the days of long ago:

There's the man whose mouth prolific is He will wake to tell it early and stay up to forever on the flow:

But they're blessings in comparison—I He is callous to the chimings of the busy chestnut bell—

stand them very well—

If you'll keep awny the man with just one He must tell it, for, alas! it's all the story story he can tell!

he can tell!

I have met him in Chicogo, I have met him in St. Lou:

I ignored him up in Ogden, though his face and form I knew;
I have met him in Theoma, in Seattle— everywhere—

Till you'd think his little repertoire would grow, but I declare

He performs that same old solo, though he never did it well—

It's a pain to meet this man with just one story he can tell!

Some sweet day some outraged human will relax his self-control.

Then a horny-handed sexton must get out and dig a hole in the sod amid the granite shafts that rear their heads on high.

While we stiffe wicked wishes that concern the by and by.

Won't there be a mighty scramble for a chance to ring the knell

Of this poor, deluded man with just one story he can tell?

—S. W. Gillman, in Los Angeles flerald.

but that he had also to fear his present enmity and perhaps violen

At six bells, first watch, Michael was relieved, and before descending to the fo'-castle stood leaning on the rail, looking at the seething, rushing

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, It was mate, Dick Corbet.

"Cold to-night, Michael," he said. "Ay-it is that." "Makes you think of-of firesides

and Kitty, our Kitty-eh, Michael?" "Let Kitty's name alone!"

"No offense, mate. But she's not yours yet." "As good as mine. Only this one con-

tract, and then-"You may never finish this one, my son; the Erl King isn't much of a boat; she's old and cranky, while seas are rough and winds high."

"Well, if we go, we go; but if Kitty can't be mine she shan't be another man's."

"Sure of that?"

Sure as death!" "Hope you're right, my boy! Hope

you're right-but-I have my doubts." "Of Kitty?" queried Michael flercely "I don't know! Let's change th subject. Come down to my cabin and

have a tot-there's no one about." Never one to harbor malice or hard thoughts, Michael assented, and the two men went below to the mate's

Up above, the roaring of the elements: down below, the doing of Satan's work. Michael's lips were no sooner put to

the glass than he was conscious of something uncanny about it. There was no delay in its effect Seeming to madden and burn like vit-

rol, it produced an instant sense of suffocation, but fortunately not of blank unconsciousness. Except the "lookout" in the bows,

and the man at the wheel, aft, there was not a soul to see Dick Corbett stagger on to the poop deck with the inert body of Michael over his shoul-

At Tat's Corner Kitty Hazell sits, under the lee of some rocks on the beach, wearily mending her nets.

There are half a score of other wo men, young and old, working around but she speaks to no one; and, with the sympathy of their kind they leave her severly alone.

By and by, the old man who per forms the duties of letter carrier and Corner, and its neighborhood, is seen to be hobbling towards the beach.

"What be owd Maartin a doin' 'ere now, I wunner?" said an old dame sitting close by Kitty. The remark was sufficient to make

the girl raise her head. As she did so, the old postman saw her looking at him, and waved some-

thing above his head. "Kitty Hazell, it's a message for 'ee," he said, putting the orange-colored envelope into her trembling hand,

With feverish eagerness she tore it It was from the house surgeon of large Liverpool hospital.

"Michael Fenwick brought here on landing from Braga, Portugal. Is seriously ill. Wishes to see you,"

"Kit," said Michael, sobbing, in his weakness like a child, "you will never forgive me for not keeping my prom

"Yes, dear, I forgive you, for you have suffered most."

"One more question, Kit," "Well. Michael?" "Dick Corbett-what of him " He tried to raise himself in the bed

"Tell me," he said again, excitedly "Is that flend, who tried to drop me over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night-is he to escape justice?"

