sweep and sway, s that mark our reignt, in Chicago Tribune.

ER.

what I was suffering that day. As dish was passed with its respecte fork or spoon-each a gift from some one of those present-reposing carelessly on it, I watched to see the what I ver-tabl smile of gratification which I couldn't out believe would show itself upon p or a set the face of the donor, but to my sur-prise and mortification, each helping gainst the seemed to evoke the same peculiar lly greeted smile that I had observed world has Amelia's face when she helped herself

silver!"

to the jelly. of astonish "I began to feel like a martyr at the stake, and I resolved, then and there, never to invite another relative of my om my own husband's to break bread with me n't send her again. I noticed that they all seemed n married a to have a dreadful time, somehow, managing their tea in the new cup y far-sightedwhich mother's sister sent us from New York. However, I thought that possibly this was the first time in their lives that they had ever been to a sized silver swell luncheon, and pity rather than fear filled my heart. From then on I mine. I perught of hov pretended not to notice their awkward. ness, and only prayed that the meal would soon come to an end. As the and sparkle ice-cream made its appearance, with the spoons Aunt Mary had given us lying alongside, on the cut-glass to ream saucers that my own uncle had given us, I again straightened up and

ew talkative. "'I think those spoons. Aunt Mary," Called to where she sat, at the other nd of the table, 'are just as sweet as hey can be! What odd handles they ye, too-so long? I thought I would yw her that the kind of ice-cream us that I had been accustomed to ntirely different.

my dear,' she answered that's so they can reach the the glass to stir up the lem

feel the color rush to my ns so flustered that I just 'Why, of course.'

hat I told you I thought put in that husband of said you knew better. only a triffing matter, le up my mind that I it to get us into our And he smiled at me table. 'Now that Amelia, why don't that spoon with the bout it being for

> e old woman, so lly way, 'but it erneked lee I myself, and so anted to give ildu't be apt to dear soull She at I just got up ere she sat and

glance at my all so well acose it would be uld ask some of the uses of their this they all

cle Harry, 'those oysters, the clerk rawberries, but I de the oysters so

ng up on the tines, Bob used for the mato server,' went or I was with mam-

over there with the that is what Carocontinued, while table stared at the d thoughtfully filled gar, and placed right awberries, where it

don't mind our tellildred, pleasantly, tell you, my dear, are intended for they are served

confessed Unch bought at Bifings nowadays ne that it is a heh thing. phantly, 'it isn't!

, upon being ques knew, I was obliged had seen one in a that some jewelry

all had a good laugh, and al luncheon turned out to be: informal one, after all, and I always felt thoroughly at hon with Bely's relatives ever since, prob abiv due to the fact that the ice having bioken, as it was at that first

"Well, what was wrong with the ter cups?" Juquired the girl who never

forgot anything.

Ob, yes! That was the worst of all!" concluded the one who had been telling her troubles to the others. "Do you know that the very next week after my-eventful luncheon, Priscilla Clark gave a pre-nuptial luncheon and the very first course was clam bouillon served in cups just like mine."-I. E. M., in the New York Times.

Do Old Men Die From Idleness?

HERE is certainly far more evidence for the belief in the dreariness of old age after active work has been laid aside than from the shortening of life which results from the enforced in-activity. Two notable instances, and perhaps freer from doubt than most as to whether it is ennul alone that kills and not th disease of old age of a more specific malady, are those of Napoleon the Great and Bismarck. The one lived six years in St. Helena, the other eight years at Friedrichruh, each "eating out his heart." If ever there were men who ought on the sup-

position to have been killed by the total suspension of their activities these two ought to have been, but it would be extremely difficult to show that they were. Though Napoleon was no more than fifty-three, yet it was the specific disease of cancer of the stomach of which he died, and the connection between his exiled loneliness and the direct cause of his death does not seem very apparent. On the other hand, Bismarck, at the age of seventy-five, when he was dismissed from the Chancellorship, could not have had a likelihood of nore prolonged years than he actually achieved out of office even if he had continued in office until the end. A wise man, if not too dyspeptic, will never touch with actual life. There are old men with your

er when he has a young heart is perhaps the most delightful type humanity

A show us.-London Saturday Review. Concerning Spinsters.

