

A CORNER IN PARADISE

By KEITH GORDON

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"What do you suppose Adam and Eve talked about?" inquired the girl in the Hongkong chair, with a yawn, as she settled her Burne-Jones proportions a trifle more luxuriously in the barbaric splendor of the pillows and clasped her large, shapely hands above the shadowy darkness of her head.

"Love," replied the man, with laconic promptness. "There wasn't anything else for them to talk about, so far as I can see."

Miss Chesterton's glance slowly detached itself from the enchanting picture of turquoise water and topaz islands afforded by the oval opening in the curtain of vines that screened the veranda and rested coolly upon him.

"There was the birds and flowers," she said sweetly, "and the wind and the sun."

"You forget that Adam was a man," observed her companion, with just a perceptible stress upon the last word.

A silence followed, in which the appalling beauty of a California August held them spellbound. Miss Chesterton drew a sharp breath; then she resumed the conversation once more.

"All men don't," was her somewhat incoherent remark.

Dismore had the air of a man suddenly recalled to consciousness from a state of suspended animation.

"Don't what?"

She flushed and looked injured. Already the unparadise sun loomed large in the perfect beauty of their small, quiet world.

"Don't forget what one's talking about," she retorted crisply.

He gave an amused laugh. "You mustn't lay it up against me," was his contrite plea. "You see, I feel like a fly caught in the amber; like—like—by Jove, it's too beautiful!"

She nodded understandingly, and again a silence fell, unbroken save by a faithful bird note.

Meaning, slowly and painfully, measuring every inequality with its yellow, jelly-like length, a slug crawled steadily along the garden path and up and over step after step until it gained the veranda where the two were sitting.

Neither of them perceived the newcomer, though it was a fine large specimen, fully eight inches long, and as large around as one's thumb, of the sort sometimes sought for by easterners who like to carry the proof of their stories back with them. It made



HE HANK SLOWLY BACK UPON THE CUSHIONS.

It is the true leaders of society who are the least haughty and reserved. The grande dame by birth, breeding and association knows, like the gentleman born and bred, just when, how and upon whom to bestow her pleasant smile of recognition. She is not afraid, as are those less familiar with proper social usages, that she might commit a social solecism and do the wrong thing.

It is this woman who speaks the kindest to the weary shopgirl. It is she to whom the laboring man lifts his apology of a hat as she thanks him for the ceasing of his busy broom or the holding open of a door for her. It was such a woman who heard the report coming from the sweeper of a crossing when she thanked him for lifting her over the deep mud. "I fear I was very heavy," she said sweetly.

"No, indeed, mum. I do be used to carryin' her's of sugar," said he.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Worked Splendidly.

Brown—What puts you in such a good humor this morning?

Robinson—I've just got a patent out for my new ink eraser. I wouldn't take \$10,000 for it.

"Didn't you get a patent last year for inventing an indelible ink?"

"I did, and I sold it for \$5,000, and now I've invented an eraser that will even remove writing done with my own indelible ink."

"How on earth did it get there?"

"I'm going to invent another indelible ink that can't be erased with my new eraser. I tell you there is money in this patent business if you only go about it the right way."—London Globe.

A Poor Recipe.

"Don't talk to me about the recipe in that magazine," said Mrs. Lane, with great energy. "Wasn't that the very magazine that advised me to put on that body solution and leave the tablecloth overnight to take off those yellow stains?"

"I'm inclined to believe it may have been," said Mrs. Lane's sister, with due meekness. "I sent you a number of them in the spring, I remember."

"Well, and what happened?" asked Mrs. Lane, with rising wrath.

"Didn't the stains disappear?" asked her sister.

"Disappeared?" said Mrs. Lane in a withering tone. "It was the tablecloth that disappeared. I don't know anything about the stains."

Late Beginning.

Sir Walter Scott began to write his celebrated novels at forty. Milton began "Paradise Lost" at fifty. When "East Lynne" appeared, its author, Mrs. Henry Wood, was forty-five. Cromwell was forty-one when he began his public career. The year of the heira was the fifty-third of Mohammed, and Marlborough reached his independent command at the same age. In spiritual examples Abraham was seventy-five when called out of Charran, and Moses was eighty when he stood before Pharaoh as the champion of Israel.

They Were All Right.

