

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

A Stone-Age man came back to life
To view the world again.
He thought he saw a centipede
And found it was a train.
He found a mighty monster which
Was snoring in a dell;
Its driver gently swore at it
And pumped it up as well.
He took it for a mastodon,
Too fat to travel far;
Instead of that it was a toy
They called a motor car.
He found a bloody battle-field
Between two hunting packs;
They said it was a football match—
He offered them his ax.
He saw some doctors in a ward
Conducting a P. M.;
He fancied it might be a feast
And wished to join with them.
He went into a lecture room
And looked upon a shelf;
He thought he saw a skeleton
And found it was himself.
While in a still suburban street
He heard a German band;
He said that they were dangerous
And killed them out of hand.
He went into a smart "at home,"
Where dames in conclave sit;
But that was more than he could stand;
He perished in a fit.
—London Outlook.

THE PONSONBYS' DISENCHANTMENT

By Kate Jordan.

MISS TERRY winked nervously through her eyeglasses. "Is this the result of a mood, Hope? Is it a very young woman's hyperbole? Or, is it true? Think before you answer." Hope's eyes drooped in a weary way. "You have been like a mother to me, Dora. You, more than all the world, have known just how happy we were at first. Is it likely I should say this to you if it were not so? I no longer love Max. But I can't tell him. In spite of our differences, he still loves me. The truth would kill him. Oh, tell me what to do, Dora, and I'll obey you!" Miss Terry looked around her studio as if her maulstick or palette or the Maltese cat before the fire of asbestos logs could give her inspiration, and then announced: "Things are getting green now. Go up to the Manor and stay with your Aunt Mary until I pay you a visit. Plead indisposition, mask your feelings to Max—but go today." Three days later, at five o'clock, Miss Terry was arranging her tea things attractively. Just as the clock struck the hour she heard a footstep. "It does one good to shake hands with you," said Max, entering. "You grasp one's paw as a man would. You're a brick, Dora." "Other people would see here just a plump, motherly old maid, who, having no affairs of her own to interest her, is always poking her nose into other people's. How are you getting on without Hope?" and Miss Terry, while appearing to cut currant bread very thin, gave him an x-ray glance. "It's astonishing," said Max, leaning back among the pillows and stirring his tea, "how easily the bachelor habit returns." He looked provokingly handsome and contented. "It's like skating or shorthand or the bicycle, for they say that once these are mastered you can't forget them. Now, I think that the bachelor habit is not outgrown nor forgotten. Marriage simply keeps it in abeyance. Between you and me," he continued, after a short, reflective laugh, "our place has been no end jolly since—well, really, since Hope bolted so impulsively. I've had Bobby Gunne and 'Crab' Dodge staying with me—we call him 'Crab' because of his funny walk, you know. We just lie about all over the place, smoke everywhere, and had a ripping good game of poker last night. 'Crab' burned a hole in the card table, and you know how tenderly Hope treats all that confounded mahogany; I suppose she'll be furious when she sees it." "Maybe," cooed Miss Terry, thinking many things. "Women do fuss—don't they?" asked Max, with a touch of superior impatience. "So little puts them out. They get moods and nerves. Oh, if women could be born without nerves, how pleasant life might be!" "Which means—what?" "Oh, nothing. I'm rather pessimistic about some things to-day, that's all." "But it means something more, Max. Does it mean that Hope fusses, has moods and nerves? Does it mean, my dear boy, that her absence is a relief to you?" and Miss Terry's hand on his was sympathetic, her glance heart-searching. "What's the use of talking about these things?" asked Max. "You quite misunderstand me," he said, a little coldly. "No, I don't. You have the look of a man who says within himself, 'What's done can't be undone.' But that's a mistake. Most things can be undone in these days. Even a crooked nose is not irremediable. It can be made pure Grecian now—for a consideration." "But hearts," ventured Max; "can they be mended?" "Bless you, they're being mended every day, all about us." "And mistakes?" "Can be rectified. Come, out with it—I'm like your mother—what's troubling you?"

