

THE BUTTERFLY GIRL.

By Temple Bailey.

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The first rift in the lute came when Albert arrived home one stormy night and found his bride in a fetching pink gown, with her shining hair puffed into a halo of gold, with pink candle shades on the corners of the dining table, with pink roses in the center and with nothing thereon to eat but a third day's cold roast and leftover salad.

Albert, having kissed his wife enthusiastically and having changed his office coat for a more formal one, peered at the pletier dubiously.

"I am desperately hungry," he said, "and there isn't much meat left."

"I am not a bit hungry," Bettina stated. "I was shopping downtown and I had such a lunch."

"I had a sandwich," was Albert's brief comment, and after that he ate



"I HAVEN'T TIME TO KISS YOU," SHE SAID.

sparingly of the lamb and the tasteless salad and sought final solace in his after dinner cigar.

That evening Bettina found him somewhat unresponsive. In vain she played and sang his favorite songs in her little lulling voice. In vain she prattled of her downtown bargains. In vain she patted him and praised him. Albert met all of her advances stolidly, and the next morning found her at her Aunt Betsey's in tears.

"He has ceased to love me," she declared.

"What did you give him for dinner last night?" Aunt Betsey demanded.

Bettina faltered out her menu.

Aunt Betsey sniffed.

"No wonder he was disagreeable," she said. "Any man's affection would be frozen out by cold meat and cold salad and warmed over coffee."

"Albert's love ought to be superior to such things," Bettina said. "He used always to quote things like 'A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness,' and last night all of my singing couldn't make him smile."

But Aunt Betsey was severely on the defensive.

"A jug of wine and a loaf of bread may be all right in hot climates," she admitted, "but yesterday it was snowing, and Albert came in chilled, and you ought to have had something fit to eat."

"Well, thank goodness my love isn't dependent on food," said Bettina loftily.

"What did you have for lunch yesterday?" Aunt Betsey probed. "You told me you went to Maillard's."

"We had grape fruit and crab and quail, and a salad and an ice. Everything was delicious. Mary Lertrell invited me, with a friend of hers from out of town."

"And poor Albert had a sandwich," Aunt Betsey reminded her.

"Oh! Oh!" Suddenly the real situation seemed to dawn on the little wife. "He was really hungry, Aunt Betsey, poor dear fellow."

"And he had worked from 8:30 in the morning," Aunt Betsey went on "and when he came home at night, tired and worn and nervous, he was not in a condition to appreciate lace trimmed ruffles, Bettina, half as much as an appetizing dinner."

Bettina sighed.

"Well, it does away with the romance."

"Dear heart," Aunt Betsey told her, "there is a joy in service that is above the joy of mere admiration. Try making Albert comfortable and you will get more solid happiness out of it than by keeping him on the rack with your coquetry."

But Bettina shrugged her shoulders.

"The way to hold a man," she declared, "is to play with him."

"The way to hold a man," said Aunt Betsey, "with a nod of her gray head, 'is to love him, and that means to make yourself his equal in endeavor. Then you have his respect. You must be the homemaker, just as Albert is the money maker."

"But you have never married," said little Bettina. "How can you know, Aunt Betsey?"

"The people who look on from the outside are the wise ones," said Aunt Betsey, "and I have seen so many matrimonial shipwrecks."

That night Albert's footsteps lagged a little on the stairway as he climbed to his little flat. He knew just what he would find at the top—Bettina, charming in the rosy gown; the pink candle shades, the pink roses and croquettes made of the last of the beef. Bettina always ran to big roasts, and there yet remained to be eaten a fifth day's soup made of the bone.

The sound of his key in the latch summoned no rosy vision, however. He passed through the dining room. The pink candles were not lighted. In front of his place was a copper chafing dish, one of Bettina's hitherto unused wedding presents, and the blue flame burning beneath set the contents bubbling, and the air was laden with deliciousness.

"Bettina," he called, and at the sound she came to the kitchen door. She wore a long apron of china blue; her hair was ruffled about her face; her cheeks were flaming.

"I haven't time to kiss you," she cried gayly. "I must watch the chops."

Albert went into his room somewhat disconcerted. It was the first time that Bettina had failed to kiss him. It was the first time that his rooms had not been in a rosy glow—and he missed it.

But his discomfort vanished with the serving of the dinner.

There were oysters in the chafing dish, panned to perfection. There were broiled chops, a crisp salad and a pudding made by Bettina's own fair hands. Aunt Albert ate and praised and wondered.

