

After Fifteen Years

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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For almost a twelvemonth Mr. Fawcett had bought his daily morning paper of a certain little newsagent beneath the steps of his L station. "Little Timber Toes" was the nickname the boys had given her. She was a cripple and carried a crutch.

"I've missed you, sir. Indeed, you stayed away so long I began to think you weren't coming back at all." "Little Timber Toes" laughed at her own falsetto, showing all her fine, fine, fine teeth at once. Mr. Fawcett had spent Sunday with some of his New Jersey relatives, and this was the greeting he received from under the L stairs on Tuesday morning.

"So you missed me, did you?" It was good to be missed, and he warmed the cookies of this old bachelor's dry hair.

"Well, I had a nice time in the country, little one," said he.

"Ah," said the child, leaning slightly forward on her crutch, "it must be like farland in the country. Mother used to live in the country, and she's told me all about it. And did you go in the woods—the deep woods? They must smell so fresh and cool and delicious. And then the shade!" She had a long vista of thoughts in her eyes—an entire forest. She was to all appearances a pretty child of twelve, with delicate features and a mass of brown hair.

Just now some rays of sunlight slanting upon her head from the platform above made it sparkle like gold.

"Do you know," she went on, seeing that her customer was in no especial hurry to catch his train, "I often picture the woods all around the city here, just now some rays of sunlight slanting upon her head from the platform above made it sparkle like gold.

"How would you like to go with me some Sunday to see the woods?" asked the man. "They are all around the city here, to be seen for the mere riding to them in the cars."

"Oh, I should love it!" The big dark eyes looked disproportionately large in the pale, tiny face. "And I think I'd like to see the woods, too. I've never been to the woods, and I've heard so much about them."

"Well, rather," answered the man in a queer, hoarse tone as he drew the woman in his arms still closer.

Fidelity and Affection of a Horse.
In the "Memoirs of General Count de Segré," an aide-de-camp of Napoleon, the following affecting incident is related:

"During the nocturnal attack of the Ukra, on Dec. 23, I was unhorsed. My animal had been wounded by a bullet in his chest, from which the blood was streaming, and as he could no longer carry me I had been forced to leave him, leading his equipment on my shoulders. When I had reached our first outpost, about 200 paces off, I sat down to rest before the fire, in some grief at the loss of my mount, and a plaintive sound and an unexpected contact caused me to turn my head. It was the poor beast, which had revived and had dragged itself in the wake of my footsteps. In spite of the distance and the darkness, it had succeeded in finding me, and recognizing me by the light of the campfire, had come up groaning to lay its head on my shoulder. My eyes filled with tears at this last proof of attachment, and I was greatly stroking it when, exhausted from the blood it had lost, and its efforts to follow me, in the midst of the men, who were as surprised as I, he died, and I, for a moment, struggled for a moment and expired."

An Arctic Dog.
It is said of Dr. John Brown, the general and much loved author of "Rab and His Friends," that he was personally acquainted with every dog in Edinburgh. Once while out driving he stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked out eagerly at the back of the carriage.

"Is it some one you know?" asked the friend who was with him.

"No, he replied. 'It's a dog I don't know.'"

An old resident of Edinburgh tells this story: A dog had recently been brought to the city from Iceland and for a long time apparently suffered from all the pangs of homesickness.

Brown became much interested in the animal and tried frequently to comfort it. At last one day he came to the house of his friend, Dr. Peddie, with a smiling face and said:

"That dog is all right now. He went out last night and saw the pole star, and that has made him feel quite at home here."

BEQUESTS OF HEARTS.
The Dying Wish of Bruce and the Fate of Douglas.

Bequests of hearts have been by no means uncommon. Richard Coeur de Lion bequeathed his heart to the canon of Rouen cathedral, and in July, 1838, this remarkable relic was once again brought to light after the lapse of six centuries. The heart, which is said to have been surprisingly large, was inclosed in boxes of lead and silver and withered, as it was described, to the semblance of a faded leaf.