"What do you consider justice Michael?" "Death!-nothing short of death!" "Well dear the doctor has just told me, that the Erl king, with all hands is reported as having floundered or the same night that you drifted in that

small boat to the Portuguese port. Dick Corbett, therefore, has received justice and you and I have no more to say. Michael Fenwick went no more t sea, for his case having enlisted pub lic sympathy, a few wealthy gentle

men in Liverpool subscribed to bus him a fishing boat of his own, which he works by deputy. A little while after the new vess

arrived round at Tat's Corner he and Kitty were married, and so far as report has it, with the happiest results

Mr. Balfour on Golf.

ain is now generally looked upon as

one of the most accomplished and mas-

to appeal from his judicious findings?

The ministerial deliverances with re

gard to golf abound in wisdom. Mr

Balfour is a 33d degree expert in this

antique Scottish rite. When he speaks

as he has spoken recently, golfers in

every land and every clime put their

hands to their ears and listen eagerly

and even with reverence and awe

England is the unquestioned home of

cricket, Scotland of golf, and the Brit

ish prime minister is the prophet of

the world-famous game.-New York

In view of the frequent deaths follow-

The prime minister of Great Brit-

terly of living authorities on golf. He knows the links. What other famous statesman can equal him in experience and ability in the ancient and honorable Scottish game? Mr. Balfour has set his face as a flint against freakish innovations and revolution ary transformations. He is a true conservative in sport, and who desires

feel the same perplexity in the adver-

disement that reads: A lady would like to meet other la dies for afternoon whist party- until

The Smart Set.

SELL SOCIAL PRESTIGE, clety such as the following one out of the west, breezy and candid:

A Colorado banker, highest standing, wishes motherless daughter, 18 charming, educated abroad, introduced into best New York society; confidential arrangement desired with The Intrinsic Value of Assured Position lady undoubted position; willing to

Now this appears to be the honest expression of some one who yearns for the "smara set" and cannot master, or has not the patience, more likely, to master the long initiation that pre faces advancement to the fashionable front in the conventional way. There is a report current that a matron of undoubted standing in polite society, but with a slim purse will become the sponsor this winter of a charming young western woman with a good education, several accomplishments and a large exchequer and give her charge the benefit of her long experience and wide acquaintanceship in New York's best drawing rooms. There may be a connection between the can did "ad," and the needy lady.

All of which goes to prove once ngain that assured social position has an intrinsic value and that there are plenty of people who are ready to buy this sort of goods when it comes guaranteed.-New York Post.

## **GUAINT AND CURIOUS.**

A collection of 800 elks' teeth was found not long ago by a curio hunter. He dug them out of the grave of a long-forgotten Indian chief in Idaho, The teeth are said to be valuable for mounting.

A strange advertising war has been in progress in New York City. One firm put up an elaborate sign, nearly a city block long, building for the pur pose a fence estimated to contain over 2500 feet of lumber. A rival firm later built a blank fance in from of the other, thus completely hiding the advertisement.

Notwithstanding that Charles Crissman has lived within 11 miles of Portsmouth, O., he was for the first time in his life in Portsmouth the other day. He is 31 years of age and was never more than five miles from his home. He had never seen a street car until then. He is married and none of his family has ever been in any city. They have moved to Portsmouth from a little hamlet back in the dense

Among peasants of southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia a curious malady has been noticed by physicians, which is caused by eating beans. One of the most remarkable effects of the malady is a species of intoxication resembling that produced by alcoholic drink. In some cases persons predisposed to the malady are selzed with the symptoms of intoxication if they pass a field where the bean plant is in flower, the odor alone sufficing to affect them,

There is in the Royal Museum in The Hague, Holland, a curious old document describing the adventures of Henry Hudson, a navigator in the service of the Dutch East India company. He it was who discovered the river to which he gave his name. A passage of the decument reads as follows: "The natives, or Indians, on his first coming here, regarded the ship with mighty wonder, and looked upon it as a sea monster, and declared that such a ship or people had never been there before.'

Perhaps the most remarkable bridges Russia and Siberia, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up of the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a numher of kettles and fastened by means of ropes to form a raft. A sufficient number of these rafts, each of which will bear the weight of half a ton, are fastened together and in the space of half an hour a bridge is formed on which an army may cross in confidence and safety.

