

A REFLECTION.

I FELT like Cortes upon a memorable occasion when the jeweler's glass door swung behind me, and, marching up to the counter, I asked for a ring.

"A ring, sir?" said the attendant. "What sort of a ring?"

"An engagement ring," said I, valorously.

"What size, sir?" demanded the man, docketing me mentally.

"Five and a half," I replied, thinking of the glove.

"That's rather an unusual size," he remarked, rubbing one eyebrow, "unless it's a bangle the lady wants."

"I'm not sure that she wants it at all," I murmured, producing the little sandalwood-scented bag of silk; "but that is the size, I think."

"O—it's the size of the lady's hand," he observed, with mild toleration, unrolling it. "Well, sir, ladies' fingers vary in girth, and it's more usual to fit them with a piece of cardboard; but we'll do our best."

"Now, sir, what do you think of this?" he asked, patronizingly, as he displayed an eagle, changed, as the shifting sun on a misty sea. "It's exactly the lady's size, making allowances, for of course she won't want to wear it open or closed."

"Are not open unlucky?" said I, endeavoring to decipher the price.

"O, we don't hold with such superstitions," replied the jeweler loftily, "but they do say one will keep you from being poisoned."

"Then I shall leave it for the next rich widow," I answered. "But what is the cost of this?"

I alluded to an emerald set amid pearls which I already saw glittering on the loveliest hand in the world. He extracted it with a silent respect, he bowed from my eagerness, and made a measurement, while I watched him, my heart beating madly. The size was exactly the same; the price—but that is a detail. I decided upon it. The shopman thanked me perfunctorily, and I leaned against the counter, feeling like one who had received a great favor. But when I found that my pockets were empty, and heard their crisp crackle, my confidence returned, and then, as I watched the splendid thing flashing in its violet bed, I believed I must after all be a rich man, unknown to myself, so great was the suggestion of unlimited wealth thus conveyed.

"I should like a piece of glass on the inside of the case lid," I observed, carelessly. "Is it usual?"

"That's looking-glass?" queried the lapidary, glancing up from a surreptitious examination of the notes.

I nodded. I knew I must be getting red.

"Well," he remarked, tolerantly, "it's not exactly usual, but it's a pretty idea—lightens the attraction of the gem, makes the lady see the present from two points of view."

"Hardly an advantage sometimes," I observed; "but can you do it?"

"Well, yes, I should think so," he replied, condescendingly.

"Then get it done, and I'll stand the racket," I answered, magnificently.

When I left the shop I laid straight for Bloomsbury Square, but remembering that the night had just then been occupied by domestic duties decided to call later in the day. Even the ring in my pocket gave me no additional courage, and presently I began to think it was not quite royal enough. Edging my way to Regent's Park, I hunted out a quiet spot and sat down to examine it at leisure. It was glorious still, but somehow not so glorious as I could have wished, and I was actually questioning the wisdom of my choice when an approaching footfall made me close the case. It was light, though firm, and the everlasting flint would have worn well beneath it. Something, more of the intellect than of the sense, made me look up, and I saw her.

The sensation of being shot through the heart has not, I believe, received adequate literary expression, those who experience it being usually preoccupied at the exact moment with other matters; but I think I know what it means.

"I'm so glad to see you," I cried, "because I want to restore something you forgot in the restaurant yesterday—a few weeks ago."

"How kind of you," she said, coming near.

"O, not at all," I replied; "but I hope you were not inconvenienced. I should have sent it, but I—I didn't."

I put my hand in my breast pocket hurriedly, and extracted my handkerchief, which, in turn, brought to light a sheet of letters and memoranda. I shook out at her feet like a skillful conjurer. Then I tried the other pocket, but vainly. "It's a glove," I said, weakly, gathering up my belongings; "one of yours don't you know?"

"I recollect—I missed it," she said, coldly.

"But the cab went so quickly," I pleaded; "ah, do sit down until I find it."

She did so. I was in a gentle perspiration.

"Pray, do not take so much trouble," she murmured, plaintively.

"I have it!" I cried, and extracted the glove of silk from my watch pocket, where I had thrust it on leaving the shop.

"So kind of you," she observed, taking it.

"Would you allow me to keep it?"

"Why?" she answered, quietly, but the voice was low.

"To remind me of that happy day," I replied, shyly.

"Indeed? I am glad that you think of it as a pleasant one," she said, graciously. "Mr. Turnbull was declining all the way back in the cab. He seemed prejudiced against you."

