

THE MAN WHO WON.

A Little Comedy of the Summer Hotel.—
Perhaps You Saw It There. :: :: ::

The young men summering at the Westminster-on-the-Sound, a hotel which required references and was noted for its distinct air of aristocracy, were causing a great deal of quiet amusement to the older guests, amusements which, as time went on, became more general, affecting even the waiters and other servants, who discussed it among themselves and awaited developments with the same amount of interest as the person whom they served.

Miss Kennedy was a coquette. Every one but a few of her intimate friends would tell you this without hesitation. This fact, however, should not have interested the guests to any great extent. Coquettes of all ages and degrees of beauty were not uncommon at the Westminster. But the trouble was that Miss Kennedy was different from the ordinary run of coquettes; so decidedly different, in fact, that the amusement furnished by the young men, of which amusement Miss Kennedy was the indirect cause, grew into speculation as the guests tried to explain her peculiar actions and the strange influence which she wielded over young men. Influence she certainly had. Never in the history of the Westminster had so many young men fallen so desperately and uncompromisingly in love with one girl. It seemed impossible for them to know her simply as a friend. In fact, platonic friendship seemed quite out of the question so far as Miss Kennedy was concerned.

It was quite inexplicable. She was good-looking, of course, but then there were numerous girls in the neighborhood, and, indeed, some at the Westminster no less fair, who never in their careers had caused such general furor among a gathering of young men.

Her enemies said that her heart, if she had one, was as cold and as impervious as steel. If this were not so how could she lead man after man along, keeping his hopes at fever heat? Her enemies thought this cruel. Her dear friends, however, thought otherwise. They said that if she really was as cold as steel then her sweet smiles and her sincere and winning manners certainly belied her. If men insisted on becoming so enamored with her, was it her fault? And if her sweet and sympathetic disposition and smiles— which she bestowed on all alike, were misconstrued by some ardent though deluded admirers, would she be censured when, as time went on, it became her painful duty to dispel the hallucination? No; they thought she was rather to be pitied. One of her philosophical friends, a young law student, hit the nail on the head when he said that beauty was not the essential. The real thing, he said, that appealed to men was the knack of appearing congenial and sympathetic, in short, to understand a man and have an adaptability to various natures; to give weight to one's opinions and to exhibit other flattering marks of attention and respect which could not fail to impress the average man. Some girls feign this, according to the law student, but Miss Kennedy was innocence itself, and her interest and sympathy for her friends came not from duplicity but from pure goodness of heart. The law student, might just as well have kept silent, however, as he had already been voted a great bore, and no one ever paid any attention to what he said. At all events so many of the young men at the Westminster had fallen prey to Miss Kennedy's charms, only to rise sadder and wiser, that it finally got so that whenever a fellow bore to avoid the usual evening gathering on the veranda, the boarders merely nodded wisely and said nothing, while the young men hugged one another in ecstasy, and when, after a week or two, perhaps longer, perhaps not so long, he began to mingle in with the crowd, and with a saddened face to take up once more the old order of life, the boarders smiled again, while the young men, most of whom had been through the same course, welcomed him effusively, and he, though sore and sour, joined them while they waited for another unfortunate. The prospective unfortunate was generally designated as "next."

And so when the depot hack rolled up the winding driveway one August afternoon and a rather good-looking young man alighted and walked up the steps, a general smile flashed over the faces of the older guests, while the young men chuckled joyously.

"Gad, another victim," chuckled a stout young man of the name of Judson. "All we've got to do is to get the introduced and then watch for the fun, eh, boys?"

"That's just the idea," assented Gilbert Chauncy of Amherst. "Every fellow must make it his business to see that they meet as soon as possible and—"

"Oh, yes, get them together," interrupted Goldthwaite. "You will get hold of the wrong man or rather the right man some day, and you won't have half the fun you expect. He will win her."

"Ho, ho, Goldy's getting nervous," jeered several. "He is afraid of his chances. Never mind, Goldy; a man with your figure need never fear a rival."

