

**'TIS THE GIRL.**

It isn't the gown, though you think it is  
It isn't the plume of the Parisian hat,  
It isn't the music that maketh the trance  
Of delight in the glorious whirl of the dance.  
It's the girl.  
It isn't the style—you may think it is  
It isn't home longing that renteth the flat,  
It isn't the bottle, it isn't the bird,  
That something anew in your being stirred.  
It's the girl.  
It isn't that you are to strike up with Pa  
A brief conversation on father-in-law—  
It's the girl.  
It isn't an idle  
It's the girl.

## A Pearl Necklace.

By EDITH REDE BUCKLEY.

She was seated by her bedroom fire—deep in thought. The freilicht glimmered upon the rich folds of her white satin dress. Her elbow was on her knee and her chin rested on her hand; she was lost in thought, gazing absent-mindedly upon the red glowing coals as though she wanted to look through them and beyond them to some brighter, happier life on the other side. And the bitterest part of the whole thing was that it was her own fault from beginning to end. She had been given a far larger share of happiness than falls to the lot of most people, and she had thrown it away with her own hand. She raised her eyes and gazed around the luxurious room in which she sat; no thought and no money had been spared to make it as beautiful as possible, all the thought and care of the husband who had idolized her and whose love she had thrown away on her wedding day.

It had been one of those misunderstandings and mistakes which have no real cause. She had been proud and wilful, had told him that all her love had been given to her cousin before she ever met him, and that her marriage, like hundreds of fashionable marriages every year, had been a "marriage of convenience." It was hardly fair news to a husband on his wedding day, but Arthur Davenant was a man who would accept her on no other terms. And so he had given her back her freedom, only begging her to stay under his roof and bear his name that the world should know nothing of their story. They had passed a month in Paris for the honeymoon, and then he had brought her to his home, the home prepared by an eager bridegroom for the reception of a dearly loved wife. For nearly a year they had lived together, outwardly as friends, but seeing nothing of each other except at meals or in the presence of guests. The house was usually full and she made an ideal hostess. He always treated her with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and he bided his time. He was in parliament and managed his own estate—was, indeed, engaged in his own life, she thought, and left no room for her! For so perverse is woman's heart that when he let her go she would have given him back. In her early girlhood she had been devoted to a cousin who was absolutely penniless and who went out to try his luck in Virginia.

No actual engagement had ever existed between them, and after he had been gone some years and any hope of a marriage was as distant as ever Arthur Davenant had wooed her, and her parents urged her to accept him. He was a man few girls could have resisted, but her heart was so wrapped up in her cousin that she fancied she would never have any love to give. Arthur Davenant had found her cold to his wooing, but he had the confidence of an ardent lover that she would when her heart was his wife.

She was naturally very self-contained, and as the months went by he never guessed her secret that she was learning to love him with all the passion of her woman's life—love beside which the feeling for her cousin had been a mere girlish fancy. Kind, courteous, and considerate as he was, he was unapproachable. Doubtless he had ceased to love her; other things had filled his mind. "Love is of man's life a thing apart," and it was over for him probably, and too late she had learned to value the pearl she had spurned. The very sight of him as he sat opposite to her at the table made her heart throb. According to her own request he never kissed her or even touched her save sometimes to shake her hand on bidding good night. How could he guess that the mere touch of his fingers made her thrill? She would have given all that she possessed for the careless caresses he gave to his dog. She envied his little nephews and nieces when they came to stay and she watched him showering kisses on their young faces. Ah! if it had only been different, children of his own might have climbed on his knee—her children.

