

THE VIOLET.

Oh, some may sing of the roses red,
And some of the lilies pale,
Others may sing of the daffodil,
And some of the wild flower frail;
But I will sing of the violet,
The tender violet,
The fragrant violet,
That grows in the dewy vale.

The red, red rose has many a thorn;
The lily is cold as snow,
The daffodil has no sweet perfume,
And the wild flower's blooms soon go.
But the dearest flower is the violet,
The sun-bathed violet,
The star-kissed violet,
That shines when the mosses grow.

All hail the flower we love the best,
The first in the spring we greet;
It modestly smiles wherever we go,
Close down by our hurrying feet,
The sweetest flower is the violet—
The purple violet,
The gold-eyed violet—
Demure and pure and sweet.

MONEY AND MICROBES

MR. SILAS B. WOKES, the celebrated Chicago millionaire, thrust his hands into his pockets and planted his feet firmly on the hearthrug. His back was to the fire, and his face displayed obstinacy.

"I tell you, Elsie, I won't have it!" he snapped. "You know my move, and I don't reckon on being checkmated by a slip of a girl!"

"But, dad, dear—"

"Ta-ta! I don't like venerated caresses. I know I ain't very dear to you just now, because you can't have your own way. Now, don't cry!" he added, with the air of a man who was forcing himself to be bearish. "Crocodile tears are as bad as—as the other thing. You're my only daughter, Elsie—my trump card, d'ye see? So I guess I'm going to play that card for all it's worth—and that's a title in the family, by my calculation. A baronet's easy, even



"I'LL CUT YOU OFF WITHOUT A PENNY!"

chances on a lord, and it ain't 10 to 1 against an earl—a real, live, belted earl, Elsie. What d'ye think I brought you to England for? To marry that pale-faced wisk of a sawbones?"

"I should think, dad," Elsie said, with her eyes flashing through her tears, "that as I'm your only daughter, your 'move' might have been to make me happy!"

"Happy? And why shouldn't you be happy?"

"Do you think a girl can be h-happy," she sobbed, "if she can't marry the only man she can ever love?"

"Love?" he roared. "Do you dare to say you love that lemme-look-at-your-tongue puppy?"

"He isn't a puppy! He's clever—everybody says so—and I do love him! So there, dad!"

Mr. Wokes swallowed his rising wrath.

"Very well," he said at length. "You've had your say, Elsie, and now I'll have mine. I reckon you can choose your own husband, so long as he's got a handle to his name. I can't say fairer than that. But if you marry pestle-and-mortar I'll disown you—I'll cut you off without a penny! In this matter, one and for all, I'm going to have my way!"

The following day Dr. Henry Bennett made a formal call and asked the American for the hand of Elsie.

"I love your daughter, Mr. Wokes," he said simply, "and my income is sufficient to allow of our living in comfort, though not in luxury."

"Now, look here, my lad," said the American with his hands in his pockets and his back to the fire again. "I talked this over with Elsie yesterday, and I tell you plainly I'm sorry, but it's quite impossible. I reckon I've other views concerning her."

"Right views, sir, I presume?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Wokes laconically.

The young doctor's face flushed a little.

"If that is your final decision, sir," he said, evidently endeavoring to stifle some sudden emotion which had seized him, "I suppose I must bow to it."

The American grunted. He could not help liking the straightforward young fellow.

"Of course," said the younger man, with a stifled smile, "I should not think of marrying Elsie without your consent; but if you—that is, I—I mean if ever you should give your consent, sir, I suppose you will never again withdraw it?"

"If ever I consent," said the millionaire, grimly, "I—well, I promise you I won't withdraw it."

The conversation of the two men dropped into ordinary topics. After a while Dr. Bennett arose, and, holding out his hand, said:

"You will excuse me, I hope, Mr.

Wokes, if I mention a matter about which I am exceedingly curious?"

"Well?" was the suspicious interrogation.

"As you perhaps know, a medical man who is ambitious to make a name in the profession nowadays must study deeply and almost exclusively some important special feature of pathology. The special feature I have singled out for myself is the study of those families of bacteria which, it is now known, are the causes of various painful and—er—unsightly diseases of the skin."

The millionaire's face puckered a little, but he made no remark.

