THE TWO ROSETTES.

And the Falsehood That the Maker Told About Them.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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As I walked up the garden path between the stiff rows of flaming hollyhocks I saw Gertrude's grandfather sitting on the veranda. He greeted me with his delightful air of old time gallantry, and I changed my purpose of joining the gay throng in the old fashioned drawing room and dropped into a chair at his side. I was still wearing my quaint little automobile bonnet, and my face flushed with pleasure at the admiring light in his fine old eyes, but I was soon to learn that it was not my face or my bonnet which had evoked his approval, but an awakened memory from the long ago.

And then the old soldier told this simple story:

The girl who had worn the flower wreathed bonnet must have been beautiful indeed, with her rosy cheeks and bright dark eyes and the black curls, which bobbed coquettishly just above the two rosettes which were placed upon either side of the bonnet. They were fashioned of forgetmenots—these rosettes—with a rosebud center in each, and when her youthful lover bade her farewell as he went to answer his country's call it was the forgetmenot rosette which he begged as a keepsake to carry away to war.

"When I look upon it I shall seem to see your face," he said. And the girl clung to him.

"Bring it safely back to me," she besought him. "I shall always be waiting for you."

It was this promise which gave him courage through all the privation and unspeakable horror of war. Far away in a peaceful little village the one girl would always be waiting hopefully for his return and when he could look into her eyes again.

Well, he was wounded at last and lay suffering upon the battlefield, trying to endure silently the racking pain until the doctor and nurses might come to his relief.

He wondered dully if they would be in time, and then the one girl's face seemed suddenly to appear before

"IT IS YOU I WANT, LITTLE NURSE."

him, laughing from the depths of her bonnet. She had been gay and happy always, he remembered. Would it grieve her now to learn that he would never come back. Yet she must know.

He aroused himself with a great effort and turned blindly toward a man who lay half reclining upon the ground.

"There's a little keepsake in my pocket," he said haltingly, "and if all should be up with me I'd like you to send it to a girl in Hampton town—with a message."

The other young man leaned forward and with swift and gentle fingers drew forth the crumpled knot of forgetmenots. He stared at it unbelievingly for a moment and then laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. A nurse working near by looked up, startled at the sound, and then waited, listening:

"See here," the man said presently. "A girl in Hampton gave you this at parting—promised to be faithful and true, waiting for you at the end, eh? You see, I happen to know all about it, for there were two 'true lover knots' upon that bonnet of hers, and I guess I can match you."

With an exclamation he threw a second rosette upon the ground, where the incongruous bits of blue and pink so exactly alike lay between them.

The wounded lad grew white to the lips. "You mean that she"—he whispered. Then the little nurse approached. With steady gray eyes she surveyed the injured men and sank upon her knees before the one whose strength was fast failing.

"Well," she asked in a crisp, businesslike manner, "what can I do for you?"

"The best thing you can do now, nurse," he whispered hopelessly, "is just to let me die."

"Nonsense!" the girl replied. "Would you surrender so easily, general?" She smiled as she bestowed the name upon him and was already at work with her bandages. Her gaze fell apparently for the first time upon the rosettes, and she gave a start of surprise.

"Why, I declare," she said—"to think that I should find in this dreadful place pieces of my own handiwork!"

"Your work?" cried the men who had tossed them there.

"[illegible] will tell you about it," she ex[illegible] "if you promise not to speak [illegible]" She looked anxiously [illegible] pale face beneath her [illegible] then flushed a warning glance at the man who had spoken.

"I have often seen you both in Hampton," she said, "the general here as he went to and fro each day, and you, Mr. Merrill, when you visited in town. My aunt keeps the little millinery store at the crossroads, and I am also acquainted with your sweethearts. I am not sure they would have been pleased, however, had they known that I duplicated the rosettes upon their bonnets. It was almost the last work I did before volunteering as a nurse. If I ever have a sweetheart," she added, "I hope that he will not be so ready to doubt me. And now," she asked of her patient, "are you more comfortable?"

