

...THE...
**RACKET DRUG STORE
AT BEENO.**

Old Dr. Poppitz never had an assistant till about six months before he died. Then Harold Udkie, one of the "town boys," came back from the city a graduated, full-fledged pharmacist and Dr. Poppitz employed him in the drug store. "The Racket Drug Store, Beeno, Ark.," that was the sign over the door, but on a little tin sign near the side entrance was the legend, "Herr Poppitz, Apotheker." The advent of Harold Udkie lent new glory to the drug store. He wore a pink shirt and silk garters to hold up his sleeves. He parted his hair in the middle, and kept it drooping, mane-like, over his eyes after the manner of the college football hero. He was the envy of all the young men in town, because he ruled the soda fountain, and every girl in town called him "Hal" and quit buying stamps at the postoffice. Meanwhile Dr. Poppitz, who, by the way, wasn't a doctor at all, was disabled almost entirely by accelerated diabetes, and Harold came pretty near "running things" in the store.

"Would you like a cooling beverage, Miss Sue?" asked Harold one evening, when pretty Miss Clayton, who had got into long dresses within the year, had bought a box of note paper and some stamps. "With me, you know, My treat."

And while she was nibbling daintily at it he eyed her admiringly and stammered: "Two years have made quite a change in you, Susie."

"They've changed you, too, Hal. We're all glad to see you back—there aren't enough boys 'round, you see, and you know Dan Atterbury."

"Oh, that's so. I forgot about Dan! Where is he?"

"He hasn't come back from the army yet," she said, getting deeper into the confecton, but blushing, too. "That is, we have been expecting him. He said he'd be here for the Fourth, and I'm hoping—"

"Aha, Miss Susie," smirked Udkie, "so he's been writing to you, eh? He always was a little sweet—"

"He was schoolmate with us, with you too," she said frowning, with quite a serious attempt at severity, "and I think you ought to be glad to see him too. Hal, he's been wounded and sick, and suffered over so many things over there in the Philippines. And he was in China too!"

But Udkie didn't care whether his schoolmate ever came back, for he had some plans of his own with regard to Susie, and he knew that even a pink shirt and football hair are not special advantages over a blue uniform and a bolo wound.

But Dan came back, just the same, and the girls made quite a hero of him—for a few days. He had some presents too, principally for Susie, but he proved his generosity with gifts of a Filipino mat and a Chinese ring to Udkie. He brought a great carton of Manila cigars for old Dr. Poppitz, and they lay open on the little table by his bed the night the good old apothecary died.

After the funeral was over and the good old doctor was forgotten Harold began to cut quite a figure in Beeno circles. The store owed money to the Hot Springs wholesaler, and Hal was acting manager for its creditor. Meanwhile he was paying the most ardent court to Miss Susie. She might have bathed in costly perfumes and feasted interminably on bonbons and ice cream soda without infringing an inch upon Udkie's grandiose hospitality. He sent her presents of every kind of note paper, fancy toilet articles, soaps, novelties, combs, brushes and the rest of drug store fancy goods.

Dan Atterbury's star, on the contrary, was on the descent. He had put aside his weather-stained campaign suit and was loafing. A soldier out of his regimentals and out of a job is not usually a heroic spectacle. Some of the good people of Beeno began to hint that "soldierin' alius did make fellers no 'count," and Atterbury was commencing to be aware of his questionable position in the community, when at her gate one night Susie, fixing a poppy in his buttonhole, said: "Danny, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet, Sue," he hesitated; "I've got over two hundred saved up, I told you, and if I sell that loot I brought home I'd have a pretty good stake—perhaps eight hundred or a thousand. We could get married on less than that, Susie."

"No, we couldn't, Dan. Not unless you had a position, or some business or something ahead. It doesn't take long to spend a thousand dollars, Dan."

"Well, what would you do?" he asked, boylike, "I'm willing to do anything. Would you go to the city and study law, or medicine, or—"

"Pharmacy?" she laughed, helping him out, "no Dan, don't study pharmacy if it's going to make you like Hal. He's—"

"I don't think you ought to backbite him, Sue. You ought to send back his presents or at least tell him to stop."

"Oh, I don't know. He gives them to all the girls the same as to me."

"I know, Sue. But he's beginning to talk like he owned you. I don't like it."