He was a typical backwoods farmer. His first visit to a city restaurant, however, had taken away any notion of appetite he had at home, where everything was placed in large dishes on the center of the table and each one helped himself. The waiter had piled the food around the plate in the customary little dishes, which the farmer cleaned up in turn. Settling back in his chair, he hailed the passing waiter.

"Hey, there, young man! Your samples are all right. Bring on the rest of the stuff."—Judge.

"Yes, she and her husband have quarrelled. It seems he told her she was just too sweet for anything since their marriage."

"Well?"

"Well, she was insulted, of course. That was as much as to say she wasn't just too sweet for anything always."

—Exchange.

When the Mist Cleared

By Kate M. Cleary

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Isabel had known that the meeting with him would be a shock, but she had trusted to the hope that, being forewarned, she would also be forearmed. And she felt helplessly furious to realize that she had grown cold and white the instant he stood before her.

She had been crossing to the parlor from the dining room after luncheon when Roy Cameron had come along the hall.

"Isabel?" he exclaimed, his voice low and significant. "Isabel?"

She was more beautiful than the girl he had wooed. She had bloomed out in the atmosphere of luxury and in the assured social position that had come to her with her marriage. And he found this new charm immediately at the only reply she vouchsafed him, but he noticed that she sank slowly back upon the cushions. One couldn't afford to look awkward in the eyes of any man, even a man that one fully intends to refuse.

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THE POWDER WORKED.

An invention That Proved Too Much of a Success.

A certain inventor once hit upon the happy device of desiccating eggs. He turned dozens and dozens of eggs into a powder that you might carry in a pill box. All you had to do when you wanted an omelet or a scramble was to drop a pinch of the powder into water. A teaspoonful of the stuff would swell up to fill a quart tin, and half a cupful would be enough for the meal of a company on the march. Now, this inventor by diligent effort succeeded in making himself known to a great man in a European country, a man who moves armies by the croaking of a finger, so to speak. The great man was delighted with the desiccated egg scheme, and a box of the powder was sent to him so that he might try it on the army. Fate, however, decreed that it should be tried on the dog. It lay open on the great man's study table, and there the dog nosed it out. He licked up the powder, an amount of it that forty conscientious hens could not replace with a month's hard labor, and he liked the taste of it. It made him thirsty, however, and he swallowed nearly a gallon of water to assuage that thirst. The powder immediately began to do what it was expected to do when water struck it, and before the eyes of the great man that unhappy dog swelled up and squealed until his veins gave way. Just forward of the port beam he sprang a leak. This is a perfectly true story. The poor dog actually burst. That particular invention has never been recommended to the war office.—Washington Post.

VULCANO'S VOLCANO.

A Natural Weather Prophet and Infallible at That.

As a natural weather prophet, and infallible at that, the volcano on the island of Vulcano, twelve miles north of Sicily, in the Mediterranean, is believed to hold the record. The following is from an account of a dinner given by the Geographical Council Club of England in 1893: "Captain Wharton, the hydrographer to the admiralty, told how he had once anchored in very deep water on the east side of Vulcano, the southernmost of the Lipari isles, but that he had kept off steam with the intention of being off immediately if the wind changed to the east. He mentioned this to an Englishman who lived on the island and was in charge of some borax works. 'But,' said the man, 'there is not the remotest chance of the wind going around to the east without full warning.' 'What warning?' asked the other. 'Oh,' was the rejoinder, 'the volcano always warns us.' 'The volcano?' said Wharton. 'Yes, the volcano. A "fumaron" always emits a whistling sound before the east wind begins to blow.' Shortly after this Wharton was looking at Strabo and, to his astonishment, found that that writer mentions the fact. The Englishman had never heard of Strabo in his life. Strabo died as an old man about 25 A. D., so that this excellent "fumaron" must have been giving its warnings well nigh 2,000 years at least.

New York Tenements.

"It is surprising how many New Yorkers there are who do not know that they are living in tenement houses," said one of the inspectors of the tenement house commission. "I went into a tenement house in lower Lexington avenue on an official visit to inspect the plumbing. It is one of the old houses of the downtown district and not a tenement in anything but the official wording of the law.

"I want to inspect this tenement," I said to the woman who came to the door of the second floor apartment.

"What did you call it?" she demanded severely.