His eyes were shining. "Yes," he answered, "thanks to you."

And as they bore him away the nurse smilingly slipped the rosette back into the blue coat pocket. The other man rather shamefacedly replaced his own.

"Guess I'm about ready to fight again," he said.

"You soon will be," she replied, bending over him.

As she passed through the rows of cot beds in the rudely constructed hospital a few days afterward a weak voice called to her:

"Little milliner," it said, "would you write a letter for me to—to the girl at Hampton?"

She turned quickly. "Yes, general," she answered in her brisk way.

The sick man watched eagerly for her coming each day, and the steady light of her clear gray eyes seemed to calm and sooth as she bent over the cot with a cheering word.

"I am discharged, little milliner," he said one morning. "It is to be home—on a furlough."

The nurse laughed unsteadily. "And you will see the face in the bonnet?" she said.

He left the place one moonlit evening and turned to look back at the slight figure of the nurse framed in the doorway. Her face gleamed with a white radiance beneath its muslin cap.

The picture remained with him throughout the joyous welcome which followed his arrival at home. Ellen was there to meet him. She had grown even lovelier, he thought, but he lingered on idly at her side he was conscious of a growing disappointment in the girl he had loved.

He reproached himself at the realization that he was eager to be away, then squared his shoulders and drew a long free breath.

"I am going back," he told her. "I must be in the midst of this fight."

He prepared for departure in a fever of impatience, and then at the last moment came the glad news, heralded from tongue to tongue, that the war was ended.

The young soldier listened dazedly to the rejoicing of his companions, and as the train which was to bear him away clanged noisily into the station he swung himself on to the platform and waved a goodby.

He must find the little gray eyed nurse. He must see her just once more. As he ascended the hill leading up to the camp hospital all was bustle and confusion, and at last, with a great sigh of relief, he espied a white clad figure coming alone down the pathway.

"Oh, little milliner," he cried. "I feared that you had gone!"

She drew back, startled at the sound of his voice, then smiled. "Do you not know that the war is over, general," she asked, "and our work here is finished?"

"I knew," he answered, "but I had to see you again, if only to say good by."

The gray eyes regarded him seriously. "And the face in the bonnet?" she questioned.

"I have given my word," he said sadly. "I must return to her."

Then the nurse motioned him to a seat at her side. "I have a confession to make," she began. "Remember that 'all is fair in love and war,' so when I found you and Robert Merrill side by side upon the battlefield—you fatally wounded, as I supposed—well, I told a lie about the two rosettes, hoping to make it easier for you to die, easier for him to live. The bits of forgetmenot were never fashioned by my hands. It is true, but both were sewed upon Ellen Richmond's bonnet."

She paused. "Will it grieve you now to learn that Robert Merrill has fretted back to marry her the moment that peace was declared?"

But it was certainly not grief that shone from the young man's eyes as he leaned toward her.

"It is you I want, little nurse," he begged. "Will you go home with me?"

She sat white and smiling in the golden light of the setting sun, and then—The old soldier threw back his white head as though he were listening to marshaling music.

"Did she marry him?" I insisted.

His laughter rang out like that of a boy. "You shall see," he answered and raised his voice to call "Mother!"

A little old lady who had been sitting at the farther end of the lawn arose in answer and came toward us. Her gray eyes shone undimmed through the fifty years.

"Yes, general," she said.

England's Greatest Mine Fire.

The most serious colliery fire ever known in Britain was that undoubtedly that which broke out at the Tawd valley mine, near Preston, in 1872. Thousands of pounds were spent in trying to get the flames under control, but they overcame everything and consumed some millions of tons of coal. A wall ten feet in thickness was built round the affected parts, but the heat cracked the masonry and brought it down as fast as it was rebuilt. However, in 1897 the river Tawd overflowed its banks and went pouring down into the mine. No fire could withstand such an immense volume of water buried upon it, and although the flames extended for 500 yards, they were quenched after having raged for a quarter of a century.—London Tit-Bits.