And Udkie wondered that Susie quit buying trifles at the store and he became quite enraged when she asked him, kindly, to send her no more gifts.

"The drug store is for sale, Sue," Dan was saying one night a few weeks later. "I heard the man from Hot Springs telling Hal to look out for a purchaser. Seems it hasn't been mak-

ing money, or they don't want to be bothered with it. Too bad, isn't it? Hal will lose his job."

"Why don't you buy it, Danny?"

It was a bold idea and they looked at each other silently in the moonlight. But he went to Hot Springs next day with all his money and a little that she had been saving since she could remember, and he bought the Racket drug store. But when he came back to Susie with his bill of sale and the list of notes that he had agreed to pay, he was worried.

"What'll I do with Hal, Sue?"

"Let him run it for you. You can go to Chicago and study pharmacy on the profits. I'm sure he won't mind working for you, Dan."

It was quite a blow to Mr. Udkie, but he swallowed his chagrin and the matter was fixed. Dan went to the city in a year, when he came back with his diploma, Hal greeted him with a stern smile and said:

"The jig is up, Dan. They're going to sell us out."

And so it was. Susie wept and Dan grieved, but neither of them knew what to say when Harold Udkie bought the place. Where did he get the money? His father, who kept the dairy, was poor. Susie supposed it was all right, but why had he been so quiet, so sneaking about it.

"I'm going to ask him for a job," said Dan, sullenly, "I gave him one and he ought to do as well by me."

And Harold's small soul swelled with pride when he saw Dan behind the counter pounding away with a pestle, or slobbering among the sirups. His eyes gloated over the new sign "Harold Udkie, Pharmacist," which gleamed above the entrance. He bought a "stepper" and got "sporty." Sometimes he even cursed his clerk. He borrowed money from Tom Kelly, who kept the saloon, and the business went on. For a while it seemed that the place was a small mint, but at last the salesmen quit coming. Duns became frequent, the bank grew "grouchy" and, finally, a small, fat man in a brown suit, came up again from Hot Springs, "to take charge."

"I don't see how it failed," growled Hal as he and Dan sat in the disordered store at midnight after the inventory was made and the dreary work was done.

"I don't see how it failed when I owned it," said Dan.

They were quite silent for a minute. "What are you going to do, Udkie?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to buy the store back again," said Dan, laughing.

"You? Where did you get the money?"

"Susie's dad, Hal," answered Atterbury, "we're going to be married."

There was a tap at the window and a merry voice called, "Are you there yet, Danny." But Udkie laid his hand on Dan's arm as he started for the door and said, "Will you give me back my old job, Dan?"

"No—no, Udkie. Not this time. I think I'll run it myself."

And afterward, as he walked home with Susie and her father, he said, "Well, my conscience is easy, anyway. Turn about is fair play."—John H. Raftery in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FISH-SCALE FLOWERS.

An Old South American Industry Introduced Here.

Domestic industries travel in a manner that often astonishes the careful student. The Indians of Venezuela and Northern Brazil have from time immemorial been skillful makers of fish-scale flowers and leaves. The denizens of the ocean in the tropics are notable for the color and brilliancy of their scales and fins, the range of chromatic tints, including pink, rose, scarlet, skyblue, ultramarine, apple-green, emerald, and olive-gold, orange, gray, lilac, and purple. The scales are easily fastened together or to wires with strong fish-glue, which is singularly durable and permanent. The industry passed to the West Indies, where it was adopted by the Spaniards and during the Cuban war came over to the mainland and found a home in Florida. In the present year it has come northward, and now finds a habitation in New York City.

One of the shops is not far from the Waldorf-Astoria, and is presided over by a clever, nimble-fingered woman whose worktable looks almost as delicate as a jeweller's. Her tools are a pair of scissors, a needle and thread, cloth or thread-wrapped wire, wire-cutters, glue-pot and brush, and some compressors for changing the curvature of the scales. The scales themselves are usually flat when they reach the operator, and must be concaved or curled in order to simulate petals, a sepals, and many forms of leaves. A finished flower possesses a fantastic beauty which is unique. The shape and color of the vegetable world are present, but there is a certain transparency to all the tissues, a firmness to the lines, and a resilience to the leaves and blossoms which are never found in the floral kingdom. The play of color is often startling, and sometimes so brilliant, and yet so subdued, as to seem a new variety of the best and richest mother-of-pearl.—New York Post.