By Lilian Bell.

ALLA UT my strong fortress for the unreconciled spinster is not built by the work of her hands, whether it be egg-gathering, planting seeds or picking flowers. It lies in the cultivation of her imagination and her sense of humor. If you have these two you may laugh at fate, for you are clad in an armor which never rusts nor disintegrates. If you are inclined to be bitter, to view rourself as the football of destiny, kicked from one discomfort to another; I you think people snub you; if you suspect your friends of growing cold toward you, or even of deliberate slights—if you are in the habit of sitting in the lark and broading over these things, the fault of the whole matter lies within It is your fault because you take a morbid point of view. Think how un-wholesome and malarial your mind must be. Consider the stagmant state of your heart. Think of the microbes which are cating your soul away. lisagreeable person as you are determined to be deserves to be slighted and snubbed and left out of parties and pienies. Who wants such a walking uneral about?

Don't lay it to the influence of the hall bedroom. That would not be fair, But you may lay it to the influence of the boarding-house, which generally consists of hall bedrooms. If there is any one thing worse than the boarding-

house habit, it can only be the wrapper and curl-paper habit of certain slovenly women. If a woman wears a wrapper mornings and keeps her hair in papers at breakfast, she deserves never to get a husband. And if a Jan with a husband does it, she deserves to lose him.-Harper's Bazar.

America the Cradle of Asia. By Prof. Stewart Culin.

UR idea that America is a new world, not only from the viewpoint of European discovery, but actually, so far as concerns its inhabitants and their civilization, is one that has been accepted almost without question. It is, indeed, a fundamental notion, having back of it all the impetus of religious sentiment and historic tradition. Almost from the period of discovery, learned writers have endeavored to confirm the theory of an Asiatic immigration, adducing the resemblance of the arts, religions, and symbolism, and the supposed identities of the language and physical types of the Indians with those of the inlabitants of Asia.

Preoccupied with the notion that America is the new world, they have scemingly lost sight of the fact that these resemblances offer quite as good proof of American intercourse with Asia as they do of an Asiatic invasion of our continent.

In supporting the latter view the writer is aware that it premises the same, if not a higher, antiquity for man on the American continent as is revealed by the most remote historical perspective of Egypt or Babylon; that he is called upon to establish the American origin of the particular things to which he refers, their birth and subsequent development in America, and furthermore to demonstrate the probability of their transfer from America to other civiliza-

The games of the Eastern continent-and I speak now not so much of the present day, but from what we know of the remote past—are not only similar to, but practically identical with, those of America, and are not only alike in externals, but, if we may so apply the word, in their morphology as well. And, it may be added, they extend over into Asia from America as expressions of the same underlying culture. They belong to the same culture.

Man eveldently wandered far and wide over the world before history be gan. Shall we, with our American explanations in mind-and they hold good not alone for games, which are but the "stalking-horse" of the student-shall we not assent to the claim that ancient America may have contributed, to an -Marper's Magazine.

Whither Are We Bound?

By Garrett P. Serviss.

N importance which relatively few persons are aware of at taches to the expedition which has just gone to Chile from the Lick Observatory in California. Its object is to find out

whither we are all bound.

Everybody has heard that the Solar System is flying swiftly toward the south. It is a plunging flight that carries us more than 43,000 miles straight through the other every hour of the day and night. It is a motion that has nothing to do with the earth's annual revolution about the sun, except as it prevents that revolution from carrying the earth back turn and turn to the same spot

In truth, we never get back to the same place. Every new year comes in with the globe at a point more than 300,000,000 miles nearer to a very bright northern star, named Vega, than it was a year earlier. As far as the evidence eow in hand goes, the flight of the sun toward the north is as straight as that of an arrow, but the path described by the earth, since it is compelled all the while to circle round and round the flying sur, is a great spiral.

And thus we sweep onward, moving continually into new regions, running through what perils nobody can guess-perhaps none at all-and impelled by a force as mysterious as that which drew the unfortunate ship in the Arabian Nights to be wrecked on the Mountain of Adamant.

