

DIABOLO AND THE DUKE.

Miss van Busker stood poised on the doorstep.

"Is that how you play the thing away?" she said, holding the diabolo sticks awkwardly but with an irresistibly bewitching air.

"We were all a little bit jealous of Miss van Busker, I think. She had arrived last night before with three monster trunks, four large hat boxes, a goodie and a very French maid.

An extremely smart "shoot" was assembled at the Towers, but Miss van Busker seemed to take the shine out of the rest of us when she came down to dinner in pale pink velvet and not an ornament of any description on her alabaster neck and shoulders.

However, as I was saying, Miss van Busker stood on the doorstep with diabolo sticks in her hand.

The guns were going to shoot at ten, and everyone knows how fussy men are just before they start, but three of them actually responded to Miss van Busker's challenge.

"I'll show you," they exclaimed, but the Duke of Derry didn't pretend to hear and went on wiping his gun or whatever it is men do.

"I won't bother now," Miss van Busker said slowly, and presently the guns drove away in the big brake to the home coast.

We all knitted stocks by the fire in the morning and exchanged confidences in our rooms after luncheon.



Miss van Busker was as bright as—well, as bright as one can be all day, though Lady Jane said it was much too damp for us to lunch.

"They were playing Diabolo in the hall," she said, and we stayed in until tea time. Miss van Busker came down to tea in a clinging white crepe de chine and looked quite lovely.

"She's beautifully turned-out and that," pretty little Lady Hildegard St. Helens said to me as she studied me the toast, "but she's no harm, has she?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said doubtfully. "I think she has."

The men came in just then, and first one and then the other went over and talked to Miss van Busker, except the duke, who sat by his sister and told us of the day's sport.

The Duke of Derry was young, not married, and as everyone knows, quite poor; "stony" is his own expression, so most of the girls treated him as a sort of brother.

After tea, I don't know how it happened, but Miss van Busker sat reading a paper, and when the men went off into the smoking room, the duke, who had to pass her chair, stopped and presently sat down by her side.

"No; I'm not a whale at games," I heard her say, and a little later she said the duke disappeared. When I went up shortly afterwards to get a book that I had left in my room and that I really wanted, they were playing diabolo in the hall, or rather Miss van Busker was looking on and the duke was holding the sticks.

"This way, d'you see?" he was saying very earnestly, as I passed.

"My now if that ain't too cunning," Miss van Busker said in her pretty nasal twang that seems to get worse the longer she stays in England. (She'd hardly any accent when Lady Bulstrode began taking her out last season.)

That evening when we had been given our candlesticks and were going to our rooms, Miss van Busker followed me.

"Now, may I come in a moment?" she said in her girlish way that is very appealing.

"Oh, do," I said, though I was very sleepy.

Miss van Busker went over to the fire and placed a marvellously small foot on the fender.

"My! ain't this the room Henry III. slept in before the battle of Lewes?"

"Oh, is it?" I said with some confusion, "perhaps it is."

Miss van Busker looked at me meditatively. "You British are queer," she said. "But if you will pardon me I don't think you're one mite British. No," she continued, "I kind of feel confidence in you; the others here are what I call pretty nosy."

I had known Miss van Busker all the summer, and I gathered her now to mean that the house party struck her as "stuck up."

"They don't mean anything," I murmured.

But Miss van Busker was not listening, she was gazing into the coals.

"I got to get engaged to a duke," she said suddenly; "all my girl friends were when they came home from Eu-rops, and I don't intend to be left on the mat."

"Indeed," I murmured rather lamely.

"I don't know about marrying."

Miss van Busker looked plaintively at me. "I'd see about that after, but I'd hate to face the reporters and the girls' luncheons if I hadn't a pretty good thing on ice."

"But is that quite fair?" I murmured once again, "and—and are you sure you can?"

"Fair? Why, I reckon most young men have a pretty useful amount of horse sense," Miss van Busker replied. "I don't worry any about them. And I s'pose most of us can get what we feel we want."

We both stared into the fire. It seemed a simple and cheerful philosophy.

"Diabolo's a great game," Miss van Busker added, irreverently.

"You're learning it, aren't you?" I asked, beginning to take the diamonds out of my hair.

"Yes; I'm learning," Miss van Busker laughed, and when she laughs in the firelight there is a gleam of what looks like fine pearls.

Miss van Busker said some very pretty things to me; she's certainly very attractive and we said good night in the friendliest way.

The next day the men were to shoot the great splenny; it was the big day of the week, and every one was what Miss van Busker called well on time, every one except the duke.