The Hardest Bill to Collect.

"Talk about hard bills to collect!" exclaimed the fashionable florist. "I know the limit. The banner for impossibility is borne off by the bill for blossoms run up by the young man whose engagement has been broken off."—Philadelphia Record.

Although 125 years old, a watch owned by a man in Gloucestershire, England, still keeps excellent time. It was worn at Trafalgar, during the Peninsular war, at Waterloo, through the China war in 1840, and finally in the Indian Mutiny.

TOMB OF ERIC THE NORSE

THE MEANING OF A STRANGE STONE AT HAMPTON, N. H.

Some Very Mysterious Marks on a Large Rock Convince Judge Lamprey That Europeans Landed There 900 Years Ago—A Park to be Opened on the Spot.

Considerable discussion has been aroused in the New England states over the meaning of a strange stone in which are cut mysterious marks showing every evidence of extreme age. This stone is, in fact, a large rock, and it has been attracting visitors to Hampton, N. H.

Judge Charles M. Lamprey of Hampton, after a prolonged investigation of the subject, is convinced that this stone shows that Thorwald Eric, the Norseman, landed at Hampton in the year 1004 and was buried there. Judge Lamprey, in The Boston Journal, says:

The pre-Columbian discovery of America by the Northmen is now undoubtedly true, from what knowledge can be gained from Icelandic sages, although for many years it was sincerely doubted. Bancroft, in his history of the United States, Volume I, alludes to it and says: "The story of the colonization of America by Northmen rests on narratives, mythological in form, and obscure in meaning; ancient, yet not contemporary," and admits that "the motives of these intrepid mariners, whose voyages extended beyond Iceland and beyond Sicily, could have easily sailed from Greenland to Labrador; no other clear historic evidence establishes the natural probability that they accomplished the passage."

The Norsemen were a Norwegian race of bold, seafaring men who had founded a settlement in Iceland, so that at the beginning of the tenth century there was a population estimated at from 50,000 to 70,000 souls. Their motto was "Westward, ho!" and they pushed on, reaching the shores of Greenland, and there made settlement, and in the beginning of the eleventh century Greenland was well settled and tributary to Norway, where Eric, the leader, had established the Christian religion.

Why, "if they could easily have sailed from Greenland to Labrador," as Bancroft says, did they not sail westward and accomplish the passage to Labrador? They did, and there is no doubt in the minds of the students of ancient history that they sailed to Labrador and further south till they landed on the New England coast as far south as Cape Cod, and, perhaps, as far as Connecticut.

Leif Eric, according to the narrative, was in Greenland in the year 1000, and proclaimed Christianity. In the second voyage he discovered Vineland, on the shores of New England, to which he gave that name because of the abundance of grapes growing wild in the woods.

Where is "the point of land well covered with woods," and where is the grave of Thorwald, marked with crosses? Several localities on New England's shore have tracings of inscriptions. One is found on the Northmen's Written Rock at or near West Newbury, Mass., tracings on a stone tablet and stone pile in ancient graves in Beverly, Mass., and other things in Rhode Island and Connecticut are evidence of the landing of the Norsemen 900 years ago on New England's shore which they called Vineland.

Hampton has a stronger claim than any other locality, and Great Boar's Head must be the "point of land" and "well covered with woods" centuries ago. Boar's Head was then a much larger point of land, and has been wearing away constantly for a long time. There are rocks extending out southeasterly more than a quarter of a mile which are easily seen under the water by gunners and fishermen, and which are a continuation of the rocks leading from the point; so it is undoubtedly a fact that the bluff, generations before the settlement of the town, in 1638, was more than a half mile in length from the westerly side where its rising commences to the easterly point.

Tradition—handed down through seven generations of the writer's ancestors, and to them through many generations of Indians—says that in Boar's Head and all the upland running westerly a mile or more to Eastman's Point, southeasterly to the Oliver Nudd farm, was covered with wood. There is still a deed taking in a part of the Nudd farm and written nearly 200 years ago, which calls the land the Nut Trees.

So there is no doubt that Boar's Head was covered with woods, making it the wooded point with its bays, and "the distance small between the forest and the sea," and the strand full of white sand.