Properly Rebuked. "Before you go down town, Harold," said his wife, "you must not forget to leave me 50 cents. I've got to buy

ome things this morning." "This abominable extravagance of yours, Amalia," replied Mr. Small, opening his pocketbook with visible reluctance, "is what keeps us poor Where, I should like to know," he continued becoming excited "is the 50 cents I gave you last week? What have you done with it? Fifty cents in clean, cold cash, madame, gone in less than six days, and gone for noth-What have you got to show for 11? Do you think I'm made of money? demanded Mr. Small, taking out a coin and slapping it down on the table.

"Don't say anything more, Harold!" exclaimed Mrs. Small, with tears in her eyes, and putting her hand hurriedly over the money. "I'll not spend any more of it than I am actually obliged to spend, and I thank you ever so much!"

With a mollified grunt Harold put his purse back in his pocket, took his hat and went down town, and in less than half an hour Mrs. Small, trembling with eagerness, was on her way to the great dry goods stores.

calamitous and unaccountable blunder of his life had given her a twenty dollar gold piece instead of a half dollar .-New York Herald.

Unhappily Married. He—She married a fool with plenty

of money.
She—Then why isn't she happy? He-It brought him to his sense.



One evening at ten an emergency came And thus did Miss Marjorie meet it

"Just one more," was plead:
"Well, I'll take it," she said,
"But I really won't promise to lat it."
—Good Housekeeping.

The Wonderful Tend Bone Many early writers have ascribed vonderful qualities to toads and frogs, and also to the various parts of their body. Ptolemy, an ancient Greek writer, who was one of the leading historians of his time, believed, for instance, that if a toad was brought into the midst of a mob or other large gathering of people, "silence would instantly prevail." Livy, a Latin historian, says "a small bone found in the right side of toads of proper age, is believed to have power over the various elements." "Boiling water will iminto the vessel," says Livy; "nor will the water boil until the bone is removed. To find this bone, lay the dead toad on an ant hill. When the ants have eaten it all away, except the bones, take each bone separately and drop it into the boiling water. Thus may the wondrous toad bone be dis-

How to Make a Toy.

covered."

In vacation time a restless child may be amused and profit, too, by construct-

oblong box; the smoke stack is a

the center of the plugs for axles. The headlight is supported on a square of cardboard fastened to the boiler. Carefully fasten a piece of elasin position as follows: Tie one end around the center to the axle inside the cab, pass the loose end through the long narrow opening in the lower part of the cab, and fasten it with plenty of sealing wax to the front end of the boiler. The elastic band cut in two at one end or a number of small elastic bands tied together will answer admirably. To set the locomotive in motion turn the wheels lackward until quite a lot of the elastic is wound up in the world are the kettle bridges in on the axle; then, holding the wheels just before Christmas. Then Alice firmly, set the locomotive on the floor." when it will travel for a distance of twenty-five feet or more. Cars are made of match boxes,-Woman's Home Companion.

Where Coffee is Grown.

pound of Java or Mocha coffee he pours out several hundred dark brown beans which probably never saw the other side of the Atlantic. If the cofit was raised in Brazil, where at the present time the greater part of the world's supply is grown.

At Beunopolis, for example, is a plantation which is said to be the largest in the world, and which has 5,000,000 trees. The coffee tree when wild grows as high as twenty feet, but when cultivated it is only half as large, with

plete spherical shape. The first is called Java coffee and the second

they could get more people to drink coffee. They said that there had been so much talk about coffee hurting the nerves that the business, unlike almost every other business in these prosperous times, had been on the decrease. How far this movement to increase the drinking of coffee will succeed is still question.-New York Tribune.

The Story of Spooks.

Spooks is a very black kitten belonging to a little girl who has to stay in the house all the time, or at least, for a good many months, until the hip that hurts so much gets well.

Do you wish to know how Spooks first came to his little girl, Well, all right.

One cold morning when papa went to the door to get the bread the baker leaves every day, there, cuddled up to the warm loaf as closely as possible, was a tiny black kitten, too weak and cold even to say "mew."

Papa brought it in and showed it to Alice-that was the little girl's nameand said, "Here is both bread and meat. Do you want it?"