Max shook his head and looked away. "Then I'll assume a Yankee privilege and do a little guessing. You no longer love Hope. Don't try to hide it. Tell me the truth, and let's face the situation." "How—did—you know?" asked Max, in a stupefied way. "Ah," he added, desperately; "what am I to do? The situation is hopeless." "Nothing of the sort," said Miss Terry, with vigor. "What if you have ceased to love your wife? You have still your life to live and she has hers. They must be lived apart, that's all. Tell Hope the truth." "Tell her?" gasped Max, and added, with sorrow, "Oh, no, I couldn't hurt her so. She loves me. I couldn't be such a brute." "Oh, don't be so considerate, Max. You are not the only one who has been dreaming and is now awake. Hope does not love you. That's why she went away, by my advice." Max left soon after this bombshell, his eyes a little thoughtful and awestruck, and Miss Terry looked hard at herself in the mirror. "Was I wise?" she asked. "Yes. His self-sufficiency was awful. Now for the next move." This meant sending a letter to Hope which ended with these words: "So you need not hesitate longer in telling him the truth. He will be glad to hear it. How good it is that neither of you will suffer, since both are so absolutely indifferent." For two weeks there was silence on the part of the Ponsonbys. When Miss Terry could stand the suspense no longer she took the train to Fordham, and in the lemon-colored twilight glitter entered the Manor garden. She had not gone far along the twisting path before her name was called, and, turning, she saw Hope leaning on the rim of a large fountain. "But was it Hope? The white cloak, made like a monk's robe, could not hide her fragility, and in the eerie light her face was worn, her eyes spiritual and sad. "Why haven't you written?" reproached Miss Terry, as they sat near the fountain. "I could not. Besides, there seemed nothing to say." "You've been ill." "Not exactly—but nothing interests me. I don't sleep at all, and hate to eat. Life's such a bother, isn't it?" "Tell me about Max. Have you come to an understanding?" Hope's face was hidden by the big hood. There was a pause. "We have written—We are—soon—soon to part." "Well, that's all right. As long as you understand each other and neither would have it different," said Miss Terry, cheerily, "why, you'll both rejoice in your independence again. Won't you?" Silence. "If only all matrimonial mistakes could be so easily remedied—" she began, but was stopped by Hope rising and frantically pushing back her hood. "I can't listen—I can't! It's false. I do—do love him. I was mistaken. My heart is breaking. He'll be glad—he has said so—he made no mistake—but I—oh, if I could die and end it all!" and she sank at Miss Terry's knees, sobbing passionately. Miss Terry was not so surprised as might have been expected. "If you could but see him, perhaps—" "See him?" and Hope, her face proud and stony through her tears, stood up. "I'll never see him again. He'll go his indifferent way thinking me just as indifferent, and if you betray me, even by a hint, Dora, our friendship is at an end. Max and I are parted forever. I would not move a hair's breadth to win him back." There was no sleep for Miss Terry that night. At 11 o'clock she was making tea, determined to read and reflect till dawn. Toward midnight she laid down "Pere Goriot" and leaned forward in the East Indian chair, listening intently. It seemed as if some one had knocked faintly on the door. She went brusquely over and flung it open. Max was outside, his overcoat hanging open and showing his evening clothes; his eyes haggard, his hair damp with night dews. "You'll think me mad," he said, as she grasped his hand and pulled him vigorously in. "I saw your light in the window—I'd been walking in the park—" "But it's misting—and that cough is the result." She looked concerned, but could have struck her plump hands together for joy. Besides the illness and misery in his face she saw what she longed to see—aching, hopeless human love! "I couldn't help coming. Give me some of your cheerful philosophy, Dora. Teach me how not to care. Some people manage it. Hope has," he groaned. "But my dear Max, if you don't love Hope—" "But I do love her," he said, with a savage despair; "I love her in every fiber of my being. I am wretched without her. I was wrong when I said what I did to you. Oh, what a blind fool I was! When I think of Hope's lovely face, her dear little ways—but it's all over—those dear, dear days. We had some quarrels—were sometimes bored—and I thought—" he leaned his spent face on his hands. "Oh, Dora!" he said, in anguish, and added: "I'm going into the army—may get to the Philippines. If only a stray bullet—" Miss Terry touched him on the shoulder and her eyes were grave and pitiful. "Listen to me, Max, and never for-

