

THE WHITE FLAG.

"I sent my love two roses—one
As white as driven snow
And one a blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacquemont.

I meant to touch and test my fate;
That night I should divine
The moment I should meet my love,
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
She'll wear my blushing rose,
If not, she'll wear my cold Larmarque,
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her; sure
I have been overbold,
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender;
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned—
The white rose meant surrender.
—John Hay.

The Girl from Brownlow's

Brownlow, managing director of the emporium that bore his name, laid aside one letter from the morning's correspondence as deserving his personal attention, and when the manager appeared he indicated the batch with a jerk of the head.

"You can attend to all that lot yourself, Morton," he said. "There is nothing important excepting this. Crewson is returning from abroad after a three-year business tour, and asks us to furnish The Hollies at Nutford—regardless! The thing has to be done in a month's time, and everything must be in readiness for habitation. Bringing a wife home with him, I expect. Now, who do you suggest shall have charge and see the thing through?"

The manager considered thoughtfully.

"There is Miss Gordon," he said hesitatingly.

"Gordon?" queried the director.

"Yes. You remember Gordon, the merchant? He failed about two years ago, and caused a sensation by putting an end to his life."

"How long has she been with the firm?"

"Nearly two years. Perhaps you would like to see her?"

"Right! Show her up!"

Brownlow scrutinized the girl as she nervously entered the private office.

"We have an important matter here, Miss Gordon, and as I hear good re-



"YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME?"

ports of your abilities, I feel disposed to trust you with the execution of it. Are you willing to undertake the responsibility?"

She nodded.

"Very good. There must be nothing showy and gaudy. I know our client's family, and if there is a comfortable, artistically furnished home in Lancashire it is The Oaks."

"The Oaks!" The girl let the words slip out with a little gasp.

"Yes," the Crewsons, he replied.

And, he added, more kindly, "did you know them?"

"Yes," Her eyes filled.

"Never mind the past," continued Brownlow, with a touch of sympathy that surprised him. "See this thing through all right, and we'll look after you in the future."

She thanked him in a broken voice and staggered through the doorway.

At last she reached the little room she rented. On the mantelpiece was a photograph of a young man, whose smiling, handsome face had cheered her through long months of bitter struggle. But now the smile was a smile of mockery. With a white face she gazed long and steadily at it, and presently sobs convulsed her.

"It's not just because he promised," she sobbed. "That's all over now. But so be forced to prepare the home for him and her—it's too hard!"

The next three weeks passed in a whirl. Brownlow, for once, found himself contradicted, and his suggestions politely, but none the less decidedly, refused. Miss Gordon objected to be guided.

Before the stipulated time all was in readiness, and she would have returned to the shop. But Brownlow refused the permission, and, though she was terrified at meeting her old lover, she was forced to remain.

One morning the bell rang. Crewson had arrived. She started forward to obey the summons, and stopped,

SHOOTING MECHANICAL RABBITS.



BUNNY RUNS ON A RAILROAD AND LEAPS INTO AIR WHEN SHOT.

Rabbit-shooting for the tyro. Firing at a metal "running rabbit" at an "ecole de chasse," near Paris. It is claimed that, with the aid of this metal rabbit, which runs along rails on wheels by its own momentum, it is possible for anyone to become a practiced rabbit shot in a very short time. Realism is added to the movements of the rabbit in "life" by the fact that during its "run" it disappears behind bushes, behind small wicker arches, and so on. Realism is added to its "death" by the fact that, when hit properly, it leaps into the air and turns a somersault. Obviously, the rails are on sloping ground.—Illustrated London News.

clutching the table for support. The bell rang again, and the little maid-of-all-work seized the opportunity of showing herself at the door.

Crewson entered with Brownlow, and made a tour of the principal rooms.

"Yes, I am very pleased with the house—very," she heard him say.

"Everything has been done beautifully, and reflects great credit upon the person you put in to superintend matters. Only, unfortunately, it will have to remain unoccupied for a little time."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Things haven't turned out quite as I expected, and if you could arrange for one of your people to act as caretaker for a few weeks, it would relieve me immensely."

"And"—he approached the door—"you might instruct her to arrange the few things—photographs and ornaments I have picked up—as she thinks best."

The next moment he had gone, and she sat down with mingled feelings of pride—proud satisfaction that she had pleased him—and hopeless despair.

Two days later a box arrived and, unpacking it, she found his photo. With a stifled sob she arranged it conspicuously upon a cabinet, and gave her attention to the remaining articles.

The next morning the little maid was cleaning outside when Crewson appeared.

"Is the caretaker in?" he questioned, and, receiving an affirmative reply, he entered unannounced. At the drawing room door he stopped. The caretaker had her back toward him, but in her outstretched hand she was holding his photo, and it seemed to him she was scrutinizing his pictured features with more than idle curiosity.