National Traits.

It takes one hour to know a Frenchman, one month to know a German and almost a lifetime to know an Englishman—well.—Rome Corriere.

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.—Goethe.

HER COMPANY.

A Passion For Mirrors Brings a Girl Good Luck.

By MACK CLARE.

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The great square house sat desolately back in the midst of the neglected grounds and spoke eloquently of the decay that had fallen upon the Wayne fortunes.

Within the house Miss Althea moved silently, a lonely figure, the last of the Waynes. Her meager income sufficed to pay the taxes on the house and to furnish her with modest clothing and plain food. Gossip said the cellars of the Wayne house were still stocked with toothsome pickles and preserves that were a legacy from the better days of the family. The wine bins in the coolest corner showed racks of dusty, cobwebbed bottles, any one of which would have brought its price for rarity and age had Althea desired to dispose of her heritage.

The visitors who occasionally came to the Wayne house and left their cards in the silver dish on the hall table saw merely the small, stiffly furnished reception room with its white and gold furniture and one or two good water colors.

Althea alone knew the rest of the house. She cared for no one in Little River, and so it came to pass that no one cared for her.

The walls of the smaller drawing rooms, the dining room, the inner halls and the upper corridors and her own bedchamber were lined with mirrors of every description. They had been brought from every part of the house, and many dollars of her income had gone to add new ones to the crowded walls.

It was Althea's fancy to feel that she was not alone. Wherever she moved among these rooms there were a dozen or so repeated reflections of her tall, slim form, with its crown of faded hair and her dark blue, wistful eyes. There was the sensation of being in a crowded room when she went to and fro, and she liked to see the figures passing before her. It was a strange fancy and a morbid one, but it was Althea's secret.

When the Wayne fortunes had fallen with a crash Althea's declared lover had quietly given her back her freedom and disappeared. She was glad of this—to know him as he really was

"YOU MUST FEEL THE NEED OF REFRESHMENT."

—and yet the shock of disillusion had left her with a sense of antagonism toward all men. From her experience all men were knaves.

One glorious September morning Althea was busy filling all the old blue bowls in the house with gorgeous asters from the garden. A shadow passed the dining room window, and there came a sharp knock at the side door.

Althea paused in her task, listening for a repetition of the summons, her quiet mind revolving the possibility of its being the grocer or the milkman, but as these purveyors to her solitude came and went from the kitchen entrance Althea decided upon a book agent as the most likely visitant and moved toward the door just as the knock was repeated, sharply staccato.

Behind the wire screened door stood a man of middle age, garbed in light gray clothes that matched his thin hair. Althea noted the thin, intellectual face with its eager, boyish glance of brown eyes, the straight nose, the pleasant mouth, firmly molded chin and fine, well kept hand that held his soft gray hat.

"Miss Wayne?" he asked, with curious abruptness.

"Yes," admitted Althea.

Instead of the customary "Permit me, madam, to show you the greatest book bargain of the century," etc., the stranger snapped out another question.

"You have some antique mirrors for sale?"

"No." Althea's voice was as sharp as his own.

His face lengthened. "Surely—Mr. Deems, the rector, suggested that I call upon you regarding antiques. I'm a collector."

"So am I," said Miss Wayne dryly.

"Mr. Deems assured me," began the man, with a puzzled glance over Miss Althea's shoulder into the room beyond where the mahogany sideboard glistened richly in the sunshine. Then his face underwent a slight change. "If it's a matter of price I am paying almost any amount for what I want," he said, rather apologetically.

"I am sorry, sir, but my furniture is not for sale. I cannot imagine why Mr. Deems should have sent you to me," said Althea stiffly.

"I'm afraid I rather nagged at him to put me on the track of hidden treasures until he mentioned your name in sheer desperation," said the stranger, with a rueful smile, as he turned away. "Pardon me for troubling you, Miss Wayne, but I'm quite batty about antiques, and I'm filling my house down at Squaw Point with everything I can get hold of, provided it's genuine."

