A Priceless Stolen Hour

The Fairy Queen sat at her little adstool dinner table, for it was diner time. But the Fairy Queen could st nothing, aithough a charming coltion was spread before her-primse soup, roast acorn with roseleaf slad, violet pudding iced with honey, ad an acorn cupful of freshest mornig dew. She glanced at everything nd sighed. She even frowned. For ie Fairy Queen was a methodical erson, and to waste both the dinner ad the dinner hour vexed her exedingly.

The truth was that the Queen had est something very precious that orning-something so precious that ne just exactly like it could never obtained again for ever and ever. hen she had lost her temper, then or appetite, and so finally her din-

"That makes four losses this mornag!" she said angrily.

The fays hid their faces in their obweb pinafores, and the elves, misnievous young sprites as they usual-2 were, now sat almost quite still. inly their thumbs twiddled.

Everybody was, in fact, feeling very acomfortable, for all saw that the ueen was in a mighty temper. With wave of her wand she caused the adstool table and the dinner to vanh. Then a bell tinkled. It was the immons for all the members of the ousehold to betake themselves to ie Queen's presence.

Presently the audience chamber was rowded with fays and elves and xies and gnomes and brownies all soking pale and startled by the exaordinary summons.

With another wave of her wand the ueen brought a little golden key akling down on to the throne upon hich she sat. She held the key up igh so that all could see it.

"This is the key to my Time Cuboard," she said, "which key no one an use except myself, and which I eep wrapped up in a scrap of blue cloud where none can find it. And et, this morning, when I went to my 'ime Cupboard, I found that an hour ad been stolen-a wnole beautiful olden Hour, with its sixty golden min-.tes and their sixty golden seconds Il complete! It was a priceless iour stolen from a glorious summer ay. Now each of you must come beore me and declare on your fairy honr that you did not steal that hour."

As she spoke the last words a little rown gnome, now cream color with ear, slipped out of the audience hamber. No one noticed him, for all ere too intent upon the hasiness beare them. One by one they advanced nd declared upon their fairy honor set they had not stolen the golden

When the last one had made his eclaration, the Queen waved her and and dismissed them all from her

Then she summoned the Prime Minter, and told him the story of the st Hour. He was a giant, with the ce and stature of a grandfather's ock, and his voice was as its chimes. "There is only one way of finding

it who is the culprit," said the Prime We must examine all the ours you have given out and see hich one has been returned blank, id to whom it belongs. For a silver our and the golden one could not oth be used at once."

"Oh, I never thought of that," said e Queen; "we will go through the

our cellars this very afternoon." To understand the above remarks erfectly you must know that every idnight the Queen served out to ch of her household twenty-four siler Hours for their use during the folswing day. In return she received renty-four silver Hours which had een used in the day just passed, and pon each Hour was inscribed the ork done during the sixty minutes. hen all these used Hours were stored way carefully for reference in the 'our cellars. Sometimes, when it was fete day, such as the Queen's anniersary and similar occasions, half a men beautiful golden Hours would s served out to the delighted fairles, ir a golden Hour was a holiday Hour. was one of these that had been

Now there was among the Queen's ctinue a young foundling. One day hen the Queen was hunting in the rest just beyond the borders of airy-Land, she had come across a nall boy asleep, with his arm under s curly head. The Pairy Queen took fancy to him. She learned that he as playing truant from school betuse he did not like lessons, and beuse he had made up his mind to go · Fairy-Land, where everyone could I just what he liked.

'So that is your idea of Fairy-Land. it?" the Queen had said. "Well, you tall go with me to Fairy-Land, and en you will see for yourself."

So Curlypate—thus the Queen chris ned him-was taken to the Fairy clace, and because the Queen liked s curly head and pretty manners, he as made her Cup-bearer. But as time ussed, he had gradually fallen from vor on account of his idleness. One ly he actually let the cup fall, spillig all the morning dew, and the ucen had had to go without her reeshing beverage, for, of course, no ore could be obtained until the next orning. After that disgraceful act carelessness, Curlypate lost his s and his beautiful pink-and-white emplexion, and had to take his place the little brown gnomes who

acted as scullions in the toyal kitchen. There he found he had to work harder. than ever, and every day he became more discontented with his lot.