Presently she took a silver frame and fixed the photograph in it; then, placing it upon the cabinet again, she set beside it a similar frame without a photograph.

"For his wife!" she muttered sadly, and turning, she found his eyes fixed upon her. She uttered a little scream, and recovered her composure.

"Well—you?" he questioned bewilderingly.

"Yes." She bowed to hide her flushed face, and leaned heavily against the mantel to hide the fact that she was trembling.

"And you—you have furnished this house for me?"

"Yes." She choked back a sob, and continued. "I had to do it or—leave Brownlow's. And I couldn't do that without the probability of starving again."

"To think you have come to this!"

"We will not discuss my position, please." The tears were filling her eyes, but she spoke determinedly, and indicated the empty frame. "I have left that for—for your wife's photograph. And, now, can you tell me when my services will be no longer necessary?"

"Ah! Who told you I had married?"

"Mr. Brownlow said you were bringing a wife home from abroad."

"And knowing that, you—you—"

"I did my best for—the firm."

For a moment there was a tense silence. She stood with downcast eyes, vainly endeavoring to conceal her emotion, whilst Crewson took from his letter-case the photo of a girl.

"I presume that unless you obey my instructions now your position with the firm, as you call it, will be jeopardized?" he said

"That is so. If there is anything—"

"Just one thing, please. If you will place that photograph in the stand you have reserved for my wife's, I think that will be all."

She got a glance at him, and swayed dangerously. For a few seconds she hesitated, and then stretched out her hand for the card.

"If you insist," she commenced, and stopped. The room appeared to whirl round, and her sight was blurred with unshed tears, but dashing them away, she looked at the photograph in her hand again. There was no mistake. It was a picture of herself.

"You mean you want me?" she sobbed.

For a moment he did not reply. He took her in his arms and kissed the tear-stained face until it glowed with eager happiness.—Answers.

HOUSES IN FEZ.

The Roofs in the Early Evening Are Exclusively for Women.

In Fez, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provided with a light veranda running round it and connecting the rooms. All the windows and doors open out into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trellis-work. All the houses have flat roofs, with a wall some four to six feet high running around, and from 4 p. m. until sunset the roofs are given over to the ladies exclusively, who can then walk about and take the fresh air without being seen by any of the opposite sex. This reservation is a law which is never broken, and no man would be guilty of being seen on his or on any other roof during the forbidden hours. Owing to the fact that the women of the house are not allowed to be seen by any other man than their lord and master all domestic offices are situated away from the house proper. In many of the larger houses, besides the water fountains, others playing scent or scented water are to be found. Sections of the courtyard also are slightly sunk, and these portions are filled with scented oil, which is used to perfume the rooms. The Moors are exceptionally particular in discarding their foot gear before entering a room or crossing a rug or carpet. They even change slippers before entering the courtyard from the street. Thus the houses are kept beautifully clean and sweet and are not, as many people would suppose, musty or close.

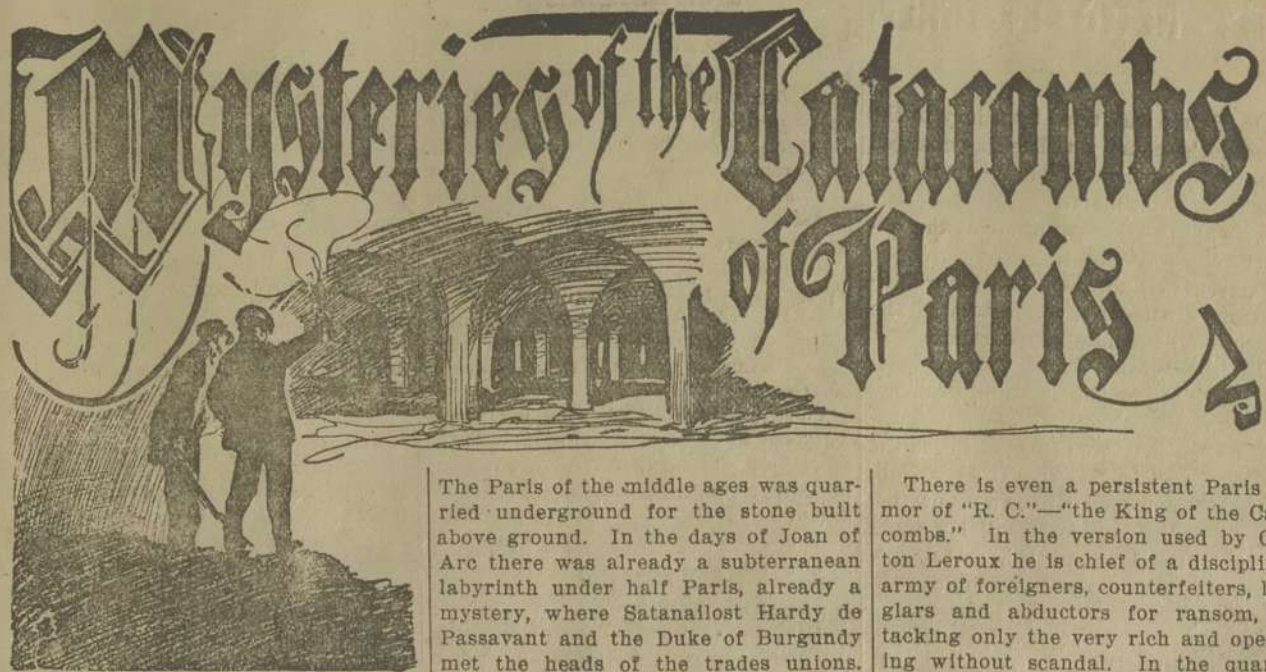
Wonderful Clocks.