Two years before he had volunteered for the front. She often wondered how she lived through those years. He wrote to her kind, affectionate letters, but no word of love; just the letters a brother would write to a sister; it was she who had forbidden everything else. And now she sat by her fire thinking, thinking, till her brain felt bursting. One week ago he had come home from South Africa, brown and lean and careworn, with two years' sufferings and hardships marked on his strong face,

and standing behind her he very gently laid the pearls round her neck. She was conscious that his warm hand trembled as it momentarily touched her neck. Perhaps the clasp was a little stiff, and he lingered a second in fastening it; she could never tell; she only knew in one lightning flash that the crisis of her life had come. Before she realized what she was doing, forgetting all the preparatory speeches that she had rehearsed, forgetting everything excepting that he was close beside her and that she loved him more than anything in earth or heaven, she turned and threw her arms round his neck with one low sob, and laid her cheek, wet with tears, against his.

"Arthur—Arthur, can you ever forgive me? Can you ever believe me? Have I strayed your love too far, my dear—my dear?"

"Mabel!" only her name, but in it was the pent-up love of a lifetime. "Mabel! is this really true; has it come at last?"

There was a world of tenderness in his voice as he put her gently from him that he might have the joy of looking in her face; and he framed her face in his two hands and looked down into her eyes.

"Mabel, is this a dream?" His voice was very low and hoarse from the intensity of his emotion.

"No," she whispered, "it is life. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, can I ever make you believe how I have learned to love you, how I have been hungering for your love all these years, how I love you a myriad times more than I can ever express? Arthur, can you? Tell me, have I come too late?"

He only folded his arms tightly round her, drew her slender figure close to his breast, and whispered two words, only two, but they changed the whole world for her forever. "My wife," and then he laid his lips on hers. —London Tatler.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**

The longest article in the new section of the Oxford dictionary is on the verb "pass." It takes up 16 columns.

At a recent conference of the trade in Leicester the president of the Institute of Carriage Builders said that practically the whole of the wheel-making industry of England had been captured by America.

The National Union of Telephone Operators, formed by English bell-girls, has won a great victory. The National Telephone company threatened with a strike, has consented to allow the members to wear colored combs and beads and shirt waists other than black.

Few people know that other days of the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greeks observe Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Egyptians, Thursday; the Turks, Friday; the Jews, Saturday; and the Christians Sunday. Thus a perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated on earth.

More double stars have been discovered and measured at the Lick observatory in California. The latest bulletin issued by the university contains an account of another hundred new double stars discovered and measured there. They are of the same character as those previously discovered at the Lick observatory. Nearly all would be difficult objects to observe under conditions less favorable than obtained at Mt. Hamilton.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has a remarkable museum, where within a glass case, is a collection of implements of torture. Straps of every description are there, sticks, clubs and ropes with the knots still in them; there are also twisted hooks, bamboo canes and a chain with a padlock by which an imbecile child was for years fastened to a post. Hanging by itself is a straw basket two feet long and a foot deep in which twins were found on a baby farm.

A curious custom has just been celebrated at Klim, near Moscow. All the marriageable girls in the town lined up in the principal street, decked out in their simple finery, many of them also having with them the stock of linen, household and personal, which forms part of their dowry. The young men contemplating matrimony then walked down the street toward the church and selected the girls of their choice. A formal visit to the parents to arrange details was then made in each case and a date fixed for the ceremony.

**Proper Apparel.**

No man should wear anything but a swallow-tail suit to a dance or evening party. It is not only economy to own and wear a dress suit, but it is also the proper obedience to society custom. And then, as a final and complete reason, every man looks better in a dress suit than in any other kind. Good dress suits can be had ready-made at any clothing store for \$16 up. A tailor will make a dress suit for those who care to pay the price for \$47 up. This isn't foppish or duds, it is simply correct wearing apparel, which costs no more than the present way the men dress with such evident lack of taste and culture. —Hiawatha (Kan.) World.

**"Father of All Devils."**

The Fiji Islanders have just discovered in the first motor car to invade their primitive home "the father of all devils."

## FIXING UP MANUSCRIPTS

INTERESTING CORNER OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Nice Work Done in Patching Up, Mounting and Binding Old Records—Material for Study in Old Documents—Vandals in the Library.

