SELECT CULLINGS

Curious Human Nature.

Paris was treated to a curious instance of inconsistent human nature the other day. The incident occurred at the end of a trial for attempted murder. Marcel Rochols, a former sergeant, was tried on a charge of firing his revolver at Garmaine Hubert and wounding her in the head. He declared that for a long time he had been endeavoring without success to win the affections of Mile, Hubert, whom he loved more than life. When one day he saw her on the arm of a rival he resolved to shoot her and then commit suicide. He was arrested before he could complete his purpose. The unhappy sultor was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment and was leaving the dock when Mile, Hubert rushed forward. With clasped hands she implored the magistrate to pardon Marcel. She said that she had never cared for the man before, but from the moment that he had shot her she had fallen hopelessly in love with him and was ready to marry him at once. The girl's appeal was granted, and the lovers left the court arm in arm.

No Boulevards In Washington.

Washington is to be congratulated on having no "boulevard." In every city where this word is used for a thoroughfare it has caused trouble. Riverside drive, New York, sounds much better than Riverside boulevard. Pierce Mill road is more attractive and more euphonious than Pierce Mill boulevard would be. Chicago has decided to follow the advice of the Municipal Art league and will urge the park commissioners to use the words "drive," "road" and "way" in place of the high bred French-German term. The word, while of French use, is of German extraction, a corruption of "bollwerk," meaning bulwark or rampart, a boulevard in reality being a drive laid out on the site of an abandoned fortification. It does not belong to America, being a survival of the age of feudalism. It has no place in America.-Washington Herald.

A Hole In the Sky.

Professor E. E. Barnard, in discussing the remarkable dark lanes seen in his photographs of the nebula surrounding the star Rho Ophiuchi and the apparent veiling of the more distant stars by this and a neighboring nebula, calls attention to "a small black hole in the sky" whiich has appeared on a number of his photographs for the past fifteen years. On account of its smallness and sharpness and its isolation it is, he says, the most remarkable phenomenon of the kind with which he is acquainted. It is in the constellation Sagittarius, in right ascension 18 hours 25 minutes 31 seconds, declination south 26 degrees 9 minutes. It lies, says Professor Barnard, "in an ordinary part of the Milky way and is not due to the presence or absence of stars, but seems really to be a marking on the sky it-

Raising the Hat.

The formation of a league in Berlin to substitute a military salute for the practice of raising the hat has probably been brought about by the spread of the all invading cap. There was a time when hat raising was a fine art. Louis XVIII. once boasted that he was the only man in his dominions who knew how to put on a hat and to take it off again in the correct eighteenth century style. "And it is true." adds Talleyrand, who records the boast, "that the king took a great deal of pains over the process." But can we imagine Louis taking the same pains over raising a cap? Brummell and D'Orsay rolled into one could hardly do that gracefully .- London Chronicle.

What Bismarck Would Have Done.

Colonel Gadke, the military critic of the Berliner Tageblatt, has been discussing the possibilities of a German invasion of England and of an English invasion of Germany. The English invasion, he thinks, might be effected in certain conjunctures of the powers, including the hypothesis that an English army supported by Danish troops 'could march against the Kaiser Wilhelm canal from a base in Denmark." But Bismarck himself had no such apprehension. When once asked what he would do if an army of 100,000 British troops were to land in Schleswig-Holstein he grimly replied: "Do? I should have them all arrested by the

Green Snow.

of the Botanical Society of Geneva R. green. The specimen was collected by wings!" Viret in a depression between the Aiguilles du Chardonnet and the Grands Mulets, at the edge of the Argentiere glacier. The patch of green snow was some thirty-seven yards long by three broad, the color being a dirty green, at a dinner on his last visit to that The new species has been named Ra- city, tells the following story: phidium vireti, after its discoverer.

Mark Twain.

It is a tribute to Mark Twain's originality and spontaneity that he has never had an imitator. During a career reaching back almost to the second series of "Biglow Papers" he has held the primacy as master of both gentle and ironic wit. Other humorists have come and gone, but he has remained a standard, national and, with all his flavor of the soil, unprovincial. He was in his way as truly American as Abraham Lincoln.