"I didn't know you could do it, Bettina," he said. "You always seemed such a butterfly girl."

Bettina laughed.

"Aunt Betsey showed me how," she said, "and—and I really like doing it." But her eyes were a little wistful, and presently she said, "Don't you miss anything?"

"Yes," Albert said promptly. "I do. I miss the rosy gown and the rosy candles—and you haven't kissed me yet, Bettina."

He went around and stood at the back of her chair.

"I was a bear last night, little girl," he apologized, "but a man's a queer creature and I was tired"— He folded his hands about the oval of her face. "Kiss me," he said softly.

And when that rite was performed he asked, "Can we have the candles and the flowers tomorrow?"

But Bettina shook her head.

"They cost too much," she said, "and you need the hearty food more. But on Sundays we will make a feast of romance to offset the six days of common sense."

Albert sighed.

"If I were only rich," he said.

"You are rich," his wife told him, with her eyes sparkling.

"How?" he questioned.

"Because you have me," said pretty Bettina saucily.

WATERLOO.

The Immutability of the Famous Old Battlefield.

One of the most striking features of a visit to the battlefield of Waterloo today is the immutability of the entire scene in which one of the greatest battles of history took place. Notwithstanding the many years that have passed since the memorable day of June 18, 1815, the entire scene of the battle remains practically unchanged and untouched, and the very buildings around which the tide of battle surged the fiercest, save for the necessary restorations of the damage they sustained in the conflict, remain exactly as they were, nor has any encroachment of building or progress marred the historic field.

The battlefield of Waterloo is an open, undulating stretch of good farming land. On the day of the battle the greater part of it was covered with crops of rye, wheat, barley and oats, and the same crops are still grown there each season. The field is intersected by two highroads branching at Mont St. Jean, the one on the right leading to Nivelles, while that on the left, which lay in the center of both armies, led south to Genappe, Charleroi and Namur. Upon the crest of the ridge which formed the first of the allied positions a crossroad runs east and west. This road, on approaching the spot where the "Lion of Waterloo" now stands, ran through a cut in the crest some twelve to fourteen feet deep, and it was this point that was known after the battle as the Hollow Road. Some 500 yards to the southeast the "Lion" is the farm of La Haye Sainte, while about 900 yards to the southwest stands Hougomont, the old chateau, farmhouse, outbuildings, walled garden and orchard, which played such an important part in the fate of the day. These buildings are nearly 200 years old and were built with a view to their defense, as many old stone loopholes still to be found testify.—Robert Howard Russell in Metropolitan Magazine.

Some interesting experiments in the direction of vegetarianism in regard to soldiers' diet are being made by the Austrian military authorities. The various commissariat departments have received orders to test the value of milk and milk products, especially cheese, in the daily dietary of the troops. Skim milk, which is usually rather despised, is also to be taken into account. It is suggested that recruits would form a very good subject for experiment and that they might be given smaller rations of meat, with increased allowances of vegetables and pastry and puddings composed of milk and cereals. The war office is especially anxious to ascertain how such a reformed scale of diet would meet the requirements of the troops in maneuvers and field exercises. It is understood that the private soldiers are by no means enthusiastic about the new dietary.

Boats of Concrete.

A writer in Harper's Weekly makes the interesting statement that the use of concrete in boat building will largely take the place of iron and steel. Large boats of reinforced concrete have been built already in Italy, and five of these, of 120 tons and more, are in commission in the Italian navy. Experiments and trials on a much larger and more important scale will shortly be conducted.

Warranted to Keep.

The playful element was never entirely absent from Professor Drummond's class in natural science at Edinburgh university, and Dr. T. Hunter Boyd in his book, "Henry Drummond," ascribes its frequent cropping out to the professor's own sense of humor, which encouraged naturalness. On one occasion Professor Drummond announced that unfortunately he could not meet the class next day, as he had an important engagement. The students heard that he was absent on account of his sister's wedding.

On the day following when a geological specimen was passed round the class it was prominently labeled: "Drummond's wedding cake."

It is said that the professor was as quietly appreciative as any member of the class.

Two Rings

By EPES W. SARGENT.

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Bert Burnside regarded the little pile of silver laid out upon the table before him. There were two dollars Mexican, an American coin of the same denomination and double the value, two Mexican halves and some copper coins. His board was paid until the end of the week at the obscure hotel to which he had removed when his funds gave out. After the week was ended there was a tramp of more than 2,000 miles home, and this must be his capital.