Unless properly introduced, you will miss the most interesting feature of the Library of Congress, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Post. Behind a screen in the reading room of the division of manuscripts, where sit all day studious men poring over records of the past, is a door which opens on a narrow, spiral staircase. If Mr. Lincoln, the assistant in charge, gives permission an entertaining hour awaits the visitor who climbs the stairs. At the very top of the building is a large shallow room flooded with the north light sought by artists. It is furnished with tables such as draughtsmen use and occupied by five persons, two men and three women. They are repairers of manuscripts. Their skill has made it possible to use for purposes of research some of the priceless old manuscripts that have come into possession of the government. The curious thing is that none of them have served the long apprenticeship that one would think necessary before undertaking such delicate work. Mr. Berwick, the chief repairer, was detailed from the government printing office. He and his assistants now do such work as is done only at the Vatican. Some manuscript repairing is done in New York, but only here and in Rome, so far as is known, is such work being done constantly.

The repairers handled nearly 4000 pieces last year ranging from the perfect document (requiring little attention beyond flattening, to the most delicate and exacting task of inlaying and re-inforcing. The old Virginia records obtained in the Jefferson Library and dating back to the Seventeenth century have been inlaid as rapidly as suitable contemporary paper could be obtained for them. One volume is completed and another is well in hand. The royal and vice-royal decrees obtained from New Mexico, which have been described in this correspondence, have been repaired, mounted, and bound in two volumes, and some volumes of the Jackson, Thornton and Tazewell papers have been finished.

The ancient records from Guam, secured at the time of our peaceful conquest in that island, are fragmentary and have suffered much from neglect; but there is much of value, especially the volumes of the orders of the governor, Don Manuel Muro, 1794-1800, and some court records. There is hardly a paper of a date earlier than 1860 that will not require repair. These Guam papers will be taken in hand by Mr. Berwick's force as soon as the Virginia records are completed. They will not be available for the student until the repairs are made.

In repairing, each paper or collection of papers requires special treatment, but the general process is the same. The manuscript is first dampened gently with a sponge so that it smoothed. The nicest care must be taken to smooth out creases which were unnoticed by the writer, lest legibility be sacrificed. The manuscript is then dried between boards and submitted to heavy pressure. This prevents the re-appearances of the original roughness. The period of pressure necessary to secure a permanently smooth surface is about 24 hours. Where the quality of ink will not allow the manuscript to be dampened it takes a longer time.

The manuscript is now ready to be repaired. For this purpose paper of similar color and texture to that of the original must be obtained. In many cases, owing to the age of the manuscript, this is no easy task. Indeed, it is the hardest problem for the repairers to solve. They are constantly in search of old paper, and the government is always ready and anxious to buy when any is found. Hand-made paper is necessary, and no bit of such paper is wasted. Sometimes in collections of manuscript that come to the library several blank pages are found. These are eagerly seized upon and preserved. Pieces no larger than a twenty-five cent piece are saved as scrupulously as whole pages.

In repairing an effort is made to find a patch that will match the watermark of the original manuscript, so that after the work is completed the naked eye cannot discern where the new and old join. Some marvellous specimens of the skill of the repairers are shown. After the manuscript is prepared a patch conforming in size to the hole in the original is cut, the edges of both hole and patch carefully beveled and scraped, and the patch held in place with a thick flour paste. The manuscript is again submitted to heavy pressure. When dry the line of union between patch and paper is again delicately scraped, and the first stage of the work of repair is completed, but the manuscript is not ready for use.

Although no attempt is made to supply words which have been torn from the original manuscript it is protected against further loss. A covering of fine silk veiling (crepe) is used. Formerly a thin tracing paper was used. This gave firmness to the manuscript, but impaired legibility. Crepe-line was first used by the repairers at the Vatican, and was soon after adopted in the library. This covering is pasted on both sides of the manuscript, that the tendencies of the paper to curl may be neutralized. When dry the manuscript is again pressed and mounted for filing.