"He may be described as a man who means well," I observed, severely. "I hope he said something actionable."

"O, hardly that," she answered, laughingly. "But he seems to have changed his opinion lately." (That is the luncheon bill, thought I. "Your name happened to come up in conversation to-day, and he said—")

She paused; a sudden flame leaped into her cheeks.

"What did he say?" I demanded, trying to look away.

"He said you were an honorable man," she replied, the point of her dust-tracing triangles in the par; "but—"

"Ah, there is much virtue in that, but," I observed, blithely.

"That you ought to settle down," she continued, tossing her head and rising.

"So I shall," I cried, "but it depends upon my lady. I have her portrait here in this case. She is the only girl I shall ever care for in that way," I added, because a little qualification does no harm at the most exalted moments. "By the way, she is an acquaintance of yours, too."

And pressing the spring, I handed the case to her as the lid flew back. She glanced at me curiously, pale now. I, weak about the knees, watched a child trundle a hoop past us.

She uttered a little cry, that sank into a sobbing laugh. The she sat down beside me and put one of the hands I rode to hold when Death beckons me down the last dim turning of Life's road into mine.

"I trust she will make you a good wife," she said, gravely, and anybody can guess the rest.—Black and White.

WEARS A BRILLIANT HUE.

Red Rub was Painted a Bright Vermilion and Can't Wash It Off.

R. L. Ross of the Big Horn Basin, better known locally as "Red Rub," is the story for Frontier days.

It has been long known that the Crow Indians have in their possession the formula, unknown to all but themselves, of an intense and indelible vermilion dye. This red tribal secret has been handed down from the laboratory of some remote medicine man and its transmission from generation to generation is jealously guarded.

The formal application of this dye to the person of a white man by a Crow medicine man confers not only actual tribal approval, but also the life position of advisory chieftain in the Crow nation.

It is to these facts that Mr. Ross owes his sobriquet of "Red Rub" for thirty years ago. Amid the secrecy and mystery of the inner curtains of the lodge of a Crow medicine man he was painted a bright red from neck to heel, and has ever since been a chieftain, counselor and judge in this Indian Israel.

Mr. Ross now rarely exercises the prerogatives or privileges of a red judicious, but when he does his advice and decisions have with the Crow all the weight and force of consecrated councils and are hearkened to accordingly.

To the office of Mr. Ross as a Crow chief was attached the perquisite of ten wives, the red if not blushing brides to be chosen by the bridegroom to be maintained at the expense of the tribe.

While Mr. Ross remained for a period of ten consecutive years with the Crows, he says he only sparingly availed himself of the free family quarters placed at his disposal, never having more than five Crow wives at one time.—Denver News.

MADAME BONAPARTE'S SCORN.

Preferred Hiding Under Eagle's Wing to Hanging from Gooling's Neck.

Writing of the romance of Elizabeth Patterson and her marriage to Napoleon I. William Perrine, in the Ladies' Home Journal, says that "to ward her expropriated husband Eliza both exhibited nothing but contempt—a contempt which in part she expressed for all Bonapartes, whom she condemned as a 'mean family,' excepting always the one who had cutlery torn from her hand."

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AVOID TOADSTOOLS.

THEY ARE OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR MUSHROOMS.

Some Interesting Information by Dr. Farlow, Professor of Cryptogamic Botany in Harvard University—How to Tell Edible from Poisonous Fungi.

Besides the chance that the toadstool may be mistaken for the edible mushroom, danger is said to lurk in that which under ordinary circumstances might be eaten with impunity. It is absolutely essential that mushrooms intended for the table should be gathered in their prime and prepared for eating as quickly as possible. In their chemical construction they are much the same as meats. In fact, many authorities claim that they are a good substitute for meats, and in some countries the peasants and poorer classes have no other meat for weeks and months. Just as the meats taint and become dangerous for human consumption, so the mushrooms decompose and become dangerous.

Probably the deadliest of all, as well as one of the most violent and fatal of vegetable poisons, is the amanita variety, and of all the poisonous varieties it is the one that may most easily be mistaken for the wholesome variety. With this variety all tests for distinguishing, such as ordinary cooking, boiling with a silver spoon, tarnishing indicating poison, change of color when broken and peeling of the cap are said to be at fault. The amanita has an inviting odor, its taste is very pleasant and it peels easily. The latter tests are not considered conclusive, however, for the reason that many of the varieties that are edible do not peel easily. The one unerring mark by which amanita may be distinguished is a little socket in which the stem sits and which is dominated by the poison cup. This cup may be under ground and must be searched for if the novice would be certain that he has not plucked his own death. Any mushroom that has even suggestion of such a socket should be left severely alone.

