

# THE EYES OF LOVE

By HAROLD CARTER.

The blind man's dog led him to his accustomed corner, and the blind man's cane, which had been tapping along the sidewalk, was laid down upon the flagstones. The blind man took his seat, crossed his legs, and began to display the tray of trifles that he sold.

"Oh, what a nice dog!" exclaimed a young girl's voice. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" There was confusion in the tones, for she had discovered that the dog's owner was blind. The next minute the blind man felt a coin slipped into his hand.

"Thank you, Miss," he murmured, and then, by its milled edge, he knew that it was a dime.

Though the blind man had no eyes to see with, he knew that the girl's hand had patted the dog's head and that the animal was looking gratefully after its friend as she tripped up the street. The blind man was no faker, as many "blind" men are. He had lost his sight in an accident when he was quite an old man, and, having no other manner of earning a livelihood, he liked to sit at the street corner and "feel" the people passing by.

The next afternoon two people stopped in front of the blind man and again the coin with the milled edge was slipped into his hand. And once again the blind man's dog felt the girl's caress.

"When we are married we must have a dog like that," whispered the girl's voice. Only the blind man could have detected it, but blind men's ears are sharp and this man knew everything that was happening within a radius of many yards. He knew, for instance, that that moment of silence meant a kiss—it was a secluded corner—and he knew that the little



They Never Came.

movement which followed meant that the girl was putting her hat on straight afterward.

The blind man and his dog looked for their friends for many days afterward, but they never came. Somehow the blind man fancied that something was wrong. He spoke to his dog.

"Jim," he said, "can you take me to the nice girl lives—the girl who gave us a dime?"

Jim cocked his ears, but this was a little too hard for him, and so he gave it up. But late that afternoon a young man stopped in front of the blind man.

"Do you remember a young lady who gave you a dime the other afternoon?" he asked, and the blind man nodded.

"Give her this," whispered the young man, and the blind man felt a note slipped into his hand, together with another dime. The blind man hid the note away under his shoe-strings.

Next afternoon he felt Jim pulling upon his leash and unfastened it. Jim bounded away, and a minute later he was back, uttering short, joyous barks. The young lady stood before the blind man.

"Your dog acted so strangely," she said in confusion, "that I almost fancied you wanted some help today." She held out a dime, and the blind man took it because, when you are blind, you cannot be proud any longer.

"He left you this," whispered the blind man, and gave her the note. The girl took it and slipped it into her muff. Then the blind man was left alone and the dog was straining upon his leash.

Half an hour later the girl was back. "Give him this," she whispered, and the blind man felt a note slipped into his hand. He hid it under the shoe-strings and waited.

"Have you anything for me?" asked a man's voice next morning. The blind man's hand slipped into the tray and felt for the note. It was not there. He had a strange experience that day. A woman who wanted—really wanted—shoe-strings had stopped and bought a dozen pairs. The blind man must have given her the little, three-cornered note among the goods. The blind man hung his head. He dared not speak, and the young man passed mournfully into the distance.

The next moment the blind man had set down his tray and was running after the young man. Tap, tap, tap, he came on the sidewalk, and Jim leaped at his side, guiding him deftly between the passengers. The

blind man thought he was nearing the object of his pursuit and redoubled his speed. Jim tried to pull him away, but the blind man was frantic with fear that the romance would be ended by his absurd mistake. He slipped on the curb, raised himself, and then went down beneath the heels of a pair of carriage horses.

The traffic stopped and the coachman got down and lifted up the blind man.

"Drive to the nearest hospital, Jones," cried a lady inside. "Put him in the carriage—never mind my dress, Quick!"

The wheels revolved, the horses raced along, and the blind man's dog leaped at the side of the vehicle, moaning dismally. But the blind man lay unconscious inside the carriage.

"There is no hope," said the surgeons. "It is useless to operate. We must just take him into the ward."

All that afternoon the blind man lay on his bed and the woman sat beside him. And later in the day there came a rustle of skirts down the ward. All day the nurses had walked to and fro, but the blind man had not stirred. But now he moved and opened his eyes and smiled. It was almost as though his soul knew whose that presence was.

"Dorothy!" exclaimed the woman of the carriage.

"Mamma, I had to come. I read in the afternoon papers that it was our blind man who had been hurt."

