag requesting James to play with her. They chased the ball around the links until it started to pour rain in torrents.

"It's pouring," cried James.

"Oh, we always play in the rain," answered Gertrude.

Drenched to the skin they started home.

"What's the trouble with your face?" asked Gertrude.

"I don't know, it feels all face."

"It's swollen and has red patches all over it. Maybe its poison ivy."

After consulting the village doctor, who informed him that he had most likely touched some ivy in the woods and had a bad case of poisoning, James returned home on the next train to remain in the house for a week suffering intensely.

When James read of Gertrude's engagement to Harold Lifton, champion of the football players, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thanks to that poison ivy I escaped in time. If I was so tired out in a couple of days how could I have stood it for a life time?"

It has been remarked that when rain falls in the desert it at once begins to develop verdure and beauty. These arid stretches of sand contain in themselves the elements of beauty, only needing the proper conditions to reveal all that lies hidden beneath the bleak and barren surface. Something like this is the condition of the human body. Health is every one's prerogative. Yet people live along in suffering and sickness, not realizing that the fair flower of health would spring up in this barren life of theirs under right conditions. What rain is to the desert Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is to the body. It vitalizes and vivifies. It takes the germs of health and makes them fruitful. It pushes out the blood taints and foul diseases which mar and maim the body and in place gives an increased flow of pure blood, which nourishes and builds up the body in all its parts and organs. The blood is the life. The "Discovery" makes new life by making new blood.

The Copper in a Cent.

A penny is made from almost chemically pure copper, which is obtained by the new electric methods. Formerly the refining of copper was an expensive process, but with the utilization of electricity the expense has been materially decreased. The copper is placed at one end of a tank which is filled with water. This is called the anode or positive pole. The action of a powerful electric current releases the copper, carries it through the water and deposits it on the negative or cathode pole. The result is what is known as "electrolytic" or "cathode" copper. It is what pennies are made of. While the "electrolytic" is the purest known copper, the "lake" copper brings a slightly higher price in the market. This is because there is a small amount of silver in all the copper from the Lake Superior regions. It is so small that it cannot be separated at a profit. Silver, however, is a better conductor of electricity than copper, and therefore for commercial purposes the lake copper is in such demand that it brings a better price.—New York Press.

Glorify of the Mountains.

No lowlander can appreciate the mountain appetite and the facility with which heavy food called "grub" is disposed of. Eating, walking, resting, seem alike delightful, and one feels inclined to shout lustily on rising in the morning like a crowing cock—sleep and digestion as clear as the air. Fine splay plush boughs for bedding we shall have tonight, and a glorious lullaby we shall have from this cascading creek. Never was stream more fittingly named, for as far as I have traced it above and below our camp it is one continuous bounding, dancing white bloom of cascades. And at the very last, unwearied, it finishes its wild course in a grand leap of 300 feet or more to the bottom of the main Yosemite canyon near the fall of Tamarack creek a few miles below the foot of the valley.—From John Muir's "My First Summer in the Sierras."

The Looking Glass in Fiction.

All nations have shown by their stories how the looking glass is regarded as ministering to vanity. The ancient Greeks depicted Venus with a mirror and even described her chamber as lined all over with mirrors, so that whichever way her eyes turned she could behold her beautiful self. But Minerva never used a mirror. Pass to West Africa and we find a native story which begins with a magic mirror that possessed the power of speech and always said, "Mistress there is none," when its owner, a woman called Maria, asked it, "My mirror, is there any other beautiful woman like myself?" But one day Maria's daughter entered the forbidden room where it was kept, asked a similar question and got a similar answer. A tale of maternal jealousy and vengeance follows.—London Spectator.

The Lamprey's Nest.

The nest building efforts of the common lamprey eel show a degree of cleverness that is very wonderful. When the nesting time comes the fish leave the coast water and make their way up river. There at a likely spot upon the bottom the two eels proceed to build a nest with stones for spawning, the stones being brought in the creatures' mouths and deposited in the form of a heap. When a large stone is wanted the fish combine and, gripping it with their mouths by suction, carry it together and deposit it upon the heap, which may attain a height of two or three feet.—London Tit-Bits.

A Pool in Eggs.

A company of barnstorming actors rushed into a railroad eating house. The tragedian grabbed a dish containing six hard boiled eggs and swept all the eggs on to a plate in front of him. "Hey, girl!" shouted the leading man. "Set up them eggs again. This guy's run pool!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Told Him.

"See here, landlord," said an angry tenant after he had signed the contract, "this house is full of sewer gas." "Yes, that's what I told you." "Told me?" "Yes. You asked me if there was gas in every room and I said there was."—London Tatler.

Wise Rats.

Talkative Passenger—When the rats desert a ship before it sails it's a sure sign that the ship is unseaworthy, isn't it? Sailor—Not always. They might have discovered that a Chinese cook has shipped.

Her Worst Fear Realized.

"No, mother," said the beautiful heiress, "I shall not marry the count. I do not love him." "Alas!" the good old lady sobbed "I've always feared you had inherited your father's plebeian ideas."—Judge's Library.