get what I say to you now. Love has tides like the sea. You mistook the first ebb for the total receding of the waters, and now the flow is rushing over your heart. You'll never make that mistake again?" "My wisdom comes too late." "Perhaps not." "You mean—" and he seized Miss Terry by her plump shoulders. "There's just one chance. Was it only the ebb of love with Hope? We'll see," and she scribbled the following: Max is ill. I'm making him stay in my rooms. You might regret it later if you did not see him, as an evidence of humanity. "If you could only manage a temperature," she said to Max, but when she touched his burning hand she gave a frightened cry, rushed for a clinical thermometer, which she forced into his mouth, then added to the note: Come at once. I am sending for doctor and nurse. He is burning with fever. During the next week Max really passed to within greeting distance of pneumonia, but Hope's face bending over him with the old look in the eyes did more to turn the scales in his favor than even the doctor's skill. One day in the beginning of convalescence Miss Terry, entering the studio unheard, was brought to a standstill by these low words from the other room: "Put your arm a little further under my head, dearest." "Are you quite, quite happy now?" "Ah, Hope! Listen, dear. Do you remember the verse I said to you on the train the day we were married? That tells all: "Thou art my own, my darling, and my wife. And when we pass into another life Still thou art mine. All this which now Is but the childhood of Eternity; And thou and I, through trials and through tears, The joys and sorrows of our earthly years, Are growing up into a single soul, God's workmanship—a clear, completed whole Made out of twain. Our love is but begun. Forever and forever we are one." "I forgot to get that tube of rose madder," thought Miss Terry, and retreated unheard to the hall, where she stood with her hand on the knob, radiantly smiling.—Town Topics.

True Generosity.

A charming story of the late queen of England vouched for by Mr. A. F. Story, is told in the "Childhood of Queen Victoria." It is so consistent with the queen's known kindness of heart that it speaks for its own truth. The Princess Victoria had set her heart on buying a doll she had seen in a shop window; but her mother, the duchess of Kent, would not let her buy it until her next allowance of pocket-money was due. At last the day came, and the princess hurried to the shop, paid over the six bright shillings, and got the long-coveted doll. On coming out of the shop with her treasure in her arms, the princess encountered a wretchedly miserable tramp, who plucked up courage enough to ask for help. The princess hesitated a moment; then, realizing that she no longer had any money left for the man, she returned to the shopkeeper and gave him back the doll. He gave her the six shillings, promising also to keep the doll for her for a few days. Then the little lady hurried out of the shop and thrust the whole of the money into the hands of the beggar.

Wit of Horne Tooke.

It is said that Horne Tooke, who excelled in that duel-like controversy exhibited by two disputants when pitted against each other with only the breadth of a mahogany board between them, was exceedingly quick and sharp at retort. When he made his most deadly thrusts, says the Saturday Evening Post, it was with a smiling countenance, and without seeming effort of emotion. Replying to a man who contended that only land owners should be allowed to vote at elections, he said: "Pray tell me how many acres does it take to make a viscount?" When asked by George III. whether he ever played cards, he replied: "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave." What can be more uniquely comic than his saying to his brother: "You and I, my dear brother, have inverted the laws of nature; you have risen in the world by your gravity, and I have fallen by my levity?"

An Analysis.

A short time since "Cub," one of the negro characters of Columbus, Miss., was standing at the artesian well in the middle of Main street, catching a bucket of water, when a big, black, pompous-looking negro preacher walked up, and, being a stranger in the town, asked: "Bruder, kin yo' tell me if dis am good water?" "Cub" answered very proudly, standing straight with his head thrown back, "Good water? Well, I reckon, nigger, dis am good water." Doan you know dat? Fur ain't hit bin scandalized by all de freenologist uv de state uv Mississippi, an' foun' to persist uv three parts; two parts uv ox-hide-ungas, an' de udder part uv hidefoby; en wat dis her well bo'ed befo' de war! Say, nigger, whar's yo' frum, anyhow?"—New York Times.

