

BREAKING THE ICE. We had some odish neighbors once that moved in down the road. We reckoned they was 'bout the proud-est folks we'd ever knowed. An' when we passed 'em now an' then we held our heads up high. To make dead sure they couldn't snub us if they was to try. It really made me nervous, so I jes-braced up one day. An' I thought I'd go ahead an' show my manners anyway. On Sunday, 'stid o' turning round an' gazing at the view, I looked at them an' says, "Hello!" An' they says, "Howdy do!"

It wasn't the cold an' formal greetin' that you've sometimes heard; They smiled an' said it hearty, like they meant it every word. It's solemn to reflect on what we miss along life's way. By not jes' being natural an' good humored day by day. There's lots of folks who fling the simple joys of life aside. Because they dread the shadow of their own unconscious pride. And nine times out o' ten you'll find the rule works right and true— Jes' tell the world "Hello!" an' it'll answer "Howdy do!" —Washington Star.

The Mystery of an Old Hat

Vincent Manning was sitting alone in his parlor nursing a sprained ankle. His young wife had been gone a week for the first "vacation" of their two years of married life. Moping alone in the empty house for four days was beginning to try his nerves so that he was almost tempted to let Mrs. Manning know, even at the cost of suddenly spoiling her holiday, that he had suffered an awkward fall two days after she had started for New York. The house girl, who was a treasure, had gone with her mistress and the baby. Being a stranger in town, he had few calls— in the evening and none at all during the day except for the waiter who came with his meals from the hotel around the corner. Having read everything in sight, Vincent was sitting on the piano, he pulled out his watch and saw that there was yet four hours of daylight before him. He was reaching for his crutch with the sudden determination to telephone for a carriage and have a drive in the park, when he saw Geoffrey Fairchild, one of his old-time friends, starting at the house numbers. Manning tapped on the window with the tip of his crutch and hailed him. "Oh, Jeff! Come in, old man. Where on earth did you drop from?"

The visitor was in the hall before Manning could reach the door to greet him, and they shook hands and laughed like genuine men who are glad. "You're a whole life-saving station, that's what you are, Jeff!" said Manning, glowing over his friend. "You've got to send for your baggage and keep bachelor's hall with me till Maud's come home—yes, she's gone down to her mother's with the baby—you've never seen that baby, Jeff—where did you say you'd been? Texas? Do you realize, Jeff, that this is only the second time you've been in our house since we were married?" "Yes, I know, Vince, but I've been terribly rushed," laughed Fairchild, settling down for a chat, "I don't even write to my mother, fact! No, I have no sweethearts—at least none that I know of."

And they chatted just as fast and as a couple of women till the waiter came for the dinner order. Manning insisted that his friend could stay; that he could have his luggage sent up afterward, and that it would be a sheer crime to go away and leave him alone like a sick man in solitary confinement. And so it was arranged. While Fairchild was at the telephone, Manning was choosing a dinner for two and explaining to the waiter, who didn't seem to understand, that thereafter, until otherwise instructed, he must bring food and service for two instead of one. "Well, get through with this by Saturday," Manning exclaimed, when he came in. "Maggie, our revered domestic, will be back. She's a good cook, and we'll tax her talent and her patience to the limit, eh, Jeff?"

Geoffrey Fairchild had been a classmate of Manning, and they had maintained a close and unbroken comradeship till Vincent married Maud Cutcliffe. Some said that Manning had vanquished a rival in Geoffrey, but at any rate the wedding was not so intolerable to the loser as to prevent him from appearing as the most blythe and happy of the groomsmen. He kept up his visits, too, as long as the Mannings remained in their New York hotel, but when they moved west, he had called but once and written not at all. If Manning had any suspicions of a lurking disappointment in his friend's heart, he was seen pleasantly untroubled, for Geoffrey had never seemed so rollickingly happy as now. He had been in the oil regions of Texas for a month or more and was on his way homeward, he said. He had come purposely to spend a few days with Vincent and the wife to see the son and heir. He asked a dozen questions about the child, laughed at the paternal yarns about its precocity as no man can laugh but a staunch friend, and made himself so gayly at home that it was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when Manning bade him good-bye at the door of his room.