In an extensive paper entitled "Some Edible and Poisonous Fungi," prepared by Dr. W. G. Farlow, professor of cryptogamic botany in Harvard University, for the United States Department of Agriculture, are given some rules for distinguishing the common mushroom from the deadly agarics. Dr. Farlow says:

"The common mushroom has a pileus which is not covered with wart-like scales; gills which are brownish purple when mature; a nearly cylindrical stalk, which is not hollow, with a ring near the middle, and without a bulbous base sheathed by a membrane or by scales."

"The fly agaric has a pileus marked with prominent warts; gills always white; a stalk with a large ring around the upper part, and hollow or cottony inside, but solid at the base, where it is bulbous and scaly."

"The deadly agaric has a pileus with distinct warts; gills which are always white, and a hollow stalk with a large ring and a prominent bulb at the base, whose upper margin is membranous or baglike. Other minor points of difference are the different places in which these species grow, and also the colors, which, although they vary in each case, are brilliant yellow or red in the fly agaric, white, varying to pale in the deadly agaric, and white, usually tinged with a little brown, in the mushroom."

"A word should be said as to the size and proportion of the pileus and stalk in these three species. In the mushroom the pileus averages from three to four inches in breadth and the stalk is generally shorter than the breadth of the pileus and comparatively stout. The pileus remains convex for a long time, and does not become quite flat-topped until quite old. The substance is firm and solid. In the fly agaric the pileus, at first oval and convex, soon becomes flat and attains a breadth of six to eight inches, and sometimes more. The stalk has a length equal to or slightly exceeding the breadth of the pileus and is comparatively slender than in the common mushroom. The substance is less firm than in the common mushroom."

"The pileus of the deadly agaric is thinner than that of the common mushroom, and from being rather bell-shaped when young, becomes gradually flattened, with the center a little raised. In breadth it is intermediary between the two preceding species. All three species are pleasant to the taste, which shows that one cannot infer that a species is not poisonous because the taste is agreeable. The fly agaric has scarcely any odor. The other two species have certain odors of their own, but they cannot be described."

While there are over 100 varieties of mushrooms and toadstools which may be eaten, there is no general rule for their identification, and each must be learned as a species. The gatherer may safeguard himself to some extent by avoiding all varieties that give out an unpleasant odor, those which are tough or in a state of decomposition, and by examining the insides to see that they are free from grubs and the larvae of flies and beetles.

How It Came to Be Tuesday After First Monday in November.

The designation of the day for holding the presidential election is left to Congress. The first act passed by it relating to that subject was in 1792. It provided that presidential elections should be appointed "within thirty-four days before the first Wednesday in December." This left each State free to select a day to suit itself within those limits. Pennsylvania chose electors on the last Friday in October. Other States elected theirs on different days between the beginning and middle of November.

When Harrison was elected in 1840 the Democrats asserted that his success was due partly to fraudulent voting, which was made possible by the lack of a definite election day. It was alleged that Kentucky and Ohio Whigs had voted in both States, the election being held on different days. So in 1845



TOADSTOOL

The power to change the center of interest from wrong to right constitutes the highest disciplinary ability that a teacher can possess.—Hughes.

The young teacher should learn early that teaching and talking are quite different. Almost any recitation in which the teacher talks half the time is a failure. It seems that the teacher thinks the pouring out of words is the main thing.—Interstate School Review.

Occasionally a teacher is so intent on gaining a present popularity that he fails to do his whole duty to his pupils. This is a great mistake. These pupils whose good will will be his most valuable asset, by courtesy and other doubtful means, for present selfish gain, will in later years rise up in judgment against him.—Exchange.

"Pupils who have skipped the spelling book are found to be poor spellers" is a judgment beginning to form and spread. An Eastern Journal says: "After years there has been a return to the old-fashioned book drill, the multiplication drill, to a system that brings the pupils to close quarters with the elements of education, no matter how hard the work." The spelling book better method of teaching reading. Our pupils are not as good spellers as in the days of the spelling book and the spelling school. Are they better readers? We will declare it is a doubtful matter.