On the Plains.

Sagebrush Sam—That tenderfoot says he's a ridin'-school graduate. Cactus Cal—Mebbe he is; but jest wait till he tackles that bronc an' you'll see him git a post-graduate course.—Judge.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Notes of the Modes for Female Followers of the Latest in Dress.

Plaid silk petticoats are much in favor, reports the Brooklyn Eagle. Panne cloth is enjoying an unprecedented amount of fashionable favor. Wool lace dyed to match is extensively used for trimming wool gowns. For children the fashionable furs are white fox, ermine and chinchilla. Another of gray zibeline is strapped with panne and fastened with pendants and tassels of black silk braid. A less expensive type of automobile coat is of russet brown and black leather, box shape and lined with fur. Any sum may be expended for long fur coats for wear on automobile trips. One of mink with sable collar and cuffs costs \$3,200. In white taffeta is a beautiful petticoat with coffee-tinted lace insertion and Van Dyke points of the same lace over chiffon frills. A new set of furs in baby lamb consists of a long flat stole with big Frenchy muff lined with ermine and trimmed with mink tails. Black pearls and Renaissance scroll work figure in all the beautiful embroideries which are an essential part of the dress of to-day. Incrustations of Irish guipure and bands of mink fur lend an effective touch to a costume of white panne just completed for a debutante. One of the prettiest of the new white wash waists is fashioned of heavy canvas cheviot, with embroidery in conventional patterns in pastel shades. A lovely coat for a little girl is of cloth in a deep shade of cream and yoke and collar appliqued with velvet and chenille in pastel shades. The buttons are of pearl and gold. On the kimono order is another graceful and pretty negligee of delicate blue china silk, showing insertions of ecru lace and finished with deep collar of white liberty silk. A fleece-lined mercerized cotton shirt waist in which the color tone is a charming blending of green and blue is trimmed with big green buttons of enamel and silver deposit.

LESSON FOR TRAVELERS.

Notable Instance of the Inexorable Enforcement of Uncle Sam's Customs Laws.

Smuggling is a crime much more serious in the eyes of the government officials than in those of many persons that cross the Atlantic every summer or so. How serious it was is illustrated in New York, when a United States district court judge ordered the jury to find a verdict for the government against wealthy Mrs. Dulles, charged with bringing a pearl necklace into this port surreptitiously, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette. The result of the judge's order is that Mrs. Dulles lost her necklace, which cost 65,000 francs in Paris, and is valued in this country at \$28,000. The defendant wore the necklace ashore from the steamer under a shirt waist, and did not declare it until she was asked about it by a customs officer. Then she brought it forth and denied that she intended to smuggle. Her husband, who, obviously, is a rich man, was indignant that there should be any doubt thrown upon his wife's or his own integrity, and fought the case vigorously in court. The judge believed it was a clear case, however, and did not even leave it to the discretion of the jury, but ordered them to decide against the defendant, which means that the United States takes the necklace as punishment of the attempt to evade the payment of duty. On jewelry the duty is very high—60 per cent. ad valorem. The temptation to bring it into the country without paying the import charges to the revenue department is very great, therefore, and unless passengers' consciences are exceedingly tender, the customs authorities believe they have strong reason to be suspicious of nearly everybody. It is probable that this Dulles decision will be appealed to another court, but if the case is as clear as the judge to-day considered it was, there is little if any hope of any relief for the day. The loss of a \$28,000 article is something to make would-be smugglers hesitate, and there is a strong hope in the custom house that this case will have a deterrent effect on other Atlantic voyagers who might try to save money at the expense of Uncle Sam.

New England Indian Pudding.

Blend a half tumbler of fresh cornmeal in milk. Put a quart of milk on the stove and when it boils add the blended meal and stir constantly until it is smoothly scalded. Add half a cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, half a teaspoon of cinnamon, quarter of a teaspoon of cloves, half a nutmeg grated, a quarter of a pound of finely chopped suet, two eggs thoroughly beaten, raisins and currants to taste. If it seems thick, add milk. Bake until done, something more than an hour.—Good Housekeeping.