Stout, good-natured Goldthwaite only smiled. He was, in fact, an enigma to most of the boys. He had early fallen prey to Miss Kennedy's charms and, strange to say, he still remained in her good graces. Some one from

another hotel said he had known her in New York. Goldthwaite was very close mouthed and would not talk of his affairs. He still clung tenaciously to Miss Kennedy, and although he had witnessed the downfall of many he had never been in a position where he could experience their sensations. His friends unkindly said that this was because Goldthwaite did not know when he was rebuffed or squelched. However that may have been, he seemed perfectly happy and said nothing.

Some time after the arrival of the newcomer a number of the boys were lying in hammocks enjoying the cooling breezes from the Sound and discussing plans for bringing the "next" to his fate, when the sound of merry laughter in the direction of the hotel caused them to look up. What they saw caused involuntary ejaculations of astonishment to escape the lips of the young men in the hammocks, for there coming down the steps together, were the prospective victim and the very young woman they wanted him to meet. They appeared to be on excellent terms for so short an acquaintance, and this fact struck Chauncy so forcibly that he rose in his hammock and gazed at them with curiosity.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Some one seems to have got ahead of us. However, it's just as well. And now," he added, slapping a companion on the back, "all we've got to do is to push things along gently and watch."

That evening at dinner the boys all met him, and found, among other things, that he was a lawyer, and that he lived in New York City, Miss Kennedy lived in that city; so did Goldthwaite. He was a very interesting, self-reliant sort of a man, and he was pronounced a very promising victim. His name was Lawrence.

By the end of the week things were progressing splendidly. Lawrence and paid attentions to Miss Kennedy in a way that exceeded the wildest dreams of the hopeful, and he had surely become entangled in the meshes that had captured so many youthful hearts. In the morning he accompanied her to the beach or sat under some shady tree while she read, and in the afternoon they went driving. Of evenings they took long walks in the moonlight or sat together on the porch. Goldthwaite managed to get in an occasional tete-a-tete or a moonlight stroll. In short, he played a very excellent second violin with a complaisance that dumfounded his comrades.

"The best part of it is," said Curtis one night, "we did not have to do a stroke of work in getting them together. He seemed to take to her as soon as he saw her and now they are as thick as thieves."

"Who introduced them?" asked Goldthwaite. "I have been trying to find how it occurred and the circumstances for a good while, but no one seems to know anything about it."

"That's so," said another. "Come to think, it does seem a trifle strange that they should be seen hobnobbing so thickly an hour after he arrived."

"Well," said young Dwight, "however they may have become acquainted or whoever introduced them, one thing is certain, they know each other now. So let's not worry about such a trifling matter, but look forward to that glorious day when the Hon. John Lawrence will go around with a face as dark as a November landscape and vainly wavering between the pistol, arsenic or a foreign climate."

"Just as Charley Dwight did," interrupted Chauncy, with a grin.

"Oh, there were others," retorted Dwight. "At any rate, I give him another week before he lands on his back on the cold, cold world with a hideous realization that life is not what it seems."

"Hear, hear!" cried several, and then, as the strains of dance music reached their ears, they adjourned to the music room so fully assured that the end was near that even the most sceptical could not but smile gleefully as Lawrence and Miss Kennedy glided by to the tune of the latest popular waltz.

But as the time went on, things became serious. The week allotted for the downfall of Lawrence passed, and still another week elapsed. The young men began to get worried.

"Say, Jack," growled Dwight to Chauncy one Sunday night, "this thing does not seem to go off as smoothly as some of us have been pleased to think it would. Here's two weeks passed and no change. Moreover, from all appearances there does not seem to be any likelihood of any change except for the worse—worse for us," he added.

That young Dwight voiced the sentiments of the entire crowd was very evident. His sentiments were accepted as disagreeable facts by every one. The guests smiled significantly.

"We have got to smash things somehow," said Grey one evening, as Lawrence and Miss Kennedy strolled down the driveway. "This game is too one-sided. I fall to see where our fun comes in at all. It is time to make some on our hook. We've got to make him ridiculous, make a fool of him by some practical joke. I tell you, fellows, we've got to do something. We can't let one man beat a dozen of us, can we?"

"All right," grinned Goldthwaite. "You bright boys get together and do your prettiest and I'll look on and ap-

plaud. As for me, I am done with the whole business."