Miss Althea did not know the meaning of "batty," but she did recognize genuine regret in his tone, and a faint interest stirred her like a breeze from her not distant youth. She glanced down at the card he had given her and read the name thereon.

"Perhaps you would like to look at some of my furniture, Mr. Laking, but it is not for sale," she said.

"Indeed I would," he cried heartily. "The next thing to seeing the circus is looking over the fence, you know."

Althea didn't know, for she had never been to a circus performance, but she held the door wide open, and John Laking entered, not knowing that his coming broke the outer film of reserve which had infolded the sweet woman for many years.

The man turned and looked wonderingly at the mirror lined walls. When he saw the multiplied reflections of his own form beside that of his hostess he smiled with perfect understanding of her purpose.

"It doesn't seem quite so lonely, you know," Althea found herself explaining, with a slight nod toward the thronging reflections.

Then followed several delightful hours, during which Mr. Laking purred over Hepplewhite and Sheraton and pure colonial highboys and lowboys, folding card tables and work stands, sofas, four posters, mirrors, pewter and, lastly, a goodly hoard of china. He withdrew his gaze reluctantly from a precious bit of copper luster to find Althea hovering near with a tray containing bottle and glass and a plate of fruit cake.

"You must feel the need of refreshment," she said timidly.

He smiled gratefully and thanked her, hiding his surprise at the label on the bottle. He poured a glass for her and filled his own, and then, standing in the dining room with the mirror lined drawing room stretching beyond with its throng of women and gray clothed men gathered as if waiting for his action, he lifted his glass and bowed toward Miss Althea.

"To all of us!" he said with grave courtesy, and as Miss Althea drank the toast there came into her breast a strange little thrill—a quivering expectancy that she had not known in years.

When John Laking had gone, leaving her quite alone, Althea sank into one of the great blue brocaded chairs in the drawing room and thought over the events of the morning. Hours passed as she sat and dreamed until the lengthening shadows warned her that she had not lunched nor had she prepared to dine.

Vexed at this departure from her usual routine of decorum, Althea shook off the glamour of the unusual day much as she might have discarded a gay opera cloak that chance had flung about her workaday shoulders and prepared her evening meal.

From that day Althea's life underwent a change. Things happened with astonishing frequency, and it was surprising how quickly Althea Wayne adapted herself to new conditions. The day following John Laking's visit he sent Althea a huge box of candy, a gay, foolish box tied up with pale blue ribbons and filled to the brim with delicious confections such as she had never seen. Another day there came flowers—all the blossoms that she loved, and yet she had never told him of her favorites. Then there was a book on old furniture that he brought himself, and another one on old china, and they spent hours reading them and tracing the genealogy of Althea's treasures.

Once there came a brilliant motorcar, panting breathlessly at the gate till Althea ventured forth for her first ride in its luxurious depths. The rector and his wife went along, too, and they rode down to Squaw Point, where Laking's beautiful colonial house fronted the sea. Into this bachelor abode Althea went with a delightful sense of expectancy. It was all like the owner—clean cut and polished and comfortable and homelike and appealing.

Back in the Wayne house Althea felt the desolateness of her former life and turned the old place inside out to obtain new effects. She found herself puzzling over the intricacies of modern fashions, and she marveled at the growing beauty and elegance of the creatures that filled her rooms. They were no longer pale and lifeless automatons. They bloomed as Althea did, as the roses did, in the sun of awakening love.

At last Laking wrote his first love letter to Althea, telling her that he could not live without her and that he would come to her that night for his answer.

In the soft light of the candles she stood alone. Her color was high, and the pale folds of her gown swept to the rich Turkey carpet. She was all alone at last.

Laking paused in the doorway and looked at the bare walls where the mirrors had hung.

"Where are the pale ladies?" he asked with an attempt at lightness in his tone.

"Gone," said Althea, a little regretfully. "They were ghosts, and I was the leading spirit of them all."

"And—you—Althea?" he asked, coming toward her with outstretched hands.