Every night the sight of the twentyfour silver Hours grew more hateful, until at last he made up his mind that one golden Hour should be his at any rate. So one night as the little blue cloud containing the golden key of the Time Cupboard was floating back toward the sky, he caught it in a net hanging from a kite which he had made for the purpose. And when all the fairles were asleep he had stolen to the Time Cupboard and taken out the golden Hour, believing that not even the Fairy-Queen herself could discover the thief. He had forgotten the silver Hour which he had had to return to the Queen, and its magic powers, which prevented an untruth from remaining inscribed upon it.

All the afternoon and evening were spent by the queen and prime minister in the Hour cellar, the queen waving her wand as each pile of silver Hours was approached.

At last they stood before the pile which bore the signature of Curlypate, and as soon as the queen waved her wand the pile swayed forward and fell in a scattered heap to the ground. Another wave of the wand and one of the silver Hours leaped out from the heap and fell at the queen's feet. The prime minister picked it up and examined it. It was blank, except for the date and time and signature. The culprit was found, but where was the golden Hour.

Immediately Curlypate was summoned to the presence of the queen and the prime minister. Curlypate stood before them weeping bitterly.

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" he cried, "and I will give you back your golden Hour. I took it because I was so tired of the silver ones, with their work, work, work."

"If you can bring me back my lost golden Hour, I will forgive you," said the queen, solemnly.

Then Curlypate ran away toward the palace garden, smiling through his tears. It would be so easy to give back the golden Hour.

He knew where he had lain with the precious thing in his hands. But when he reached the spot, though he searched the long grass through, and peered underneath the rose trees, he could find nothing. The golden Hour had vanished!

Sadly he returned to the geeen.

"Alas, I knew it," said the queen, for a golden Hour once spent can never be recovered for ever and ever. They drop the golden dust as the minotes pass and the seconds fly, and nothing except a memory remains Only the silver hours of work remain visible through the work inwrought upon them. Alas, my precious golden Hour can never, never, be regained!

For awhile she sat with bowed head. Then she passed sentence upon

"Because you have stolen a golden Hour and turned it to the base use of bitter idleness, you are banished from fairyland. To your own land you return, and for a year and a day you shall be a sloth, crawling painfully upon the trees. Then you shall return to your former state, but if ever you play truant from school again you shall come back to fairyland, but to its prison instead of to its palace. Neither in fairy land nor elsewhere is there room for idlers."

So Curlypate became a sloth for a which he carries when "hunting. year and a day. And then he a boy again, and went back to school.

Breaks.

To write a social letter to a man and ask him to reply. Boors are not in society

To ride one's hobby-horse around the dining table, to the confusion of

one's hostess. To toast "youth" where women of

uncertain age predominate. To ignore one's humble friends for one's smart acquaintances. Fortune

plays madcap pranks. To boast of our own. Human nature repeats itself and family prejudice is

never convincing. To be inquisitive. No one cares for a human interrogation point, and he who asks all shall know nothing.

To be too anxious to shine, glitter and glare, conversationally, is not the highest proof of clever polish.

To seek favor. Merit is self-evident. Mediocrity seldom achieves, socially or otherwise.

To pretend. Age has given the world wisdom and a keen eye for shams.

To gush. The being who faces about on all necks has strangling possibilities.

To protest too much. The obvious refutes doubt, and goodness needs no placard.

Queer Chinese Customs.

They drink wine hot. Old men fly kites. White is worn as mourning. Their babies seldom cry. Soldiers wear petticoats. Their compass points to the south. The family name commences first. Carriages are moved by sails. Seat of honor at the left. Visiting cards four feet long. School children sit with backs to

the teacher. Fireworks are always set off in day. time.

If you offend a Chinaman he may kill himself on your doorstep to spite

They Live. The good things that some men did tes out as bayons arking water

NEVER HEARD OF ROOSEVELT

Startling Ignorance Displayed by Albert Courtney, Who Comes In

from American Deserts. Los Angeles, Cal.-Albert Courtney a mining prospector and British subject, heard a few days ago for the first time that Queen Victoria had died. He refused to believe the report and is looking for an English paper to confirm the news,

The name of Theodore Roosevelt was a strange one to him. Vague rumors came to him along in 1898 and 1899 that Spain and the United States were at war. Not an echo of the Boer war reached him.

Naturally ping pong, diabolo, the plays of George Bernard Shaw, the defeat of "Bill" Squires, the suffragist



movement, the recall election and all the other great facts and occurrences of recent years were matters of which he was ignorant.

This hiatus in the life of Courtney arises from the fact that in the last fifteen years he has been lost to the world on the desert of Nevada and Arizona. He was a recluse and did not see a book or newspaper during the entire period.

of his first questions. "Roosevelt?" he said to a query. "Never 'eard the name

"And 'ow is the Queen?" was one

before. And who is 'e?" Courtney is seventy years of age and is well preserved physically and

INDIAN RUNS DOWN WOLVES.

