CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Cabo Tormentoso the saliors called it first,
And Stormy Cape all mariners shall find it evermore.
The passion of the hurricane on its iron rocks is nursed.
Pale witch drig desire that thwarf winds of nurge desire that thwarf
Pale witch from filsen ore,
Pale witch from filsen ore,
And shipwrecked volces bid beware of gramary accurat.
Cape of Good Hope ! We seek it far across the waters dark.
But Cabo Tormentoso the saliors named it first.
By this wild cape the mariners go to their splear the waters of mon-ster-haunted sea:
Behind them, oh, before them lift the breathing groves of mace.
But Cabo Tormentoso the saliors named it first.

Her Handkerchief Flirtation. EY ERMINIE C. STRAY. 10 The ladies were all in the parlo

She never meant to do wrong. She she hever meant to do wholg. She was always modest, unassuming and even Lucy Dean, who looked as fresh ladylike. She never flirted in her life. She was too much of a woman, and was shocked at the thought of coquet-ry, or flirtation of any kind. Every-taken and fair as a rose, although she blushed 'slightly when Mr. Stanley After a few commonplace remarks, to took out this headdrouble and one knew her to be upright, honest and pure. Everyone, even to Vane Stanley, who for a whole year ad-mired her in secret and afar off, be-cure her could puer any second her or "I wish to speak with you." one knew her to be upright, honest and pure. Everyone, even to Vane Stanley, who for a whole year ad mired her in secret and afar off, because he could never approach her or a moment alone with her, for Madam Clarence and her two unmarried daughters were always on the quiter to hear what Mr. Stanley had to say to their pretty cousin, who had neither money nor home, and nothing in the world but her virtue, and beauty, and her accomplishments.
Mr. Stanley was fully aware of all these facts, and admired while he secretly feared her. Women as clever as Lucy Dean did not often marry rommonplace men, but he meant to marry her, and he meant to make Miss Dean love him, too. But it was uphill work, with madam and her two daughters forever watching, and Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
It struck him one evening, while
Word was point on the word wits that
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while
Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' end for a struck him one evening, while

struck him one evening, while It struck him one evening, while paying them his accustomed visit, that he would employ the language of the handkerchief, knowing full well that Lacy would not notice it even if she understood it, but as constant drop-ping will wear away a stone, so he hoped to wear away her, prejudices, he note that year like the face wreathed in smiles, as she her face wreathed in smiles, as she said: hep began that very evening by telling sid: her with the aid of the handkerchief that he loved her, but Miss Dean never noticed him. This went on for two weeks, Mr. Her nace wreathed in sinies, as she sid: "Don't you think this is a lovely specimen of the climbing white rose, Mr. Stanley?" "Yes, it is very beautiful," he said.

This went on for two weeks, Mr. Stanley making frantic efforts to se-cure her attention, and Miss Dean re-maining in sublime indifference, until, in very desperation, after telling her with his handkerchief that she was with his handkerchief that she was cruel, asking her to wait for him, and numberless other idicite performances, he seized the opportunity to whisper, when they were for a moment alone: "Do you understand the language of the handkerchief, Miss Dean?" "No," she replied, quietly. "And would not employ it if you did L presume?"

to walk

marl

did, I presume?

don't think I would."

Then Madam Clarence came bustl-ing up to the young couple, sitting so near them that further conversation was for that time suspended, and Mr. Stanley departed without another word to Miss Dean. In a few days she received through

In a few days she featured introduced the mail a mysterious package con-taining full descriptions for the hand-kerchief flirtation. She tossed it in-digmantly aside, her cheeks burning at the very thought of stooping to that, and wondering what Vane Stanley took her for

A little later, however, she picked A inter inter, however, she picked it up and read it over, and before his next call had made herself familiar with its language, never intending to use it, but merely out of curiosity to know what Vane Stanley would do next

She was becoming interested in that gentleman and his novel way of com-municating with her, although she felt as though she should despise herself if she ever answered back.