It is this strange voyage of the sun and its worlds through the unexplored ocean of immensity that the Californian astronomers have gone to America to investigate.

The only way in which we become aware of the great flight of the Solat

System is by watching the counter motions of the stars. We are like people on the deck of a ship proving swiftly through a crowded harbor. The direction and velocity of our motion are indicated by the changes in the apparent posi-tions of the other éraft and the shores around us. Ships ahead of us, which we are overhauling, loom continually larger; those behind, which we are leaving, dwindle in the distance.

This does not quite apply in the case of the stars, because they are almost infinitely far away, and the change in their brightness resulting from our approach to those in the north, and our retreat from those in the south, is too light to be noticed even from year to year. But, luckily, the waves of light to the work for us. The light of the stars, toward which we are going has tis undulations practically shortened by our swift approach, and the light of those which we are leaving behind has its undulations practically lengthened. and the spectroscope not only detects these changes in the light-waves, but enables us by their means to measure the rate of our motion, and also to deduce its exact direction.

The problem is complicated by the fact that the stars also are in motion, like the sun, going in various directions, and with various speed, but that is a detail with which astronomers can deal.

Now, the precise object of the expedition to Chile is to examine the light of he southern stars from which we are flying away. They have been much less studied than have the northern stars, to which we are drawing nearer. It is as if the people on the bow of a ship, after watching for a long time the effects of their approach to objects ahead, should visit the stern in order to note the recession of objects behind. Through a combination of such observations the speed and direction of the ship's motion could be deduced.

But there are many other absorbingly interesting questions relating to the organization of the universe, and our place and rank in it, which will be brought nearer to solution by the success of the exploration of the southern

A Cough Drop That Lasted. A lady in this city who suffered at diminishment in the size of the times with coughing in church was in the habit of taking a small box of ugh drops with her when she attended services. On last Sunday morning while sitting in her pew she noticed that the lady sitting next to her was suffering with a severe cough, so she opened her box and passed it over, which was gratefully accepted. The

The second lady, who could notice no one, said: "No. I thank you, I believe this one will last." Upon removing it from her mouth she found it to be the vest button of her friend's husband, that had in some unknown manner found its way into the box.-Danville News.

A curious thing about a woman is cough stopped immediately. On leaving that she can be proud of her granding the church the first lady said: children and her youth at the same "Won't you have another cough drop?" time.-New York Press,

A MINIATURE CHIEFTAIN. NCE upon a time, away glist as any man alive.
Out in Mexico, in one of King, who is small and under weight,

warrior born among tillers had been left at the pueblo by a wandering band of Utes because he was too sick to travel. Upon his recovery. cast his lot with the Pueblo tribe. A council of the governor and his twelve sub-chiefs was held, he was received into the tribe and a small pleceof land ried a Pueblo maiden, and their first son was named Agoya (Star)—the little that every man in the party inside of warrior mentioned at the beginning of an bour hung a tarpon or two and let it

Agoya's first exploits had been with rough and tumble fights he had had with them.

When I went out to live with his people, the young brave had passed fight, his eighth winter, and was a straight. This mates were like their own peace-loving tribe. He was reserved and dignified. with a quick temper, which he con-trolled in a way quite beyond his a snap-shot at a group of boys among whom he was standing. He had h dread of the camera, and it made bi on the nearest boy, whom he sent roll- raised six inches from the water. ing on the ground in no time. But, with all his pride and temper, he was

n generous boy.

My interest in him was no greater very good friends. He would follow me on long tramps when I was out in and seizing it, in true warrior style.

Our hunts were slient, as neither un derstood the other's language; but he comprehended every motion I made, and there was a bond of sympathy be tween us-the love of nature-that unde our trips very pleasant. This small brave had a knowledge of nature that would put to shame most civilized boys of twice his years. Many times he took the lead, and seldon failed to find what he was after. Sometimes we would take our nonless

neross the river, and ride up into the about the little parks, or climbing to the almost inaccessible prehistoric stone villages on top of the mesas, there to hunt for stone arrow-tips, axes and other remains of the old Pueblos. His eyes were very keen. and many were the additions he made to my collection. All the time the spirit of the hunter was uppermost in him: no animal was too small to attract his attention, and then the craft of his hunting ancestors would come forth.

