

WEIGH THEIR HATS.

A Fad of Fussy Men Who Are Cranks in the Matter of Headwear.
 In the back part of a Broadway hatter's store there is a pair of scales that are used only in the case of particular demands by particular customers. As a general thing you don't look for scales in a hatter's, and the proprietor explained his reason for having them in this way:
 "You will often find very fussy men when it comes to buying a hat. With them the weight of headgear is of prime importance. An ounce more or less gives them the fidgets when they have made a rule of life to wear only such and such weights on their heads. So I keep the scales to convince them. It is well that I do. It has settled many an argument with a grinch and sold me many a hat.
 "You may call them queer for wanting the exact weight they call for or within and not over that weight; but, come to think it over, they are not any queerer than the men who rush in here at the beginning of summer demanding summer headgear because they simply can't endure their heavy winter hats any longer.
 "Well, they buy a straw and go away perfectly satisfied they are prepared for summer heat. And the hat they buy? Why, by actual weight on these very scales it often weighs two to four ounces more than the winter hat they have been wearing. One of our good customers has regularly shifted from a twelve ounce winter slouch to a fifteen ounce summer straw and has been happy in the change."
 It is a fact, however, that thousands of men know the truth of what the Broadway hatter says, but still buy heavy straws.—New York Sun.

FOREIGN DEVILS.

The Answer a Chinese Official Gave a British Consul.
 In his book "Home Life in China" Isaac Taylor Headland gives an account of the Chinese superstitions regarding the foreigner, one of which has resulted in their calling him Kuei-tzu, or "devil." A very amusing story, says he, is told of a red haired, red whiskered, blue eyed British consul at Canton who was, as are most of the British officials, of an investigative disposition and was anxious to know why it was that the Chinese call us of the west "foreign devils." Now be it understood that the Chinese idea of a demon is that he is a red haired, red bearded, blue eyed being who quails at nothing that comes in his way. One day when a Chinese official was calling on the consul the latter asked him:
 "Why is it that the Chinese call us devils?"
 The official at first hesitated, but, being pressed, he finally said, "I do not care to tell you."
 "But I should like to know as a great favor if you would tell me. I am very anxious to know."
 "I cannot tell you," said the official.
 "Why not?" asked the consul.
 "Because you would be angry if I told you."
 "By no means. I would not be so unreasonable as to ask you a question and then be offended because you answered it. On the other hand, I should be greatly obliged to you."
 Being thus pressed until he was unable to refuse, the official finally eyed the consul from head to foot and said slowly and reluctantly, "Well, it is because you look like devils."
 This natural superstition of the people was taken hold of by the Boxers in 1900 and circulated still more widely by all kinds of placards, both in prose and verse. I have one before me in verse, a part of which, translated, read as follows:
 The devils are not human beings like you.
 If you doubt what I say
 You may see any day
 That the eyes of the devils in color are blue.
Mother Love.
 "Mother machree," he said, "tis worn and torn your heart is for love of us all."
 "Jerome avick," I said to that, "tis worn and torn the hearts of mothers were before me and will be again. God help their children if they're not."
 —From "Mother Machree," by James R. Connolly, in Scribner's.
Height of Annoyance.
 "I'm mad at my wife. To anger her I shall flirt with some other woman."
 "If you want to make her absolutely furious ask some other woman to sew on a button for you."—Kansas City Journal.

A BATTLE OF THE WINDS.

When Boreas and Notus Rage at Each Other on the Bosphorus.
 By a strange phenomenon, if the south wind prevails the superficial current of the Bosphorus is reversed, though the inferior current continues its accustomed course. Then the waters on the surface are piled tumultuously back upon one another, and the quays, which are several feet above the ordinary Bosphorus level, are flooded and perhaps made impassable. At such times caiques and smaller boats do not dare to venture upon the tempestuous surface.
 Sometimes a strong wind blows northward from the Marmora, and another wind as strong blows with equal violence southward from the Black sea. Then, as one gazes from some central point like Roumel Hissar, he beholds ships under full sail majestically approaching each other from both directions till at last they are only two or three miles apart. Between them lies a belt of moveless sea, into which they are forced and on which they drift helplessly about and perhaps crash into each other's sides.
 This is a duel royal between Boreas and Notus and may continue for hours. Gradually the zone of calm is forced north or south. At last one wind withdraws like a defeated champion from the arena. The ships which it has brought thus far drop their anchors and wait or else hire one of the numerous steam tugs which are paddling expectantly about. The ships which have come with the victorious wind triumphantly resume their course, and meanwhile their sailors mock and jeer their fellow mariners whose breeze has failed them.—From "Constantinople," by Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor.
Clothes in Colonial Days.
 When Salem was settled the Massachusetts Bay company furnished clothes for all the men who immigrated and settled in that town. Every man had four pairs of shoes, four pairs of stockings, a pair of Norwich garters, four shirts, two suits of doublets, a pair of hose of leather lined with oiled skin, a wooden suit lined with leather, four bands, two handkerchiefs, a green cotton waistcoat, a leather belt, a woolen cap, a black hat, two red knit caps, two pairs of gloves, a cloak lined with cotton and an extra pair of breeches.
Wills in Argentina.
 In Argentina the laws provide that a father must leave his children four-fifths of his fortune, and a husband, if he has no children, has to leave half of his property to his wife. An unmarried son is compelled to leave his parents two-thirds of his property, and only unmarried persons without parents or descendants can make wills disposing of their possessions as they see fit.