"He must have a poor opinion of e," she thought, "to think that I vould."

ly, as though nothing had ever passed en them, and it was so for weeks after, Mr. Stanley coming because he could not help it, and Miss Dean meet-ing him because she couldn't avoid it, and Madam Clarence watching both and thinking how little they had to fear from Lucy now. They met often at concerts, parties and social gather-ings, looking at each other with en-vious eyes, but never venturing to address one or the other with other than the merest commonplaces. Thus another year passed, and Lucy Dean knowing that she could never love another man as she loved Vane Stanley prepared to give him up; because he met her now simply as a friend or acquaintance, it was more exasperat-ing than coolness could have been. Rumor said, too, that Laura Clarence would scope he him wife. Invided che

would soon be his wife. Indeed, she seemed to be his choice, for he was with her continually at various places of amusement, and Lucy's heart sank with a kind of dread when she thought here would be here would some the how soon the hour would come that would make it sinful for her to think

of him as other than a friend. She went down to the parlor that night, and thinking herself alone and unseen, began mechanically using her handkerchief in various signs. She was not alone, however, for Laura and Lily came in immediately, followed by Mr. Stanley and several, other friends, who soon went out upon the croquet lawn, bearing Lucy with them. The game was at its height Miss Dean, almost unconsciously dropped her handkerchief. Mr. Stanwith dropped her handkerchief. Mr. Stan-ley picked it up and handed it to her, whispering:

"Will you be nothing but a friend?" She did not reply, but watching him furtively saw his sign of "I love you" again. This time she did not throw him off adroitly, but answered with the same, turning to carnation red a she did so. Two minutes later he wa by her side again, upon pretense of sending her ball through an arch, but really to say: "Tell me the truth, once and forever

Lucy: do you love me or hate me? "I do not hate you." "Then you love me, and you will be y wife?"

'Yes The game was up; the handkerchief firstation ended, and two hearts were made happy at last, much to the dis-gust of Madam Clarence and her daughters.—New York Weekly.

N

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

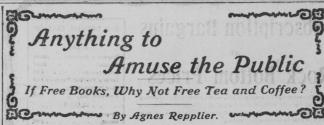
Oklahoma now has the greatest broom-corn producing district in the country, and will produce more this year than Kansas and Illinois combin-ed. It is estimated that the crop will amount to about 25,000 tons.

The British government committe on public accounts has submitted the report of the expenses of King Ed-ward's coronation to parliament. They amounted to \$2,000,000, instead \$600,000, as it was said it would. instead of

China has a tree which produces oi and two American firms now have houses in China which are exporting the oil. The business has proved so successful that about one hundred thousand trees have been transplant-ed from China to California, and are now growing well.

was wont to be candid about that re-lative's shortcomings and put the let-ter in the wrong envelope, no harm resulted. His kinsman couldn't read the letter, but surmised it must be a request for money and sent a check

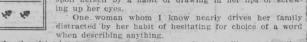
Probably no ruler of modern times has a throne of such barbaric splendo has a throne of such barbaric splendor as the Shah of Persia. It is said to be shaped like a bed, nine feet in length by four in height, and is high enough to require three steps to enter. The body, steps and legs (which re-semble elephant's trunks) are heavily lacquered in gold and incrusted with jewels, says The Upholsterer. On the rold embroidered rug rests a gold gold embroidered rug rests a gold chair, behind which rises a sunburs of diamonds with a jeweled bird of either side.



There are those who assert that the overcrowding of our great cities is due, in some measure, to our intelligent efforts to provide entertainment for the public—games for kindergarten babies, clubs for girls and boys, libraries for young men and women, concerts, fireworks and parades. By contrast with all these joys, bucolic life must seem terribly bald and bare. To depend upon one's own energies and resources may be wholesome, but it is far from enlivening. No wonder that Rome was the biggest of all big cities, when she gave her shows free!-Life.



O habits are more easily acquired than little peculiarities of manner and none that are more irritating to one's friends and acquaintances. A girl who would otherwise be very charming can quite spoil herself by a habit of drawing in her lips or screw-ber on the series of the serie



Another friend, a man, uses one gesture so often in telling a story that find yourself watching for it so intently that you frequently lose, the to fue story.