He would glide upon the game with the stealth of a cat, and more than once he came strutting back with a bird or little cottontail fied to his belt, The little Ute was a leading spirit among the more docile Pueblo whom he ruled like a little chief, and many were the forays he led against stray dogs from another village. Even in the adult dances his small figure dressed in regular dance costume,

would be seen bobbing up and down in perfect time to the beat of a drum. During the hot, dry summer weather the people slept on their roofs, and with the first streak of light in the east the Pueblo was astir. Down in the plaza, the children would be playing at their various games, many of them with little brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. Among them, leading in some heroic sport, I would alwaysee my miniature chieftain.

One evening, as the shadows length-ened and the wind subsided, I went around behind a sandstone butte that stood up from the plain like an old castle, and climbed on top, where I could, upobserved, watch the maneu vers of these miniature warriors. Upon reaching the summit I saw the band sneaking along through the sage-brush, crouching, and keeping a sharp took out for an imaginary enemy. In the lead was Agoya. He made a motion with his hand, and the boys disappeared like a flock of young quali.
Presently I saw the little Uto crawl cautiously through the sage, gaze intently at some object lying in a bunch of grass, and crawl back to his comrades. Seen the little dark figures surrounded the enemy, bows drawn, ministure spears and tomahawks in readiness. Suddenly there were shrill war-whoops and yells. A big dog, rushing out, made for his own village yelping at every jump. He had come to forage upon the enemy's camp, but Agoya and his band soon drove him off. It was a glorious victory for the warriers, and all without the loss of a

Such a victory had to be celebrated. and soon they were in the midst of a scalp-dance in exact imitation of their elders, with bunches of long grass to imitate scalps, tied to sticks and ear ried by several of their number, while the others danced about them. In a short time they were off again, and the last I saw of the valiant leader and his band, they were having a great buffalo hunt, as they had surrounded an old bleached buffalo skull, which was attacked with great vigor, and, I have no doubt, furnished a goodly sur ply of imaginary buffalo-meat for the little savage band.-St. Nicholas.

AT GRIPS WITH A TARPON. William King, of Southern Texas formerly a District Judge, knows the tarpon pretty well as a tremendous fighter at the end of a line, a voracious feeder upon smaller fishes and an uncertain adversary until it has been gaffed deeply. He also knows as much about the tarpon as a catch-as-catch. phia Telegraph.

can wrestler and clever two-handed pu-

out in Mexico, in one of the old pueblos on the Rio figure there was a young in Aransas Bay. He and a party of the old pueblos on the Rio in Aransas Bay. He and a party of the control of the results went after tarpon in a small of the soil. His father yachtlike craft that was fast and crank. The boat was decked over except in the middle, where there was an open-

ing four feet square above the cockpit, in which the party slept and did their eating and drinking. This cockpit has room nearly as wide as the boat and some ten feet long. Its flooring was six feet below the opening. Fishing was goo., which is to say

get away, which is the usual course of events. Finally, a member of the par a couple of bear cubs that he used as ty got a strike, reefed the barb into his playfellows, and frequent were the foeman as deeply as a strong arm and foeman as deeply as a strong arm and wrist could send it, and the fun began. All the others reeled in to get their tackle out of the way and watch the

This tarpon was possessed of a devil. manly little fellow. I noticed him It took out 200 feet of silk in its initial at once among the band of small Pu-eblo boys, as he was quite different went a yard into the alr. They saw from them in build and looks. He had that it was more than five feet long all the characteristics of the nomad or and the man who was playing it-or roving Indian, while his Pueblo play. being played with-said that it weighed

The war, with ups and down, lasted for more than an hour. Thrice the fish was reeled within five feet of the boat years, although sometimes it would and each time broke away. King, who flare up, as it did one day when he is excitable, had most of the hour heard the click of my camera as I took danced from stem to stern, shouting advice, expostulation, encouragement and anathema.