The boys got their heads together and from that time forth Mr. Lawrence's life became unbearable. One night, when he came in late, he found his doors and windows nailed shut and was compelled to sleep in Goldthwaite's room. He was subjected to many other annoyances. One evening when he attended a dance at a hotel at North West Hampton he found that his dancing pumps had been stolen from his satchel and replaced by a pair of dusty goloshes. Lawrence, however, bore these indignities with the stoicism of an Indian chief.

The end of the three weeks brought with it the time of Lawrence's departure, but strange to say there was little happiness among the young men over that fact. They had come to the conclusion that Lawrence had won out.

"We accomplished absolutely nothing," said Chauncy.

"Nothing," said Grey. "Yes, we have; we have succeeded in bringing them closer together. If we had kept on much longer we would have had them engaged. That is, if they are not engaged already."

"Oh, don't let that worry you," said Dwight, who became angry when any one spoke of Miss Kennedy being engaged.

The boys were all seated in the summer-house near the winding pathway. Lawrence was to leave on the 10 o'clock train, and it was already 9 o'clock. Miss Kennedy and Lawrence had not been seen for some time and Goldthwaite was also missing. There was no moon and it was quite dark. Chauncy and his companions sat silently in the summer-house, every man puffing gloomily upon a pipe. There came a sound of laughter from the porch and a second later three persons came strolling down the driveway. One was Miss Kennedy, the other two were Goldthwaite and Lawrence. One was walking very near Miss Kennedy. He was Goldthwaite. Lawrence seemed content to fall into the background. He carried a dress-suit case in either hand. As they reached the summer-house, Goldthwaite looked back at Lawrence and said:

"Say, Jack, it was blamed fine of you to turn in and help Edith and me out the way you did. The boys would have killed me had they known that I was engaged to her before she came here, but we were not quite ready to announce it at first and did not dare to afterward. You're a good actor, Lawrence, and I see no harm in your flirting with a girl even if she is your sister-in-law. You came at the right time; I could not have kept the secret much longer. We will follow you to the day after tomorrow."

Then they passed on to the depot. The summer-house remained as dark and as quiet as the abode of the dead. Far into the night shone the glow of the embers in a dozen bed-room pipes, and when the damp midnight breeze began to set in from the Sound a line of ghostlike figures stole silently and sullenly from the summer-house and went to bed.—New York Evening Sun.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

A Gallant Gentleman Who Always Challenges Before He Fights.

The rattlesnake, probably the most deadly American snake, is really a gentleman, as snakes go. He never eats his own friends, as most other snakes do, and he always plays fair and gives warning before he strikes. In the early pioneer days, west of the Rockies, rattlers were frequently eaten by hard-pressed travelers, and their flesh is said to be as good as chicken. Great skill must be exercised in catching this snake, if he is to be eaten, as he has a trick of biting himself when cornered and so committing suicide, and in this case his flesh is as deadly as his bite.

The malignant pig, who is known by those who properly understand him to be a really brave and intelligent little beast, regards rattlesnakes as the greatest luxury and attacks and kills them with absolute fearlessness. On a California ranch a certain field was so overrun with rattlers that it was practically useless. It was fenced in and a pair of young pigs turned into it. The pigs grew fat and sleek, and in a short time they had gobbled up every last rattler. Pigwiggil has been known to attack the largest and most deadly snakes and come off victor in the fight.

Apropos of the well known fact that a rattler will bite himself and commit suicide rather than fall into the hands of his enemies, the tale is told by hundreds in the far west that a little bird, a native of the Rockies, is extremely interested in the extermination of the rattler. So far as is known, this bird does not feed upon the snake, but is actuated solely by motives of benevolence in ridding the world of these dangerous reptiles. Seeing a rattler asleep or sunning himself on a stone, this thoughtful and energetic little body flies off and returns with bits of very prickly cactus, which the bird places in a little circle around him. When the circle is quite complete the enterprising bird, eager to see the results of its toil, swoops down and runs his bill into the sleeping snake, which starts to move away, only to encounter the cactus, over which he cannot crawl. He turns about and strikes the cactus again. Finding himself unable to escape, he bites himself and dies by his own deadly weapon.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A QUACK HORN.

