

FROM THE HOUSE OF PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

With the utmost care Ella arranged her long curls, and then, tying over her black dress the only white apron which she possessed, she started for Mrs. Campbell's. The resemblance between herself and Ella Campbell was indeed so striking that but for the dress the mother might easily have believed it to have been her child. As it was, she started up when the little girl appeared, and, drawing her to her side, involuntarily kissed her; then, causing her to sit down by her side, she minutely examined her features, questioning her minutely concerning her mother and her home in England. Of the latter Ella could only tell her that she lived in a city, and that her mother had once taken her to a large, handsome house in the country, which she said was her home.

From this Mrs. Campbell inferred that Ella's family must have been superior to most of the English who emigrate to this country, and after a few more questions she decided to take her for a time at least; so with another kiss she dismissed her, telling her she would come for her. Mrs. Campbell's mind was so busy making for Mary and Alice, and on the same day in which Mrs. Campbell was to call for Ella, one of the "selectmen," whose business it was to look after the town's poor, also came to the cottage. After learning that Ella was provided for, he turned to Mary, asking, "How old was she, and what she could do?" The young girl, who was not of just such a girl to do "chores," and if she was willing to be separated from Alice he would give her a home with him.

But Mary only hugged her sister closer to her bosom as she replied, "I'd rather go with Alice. I promised mother to take care of her."

"Very well," said the man, "I'm going to Mrs. Campbell, but she'll be back in two hours, so you must have your things all ready."

"Don't cry so, Mary," whispered Billy, when he saw her weeping. "I'm not really falling. I'll come to see you every week, and when I am older, and have money, I will take you from the parsonage, and Alice, too."

"Why the Mrs. Campbell's carriage drove up. She had been taking her afternoon ride, and now, on her way home, had stopped for Ella, who in her delight at going with so handsome a woman, forgot the dreary home which awaited her sister. While she was getting ready, Mr. Knight returned, and, driving his old-fashioned yellow wagon up by the side of Mrs. Campbell's stately carriage, he entered the house, saying, "Come, girl, you're ready, I hope. The old man don't want to stand, and I'm in a despatch hurry, too. I ought to be home this minute, instead of driving over to see your father. I hope to be back in an hour, to carry that arse," he continued, pointing with his whip toward Alice's cradle, which stood near Mary's box of clothes. The tears came into Mary's eyes, and she answered, "Alice has always slept in it, and I didn't know but—"

Here she stopped and, running up to Ella, hid her face in her lap and sobbed, "I don't want to go. Oh, I don't want to go; can't I stay with you?"

"Billy's yellow handkerchief was suddenly brought into requisition, and Mrs. Bender, who, with all her imaginary aches and pains, was a kindhearted woman, made vigorous attacks upon her snuffbox, while Mrs. Campbell patted Mary's head, saying, "Poor child, I can't take you both, but you shall see your sister."

Ella was too much pleased with Mrs. Campbell and the thoughts of the fine home to which she was going to weep, but her chin quivered when Mary held up the baby for her to kiss, and said, "Perhaps you will never see little Alice again."

When all was ready Mr. Knight walked around his wife and, after trying to adjust the numerous articles it contained, said: "I don't see how in the world I can carry that cradle; my wagon is chock full now. Here is a case of shoes for the girls to stich, and a pair of shoes for Miss Smith, and forty seven other traps, so I guess you'll have to leave it. Mebby you can find one there, and if not, why, she'll soon get used to going home."

Before Mary could reply Billy whispered in her ear, "Never mind, Mary; you know that little cart that I draw mostly of wood in the evening; I'll fix it up, and to-morrow afternoon I'll bring it to you, if it doesn't rain."

happened, and fainted by asking, "How long she must stay here?"

Had Billy given her a large sum of his heart, that question would have easily been answered. Now he could only ask if he had seen Ella.

"I have not seen her," returned he, "but I've heard that rainy as it was this morning, Mrs. Campbell's maid was out selecting muslins and jaconets for her, and they say she is not to wear black, as Mrs. Campbell thinks her too young."