Bruce's heart was by his dying wish intrusted to Douglas to fulfill a vow which he had been unable to execute in person, visiting the sepulcher of Christ. Douglas, "tender and true," promised to fulfill his sovereign's last request and after Bruce's death, having received the heart incased in a casket of gold, set forth upon his mission. Proceeding to Spain, however, he fell in the thick of a fight with the Moors, having previous to his death charged the heart of Bruce from his breast, when he carried it into the ranks of the infidels, crying, "Onward as thou wert won! Douglas will follow thee!" Bruce's heart was afterward recovered by Sir Simon Lockhart, by whom it was brought to Scotland and buried along with the bones of Douglas in the abbey of Melrose. When the remains of Bruce were disinterred at Dunfermline in 1819 the breastbone was found sawed through so as to permit of the removal of the heart.

Its Interest in Politics.
"I didn't know I was so liberally taken up with interest in politics!" "Nonsense! He doesn't!" "But I just heard him talking for the past two minutes about 'party ties'!"

"Yes, he means white lawn bows," Philadelphia Press.

Awful.
Isn't it awful when a woman keeps fixing her back hair at the theater and then when the performance is over finds that she has left her diamond ring on the dresser at home?—Cleveland Leader.

Johnnie's Choice.
Barber—How do you want the little fellow's hair cut, Mr. Balder? Johnnie Balder—I want mine cut like papa's, with a hole on top.—Yorkshire Post.

There was a little vine covered cottage, too, and out of the cottage came a girl as fresh and sweet as the morning. A youth leaned over the gate saying good-by, for he was going off to win fortune for her most. Then he departed, with her moist kiss upon his lips, while the golden morning shone hopefully on the woods and meadows. And, oh, the long misery of that subsequent misunderstanding! Later news had reached him that she was married to an old rival; after that, no news at all.

James Fawcett went near to the weeping little woman and laid his hand upon her arm. "Kitty!" he said, "it's years since we saw each other."

"Fifteen," said she struggling to be calm and smiling through her tears. "That's a long time, James, and time brings many changes."

"Does it? I don't see them, dear. To me you're just the same."

At his words the woman flushed—as pretty a wild rose flush as any maiden might claim. He drew up a chair for himself and placed it near her. Then he set about bringing up old tales that had been hers and his.

"What a dance those same dimples used to lead the boys, Billy and Ben and the rest—did she remember?" And did she recall the wooden schoolhouse? There was a brand new brick one now. The old farmhouse was torn, but on its site was a gorgeous brick villa.

Thus, though all the while hunger was gnawing at his heart, he talked cheerily on and on. Presently he arose. He could hear it no longer. She was such a sorry, pale, pale, fragile, dear little thing to fight all alone against the world. He opened his arms wide.

"Will you come now, Kitty? It's not too late."

When she laid her hands on his broad shoulders and said tremulously, "In my hand, dear, so tired," he put his strong arms about her and fondled her caressingly, just as he might have fondled the child by the wall or any other helpless thing. "Little Timber Toes" all the while looked on and smiled.

"And when we go to the woods," she asked presently, "will you take dear mother along too?"

"Well, rather," answered the man in a queer, hoarse tone as he drew the woman in his arms still closer.

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From Heaven

By RUTH MORRIS

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"An angel from heaven?" repeated Jack Elder. "Well, mother, I guess when an angel from heaven drops down this way I'll think of getting married. Until then I am very well content as I am."

He snatched up his hat and, whistling to his dog, strode across the fields while his mother stood in the doorway and watched him until the woods swallowed him up.

He turned with a sigh and entered the house, an inveterate match maker, it was one of the sorrows of Mrs. Elder's life that her handsome young son had withstood the persuasions of all the girls of his acquaintance. He had even assisted her in the plans whereby she deputized for God, but, perhaps, it was this familiarity with her methods which enabled him to escape so easily from the snares she set for him.

Had he shown an interest in any one she would have felt some hope, but not one of the girls she knew had been able to arouse other than his friendly interest, and she was in despair.

Had she seen his face as he strode through the brush she would have been surprised, for it was white and drawn and his teeth were clenched.

It was hard for him to face his mother's persuasions with a jest when all the while his whole soul was being flung in a woman to whom he could not offer his love.