The Italian peasantry have a horn called the serpentine, which is made of wood and leather and has six finger

A SEA-RIOUS STORY.

From Panama to San Francisco Bay. An overcrowded steamship sailed away. The third day out, a husky miner came up to the clerk, and, calling him by name, he said: "Your ship is crowded, sir, a heap. Too much for me; find me a place to sleep." The clerk responded, with a stately smile: "Sleep where you've been a-sleeping all the while."

"It kaysn't be did," the miner answered quick. "I slept upon a deckhand who was sick; He's convalesced, and now, since he is stronger, He swears he won't endure it any longer."

—The Argonaut.

HUMOROUS.

Hoax—I'm going to take a walk. Joax—Well, be careful to put it back when you are through.

"Experience is a dear teacher." "Yes, and she never lets your dad pay the tuition either."

"I have only the most distant relatives." "Has the family run out?" "No; they have all become rich."

Nell—I saw Maud Newrich today. She was dressed to kill. Belle—Then, I suppose, that's the reason she cut me dead.

Blobbs—Wigwak is always going to law about something. Slobbs—That's right. He's even going to marry a girl named Sue.

"But why did you encourage him if you didn't want him to propose?" "Because just at that time there wasn't any one else to encourage."

Tailor (to mother who is buying a suit for her boy)—Do you want the shoulders padded? Little Boy—No, mamma; tell him to pad the knickerbockers.

Helen—I have just refused to marry Mr. Gingerley. Edith—Oh! Did he propose? Helen—Well, I can't say positively, but that is how I construed his incoherent remarks.

A little boy was asked by his Sunday school teacher why a certain part of the church was called the altar. "Because it is where people change their names," he promptly answered.

Mother—Your schoolmaster can't be such a mean man as you make out. I noticed his son has all the toys he can possibly want. "Why those are what his father takes away from the other boys."

Tess—Don't you really believe in dreams? Jess—No, indeed, it's superstitions to believe in dreams, and, besides, it's a bad sign when you believe in them, for it usually brings you bad luck.

"What is the original idea in this novel of yours?" asked the publisher. "My hero and heroine hate each other so heartily," said the long-haired and wistful-eyed young author, "that they marry for revenge and make each other miserable for life."

Thavnoo—Hello, Bleekerstreet! Have you any engagement for this evening? Bleekerstreet—No. Thavnoo—Then come over and join us in a select little luncheon we are going to give to Jocko, the most entertaining organgranger you ever met.

MODERN AIDS TO NOVELISTS.

Manner in Which the Popular Writers Collect Their Material.

Just as rapidly as the public demands anything in large quantities nature supplies the mechanism which will gratify the want. At the present time there is an insatiable market for historical novels of all sorts and kinds. When, therefore, the historical novelist sketches out a plot, he would, if left to himself, require several months of hard study in some large library in order to obtain accurate material and local color. Creative genius does not enjoy research and investigation.

What he does, therefore, is to make a plot or scenario of his story and a requisition for material. This will include a description of the towns and cities and the times wherein the story is placed, pen pictures and anecdotes of any historical characters introduced into the piece, and a brief collection of the sayings, jokes, poems and popular songs of the period. He then goes to the libraries and interviews several professional bookworms, who have lately developed this work into a recognized industry. These patient purveyors of information are known in the libraries as "the shadows of the novelists," who employ them. Their work is pleasant, but monotonous. Long practice has made them familiar with the books, so that they know exactly where to turn, which is nine-tenths of the battle.

One of them, a middle-aged but bright-eyed daughter of the Revolution, who has become a specialist in this field of work and calls herself "A Searcher for Novelists," showed me her order book and chatted with me about her work. "Mr. X—, who is running a serial story in Barker's Monthly, wants ten jokes about General Israel Putnam. I sent him 15, from which he will select 10. If I had not done this, he would have growled and declared that any schoolboy could have gotten these from a Fifth Reader."—New York Post.

How He Restrained Applause.