On Overtaking His Tired Quarry Uses

Club to Kill Him. Superior, Wis .- At Solon Springs, near here, lives Charley Taylor, a half-breed Indian, who might be a good man to enter in some of the big Marathon races.

Taylor is in the wolf hunting business for the bounty there is in it and catches the wolves by running them down. He hit the hot trail of one of the timber beasts recently, and overtook the exhausted animal three days later. He killed it with a stout club

Taylor says that there is nothing re markable about hunting wolves in this And, strange to say, nobody seemed manner. With snow shoes a man can to have missed him except his run down a wolf, whose pace is slower in snow, in from one and a half to two days, but Taylor was without snowshoes. All one needs is endurance, patience and the ability to follow the trail of the wolf after dark. The indians usually hunt in pairs.

SWALLOWED HIS SAVINGS.

Gold Coin Found in Grave When Body Was Moved.

Paris, France.-"Gold from the grave" might be the caption over a curious incident that has happened at Thaon, near Epinal. Twelve years ago a workman died there, and his relatives could find none of his savings, although he was known to have accumulated a small sum in gold.

Recently his body was moved by the parish authorities to another grave, his son being present at the transference. When the remains were exposed he was astonished to see a little pile of gold coins lying among the bones. They were the dead man's savings, amounting to \$185, which he had swallowed to prevent his family, with whom he was on bad terms, getting hold of them.

Unravels Mystery of "Ghost" Smokers Bangor, Me.-The mystery of the tobacco-consuming ghost at Benton has been unravelled. Old Silas Toothacher every night smokes his pipe in the kitchen and then carefully places it in a tin box nailed to the chimney behind the stove. Although he often left the pipe half full of tobacco there never was anything but ashes in it

the next morning. Toothacher decided to stay awake and watch for the "ghost." He put the pipe in the box as usual. Through a hole in the chimney a strong current of air blew; the pipe's mouthpiece was within half an inch of this hole; the draught was strong enough to keep the tobacco burning until entirely consumed.

Watersprouts One-Fourth Mile High. San Diego, Cal.-Following a severe hall and rain storm here two gigantic watersprouts were sighted off Point Loma, traveling northward at a rapid rate. Wireless operators state that the spouts were three miles off . here and one-fourth of a mile high.

AWAITED DEATH IN A GRAVE.

Jaganese Youth's Attempt to Bury Himself and Die Afterward.

A youth of Kobe, Japan, who sought to commit saicide by burying himself alive and paid an accomplice 25 cents to spade the earth upon his coffin achieved some degree of notoriety even in Japan, where new things are happening every day. He fatled of his original purpose, however,

A policeman was strolling along the bank of the Minatogawa River outside of Kobe one day last month when he happened to spy a joint of bamboo pipe sticking a few inches above a mound of fresh earth. Being a Japanese and also a policeman, his curiosity was especially keen. He looked down the bamboo pipe, but could see nothing.

Then he began to dig around the pipe. He had a considerable wrench put on his nerves when a voice came out of the end of the pipe right at his

"Honorably condescend to go away and permit me to die peacefully."

But the policeman did not go. He dug some more and finally unearthed a pine box, the length of a man's body and about three feet wide. The bamboo pipe led through an openius into the box. The policeman pried off the cover of the box, securely nailed down, and dumped the self-appointed corpse out.

Yamada Katsutare, the man who would thus have died, told the prefect of police that he had wanted to die in a seemly fashion because he was out of work. The lack of food had suggested to him the practicability of starving himself to death, but in order to be sure that he should accomplish this purpose he had determined to bury himself in a securely nailed coifin and await the ravages of hunger. He didn't want to suffocate first, hence the bamboo pipe.

The day before the policeman discovered him, Yamada said, he procured the box and the services of a coolle. Then he dug the hole out on Egeyama and after giving the coolie his obi and fifty sen, his last bit of money, he was nailed up in his coffin, lowered into the grave and covered under six feet of soil.

Yamada promised never to try burying himself alive again and the police let him go.

The Indian and the Telephone. The Indians are great on using the telephone. They have but little or no use for the local boards, their calls being over the long distance. They do not put in a call for the individual. They do not ask for White Eagle at Canton or Flying Cloud at Darlington. The call is for "Any Cheyenne." The same is true as to the Araphahoes; any member of the tribe serves.