After the repairs are completed the manuscript is stronger and better able to endure handling than when first written. Some of the papers that have come to the library have seemed absolutely hopeless when received. They were frayed at the edges, extremely brittle, and full of holes, where they had been folded. Some of the old Virginia records were exceptionally fragile and only by using the utmost care were they saved.

Aside from the historic value and human interest of many of these old manuscripts there is rich material for a careful study of the development of the written forms of the letters of our alphabet. Some of the Virginia records written as late as 1622 look more like Fall text than English. Few of the letters as formed by the keepers of the records of courts and the journals of the provincial councils, bear the faintest resemblance to modern writing, and are wholly meaningless to any expert.

The care, and the search for treasure through the bundles of manuscript that come to the library is an entrancing and absorbing occupation. Usually they are received still folded as in the days before envelopes, and without either alphabetical or chronological arrangement. Each paper is opened and care taken to note any enclosures. Undated papers require special study to determine, if possible, their proper location. Unsigned documents, drafts and copies must be identified, often requiring a minute comparison of quaint old hand-writing, and names are sought and the relationship of manuscripts established. It is like reading a well-constructed and exciting story; one never knows what is going to happen on the next page.

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## MYTHICAL ORIGIN OF JAPS.

**A Legend that They Are Descended From the Pick of All China.**

One of the traditional accounts of the origin of the Japanese empire mentioned by the famous Jesuit traveler, Pere de Charlevoix, refers to the emigration of a Chinese colony—under rather peculiar circumstances. Sinosikwo ascended the throne of China in the year 246 B. C. and at once entered on a career of cruelty and tyranny. He was most anxious to enjoy the privileges of his position for as long a period as possible. For the purpose of endeavoring to obtain some specific agent by which the duration of human life could be prolonged he despatched trusted messengers and explorers into all countries with which he held any communication or of the whereabouts of which he could obtain any knowledge.

Taking advantage of the circumstances, one of his medical attendants—was living in hourly dread of a sudden sentence of death—told the emperor that he had learned that such an agent existed in the juices of a plant which grew only in the Islands which now form the Japanese empire. The plant in question was also reported to be one of so delicate structure and sensitive nature that if not plucked with pure hands and special precaution it would lose all its mysterious virtues before arriving within the limits of the Chinese empire. It was suggested that 300 young men and the same number of girls—all of spotless physical health and moral purity—should be selected to proceed to Japan for the purpose of procuring a sufficient supply of the precious plant.

The suggestion was promptly acted on. The medical adviser patriotically volunteered to conduct the expedition himself, and the offer was accepted. The expedition embarked as speedily as possible for the Japanese islands, but not one of its members was ever seen within the bounds of the Chinese empire again.

The previously unoccupied parts of Japan were rapidly populated with a race more fresh and vigorous in body and mind than the average inhabitants of the land of the Celestials itself! The medical chief of the expedition, of course, created himself king of the country and soon had a magnificent palace erected for his residence, which he called Kanjoku.

We are further told that the Japanese mention the historic fact in their annals; that they point out to visitors the spot on which the medical founder of their empire landed, and also show the ruins of a temple which was erected in his honor.—American Medicine.

**A Lonely Wedding.**

A southern planter was asking one of his colored servants about her wedding. "Yes, sah," she said, "it was jes the finest weddin' you ever see—six bridesmaids, flowers everywhere, hundreds of guests, music an' or' heap er prayin'."

"Indeed," commented her master. "And I suppose Sambo looked as handsome as any of them."

An embarrassed pause. "Well, no—not 'xactly, sah. Would yer believe it, dat fool nigger never showed up!" —Harper's Magazine.

## THE STRAIN OF WORK.

Best of Backs Give Out Under the Burden of Daily Toil.