It just looked at Alice with two solemn eyes, as much as to say, "You know you need something to play with when the days are so long; I know you are a gentle little girl and will not be rough with me." Mamma said a black eat brings good luck. So the kitten was taken into the kitchen and given some warm milk.

But the poor kitten was quite sick. Alice felt very sorry and said, "Oh, mamma, won't you give it some chloroform or something like that? I think it would be better for it to die than to suffer so. But mamma gave it a big dose of olive oil and in a day or two it was much better and began to wash itself; then it played a little, and Alice didn't feel a bit lonely any more.

After the kitten was there a few weeks, papa said: "I wonder if it wouldn't sit up when it is fed." used to give her just a little meat every evening. Spooks was very fond of papa because he was very gentle and played with her; and then, as I said before, he fed her. He just propped Spooks up against the wall a time or two, then she know what was wanted of her. After that she sat up whenever she wanted anything or thought she wanted it, for she found out it had great effect.

Then one time papa took a sheet of newspaper and tore out the center. He held a small bit of meat in front of it, and Spooks jumped through the paper after it. Papa did that two or three times; then Spooks would jump through without the meat.

But I must tell you another funny thing Spooks did. Alice used to practice an hour nearly every day. At first when Spooks heard the plane she was very much frightened. After a while she got used to it and would go to

sleep in Alice's lap while she played. One night Alice and her papa and mamma were entertaining some friends and were taking tea in the dining room which is off the parlor. When there is any company at the house, Spooks likes to employ everybody's attention. When they were at tea the kitten was forgotten. Do you know what she did? She jumped on the piano and walked up and down the keys three or four times. When mamma rushed into the parlor to se what was the matter, there was Spooks sitting on the keys, erouched to make a spring as she al-

ways did when she wanted a romp. I forgot to tell you that she was growing into a very beautiful, glossy. sleek-looking cat. When she sat before the open fireplace, she looked like one of the cats on those sofa cushions that were in the shop windows would grab her up and squeeze l rapturously, Miss Kitty would get, vexed at that and the stately way she used to walk out of the room would have done credit to a tragedy actress. Alice had a little girl friend

was a great admirer of Spooks. She used to watch the kitten with envy in her heart and wish so much that she Well, one day she did something

very naughty. She went to see Alice. Alice was feeling quite ill and was in ed. Alice's mamma let the little girl in, but did not pay much attention to her, as she came in very often. She let her in, then went to look after Alice.

The little girl played a while with Spooks. Then, as nobody was around, she put on her hat and cape, picked up Spooks, and took her away. Spooks knew her and would play with her and

Well, she took kitty home, but some how she did not feel very happy about it. Her mamma asked her where she got the cat and she said she found it on the street. But poor Spooks was very unhappy. She missed Alice, and would not sit up or do any of her funny tricks for the naughty little girl. because she was afraid of the girl's brother who was very rough and made such a noise. Then the little girl got, angry because the cat would not jump through the paper, and slapped her. Poor kitty was miserable then. "She was not treated so by Alice. Then the little girl's mamma said, "You must not do that. I don't want that cat here, anyway. You had better take it.

back to where you found it. So the little girl put on her hat and cane-it was dark-and asked her mamma if she could go out and take the cat away. Her mamma said she could. She took the cat away and went to Alice's house and put in inside the gate. Then she ran home.

Spooks ran up the stairs and scratched at the door, and Alice's mamma opened it. She was delighted, and picking up the cat, almost ran into Alice's room. Poolarly e had felt very badly and cried need all the time un-til she made her appquite sick. You should have seen I think he was as delighted as Alice.—San France

## THE PLOT THAT FAILED AND WHY.

By RALPH ENDERBY.

have thought of seeing in Liverpool. friend was, behind his back, schem-

a breath of you for the last six years that sailed out of the little harbor of

Dick Corbett laughed recklessly, and peculiarly defiant way.