"Why, I—I'm alive now," faltered Althea, bending toward him.

A Handy Snuffbox.

A curious story is told as to how the Rothschilds supported Carafa, the composer. The latter was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuffbox. And this was the way of it: The snuffbox was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edimbourgh" by Baron James de Rothschild as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it twenty-four hours later for 75 napoleons to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. The traffic continued till the death of the banker and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.

Cruel.

Mrs. Benham—Every time I sing to the baby he cries. Benham—He gets his ability as a musical critic from my side of the house.—New York Press.

Prosperity demands of us more prudence and moderation than adversity.

A NEW REGIME IN COLLEGE

It Started a Tide In the Affairs of Matthew.

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

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At twenty minutes to 4 on a certain February afternoon the blue eyes of Matthew Bacon opened to their fullest capacity, the heart of Matthew Bacon stood still for an instant and then began to pound with a vehemence which threatened to snap off the buttons of his waistcoat, and Matthew himself drew a deep breath and then said "Gad!" the sole and seeming insufficient reason for which remarkable manifestations was one white violet which had suddenly come to light between the pages of a copy of "Paradise Lost" in the library of Fuller university.

It was the first year of the coeducational system at Fuller, and students and faculty alike were still in the throes of self adjustment to the new regime.

Matthew Bacon, '01, president of the senior class, who in the early days of

FOR A MOMENT THEY STARED AT ONE ANOTHER.

his college career had trotted over the cinder path at phenomenal speed and so into the esteem of his fellows, was among the first to yield. He had made a practice of avoiding the society of women, conscious of his own shortcomings in a social sense. Now that it was forced upon him it was more disconcerting even than if he had sought it of his own free will.

The term was fully a fortnight old before Matthew began to note essential points of difference. But the habit of observation, once taken, grows like a weed, and a week later, to his own intense amazement, he found himself watching at the semiweekly lecture on literature for the entrance of one particular aigret. It was a black aigret, spangled with silver and perched coquettishly on what Matthew somewhat inadequately described to himself as a "big green hat," in blissful ignorance of the fact that there are greens and greens and that this especial green was a soft dark emerald, which had nothing in common with the blatant gaudiness of lighter tints and was, moreover, most distractingly becoming to the face underneath. But there was no doubt in his mind about the face itself. Even his untutored appreciation grasped the fact that twice a week the most delicate complexion and the brownest eyes and the softest chestnut hair and the most bewildering tip tilted nose and the sweetest mouth in two hemispheres were separated from him, in fact, by the width of the class room aisle and metaphorically as far distant as Venus from earth.

Her name, Miss Ayres, came directly before his on the roll.

When he discovered by accident one day that she lived on Hamilton avenue Matthew straightway and helplessly chose that most inconvenient and circuitous route to college. Once only he saw her on the steps, and then she was talking with another man, and the stupidest man, at that, in the whole of Kenton City!

Things went on in this fashion until February, and then Matthew took a resolution. In his mother's conservatories the violets were already in bloom. They were a fad of Mrs. Bacon's, those big double white ones, and not to be seen elsewhere in Kenton, and her keenest pleasure was found in the half hour which she spent each morning in the violet house gathering the new blown flowers for her table. But she was a woman of perspicacity, was Mrs. Bacon, and when, very red in the face and stammering desperately, Matthew requested her one morning to leave the plants untouched until his return from college that afternoon she contented herself with a calm "Certainly, my son," which earned his gratitude, while it excited his astonishment.

"The mater hasn't an atom of curiosity," he said to himself, "and thank goodness! But it's most surprising in a woman."

For how could he be expected to remember, occupied as he was with weightier matters, that it was become his custom to write "Natalie" on bits of paper, which he afterward carefully destroyed, first blotting them with admirable distinctness on the writing pad in his study?

That afternoon he gathered every white violet in sight and, with something akin to instinct, laid them loosely together in a box with some maidenhair fern instead of arranging them in the inevitably depressing form of a masculine bouquet. Then he sat in his study for a full hour, pen in hand and a sheet of paper before him, biting his left thumb and staring at the parcel he had made. Finally he wrote seven words—"Will you wear these at lecture tomorrow?"