Mary did not speak for some time, but her head dropped on Billy's knee, and she seemed to be in a faint. At last, hearing added that the lady with black had fallen over her forehead, Billy said, "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering if Ella wouldn't forget me and Alice now she is rich and going to be a lady."

Billy had thought the same thing, and lifting the little girl in his lap, he replied: "If she does, I never will," and then he told her again how when he was older and had money he would take her to the parsonage and send her to school, and that she should some time be as much of a lady as Ella.

(To be continued.)

NOT CONCLUSIVE OF GUILT.

Fair-Minded Men Are Often Deceived by Circumstantial Evidence.

"As to circumstantial evidence, it's a queer thing," said the man in the brown suit. "Five or six years ago I was in a town in Indiana for a night when a bank was robbed. Next morning I was arrested as an accomplice. It being contended that I was seen sitting in front of the bank and evidently acting as a sentinel for those within. Three different persons identified me as the man and the fourth claimed to have seen me enter the hotel at a late hour by way of a shed and a window. I was locked up for examination, with a chance of a witness against me. The witness, however, began to come forward on my side. The landlord asserted and swore that I was sitting in the office at 10 o'clock p. m. Two servants swore to seeing me go to my room half an hour later. A man having rooms opposite the hotel swore that he saw me smoking at my window at midnight. A guest struck up quite a friendship with me. At present Mary followed her guide until they came to a longer and lighter hall, or "passage," as it is frequently called in New England. On each side of the passage were doors opening into small sleeping rooms, and into one of these Polly led her companion, saying, as she did so, "This is your room, and it's a great favor for me to see you here. Be quiet, and don't let any one hear you. There were doors opening into small sleeping rooms, and into one of these Polly led her companion, saying, as she did so, "This is your room, and it's a great favor for me to see you here. Be quiet, and don't let any one hear you. There were doors opening into small sleeping rooms, and into one of these Polly led her companion, saying, as she did so, "This is your room, and it's a great favor for me to see you here. Be quiet, and don't let any one hear you."

"But about it being queer?" was asked.

"Why, all the people on both sides were mistaken. I was not outside the bank at the time mentioned and neither was I in the hotel."

"But you were somewhere."

"Oh, of course. Fact is I got washed up on the landlord's daughter and we sat up all night on a balcony and squawked our heads and necks with the moonlight and slapped mosquitoes. Yes, sir, sat there all night like a couple of idiots, and though I declared I would die for her and she said she only wanted me and a humble cottage she was married to a red-headed butcher within a year and I was used by a snub-nosed widow for a beach of her husband. I was simply observing, you know, that circumstantial evidence is a queer thing, and I wish to add that a jurymen shouldn't be influenced too much by it."—Washington Post.

The Inland Post.

They call him groaning haas—
Whose shells are hailed from many shores,
Whose servants stand before the door
To guard him when he sleeps.

They call him lucky who
With witfully tumbled hair,
As great a leader in the heat,
Close to his bosom plunders Art,
And firmly holds her there.

But luckiest of them all
Is he that goes,
Heading to one within whose eyes
Reward for all his toiling lies,
Who loves with all his might,
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Chasing a Bear.

Any one who has seen a bear walk knows how slowly he seems to move, and his run is a shuffling, lumbering gait that is comical to witness, unless he happens to be running after you. But a bear moves pretty fast when he is standing on his hind legs, and the grizzly, which looks to be clumsier than the brown or black bear, can cover ground faster than the average saddle-horse. A Philadelphia exchange prints this story of an Arizona sheep-raucher:

He was riding in the foot-hills when he saw a big, awkward silver-top. He had a rifle, but was not certain he could kill the bear at one shot, and knew that he would get into trouble if he missed. So he gave a regular cowboy yell, and the bear started away in alarm. The man gave chase, at the same time keeping up the piercing yell, and he got noticed that the grizzly was getting farther away. He continued the chase for nearly an hour, until the bear disappeared in the mountains, and he had not gained a foot.

In going back along the trail, he noticed places where the bear had made jumps of fifteen or twenty feet, and the ground had been cut up by his claws so that it looked as if a harrow had been run over it. It is not certain that a man would have no show running a foot race with a grizzly.