Bert had come down to old Mexico to look up some mines in which his father was interested. It was his first important commission, and he had been proud indeed when he had perceived the clever manner in which the mines had been salted. He had reported the fact back home; then, still having plenty of funds, he had remained on in the quaint old country until he had met the little knot of good fellows at the Hotel Rio Grande.

That they greeted him of every cent he possessed in revenge for his discovery of the salting of the mines was something that Bert did not know. He



HE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING A GRIP ON THE WICKED LOOKING SHAFTS.

only knew that he had been so foolish as to play cards with acquaintances of a week and that it had served him right to be stripped of all his possessions.

Alvarez, one of the band, had felt some pity for the victim and had tossed him a ten dollar gold piece as the session broke up. Bert had made certain of board and meals for a week at a less expensive hotel and then began to plan to get back to the states.

He knew better than to write asking his father for assistance. It would only aggravate his offense that he had sought help to extricate himself from his dilemma. Daniel Burnside was of the self made ranks, and it was his theory that it was well for youth to take the bull by the horns. Bert was too familiar with the favorite quotation to wire for money.

He did write Jessie Picard, the daughter of his father's partner, and confessed freely his foolishness. To his father he wrote only that he would not be home as soon as he anticipated, and he could see with his mental vision the grim smile that would play about the old man's mouth as he read the bald statement and guessed the rest. He would not care about the loss of the money so long as Bert showed skill in getting out of the scrape unaided.

In the long run the incident might be to his advantage. Both his father and Henry Picard were of the opinion that the young people should wait at least five years before being married. If Bert should prove his ability to take care of himself it might shorten the period of prolation.

With a shrug of his shoulders he dropped the coins back into his pocket and descended to the lobby of the hotel, a greasy and smoke stained apartment which had been the parlor of a private residence before the quarter fell into disrepair and the fine old mansions were turned over to commerce.

A new bill on the dingy wall attracted his attention. Several men were gathered about it, discussing the announcement in animated tones. There had been a bullfight the previous Sunday at which a new matador had gained especial favor, and the bill announced his retention for a second Sunday.

Bert half turned away. He could not afford the dollar charged for the grand stand or even the lesser price for that part of the stand not shielded from the sun. Such an announcement near the bottom of the bill caught his eye.

Beneath the announcement that four black bulls from Tayagua would be fought to the death and that Corcita Chico would receive the charge of the bull kneeling came the lines:

"A fifth bull for the volunteers, with \$20 on his horns, will be turned into the ring. The manager refuses to be responsible for any injuries to amateurs."

"Rather dangerous," he suggested to one of the bystanders. The Mexican shrugged his shoulders.

"Not so much as you supposed, señor," he denied. "The fifth bull he is what you call—more polite."

"Gentle?" suggested Bert. The Mexican nodded.

"Even so," he agreed. "The bull he is more a gentleman. He is not mindless to be so wild. Horses? They are cheap, but even amateurs—it is not to kill, but to laugh at their awkward."

Bert nodded understandingly. He was not unfamiliar with the "amateur nights" in the vaudeville theaters. This, no doubt, was the Mexican equivalent. This pet phrase of his father's kept ringing in his ears: "Take the bull by the horns."

And so it fell out that when Corcita Chico had received the charge of the

fourth and nearly poised upon one knee and the dead bull had been dragged from the ring the arena was turned over to a score of young Mexicans—and Bert.

At the trumpet's blare the gate was opened and a fifth bull bounded into the ring. Like his predecessor, he was a black bull from Tayagua, but he was not a fighter. Twice on other days he had been sent into the ring, to be lashed out again because he provided such tame sport against the trained fighters, but he was lively enough for the amateurs' injury.

Corcita's staff lounged about the arena with their capes over their arms ready to rush in and distract the attention of the bull from a prostrate amateur, but most of the young men were nimble of foot and sprang lightly aside when the bull turned to charge, in emulation of the professional fighters. The awkward few provided the fun in their clumsy actions.

But though the amateurs stretched forth their hands to grasp the forbidden purses which hung on either horn of the bull, each containing a five dollar gold piece, they were not nimble enough to reach the prize.

Bert had been a famous athlete in his college days, and those days were not so far distant that his skill had left him. With a red cloth he attracted the attention of the bull, and as the bewildered animal rushed at him he half turned as he leaped aside. Several times he repeated the maneuver before he could reach over and grasp the horns, but at last he succeeded in getting a grip on the wicked looking shaft, and while the frightened animal tore madly around the arena, he held on with one hand while with the other he removed the four purses.