"No; they haven't; but, as that is my business, and not anybody's, just be content, my son, to know that I've been 'sailoring' in nearly every sea, and that now I'm chief mate of the fastest little fruit steam 'tramp' that trades between Liverpool and the Span-

ish ports.' Have you a vacancy for a 'forrad "Who for-for you- Why!-what's

pretty little Kitty about that she's letting you go to sea?" "Never mind Kitty, Dick!-I'm go ing to sea again, because things have been a bit rough round about Tat's Corner lately.

He spoke as if any reference to his sweetheart by the other was distasteful to him; for he clearly saw that Dick Corbett, since he had seen him last, was changed, and for the worse; he was no longer the "good fellow" of old days.

For the moment Dick was inclined to resent Michael Fenwick's evident disinclination to bring Kitty Hazell's name into the conversation, but thinking better of it, he brought his hand suddenly down upon Michael's shoul-

"Look here, old chap!" he said, with a show of good-natured frankness that quite deceived the other. "I don't want to poke my nose into your love affairs; I've lived out my soft side, and don't care a 'rope-yarn-end' for the trimmest petticoat that walks the earth. If you want a berth on the Erl King you can have it-I'm going aboard now; come along, and you can sign

on, and finish the business." The two men were standing by the high wall which bounds the Albert dock, and but a few yards from the

"When do you sail?" asked Michael as he went up the Erl King's gang-

'Day after tomorrow," returned the

mate over his shoulder. "Time enough to send a letter to Tat's Corner and get a reply.' "Yes." muttered Dick Corbett as he

alleyway opposite the engine room "You can write your letter here," he continued, "before you sign on. After that, for the sake of discipline, I can't say anything to you much in the daytime-but at night, middle watch some

unlocked the door of his cabin in the

times, we'll have a chance for a 'pa-Michael Fenwick's letter was to Kitty Hazel. It was not a long one; just saying that "she must not think badly of him for leaving her in this way, and that an unexpected meeting with Dick Corbett had made things easier

and the future more hopeful." He was addressing the envelope when Dick, who had left him for 10

The mate's eyes gleamed viciously as he caught sight of the superscription over the other's shoulder. Shall I post it for you?" he said. "No. Dick-or, Mr. Corbett, I sup-

pose I ought to say-no, thanks. I've got to go after my 'duds' to the board-The other tried hard not to appear ointed, and so far succeeded to awaken no suspicion in Michael's mind of any desire to tamper with the

The new A. B. then signed on; agreed to be on board the following afternoon and left the ship.

Had he but turned around as he went down the gangway he would not have falled to see such an expression on Dick Corbett's face as the latter stood watching, with his arms on the rail, as would have set him thinking that the easiness of things, and the appefulness of the future, were not putte so substantial as they appeared

So he posted the letter in the first pillar box and the play went on.

fishing village on the west coast here, seven years before, Dick Cor-

...... "Mercy, Michael!-the last man I'd; One thing he did not know; that his Where have you been all these years?" ing to supplant him in Kitty's affec-"Where have you been, Dick? I tions; using as his principal tool the haven't roamed very far from Tat's girl's own father, Joshua Hazell; the Corner, but you!-why, nobody's heard drunkenest fisherman in all the fleet

Tat's Corner. Kitty's would-be lover played upon looked at his one-time chum, Michael the old fisherman's weakness to such Fenwick, in-as the latter thought-a an extent that in a short time things seemed ripe for a declaration on his

> -Corbett's part. Fortunately, however, for Michael and his sweetheart, though disastrously for old Joshua, a storm, that swept the whole of the west coast, was the means of defeating, for the time being at any rate. Dick Corbett's mean and

dastardly betraval of his friend. Old Hazell, with many another deep ea fisherman, was drowned, almost within sight of land.

In him Corbett lost the only ally who ould have influenced Kitty; though she herself declares today, that not even her father could have shaken her faith in Michael Fenwick.

Hard times then came to Kitty, and at the date of Dick Corbett's disappearance, she was earning a scanty living as one of the many net-members of the fishing fleet.