Now there is no other landing place as described by the Norsemen in their voyages to Vineland which answers this description as well as do Hampton shores. But that description is not all, for we have the crosses cut on the stone many generations before the settlement of the town by the white man—crosses made not by the Indians, but by some one who knew and believed in the Christian religion.

A certain field near the narrow marsh and beach on the main road up town contains the rock on which are cut the three crosses designating the grave where was buried Thorwald Eric in the year A. D. 1004. That field, with others adjoining, came into the possession of the writer's ancestors over 230 years ago, and that part of the field which contains the rock has been under tillage and subject to the plow for over 150 years.

The rock is a large granite stone lying in the earth, its face near the top of the ground, with two crosses cut

thereon and other marks, cut by the hand of man with a stone chisel, and not by any owner, from the original proprietor, who took possession 250 years ago, down to the present owners.

"They came to a head land that jutted out that was all covered with wood, and there were bays on either side and the strand that was covered with white sand, and the distance small from the forest to the sea."

How true is the description! For there are the head land and the bays on either side, the long sandy beaches, and the land which contained the woods "not far from the sea." There is also the rock with the cut crosses made by man 900 years ago. That field now belongs to Wallace D. Lovell, the street railway promoter.

Mr. Lovell intends to erect a monument near that of Norse Rock, and to lay off the land into a park.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

If great cold should condense the earth's atmosphere to liquid air it would make a sea which would cover the earth 35 feet deep.

The stick insect of Borneo, the largest insect known, is sometimes 13 inches long. It is wingless, but some species of stick insects have beautiful colored wings that fold like fans.

One of the most singular cures for deafness ever recorded is quoted by the Independent Belge, from the Dutch papers. An old man of 70, living at Kromme, who had been deaf for 20 years, got involved in a dispute with some neighbors and became literally transported with rage. In his semi-demented state he suddenly recovered his hearing, which he has retained ever since.

In a remarkable surgical operation, Dr. Nicholas Senn of Chicago has succeeded in making a new knuckle for the thumb of Mrs. Thomas M. Hunter, wife of Alderman Hunter. Two years ago Mrs. Hunter caught a splinter of wood under her thumb nail. Inflammation set in recently and resulted in blood poisoning. Dr. Senn removed the knuckle and formed a new one of strips of bone.

Few persons are aware that it is possible to tell time by the eye of a cat. This is done by a close study of the feline pupil, which contracts and expands with great regularity each day. Thus, at noon, the pupil of a cat's eye is contracted into a mere slit, a mere horizontal line, and at midnight it is at its largest point of expansion, being then as big and round as a grape. With a little study of the feline optic any one can easily come within a quarter or a half-hour of the time by reference to a cat clock.

Human skulls are a strange article of commerce. Yet such is the demand which has arisen among curiosity dealers in Europe for the skulls of New Guinea native ancestors, which have ornamented the poles of native dwellings in New Guinea, that the Australian government has inhibited the trade. Large prices were offered the natives for the strange relics, and it was feared that the temptation was becoming so strong that as the supply of genuine ancestors ran low illegal methods of procuring spurious ones would be adopted.

The director of the Orphanage at Temesvar, in Hungary, has arranged to hold an "infant market" once a month, at which all the children at the Orphanage will be on view, and at which persons desirous of adopting one or more can inspect them and take their choice. The first of these markets passed off very successfully. Thirty children were on view—boys and girls between the ages of one and 10 years. Nineteen of them were adopted—five boys and 14 girls. Most of them were adopted by fairly well-to-do people, and one foster-mother went straight to a lawyer's office and made her newly-adopted child heiress to her fortune of \$100,000.

Ventilation Without Dirt.

In order to maintain the efficiency of a central telephone station it is essential that the switching apparatus be kept absolutely free of dust. In crowded industrial towns considerable difficulty is sometimes experienced in accomplishing this, as the smoke from neighboring factories and the dust from the street can only be kept out by closing all doors and windows, which is attained by much discomfort to the operators.

In Sheffield the problem has been solved by furnishing artificial ventilation. The air is drawn into the room through a coke screen, which clear it of soot and dirt. This screen is kept moist, which to a certain extent permits of the control of the humidity of the air. After passing the screen the air is passed through radiators to enable the temperature to be regulated as desired. The air then passes along a long airshaft, running along one end of the room and then into the apartments through a series of apertures so disposed that practically no draft results.