It happened on one of his trips to the shore. He had formed one of a yacht party, and there he had met Clara Ripley. For a time it had seemed to him that there was the woman for whom he had longed, and he had been through the long summer evenings he had sat by her side and wondered how it was that to some men it was permitted to have a foretaste of heaven.

Then Tom Ripley had joined the party, and for the first time he had learned that she was married. The blow had been too much for him, and, feigning illness, he had left the yacht and come home heartbroken.

That had been a year ago, but the wound was still fresh, and on those long strolls through the woods he could still feel her presence, could smell the salt air above the fragrance of the pines. And his mother had declared that he was a confirmed bachelor who would not marry an angel from heaven were she suddenly to appear and make declaration of her love.

He thought bitterly of his mother's hopes, and tears dimmed his eyes as he realized how impossible it was to grant her her heart's desire.

He made his way down the lake where there was a little clearing. He loved to lie on the soft grass and look up at the white clouds traversing the summer sky, while he pictured to himself how different life would be with Clara by his side to face the world.

So full of his thoughts was he that he did not notice his dog's agitation until with a sharp bark he dashed toward the water's edge.

With a cry he sprang to his feet. Over the surface of the water came bounding a huge bulk from which depended a swaying mass of black and white. Now it struck the water; now it rose to the air only to fall back again like some wounded bird.

In a flash Jack remembered that there was to have been a balloon ascension across the lake that afternoon, and he knew that this must be it, though he was at a loss to understand why a feminine figure should be clinging to the ropes.

Just as he neared the shore the car dipped again, and as it rose a rope brushed past Jack's shoulder. Instinctively he grasped it, and with a wrench he was jerked into the air. For a moment he clung, dizzy with excitement, and the shock, and then with a rending sound the balloon swept downward, and Elder was dragged through the branches of the trees, the twigs cutting his face and hands, though they did not loosen their grip upon the ropes.

There was another upward bound, and as they rose Jack, regarding his wife, began to climb the rope, drawing himself up hand over hand as they rose in the air. He had almost reached the car when they struck the trees again, and he as he endeavored to steady himself he crashed his head against the branches and left him well nigh breathless. Still he clung to the rope with grim persistence, and as the rope rose more clutched the wicker work of the edge and felt a hand under his shoulder assisting him over the side.

For a moment he lay breathless while the balloon made another dive, and then with a start he realized that his companion was Clara Ripley.

One glance into her face as she bent anxiously over him assured him of her love, and the knowledge of this fact stimulated his faculties. The balloon was diving again, but at each rise the recovery was less buoyant, and now they scarcely cleared the tops of the trees. Joy beyond was the clearing, and as they sank the balloon with a harsh settled to earth, covering them beneath its huge bulk. In some way the valve rope had become entangled with Jack's arm as he fell into the car, and the gas was rushing out of the neck of the tube and adding to their discomfort.

With a desperate energy, he worked his way over the side, dragging his companion after him. Just as it seemed he had got up, a puff of fresh air came, his nostrils, and with one leap he was dragged Clara from beneath the inflating cloth.

When consciousness came again she was clinging like mad in hers while the tears streamed down her face. As he opened his eyes she gave a little cry and, leaning forward lightly, brushed his cheek.

"I was afraid," she said, a tremulous catch in her voice, "that you had fallen too much gas. I—I was about to leave you to seek assistance."

"I am all right now," he answered feebly. "Then, after a minute, 'How did you happen to be in that car?'" "I was over here, assured me, she answered. "Tom, the professor and myself. I had always longed to take a balloon trip, and this seemed such a splendid chance."

"The professor was just helping Tom into the car when somehow the rope parted, and I was carried up alone. Then the gas began to give out, and I thought I should fall into the lake. But it's all right now, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered, with a wisp smile. "We'll telegraph Mr. Ripley and send you home in the morning. Our time is just beyond here, and my mother will be most happy to welcome you."

"You did not go to the shore this summer," she said quickly.

"No," he answered, "I could not go with the memory of last year."