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Mrs. Knowlton—So you're engaged to Miss Sweetly? I do not wish to discourage you, but I understand that she has said she has absolutely no wish to know how to cook.

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RUBBER CULTIVATION.

Plantations increasing in Mexico and Africa.

The cultivation of rubber, prompted by the wasterful methods of the natives on the upper Amazon in Central America, and the East Indies, who chop down trees to drain the milk quickly, a foolish notion—promises to be an important industry some day, and planters already derive a profit from it. The oldest plantation in the world is on the Panamanian-Tijames estate, in the Rio de Janeiro Krawang in Java. It was started in 1864 from plants of the Ficus elastica in 1868, its seventy-two acres, as many trees to the acre, produced 6,731 pounds of pure rubber of a value of \$4213 above expenses. Importers of crude rubber from Para make light of the Nicaragua and Mexican plantations. "Why cultivate rubber," they say, "when you can go into the forest and get it?" They declare that millions of trees in the Amazon basin and the Congo Free State have never been tapped and will endure for generations. Nevertheless, the Congo government, by a decree of Feb. 25, 1899, requires that for every ton of rubber taken out annually 150 trees shall be planted. Nicaragua offers a premium for the cultivation of rubber, and has interdicted the gathering of it in the national forests for exportation. In Peru the "caucheros" have destroyed so many trees that imports from Iquique have greatly declined. In the East Indies restrictive legislation is general. But, after all, the question with the planter is whether cultivation will pay. Such is the demand that he can sell every second year, and the uses of rubber are illimitable. In Mexico and Central America the tree grows in the Castilla class of the native forest, which flourishes in a rich, but not a wet soil, like the smaller Hevea brasiliensis of Amazonia. Senor Jose Horacio, of the city of Guatemala, an expert in the most favorable circumstances, has also the problem of running the regular passenger trains and keeping freight trains moving with as little delay as possible. This greatly complicates the problem. As a matter of fact, few freight trains run on the regular schedules when the Presidential train is moving its wheels, and the Traffic Manager has troubles of his own for a day or two after it has passed. Every train dispatcher on each division knows the special has passed for several days by the complaints which come from shippers of perishable goods, even if official notes were lacking. It is his hard task to see that everybody is kept satisfied, even while the demands of the Presidential train are complied with. It is safe to say that traffic will be entirely upset on every road which is crossed by the train for at least forty-eight hours.

These same train dispatchers and their assistants have in charge the difficult task of keeping the President and his movable Cabinet in constant communication with Washington. Telegrams in the obscure Presidential train may be thrown from the train at the most out-of-the-way station, and there must always be on duty there a man capable of handling the work in an intelligent way. A mistake made by a night operator at Spodunk might possibly result in an international difficulty. The responsibility which every man connected with one of the roads over which the train passes may therefore be imagined.

How to Make Them Last Longer a Problem Railroad Men Can't Solve.

It is impossible to estimate, except vaguely, the number of railroad ties in the United States, but a single road, the Erie 400,000 in New York State and 900,000 in its whole line, the Delaware-Lackawanna 150,000, and other New York roads in like proportion.

All the roads of the country fully 75,000,000 new ties are required for renewals, extensions and additions each year, and this entails a vast use of railroad materials, a steady drain upon the available lumber supplies and costs moreover a large sum for the labor and hauling. Much lumber has been expended on projects for retaining wood, so ties longer in use than is possible at present.

The standard American railroad tie is 9 feet long by 8 inches deep and 8 inches wide, and a fairly hard wood is required to prevent the rails from sinking or from becoming displaced. Oak, chestnut, locust and cedar are the usual cross-ties.

Many attempts have been made to treat the ties so as to prevent decay of the wood. Some years ago the cross-ties used on the Reading railroad were notched where the rails crossed them and their ends dipped in coal tar. It was supposed that the tar would preserve the ends from decay. Since then another process by which the ties were saturated with a solution of zinc has been tried, but it was found too costly.

A railroad tie costs about 50 cents and it is customary to add 25 cents for the labor of putting ties in position, or 75 cents for each new tie. Any plan whereby the durability of ties may be increased without undue expense will be welcomed by railroad men, but so far the problem remains an unsolved one.—New York Sun.

MARCONI TO WED.