The other amateurs closed in upon him, declaring it to be unfair for one man to take all the prizes, but the audience was with the plucky American, and the manager, wisely siding with his public, gained additional favor by announcing that two more purses would be put up with the American barred from the contest.

He escorted Bert from the ring, while the other amateurs waited for the bull to be sent back. The attendants had already coaxed him into the ring and there would not be long to wait.

Bert, hurrying through the corridor at the rear of the pen, did not notice a group of people at the entrance until a hand fell upon his shoulder, and he looked up into his father's eyes.

"It was a great deed, my boy," came in sincere praise. "Jessie told us of your straits, and Henry and I came down to look you up. I guess you didn't need help as much as we thought you would. We saw the fight and how cleverly you won out. Come back to the hotel with us and we'll tell Jessie all about it. She came along with us."

"And I guess you might as well make it up with her," put in Henry Picard. "You know how to take care of yourself and a wife too."

"I was taking father's advice," explained Bert laughingly. "He is forever telling a fellow to take the bull by the horns."

"I didn't mean it to be taken so literally," denied the elder Burnside, "but it was good advice even at that, since it brings you a wife. You can have the ring made out of one of those coins."

Bert looked at the four coins he still held in his hand.

"If the romancers are to be believed," he said laughingly, "from the bull ring to the wedding ring is not such an unusual happening after all."

WON ON A BLUFF.

The Way One Prosperous Merchant Got His Start in Business.

There is a prosperous merchant in Chicago today who owes his success to his donation of a \$5,000 organ to a church at a time when he didn't have money enough to buy a hand organ. This donation was a case of bluff pure and simple, but the bluff worked and resulted in the subsequent wealth of the lucky bluffer.

John Smith was seeking capital to start in business for himself, but as he had no security worth speaking of he could not borrow the money he needed.

When he had tried every person he could think of who would be likely to have the necessary cash and the inclination to lend it and had been turned down, he conceived the idea of presenting his church with an organ.

Young Napoleon John Smith therefore ordered his organ and allowed the future to look out for itself. The manufacturers of the organ never thought of questioning the financial standing of the philanthropist who was handing out \$5,000 organs and agreed to have the instrument set up in the church on time.

Of course J. Smith was not a bad that was born to blush unseen, nor did he hide his beneficence under a bushel. He managed to bring in at least the flute stops no matter what the subject of conversation. Not only did the young Napoleon advertise himself by means of the church organ, but the pleased minister and the equally pleased congregation spread the news of his gift.

During this time John did not allow any alfalfa to grow under his feet. On the pretense of consulting some wealthy member of the congregation about some minor details of the organ he would drop into an office and before he left casually would mention the subject of the company that he was forming. Most of the men that he thus saw thought that it would be a good thing to be associated with a man who was making so much money that he was able to hand out \$5,000 without missing it, so that all were anxious to take stock in J. Smith's company.

Long before the time came for the first payment on the organ Smith had gathered enough money to start his business and was doing so well he had no difficulty in borrowing the amount needed to make the payment. From that time he has made money so fast that now he could give away several \$5,000 organs and pay for them as well.—Chicago Tribune.

Cannibalism.

In the Gulf of California is Tubaron island, where cannibals live to this day. White men have been able to land there and get away, but not one of these who have ventured inland has ever returned alive. It will not be until the white man has colonized the farthest ends of the world that cannibalism will finally cease, and that period is yet a long time away.—London Standard.

TWO FAMOUS WOMEN

Personality of Mrs. Leavitt and Mrs. Longworth Contrasted.

BOTH VISITORS AT DENVER.

Marked Points of Difference Between the Daughters of Mr. Bryan and President Roosevelt—Reached Convention City Almost at Same Time. "Mrs. S. Holmes, Detective."

Two young women whose presence at the Democratic national convention lent to it grace and beauty as well as a measure of distinction happened to reach Denver recently, as chance would have it, within a few minutes of each other.

One the daughter of a presidential possibility and the other a daughter of a president, they are the direct antithesis of each other. From the west came Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, primed for the sensation of her life, the excitement of seeing the power of her distinguished father, William Jennings Bryan, in the Democratic national convention. Out of the east, for a genuine vacation and a good time, arrived Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, formerly Alice Roosevelt.

The trains on which the women traveled almost met at the Union station, but the distinguished visitors did not. President Roosevelt's daughter was hurried in a special cab to an isolated corner of the railroad yards to await the arrival of an automobile to take her away from the curious gaze of the masses. The daughter of the commoner stepped lightly from the train unassisted and walked briskly to a plain, everyday street car at the nearest corner. In personal appearance they are as unlike as it would be possible for two women to be, and in character, in training, in ambition there are no parallels.