Scrap Book A FIRST PROPOSAL The Way She Was Comforted

Caught Him Both Ways.

While Chauncey Olcott was chatting with a friend on Broadway, New York, one day a young man whom he had noticed in conversation with two other men in front of a theater left his companions and, crossing the street.

"I beg your pardon, but are you Chauncey Olcott?"

"No," responded the comedian; "I'm his brother."

"Then I lose my bet," exclaimed the stranger, darting in front of a car and rejoining his companions.

Mr. Olcott saw him hand one of the men a bill, and, not wishing the stranger to lose his money, he started in pursuit to explain. But there was a rush of traffic at that moment and he ost sight of them.

An hour or so later Mr. Olcott was walking up Broadway when the same young man approached him with another man.

"Are you Chauncey Olcott?" asked the man. "Yes, I am, and I want to say that

when I told you a little while ago I was not I didn't know you had a bet on it."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the stranger as he turned disgustedly away. "That's two bets I've lost on you this afternoon. I just bet Jim here a five spot that you weren't Chauncey Olcott, and I thought I had a cinch."

Anticipation.

It is a mystery of the unknown That fascinates us. We are children still, Wayward and wistful. With one hand we

familiar things we call our own And with the other, resolute of will, Grope in the dark for what the day will ring.

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Honesty.

I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" asked.

"Ah got a chance to change mah situation, Misseh Clahk," he said. "Yo' kin seh a good wu'd fo' me, cain't yo'-tell 'em Ah'm hones' 'n' sich?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything specially about your honesty."

"Well, tell 'em dat an' say yo' thinks Ah'm hones', Dat'll be enough." So I promised I would.

"Thank yo', thank yo', Misseh Clahk," he said, with a deep bow. "When yo' come over tomorrow sit at mah table, 'n' Ah'll give yo' a sho't check."-Success Magazine.

The Break In the Fog.

There had been half a dozen stories of thick fogs, but Captain Mansfield had waited his turn with patience. It came at last, and the other captains turned their weather beaten faces toward him with an expression of cheerful credulity.

"'Twas told me of a house setting pretty nigh the shore along halfway down the coast o' Maine," said Captain Mansfield. "I could sh house if it came right. It has a curious lopsided portico on it, and one day I asked the man that lives there why it happened to be built that queer

shape " 'Well,' says he, 'the talk is that the man who lived here first had a cousin that was an architect up Boston way. and one time the feller was down here in a terrible foggy spell, and he was figuring out to his cousin how he could build a little portico of such and such dimensions, measuring out into the fog with his rule, and so on,

"'Twas in the late afternoon. He went off next day by train. The fog still held, and along in the morning the man that lived here happened to notice that the marks of the rule out into the fog were still plain, so as he couldn't go a-fishing he took some lumber and built the foundations of this portico. That queer jog that makes it loosided is where the wind bore in on the fog, they say, and bent the rule marks in."

Extra Good Care.

Some years ago the captain of one of his British majesty's ships while in quarantine at Auckland, New Zealand, owing to one slight case of fever, re ceived some valuable carrier pigeous. He gave his colored servant strict or-The familiar red snow of Alpine and ders to take great care of them. A arctic regions is well known to be due few days afterward the captain, wishto the growth in it of a minute one ing to make use of the birds, inquired celled species of alga. In a bulletin of his servant if he had taken care of them. "Oh, yes," replied he, "me hab Chodat describes a new species of alga taken berry great care of dem. Dey which grows in snow and colors it no fly away 'cause I hab clipped dere

Friends In Both Places.

Mark Twain, the humorist, had friends in Philadelphia, and one of them, a woman who was his hostess

We were talking about the future life and the various kinds of reward and punishment that might be expected in the next world," she said, "and Mr. Clemens took no part in the discussion. After a few moments of conversation on the part of all the other guests and complete silence from the humorist the woman sitting next to him turned to him and said:

"'Well, Mr. Clemens, aren't you going to tell us what you think about future punishment and reward?

"'I must ask you to excuse me, madam, he replied. 'You see, I have friends in both places."

After It Was Over.

By KEITH GORDON.