By and by the fishing industry declined so, owing to the overwhelming increase in steam trawling, that Michael found it impossible to make a living even, while his prospects of marrying Kitty seemed more remote than

Then it was that he determined to go to sea for a year or two, leaving Tat's Corner with that object, without saying a word to Kitty, or, indeed, to Kitty's only mistake was, that she had not told Michael that she had guessed that Dick Corbett loved her;

her excuse to herself being that no word had actually been spoken. There were thus faults on both sides, the consequences of which might, with a little mutual confidence, have been

averted. The Erl King was preparing to warp out of dock, and Michael Fenwick, sick with disappointment at not having had a reply from Kitty, was list-

lessly climbing up a rope on the fo' The chief mate was standing by the break rail, shouting orders to the man in charge of the steam winch, when, casting his eyes for a moment quay

wards, he saw a girl's tearful face looking up at that part of the ship. He could not take advantage of proximity to speak to her; besides, Michael was too close for that action to be quite prudent-so he made a virtue of necessity, and called his subor-

dinate's attention to his sweetheart's presence on the quay. It would have been rank subordination to leave the ship, even for five minutes, so all Michael could do was to lean over the rail and speak to her,

"You shouldn't have come." he said. first looking round to see that there were not immediate listeners. shall cast off in less than 10 minutes." "I couldn't let you go without saying goodby, Michael."

"Yes, I know; it was wrong of me to leave you without a word; but I did it for the best, Kitty." "Don't say anything more about

that, Michael-I just want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it?" "Promise me you'll do what I've asked you in this!" As she spoke the last word she threw on board a piece of paper wrapped round something hard. It fell at his

feet, and he picked it up on the instant, and put it in his pocket. "You mustn't remain any longer, Kit!" (even then the ship had begun to move away from the quay), "I'll

remember. Good by!"

"Good by, dear" At that moment Corbett called him o do something, and when he looked round again the steamer was a hundred yards from the quay; all he could see being a little figure waving a white handkerchief.

When they were well in the Mersey and fairly on their way seaward he took out and read Kitty's last little note of appeal. It was not really a letter; it was

just a request in one sentence:

ing the eating of some kinds of raw smoked fish, the Academy of St. Pet-ersburg offers 7500 rubles in prizes for the best treatises on fish poison. Nothing more. And Michael knew

and for love of me, beware of Dick

your own safety's sake, dear

MARKETABLE COMMODITY NOT PECULIAR TO THE PRESENT.

> -People Ever Ready to Buy and Sell It - A Candid Offer from the West-Has It Already Been Taken Up? Social ambition as a marketable commodity is not a stock in trade pecultar to the culture of the present day in New York. Mr. Decimus Junius Juvenalis used to poke satire at his fellow Romans for a failing they had of giving each advance in the "smart set" of Rome in days of Emperor

Hadrian an intrinsic value, and the satirist has left the information for future generations to work on that the patricians took good care to draw on the persons they helped to social advancement in good sesterces of the realm. However, Juvenal does not mention the fact of any of the socially ambitious Romans of his day candidly advertising their hopes and offering to pay well for the attainment of them. The use of the advertising columns of the dally papers for the purpose of exploiting one's ambitions for advancement into the holy-of-holies of the fashionable tabernacle at so much per agate line appears to be a product of modern culture. Thack-

eray could have found fine " stuff" for

a cutting chapter to the "Book of

Snobs" in the modern personal col-England has furnished some spectacular instances of the intrinsic value of social position and the price of advancement in the fashionable ranks during the past few months. Just be fore the coronation of King Edward an advertisement appeared in a London newspaper in which a peer offered to sell his rights to whatever privileges his inheritance gave him in Westminster Abbey. Another peer advertised for an American wire who could, as his wife, sit among the peeresses in the abbey, if she would guarantee to turn over to him a certain number of her American dollars, The latest instance from across the water came in a dispatch from London a few days ago, which said that an English woman advertised that she will soon start for India to attend the Durbar at Delhi, and that she would chaperone an American or English woman. The terms for four months' chaperonage are placed at \$2000, and as an inducement the advertiser added that, having many invitations she would be able to give her charge a mighty good time. The advertisement was palpably