Among the puns treasured in the minds of Harvard men is one made by Edward Cummings, formerly a professor at Cambridge, and now associate pastor in Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church, in Boston. At the close of one of his lectures Professor Cummings was roundly applauded. Presently the stamping and shuffling of feet were added to the other expressions of approval, and the floor of the old Massachusetts hall shook noticeably.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" exclaimed Professor Cummings in a tone of mock anxiety. "I fear these premises will bear out your conclusions."



Cleaning Jewelry.
Jewelry can be beautifully cleaned by washing in soapsuds in which a few drops of spirits of ammonia are stirred, shaking off the water and laying in a box of dry sawdust. This method leaves no marks or scratches.

Unique Color Scheme.
A unique color scheme in furnishings was carried out by a bride who wished her kitchen to be different from the ordinary type. She had the walls of the tiny apartment, for it formed part of a flat, tinted a light blue and then bought all her utensils, of enameled ware in a color to match.

Tea Leaves Are Useful.
Tea leaves should never be thrown away. They are excellent cleansers of woolen fabrics, especially carpets. Sprinkle them over the carpets just before sweeping. They can also be put to other uses. When a few days old pour boiling water over them and leave until nearly cold; strain and use the water for washing paint. White paint may be easily cleaned by rubbing it with flannel that has been dipped into whitening.

A Water Softener.
A delightful water softener for the bath is made by mixing together two and a half pounds of fine oatmeal, four ounces of powdered castile soap and eight ounces of powdered orris root. A yard of butter muslin should be formed into bags four inches square, and then be filled with the ingredients mentioned. One of them put into the bath and used as a sponge will greatly improve the complexion and texture of the skin.

The Desk Set.
In the evolution and constantly increasing charm of desk sets, a particularly attractive one has appeared. The corners of the blotter and the covering of the paper holder, boxes and hand blotter are all of gray sea lion leather trimmed with oxidized silver. The inkstand is of cut glass and silver. The paper holder is rather broader than the usual kind, and is rounded in front. Plain and oxidized brass increases in popularity for desk sets, and can be had at more reasonable prices than formerly.—New York Tribune.

Ideal Bed Covering.
The bed covering of the ideal bed must be as light and warm as possible. The less weight there is in the bedclothes, and the greater their warmth, the more desirable they are. Heavy cotton filled comforters and old-fashioned quilts represent so much weight in proportion to their actual warmth that they must be discarded for blankets of wool. Blankets are becoming less expensive, and are within the reach of almost every one. The lighter, simpler and more easily reached by air and sunlight every article of bedroom furniture is, the better it is for the health of the occupant of the room.



Batter Bread—Half a cupful of cold boiled hominy, half a cupful of white Indian meal, two eggs, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-fourth cupful of melted butter; pour in a buttered earthen dish and bake half an hour.

Cucumber Salad—Peel two or three cucumbers, place in cold water to become freshened and crisp. Omit salt, as it wilts and makes them indigestible. Cut the cucumbers in two lengthwise and lay them flat side down on the dish on which they are to be served. Slice them without changing the shape and pour on them a French dressing. Serve with fish.

Orange Cake—Beat two eggs without separating until foamy, add one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of flour sifted into the other ingredients; lastly, the juice of an orange, or, if you prefer it, the juice of one lemon; bake in gem pans about 35 minutes in a moderate oven.

Preserved Apricots—Peel neatly some ripe apricots cut in half; remove the stone and weigh the fruit; allow for six pounds of fruit four pounds sugar and one quart water. Place sugar and water over the fire; stir a few moments to partly melt the sugar scum that rises. Put in the fruit; cook 10 minutes, or till a straw will penetrate them easily. Fill the fruit and syrup into four quart jars or into eight pint jars; close at once and set them in a cool dry place.

Beefsteak Farced—Take a two-pound sirloin steak and spread it with one cupful of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a slight sprinkling of chopped onion and parsley and seasoned well with salt and pepper. Roll up and the closely to keep the forcemeat in place, lay it in a baking sheet with half a cupful of stock, and bake one hour, basting often. To serve, cut the string out, then cut the roll in thick slices; a sauce can be used if desired, but it is not necessary. Any brown sauce, with a dash of catsup is suitable.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Records for 30 years show that 93 percent of the storms of the British Isles approach from some point between south and southwest. Not 1 percent move westward.