It was 7 o'clock the next morning when Vincent was awakened by a knock at his door. He opened it and found a man in a dark suit and a white necktie, who came for the

It was given Manning saw that his friend was not yet stirring, and went back to bed with a parting emphasis upon the dull ears of the water that he wanted breakfast served at ten o'clock. At that hour the bell woke him again; he hobbled down, let in the commissary, and went back to rouse Geoffrey. He rapped on the door but got no answer. Then he went in to the darkened room, let up the shades and saw that the bed was not only empty but that it had been unoccupied during the night. He searched the rooms and the closets before he went downstairs, but there was no sign of either Fairchild or his baggage. On the hall rack, however, he found Geoffrey's hat hanging just where its wearer had placed it the afternoon before. This set him to thinking that perhaps his friend was lolling about, but a half hour's search yielded no further trace of the vanished guest. The waiter was gone. There was no help for it but to continue his explorations of the house alone. It was nearly noon before he began to feel faint for want of his breakfast. He ate it, puzzled, worried and waited, but no Fairchild appeared. The next morning his mail brought him a letter from Geoffrey. It was dated Beaumont and said that the writer was just starting for Chicago and would "drop in." The date line and post mark both showed that the letter had been written only the day before Geoffrey had come, and how he had managed to beat the fast mail from Texas was almost as puzzling as his extraordinary behavior after arriving. Manning suspected that Fairchild had put up some sort of a trick on him, but turn and twist the thing as he might he couldn't guess where the laugh was to come in if it was a joke. While he was finishing his coffee a telegram came which set Vincent's heart to beating uneasily about his absent wife and boy; but it, too, proved to be from Fairchild, dated Texarkana, thus: "Delayed here two days. Will see you Saturday night sure. Jeff."

On Saturday night Manning was so curious to find out what sort of a plot his friend had been putting upon him that he went in a carriage to meet the train. He was at the gate a half hour too soon, but when the train did groan in, Geoffrey wasn't two minutes in finding him. Manning was put upon his guard at once by Fairchild's too enthusiastic greeting. "Dat what did you mean by stealing out of the house in the night like that?" asked Manning. "Stealing out of what house?" gasped Geoffrey. Manning looked at him a moment, but Fairchild carried the joke bravely without a twitch of eye or lip except what denoted surprise, and Vincent could only shake his head and say: "Oh, all right, Jeff. Have your blamed jokes if you will, but by George, you scared me. I thought something had gone wrong." Fairchild laughed a little foolishly as they went slowly to the carriage, but Manning changed the subject with an outspoken resolve to be on guard against Geoffrey's "funny" climax, whatever it might prove to be. When they arrived at Manning's house Maggie was there to greet them. "But where is Maud?" said Geoffrey, looking around. "Ah, drop that joke of yours," said Manning, half annoyed. "I told you all about that the other day when you were here."

"You know I wasn't here, Manning," said Fairchild, dropping the familiar Vince so markedly that Manning saw it was not a joke after all. They explained, argued, almost quarreled. Fairchild insisted that he had not been near the house for a year, and that, if Manning was in earnest, he had either dreamed or imagined the inexplicable visit. Vincent insisted that he did not dream in the daytime, that he used no alcoholic drinks or drugs, and then—he thought of the hat. He rushed to the hall, and, sure enough, there it hung beside the others. "Isn't that your hat?" he asked in sneering triumph. "It has your initials in it, hasn't it? Or am I dreaming again?"

Fairchild took it, smiled and looked serious. "Yes, it's an old hat of mine, I suppose, but how—"

Here Maggie who had paused to overhear the odd debate, said: "Please, sorr, if you'll excuse me, I found that hat in a closet before I went away last week. I didn't know whose 'twas, an' so I jist hung it there."

"I left it here last summer," Fairchild said, hesitating, but sure. And they never did unravel the mystery.—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record Herald.

WOMAN WAKES FROM LONG TRANCE TO DIT

A London Express correspondent wrote recently from St. Quentin, France: Marguerite Boyenval, "the sleeping woman of Theolles," died this morning after remaining in a trance for 20 years. On May 21, 1883, she was thrown into a cataleptic sleep through fear of a visit from the police, and it was found impossible to arouse her. Dr. Charlier, who attended the case, informed me that she succeeded in causing sensibility in his patient by giving subcutaneous injections of sulphate of atropine. The woman was first affected and gradually the whole body as far as the neck, after which he could make no further progress and ceased his treatment. A corpse-like rigidity immediately