ness of the fact that it was a rich American girl who, not long ago, went to India as the wife of the viceroy himself, and regardless of expense. New York cannot show anything just like that, although it is a matter of history that not long before the Patriarchs expired, some invitations to one of their balls were advertised for sale. Even in later days some guard ed charges have been made that private ball cards have changed hands for considerations, and the instance of the advertisement for \$50 of an invitation to the marriage of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough is still fresh in the memory

aimed at rich Americans in forgetful-

of the persons who follow society matters at all. Fours year ago a person either suffering from an especially aggravated attack of social ambition, or with an aim to attach discredit upon the higher ranks of society, inserted this advertisement in a morning newspaper

of this city: A lady of undoubted refinement and good presence, also a good dresser, will pay \$5000 for a bona fide introduction into New York's Four Hun-

dred. Only responsible persons need reply, as this is done in good faith. It is not known whether or not the lady with a social bee 'n her bonnet got her expensive introduction. A carefully worded answer elicited no reply and no forged numbers were seen in the ranks of the Four Hun-

dred during that season. There is at first sight something pathetic in the advertisement which says that "a reduced gentlewoman" of the highest culture would act as chap eron or companion for young girls, or widows going abroad; but the reduced gentlewoman is legion and does not nesitate to dilate on her social advancement. One is led to believe therefore, that the woman who has descended two or three floors on the fashionable elevator is partly a mercenary person who regards her former accomplishments as so much working capital. The following advertisement which appeared on Sunday seems to bear this impression

A refined woman, dignified presence, agreeable disposition, wishes position as chaperon, companion to society woman, leading actress or invalid; ac customed to society here and in Europe: has had court presentation; is good linguist, reader and amanuensis; capable household manager; highest

credentials. A. C. It was hard to understand the mo tive of the woman who advertised for dinner guests "for the following Sunday evening as four of the ladies invited had contracted grip and had to fecline," until an answer brought a reply that showed an ulterior design far removed from anything like accepted social refinements, even of the sort that upset Col. Watterson. One would

This sort of advertisement cannot

the expression of a real healthy bition for great things in high soMiss Marjorie Moore was politeness itself, And after the first piece of cake, "No, thank you," she'd say, "That's enough for today. It is all little girls ought to take,"

mediately cool if this bone be thrown

ing a home made toy. Perhaps mother will be called to aid in this, but she may feel repaid for her assistance. The following instruction for making a tin can locomotive, which is very simple, is given: The boiler of the locomotive is a baking powder can; the rear -wheels are covers of the same; the cab is an

Cut along the lower edge of the tin box only, and turn up the tin for three-fourths of an inch and at right angles to the plane of the box. Bore two holes in the sides of the can for the knitting needle axle. Bore a hole in the corner of wheels, slip the axle through the holes in the cab, slide the wneels over the ends of this and fasten securely to the axle. Fasten the bailer to the cab, resting the back of it on the turned up tin. Fasten two pieces of cardboard to the forward part of the boiler and bore a hole through the lower ends of these. Plug the holes with wood, place between the cardboard strips wood, place between the cardboard strips and stick ordinary pins through the holes in the strips and in

Coffee, like other things, is not always grown where the advertisements When the grocer is asked for a fee could speak it would be apt to say

The little island of Java, in the East Indies, and the little town of Mocha, with its 5000 inhabitants on the banks of the Red Sea, in Arabia, have now, in fact, if not in name, given way to the great South American republic. Travelers in the state of Sao Paulo, in the southern part of Brazil tell of ennormous coffee plantations, some of which contain more than a million coffee trees.

evergreen leaves and white flowers in the blossoming season. The fruit is a pod containing one or two beans. The pods are spread out on an open field to dry, and often these drying grounds cover nearly a square mile. When thoroughly dried the pods are run through machinery, which separates the beans into two kinds, those flattened on one side and those of com-

Mocha. The coffee raised on these great plantations of Buenopolis is sent by rail to the port of Santos, on the Atlantic coast, where it is shipped to all parts of the world. Brazil produces each year about 660,009 tons, although the world's consumption is estimated at only 600,000 tons. There is thus at present an overproduction of the cofsee bean, which has frightened many dealers of this city to such an extent that receally they met to consider how