"Was it so unpleasant, then?" she asked gently. "Mr. Elder, I've always wondered why you left us so suddenly. Could it be that anything I said gave offense?"

Her face burned red as she asked the question, but she met his gaze unflinchingly.

"No," was the quiet answer, "it was nothing—that you said. Somehow, I gained an idea that you were Tom Ripley's sister and that he was bringing his wife aboard with him. When we landed to take him on, George Somers told me that Mrs. Ripley was already on board and that Tom was with his sister."

She broke into a merry peal of laughter. "That was my sister Grace," she explained. "Tom's wife came aboard while you were at the postoffice."

"Then you are his sister, after all?" he cried, suddenly sitting up.

"And that was your reason?" she asked softly. The question was commonplace, but the man read all he wanted to know in the tone in which it was asked.

Mrs. Elder, watching the sun set across the fields, saw them coming toward her.

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Punishing a Proud Maine Judge.
In the early days of Augusta, Me., when the people rode about the country on horseback, a certain aristocratic judge, riding into town one day after his smart horse, was overtaken by a neighbor, a poorly dressed Irishman, riding a rather rough looking animal.

The outsiders of the city the two jogged along side by side, discussing the topics of the day, but as they neared the town the proud judge, thinking it beneath his dignity to be seen in company with Patrick, requested the Irishman to fall back a little.

The quick witted son of Erin, grasping the situation, fell back a few paces and awaited his opportunity for a revenge.

As they were entering the principal street the Irishman called out from behind: "Judge—am I far enough behind you now?"

The discomfited judge, sitting very erect, paid no heed to the Irishman.

A little further on Patrick again called out to the intense amusement of the bystanders, "Judge—am I far enough behind you now, sir?"

So, all along the way, Patrick punished the proud judge.—Boston Herald.

A Smart Man.
"Fourteen cents for each of these," he said, handing the saleswoman two cravats he had selected. "That's 28; 18 for this and 14 for this. That's just 50 cents in all." And he placed a half dollar on the counter.

The girl took the cravats he had selected, entered the purchase on a slip, which she fastened up at 50 cents, and sent them away.

Soon they came back wrapped ready for the purchaser. He took them, but did not go away.

"I knew I could not go," he said. "Just count it up again—three for 14 cents each and one for 18."

The girl counted and found the total was 90 cents instead of 50. Then he wanted to give her 10 cents more and go off with the goods, but it took more than 10 cents' worth of his time as well as of every body else's concerned before the matter could be straightened out.

"The lesson was quite as expensive for me as for you," he said to the girl when he finally left with his cravats.—Philadelphia Record.

A Life of Passion.
In Lord Byron's letters he tells how his difficulty was in finding men of the kind of Boston, a very pretty lad, only somewhat too full of poetry and "romanticism." Byron says: "I was very cold to him during his few hours' stay and talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropic gentleman in wolfskin breeches and answering in three monosyllables instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of excited passions, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake or an eternal fever. Besides, who would ever have themselves in such a state?"

Sleep and Dream.
An animal deprived of sleep dies more quickly than from hunger. One of the cruellest of Chinese punishments is to kill a man by preventing sleep, by tying him alone for the fourteen days. All animals sleep for some period of every forty hours. How and when they do so depend upon their natural habits. But they all have this in common—that after an unusual exertion they sleep longer.—London Mail.

The Hazard of the Die.
A—Where are you off to? B—I am going to ask Mr. K—, the wealthy banker, for the hand of one of his daughters. A—Indeed! Which of them? B—I don't know yet. If he is in a good humor, I will take the youngest; if in a bad humor, the eldest.—Lustige Bitter.

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A COSTLY DROP CURTAIN.
The One Missouner Didn't Paint For a French Theater.

The enterprising manager of a theater called from the famous French artist, Louis Ernest Meissonier, on one occasion, says Mr. Robert Kempt in Penell and Palette, and asked him to paint a drop scene for a certain theater and name his own terms.

"You have seen my pictures, then?" asked Meissonier.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the manager, "but it is your name I want! It will draw crowds to my theater."

"And how large do you wish this curtain to be?" inquired the artist.