"Our blind man?" echoed her mother in surprise, and just then both saw that the blind man's eyes were open. The blind man's hands twitched at his clothing, and then the fingers closed on something which the surgeons had not seen.

They had hurried the blind man into bed, just as he was, for it would have been useless torture to have attempted to change the soiled clothing that clung to the crushed body. And inside the blind man's shirt, where it had somehow slipped, was a little three-cornered note.

The blind man's fingers closed contentedly upon the trophy. He would give it to him when he got well. He must not let the girl know now. He was afraid. Somehow he guessed that there had been a quarrel, or that the young people were not allowed to meet, and he meant to make it right when he got back. He—

A man was coming down the ward. The step was not a doctor's step, but that of a healthy person who treads lightly in a room of suffering, not knowing how nervous this makes a patient, especially when he is blind. The blind man knew that step.

"Charles!"

"Mrs. Easton!"

"Come here," said the woman of the carriage, and would have drawn the young man away. Then, the blind man knew, he would depart forever. But with the intuition of the dying—and he realized that this strange weakness meant—the blind man saw the solution of the problem. He called, till they gathered round him. Then he felt for the young man's hands and for the girl's, and joined them.

"Promise me," said the blind man to the mother. And she, having taken his life, could not refuse his dying wish.

"Forgive me, Charles," she said. "I thought it was best for Dorothy. But you can take her now. I can't refuse—but what does it mean?"

The blind man knew what it meant. It meant that he could direct that little three-cornered note at which his fingers strained and tore under the bedclothes.

"My dog!" whispered the blind man. "You—you—"

"We'll take care of him, for your sake," whispered Dorothy.

The blind man did not speak any more. He knew that it would be only a little while before he would see again.

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## Dead Language Deciphered.

To discover a language—or, rather, to learn to read a language long forgotten—is the achievement of a young Frenchman, M. R. Gauthiot. All we have known of Sogdiana and its people is that Herodotus mentioned them, and that an Iranian text says that grasshoppers were the scourge of the country and that a Sogdian portrait appeared on the tomb of Darius Hyaspes.

In the deserts of Chinese Turkestan the sands have buried a vast civilization that was forgotten for centuries. The dry sand preserved intact numbers of manuscripts in an unknown language written in unknown characters. These M. R. Gauthiot has managed to decipher by the fortunate finding of fragments that had notes in other known languages. It is expected that now we may learn something of Sogdiana and the civilization that lies beneath the sands.

## New Way to Settle Dust.

As a general rule, the roads in and around French towns are tarred at the commencement of the summer in order to abate the dust nuisance. It has, however, been found that tar, although excellent in the case of macadamized roads, is of little or no value where car lines and paved street crossings intersect the roads in every direction, as tarring cannot be carried out on stones.

The authorities, basing their action on the well-known hygienical properties of common salt, have made a test of its value in laying the dust. Twenty yards of roadway have been sprinkled liberally with salt and then watered freely. If the results are satisfactory, salt will be used throughout the town of Havre, it being possible to tar the majority of the streets, as they are paved with rough stone blocks.

## NOT THE SHOCK EXPECTED

Seemingly, Debutante Would Have Been Willing If It Had Been Otherwise.

After the Spanish melon, while awaiting the cold consommé, a young Japanese diplomat took the fan from the white hand of a debutante, and opened it—from the right to left delicately.

"You noticed how I opened it?" he said. "From right to left?"

"Yes," she returned indifferently. "But everybody opens fans from right to left."

"And do you know why? No? Then I'll tell you—I'll warn you—so that you yourself may never, by any chance, open a fan from left to right."

He slipped his amber-colored chablis and resumed:

"Fans originated in Japan, and from time immemorial the Japanese fan-makers, whose morality is not like western morality, have constructed fans in such a manner that, opened from right to left, they reveal innocent and lovely things—flowers and temples and tea gardens—while, opened from left to right, they reveal scenes of an indecency and obscenity passing belief.

"Of course, all Japanese fans are not of a double entendre such as this, but many are, and hence Japan has taught the world to open its fans in only one way—the safe way."

The young lady opened her fan, very cautiously, the unsafe way. Then she said:

"Pshaw, my fan is all right."

And then gave a little disappointed shrug of her white shoulders.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## DIDN'T APPEAL TO SENATOR

Western Statesman Had Wrong Impression as to Recipient of Proposed Wedding Present.