Italian Inventor Betrothed to Miss Holman of Indianapolis.

Giuglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, is engaged to marry a charming American girl. The Italian inventor, on his next visit to this country will wed Miss Josephine Bowen Holman of Indianapolis. She is the daughter of the late Justice J. A. Holman of the Indiana Supreme Court, and

skinned, and will not hold together in the various processes of preparing. The fish, often secured in the winter, if the days are too cold, and the trouble from this is that they will seem to be dry, when in reality they are frozen, and will be found to be moist when put into the steamer. When the fish is really cured the expert can tell it from its appearance, particularly from the small crystals of salt on its surface. It must be dried just right, and it is often necessary to hurry it off the flakes to get it in the shed in time. For the United States trade a fish which is somewhat moist is prepared. For the old West Indies trade it is necessary to have the fish hard and dry for preservation in the tropics.—East Gloucester (Mass.) Correspondence Boston Transcript.

In Use of an Efficient Merchant Marine.

In case of war an efficient merchant marine is a most important aid to a nation, and Russia is working hard to increase her stock of commercial vessels, with the result that within the last few years a remarkable development has been shown. Not long ago all she had of a merchant fleet was a few steamers and about 200 Finnish sailing vessels, which were employed almost exclusively in the Baltic wood trade, and in the few amounts to more than 3,000 vessels, including river steamers, and still is growing.

The Russian government encourages the merchant marine by various laws, such as limiting the coast trade to its own ships, though on account of the troubles with China Asiatic Russia temporarily is exempt from this decree. Then, too, Russia pays the Suez canal dues on all her ships bound for ports in Asiatic Russia, and two-thirds of the canal dues on all her ships which pass through the canal bound for other ports in Asia. Besides she admits duty free all anchors, chains, cables and sailing ship tackle, as well as foreign goods, tonnage for external navigation, and all vessels for the Danube which fly the Russian flag.

A Clerical Snuff Taker.

Appropos of the snuff habit, an eloquent preacher of Glasgow, the Rev. William Anderson, was so addicted to snuff that he would take a pinch in the pulpit. Once, while uttering the words, "My soul cleaveth to the dust," he took a pinch of snuff. He lamented the mastery which the habit had gained over him, and once, while preaching from the text, "His vanity," treated his nose to snuff, and then said: "And this also is vanity."

Observant.

Little Harold Oxford—I wish I had \$50,000, like my Uncle Hezekiah!

His Sister—Why so?

Little Harold Oxford—Cause then I could say, "There ain't no" and "busted" me all the time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Disappointed.

Maudie—Why did you go into the conservatory with Mr. Lovering?

Clara—Oh, merely to satisfy my curiosity.

Maudie—And was it satisfied?

Clara—No; he didn't even attempt to kiss me.

When a girl marries, there is always a howl from her sisters that she is taking away their "things."

Science and Invention.

the performance had fairly begun that the windows in the rear of the stage had to be opened. It was not very long before the stage was swarming with mosquitoes, they being attracted, not doing it from the wrong light on the stage. Buckley had on a pair of white tights, and he discovered, at the last moment, that there were several small holes in the legs. So he got a piece of billiard chalk and whitened over the lights where they were burnt.

"Well, the play ran along smoothly enough until the time came for Marc Antony to bury Caesar, and not praise him. Poor Julius was lying on the floor, and just as Marc began the oration he felt the infernal little pests getting in their tantalizing work. Buckley always declared that they being educated. They just picked out the spots where he had used the chalk. He stood the agony as long as he could, then he gave Antony a tip and the oration was cut remarkably short. The scene was tickled immensely, and insisted upon the actors going before the curtain several times. The mosquitoes which made the bits went with them, and the performance was a farce for the balance of the evening. Every time that somebody began to act one of the auditors would begin to laugh and everybody would begin to laugh in the chorus."—Washington Star.