An Indian puts in a call for any member of his tribe at Canton, Darlington, Colony, Lawton or any point. It is "up to " the manager to go out on the street and pick up an Indian. Any one will do, so he is of the tribe asked for. He is put up to the 'phone and the talk proceeds. The talk being in Indian, no one knows what it is about.

If an Indian, say in Clinton, wants to reach one of his people, say forty miles from Canton, or any other given point, he calls for one of his tribesmen, tells him the message he desires delivered, and it is his business to deliver it, even though it requires a night trip and a storm.

A little Indian baby died near Clinton last year and its mother desired that her relatives attend the funeral services. They lived out on the prairie northwest from Canton. The telephone was used and a member of the tribe directed to deliver the message to the mother's relatives. It was delivered by a courier across the prairie and canons, and the relatives came in over the Orient next day.

Last summer a call came to Clinton for a Kiewa that was a poser for the manager. However, he found upon inquiry among the Cheyennes that here was one who had lived among the Klowas and spoke the dialect. He was put up to the 'phone and received

She Had a Vocabulary, too.

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria get up; I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of-word.

About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard. whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!

The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word!"

Not All Loss.

Quotations cleverly malapropos or neatly distorted furnish half the wit of the professional numorist. Neverthe less, when such a verbal misstep is spontaneous, there is often real fun in it.

A young man had been out sailing with his sister and a friend of hers He did not know particularly well the fine points of the art, and on trying to make the landing against a head wind, he exclaimed, after several vain attempts:

"Well, it is better to have luffed and lost than never to have luffed at all!"

ODORS MOVE SLOWLY.

Incredibile Time Required to Travel

Short Distances, It has been ascertained as the result of experiments conducted by Prof. Zoleny of the University of Minnesota that the diffusion of odors through the atmosphere is much slower than commonly supposed. The professor has investigated this phenomenon experimently, and he finds that it takes the odor of ammonia at least na hour and a half to make its way the oposite end of a glass tube about five feet long. With the idea of throwing some light on the character of odors-that, whether or not they actually consist of tangible physical particles of sub-atomic size, the experiment was tried of allowing the odors to ascend and descend glass tubes and noting the time of their diffusion.

One curious phenomenon noticed in this connection is that the odor of camphor ascended twice as fast as it descended, while ammonia diffused equally in either direction. It is through the penetrating hydrogen sulphite odor carried by slowly ascending currents of air that the vucus class of birds that feed on carrion are able to locate their food. These birds are often seen sailing around and around all day long, until finally, ometimes after the lapse of two or three days, they have been able to trace the smell of their food from great altitudes downward to its location on the ground.

As Prof. Moore declares, the distance from which they come, often 100 miles and sometimes from an altitude of 10,000 feet, "gives some idea of the gentle slope of these so-called ascending currents, which are twisted and contorted into every imaginable shape by the wind.

A Death Mask of Cromwell.

Cromwell's death mask, which so appropriately rounds out the Cromwell part of the Harvard Carlyle collection, hung for many years in the



Cromwell's Death Mask.

English writer's home in Chelsea and was given by him to his friend and correspondent Prof. Charles Eliot Norton of Cambridge. The cast had been presented to Carlyle by the sculptor Thomas Woolner, the present possessor of the original death mask, and is one of the few casts ever taken from the original mask. When Carlyle's bequest came to Harvard, Prof. Norton presented the cast to the Harvard College library, and the Harvard library thus became possessed of the fourth cast taken from the original mask, the other three being respectively at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and in the British Mueum. Carlyle considered it undoubtedly the truest existing image of Cromwell's face, far to be preferred to the common casts in which all the finer points of likeness had become obliterated.

Fresh Water Beside the Ocean.

Along the coast of the Island of Cabu, in the Philippines, most of the fresh water wells and springs are sitnated within a few feet of the ocean. but, strange to say, the salty taste of



The Bamboo Water Vessels. the sea cannot be detected. The women of Cebu take the water to their iomes in long bamboo vessels, and in 3 picture are shown some Visayan

Wonderful Imitation in Animals. Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face.

comen getting their day's supply.

When a cat has been taught to sit up for her food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk pitcher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same trick.

A lady tells of a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey, and says that Bunnie has caught many of the monkey's ways.-Detroit News-Tribune.

Some Peculiar Names of Women.

Flower names have always been in favor, but at present the names of precious stones run them a good second. Lord Edward Churchill's daughters are Ruby and Beryl; there is Miss Pearl Finch, daughter of Mr.