Mrs. Leavitt is taller than the average woman, slender, dark, with the brownest of brown eyes and the manners of a diplomat. She is without affectation of manner, has plenty of good sense and is a good talker. Her mother's gentle manner and her father's quickness of repartee have given her both charm and wit. Apropos of this gift a story is told which states that Mrs. Leavitt had never regarded Mr. Bryan's political ambitions very seriously. When he was defeated for the presidency the first time she considered it a rather good joke. She was then twelve years old. Racing one day for a street car, which she caught, she announced to a group of schoolgirl friends, who congratulated her on her sprightly abilities, "I'm a better runner than papa any time." However, in her father's second campaign she was more of a partisan. She attended the Kansas City nominating convention and accompanied him on some of his tours.

Ever since she was fifteen years old Mrs. Leavitt has contributed articles to her father's newspaper, the Commoner. Her writings afford evidence of maturity of mind and rare power of reasoning.

According to her own statement, it was during a vaudeville performance in a Denver playhouse that Mrs. Leavitt threw up her hands and exclaimed to her girl companions: "Ishaw, how perfectly foolish! I could write a better sketch than that myself."

It so happened that one of the girl companions rather liked the little skit they had just witnessed, so she said, "I bet you couldn't, Ruth." The latter, being the daughter of William Jennings Bryan, who doesn't take dares, went home and rattled off a one act playlet entitled "Mrs. S. Holmes, Detective."

Ruth evidently won the bet, for the playlet has been on the boards of a New York vaudeville house, and the critics were kind and even indulgent to it.

Mrs. Leavitt does not like to be called a politician, although she is enough of the diplomat to be one. She votes, as a great many Colorado women do, but there never has been any special activity in time of campaign. It is tacitly understood that Mr. Bryan has given strict instructions to his daughter to keep out of partisan conflicts and to be as inconspicuous as she consistently can be. Mrs. Leavitt is president of the Jane Jefferson Democratic club, but while abroad and in western Colorado she absented herself from its councils for months.

Instead of trading on the name of her father, Mrs. Leavitt has battled for individual distinction and has relegated society to the background, while she struggles to find her place in the general scheme of things. Mrs. Longworth, who has been called "Princess Alice" by the orientals, is of medium height, plump, blond, with great animated blue eyes and pretty ways. She is the pet pampered child of fortune, not affected, because she is first of all an American girl, but a woman who appreciates attention and expects it by virtue of being the daughter of her father.

About the same age as Mrs. Leavitt, she looks no younger than the daughter of the commoner, but is the type of girl on whom trouble weighs lightly. She has all the light hearted gaiety within her own nature to get pleasure out of everything that comes her way, and not only to get it for herself, but to extend it to others.

While at the White House before her marriage Mrs. Longworth used to amuse her girl friends immensely by doing acrobatic stunts for them after dinner while waiting for the men to finish their cordials and cigars in the dining room. Out in the middle of the floor she would go and do a skit dance or a gymnastic feat, such as putting her foot on the back of her neck or some other equally difficult proposition. When the men, hearing the shrieks of laughter coming from the drawing room, would hasten in to learn the cause, they would find Miss Alice sitting at the piano rattling off a coon song or gay chanson. Mrs. Longworth is quick as lightning at repartee. One night at a diplomatic reception at the White House she was talking with a young German attaché. The diplomatist was replete with a gorgeous uniform, his chest covered with decorations, the significance of which Miss Alice was inquiring into.

turning them over, he pointed to one and said in his broken English, "Zaf is ze order of ze seven keys." "Quick as a flash she answered, 'I'll give you tea for it.' But the German was not a true sportsman and did not take her up.

That same evening Miss Roosevelt retired to a corner of the White House drawing rooms and matched quarters with a young officer. She won, leaving him with a triumphant face and calling back over her shoulder, "Remember you owe me two dollars and a half." This shocked some good people, but what's the difference, pray, between matching coins and playing bridge?

Like father, like son, is a saying as old as the hills, but it should be in this instance like sire, like daughter. For the eldest child of the president has been as he himself has always been, independent. What she would do she does.

She is a crack shot, as was proved one day at Coney Island. After seeing everything that was to be seen, slinking hands with some Filipinos whom she had encountered at the St. Louis exposition and having, as she expressed it, "the time of her life," Mrs. Longworth (then Miss Roosevelt) stopped at a Wild West shooting gallery, seized a gun and hit the bulls-eye three times out of five.