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"Then there came an evening when, at a dinner given by Mrs. Garfield, I found myself sitting exactly opposite Mr. Garfield. The company was not a large one, but it boasted some famous names and at least one brilliant beam. Conversation was brilliant and laughter was light. Turning my glance a moment from the Southern Senator at my side, I looked full into the fixed, wide blue eyes of Mr. Garfield. He was leaning forward; one hand tightly clenched lay on the table. From his strained, far-away look I knew he was trying to recall our first meeting, and as I gazed into his eyes the buzz of talk and laughter turned into a murmur of wind through tall, leafless trees. I saw a pale water smiling, falling across snow-capped mountains. Looking a little toward him, in a very low but distinct tone I said, 'Good Good-night.' A flash like lightning snapped into his eyes, and as I added, 'Is Freeman at home?' he gave a cry, almost a shout, exclaiming with enthusiasm, 'I've found you! I've found you at last, and you're sitting on top of me!' He turned red like a deer, with a book in your lap!"

"Then in the midst of the commotion he had raised he threw his arm about Mr. Platt, crying, 'Ah, you thought I was met for an asylum, you know you did! But I've found her out at last, so you see I'm not half as crazy as you believed was!'"

"Quoting the incident upon him, and much laughter followed his story of that far-away meeting on the country road; one grave old man questioned us earnestly in the drawing-room as to what was in the minds of each at the time I spoke.

"I was not much surprised to hear Mr. Garfield say that his backward memory sitting exactly opposite Mr. Garfield, half-memory he had got as far as Cleveland, had failed to find me in that city, and at the moment I spoke was hopelessly trying Aurora and the country around there."

Boy Speaks Six Languages.

During the bloody insurrection in the island of Crete, Stelio Arghiri, a little boy of 10 years, was left without father or mother to make the best of his own way in the world. Shortly after the murder of his parents he was adopted by the troops of the allied powers, and Stelio Arghiri, went from camp to camp, doing small jobs of work for the soldiers and picking up bits of the strange languages which he heard. He soon developed a remarkable facility in acquiring a speaking knowledge of different languages, and within a year or two could speak fluently Russian, German, Italian, Greek, French, Armenian, to say nothing of having a working knowledge of English. When he was 12 years old his ability to speak so many different languages led to his employment as an interpreter by the admiral of the Italian fleet. Later he was employed in a similar capacity by the commander of an English regiment on the island. A few months ago the boy attracted the attention of a wealthy Englishman, who was cruising in the Mediterranean in his yacht. He was offered a good home and a university education if he would go to England, and he is now one of the students at the Endell Grammar School, near London.

A Natural Boomerang.

Of all man's inventions, the boomerang seems the strangest and least likely kind of weapon for the aboriginal man with no knowledge of mechanics to have hit upon, and yet it becomes intelligible enough when we hear that in Australia, where the boomerang was discovered, there grows a tree that sheds a seed-pod of such a shape that it whirs away like an air and returns again as it falls. But how many "black fellows" are there in the world? Later he was employed in a similar capacity by the commander of an English regiment on the island. A few months ago the boy attracted the attention of a wealthy Englishman, who was cruising in the Mediterranean in his yacht. He was offered a good home and a university education if he would go to England, and he is now one of the students at the Endell Grammar School, near London.

SKEETS DID IT.

What Julius saw on Marc Safford—Tragedy—was named to Farewell.

"You would not think it possible," said an old actor to the writer recently, "for a little festive mosquito to break up the performances of one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, and turn it literally into a farce, would you? Well, such is the fact. You remember Ned Buckley, don't you? Used to be leading man in the Boston Theater; also with Booth and Barrett. One rather warm night in August, '79, Ned took a snapp company out to a town in western Massachusetts named Tullins Caesar? It was not a triumphant performance by any means, but still it was good enough for the audience. Buckley played Caesar, and did it well. If I am not mistaken, Fred Bryton was the Marc Antony. It became so hot before



WHEN a Presidential train starts on a long journey across the continent, much more is involved than appears on the surface. In the load which such a train carries is involved the welfare of the nation, and it is literally the chief business of thousands of men, while the train is on the road, to see that it passes in safety and without delays or inconveniences of any kind.

Before the route of a Presidential train is finally settled upon there is an intense rivalry among the representatives of competing railroads to secure it as an advertisement for their lines. Once the route is fixed the successful railroad officials begin a season of nervous racking strain and anxiety, which does not cease until the train with its precious freight is delivered safely into the hands of the company the lines of which form the next link in the journey.