THE CRUEL LOVE TEST

By MIRIAM LEE SANBORN.

"I don't like your suggestion one bit," said Winnie dubiously, but Myrtle was persistent in her plan. "It might be the making of Elwyn to try him out," and then circumstances aided the precious project, the heedless Myrtle not reckoning the manner in which it might affect the emotion of a really worthy young man.
 For such Elwyn Moss was, in manner and thought. Winnie had awakened a new soul in the reckless young fellow, who had checked the "sowing of wild oats" under the influence of her helpful, sympathizing gentleness. Twice during the next few days Elwyn sought and found an opportunity to get Winnie alone, ready to tell her his love. On both occasions, however, she managed to flit away before the avowed materialized. This discouraged him. He felt repelled and hurt. In the meantime, Ned Parsons was a good deal in Winnie's company. Myrtle, harmless but scheming, managed it so that when Elwyn left the village it was with the conviction that Winnie Thomas had taken up seriously with Ned, and that she regarded herself only as a friend.
 More than this, an old chum informed Elwyn that he had it on pretty good authority that Winnie and Ned had become engaged.
 A few days after Elwyn went back to work in the city he wrote in his diary: "Any true man who has been under the sweet influence of the companionship of such a girl as Winnie, has an ideal to cherish, a guardian angel, the memory of whom will never leave him. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."
 If he suffered disappointment, heart-break, he kept it to himself. He felt strong in his ability to fight loneliness and keep to the right course. Then a new element entered his life. Ned, too, came to work in the city.
 Elwyn recalled the evident evasion of Winnie to give him an opportunity to tell her of his love. Their parting had been simply that of friends. She had given him no encouragement. Now in his daily tasks and evening leisure fate seemed to throw him in the way of Ned.
 The latter was "enjoying life to the full," as he termed it. Little did his friends at home imagine the drift his follies were leading him into. Elwyn saw and deplored.
 For the sake of the one he might wed, Elwyn felt he must do all he could to win this reckless young man from the path of waywardness. He became his constant adviser. He was, in fact, his guardian.
 Once at a great sacrifice of time and money he got Ned out of a serious gambling scrape, exposure of which would have lost him his position.
 At another time he took blame upon his own shoulders in behalf of Ned. It led to his losing a month's salary and an advance in business promotion. Day after day, however, Elwyn watched, encouraged, reformed the object of his solicitude.
 Reward came. It was with a thrill of gladness that Elwyn realized that he had not labored in vain, when Ned said to him one day, grasping his hand fervently, tears in her eyes:
 "You have saved me, old boy. It all came over me what a true, self-sacrificing friend you have been. I felt it my duty to straighten out with the house here their misconception regarding mistakes I made and not you. I have written the folks home. I am through with all the old folly and I owe it all to you. Then there is the dear little girl even the folks don't know about—Flora Day. She'll bless you for your good work, and you'll have to be the best man."
 "Flora Day!" repeated Elwyn in bewilderment.
 "Why, yes, we have been secretly engaged for six months."
 Glad! He was suddenly roused to emotions that swayed his soul in an indefinite whirl. Ned read some hidden mystery under his strange manner. He got the truth out of him.
 "Thought I was favored by Winnie?" he laughed. "Why, man, I'm a hopeless scapegrace in her estimation! I see it all—oh, you noble, noble fellow! For Winnie's sake you tried to make a better man of me, so I would be worthy of her!"
 Winnie cried like a child when Myrtle read to her a letter written by her brother. She reproached herself, she declared she was unworthy of the brave hearted man whom she had put to a cruel, crucial test.
 "I shall never dare to face him again," she sobbed. "Oh, Myrtle, it was wicked!"
 "It was grand!" cried Myrtle. "Tell your mother all about it, while I tell mine of her boy, the new brother and son we are going to have after this—and all through Elwyn Moss!"
 When Elwyn got off the train at his home town a week later, it was Myrtle who met him at the depot. She told him the whole story.
 There was somebody waiting for him, she said, and Elwyn knew who it was.
 "Forgive!" was the first fluttering word that greeted him from Winnie's lips.
 "I have blessed you when I thought your heart had turned away from me," said Elwyn. How much more, now that I know you are all my own!"
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