It was the softest of spring days. and Mowbray and Miss Farrar strolled its usual unswerving honesty. through the greenery of the park with the languid abstraction born of the first warm weather and a friendship of several years standing. Though their eyes drank in the beauty of the scene about them-the great stretches of greensward, the trees and bushes that were bursting into the tender green of the season as into a sort of slient song-neither of them was thinking of it.

Miss Farrar, indeed, was living over other days inevitably brought back by the warm breeze and the smell of growing things - other springtimes when life meant only the beautiful possibility of love. And Mowbray was thinking of her and wondering if by any chance it would be worth while to tell her, for in spite of her unquestionable attractiveness he could not help feeling that he would find it hard to look into those calm, clear eyes and talk of love. Yet he was neither cowardly nor inexperienced. He simply had a natural shrinking from being regarded with suppressed amusement by the woman he loved. And in her apparent immunity from such emotions that was what he feared, She would in all probability only laugh her light, frank laugh and say, "Nonsense, Clark; don't be silly!"

He sent a speculative glance toward off into the distance with the preoccupled air of a woman whose whole mind was given to some engrossing and perelstent thought.

"Let us sit for awhile," she proposed is they reached the top of a knoll where, under a solitary tree, a bench invited relaxation. Suiting the action to the word, she seated herself comfortably with her elbows placed defiantly on the back of the bench, an attitude peculiar to her aggressive moods and one which Mowbray had learned to recognize as premonitory of an intention to talk things out to a finish. He ance should be made for the fact. wondered what it would be this time. for he had long since dropped into his role of mentor.

He waited patiently with eyes that roved carelessly over the mansions on the far side of Fifth avenue, which in turn sent back a well bred stare, knowing that her feelings would soon reach the point of overflow. At last she broke the silence.

"Do I look to you like a person selected by fate to be distinguished among women - disagreeably distinguished, I mean?" she demanded, turning toward him with a directness which challenged a truthful answer. He regarded her in a manner intended to convey that he was making an expert examination.

"No," he admitted, "I can't say that you do-that is"- He stopped rather vaguely.

"Oh, now don't try to soften the just the reverse." ruth," she interrupted quickly. "I'm after facts, and I am not going to lay ed at Mowbray out of the corner of her anything you may say up against you." eyes in a way that drove the last ves-

ing to be no animosity," Mowbray observed politely. Then he settled himself to listen. It was one of his virtues that he never missed his cue.

Her next words came out rather abruptly.

"I'm not especially plain, do you think?"

Her tone was deprecating, but she turned her face toward him in a manner as impersonal as if she were calling his attention to the landscape. Then she continued impartially: "That is, I suppose I would be classed

as 'fair to middling.' "

He nodded assent, with a gleam of mischief in his eye.

"To tell you the truth"-her tone had dropped into the personal, confidential key-"I'm not at all conceited about my looks, but I've always flattered myself that I am rather interesting." The statement ended with a rising

inflection which made it a question, and it was evident that she was awaiting his decision with some anxiety. "Rather Interesting, I think we may

say." he agreed suavely.

"And I'm sure I'm affectionate and fairly good tempered and-and"-Mowbray encouraged her by a nod.

-"and domestic." "I shall have to take your word for

that." "Well, I am domestic. I know I am! So I want you to explain to me"-her voice was growing tumultuous-"but first promise on your honor that you'll never tell-how it is that I've reached the age of thirty-three without ever having had a proposal."

Mowbray threw himself back and roared, while her arms came down off the bench and she dropped her face upon her hands and sat looking at him with the puzzled air of a pupil at the feet of a master.

"When you've done laughing," she began with dignity.

"Pardon, dear, a thousand pardons!" He had never called her that before, and there was something in his voice which bespoke a new hope and confidence, but she was too engrossed in her pursuit of self knowledge to no

"I forgot to say that I'm sensible. Men always like that, you know. Anyway, they pretend to."

She finished in a way that suggested that she had her doubt of their sincerity. With a mighty effort her companion swallowed his mirth and prepared

to face the situation with her. "Is it because you haven't wante

any one to ask you?" he impulred diplomatically.