"I'm a tenement house inspector," I explained, and the law says—

"She did not let me get any further, but burst in with: 'I'd have you know this in a tenement house. It's a respectable apartment house.'"

"I knew my duty, and I had a look at the plumbing in spite of her protests. Finally, against her will, she was convinced that it really was a tenement house under the law.

"Well, just wait till my husband comes home," she declared. "I'll have to move. Just think if it ever got out that we were living in a tenement house and had to be inspected!"—New York Tribune.

The Seasons.

An east side educational worker who is teaching in a night school for newly arrived Russian Jews was remarking on the difficulties of grounding them in English studies.

"Some of them come to us with the barest smattering of English words," he said, "and no knowledge of American customs except the few ideas they have picked up since landing. I was trying to teach a small class the seasons of the year the other day. For a time they did not seem to understand what I was driving at. Then the light broke over the face of one young fellow.

"I know seasons," he declared.

"How many seasons are there in the year?" I asked.

"One, two," was the unexpected answer.

"What are they?" I asked.

"'Busy season and slow season,' came the answer, quite promptly.

"That young man will have a savings bank account before he has been here six months."—New York Tribune.

A Curious Oath.

The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of the Isle of Man: "By this book and by the help of saints, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of the land, and I will have the reverence the king and his subjects within this isle and between party and party as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish."

Burns' Best Poem.

It is said that a boy once asked in the poet's presence which of Burns' works he liked best. After taking thought with himself for a little he declared that he liked the "Otter's Saturday Night" by far the best, "although," he added, "it made me read (cry) when my father bade me read it to my mother."

This statement seemed to impress Burns, for presently he said to the lad, "Weel, my cantant (boy), it made me greet, too, more than once when I was writing it by my father's fire-side."

Mixed a Few.

"Yes," said the clerk at the Skinnem house, "we have 1,800 servants."

"Well," said the departing guest, "I must have overlooked four or five. I'm quite sure I haven't tipped that many."—Pittsburg Post.

Groundless Fear.

Cholly—I did think of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know how to sweat my infernal don't know. Peppery—Your infernal Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them.—Philadelphia Press.

The Sword.

A sword is out of place in time of peace, and it is of very little consequence in time of war, except to adorn a big general or a lodge man in a parade.—Atchison Globe.

Then Chaos.

"Why, Mary," said her mistress, "I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder."

"Yes, mum, and I did," said Mary, "but the master came in to put on a clean collar, mum, and he lost the

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Only one English King, Henry IV., Has Been Entombed There.

The ancient cathedral at Canterbury shelters the remains of only one English king, Henry IV. That this particular monarch should have been entombed there is the more remarkable since he breathed his last in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster abbey, and it might naturally have been supposed in the circumstances that he would have been laid to rest in the abbey, where so many other of England's kings sleep their last sleep. It seems, however, that Henry before his death gave orders that he was to be buried in the cathedral at Canterbury opposite the tomb of his uncle, Edward, the Black Prince.

For hundreds of years a story was current that on the way down the river a hurricane arose and that the people on board the vessel, convinced that the storm was caused by the fact that a king's body was on board, cast the corpse into the water in the dead of night, and filling the coffin with rubbish, brought it with all pomp and circumstance to the cathedral. Some years ago the dean and chapter resolved to get at the truth of the story.

So they opened the royal tomb, and the king's lead coffin. For one brief moment dean and chapter gazed upon the kingly lineaments of that monarch whom Shakespeare describes as "a sky-springing Bolingbroke." Only for a moment, however, as the body crumbled to dust almost at once. But Canterbury now knows beyond all doubt that an English king rests within its walls.

Divorce Laws in Sweden.

The divorce laws of Sweden are elastic. When the incompatibility of temper reaches the culminating point one of the parties proceeds to Copenhagen, the nearest foreign town, which is only twelve hours distant, and remains there for fourteen days, notifying the Swedish consulate, which circumstances are regarded as legal evidence of desertion and sufficient ground for divorce.

His Line.

"So Speeder has turned out to be a confidence man. Does he sell gold bricks?"

"No. He's an architect and plans those \$2,500 houses that cost \$8,000 when they're finished."—Cleveland Leader.

Blade.

If one could remember when asked for advice that his friend wants only confirmation of his own judgment it would save much heartache.—Toledo Blade.

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