Soon after the convening of a new session of congress the announcement was made of the approaching marriage of Anson G. McCook, who was then secretary of the senate. A subscription was immediately started among the senators for the purchase of a wedding present. Two or three prominent senators volunteered to collect the money. Senator X, one of the richest men in the senate at that time, was one of these.

Seeing a new western senator who had not yet been approached on the subject, Senator X went to him and said:

"Senator Slocum, I want you to give me \$25."

"What for?" demanded the new member.

"For McCook's wedding present," explained Senator X.

"I'll see you about it tomorrow," answered Slocum, with a scowl.

"All right," said Senator X, as he walked away, "but don't forget it." Senator Slocum watched him until he was out of hearing, and then, turning to his colleague remarked, with warmth:

"Well, I've heard of cheeky things in my life, but that man beats all! What do you think? He just asked me to give him \$25 to buy a wedding present for his cook!"

## Novel Way of Advertising.

The advertising manager of a leading French business firm has evolved an ingenious plan for evading the prohibitive taxes imposed by the law of July 12, 1912, on unsightly billboards disfiguring the countryside. For the long, ugly advertisement boards flanking the railway, which formerly were a blot on the garden city of Paris and its suburbs, a Jevy firm has now substituted a large bed of flowers in a field adjoining the Orleans line, the design representing a yellow cow, which is the trademark of the article in which the firm trades. Thereby it not only circumvents the law, but also provides a more effective advertisement than that offered by the former billboards. The plan has proved so satisfactory, that it is expected that railways in the neighborhood of large French towns will be beautified by similar floral parterres, designed to advertise articles of commerce.

## Too Innocent for Pa.

The young man who thought he knew how to manage old men told the girl whose father he had just interviewed on a matrimonial topic that he believed everything would be all right.

"We took to one another at once," he said. "He even went so far as to borrow \$10 from me. Surely, he can't refuse to let you marry me after that."

"Don't be too sure," she said. "You don't know pa."

The next day he found that he did not, indeed, know pa.

"You made a mess of it with that \$10," the girl told him. "Pa says that you are too easy, and that I had better look for somebody more worldly minded."

## Truly Horrible.

"Oh, Henry," she said when she had thrown off her wraps and flung herself into a chair, "I'm so mortified."

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I met Mrs. Biggles at the reception, this afternoon, and she seemed so nice that I stood there before the crowd for half an hour and talked to her. When we were leaving her chauffeur drove up in an old four-cylinder car and after she had taken her seat in it she called out right before everybody that she would expect me to call on her soon."

# The ONLOOKER

## HENRY HOWLAND

### Bout the Same



Things hev changed a mighty lot since our granddads went to spunk. Hadn't no electric lights in them days to spoil the dark;

Had to do things all by hand, couldn't talk by telephone;

Wan't no oil trust in the land makin' everything its own;

Strikes was never heard of then, Huerta hadn't rise to fame;

Things hev changed a lot, but still human nature's 'bout the same.

Wan't no whizzin' trolley cars that were killin' people then;

Hadn't any chauffeur chaps runnin' down their fellow men;

Folks had never heard of trust, but my Most men tried their best to git other people's things away;

Every little while the folks lost at some sly sharper's game;

Things hev changed a lot, but still human nature's 'bout the same.

Wan't no elevators then, people had to walk upstairs;

Wan't nobody gittin' rich buyin' up and sellin' shares;

Everyone was tryin' though, to be grander than the rest;

Or, at least, to make a show so they'd think he was; they dressed

And they lived so folks would think they had more than they could claim;

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By Its Other Name.

"What an eloquent man Senator Buncombe is!" said the lady who was having her first experience in the visitors' gallery.

"Yes," replied the senator's long-whiskered constituent from Squashopolis, "that's what he is. Down home we used to tell about him bein' one of the gabblest chaps that ever stood up on two feet, but it ain't right to say them kind of things about a man that's got as high up as Cy Buncombe is."

In the Visitor's Gallery.

"Who's that standing over there?" asked the lady who was attending the opening of congress.

"That is a celebrated English humorist who has come over here to write up the proceedings."

"What a funny looking little man he is."

"Yes. Sort of a standing joke, isn't he?"

Another Outrage.