"It," resumed the young man, with an effort to summon the necessary amount of cheek, "you would not consider me too impudent in—er—mentioning the matter, I should like to—that is, it would be a—I mean, sir, I should like to—er—study your case."

"Study my what, sir?" roared the millionaire, with a face the color of beetroot.

"Those disfigurements upon your countenance," said the young doctor, softly, "are caused by microscopic living organisms called bacteria. I can kill them."

The millionaire smiled queerly.

"You're cute!" he grinned. "If you can kill them—that is, if you can give me a clean complexion—I'll give you a 100-guinea fee—two, if you like—but I won't give Elsie!"

Dr. Bennett smiled good-humoredly.

"I haven't said Elsie was to be the fee," he said.

"No; and you'd better not! That gun won't carry lead, my lad!"

"Will you call at my rooms to-morrow at 4?" said the bacteriologist, musingly.

"Yes, I'll come," said the millionaire.

Punctually at 4 on the following day Silas B. Wokes was ushered into the private room of Dr. Harry Bennett. The budding scientist was reading and smoking furiously at the same time—a characteristic of medical students. Over the table hung an intensely powerful electric light, around which were movable screens of different vivid colors.

He arose with extended hand as the American approached.

Proceeding to a cabinet in a darkened corner of the room, the doctor unlocked it with great care. Inside were a host of small vials, gelatine tubes and watch glasses containing drops of fluid, all labeled and arranged with much method and care.

Selecting one of the small bottles, he read the label carefully, then drew part of the contents into a hypodermic syringe.

"One slight injection in the center of each cheek will do for to-day, Mr. Wokes."

The American submitted with an ill-grace to the operation. Afterward, when the doctor went to replace the vial and syringe in the cabinet, he, excited by curiosity, arose and followed him.

"Funny little wild beast show in there, doctor?"

"Well," said the young bacteriologist, "some are, perhaps, funny. Those little bottles on the left, for instance, each contain a family of the parasites which color the noses of certain monkeys a delightful red."

"Ha, ha! You're joking?"

"Not at all, I assure you. Some, though, are not so funny. You see that tiny piece of gelatine to the right? If you mistook it for sticking plaster, and placed it upon a wounded finger, you would most probably be a leper in a month."

"Great Scott!" gasped the American, retreating hastily. "You might make a mistake!"

The doctor smiled curiously.

"Our methodical training does not allow us to do that, Mr. Wokes. And, now, good day. Will you call on me again in a fortnight?"

"Good gracious, dad!" exclaimed Elsie, at breakfast one morning, about a week after the American's visit to Dr. Bennett, "what's that blue spot on your cheek? And I do believe—well, I never—if there isn't one on the other side, too!"

He stirred his coffee viciously, and took up the morning paper.

"What is it, dad?" Elsie asked anxiously. "Is anything the matter?"

"It's nothing, my girl," her father said, in a somewhat gentler tone, for her evident anxiety touched him. "It'll be all right in a day or so, I guess."

But it was not. At the end of a fortnight the spots on his face were as large as half crowns. His health was perfect, but those patches—shiny, unerasable, and intensely blue—kept him a prisoner in his own house.

One morning as Dr. Bennett sat in the luxury of an after-breakfast smoke, the American was announced, and entered in a state of considerable agitation. The young specialist eyed him keenly.

"I see you've come, Mr. Wokes," he murmured.

"Come?" roared the patient. "Come? Yes; I've come! What devil's game have you played on me, you—"

"Sit down," interrupted the doctor, calmly, lighting a cigarette with an air of utmost nonchalance. "I have now a paper in my desk, prepared for presentation at the next meeting of the Royal Society, dealing with my discoveries, and especially with certain methods which I have perfected for destroying bacteria with properly directed and various colored rays."

The millionaire neither moved nor spoke. The doctor flicked the ash from his cigarette and stared into the bright fire meditatively.

"When you came to me," he resumed, after a pause of some length, "I injected into you a cultivation of a species of microbe whose colonies cause the harm-

less blue patches on the skins of certain tribes of monkeys. I am the only man on earth who knows how to destroy them.

With the whoop of a wounded savage the American leaped to his feet.