Spiced Grapes.

Pulp the fruit, putting the skins aside. Boil the pulp and put through a colander to separate from the seeds. Add the skins to the strained pulp, and also sugar, vinegar and spices as follows: To every seven pounds of fruit add four and a half pounds sugar and one pint of good vinegar. Spice highly with ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Boil till about the consistency of marmalade.—N. Y. Post.

Thanked by Thousands


Hundreds of Grateful Letters Daily tell how the Free trial of Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief to Invalid-Drifting People.

OAKLAND, CAL.—"I got your trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills and thank you very much for them. I think they are worth their weight in gold. I gave them to my son and they helped him so much that I bought two boxes. They have done him more good than the doctors could do. They said he had Bright's Disease and could not get well. His urine was green and his back nearly killed him. Now he is nearly well. I have five other sons whom I have advised to write you, as I would like to convince them of the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills."—Mrs. LAMBERT, 702 East 17th Street, Oakland, Cal.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—"I take pleasure in congratulating you on your Doan's Kidney Pills. I received and used the sample and then purchased a box of C. L. Chesak & Co., Ltd. I must say I have been cured of dizziness by them, and have not had the slightest sign of this so-called vertigo since the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. I will recommend them to a great many others whom I know suffering from dizziness and kidney complaint. It is true, since using the pills, every one I meet remarks about how well I look. Thanking you for your free trial box."—Geo. J. JENNINGS, care of Preston & Stauffer, New Orleans, La.

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THE THEATER TALKER.

An Intolerable Nuisance Quickly and Quietly Suppressed by a Little Wit.

They had been reading a Rolfe annotated edition of the play, and there was nothing in "Julius Caesar" that they were not perfectly familiar with. Before the performance was half through there was nothing that they knew which everybody within half a dozen rows did not hear about; for among the three of them—a man and two women—there were such capacities for superfluous conversation as are met with nowhere except in a sheeter, says the New York Mail and Express.

In tones that alternately hissed and brayed and rasped till spinal columns all around them ached they told one another that Antony was much better done than Brutus, that Portia would come on in a minute in the garden scene; that Caesar was supposed to be a gruff old Roman; that Caesar actually did have fits—think of it! that it was a pity (this in a whisper) that shivered far down the aisle and splattered at least a score of vertebrae) Roman ladies didn't wear corsets. So on, ad nauseam. At last the ghost and the distraught Brutus met and there was a thrilled silence in all the crowded house save in row Q, where a strident voice complained: "I can't hear a word the ghost says. Why doesn't he speak louder?" A man behind the querulous disturber, quite beside himself with rage, leaned forward and said in tones as courteously sweet as the sting of a honey bee: "Perhaps the ghost is a gentleman, and does not like to annoy people." Which, of course, was very rude, though it did fill many hearts with an unholy joy.

Insurance Has Its Humor.

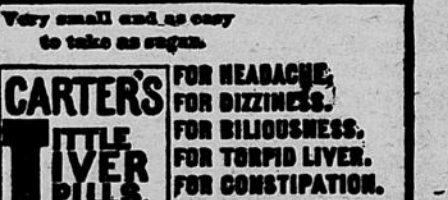
An enterprising insurance agent induced an Irishman to take out an accident policy for his wife. A few days later, while conversing with a friend in his office, he was startled to see the Irishman rush in, brandishing fiercely a stout cane. "Ye rascal!" he yelled, springing toward the agent, "ye wanter cheat me!" Fortunately the enraged man was disarmed and held fast by the agent's friend, who was a powerfully built man. The Irishman, struggling to get free, shouted: "Let me git at the spalpeen. Think ov it, chargin' me foive dollars fer an accident ticket fer me ole woman, an' she jest broke her leg a-fallin' down stairs. Wot's the good of the ticket, anyhow?"—N. Y. Times.

What wretched shifts are they obliged to make use of who would support the appearance of a fortune they have not.—Fielding.

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