"Ah, well, we will say 15 by 18 meters,"

Meissonier took up a pencil and proceeded to make a calculation. At last he looked up and said with imperturbable gravity:

"I have calculated and find that my pictures are valued at 80,000 francs per meter. Your curtain, therefore, will cost you just 21,900,000 francs. But that is not all. It takes me twelve months to paint twenty-five centimeters of canvas. It will therefore take me just 160 years to finish your curtain. You should have come to me earlier, monsieur. I am too old for the undertaking now. Good morning."

CONQUESTS OF SILENCE.
Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed and gave it up, confused and abashed. In framing the constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was day after day chairman, and he made but two speeches during the convention, of a very few words each. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the dainty words of his speech, pronouncing it the best that could be uttered upon the constitution would have been rejected by the people.

Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it.

Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience when commanding in chief of an army in Italy he said, "By reserve." The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

MARINE LEAPERS.
The Tuna Is the Most Graceful of the Jumpers of the Sea.

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are leapers and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. Johns river. The captain was sitting on the fore deck, leaning against the pilot house, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful shining fish four feet in length. It came on like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as neatly as though it had been placed there.

In the Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They are like an arrow, turn gracefully four or six feet in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest jumpers they are certainly the most graceful of the leapers of the sea.

HAWAIIAN SERVANTS.
A Story Which Illustrates One of Their Peculiarities.

"Hawaiian servants," said a brown woman, "are the best—the best in the world, but they are strangely unsophisticated, strangely naive."

"You Hawaiian servants insist on calling you by your first names. Ours were always saying to my husband, 'Yes, John,' or 'All right, John,' and to me, 'Very well, Ann,' or 'Ann, I am going out.'"

"At last I got tired of this, and to John, when ever you go to a new cook, I said: 'Don't ever call me by my first name in this new cook's presence. Then, perhaps, not knowing my name, he'll have to say 'Mrs.' to me.'"

"So John was very careful always to address me as 'Dearly' or 'Sweetheart,' but the new cook, a watchful chap, gave me no title at all."

"One day we had some company, some English officers. I told them how I had overcome, in my new cook's case, the native servants' horrid abuse of their employers' Christian names, and I said, 'By this servant, at least, you won't hear me called Ann.'"

"Just then the new cook entered the room. He bowed to me respectfully and said: 'Sweetheart, dinner is served.'"

"What? I stammered. 'Dinner is served, dearly,' answered the new cook."—New York Herald.

THE HIGH CLASS KOREAN.
Being a Drawing Room Gentleman, He Is Not to Be Taken for a Dress.

The Korean is not to be taken for a drawing room gentleman, and all his instincts move along the leisurely ways of life. Anything like haste or "time pressure" is unknown to the eternal laws that govern him. This characteristic of his is evident in all his actions at all times and under all conceivable circumstances. Being a drawing room gentleman, dress is the great ambition of his life. From the shoes of his feet to the topknot on the top of his head he is ordered so as to be seen and admired of most of his kind.

His shoes while in mourning must be spotlessly white. No atom of dust or fly speck shall mar them. His socks, beautifully pluffed, are stretched to perfection; his pantaloons, big enough for a Brooklyn giant, are padded, quilted and lined until they come forth looking like a cloud of soft, downy, or polished marionette's jacket likewise and his overcoat and waists.

Not only has he a headband, a topknot and a hat on his head, but he buys a pair of spectacles and adds them to his already overcharged headgear, and then, with a ring on his finger and a fan in his hand, he goes forth to make his way through this troubled world.—North China Herald.

The First Carronades.
The earliest mention of the use of carronades in actual warfare which I have met with is contained in the Edinburgh Advertiser for April 13, 1779, where accounts are given of an action fought March 17, 1779, in St. George's channel, near the Tuskar rock, between the British privateer Sharp and the American privateer Skyrocket. The former was armed with carronades, "short guns of a new construction, made at Carron." One of these accounts is from Captain MacArthur, an Englishman, who was at the time a prisoner on board the Skyrocket and was in a position to speak of the damage sustained by that ship.

On April 19, in the same year, a spirited action was