"Listen to me, Mr. Wokes," said Dr. Bennett sternly. "A fortnight ago I asked for the hand of your daughter Elsie. You refused, knowing well that we love each other. I would have married her without your consent, for I never wanted a half-penny of your dirty money; but Elsie is a dutiful daughter and would sacrifice her happiness and mine to a mistaken sense of duty to you. You, for the sake of gratifying a vulgar ambition, would accept the poor girl's sacrifice and ruin her happiness forever, to say nothing of mine.

"My love for her is greater than any other passion or ambition of mine. I have no desire for success in my calling, no wish even to continue living without her. What I have done, if you choose to give your secret to the public, will most certainly blight my career; but for that I don't care a fig.

"In a secret drawer of my writing desk is the paper dealing with the combination of colors and focus of the light rays which alone can destroy the living organisms which thrive upon your countenance. If you insist upon spoiling Elsie's life and mine, by heaven I'll spoil yours, and send you from middle age to the grave a blue-faced baboon! I can kill the organism in six hours if I desire.

"Hear me out!" he continued hastily, as the American made a movement. "I know well enough that men of your type look upon love as mere nonsense. You think that human affection should be second to human vanity. You are wrong. I love Elsie and can make her happy. If you do not consent to our marriage I vow to heaven that paper shall be burned to-night!"

A DISAPPEARING RIVER.

Stream in Utah Flows Into Enormous Hole in the Ground.

F. H. Hitchcock, of Washington, one of the subchiefs of the Department of Agriculture, lately returned from a 17,000-mile trip down the Atlantic coast, into Mexico up the Pacific coast, and finally home across the northern part of the United States.

He was one of a party from the department on an investigating tour. They discovered many remarkable things, he says, but the most astonishing was a river which disappears midway in its course during the summer season.

The river is known as the Dry Fork, in northwestern Utah, a tributary to Ashley Creek. So far as is known, his party was the first to have reported the existence of the stream.

About fourteen miles from its source in the Uinta Mountains the stream reaches a large basin or sink, whose walls are from seventy-five to 100 feet high. The pool is apparently bottomless and the water in it revolves with a slow, circular motion, caused either by the incoming flood or by suction from below. The only visible outlet to this pool is a narrow rock channel, from which a little water flows, but which is soon lost to sight a few hundred yards below.

A measurement of the main stream just above the pool showed a volume of ninety-six cubic feet of water passing each second, but this entire flood disappears in the basin. The stream bed for miles below is perfectly dry.

About seven miles below this interesting pool are several springs, sometimes empty, sometimes full. It is thought that the water which disappears in the upper pool flows underground deep below in the gravels which form the bed of the stream, says the New York Times, and in times of rainfall heavier than usual appears again in part in the large springs below.

Named for Sigsbee.