When the tarpon was brought in for very angry. We were too good friends the fourth time it seemed utterly exto quarrel, but he felt he must punish hausted. It came heavily within a yard of the taffrail and its head was

The lord high executioner of the band lifted his gaff to deal the fatal blow. With a mighty bound the fish rose from the water and crashed upon than his in me, and we soon became the deck. It was near the cockpit and

not a foot from King. With a lightning aweep of the tail it with my gun, and he took great delight struck him across the knees, knocked in picking up the game, always stealing him backward into the cockpit and fell up and planting one of his tiny arrows after him, landing across his legs. Then n the bird or beast, and then rushing in the semi-darkness of the little cabin ensued a combat that would have used up fifty pages of Victor Hugo's best

work. It was Titanic. The men above could ree little, but which fell like hall, the mighty thumps of falls, the rasping of heavy bodies or the planking, snorts grunts, gasps and elaculations.

The Judge and the tarpon had fought the length of the cablu twice and all around the walls once, when a sailor jumped down with a hatchet and ended across the river, and vide up into the the match. There was a good deal of canyons, spending the day wandering blood and scales everywhere, some of them in King's hair. The fish weighed nearly 120 pounds.

SAVED DOG AT COST OF LIFE With grief according to its kind, a faithful dog mourned when its master, Waverly Moore, was buried recently at Richmond, Va. . Moore sacrificed his life for the dog. Until the casket was removed the dog kept vigil and then by a train.

Moore was a machinist and lived with his wife and mother at No. 1223 West Marshall street. When he left his work in the Scaboard Air Line shops his little dog was there as usual to accompany bim home. Moore was wearied after his day's work and was walking along the main tracks over which the fast trains pass, when the Southern express approached from be

Neither Moore nor his dumb compan ion heard the express until it was upon them. A shrill whistle was the first warning, and it came too late. Moore glanced around and saw that the engine was almost upon him. He was apparently unmindful of himself in the

presence of the sudden danger. The dog.was trembling from terror i few paces in front of him. Moore made inighty effort, and bending forward grasped the dog and threw it clear of the track. The next instant the ex press train struck him and hurled his lifeless body high in the air. But the

Two tramps witnessed the tragedy. They say that Moore could probably have saved himself had he not overooked his own danger and turned to the dog.

From the time his master was killed he dog remained beside the body. He followed the undertaker's wagon, and the easket, where he watched until the time of the funeral, when he was taken away from the sad scene.

THRILLING RESCUE OF WOMAN Mrs. Helen Costello, of Buffalo, N. Y., as rescued recently from the brink American Falls by employes of he Ningara State reservation.

Word was received at the reservation office that a woman had attempted to commit suicide and was floating down stream toward the falls. Superintendent Perry secured a quantity of rope and hurried to the bridge which connects Green Island with Goat Island. The woman was seen clinging to a submerged log at a point a few feet below the bridge. A noose was fitted about the body of John Marshall, a reservation employe, and he was lowered nto the rushing waters. He succeeded in reaching the woman's side and placed a rope about her waist. The tone abutment of the bridge. A ladder was lowered and the woman wag anded safely.

Snakes in Germany. In spite of the fact that the German Government is offering high prices for the killing of venomous serpents, their number seems to be growing every year. In the district of Koslin alone there were killed last year 41,000 comnon vipers, for which the Government paid 10,000 marks as premium.

All Right Then. Love in a cottage is all right if you have potatoes in the cellar .- Philadel-

LOVE'S BLINDNESS. He loved thosair
She Streathed, and where
She walked Twas sacred ground;
He foved the aly because he knev
She gazed upok it. Through
The busy days h; went around
With leve for all the world, because
The world was where she was.

He held a letter in his hand,
A dainty note from her;
Within his breast love's flance was fanned,
He seemed to hear the whir.
Of heavenly wing
Joy welled up from a thousand springs—
And where he thought her tongue had
wet

wet
The stamp he placed
His lins, and seems to taste
The sweetness yet.

A little while before, he sat beside her desk and wrote

A mos.

The note,

The note,

And when her task was o'er

She gave the missive to her homely maid—

Alack aday!—

To stamp and seal, and laid

Her pen away.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

FUN OF THE DAY.