The scheme is capable of application to many industrial establishments where the office force and draftsmen suffer keenly owing to the clouds of dirt and smoke that flow into the rooms from the adjacent shops.

Giving Her a Bad Name.

Mae—I got even with Bessie for snubbing me.
Ethel—What did you do?
Mae—I told that young man who calls on her that she used to be the best debater in her class at school.—New York Sun.

STRUCK THE KEYNOTE.

I sent a bit of idle verse,
Scribbled in a mood of vague regret,
To the magazines—and it
Is going yet.

I sent a psychologic tale;
Some problem stories, poems, plays I
loosed
Upon the editors. They all
Came home to roost.

I tried a thought all set in slang,
The slangiest slang—of it I have some
store.
From its first trip I'd answer back,
"Accept; send some more."

HUMOROUS.

Aunt Jimima—What is a miracle, Adelbert? Adelbert—Paw said it would be a miracle if you got married.

"What's the name of that little thing you are playing now?" "Piano, old man; what did you think it was, a harp?"

"What's the secret of success?" "Save the millions and the billions will take care of themselves."—Detroit Free Press.

Wigwag—What makes him so unhappy? Do you suppose he has loved and lost? Henpeckie—Maybe he has loved and won.

Mrs. Muggins—She tells some terrible fibs about her neighbors. Mrs. Bugbins—They are nothing compared with the ones she tells about herself.

"Say, der was a lot of irony in dat man's words. He sent me on an errand an' de bulldog bit me." "What did he say?" "Here's a quarter fer yer pains."

Wigg—Why do you take off your hat every time Talkalot tells a funny story? Wagg—That is due to the force of early training. I was brought up to reverence old age.

Mrs. Malaprop—That's young Mr. Jenkins. He's engaged to be married, you know. Mrs. Gabble—Indeed! And is that the young woman with him now? Yes, that's his fiasco.

Silas—So Zeke won't have anything but first-class literature? Cyrus—No. Why, he wouldn't even subscribe to a magazine because he saw "Entered as second-class matter" on the front page.

Housekeeper—How is it that all the men who come around begging are such big, strong chaps? Hobo—Cause, lady, a feller has ter be pretty husky-lookin' to beg nowadays without gettin' hurt.

"Women are hard to understand." "Think so?" "Yes; I told her she carried her age well, and she was offended." "You don't say!" "Yes; and then I told her she didn't carry it well, and she wouldn't speak."

"Healthy?" ejaculated the real estate man; "why, this is the healthiest town on earth." "Then why are those fresh graves out there?" queried the prospective purchaser. "Oh, the doctors and undertakers are buried there. They died of starvation."

The angry maiden readjusted the hat she wore (her brother's), gave a pull at her tie (her sweetheart's), stuck her hands defiantly into the pockets of her coat (cut like her father's), and continued: "In the course of time women will not have a distinguishing garment. There goes a man who has actually adopted woman's shirt waist."

A NATIONAL TRAIT.

Amiability the Bane of the American Public.

Amiability is our national vice. We are a country contented. Satisfied with our own superiority, fancied or real, we have the sleek good humor which is not disturbed by jibes or sneers. Conceit has provoked contentment. The result is an amiable public. That aggregation of humanity which the politician speaks of as "the dear people" reverentially—in ante-election times—is pleasant in speech and action. Crowds are seldom cross. The excursion company is a notable example. However much the excursionists may be delayed or disappointed, there is little of grumbling. Even when they return late at night, tired, worn out from the day of recreation, they growl good-humoredly and are merry in their misery. Seldom does any assemblage of Americans degenerate into an angry company, and then only under the lash of passion at a crime or of heated advocacy of a party candidate. We get madder because of politics than from any other reason. The election of some far-off individual whom we never saw and in whose success nothing of importance to ourselves is involved stirs the dregs of discussion into a very ferment of furious strife. Political campaigns bring always the dog days of infuriated debate.