Ind yoursen watching for at of the story. Many people, quite unconsciously, form the habit of grimncing when ing a story. It comes from their earnestness in their subject, but it is telling a story. very regrettable.

y regrettable. Exaggeration of expression is a habit that is easily formed and hard break. I know this to my cost, for I daily fight against it. It comes from the idea that in order to impress people you must en-ge facts and numbers. large facts and numbers.

At first it takes very well, but after a while they cease to believe what you say or at least place but small importance on your utterances. It is so easy to become a slave to little habits and so very hard to break away from them.

reak away from them. Never, if you can help it, form any habit unless it is such a virtuous ne that to be without it would be a grave error. We may become the slaves even of good habits. There is nothing that needs always to be done in the same way as ong as the right principle is adhered to.

long as the right principle is adhered to. The man who does the same thing in the same way every day, year in and year out, becomes the slave of routine. He is unhappy when he does it and unhappy when he does not. Diversity goes a long way toward contentment. Try to make each day a little different from the day before and go at your work in a different spirit. Of course all work must be done in a certain prescribed manner in order to be well done, but there will be many little ways in which variety may be attained. Make up your mind that you will not be conquered by the habit of doing things in the same way. things in the same way

Conquer habit; don't let habit conquer you .- New York Journal.



A JAPANESE FABLE. a Retainer Imitated the Example of His Master. How

From "Japan of To-Day," by James A. B. Scherer (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia), we take this charming

<text><text><text><text><text>

4

was so stretch over th

round from a

and wa under imagin

it in a

cheeke

"Poo said, " and fin you."

And.

tated Father not ex Would

the be

the sa

other Time a doorste

snowy in the

him, a packag But I He did

must n a resul began away. "Moth

and pu The

father himsel and co Mothe

the c brough

had to pain th

pelled a flau

that s too ba and o Lo hel the be

tree, li not th looked lying, mothe

the bea

knelt "Pcc

hands "Dot

have

Neigh

you." This father ure sp that t

they Christ "I a mothe head. "You

hurry The away. on Ch

preser

100 mg

mean white, the master, with a com-remark to the effect that it was of no consequence whatever, had quietly in-serted his hand beneath his silken apron, and, with the skilful "chuck" of a boy playing marbles, had shot the sauce freeball back into its proper place before it had even scorched the precious silk. When the excited re-tainer at length comprehended what had happened, he sat back upon his hannches speechless with admiration, unable to do anything but utter an oc-casional "Narubodo!" of rapt annaze-ment over such marvelous presence of mind. He had learned a lesson-ever hereafter would he strive to emulate the matchless wisdom of his lord. Meanwhile, the lord sat talking as though nothing had happened, to his faithful, if somewhat abstracted, ser-vitor, whose thoughts were now fixed faithful, if somewhat abstracted, ser-vitor, whose thoughts were now fixed on loftier themes than tenantry and rents. Would that he might have op-portunity to initate the wisdom of his master! As luck would have it, the opportunity was not long delayed. For the malicious charcoal once more vented its flery sphere, a living coal leaping this time straight for the flat bald head of the retriner, where it lay and chowed with weath. It was now excited. He looked from side to side for some implement of relief; he clapped his hands wildly to summon the maid-

But the retainer sat perfectly cool and collected, an expression of calm and elevated superiority upon his suffering brow fering brow. "Never mind," he murmured; "it 'is of no consequence whatever,"-and, mindful of his lord's example, reached up and chucked himself under the chin!

All He Asked.

All He Asked. "I have a favor to ask you." As he spoke, the visitor looked ap-pealingly at the agent of the automo-bile house, who scauned his face close-1y "Unless 1 am greatly mistaken, sir," he observed, "you are the gentleman to whom we sold a second-hand auto he two weeks ago."