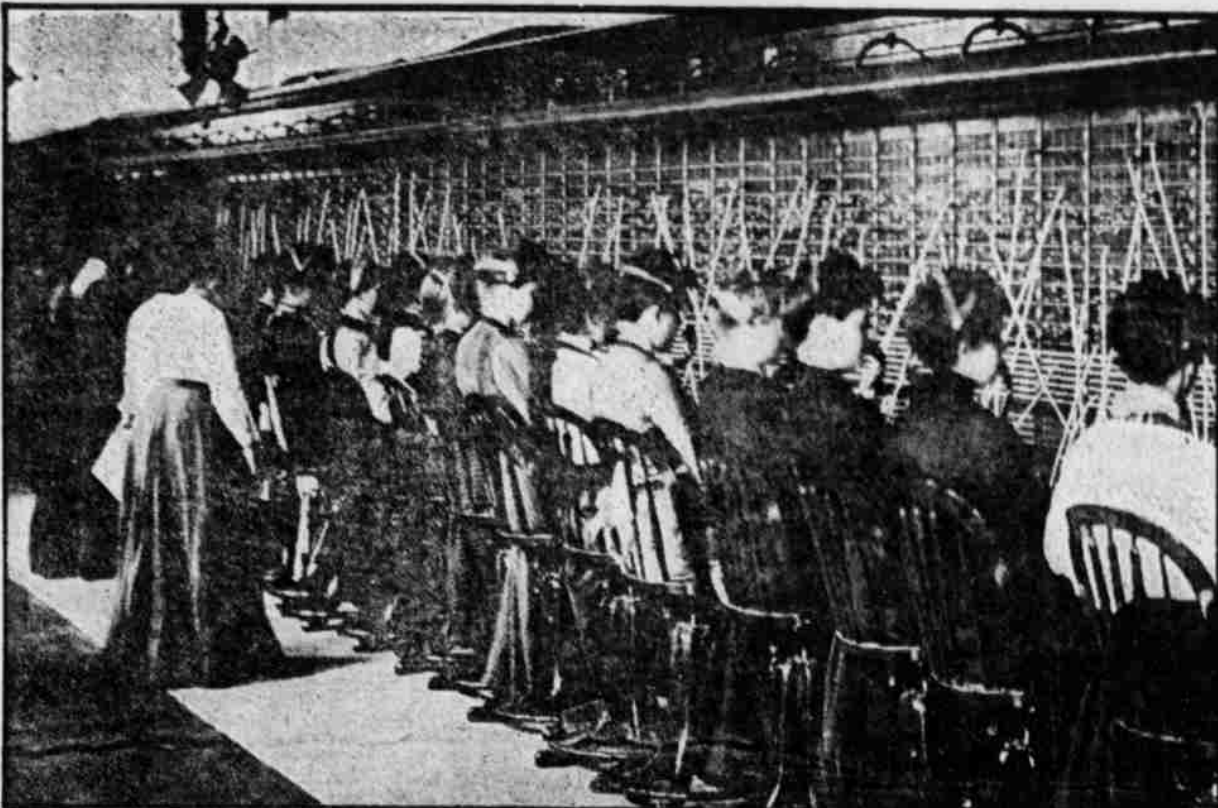
The deepest valley in the Gulf of Mexico is named "Sigsbee's Deep," after its discoverer, and the scientific name of Sigsbee's murrhina is given to one of the rarest species of deep-sea fauna. It was Sigsbee, too, who discovered near the Morro light, not far from the spot where the Maine now lies, many beautiful specimens of the pentacrinid, or sea lilies, and who, while in command of the Blake, placed at the disposal of scientific investigators the first extensive collection of this ancient genus. Thus has Captain Sigsbee associated his name with the harbor of Havana, both by scientific investigations and by exhibition of the highest qualities of command. We have the authority of Prof. Alexander Agassiz for saying that the success of the scientific party on the Blake was largely due, not only to Captain Sigsbee's capacity as a commander and to his active interest in scientific investigation, but to the numerous improvements in the apparatus for deep-sea dredging and sounding originating with him.—New York Independent.

Wonderful Dancing Feat.

A wonderful feat in dancing is recorded from Berlin. At a recent ball a prize of a gold ring was offered to the lady who waltzed the longest without stopping. Twelve couples competed. They began waltzing at 12:30 a. m. and it was 5:45 a. m. before the winner and her partner stopped waltzing. By 2:20 five couples dropped out, and at 4:15 another lady fainted. Two more couples dropped out at 4:45 and at 4:50 only two couples remained on the floor.

Man may be made of dust, but he doesn't always settle.

LARGEST TELEPHONE SYSTEM IN THE WORLD AND HOW IT IS OPERATED



HOW THE OPERATORS ATTEND THE GIGANTIC SWITCHBOARD.

The new Cortland Telephone Exchange in New York is the largest and most elaborate system of the kind in the world. From this center there are more wires operated than in London and Paris combined. The telephone exchange occupies one of the largest blocks in New York City, with an arcade from Cortland to Dey street. The operating room, which is V-shaped, is 67½ feet wide, with two wings, the west being 128 feet long and the east wing 105 feet in length. The gigantic switchboard, which is the largest one ever constructed, being 256 feet long, carries 840 trunk lines, while the distributing board has a capacity of 20,000 lines. There are 470,000 switches on the switchboard and 14,000 incandescent lamp signals. There are 120 operators continually at the switchboard. They occupy the entire ninth floor, which is fitted up for their especial comfort. There is a dining room, the company providing them lunch; a reading room, with newspapers and magazines, and each girl is provided with a separate locker.

The system by which this exchange is operated is new also. There are no bells used. When a subscriber takes down the receiver to call a number the exchange is automatically signaled by the lighting of a small incandescent lamp. Ten thousand stations can be operated from this exchange, which has recently been completed at a cost of over \$500,000.

HIS PERMANENT TITLE.