"No, indeed!" "And no man has ever told you that he loved you?" he murmured in a thoughtful tone. "Strange!" "Well-now-I didn't say just that,

you know!" There was a faint suspicion of a blush on Miss Farrar's smooth cheeks, but her glance met Mowbray's with

"Men have told me that they loved me-several of them! But that's not a proposal, you know, any more than it's a purchase when I say that I adore a string of pearls at Tiffany's!"

"A-a-h!" The ejaculation was full of enlightenment. Mowbray was beginning at last to understand things that had always puzzled him, as his next question showed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask how you have received these declarations?" "Why, I just listened. You see, it's embarrassing. It makes one feel so terribly conscious."

"What about the man?" Mowbray asked quietly. "Doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might need a little encouragement-that perhaps he might be a trifle conscious too?"

For a moment there was silence between them. The point of view was utterly new to Miss Farrar, and she was obviously impressed by it. "I never thought of that," she ad-

mitted slowly. "I thought that sort of thing was so in a man's line-his metier." She laughed a bit ruefully. A squirrel darted swiftly across the grass and, turning its head jauntily to one side, fixed a bright, inquiring eye upon them. Then, with a saucy wave

of its tail, it scurried away. "I have it," said Mowbray, "I have her as she walked beside him looking h! Learn from the squirrel! Lightness, airiness, coquettishness! Don't you see what I mean?" And he looked

> at her teasingly. But she was not to be diverted. "I am serious," she assured him, "There's always a reason for everything, and there must be a reason for this. There's Alice Nixon. She's not so awfully pretty. I heard her say that she had had nineteen proposals!" Miss Farrar's voice was touched with awe. Then a skeptical thought seized her. "Still-she's from the south," she added, and her tone implied that an allow-

Mowbray bit his lip. "Then there's her sister-just an ordinarily nice girl-follows with fifteen. Marion Pierce owns up to a dozen, and Beth Garrett-dear, homely Beth-acknowledges six! I asked her because specially wanted to find out. Perhaps you can imagine how queer it makes me feel."

"What do you say upon such occasions?" demanded Mowbray, watching the squirrel that was again eying them from a distance.

There was a palpable pause before Miss Farrar replied. But at last her straightforwardness prevailed.

"Sometimes I shake my head and look rather shocked. Then they think that I disapprove of such conversations-think I'm noble, you know! At other times I laugh and say, 'I have never had one? in a tone which implies

She finished this confession and look-"I haven't the least idea what it is tige of fear out of his mind. This naive about, but I am glad that there is go- woman, the person whose dignity and coldness he had stood aloof from in absolute embarrassment for so long! He could have laughed at the absurdity of it. Why had she never shown him her real self before?

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

For a second she looked surprised,

and then her eyes danced. "Let it be in your best style," she pleaded. "Remember, it's my first, and fear it may be my last too!"

He leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes.

"It will be your last undoubtedly!" His voice was low and tense. For long moment he looked at her-looked in a way that first made her small ears burn and then troubled her clear gaze, which wavered and fell.

"I love you, dear," he said simply, and I think you know the rest. Tell me that you do."

Her cheeks were hot and her lips trembled. A strong hand reached out and took hers in a masterful way, and she knew that something which she had never even dreamed was true.

"But I asked you!" she moaned when at last she recovered something of her wonted serenity. "I positively asked

"You encouraged me," he corrected. and that's what they usually do, only your method was brutally direct." It was when she began to flush again

that he aded, "I shall always have something to tease you about, dearest.' And the squirrel, which had been watching them in the lingering hope that they might possibly have brought him nuts, like sensible people, gave up in disgust and scurried away.

Books In the Middle Ages.

When in the middle ages an author

at any European university desired to publish his thoughts his book was read over twice in the presence of the authorities and if approved might be copied and exposed for sale, a practice in which the germs for state licensing may be readily distinguished. It was evidently necessary, however, to keep a strict watch over the persons employed in this business, and the statutes of the University of Paris show that the booksellers were subjected t a very severe discipline. They were obliged to keep a list of the books they sold and to exhibit their sale of charges, and they were forbidden to purchase any manuscript till it had been duly approved by the authorities and publicly exposed to view for four

The Young Men's Fancy.