Obesity is regarded by Dr. Gabriel Leven, a French physician, as a nervous disorder. It is not a disease, but a symptom arising from various conditions, with some disturbance of nutrition—usually a kind of dyspepsia—as the foundation. Treatment is directed to the dyspepsia.

An astonishing decrease in the tensile strength and ductility of bronze at temperatures above 400 degrees Fahrenheit has been reported by Prof. G. Bach of Stuttgart. With an alloy of 91 percent of copper, four of zinc and five of tin, these properties were reduced about 6 percent at 400 degrees, but about 50 percent at 600 degrees. This discovery suggests caution in the use of bronze for engine parts in contact with superheated steam.

As the north-northeast wind blows quite constantly over the central Sahara from October to April, a French aeronaut, M. Les Desbureaux, believes that it should be easy to cross the desert by balloon from Tunis to the Niger. He proposes trying the experiment with a small unmanned balloon of about 4000 cubic yards. This would carry a guide-rope of considerable weight, and an automatic discharger of water ballast, and will be expected to keep afloat for 12 days. In case of wreck on the way, the chances favor the recovery of the registering apparatus with very valuable scientific data.

Oils of chamomile, rosemary, cumin, illicum anisatum and rose are found by Dubois to phosphoresce in the cold on agitation with an alcoholic solution of potassium hydrate. The different behaviour of oils of geranium and pelargonium gives an easy means of recognizing substitutions of these oils for oil of rose. Turpentine oil does not phosphoresce when fresh, but sometimes does so when old. The most brilliant effect is shown by aesculin, a glucoside of horse chestnut bark. In the cold alcoholic solution of potassium hydrate this substance sparkles for hours, brightening up with every movement of the liquid, and giving an intensity of light in direct proportion to the purity of the aesculin. In no case, however, is this phosphorescence equal to that of cultures of marine photo-bacteria.

Foucault's famous demonstration of the earth's diurnal rotation by means of a pendulum, made at the Pantheon, in Paris, in 1851, is to be repeated under the supervision of M. Berget, assistant to M. Poimcave. Workmen are now busy, says a correspondent of Nature, making the necessary preparations. The pendulum itself is a ball of lead weighing about 60 pounds. It was used in 1859 by M. Maumenee for observations in the Cathedral of Rheims. The demonstration consists in the fact that the heavy pendulum ball, once set in motion, will continue to swing for several hours, and that while the plane in which it swings remains constantly the same the earth's movement of rotation causes an apparent twist of this plane so that the direction of the swing slowly changes with reference to the points of the compass.

Grafters.

"Speaking of changes in the English language," said a gentleman who keeps up with the new meaning of words, "what is the matter with the new significance given to the words grafting and grafter? If you do not believe that some change has taken place suppose you stop a friend on the street and introduce him to another friend as an expert. Suppose you put it in this way: 'Mr. Slow, this is Mr. Swift, one of the greatest grafters in the country. If you should get off with your life you would be doing remarkably well. No man wants to be called a grafter now. Yet in the old English meaning of the word there is nothing offensive. The fact is, that in the purer meaning of the word grafter there is no particular offence. It simply means one who grafts. Grafting is not a dishonest business in this sense of the word. So far as the dictionaries go there is nothing of an offensive nature to be found in even the most delicate shades of the word. Yet in the common understanding, probably I should say the current understanding, it is a serious thing to call a man a grafter. It means that he panhandles; that he gets money wherever and whenever he can; that he gets it legitimately if he can, but that he gets it; that he uses his prestige and his power to pick up the crumbs along the way; that he is a parasite, in short, and a sponge who takes all he can get. Grafting in this last meaning of the word is not the good old honest business of crossing trees and plants, not the square business of improving one species by making it draw a heavier per cent. of its sustenance from some stronger and more vigorous kind of growth; but it consists chiefly in getting something for nothing, and is practised by parasitical growths which suck the means of existence from forms of life more useful and more industrious. We have in this a rather apt illustration of the rapidity with which our language changes, and after all the new meaning of the word, and its application to a certain class of men, is not such a broad stretch of its original meaning."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.