A Man With a History.

"There goes a man with a very interesting history," said one assistant librarian to another. "You don't say so," said the other. "How do you know?" "I've just given it to him!" was the reply.

Widow's Weeds.

Jack—There's one good thing about widow's weeds. Tom—What's that? Jack—They rarely interfere with the growth of orange blossoms.

Same Old Story.

Gabe—Johnson is always broke. What's the matter with him? Steve—He's always trying to get rich quick.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Bath in a Holland Motel.

"There are some things about a trip through Holland that you recall when, stopping at one of our modern hotels," said a traveler. "In many places the hotels are run as they have been for ages, and candles still are the vogue. Rooms with baths are unknown. Instead they charge you about 40 cents in American money for a bath. You ask for the privilege of using the tub, and they send up a maid, who brings with her towels and soap if you have none, for you are supposed to carry both with you. She fills the tub, has it about the right degree of heat, and the faucets are locked, so that if you want any more water you don't get it; also there is no chance for your traveling pal sneaking in and enjoying a bath without coming through with another 40 cents. You are provided with one candle a day and charged for it. The lights go out early in the night, and if you happen to get up or want to read you have to use a candle. This does not apply to Amsterdam, which is a metropolitan city.—Detroit Free Press.

Smiled and Killed the Play.

Paul Lindau in "The Memories of My Life" relates that at the performance of his Countess Leah in Berlin the old Emperor William, who had been present at the play, sent for him to congratulate him upon his fine work and the favor it had won. "Only," he added, as if casually and without the least emphasis, "it is a pity that the titled officers do not play a very brilliant part in it."

When the emperor had dismissed Lindau, with a gracious nod, the manager, Dr. Hulsen, came to the author and said: "I am sorry that I can no longer produce your piece. It promised to have a long run."

"But why?" asked the astounded author. "The emperor paid me very flattering compliments and appeared to be much pleased with the piece."

"Ah! But, my dear doctor," replied the courtier, "his majesty never expresses his censure more strongly."—Bookman.

The Old Charcoal Burner.

The charcoal burner may still be found within thirty miles of London. This writer knows a charcoal burner who has carried on his ancient trade for forty years in Surrey and Sussex. You come suddenly upon the piled dome of fine earth on heath or in woodland, and near it is his neatly constructed hut of withes, fern and heather, with its rough corner posts and little door. There he lives during the whole period of the calcining process, keeping a sharp lookout to see that inquisitive passerby do not push an inquiring stick into the mound, which might result in a sudden burst of flame and the ruin of that particular lot of wood. This man is his own master. He knows his markets, and he makes a decent living—a curious, solitary life, but he knows all about the birds.—London Chronicle.

Danced in a Coal Mine.

Some years ago a Newcastle (England) coal operator named Brandling gave a famous ball. The ballroom was in the coal mine, 1,100 feet below ground, in the shape of the letter L, the width being 15 feet, the height 48 feet and the length 300 feet. The floor was dried and flagged, seats provided and the whole place illuminated with wax candles. The company comprised all the miners and their families, the proprietors and agents and a number of guests from London. It required considerable courage for some of the strangers to go down the shaft, but they all ventured. Dancing was from noon till 3 p. m., and all returned to the upper air clean and safe and each carrying as a memento a piece of coal hewn from the end of the drift.

Preparing For the Future.

"He drinks heavily." "I know it." "He gambles." "I am going to marry him to reform him." "My girl, listen to me. Try one experiment before you do that." "What experiment?" "Take in a week's washing to do and see how you like it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just Like Poker.

Wife—You know that Mrs. Newcomb moved in down the street Monday, so I called today. Hub—Well, well! How like poker this "social game" is. Wife—How do you mean? Hub—Why, in poker you also call when you want to see what the other player has.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing to Pay For.

"When are you going to pay me that 6s. 8d. you owe me?" asked an attorney of one of his acquaintances. "What 6s. 8d.?" "The 6s. 8d. for the opinion you had of me."

Faith, I never had any opinion of ye!

—London Globe.

Mutual Satisfaction.

"What is this? A portrait of Dauber by himself, eh? Seems a queer idea for a man to paint his own portrait." "A good idea, however. It is the surest way to have the artist and the sitter both satisfied."—Kansas City Journal.

Itemized.

House Owner—What! Five dollars for mending a little leak? Stern Plumber—No, sir; a dollar for the leak, \$2 to come to the house and \$2 to go away again.—Chicago News.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.—Popo.

Good looks are coveted by every woman. There is hardly any sacrifice which a true woman will not make to protect her complexion from the rude assaults of time. But good looks are absolutely incompatible with a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs. Hollow eyes, a sallow complexion and a wrinkled skin, quickly mark the woman whose functions are irregular, or who is a sufferer from "female weakness." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been taken by many a woman simply in hope of a cure of prostrating diseases, who, to her astonishment has found the roses blooming anew on her cheeks as the result of the cure of her diseased condition. "Favorite Prescription" makes woman healthy, and health is Nature's own cosmetic.

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