Another half hour of meditation followed, at the end of which time he signed "An Admirer" to his note, slipped it into the box, snatched up his hat and sailled forth. The clocks were striking 9 as he marched resolutely up the steps of the Ayres residence, looked the servant who came to the door sternly in the eye, said, with a steadiness he had not expected, "For Miss Natalie" and abruptly departed. Three hours later he was in bed, with the covers in astonishing confusion, staring at the ceiling and applying to the person of one Matthew Bacon an infinite variety of the most unflattering epithets imaginable.

He might have known it! The following morning in lecture, when instinct rather than actual perception told him that Miss Ayres had taken her place across the aisle, he summoned all his resolution and looked at her, full and fair. She was bending over her notebook with an appearance of complete unconcern, and there was not so much as the petal of a violet visible about her from top to toe!

That day was celebrated in the annals of his class as that of "Bacon's Great Grouch." He was, as his nearest friends conceded, positively unfit for publication. For half the afternoon, seated on one of the campus benches, he replied with acerbity that too frequently merged into profanity to all remarks addressed to him. He became in short order an object of derision. Groups gathered about him and from a safe distance bombarded him with sarcasm, as small boys throw peanuts at a caged lion—to make him roar. The climax was reached when the most irreverent of his tormentors exclaimed. "Who is she, Matt?" and all the others echoed the inquiry with extreme relish. Then Matthew gathered his books and himself together, and took his way gloomily to the library to the supplementary reading which the professor of English VIII had prescribed. It was precisely seven minutes later that he opened his eyes to their fullest capacity, drew a deep breath and then said "Gad!"

Intuition told Matthew the story in a word—she had kept at least one of his flowers! Her supplementary reading was naturally the same as his. She had been in the library that day reading that book and to keep her place had left the violet between the leaves. The spirit of Matthew Bacon soared instantaneously into the seventh heaven of delight. But she had not worn the violets as he had asked. She had rebuked him for the impertinence of his anonymous letter. He was a cad. And the spirit of Matthew Bacon plunged promptly into the nethermost abyss of despair.

For fifteen minutes, which seemed like as many years, he sat, with his temples in his hands, gazing with unseeing eyes at the lines before him and telling himself that there was nothing left to make life worth the living. Through his preoccupation he heard the voice of one of the library pages speaking to a reader opposite to him at the table.

"The librarian says he's sorry, miss, but 'Purradize Lost' is out. Here's the other book you wanted."

In a lightning flash of thought Matthew knew what voice it was that he would hear in reply.

"Oh, dear!" said Natalie Ayres. "Well, never mind. This will do."

A phrase from something he had read was pounding in Matthew's ears, in fragments at first, finally in one connected whole, "There is a tide—in—in the affairs—in the affairs of men—which—taken—taken at the flood—leads on—leads on—leads on to fortune!"

Hastily he tore a leaf from his notebook and scribbled a message which would have been a credit to a boy of ten:

> Will you forgive my rudeness in sending you that ananermous letter? I did it without thinking, and I'm terribly repentent. But I'm really all right, indeed I am, and my mother knows yours. I was under a kind of spell.
>
> MATTHEW BACON.

Slipping this epistle between the leaves where lay the white violet, he returned the book to the loan desk and then went back to his seat and spent an apparent eternity upon a rack of mental torture. At the last moment the voice of the page, informing Miss Ayres that she could now have "Purradise Lost," threw him into a panic.

When he looked up it was to meet her eyes. For a moment they stared at each other, Matthew turning from pink to crimson and from crimson to white and the girl with an enigmatical smile on her lips.

"If your mother knows mine," she said presently, with an air of severity, "don't you think you might go to the trouble of getting a proper introduction?" Then she laughed outright. "I'm afraid your letter is what might be called a kind of a spell!" she added.