"Is Friday really an unlucky day?" "That depends largely on what you do that day." Chicago Post,

Mrs. frotter-"I don't know what's he matter-with these slippers." Hez Husband - "Perhaps they're large

enough?'-Puck. "Captain, why are the Chinese called 'Celestials?" "Because, mum, the less ye see of 'em the better ye like 'em."-

Chicago Tribune. Madge-"He stole a kiss from me." Mabel-"Well, that was only petit lar cenv." Madge -- "It wasn't -- it was

grand."-Town and Country. . "Yes, Miss Gotrox employs a man to do nothing but bathe her terrier twice a day." "Indeed?" He's a sort of skyescraper, ch?"-Baltimore News Fair Debutante-"And was my deportment correct?' Skilled Dowager "Yes, my dear. But we will soon train that out of you."-Brooklyn Life.

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his mates, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into voque
We'll all have to sit on the air."
—St. Nicholas.

Wigg-"So you and your wife have buried your differences, ch?' Tigg-'Yes; the funeral of her mother took place two weeks ago."-Kansas City Journal.

Scribbler? It was to have come out a month ago," "I know, but it didn't fit the pictures that the illustrators write a good part of it."-Judge.

Crawford-"I suppose his fame has made him happy." Crabshaw-"Not quite. Ever since ne became famous he has been worrying himself tryin; o originate a deathbed epigram to deliver as his last words,"-Puck.

There never was a looking glass In country or in city
That ever could convince a lass
That she was aught but pretty.
—Philadelphia Record.

"Give me another chance, Miss linkie!" fervently implored the young man. "I think you ought to take half dozen of them, Mr. Primrose," pouted the pretty girl in the booth. "It's for the organ fund, you know."-Chleago Tribune.

"There is one thing I can't understand," said the patient-looking woman, and that is why a man who has been sitting with the growd all the afternoon at a baseball game will come home and say that the noise of the children makes him nervous." - Washington Star.

Indians' Fatal Curiosity.

When the overhead trolley system was installed in Mexico City the native Indians, apart from their wonderment as to what unseen force propelled the cars, were anxious to test the new power. They began by trying to stop the car with their hands, and later with their heads and bodies, until the list of casualties became great.

Then a brilliant idea struck them. They had often been to bull fights, and at certain of these had watched an peculiar opening ceremony which originated in Mexico, and later was introduced into Spain. Before the bull s set loose in the arena a man clothed in white from head to foot poses as a statue in the centre of the ring. His face and hair are whitened, and he stands without a movement or a flutter of clothing or anything that would tend to show that he is alive.

When the bull is released he first suiffs the air and makes a mad rush for the pedestal. Getting quite close, he stops and snorts, gazing at the figure. Seeing no movement he gradually retires back in amazement. attention is then attracted by others. and the man escapes

The Indians decided to try this on he cars. Dressing themselves in white and putting flour on their face and hair they would stand motionless in the middle of the car tracks facing the coming monster.

There were many ambulance calls before they learned the difference tween a buil and a trolley car .- New York Mail and Express.

Afraid She Wanted to Plint. It was a hot day, and when the girl got on the "L" train at South Ferry she was about ready to drop. She tried to open one window and couldn't Then she tried another and failed again. There wasn't another person in the car. She sat down mournfully and decided to wait for a conductor. Of course he was not forthcoming-conductors never are when they're wanted -so she decided to ask the first man who came into her car to help.

She had not long to wait, for soon one of the lords of creation entered. "I beg your pardon," said she. "But lo you know if this window opens or not?"

He looked at her with the air of end who would say: "My goodness! Who 's this young person who dares to so address an unprotected man?"
"No, I don't," answered he, and then

settled back in his seat. The girl flushed scarlet, looked, and then, as the humor of it dawned upon her, she began to laugh.-New York Press.

A Centenerian Navy Man. In the Naval Home in Philadelphia William Mackabee will celebrate his 100th birthday next September. is the oldest living veteran of American Navy. Born in Baltimore in 1893, he joined the frigate Constitution is an apprentice in 1817. He served continuously in the Navy until old age sent him to the Naval Home.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

looked

though she then she set didn't low but jar Mary ann bad and accidentally f It in the july. But round to me I could ong with it. I've alod that it was a trying oung wife to be passed husband's relatives, but magine it was anything