British Nobleman Surprised to Find Irishman Something of a Knight.

A little company of men, among them Mark Twain and a few of the most prominent members of the New York bar, were sipping their after-dinner coffee at the Lotos Club the other evening when Mr. Clemens, who for a few seconds had relapsed into a reverie, suddenly drew himself together and related the following:

"Although I could vouch for the authenticity of this story and might mention names, I feel a little delicate about toying with titles even in this democratic assemblage. Therefore when I have finished do not consult Burke's peerage.

"A few days ago a scion of the British aristocracy paid his first visit to New York. He was accompanied simply by his valet, and after transporting his luggage from the ship engaged a suite of rooms at a prominent uptown hotel, not above 34th street. As he had simply taken a cursory view of the city from the cab window he fared forth after a hearty dinner to see the sights. Reaching Broadway, between 24th and 23d streets, he stopped to look about him, and as each new feature of the scene struck in upon his attention he breathed 'Ah!' Still gazing he produced a cigar, and searched in his pockets for a match. Finding none he crossed over to the entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and accosted a red-haired, rather flashily dressed young man:

"But, my dear man, could I trouble you for a bit of fire? The red-haired individual produced a match and politely offered it to the Englishman, who soon was puffing his cigar with evident satisfaction. In a few minutes he continued the conversation:

"Bah! Jove! This is a wonderful city. 'Tis a marvelous city. But d'ye know, my dear man, that the most impressive thing to me is the absolute lack of interest taken in me personally. Now, in dear old Lunnin, d'ye know, I couldn't walk a block along the Strand or even on any byway of the west end but I'd be saluted: 'Ah, Sir James—a very clever morning,' or the like. 'Twould be the same in Paris, Berlin and Vienna. But here I'm a total stranger, d'ye know. 'Tis deuced queer. Beg pardon, my dear man, but I forgot. I am Sir James Knolly, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Iron Cross, Knight of the Double Eagle, and Knight of the Golden Fleece. On the other side, d'ye know, I am a person of consequence.

"There was an intense pause, which Sir James finally interrupted:

"D'ye mind telling me, my dear man, what is your name?"

"The red-haired individual addressed drew himself up to his full height," said Mr. Clemens, according to the New York Times, "and in a deep, rich brogue replied:

"Me name is John Maginnis, night before last, night before that, last night, to-night, an' 'twas an' will be every night plain John Maginnis."

NOT A DYING RACE.

Mohawk Says the Indian Has a Great Future.

J. O. Brant-Sero, otherwise known as Ojiatekha, which is Mohawk for "Burning Flower," is a Canadian Indian who lectured recently at the assembly rooms, Longacre, on Indian life in Canada.

Mr. Brant-Sero is a full-blooded Mohawk, plus the education of an intellectual white man. He lectured to the British Association at Glasgow, by special request, on the manners and customs of the Mohawk tribes in Canada.

Last night he said to a press representative: "I started to travel when I was 11 years old, and I have been pretty much over the world since then. My line of study is the backward races. I don't care much about Greek and

Roman antiquities, and consequently I have never bothered much about them; but I have always believed that the backward races had something in them that was very little understood."

"Does Canada treat its Indians better than the United States does theirs?"

"Well, Canada partly does, and she partly does not. The people of the United States have slowly changed their ideas toward us. There is scarcely a respectable home in the United States without a picture of some celebrated Indian chief. The United States is now proud of its association with the Indian tribes, but Canada is scarcely so. From the point of general treatment there is not much to choose between either country.

"In both places the Indian tribes are on the increase. There are more Indians in Canada now than there were when Christopher Columbus first landed in America. The idea that the backward races must die out is now exploded. It was because people were trying to shove a form of civilization down our necks which did not suit us. When we got to the real foundations of civilization then we began to steadily increase. In Canada we are all under the Ontario school system, and from the education that Indians are getting to-day, I maintain that there is a big future before them in every walk of life.

"We shall always maintain our traditions as a separate race, and we are taking steps to print the old legends and traditions. They must never die out. Longfellow's 'Hiawatha' is a beautiful story, but it is not the true Indian legend. When we print the stories of our race, we shall give them as they are, without alteration."

If Mr. Brant-Sero is an average specimen of the educated Indian, his contention is decidedly true. "Burning Flower" speaks like an educated white man, and in addition, has the impenetrable reserve and tremendous energy which characterizes his race.—London Express.