"We can't wait for old Stony," the men agreed after breakfast, and various expeditions to the bachelor quarters drew blank; the duke sent down to say he had strained a muscle and couldn't go out.

A big oak gallery runs round the hall at the Towers, and my room was off the gallery. I do not know that I was surprised when I opened my door to see a diabolo spool shoot up past me and fall back with a loud crash to the hall floor.

"My! a babe in arms would do it better," I heard Miss van Busker say with great apparent vexation.

When I descended the big staircase a moment later Miss van Busker, and, of course, the duke, who seemed quite well, were resting on the big oak seat with the high back. Miss van Busker held the diabolo sticks and the duke was twirling the spool in his hands and looking at Miss van Busker.

All that day and the next Miss van Busker learned diabolo.

"I don't get on one mite," she would answer when questioned; and the other men gave up all claim to teaching her.

Our main staple of conversation became Miss van Busker's progress in the game.

On the fourth day she had improved slightly; the duke had declared the long gallery a better place for learning, and poor Lady Jane who did not want to stand in his way, asked them to be very careful.

But when I went through by mistake, the diabolo lay on the "Two people occupied ground and the tall oak seat." They were looking at the pictures. At tea that afternoon the post came in.

"I've got a lot of snapshots from Greenhays," Lady Hildegard said suddenly, and looked at Miss van Busker.

Coralie flushed the slightest, prettiest pink, but she finished her tea, and then got up and went into the hall.

Little Lady Hildegard handed me the snapshots. "Bertie sent them," she said briefly. "Miss van Busker was staying there. She seems to forget—games," she added wickedly.

In quite six out of the dozen or more photographs, Miss van Busker, I regret to say, appeared playing diabolo with the most finished grace. She was depicted in the act of catching and throwing the spool with the precision of an expert.

Lady Hildegard laughed. "What would Stony say?" she murmured.

But her brother had followed Miss van Busker from the room.

I happened to pass through the hall not long after. Two people occupied the tall oak seat under the palms.

"Why, yes," I couldn't help hearing a drawing murmur as I hurried by. "I guess I knew it all the time pretty well. But I kind of thought you'd like to teach me—didn't you?"

But I shut my door upstairs upon the answer.

East and West of Fiji.

East of Fiji life is one long, lotus eating dream, stirred only by occasional parties of pleasure, feasting, love making, dancing and a very little gardening work. Music is the soul of the people, beauty of face and movement is more the rule than the exception, and friendliness to strangers is carried almost to excess. Westward of the Fijis lie the dark, wicked cannibal groups of the Solomons, Banks and New Hebrides, where life is more like a nightmare than a dream; murder stalks openly in broad daylight, people are nearer to monkeys than human beings in aspect, and music and dancing are little practiced and in the rudest possible state.—National Geographic Magazine.

High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands.

THE CURIOUS INK FISH.

The Venacious Seaman Relates Some of Their Wonderful Doings.

"You talk about fights with sharks and sighting sea serpents," said Third Officer Carl Ducks, of the German steamship Alleghany, as he leaned over the chart table. "Do you see that spot on the map in the Bay of Bengal? Well, we were becalmed there for a week when I was working before the mast on the full rigged ship Arethusa ten years ago. There had not been as much as a breath of air stirring for a week and all of us lay around despondent and hopeless, for the Bay of Bengal is not the happiest place in the world to be becalmed in.

"The skipper had no orders to give, so didn't give any, and no one of us in the fore'sle knew what to do with himself. On the seventh day when this idleness got on our nerves and we were lazily drifting with the currents, the man at the wheel suddenly discovered that the Arethusa was being pushed over to port, notwithstanding that he had his wheel hard over endeavoring to keep the vessel in a straight course.

"None of us could understand it, for there did not seem to be as much as a small current in the sea and there surely was not a puff of wind in the flapping canvas.

"Suddenly Metzger, the bos'un, leaned over the starboard rail forward and pointed excitedly to the water below. All of us ran to him and there dimly visible and almost entirely submerged, was a huge ink-fish close to our starboard side.

"Because the inkfish had spread her peculiar coloring on the water about her we could hardly make her out. It is a peculiarity of the inkfish, this spreading of a haze around her. I think here you call it the inkfish an octopus. Whichever it is, ours was actually pushing our 3,000 ton ship over out of the course to which the helmsman was trying to keep the Arethusa.

"The captain ordered a harpoon brought out and the hook was dropped right on top of the inkfish, catching the monster amidships, and she was, with the aid of a block and tackle, rigged to the foreyard, soon high and dry on the fo'c'sle deck.