The other man smiled a pathetic smile. "I am that unhappy man, sir," he

"And your favor?" "Is this. In order to make that machine go, I found I had to put in a new chain; this necessitated new front and rear sprockets, which meant new bearings. Then I put in a new fly-wheel, new gears, new talks, new circulating system, including gear pump and radiators; also new back and front, new tires and new inner tubes. And now, my dear sir, having gotten the old thing so I can worry it back and forth twice a day to and from the station, I want to know if "And your favor?"

from the station, I want to know if you would have any objection to sup-

Lord Curzon's writing was so bad at Oxford that when he wrote to a rela-tive and to a friend with whom he

ruin your character in Vane Stanley's eyes, or I am not Madam Clarence!" For an hour she poured forth her vituperative language, until Lucy eried piteously for her to stop. She had no thought, this bright, fascinathad no thought, this oright, fascinat-ing madam, that Mr. Stanley heard every word, and resolved to marry Lucy at once. She went out, giving her niece a parting salute, but in a low voice that reached only the girl's

ears: "Vane Stanley only laughs at you. Laura and Lily both say he laughs at would." The words rang in her ears for poor opinion of her. He only thought she might engage in a handkerchief firitation with him with perfect pro-priety. It wouldn't be like firiting priety. It wouldn't be like firiting the man, of course. the gave many intersigns that would indulge in one more handkerchief intration, and let Vane Stanley know that she was not to be laughed at. The next time they met she an would flirt, and would not this be flirt-ing? Besides—ah, just Heaven!—she with one equally as effective. Unmind-

"Leave it to me. I'll atend to Lucy." She came into Lucy's room an hour later, with flaming cheeks and flashing

"You have pitied me at last, Lucy." "What did you want?" she asked

We need not say that that walk was

back to the parlor again anything but satisfied. But the minds of two, at

least, were made up, and from that time the handkerchief flirtation pro-gressed rapidly. The signs were, how-ever, not so covert but that Laura and Lily Clarence both discovered them, and duly reported them to mam ma, who soothed them with the reeyes. "You wicked, shameless hussy, I will "You wicked, shameless hussy, I will

ing? Besides—ah, just Heaven!—she
with one equally as effective. Unmind-ful of Clarence eyes, they continued:
ut went on like this for a year—for
whole word—show Mr. Straphyle ageid
"We will be friends," was her re-

to flirt with him. It went on like this for a year-for a whole year-and Mr. Stanley's assid-uity never failed. Madam Clarence be-gan to hint of the probability of a wedding before long, for Mr. Stanley always had so much to say to Laura. 'Of course it was Laura. Lily was quite too young, and as for Lucy Deen -well nobody would are meary har. -well, nobody would ever marry her; she was to much like an old maid, and although she knew secretly that.Vane Stanley admired Lucy immensely, yet she took good care that she should never have a more intimate acquain-tance, but throw Laura and Lily con-stantly in his way, and kept the quiet orphan in the background.

It was a clear, lovely June day, Mr. Stanley dropped in, firm in his resolv this time that Miss Dean should an swer him and give him an opportunity to speak with her alone. He had grown desperately in love with her, and meant to tell her so. But if he told any of the Clarence ladies that he wished to see Miss Dean, the answer was always: "Miss Dean is engaged, and will see no one," or "Lucy is not at home.

ply by dropping her handkerchief. by by aropping her handkerchief. She led him on pitilessly and cruel-ly, because of those words: "He laughs at you," until he again signified his love.

She drew hers through her hand Sconfully, which means: "I hate you." He was surprised, but thought it

only a joke, and continued:

You are cruel. "I am sorry," was the reply.

"Wait for me." "I am engaged," she replied, by windng her håndkerchief around her forefinger, and "I hate you, again;" then deliberately putting it in her pocket left the room

Her handkerchief flirtation had fair-

ly commenced and ended. She went up to her room, thinking, "He shall never laugh at me again." He did not come for weeks. Madam Clarence sent for him at last, and the two so curiously estranged met again. They bowed as the most distant of acquaintances-coldly. proudly, serene-

liss Clara Webb, a young woman of Portland, Ore., has just made the ascent of Mt. Hood alone. She was camping with a party just below the snow line, and one day decided to at-tempt the climb to the peak. She started on the impulse of the moment, took no food with her, and was nearl took no food with her, and was nearly exhausted when she reached the crest. After resting for a short time, she be-gan the descent, and made the peril-ous trip in safety. The danger of her feat can be understood when it is considered that the mountain is ove eleven thousand feet high.