After all, since the course of true love is destined never to run smooth, it is better that the bad bumps should come at the beginning rather than at the end.

When, at the commencement of the class of 1901, Miss Natalie Ayres wore a superb bunch of white violets people said that she must be a particular friend of the Bacons. And so by that time she was—a very particular friend!

THE BIG DIPPER.

It Is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life in America.

A TARCOOLER FUNERAL.

Wood Was Scare, but They Managed to Rig Up a Coffin.

In some of the mining districts of South Australia there is a great scarcity of wood. Consequently, if you are so foolish as to die there you must not expect to have a coffin, but must be content to be wrapped in a sack before being deposited in Mother Earth.

However, when a certain very prominent resident of a mining camp died the other people of the settlement—by the way, it was called Tarcooler, though coolness was unknown and Tarhotter would have been a more suitable name—determined that he should be buried in style. So they set about getting a coffin. They made one of a sort, placed a lid on it and laid it (with the deceased inside) in an empty tent for the night.

Next morning the lid of the coffin was missing. It was afterward found that it had been stolen to make the tailboard of a butcher's cart.

However, in spite of this trifling loss the funeral was conducted with great solemnity. The coffin was much admired. It had been made out of the boxes in which the dynamite was sent to the mines. Some people might have considered that the obsequies were marred by the fact that the coffin bore in large letters on one side the legend "Keep dry," and on the other "Stow away from boilers," but that did not trouble the simple minds of the Tarcool-'uns.—London Tit-Bits.

WORSE THAN WAR.

Infernal Regions of the Buddhists and Mohammedans.

The infernal regions of Buddhism are horrible. They comprise a great hell and 136 lesser hells. In these hells, according to the sculptures of the Buddhist temples, men are ground to powder and their dust turned into ants and fleas and spiders. They are pestled in a mortar. The hungry eat redhot iron balls. The thirsty drink molten iron.

Islamism says of the infernal regions: "They who believe not shall have garments of fire fitted for them. Boiling water shall be poured on their heads and on their skins, and they shall be beaten with maces of iron."

In the Scandinavian mythology, the mythology of Odin and Thor, we are told that "in Nastrond there is a vast and direful structure, with doors that face the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, wattled together like wickerwork. But the serpents' heads are turned toward the inside of the hall, and they continually send forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or forswear themselves."

Her First Poem.

She was one of those soft eyed maidens, sweetly innocent, shy and gentle. She was unaccustomed to newspaper offices, but, being ambitious, she managed to find enough courage to try winning an editor's sympathy, sympathy to be expressed by the acceptance of her poem.

"I have here," she said demurely, "a little verse I've composed. I really don't know what you'll think of it. You may not like it at all, but it's my first—that is, the first I've ever written for a newspaper—and I'd be very pleased indeed if you honestly thought it was good."

The editor kept at his work, now and then scowling, but not at the young woman especially.

"It's about a maiden tripping o'er the lea," she continued.

"What was the trouble?" asked the man behind the paper. "Couldn't she lift her feet?"—Philadelphia Times.

Slightly Mixed.

He wasn't good at conundrums, but when his turn came to ask one at a little social party he thought he could remember a good one he had heard. It was the old riddle:

"Why is a woman like the ivy?"

The answer, of course, is the gallant explanation:

"Because the more you're ruined the closer she sticks."

But he got it mixed and asked:

"Why is the ivy like a woman?"

None of the ladies present could give an appropriate reply, so he himself ventured this maladroit solution:

"Because the closer it clings the more you're ruined."

Something to Live For.

Three little girls were playing. The mother of one came into the room and engaged the children in conversation. "Marian, what are you going to be when you grow up?" she asked.

"I am going to be a famous singer," she replied.

"And you, Susie, what are you to be?"

"Oh, I am going to write stories when I grow up," she answered.

"And what is Marjorie to be?" continued the mother.

Marjorie, aged five, thought seriously a moment, and then said, "Well, I am not sure, but I think I'll be a widow."

SOMETHING NEW !

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