WARNED BY A LIZARD.

Miner's Pet Received Poor Reward for Its Trouble, However.

Stories of pet animals which have rendered some important service to their masters are not uncommon. One is apt, however, to associate such services with creatures of a high order of intelligence, and would hardly expect a lizard to play the part of monitor; but the Leisure Hour describes an interesting incident of that kind which happened in Australia.

A gold-digger had tamed a bright-eyed Australian lizard, which made his quarters in the miners' tent, and was an object of interest and attention on the part of all the men in camp.

On the march he made his home in his master's serge blouse, running up the arm of the loose garment, or round the full front above the tight waistband, as fancy took him. When the camp was pitched for the night, he employed himself by making the most careful inspection of the immediate surroundings within and without the tent. He made himself acquainted with every stone, turf, stump or hole within what he considered his domain, eventually retiring with the sun to the blanket on his master's bed, where he invariably slept.

On one occasion he became restless during the night, and began to run rapidly backward and forward over his master's face, making at the same time a low, spitting noise, like that of an angry cat. By this means he at length aroused the sleeper, who gently pushed him away several times, speaking soothingly in the hope of quieting the excited little creature.

But the lizard would not be soothed; on the contrary, having attracted attention, he continued his rapid movements, until at length his master, convinced that something was wrong, got up, struck a light, and looked round

the tent. The sharp eyes of the lizard followed every movement with intense interest.

Nothing unusual could be seen, and the miner lay down again. He was scarcely asleep, however, before the lizard waked him again, and losing patience, he seized the creature and in the darkness tossed him from the bed across the tent.

In his involuntary flight the little animal struck the tent-pole with considerable force, and half of his tail was broken off—a matter of no very great importance to a lizard, perhaps, but still a discouraging reward for a well-meant warning. Nevertheless, the maimed little reptile returned to the bed, kept close to his master, and continued restless and excited all the rest of the night.

At daybreak, when the tents were struck, and the bedding rolled up, ready to be placed on the cart, the mystery was explained. In the scrub and fern thrown underneath the bedding, to keep it from the bare ground, a huge tiger snake with several young ones was discovered.

The tiger snake is of a kind much feared by the colonists, and, like most snakes, has a pronounced odor, which, no doubt, had made the lizard aware of its presence. It had probably crept into the tent after the lizard had made its evening inspection of the premises.

As Green Saw Grant.

After a memorial service in Westminster Abbey at which General Grant, then traveling in England, was present, Dean Stanley asked John Richard Green, the historian, to go into the deanery. It was to introduce Mr. Green to the American general. The presentation took place. Grant shook hands and said, "Mr. Green," in a dry voice, and said no more. This moved the Englishman to write to a friend: "I think Grant seems almost to rival the man who can be silent in eleven languages," and to tell a story of another tactful man, Moltke. A young subaltern found himself put by error into the same compartment with the Prussian field-marshal.

"Pardon, sir," said the subaltern, when he entered, and "Pardon, sir!" when the train stopped, and he could at last retire.

"What an insufferable prater!" said Moltke.

In the course of the conversation that afternoon, Dean Stanley talked of the ex-President's "laying down the scepter," which Green thought hardly a republican phrase, but Lord O'Hagan, to whom he repeated it, promptly said: "Grant must have laid down something; he had no crown to lay down, and he certainly would not lay down his pipe!"

"Grant is a short, square, bourgeois-looking man, rather like a shy but honest draper," is the finishing touch to this unaffected sketch, which has been taken from Green's "Letters." "Still he could take a look of dignity when one was 'presented,' and I did not forget that he had been a ruler of men."

School for Soubrettes.

Somewhat like American dramatic schools, but specialized in accordance with the German tendency to specialization in everything, is the school for soubrettes in Berlin. Here these sprightly and entertaining persons are taught everything that belongs to their art upon the stage. They learn how to dance, how to make up, how to pose, how to talk and how to do the myriad things that make an entertaining and artistic soubrette a very valuable factor in the plays and comedies in which they appear.

Don't accumulate too many side issues. Notice, some day, how much time you devote to side issues that are not important.

A man will be very much interested in his wife's gossip, and then scold her for repeating such talk.