"One of the boys was investigating the monster which weighed every ounce of seven hundred pounds when suddenly out shot one of the dozen tentacles from the inkfish. When that was withdrawn another would shoot out, and in this way the inkfish bent our forward stanchions, twisted the rail into a shapeless mass and spread ruin and damage all over the forward section.

"Darnsadt, the carpenter, had a bright suggestion. None of us could get near to the inkfish whose arms were about twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and which were now swaying all around, keeping the crew at a safe distance. The carpenter brought an axe and when the first arm reached his vicinity off came five feet of tentacle. He kept this up with each tentacle in succession until the dozen arms of the inkfish had been shortened by five feet. Then he got nearer and again made the "rounds" as the arms were shot forward toward him.

"Finally, when the inkfish had only a dozen stumps left and Darnsadt could get close enough to the monster, he gave it one blow between the little doorknob like eyes and that was the end of the inkfish on the Arethusa. As the final blow was struck home that inkfish gave forth a squeal just like a rabbit. I never knew a fish to be able to utter a sound. But the death squeal of that octopus inkfish will never leave my ears."

Surprise for an Oyster Shucker.

As George Schuck was opening oysters in the Susquehanna House, Catawissa, he opened one that gave him a surprise. It was apparently as solid and as sound as any he had opened, but when he removed the shell he found therein a small fish about two inches in length and a small hard-shell crab, the top of which was three-fourths of an inch in width. The fish was plump and life-like, though dead, but the crab was as lively as a cricket. There was no sign of an oyster in the shell, which was 2 1/4 x 1/4 inches.—Philadelphia Record.

The Pet Dogs of Paris.

In Paris dogs are treated as well as human beings are. They wear automobile togs when they go motoring, they have a hospital, and they even have a good-sized cemetery, with monuments and headstones, and inscriptions and mortuary wreaths.

THE TEDDY BEAR CRAZE.

German and American Factories Could Not Make Enough.

The craze seems to have started at Atlantic City. A child there, says one chronicle, saw a lovable looking little fuzzy brown plush bear in a shop window one day and had his mother buy it for him. It was a bear made by an old lady in Germany. Other children saw the child with the bear and copied. Visitors at Atlantic City took home with them the bear fad, and the bear craze was in the saddle.

The German woman who had sent the bears over years ago, and had since then been making comparatively few, just enough to satisfy the small demand, wondered why the American toy dealers suddenly sent such large orders for the bears—Teddy bears, as Americans began to call them immediately. The average German toy maker supplies orders as they come in, not caring to keep on hand a large stock of goods with only ephemeral popularity, so the German lady was hard put to it. In a short time she had more than 2,000 girls at work on the Teddy bear, and the calls for animals were still insistent.

As many of the ideas of the German toymakers come from France, and those in the United States from Germany the American manufacturer promptly fell in line for the bear trade. Hundreds of bears are being made every day in the United States, and the issues of the trade journals of toyland carry many advertisements of Teddy bears.

Help to the Housewife.

Nobody ever thinks of lifting a hot stove lid with the fingers. Stovelifters are provided for exactly this purpose. For the same reason the housewife should not be compelled to lift a hot cooking utensil from the fire with her fingers. An implement designed for this purpose is shown in the illustration. It is shaped like a stovelifter—in fact, can be used as such. At one end

Grasps Edge of Pan.

is an automatic clamp, which can be instantly slipped over the edge of any cooking utensil and moved to the place desired. The clamp is so adjusted that it grasps the dish firmly, and there is no danger of it becoming loose and falling to the floor. Such a lifter would be far more serviceable and handier than the usual method of using a cloth, with the additional advantage of protecting the hands and fingers from possible burns.

A Useful Precaution.

A most satisfactory way of preventing garter clasps from breaking the threads in the top of stockings has been devised by a woman in charge of a large theatrical wardrobe. She sews two small squares of ribbon on the hem of the stocking, on either side, just where the garter fastens.

By doing this she finds that the strain comes on the ribbon instead of on the stocking, and that no matter how tightly the stocking may be drawn up the stitches will not break.

There is nothing much more discouraging than to find a break with a "run" that may extend half way down the length of the stocking, and such small precautions are more than worth the trouble that is necessary in taking them.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Freshen salt fish by soaking in sour milk.

This syrup may be made thicker by boiling it down.

To remove egg stains from silver apply salt and rub with a soft cloth.

A little sugar added to the water used in basting a roast improves its flavor.

Eggs are more nourishing when cooked by being covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes than when boiled for three minutes.

Brother Dickey's Sentiments.

I done quit sermonizin' on Satan. Ef de folks wants ter know any mo' 'bout him dey'll have ter wait twel dey git dar.

I have my own idea 'bout Paradise, but ef ever I gits in dar I gwinter to lay mighty low!