Lieutenant George C. Warren, of No. 8 Chemical, Washington, D. C., says: "It's an honest fact that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a great lot of good, and if it were not true I would not recommend them. It was the strain of lifting that brought on kidney trouble and weakened my back, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have lifted 600 pounds and felt no bad effects. I have not felt the trouble come back since, although I had suffered for five or six years, and other remedies had not helped me at all."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Delayed.**

"Ladies," said the chairwoman of the club, "I must ask you to be patient. Mrs. Rundum, who is to address us this afternoon on 'The Foolishness of Modern Fashion,' has just telephoned that her maid has only this moment delivered her new dress, and, of course, she must wait long enough to don it, as she could not appear before such a representative audience with a last season's gown."

With a chorus of murmured sympathy and approval, the members of the club settled back in their chairs to wait the arrival of the helpful speaker.—Life.

**Who Owns the Railroads?**

H. T. Newcomb, of the District of Columbia Bar, has compiled statistics showing that 5,174,715 depositors in savings banks of six Eastern States are directly interested in the joint ownership of \$42,354,086 of steam railroad securities, that insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts hold \$24,838,038 of steam railroad stocks and bonds, and 74 educational institutions depend on \$7,468,327 invested in similar securities for a portion of their income. Other fiduciary institutions own enough railroad securities to bring such holdings up to more than a billion and a half dollars. The railroad industry, therefore, is a most important property. These investments represent the savings of the masses, there being twenty million holders of life insurance policies in the country, as many more of fire insurance policies, and an even greater number of depositors in banking and trust institutions, where investments are largely in railroad securities.

**Grim Tartary's Awakening.**

The ferment in Russia has had a curious sequel in a racial ferment among the Tartars of the Crimea for the restoration of their ancient kingdom. A pretender has even appeared, styling himself Sabal-Girez Khan, and claiming to be a descendant of Senehin Garez Khan, the last of the independent Khans, who submitted to Russia in 1782. The pretender, who appears among the Tartar villagers, with an armed body guard, has even issued a manifesto, claiming the restoration of the Khanate. Troops have been sent from Sevastopol to Buchachisaraj, the ancient capital, and the mosque where the Khans of old were inaugurated is under military guard.—London Globe.

**The Last English Pope.**

The land area of Canada is 2,216,684,071 acres of Arctic in 1904, but it is more than doubtful whether it will ever be a fact again. The first and last English pontiff was elected as long ago as December 4, 1154. Nicholas Breakspere was born the son of a laborer at Langley, near St. Albans, and lived a pious and ascetic life. He was the most fervent of the popes. It was he who compelled the emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, to hold his stirrup, and when he died in 1195 he was about to excommunicate the emperor. It was Adrain IV, also who blessed and authorized, by virtue of the supposed papal jurisdiction over all islands, his old sovereign, Henry II, resolve to conquer Ireland.

## CHILDREN AFFECTED BY Mother's Food and Drink.

Many babies have been launched into life with constitutions weakened by disease taken in with their mother's milk. Mothers cannot be too careful as to the food they use while nursing their babies. The experience of a Kansas City mother is a case in point: "I was a great coffee drinker from a child, and thought I could not eat a meal without it. But I found at last it was doing me harm. For years I had been troubled with dizziness, spots before my eyes and pain in my heart, to which was added, two years ago, a chronic sour stomach. The baby was born seven months ago, and almost from the beginning it, too, suffered from sour stomach. She was taking it from me!

"In my distress I consulted a friend of more experience than mine, and she told me to quit coffee; that coffee did not make good milk; I have since ascertained that it really dries up the milk.

"So I quit coffee, and tried tea and at last cocoa. But they did not agree with me. Then I turned to Postum Coffee with the happiest results. It proved to be the very thing I needed. It not only agreed perfectly with baby and myself, but it increased the flow of my milk. My husband then quit coffee and used Postum, quickly got well of the dyspepsia with which he had been troubled. I no longer suffer from the dizziness, blind spells, pain in my heart or sour stomach. Postum has cured them.

"Now we all drink Postum from my husband to my seven months' old baby. It has proved to be the best hot drink we have ever used. We would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever drank." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Get the little book "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

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