At the first place, every division superintendent, and practically every employe of the roads over which the Presidential train passed were notified days in advance of its coming. The exact minute of its departure and a carefully arranged schedule of its arrival and departure from every station on the line was sent out to every station agent and section hand, beginning several hours before the train was due every foot of the track was carefully patrolled by keen-eyed men, who felt the responsibility which rested upon them. If President McKinley had sat up in the observation car attached to the train he might have seen at intervals of a few minutes and all night long the yellow lights of the lanterns of the division sentinels who were to guard his safety and assure his convenience. Practically it might be said that the train passed between two lines of sentinels, who were together and so careful was their watch.

HOTEL IN A SEWER.

Serves Over Sixty Breakfasts a Day—One Thrives in a Graveyard.

The most remarkable hotel in the world is that situated in Paris in the sewers, almost immediately beneath the Madeleine Church, and which is patronized exclusively by the municipal scavengers.

Entrance to it can only be had dry-shod at certain hours. At all other times a boat has to be employed. The interior is singularly neat and clean, despite the noisomeness of the surroundings, and between 60 and 70 breakfasts and dinners are served therein daily. There are also provided three beds for the use of the night watchmen who patrol the great main drain which runs through the sewer, and the grizzly, which looks to be clumsier than the brown or black bear, can cover ground faster than the average saddle-horse. A Philadelphia exchange prints this story of an Arizona sheep-raucher:

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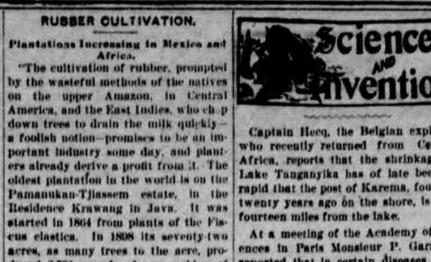
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During the bloody insurrection in the island of Crete, Stelio Arghiri, a little boy of 10 years, was left without father or mother to make the best of his own way in the world. Shortly after the murder of his parents he was adopted by the troops of the allied powers, and Stelio Arghiri, went from camp to camp, doing small jobs of work for the soldiers and picking up bits of the strange languages which he heard. He soon developed a remarkable facility in acquiring a speaking knowledge of different languages, and within a year or two could speak fluently Russian, German, Italian, Greek, French, Armenian, to say nothing of having a working knowledge of English. When he was 12 years old his ability to speak so many different languages led to his employment as an interpreter by the admiral of the Italian fleet. Later he was employed in a similar capacity by the commander of an English regiment on the island. A few months ago the boy attracted the attention of a wealthy Englishman, who was cruising in the Mediterranean in his yacht. He was offered a good home and a university education if he would go to England, and he is now one of the students at the Endell Grammar School, near London.

A Natural Boomerang.

Of all man's inventions, the boomerang seems the strangest and least likely kind of weapon for the aboriginal man with no knowledge of mechanics to have hit upon, and yet it becomes intelligible enough when we hear that in Australia, where the boomerang was discovered, there grows a tree that sheds a seed-pod of such a shape that it whirs away like an air and returns again as it falls. But how many "black fellows" are there in the world? Later he was employed in a similar capacity by the commander of an English regiment on the island. A few months ago the boy attracted the attention of a wealthy Englishman, who was cruising in the Mediterranean in his yacht. He was offered a good home and a university education if he would go to England, and he is now one of the students at the Endell Grammar School, near London.

SKEETS DID IT.

What Julius saw on Marc Safford—Tragedy—was named to Farewell.

"You would not think it possible," said an old actor to the writer recently, "for a little festive mosquito to break up the performances of one of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, and turn it literally into a farce, would you? Well, such is the fact. You remember Ned Buckley, don't you? Used to be leading man in the Boston Theater; also with Booth and Barrett. One rather warm night in August, '79, Ned took a snapp company out to a town in western Massachusetts named Tullins Caesar? It was not a triumphant performance by any means, but still it was good enough for the audience. Buckley played Caesar, and did it well. If I am not mistaken, Fred Bryton was the Marc Antony. It became so hot before