"What's the matter?" asked the beautiful singer's husband.

"This is awful!" she wailed, crumpling the newspaper and tossing it spitefully away. "Here is a critic who describes my performance in plain English that anybody can understand—and after all my years of patient training and study, too!"

Just a Guess.

"I saw you out walking with your wife yesterday."

"I didn't know you knew my wife."

"I don't."

"Then what makes you think it was she that you saw me with?"

"You didn't appear to be saying anything to her."

News to Him.

"Why are professors always so absent-minded?" she asked.

"I don't know," said the dean of the faculty, as he wiped his brow with a bunch of keys and tried to unlock the desk with his handkerchief; "in fact, I never knew that they were."

The New Firm.

Where Doubt & Wait had failed and where the ruins of their enterprise were scattered round in sory heaps, offensive to the public's eyes.

The firm of Hope & Try set up.

And hung their sign above the door; There stands a fine establishment, Where failure's ruins were before.

Her Preference.

"Your daughter seems to play con amore," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Yes. That's Josiah's favorite piece, but I like 'Hawath's' better."

A Just Conclusion.

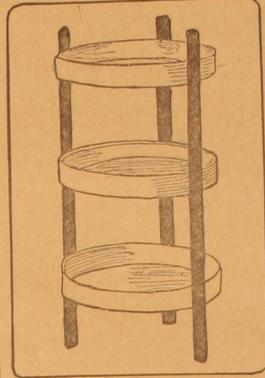
"What would you think if a duke should ask you to marry him?"

"I'd think pa had been doing some tall lying to us about what he's worth."

## CONVENIENT STAND FOR CAKE

May Be Put Together at Nominal Cost, Though It Is Expensive to Purchase.

For afternoon or informal tea, a stand is most essential, and though they are expensive articles to buy, they can easily be made at home at a very nominal cost. Very few materials will be required, just three bamboo sticks of equal length or three round-like sticks of white wood, and three round Japanese trays of equal



size. Instead of the trays, three wooden round box lids would do. They must be the same size. Japanese trays can be bought so cheaply, and they are so prettily got up that no further decoration is necessary, but if box lids are used, they will require to be stained or polished; this latter is an excellent method of decorating if the worker happens to possess a polisher machine. Otherwise, the lids can easily be stained any color desired, and afterwards varnished with white hard spirit varnish. To make the stand, three rods about 30 inches in length are needed, bore holes in these with a hot skewer, four inches from the top, five inches from the bottom, and another exactly half way between the two; the holes must go right through, and must be exactly in the same position on each rod, or the stand will not be level.

Make three holes in each tray in the same way so that they will exactly correspond with the holes in the rods. The trays are then fastened to the rods with strong copper wire. If this is done neatly it will hardly show; if it does, it may be concealed by roses of ribbon. A stand of this kind is most useful and strong; it is excellent for use for tea out of doors, when one might hesitate in taking out an expensive stand; in fact, would be found a most useful addition to any household, and the amount of decoration spent upon it will, of course, depend upon where it is to be used, and the coloring of it upon the color scheme of its surroundings.

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# THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Eau de cologne will remove candle grease.

Use the ironing fire for preparing stocks for soups or baking puddings. A charming nursery screen can be covered with the prints that the small child loves best.

To take machine oil out of white materials dip the spot into cold water while it is fresh.

Never allow a cooking utensil to stand and dry before washing. Put cold water in it immediately.

To make an excellent dressing for linoleum take equal parts of linseed oil and vinegar and mix thoroughly together.

Ice and ice cream will freeze more quickly if a dipper of water is poured over the ice and salt just before the turning process begins.

Savories. As a dainty to serve with salads try crisp crackers. Split common crackers and spread lightly with butter, then bake in oven until a delicate brown.

Stale bread is always useful for bread sticks and croutons to serve with soup. Cut into slices half inch thick. For the croutons cut into cubes, and for the bread sticks cut three inch lengths. Spread before cutting with butter and toast to a golden brown.

A delicious sour cream dressing for fruit salad is made with a cupful of rich sour cream into which a half cup of melted butter is stirred gradually. This blended with a variety of cut fruit, such as pineapple, bananas and oranges, is most appetizing spread on crackers as a luncheon dish.

Expansion of Our Farming. Great Economic Question Is to