Some folks driver angels fum dey door, but ef dey a' knowed dey was angels dey'd 'a' axed 'um in an' pulled de feathers out dey wings!—Atlanta Constitution.

Butter is preserved and put up in cans of tin to be sold in tropical countries or districts remote from civilization. Most of the tinned butter comes from France.

MARRY FIRST; LOVE LATER.

Japanese Woman Tells of Cupid's Scheme in the Orient.

"Americans fall in love and then marry; the Japanese marry and then fall in love."

This is the statement of the wife of Kokikochi Midzuno, the Japanese consul. She recently arrived from her native land. With her two children and her husband she is very happy, and in her contentment she wishes to solve the problem of unhappy marriages, says the New York American.

"Why do American women tire of their husbands?" she asked, as she brewed tea and ordered cake.

"American women," she said, "ought to stop and think of one of our old songs. The words of it run like this: 'I want to live to be 99 years and you must live to be a hundred, so that we may be happy while our hair grows gray.'"

"Marriage is safer in Japan. Experienced people arrange it. In the great wisdom of our parents these marriages are brought about. A young man desires to marry a girl. Her father arranges a meeting and the two young persons are introduced. Maybe they do not love at first, but after a while a great and tender affection steals over them. Wives in Japan are content with their husbands for years and years."

She was asked for her idea concerning woman's rights, and the suffragette were mentioned.

"Suf-suffragett?" Mrs. Midzuno stammered. She looked relieved when her husband assured her that there was no danger. Then she laughed when she explained in Japanese was a woman bent upon winning the right to cast a ballot like a man.

"Oh, think of that in Japan," she cried, looking at the consul.

"Too many husbands is not a happy thing," she declared. "The American women should be more content and not crave so much excitement. They should have wise people to choose for them their mates and not go suddenly into matrimony. To love all before marriage and not leave no happiness for the years to come after that is not a good thing."

How Birds Meet Emergencies.

Dr. Francis H. Kerrick says a sparrow will pluck a horse hair from the mouth of a nestling, while another bird, like an oriole, will stand by and see its mate hang until dead without attempting to release it.

A robin will tug at a string which has caught on a limb, but is never seen fully to meet the situation by releasing the string. It will make several turns of a cord about a limb and leave the other end free without any relation to the nest, so that its effort is useless. It ties no knots.

The gull according to abundant and competent testimony, will carry shellfish to a considerable height, drop them on the rocks or hard ground, and repeat the experiment until it gets the soft meat.—Chicago Tribune.

Our First Appearance.

Highest authorities place the time since men first appeared on the earth at 288,000 years. Of this 78,000 belong to the preglacial epoch, 100,000 to glacial, 44,000 to interval between prehistoric and neolithic, 10,000 to neolithic epoch and 6,000 to time elapsed since beginning of the historic period in Egypt.

The Four D's.

Charles Spurgeon once said that there were three great enemies to man—"dirty, debt and the devil." He might have added one more and included dyspepsia. The evil results of this disease could hardly be exaggerated. Its effects are felt in mind and body, and are so far reaching as the effects of the curse that was laid on the Jackdaw of Rheims which was cursed in "eating and drinking and sleeping, in standing and sitting and lying." The good effects of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are most marked in aggravated and chronic cases of dyspepsia. It enables the stomach glands to secrete the necessary quantity of digestive fluids, and thus at once removes that craving or gnawing sensation so common to certain forms of indigestion. It tones and regulates the stomach, invigorates torpid liver and gives the blood-making glands keen assimilative power. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-eight per cent. of those who use it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are superior to all other laxative medicines when the bowels are obstructed.

The only way some people can be happy is to get more than their money's worth.

THE "PURE FOOD LAW" is designed by the Government to protect the public from injurious ingredients in both foods and drugs. It is beneficial both to the public and to the conscientious manufacturer. Ely's Cream Balm, a successful remedy for cold in the head, nasal catarrh, hay fever, etc., containing no injurious drugs, meets fully the requirements of the new law, and that fact is prominently stated on every package. It contains none of the injurious drugs which are required by the law to be mentioned on the label. Hence you can use it safely.

The clinging nature is sometimes illustrated by the way a man hangs onto his money.

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Exterminating Rats.

The municipality of Copenhagen has opened war on rats and will pay 1 1/2 cents for every tail. The breeding of rats for their tails is a criminal offense.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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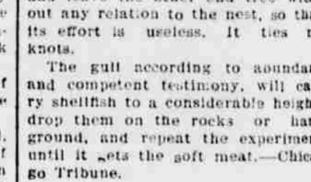
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