returned. The arms remained stretched out in any position in which they were placed. The doctor is of opinion that the woman was never conscious of what was going on around her, but Professor Voisin, of the Salpetriere, thought that at times she heard vaguely what was being said to her. Throughout the whole 20 years' sleep her respiration remained perfectly normal though her temperature was a little above the ordinary. About five months ago the doctors saw signs of returning consciousness, and renewed their efforts to revive her. For the first time yesterday she opened her eyes and remarked, "You are pinching me." She did not seem to distinctly recognize the members of her family on awakening, but was able to answer "Yes" and "No" to questions that were put to her. She took her mother to be her sister, and mentioned her grandmother who died 15 years ago. Her memory went back to the time when she worked in a sugar factory in the village. When she fell asleep she was 22 years of age. During the whole of the time since then she had been artificially fed. She began, however, to show signs of consumption and wasted away to a skeleton. Doctors from all parts of the world visited Theolles to see the sleeper, and the case was declared to be absolutely without precedent in medical science.

COLLEGE GOWNS. How Degrees of Scholarship or Weavers May be Known. At most college functions, and particularly so during commencement festivities, the academic cap and gown are in constant evidence. Undergraduates and newly fledged bachelors, proud of their right to the distinctive garb; visiting alumni, glad thus to link arms once again with a vanished past; the august faculty body and those of the official guests whose scholastic attainments entitle them to the privilege, all don the flowing robe and top it with the quaint and tasseled mortar-board. Some persons may call this peculiar attire a piece of antiquated flummery, but even they admit, says the New York Times, that the sombre robes, relieved here and there by the brilliance of the hood linings and of the many-hued velvet facings, lend beauty as well as dignity to the assemblage gathered upon the platform.

The casual glance notes little if any difference in the appearance of the various gowns, but the initiated eye can tell instantly not only the exact degree of scholarship attained by the wearer, but also the faculty of learning that awarded it and the university where it was obtained. There are other distinguishing points, but the main ones may be summed up as follows: Matriculation at the college entitles the student to wear a gown and a mortar-board of black woolen material, usually serge. When he wins his bachelor's degree he may attach a hood three feet long to his gown, made of the same woolen material and lined with the colors of his alma mater. When the bachelor attains the master's degree or the doctorate he is entitled to wear a silken gown and hood, the latter four feet long. The doctorate entitles him also to wear a panel, outlined with his college colors, beneath his hood, and to exchange the black tassel on his mortar-board for one of gold.

Even the sleeve changes with the value of the degree. The open, pointed sleeve of the bachelor's gown is closed for the master, and the doctor wears a round one, trimmed with bars of velvet. The doctor's degree being the highest in the gift of a university, his attire is the most distinguished in appearance. He may, if he choose, adorn his gown with velvet facings, black or of the color that indicates the special faculty which recommended him for the degree. White stands for the school of arts and letters; blue for philosophy, scarlet for theology; purple for law; yellow for science, and green for medicine.

Understanding these distinctions, the visitor at a college function, watching the long procession of notables file to their places upon the platform can recognize at a glance the degree attained by each, the faculty that recommended him for it and the university that conferred it. Occasionally he may err in the last point, for a man officially connected with a college courteously displays its colors in his hood instead of those of his own alma mater.

REVOLVING FAN. I noticed something new in electric fans yesterday, and it struck me as of sufficient novelty to mention here. You know that heretofore the wind-making contrivance has occupied a fixed position, with the current always propelled in one direction. Now this has been improved upon, with a sort of rudder attachment projecting from the fan in front. The fan strikes the rudder fan it causes the whole thing to revolve slowly, thus distributing the air current in all directions with each revolution. As all-round wind jammers, however, I know some fellows who would talk a revolving fan back the way it came, but perhaps I had better not go into that.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE POETIC NATURE OF THE PATENT. The poetic nature of the patent Serbian is shown by the wiping out of King Alexander on the anniversary of the removal, in a similar manner, of his grandfather, King Michael.