One of the profound mysteries in this world is the marvelous psychological change that comes over respectable, intelligent and otherwise wise laymen when they are elected by their fellow-citizens to serve on school committees. Persons who would never dream of superintending an electric plant, managing a railroad, building a bridge over Niagara, leading an army of thousands, or entering upon the duties of a school committee, with the astonishing presumption that they can with safety

minister directly to the welfare of children, mold their minds into right living, and shape the destinies of a nation by means of common education; that they can make courses of study, select teachers, examine pupils, and manage the internal and pedagogical affairs of a school system. This prevailing state of affairs would be ridiculous were it not so awfully solemn. The presumption of school boards is the acute disease of the nation; it is the culmination of bad politics; the worst by-product of democratic evolution. For this presumption millions in money are wasted every year, countless children suffer, and free government is imperiled.—Colonel Parker.

BELLE ARCHER.

A Well-Known Actress Who Died Recently of Embolism.

Belle Archer, the well-known actress, died recently of embolism at a hospital in Warren, Pa. She had been long ill, and her death was the result of a blood clot in the lungs. She was a member of the famous "Theatrical Company" and had been in the United States for many years.

Shooting Into a Hallroom.

To break up a hall-room is necessary to destroy the revolving or whirling current of air. This can only be done by an opposing current of air, hence the philosophy of shooting cannon balls at the hall clouds is plain.

The cannon balls passing through the air create a temporary vacuum, which is quickly filled by the air rushing in behind the ball and toward the clouds. When this current of air becomes stronger than the whirling current or strong enough to interfere with it the whirling current is overcome and the hall-room is destroyed.

Found by Grave-Diggers.

The grave-diggers who were employed to dig Mr. Gladstone's grave in Westminster Abbey came upon a leaden coffin of some unknown person. They also found remains of other persons of whose burial there is no record, though a skull very much decayed was found.

Butterflies Sleep Head Down.

The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downward. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost. The effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed heads in thousands of other stems around.

The butterfly also sleeps on top of the stem. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these grieved sleepers on the grass tops open their wings and the colorful beauties are started up in thousands living flowers of purest nature.

Swiss Tourists.

England no longer furnishes the large contingent of tourists in Switzerland. The Germans and French both surpass the English in numbers.

Wherever a plumed quarter is found in the family treasury, it is Nob's woman who is most successful at passing it off.

THIS MAN BULLET-PROOF.

Asch Soldier's Experience in the Battle of Atlanta.

A letter written by Corporal Laurie of the Seaforth Highlanders to his sister, describing the battle of Atlanta, says: "I suppose you have seen me reported as slightly wounded and pictured me as an interesting invalid. Well, I was struck, but the effect was so small that I have often been wounded in a football match. But during the rest of the day and for some days afterward I have been an object of interest, and have been questioned by almost every officer and man in the battalion, referred to as the 'bullet-proof man,' and asked if I would mind letting a section fire a few rounds at me to see if they could do me any harm. The fact is that I got most of my wounds in my clothing, and while personally I was unharmed."

"Before I entered the arena I was not struck, but shortly afterward a bullet took off the toe of my left shoe without hitting my foot, the shoe being a size too big, for easy marching and sleeping at night. Then my bayonet was struck and bent over at a right angle. Then a shot went through my shoulder, near my left wrist, tearing two holes, but not hurting myself. Then my rifle was struck while I was loading the bullet splintering the butt and being stopped by an iron bolt which it met. This bullet would certainly have gone right into my body but for my rifle being bent. Then a nigger in a trench let drive at me with a spear, missed my ribs by an inch and hit up my neck. I pulled then grassed the neck of my bayonet just enough to make it bleed."

"When I reached the river bank, which was nearly perpendicular, a shot came from the bottom, about twenty feet below and a little to the left, which caused the wound I am now supposed to have. It was a curious shot, to have got, and was so curious that I was paralyzed before the General. It ended through the lid of my right ammunition pouch, which was open; went into my right coat pocket, smashing a penknife and two pencils, tore four holes in my shirt, made a surface wound two or three inches long on my left breast, and came out near my left shoulder through my coat and ammunition pouch braces."

"In the afternoon I strolled over to the field hospital and got a piece of dressing on it and it has never troubled me at all; in fact, it was a farce to put it in as a wound, and was done without my knowledge by the color sergeant. So you see I've really been, as I'm told by everybody, wonderfully lucky in getting off as I have done, while other poor chaps were given no chances."—Scotsman.

CAT MADE A NIGHT OF IT.

How a Black Feline Learned to Keep Fly-Paper.

When a young man who lives near Druid Hill Park appeared at his office the other morning his face in his perurbed expression showed that he had passed a sleepless night. In fact, he had spent a