George Finch, of Burley-on-the-Hill; Miss Frances Wilseley, only child and heiress of Lord Wolseley, has also the name of Garnet; and the new Lady Hardinge, whose husband has recently been appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg, owns a beautiful baby

called Diamond-From M. A. P.

FOUR FISH ON ONE CAST.

Two Perch and Two Trout, According

to This Angler's Story. It is something after all to be the here of a record, even if it does not mean much, and perhaps the success. ful landing of four fish on one cast is not unworthy of being rescued from

It happened with me on the Shanon in Ireland some few years ago in the last or very nearly the last of my reasons with the wet fly, and is the more remarkable as I have not fished with four flies on my cast half a dozen times in my life. I was fishing from a boat anchored at the tail of the strong broken water of the weir, and rose and hooked what I saw was a trout of about half a pound.

Presently as I was playing him his motions seemed to become most erratic; he would pull heavily down and then instantly there would be slace or a movement down stream woulbecome a movement up with a suddenness quite bewildering, and for ; few minutes I could make neither head nor tail of the action that was going on below. At last on the line coming closer I saw there was a good sized perch on the highest dropper and presently I saw a second perch on the lower, while a moment later i was astonished to see that my trout was also still on the point with a smaller trout on the dropper next

None of the fish was large o. course, though the perch next me was guite a pound; but I caw there was carcely a possible chance to get all four into the boat safely, so hauling up the stone and rope which held me. I quietly started paddling for the snore a hundred yards off with alternative strokes of the oars. Strange to say, I reached the low shelving shore without a single fish escaping and slipping out of the boat drew the whole string ashore in triumph. The four fish were about two pounds in weight; and I had an applauding gallery of several young fellows on the bank whom it took me all my time to restrain from rushing into the shallow water to scoop out the struggling fish when they saw the extraordinary catch I was trying to drag ashore.-From London . ield.

A Survival of Type.

When Lucy Ellen Morse was born it was announced that she was "all Morse," a fact which her young mother, greatly awed and honored by her connection with the Morse family, hailed with joy. Thereafter no criticism on the baby could be allowed.

"I think Lucy Ellen is a very hard baby to get to sleep, from my one experience with her," said a youthful and courageous aunt who had been left in charge of Lucy Ellen for a

The family was aghast at such here-

"Fretful!" repeated the Morses, one and all, and then they turned to the mother of Lucy Ellen as the one to whom the complete refutation of this monstrous statement should be left.

"I don't know what you would expect of a ten months' old baby," said Mrs. Morse, withering the unwise aunt with a side glance.

"She sleeps in the old cradle in which her father and grandfather were rocked, and all she requires ever is to have it tilted gently back and forth for half an hour, steadily, and she falls into the sweetest sleep. presume you may have jounced it, being only used to modern babies, who dont' have ancestors' cradles, dear." added Mrs. Morse, lenient to her erring relative at the thought of Lucy Ellen's unusual heritage.

"Perhaps I did," said the young aunt, meekly. "My feet went to sleep before Lucy Ellen did."

"Your feet!" cried Mrs. Morse, reproachfully. "Lucy Ellen is rocked by hand, just as her father was. We sit on the floor, of course, to do it. Poor little lamb!" she cried to the household idol. "No wonder she didn't go to sleep! We forgot the aunty didn't know. But it sha'n't ever happen again-

"No, it certainly sha'n't," said the visiting aunt, with a peculiar glint in her eye.

Reporters and Orators.

There have been errors in reporting. of course. There always will be such errors. But inaccuracies of this kind are usually insignificant, and they are more than balanced by the dressing up and revision which good reporters devote to careless, illogical and sometimes ungrammatical speeches. If it were not for the maligned reporter. nine speeches in ten that are not delivered from manuscript would read like a "combination of bad grammar and delirium tremens," as Mark Twain put it. It is the saving grace of reportorial revision that has made many an oratorical reputation in this country. The public speaker who does not recognize his obligations to the men who report him is an ingrate. A just punishment for him would be to print his speeches exactly as he delivers them. After two or three experiences of that regimen he would have nothing to say of "inaccurate report-

In Different Sets.

It is but seldom, one imagines, that a good joke is made about an oyster. Edmund Yates, however, in his 'Recollections and Experiences," relates one. "I was walking with Thackeray one evening from the club," writes Yates, "and passing a fish shop in New street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked "s. a dosen,' and the other 'ls. 3d. a dozen.'

"'How they must hate each other." said Thackeray."