THE CASTAWAY FISHERMEN who refused to land on an iceberg inhabited by a starving bear are open to the charge of cruelty to animals. Mr. Carnegie has taken to crowding "home culture" clubs. The prospects for his dying poor grows distinctly brighter, thinks the Mexican Herald. The diamonds which came through the custom houses in 1902 were valued at \$25,415,755. Millions of dollars worth of these are being sold or the installment plan. The census of 1900 shows us that the busy bee contributed to the wealth of the United States as follows: Value of bees, June 1, 1900, \$10,186,513; value of honey and wax produced in 1899, \$6,664,904. It has often been explained that one reason why men get higher wages than women is that they do not give up their work as soon as they have become experts, as women usually do in Germany nine-tenths of all sales women leave their occupation (usually to get married) before they are twenty-six years old. A mouse recently wrecked a train out West. It was walking along a rail, looking at the moon one evening, when an owl saw it. The owl immediately gave chase, and the mouse retreated gracefully into the jaws of a swain. The owl got wedged in the jaws of the swain, and prevented its being closed, so that a freight train was derailed. Unfortunately the Western papers failed to say whether or not the mouse escaped.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT of Birmingham University, finds the fossil teeth of the men of the Neolithic and the bronze ages almost perfect in number, regularity, and soundness. In those early days men's teeth lasted all their lives; the dentist was unknown and not needed. It is so now in many savage and half-savage races, the South African natives, for example. Why civilized life should tend to dental decay and ruin is thus made a very important question. Captious critics of the naming of American thoroughbreds may possibly at times carry their alliterative Swinburnian censures too far. Sad Sam for instance, is a vile name for a racehorse, comments the New York Tribune. And there are many other unconscionable appellations in the Jockey Club's registry of names. But precise, unimaginative breeders ought not to be held too strictly to account. The Ottoman Government has bought the English concession for a line of railroad from Haifa to Damascus. It is intended to build a railway through Galilee to Mzeirib, by way of Meisain, connecting at Mzeirib with the Damascus-Mecca line. While the line will be built for strategical purposes, it can hardly fail gradually to develop the trans-Jordan country—hitherto another Tibet—by bringing it into touch with the outside world.

THE REPORT of the French bark Vincennes of a sea of pumice stone six miles long, south of the Tongan group would seem to indicate that there has been some great volcanic outburst in the neighborhood, of which the rest of the world has not heard. The first ships which passed through the Sunda Straits after the eruption of Krakatau found the sea for miles covered with a thick coating of pumice and for some of them it was the first indication that anything extraordinary had taken place. Recent forest fires and floods renew public demand for measures on a large scale to prevent the occurrence of such disasters. The average forest-fire loss is estimated at \$50,000,000 a year, most of which, it is claimed, could be saved by greater care on the part of campers and by the removal of underbrush kindling that starts these fires going. The prevention of floods is a much more difficult matter, but it is said that water storage at the sources of the great middle-western rivers and their tributaries would prevent floods in the future. If this can be demonstrated, remarks Public Opinion, congress will doubtless be as liberal in providing ways and means as it was in appropriating money for forest preservation and irrigation.

THE WOMEN of the United States will probably be interested to learn that Uncle Sam is cultivating a beauty plant in the experimental farm at Washington. The women of Algeria eat the seeds of this plant to make them beautiful, and the government experts are trying to determine what grounds they have for the faith that is in them. The outcome is not a matter of much practical importance, however, for there are many beauty foods now, and little use is made of them. There are fresh fruit and vegetables, and there is absolutely no doubt about their beautifying qualities, according to Professor H. W. Wiley, the government chemist. Why this is so is not perfectly understood, but their health and beauty giving powers are marvellous, and the woman who wants bright eyes and a clear complexion can scarcely eat too much of them.

The Smartest Straw Hats YOU'LL SEE ANYWHERE.

Do you know, men, that your Hat is the most conspicuous part of your apparel? The right Hat dresses you well; the wrong Hat spoils the appearance of everything you wear. Isn't it well, men, to buy your Hats where you know the best styles are sold and where you know that the greatest care is taken in properly fitting you? Our reputation has been made by hatting men stylishly and hatting them well. There's real merit in our Straw Hats, too. They're made by the best straw hat makers, most of these are hand-finished, which brings out the beautiful, rich lustre you'll notice in our Hats. The most fashionable Yacht Straw for young men is the SPLIT SEAMLESS. Several proportions, but most of them are low crowns and broad brims. PRICES, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50. The ENGLISH SPLIT Yacht is a very neat-looking Straw Hat. Very much liked by the more conservative men. PRICES FOR THESE SAME AS THE SPLIT STRAWS. PANAMAS—Just a few more left at the old prices—\$7.50, \$8.00, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 and \$18.00.

