## THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

Second Finder Was Wiser and Kept "It for its Much Worried Owner.

At a big hotel not over half a mile from Times square, which may be further identified by the fact that some of the employes can afford to wear diamonds, a good-sized brilliant went begging for a time Friday morning. It was lost by its owner, found, thrown away, and then found again. The night manager owns a ring that has three diamonds in it. The

middle one was said to have cost him \$200. Some time Thursday night it dropped out of its setting.

After things had got quiet, the man who cleans up the second floor saw something glittering on the carpet in one of the public rooms on thesecond floor. He picked it up and took it to the night controller.

"Aw, that's nothing but a bit of glass," appraised the controller, who doesn't wear diamonds.

"But it looks like something," said the cleaner.

"Rats! You're bughouse if you think that's worth anything. Throw it away."

As the cleaner didn't have any other place handy, he threw the thing in a corner.

When daylight came the rays of the sun came in and fell on the diamond just as a housemaid was tidying up the room. She saw it and picked it up. The cleaner had not yet gone home, and she showed it to him.

"Nothing but glass. That's the second time I've seen that thing," he assured her. "Who told you it was glass?" she

asked. "The controller."

"Huh! he knows nothing about jewelry. I'm going to keep it," and she put it into her pocket.

The night manager came to the hotel Friday night out of breath. He had not discovered his loss until ha awoke in the afternoon. He immediately began an investigation, and finally it led him to the cleaner. "Yes, I picked up something like

what you say," he said. "What did you do with it?"

<sup>™</sup>"I threw it away." The manager said some things, to which the cleaner retorted that the controller had been positive the thing was nothing but glass.

The manager said some more things. Then the cleaner remembered that the housemaid had picked up the thing again.

"What did she do with it?" "I told her to throw it away."

The manager thought of a few things he had left unsaid, but looked up the housemaid. No, she had not thrown it away. She looked up the working skirt she had worn the night before and there the gem still lay in the pocket .- New York Times.

> Charm of Memory. The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remeteness.

The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings. lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places, houses, rooms, until every detail lives again: We can turn from one thing to another and, as we look at each, lo, it is there! It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes, it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of this quality. They do not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour. Certain places have it; cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it: firelight and silence, and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it; the luminous pause between sundown and dusk. afternoon with its slant of light through deep grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land "wherein it

Barometer. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concern a captain in a South American war.

seemed always afternoon." In that

land these magic moments were pro-

longed, and thus it became the land of

reminiscence.—Atlantic Monthly.

"This captain," so General Sickles tells the tale, "was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty whenever there was a big battle in

"After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, be became notorious; and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newsboys talking about him-

"'Juan,' said the first boy, 'we'd better order an extra supply of papers. There's going to be some tall fighting tomorrow.

''How do you know that?' Pepe, the 🕾 second boy asked. "'Captain Blane,' was the reply, 'is sick again."

The Biter Bit.

A certain critic, renowned for his bitter tongue, found that on occasion even artists will turn. The occasion was a reception at which the artist was exhibiting his latest work. "I should like to have your opinion

er replied, shortly. "O. I know that," pursued the artist, "but it would really interest me very much indeed."—Berlin Illustrated Times.

of my picture," he said to the critic.

"It's absolutely worthless," the oth-

### NEEDED THAT OTHER ROOT

Patients of Dentists Will Appreciate Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kansas City.

In Kansas City there dwells a man whose boast is that he has "the nerva," and at least one dental surgeon will support him in his claim.

The man with "the nerve" suffered from the pangs of an aching molar and at last sought out his friend the dentist and announced that the tooth must come out. The man with the forceps made a hasty examination and suggested that a filling would relieve the agony, but to no avail.

"That tooth must be pulled," said the "nerve man," "but I want to warn you right now, Doc, that you won't get it the first yank. I have had seven teeth drawn and no dentist lives who can pull one of my teeth the first trial.'

The dentist prides himself with the numerous compliments paid him for dexterity in extraction and "the nerve" man's words were a challenge. "I'll get that tooth the very first time I pull it."

"Bet you the drinks you don't," was the patient's retort.

"Done." said the doctor. The professional man motioned his patron to the operating chair and selected the proper forceps. The cold steel clamped firmly on the tooth, and with a slightly rocking motion the dentist began to pull. The tooth held firm and it looked as if the dentist's reputation as an extractor must suffer. At last, just as little beads of sweat were forming on the operator's brow, he smiled and in another second the three-pronged cause of the trouble lay on the swinging bracket by the dental chair.

No word or sign had been given by the sufferer, who then raised from the chair, grasped the removed tooth in his fingers and gazed at its three roots in contemplation.

There was a tone of real sadness in his voice as he regretfully said: "If that thing had only had another root. I'd have won the drinks."--Kap sas City Journal.

### WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Casey Unwilling to Take the Word of His Rival When it Would End Hostilities.

It had come to blows at last. After many threats and sundry fist-shakings, not to mention odd brick-ends which were thrown Casev and Riley determined to "have it out," so they adjourned to a neighboring field, followed by an enthusiastic, admiring crowd

Before they commenced their display it was agreed mutually that who ever wanted to quit should say "Enough," and with that they started After a few minutes Casey got Riley

mercifully, when Riley shricked out several times. "Enough!" As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him

down, and was hammering him un

get un? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?"

"I do," said Casey, "but he's such ? liar you can't believe him."—Londo Tit-Bits.

Worried High Official. Custody of the great seal is one of the most important duties undertaken by the British lord chancellor in return for his \$50,000 a year. This responsibility gave Lord Brougham an unhappy time during his tenure of the chancellorship. When staying with the duke of Bedford, in Scotland, some of the women in the house amused themselves by abstracting the seal from Brougham's room. The chancellor was so frantic when he discovered the loss that his tormentors promised to restore it on conditions. So they blindfolded him, hid the seal in the drawing room, and told him to find it, guiding him in his search by a tune on the piano, which grew louder when he drew near it and softer when he drew away. After an hour's scrambling the seal was found in a tea caddy.

Judicial Spelling. A probate judge in western Kansas wrote to the judge of the juvenile court in Kansas City asking for information as to how the court should be conducted. He spelled it "juvanil" first, then "invenil," and finally "iuvanile:" three trys, and a clean miss in all three. Charles Blakesley of Kansas City recalls that there was, once a probate judge in his town who spelled it "probat jug" and a constable who used to spell his own title "cuncible." The celebrated Judge Noggle of Wisconsin, and a good judge he was, too, once told a prisoner at his bar that he, the court, knew the man to be a fraud as certainly as if he saw the letters F-R-O-A-D stamped on his forehead.—New York Mail.

Protection During Foge. Two brothers named Hodgkinson have invented an apparatus which acting as "cars" for a ship will afford a protection now lacking in time of fog. Tests in the Mersey at Liverpool appear to substantiate the claims made for this invention, that it will definitely determine the direction of sounds. The invention consists of a drum nine fast long by five feet in diameter set up aleft so as to miss sounds on deck, but to receive other sound waves on a "receiver" divided into units for catch direction. An electrical appliance connected with a lamp shows by a small light the direction whence the sound may be

### MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

Kmerican Adventurers Who Have Gut Wealthy Through Shady Deals in South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prise. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his eye and put it on the counter.

But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they dry them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daft, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artists \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint off that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibili-

This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor. Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), who has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer. Savage studied the applicant keen-

ly.
"So you want to play the part of "What makes Stub?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?" "I'm just that sort of a type." said Wheat, swelling up his chest and trying to look real brave.

"Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?" "I am," said Wheat.

"You don't look like an actor," said the colonel. --"I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough to

have to be one." That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know. What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them-yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will eith er brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither.

Here are the words: Opuscule, tobacconing, noddy, node, futtock, galimatias, fadie, duvet, dziggetail, dwale, periotic, predicant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, becket, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, aoudad, incondite, inly, kelp, jorum, rundlet, rupertrine, caddis, fissle, calcar, flinder, hopple, horary, thorp, usitative, woof, arcolith, gaum.

All of them in the diction. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme. The Countess Szechenyi, nee Gladys Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of American women at a luncheon. She ended her praise with an epigram both striking and true. "The women of all nationalities," she said. "can make their own clothes, but only the American woman can make them so

that nobody ever suspects it." English Getting Fond of Cheese. Cheese is coming more and more in favor for lunches in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported

pheese that cost \$84,746,000.

## NGT QUITE THE SAME

WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Unkind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

"I got an invitation the other day," said Abe Peters, "to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in the little old town where I used to live. It sort of brought back old memories. I recollect a commencement exercise that I attended in that town when I was in the gosling age. I should say about sixteen or seventeen. There were several girls that were doing the graduating act, but there was one in particular that I thought was altogether the nicest thing in the way of girl that ever wore dress goods.

"She read an essay on the subject, 'Beyond are Alps Lies Italy.' She was really in dead earnest about it, too, having practiced on that essay for three weeks before the commencement night, and she had it down fine. Maybe she didn't write all of it. Maybe she didn't really compose much of it, but she had practiced on it till she believed it. She told that crowd how everybody had Alps to climb and how they could scale the snowy heights by effort and perseverance, and how, beyond lay the fruitful valleys of the Italy of success. Oh, she was a peach, all right. I felt at that time that without her life to me wouldn't be worth living. But somehow or other the dreams of my youth didn't come true.