The vice of amiability is shown conspicuously in the behavior of the American audience. The audience has lost the right to hiss. So seldom does any auditor exercise this right that when some rude but honest fellow manifests his disapproval of actor or of speaker his neighbors, losing for the nonce their amiability, seek to put him out. We permit applause, but not hissing; huzzas, but not cries of disapproval. Our audiences have constructed the right of criticism as meaning merely the right to compliment. We are glad to read criticism in the newspapers the next morning, but we object to having it expressed audibly at the time. Yet who can give sufficient reason why an audience may not express its disapproval as well as its commendation? Surely dislike may as well be expressed as like. The average audience is too polite, too amiable, to do otherwise than applaud. If it cannot cheer it sits silent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Worry over a doctor's bill has given many a man nervous prostration.

ON ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

Argument to Show It Does Not Mean Mental Failure.

Is absent-mindedness indicative of mental failure? This question is suggested by such facts as the large number of unaddressed letters posted each year. An English contemporary cites in evidence the official list of articles left in one year in the London cabs, and omnibuses. It includes 850 canes, 19,000 umbrellas, 267 rugs, 742 opera glasses, 926 articles of jewelry, 180 watches, 3,239 purses, besides birds, dogs, cats, etc.

The list seems like a pretty severe indictment of the mental qualities of the modern city dweller, and if the hard-pressed newspaper reporter happens to see it he will undoubtedly send off a harrowing syndicate letter to all the Sunday editors on this alarming demonstration of mental degeneracy of the twentieth century man. Even our medical contemporary suggests the advisability of those who ride in omnibuses and who forget things of consulting a physician.

The more marvelous thing, however, is that they do not forget far more often than they do. Civilization has suddenly increased a thousandfold the necessary and synchronous preoccupation of the mind. Singleness of attention was the predominant characteristic of mental action before our time of bewildering interests and duties. Not to have learned the trick of poisoning in the attention at one instant such a multitude of objects is certainly not a demonstration of mental failure, but rather of non-acquirement of a difficult art.

But the more convincing proof of the actual triviality of the amount of forgetfulness is shown by the comparison of the number of memory slips of the Londoner with the number who ride in omnibuses and other public carriages. Let us double the number of lost articles and put the total at 50,000; if now we roughly estimate the number of rides each day in London, as at least on the average one for each twentieth citizen, we calculate in a year there are surely as many as 100,000,000 trips made. Consequently, on the average, a person forgets some article once in about every 2,000 trips taken.

The alarmist adviser of consultation of an alienist for such failures of memory would probably smile at this evidence of his own mental failure.—American Medicine.

Great Cork Forests of Spain.

The cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square miles, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in groups and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. Although the cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth and possessing some excellent qualities its consistency is less rigid and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation which the cork of Catalonia does.

In Spain and Portugal where the cork tree or Quercus suber is indigenous, it attains to a height varying from 35 to 60 feet and the trunk to a diameter of 30 to 36 inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily caparisoned with widespread branches clothed with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy underneath and the leaves slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of yellowish color, succeeded by acorns. Over 30,000 square miles in Portugal are devoted to the cultivation of cork trees, though the tree virtually abounds in every part of the country.

The methods in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are virtually the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling it receives during this operation, which takes place when it has attained the 15th year of its growth. After the first stripping the tree is left in this juvenile state to regenerate, subsequent stripplings being effected at intervals of not less than three years and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upward of 150 years.—Boston Herald.

Diamonds Lose Favor.

According to an expert writer in the Petit Bleu, the heyday of diamonds has gone, at least on the Continent. Diamonds are succumbing to three kinds of evolution:

- (1) The evolution of moral taste. It is now considered bad form for ladies and gentlemen to advertise their wealth by a display of diamonds.
 - (2) A scientific evolution. Thanks to this diamonds are so wonderfully well counterfeited that they are no longer the sign of wealth. The larger and the more numerous the diamonds the more they are suspected of being false.
 - (3) The evolution of artistic taste. The diamond admits of hardly any variation in shape or composition.
- The great Continental artists of today in the jewelry line use gold, silver, even copper or iron, and produce with them little marvels of art, in which the diamond hardly ever enters, unless in a very minute and accessory way, in order to "animate" the whole.

Un'q'le Record.

Judge and Mrs. G. L. Mitchell, of Eureka, are able to boast of a rather novel record. They have been married forty-three years, and during all that time there has never been a death or birth in the family, and Mrs. Mitchell says that only twice in her married life did she have to get up in the night to hunt colic medicine for her husband.—Kansas City Journal.