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SAD END OF BRILLIANT AND WELL-BORN VIRGINIAN

About a fortnight ago, on Washington Heights, in West One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, the dead body of a man was found, writes Tip in the New York Press. It had been cold for five days and was in a state of decomposition. The police being informed, it was duly sent to the morgue, where a letter in the pocket of the coat—was recorded. The initials were destroyed, therefore the identity of Hardy was in doubt. A man of the name of W. J. Hardy was missed from his usual haunts, and as he had been a schoolmate of one of our city magistrates, John B. Mayo, that gentleman made inquiry concerning him. Some one mentioned a Hardy at the morgue; the magistrate went thither and found his old friend, rotting on a slab. In another day the body would have been buried in potter's field, on Hart's island. Judge Mayo rescued it and sent it to Norfolk, where another old friend received it and gave it proper interment. This man Hardy was the son of the richest man in Norfolk, Va., a refined, educated, cultured gentleman of blue blood. Among his former companions he was regarded as the most excellent of entertainers. He could order a dinner that still styled a "dream" or a "symphony." He was no glutton, as so many gourmands are but a connoisseur, a nice feeder, an epicure. He was married, but had been separated from his wife, who now lives in Baltimore, I believe. His sister married one of the most distinguished officers of the United States army—Maj. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, at present commanding the department of the Pacific. This good fellow, bon vivant, epicure, F. V.—this prince of entertainers actually died of starvation in a small rented room on the Heights, and his moldering, cankered corpse was on its way to potter's field when accidentally found.

POPULAR TUNES OF TO-DAY WRITTEN LONG YEARS AGO

Martin Luther was not the first to object to "letting the devil have all the good tunes," says the International Quarterly. The bishop of Ossory in the fourteenth century used such tunes as "Do, Do, Nightingale, Sing Full Merry," in compiling a book of hymns. The song of Deborah and Barak in the Scriptures, with its extemporization, its clapping of hands to mark the rhythm, its alteration of solo and chorus, would not be unlike the singing at a camp meeting on a Southern plantation. The drum major of a military band is a survival of the champion who strode, twirling his sword, at the head of an army in the old days challenging the champion of the other side to combat. "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" has a more interesting history than any other song. It was first sung in the Holy Land in honor of a French crusader named Mambron. The melody was caught by the Saracens and is still sung in the East. In France the name "Mambron" was centuries afterward altered to "Malbrooke," derisively applied to the Duke of Marlborough. "Malbrooke he went to war" words fitted well enough. The first statement, true to the old story, is "his dead and buried," was the spirit of hope to the victor's helm. Du Maurier, in "Tribby," a great use of "Malbrooke," as of "Ben Bolt," Beethoven used the theme in an orchestral score, the Battle of Vittoria. In England song is often fitted to the words. "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Scottish folk songs are most difficult to imitate. Mendelssohn did it so successfully, however, that most people who sing, "Oh, Wert Thou in the Blest" take it for an old native of Scotland.

Incident of Russo-Turkish War. During the last war between Russia and Turkey, as Mehmet Ali Pasha was retreating from Ostrog with his army, pursued by Montenegrins, he halted at Monaca with the intention of destroying the monastery there and placing a battery in position on the opposite heights. Unknown to the Turks, half a battalion of Montenegrins were stationed there as garrison, and the pasha, thinking that he had but a handful of priests to deal with, sent down a small detachment to effect an entrance. The gate was opened and they were enticed inside. Hardly had the last man set his foot within the courtyard when the Montenegrins fell upon them and beheaded them every one. The Turks, deeming all safe, sent a second detachment to assist in bringing out the booty and they met with a similar fate. Then Mehmet began to suspect that something was wrong and made preparations for bombardment, but it was too late. A brigade of pursuing Montenegrins had come up. They fell upon him from flank and rear and a horrid slaughter ensued. Three pairs of Siamese twin fishes have been hatched at the New York aquarium.

How Could She? She had been naughty, they no doubt about that, and had been administering corporal punishment. All morning she had been fuming, and now, as the maternal fell, with depressing force upon a small person, she yelled lustily. "Be still, I tell you!" said mother, without interrupting her in hand. "Stop crying! minute!" The small person turned and sobbed, "Well, how am I a-going to stop she sobbed, "when you keep me all the time to make me No Room for Improvment." "There is one branch said the great inventor, always be done by hand." "What is that?" queried porter. "Pocket picking," replied with a ghoulish grin. By the Way I groped among the hills. One slinging by the way. Lo, turning toward the hills. Stretched out to meet. This man had taken joy. No other charm he had. A stranger singing into. And all the hills were. Christian G.