"Waal, Miss Roosevelt, you can shoot some," said the owner of the gallery. "I know your father out west?"

"Does he shoot any better than I or do?" was the girl's laughing response. But the wild westerner was wise in his generation and sidestepped the question.

Mrs. Longworth is a first class horse-woman and a sleight of hand performer of more than amateur ability. The Republican convention was also attended by Mrs. Longworth, who had such a lovely time at Chicago that she went on to Denver impulsively to follow up the excitement.

Fond of a good time and eager for gaiety, Mrs. Longworth sinfully said as she stepped from a special car: "I have no earthly interest in the convention—that is, I mean I don't care about the political phases of the gathering—but I love a crowd, and I love the waving flags, and I love the enthusiasm which a meeting of this kind provokes. And I think, too, that I love Colorado."

Mrs. Longworth hails from a part of the country where the women stand in holy horror of the suggestion of marking a ballot. She possibly would not bother to vote if the right of suffrage were hers.

BAN ON COLORED SHIRTS.

London Lancet Says a Man Who Wears Them is a Sinner.

According to the London Lancet, a man who wears colored shirts is a sinner. This fastidious medical journal also declares that colored handkerchiefs are an abomination.

"When a man finds it convenient to wear colored shirts and cuffs," is the medical journal's lofty argument, "it means in reality that he can carry dirt for a little longer without giving offense than if he wore spotlessly white material."

"Materials which do not compel constant changes by becoming offensive to the eye, if ever so slightly soiled, are bound to be worn too long. Again, by wearing only religiously clean linen a man reduces the chances of picking up bacteria."

Plan to Have Stockmen Raise Deer.

The department of agriculture believes that deer can be raised the same as beef cattle, and its experts have set themselves to the task of popularizing venison. A bulletin on deer farming will soon be issued. The idea is to raise some stockmen raise deer just the same as cattle, and experts declare that they are easily raised and require but little care, while their meat commands a high price. Surprise is expressed that they should not have been raised on a commercial scale long before this. In many states there is a law against killing deer, but it is thought that if farmers started to raise them these laws would be repealed.

A Perambulating Bathroom.

An ingenious Frenchman has discovered a new industry. There are in Paris, as, of course, in every other city, many houses that are bathless, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants thereof. The Frenchman in question, realizing this, has bought a bath which he lets on hire to any one who cares to pay the small fee he demands and, moreover, supplies the necessary hot water. His charge is 1 franc 75 centimes per bath, and he expects a pourboire (tip).

Now the Lizard Hat.

Of all the outlandish fashions which the present season has ushered in the wearing of lizard skin hats for the auto is the worst. The idea makes one creep, yet those built after the Paris model look very well. The lizard skins come mostly from South America. Killing them there for the Paris market, where the lizard hats originated, is a profitable business.

Not Listening.

She was a very little girl, but not so small that she did not recognize swearing as something very wrong or that if other people used bad language it was her place to close her ears to it. She was on the street with her mother, and they passed a group of men talking in loud tones the passersby heard the small girl exclaim in shocked tones, "Oh, isn't that awful?" And then, as if suddenly remembering, "But I'm not listening."—New York Times.

Urtified.

The traveler was hurrying along the unfamiliar trail that led in the general direction of his destination, when suddenly a large abyss yawned before him.

He was not in the least perturbed. He was a lecturer, between travels, and was accustomed to have things yawn before him.—Chicago News.

Cares Doubled.

"My time," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "is very valuable."

"That's what makes me doubt the benefit of vast wealth," replied the easy going acquaintance. "It's bad enough to be bothered by the wasting of a few dollars without being worried sick every time you lose five minutes."—Washington Star.

FLUNG INTO THE SEA

Experience of a Man Struggling In Midocean.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

A Tangle of Wild Thoughts Combined With Vague Notions of Time and Space—The Dreamy Doze, the Rescue and the Knife In His Back.

Standing on a chair near the deck rail of an ocean liner, a sudden lurch of the vessel flung me into the Atlantic. Instinctively as I went over I held my arms out for the dive, and while I was still falling I heard the cry ring out, "Man overboard!"

Down, down I sank, for the fall was from a considerable height. Being able to swim a little, I was spared the first mental agony experienced by the non-swimmer who unexpectedly finds himself in deep water. The surprise caused by the suddenness of the fall filled my brain, but as I struggled to regain the surface, my lungs almost bursting, the horrible thought of the propeller churning out its 100 revolutions a minute flashed