O summer girl, sweet summer girl, We're watching now for you! We're waiting for you to arrive, You and your peekaboo. he winter girl is very sweet, And she has many charms, But now the summer girl we want

To greet with open arms. O summer girl, sweet summer girl,

And be, as you have always been,
A blessed boon to man!
We'll lavish on you all our love,
As we have done before,
And we'll agree to bow the knes
And worship and adore. -Somerville Journal

Courtesy. I deemed it of good augury that the

man to whom I presented the bill was courtesy itself. "Surely," quoth I, "you will not let me go away under the impression that

courtesy doesn't pay?" He started, as though such general aspects of the business had not much engaged his attention.-Puck

A Born Fisherman.

Too tired to work, Too tired to walk, Too tired to read, Too tired to talk, Too tired to eat. Too tired to drink, Too tired to write, Too tired to think,

Too tired to ride, Too tired to row, Too tired to stay, Too tired to go, Too tired to want, Too tired to wish, But not too tired

To sit and fish!

-Joe Cone.

Had to Quit. Returned Traveler - What has become of the Municial-State-National-

Internation Reform club? Resident-It has disbanded. "What happened?"

"The president, treasurer, secretary and board of directors eloped with the funds."-New York Weekly.

Wise Father. Father has to wear his whiskers just as

mother tells him to.

Father call buy clothes while mother thinks his last year's suit will do.

Not till ma consents can father have a necktie that is new.

Mother never thinks of asking father how to wear her hair.

She gets dresses when she wants them and decides what kind to wear.

Dad is wise and knows it wouldn't do him

any good to care. -Chicago Record-Herald.

The Men Don't Deserve It. "I defy any one to name a field of endeavor in which men do not receive more consideration than women!" exclaimed the orator at a suffragette

meeting. "The chorus," murmured some irresponsible person.-Lippincott's.

Too Brisky. young wife concocted a biscuit. Her husband, too fearful to riscult, Smashed a beautiful vase
Which stood near the place
Where he slyly attempted to whiscult.

-Boston Transcript.

in a Minority.

In 1747 John Brown was invited to become the pastor of a church at Hingham. There was but one opponent to his settlement, a man whom Mr. Brown won over by a stroke of good humor. He asked for the grounds of his opposition.

"I like you and your manner," was the reply, "but your preaching, sir, I disapprove.

"Then," said Mr. Brown, "we are agreed. I do not like my preaching very well myself, but how great a folly it is for you and me to set up our opinion against that of the whole parish.

The force of this reasoning appealed to the man, and he at once withdrew his objections.-Cleveland Lead-

Separation of the Sexes.

The separation of the sexes seems to have been formerly by no means an uncommon practice in the Church of England. In fact, Edward VI.'s prayerbook specially mentions that at the communion service "the men shall tarry on one side and the women on the other." The papers of a church in Westmoreland include elaborate directions for the division of the sexes at its services. All wedded men were to be placed first before any of the young men, and all young wives were to "forbear and come not at their mother n-law's forms"-this was presumably before the days of the pew-"as long as their mother-in-law lives."

New English Submarine.

A seven foot sink-or-swim submarine showed good form at a preliminary trial in an English swimming bath. Its propeller shaft can be shifted to right or left, thus steering the boat to port or starboard. On each side is a fin, a curved flexible sheet of alloy. No rubber is needed, as the fins and propeller take its place. By working the fins like a large fish the boat roes down deep or comes up to the surface. The boat is run by electric rotors and storage batteries.

Dialogue.

"Teacher, does cocoanuts really grow on trees?"

"Why, of course, Jacob," was the "Where did you think they answer. gre-

"Why," said he gravely, "I thought the monkeys laid 'em." - London Globe.

Conundrums.

What is the center of gravity? The letter V. Why ought meat to be only half

cooked? Because what's done cannot be helped. Why is a school boy being flogged like your eye? Because he's a pupil

under the lash. Born at the same time as the world, destined to ave as 'ong as the world, and yet never five weeks old? The moon.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but

Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment. What is CASTORIA

Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

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