"I wandered off west and she married a country doctor. I didn't see her for more than twenty years. Then I happened to be back at the old town and concluded I would look up the girl who climbed the Alps that night in the long ago. Well, I found her. She would weigh, I should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and had a double chin. Her waist line was, I should say, more than forty inches. She was gray headed and a grandmother, and so short-winded that he couldn't have climbed an Alp that was over ten feet. We sat there and talked and lied to each other. I told her how young she looked and how she hadn't changed a bit and that I would have known her anywhere, and she, like a dear good soul, lied back to me and told me that I looked almost as young as I did that night of the commencement. Both of us knew that we were lying to each other, but it was the only thing to do.

"I met another of the girls who sat on the stage that night and read an essay on some subject or other. I don't remember just what it was. had grown thin instead of fat She was wrinkled and had lost a tooth or two, and had developed a hairy mole on her chin, and she seemed me to cackle when she talked. I have always been kind of sorry that I went back and hunted up those girls."-Topeka Capital.

Japan's New Art. While Japan has been forming her soldiers after the German model, her navy after English and American models, her inventors are following Edison, her bacteriologists are students at the Pasteur institute at Paris, and her painters have modified their art after French and Italian masters. In sculpture she has been ridiculously inefficient, but she is not blind to that fact. The other day the Japanese minister at Paris presented to the illustrious sculptor, Rodin, a young artist who in a carton carried photographs of his own work. These strongly resembled the sculptures of Rodin, who exclaimed that they were so well done that he himself would not be ashamed to sign them. Rodin then learned that many young artists in Japan were influenced by his work. This gave the sculptor so much pleasure that he promised to send a number of his drawings and sculptures to an exposition at Tokyo.

Distinction Without Difference.

Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons.

"Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker.

"One evening at ten o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to lurch arm-in-arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They sigzagged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and

gorgeous tulips. "Who's that?" one passerby asked another.

" 'That's Gobsa Golde and his chauf four,' the other answered.

'What's the matter with them?' "'Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been drinking again." -- Detroit Free Press.

Perplexed Parent.

"Did you ever try to be a kind husband and an indulgent parent?" asked the man whose hair is thin in front. "Why, sir," replied the hearty individual, "that should require no ef-

"No effort! Well I want to tell you that in my case it's a superhuman undertaking. My wife wants to smoke cigarettes, my daughter wants to marry a nobleman whose title has lapsed and my son wants me to buy him

## EVER NEED FOR HAPPINESS

Therefore is the Gustodian of Delight 80 Welcome on His Rare Appearances.

But, to the custodian of delight, to him who can make us forget our age and our weight and our business, to him who-disentangling us from our offices and our marketing, our servant problem and our suburban time tables -can take us with him on the pagan and the lyric flight of charm, to the creature who comes before us withsimply!-happiness in his hands, we can only cry out, "Give it to us!"

That is what we mean by all this uproar. "Give it to us." We need it so badly. The dryness in our hearts is just as thirsty as if we were all beautiful and young. That fugitive and aerial thing, scattering light and mystery, perfume and freshness, that passes and yet haunts us in a tune, we desire it as keenly as ever some Mercutio did or Columbine, and for a little minute we are quickened with it now! Pour into us all that ranture, all that swiftness, all that glad and winged passion; that instinct for the liberty, the impulses, the motion of life, the color and wildness and sweetness of life, and, before all. that deep, deep agreement, that harmony with life itself! Do not give it to us once, as the other and remoter artists do, give it again and again and again; give it as if you could never be empty and never be weary; fashion it for us, here and now, out of your body and spirit; bring it up from the strength of your heart; weave with the last, last pulse of your vitality the spell that frees us, and—pouring your soul into ours-make us live!-Virginia Tracy in Scribner's Magazine.

### LITTLE DIFFERENCE IN THEM

"Old Codger" Notes the Various Points of Resemblance That Mark the Small Towns.

"How much alike the country villages look as you pass through them on the train," ruminated the Old Codger. "And in their daily life they are as similar as they seem to the passing stranger. Each has its vitriolic town row and its superabundance of real estate agents. There is in every one of them the local Big Toad, bloated and pompous in his small puddle, who would never even cause a ripple in the great ocean of the outside world. And there is the huge and jolly wife with the little dried-up irascible hornet of a husband, the society leader with a following of three and a shape like a pouter pigeon, the flashy grass widow, the shabby lawyer who would be a wonder of the world if he didn't drink, the good natured handy man who can do everything and never does anything.—Kansas City Star.