Aids to His Memory

Aids to His Memory. A lawyer in a western city once went to another part of the country on business. On arriving at his destina-tion he found he had forgotten the name of the firm he had come to see and had left all enlightening memo

randa in his desk. After wasting valuable time in un less efforts to remember, he te graphed home to his partner for the essary information. He got it, and

more. "Your business is with Smith & Jones," his partner's message ran. "Your name is Brown."—Sunday Magazine

Very Similar. "The Jap is great at an ambuscade," Said the coalman, Mr. Slaite. "Much like the scales you use in your

trade, Said his friend; "he lies in wait." Philadelphia Public Ledger

REAT fear of Russia has hung over the world for more than a quarter of a century, but today, after a nine months' war with Japan, its dreaded power has become almost a laughing-stock. Russia has great size joined with great weakness. Some of the causes of its lethargy are incurable. Others are due to a backward civilization. The roads are mere military routes. The postoffice handles one piece of mail for fifteen that pass through our own. For every two miles of telegraph in Rusthrough our own. For every two miles of telegraph in Rus

94 94 sia, we have five; and for each mile of her telephone wires, we

have fifty-three

G

Russian industry tells the same story. For each inhabitant, Russia invests in industrial enterprise four dollars, the United States, one hundred and twe-ty-five. Our factories out-number hers twenty-three to one. The value of her cotton spinnings is but two-thirds of ours. She manufactures somewhat more

ty-five. Our factories out-number ners twenty-three to one. The value of her cotton spinnings is but two-thirds of ours. She manufactures somewhat more than half as much tobacco; and only in sugar does she surpass us. Ignorance leads misery by the hand. Three-fourths of the children never see the inside of a school-room. Gf those who go to school, few are taught more than their alphabet, the catechism, and the elements of arithmetic. In Russia proper, ninety-four people out of every hundred cannot write their names, or spell out easy words. Technical education is even more neglected; and, for every 11,000 people, there is but a single physician. The bureaucracy and the merchants in collusion have built up a perfectly organized system of graft. It is openly recognized, treated with tolerance, even thought of with respect. Not only do admirals buying coal in forsign ports pro-cure receipts for much larger sums than they, have paid, pocketing the differ-ence and dividing it with their under-officers, but no contract is let at home which does not allow a liberal margin for a "rake-off." In this way, Russia has paid for her railroads two and a half times the amount which the Minister of Finance estimates as their value—and by American standards, his estimate is 50 percent higher than the necessary cost. It is said that fully 75 percent of the large Red Cross Fund which was subscribed at home and abroad has been stolen. The magnificently equipped hospital train which the Carina sent to the Ray was looted between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Not a thing of value was left in it. was left in it

To sum up; Russia stands at a great crisis in an evil plight. Its aristoc To sum up; Russia status at a great class in all evit plant. Its aristoc-racy is rotten and tyrannous; its people sodden in ignorace, without moral sense, dull and brutish; its priestcraft often degraded, extortionate, and sen-sual; its land of natural resource wasted and consumed; its imperial line, counting human souls and bodies as bullion for its coming; and its Czar, a grotesque weakling.—World's Work.

plying me with two feet of one-inch rubber hose pipe at the regular dis-count to the trade."-Tom Masson.

How the Parson Got His Dinner.

A clergyman who always spends a part of his summer preaching in small country churches near his home city was relating one of his experiences of last summer.

'I went out to preach in a tiny town about twenty miles from here which does not boast a hotel or anything ap-proaching it," he said. "I conducted the Sunday morning service, and at its conclusion waited for the usual invitation to dinner. For some reason no one extended such an invitation. I was ravenously hungry and in desperation approached a prosperous looking farmer

'Brother,' said I 'won't you come

home to dinner with me?' "He beamed with pleasure. 'Why, certainly,' he said. 'Where do you line?'

"'About twenty miles from here,' I answered. "He looked at me stupidly for a min-

"He looked at me stupinty for a infi-ute and then the point of my invita-tion dawned upon him. With a hearty laugh he grasped my hand and said: " "Parson, let's go over to my house. It's a heap nearer than your'h. New York Press.

The wells of farms visited in summer by city folks are now regarded as perhaps the chief source of typhoid fever.