Reportorial Errors. An amusing error was perpetrated by the reporter who made Lord Carnarvon say that "In these days clergymen are expected to have the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor." What he had said was of course a "Jeremy Taylor." Another reporter referred to John Bright as "the gamecock," instead of "the Gamaliel of Birmingham." And yet another transcribed his notes of Mr. Chamberlain's remark, "They bring up their puny popguns and shatter me with abuse" as "They bring out their penny popguns and spatter me with "The people of Edinburgh were once highly indignant that Professor Blackie should have referred to the "greasy" atmosphere of their town when he had really commended its "breezy atmosphere."

Breathe Through the Nose. Breathing through the nose is important, not only for the purpose of filtering the air by removing dust and germs, but in cold weather for the purpose of moistening and warming the air before it enters the deeper air passages. The total surface of the nasal cavity has been estimated to be on an average of about 15 square inches. The mouth surface has an area of less than 11 square inches, or only thout twothirds that of the nose. It has been noted that runners who breathe through the nose have much greater endurance than those who breathe through the mouth.

"Doing the Trick."

Kean played Brutus to his son's Titus in "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin." As may be imagined, the benefit was a bumper. There was over \$1,500 in the house. Kean, invigorated and strengthened by his holiday, played magnificently; Charles supported him extremely well, and Kean's delivery on his scn's neck of the lines, "Pity thy wretched father," stirred the audience to their very depths. There was not a dry eye in the house, the applause was frantic, and Kean whispered to his son, "We are doing the trick, Charles!" -From Armstrong's Century of Actors.

Education.

Accustom a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within.

Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a

# THE NEWS FROM HOM!

DOES ANY MAN QUILIVE TO PLEASURE IT GIVES HIM?

Homely Message Makes an Appa to the Most imaginative of Us, Though We May Have Wandered Far.

No matter how highly cultivated your taste in literature may be nor how exalted the position in life to which you have attained, the letter from home, with its bits of "news" written by mother, makes an appeal to you that no other written or printed words can make. No matter how beautiful or splendid your city environment may be, your mother's wish is your own when she writes:

"I have been frying doughnuts this morning and I wish that you were here to get some of them.

"We butchered yesterday, but did not kill the six or seven big hogs we used to kill when you children were all at home. We killed only one yesterday and he weighed 298 pounds dressed. We sent some of the spareribs around to the neighbors.

"I made up my mincement for Thanksgiving last week, and hope you will be here to get one of my turnovers that you used to like so well. Somehow, my mincemeat does not seem to taste so good as usual, but maybe it will be all right when it has stood a little while.

"Lucina Green, one of your first sweethearts, has a new pair of twin boys. With eight already, and her husband poor as Job's turkey, some think they didn't really need the

twins. "Your father got his barrel of cider home from the mill yesterday. He thinks it the best he has ever had. It seems uncommon clear and sweet. We wish you were here to get some of it.

"Cy Slimm, who used to go to school with you, has parted from his wife. They call it that one is about as much to blame as the other. They never did hit it off very well from the start. Cy's wife's sister is also getting a divorce, so it runs in the family. It is no way to do.

"Bud Tansy, who is just three days and four hours older than you, fell from the loft of his barn the other day and broke two of his right ribs. They say that his language was awful, and there is some talk of having him brought before the church for some things he said. The Tansys always

was noted for their profane swearing. "Clem Long has a fine new buggy and a high-stepping little nag to go with it. All the girls are disposed to be good friends with Clem now. 'He took Susie Beane out for a ride Sunday afternoon and her mother is passing it out that Susie can keep on riding permanent in the buggy if she wants to, but we all know Hannab Beane.

"The spotted calf you admired sc much the last time you was at home is now quite a cow and I think of you every time I look at her. She gives more milk than any other young cow we ever had and she is going to be s fine butter maker. A man with one of these snapshot photograph things come along the other day and took a picture of her and your father which I will send you, although your father has on only his everyday clothes. All well with us and hope these few lines will find you the same."--Judge.

Senses of Plants.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster, and coral, etc. which possess no localized visual or gan, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants Cultivate a plant in a room with s window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that extended posed to the light. There remains however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light, of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down one upon the other by means of s central hinge.—Harper's Weekly.

Children Natural Born Liars.

In a sermon on the vigilance of par ents, at the Cathelic Church of the Assumption in Cranberry street, Rev William J. Donaldson, the rector, said among other things that parents were too prone too believe that their children could tell only the truth, and were incapable of telling a falsehood He said that as a matter of fact that most little children were natural born

"Please don't believe," he told the many parents of his congregation, "al of the tales of ill treatment your little folks bring home from school. Doubt less each one of you think that your own particular youngster is a marvel or innocence, a little George Washington whose statements must be true, and straightway you shower criticism or very hard working, patient teachers who try to correct him. I deplore the tendency of parents to give credence to all a child may say, when as a matter of fact, little children are natural born liars."---Brooklyn Eagle.

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