Five wheels and a small battery virtually constitute the mechanism of a wonderful clock just invented in England. It will run three years without attention, and at the end of that time all that is required is to attach a new battery.

Another new English clock enables the possessor to ascertain at a glance the mean time, the meridian and relative position of every part of the empire, besides being able to witness the actual speed and direction of the earth's rotation. The motive power is a clock in the base of the stand, and the apparatus requires winding only once a week.

All Dull.

Wife—Here's another invitation to dine at the Flatleys. What a bore those occasions are! Hub—Yes; even their dinner knives are dull.—Boston Transcript



At 6:30 p. m., recently, the corner of the rue Damremont and the rue de Tourlaque, Paris, sank into the ground. Pedestrians saw a man and woman disappear. The man, twenty feet down, buried to the hips in falling dirt, heard the woman crying: "Mon-sieur, I am the mother of a family, save me!"

The hole enlarged. Tons of debris poured in. Two policemen, let down with ropes, disengaged the man. But the woman had disappeared.

The hole was fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide and thirty feet deep. Police and troops made a cordon; firemen evacuated the adjoining houses. At a depth of 108 feet they found the body of Mme. Chevalier—on the floor of a gallery of the ancient catacombs!

They blame the recent heavy rains, undermining the surface; because, the next day, a spot ten feet square in the quadrangle of the old Louvre Palace, sank knee-deep with a crowd of tourists.

Next, two days later, a part of the Place of the Palais Royal went down three feet in the midst of pedestrian traffic. In neither case had the Metropolitan Underground Railway anything to do with the cave-ins.

At this hour, the Paris under-realm shelters incredible enterprises; store-houses of criminal bands; vast mushroom plantations of honest underground farmers; stored bones of generations of Parisians, and luxurious secret refuges of rich families.

It is the whole story of old Paris.

BUENOS AYRES.

A City with All the Finish of a Paris or a Berlin.

Buenos Aires, the capital of the Argentine Republic, is in some respects the most cosmopolitan city in the world. No important European nation but has contributed its capital and its people to the upbuilding of this great metropolis. It also has the distinction of being the second city of Latin population in the world, being larger than the largest cities in Italy and Spain.

There is perhaps no city which exhibits a greater variety of pleasing contemporary styles of domestic architecture. The city council tries to encourage beautiful building by annually offering a gold medal to the architect who is found to have planned the most attractive facade and by freeing from the building tax the building thus favored.

The outward aspect of Buenos Aires is rather that of a European than of an American capital. It has all the finish of a Paris or a Berlin. The absence of the irregular sky line, caused in North American cities by the extreme height of some business buildings as well as the fact that the ground of the city is quite uniformly built upon, even in the more outlying regions, keeps the city from presenting that unfinished appearance which even our largest cities have.—World To-day.

SWISS TRAMPS FEW.

A Poor Place for the Man Who Doesn't Want to Work.

Switzerland is not a place for tramps, because the man out of employment and who makes no effort to find work is not tolerated for a moment in that country. The district authorities will secure him a job at hard labor and little pay, and such an offer can be refused only under the penalty of going to a penal work-house. These institutions are under military discipline, the work severe, the wages a penny or threepence per day, and release is granted only upon the advice of those in charge. No difficulty is experienced in determining between beggars and unemployed, because all legitimate laborers have papers given them by the district in which they live containing information concerning the position they have held.

In every part of Switzerland are established "relief in kind" stations for the exclusive use of respectable unemployed. Only those are admitted who have had regular work during the previous three months and have been out of employment for at least five days. These men must be on the lookout for work and accept any situation that is offered, because the chronic loafer is soon detected by the police and his papers are marked so that he can never again seek refuge in a "station."—Exchange.

Many a woman who is gentle with other people is rough with her husband.

STURDY BABY IS FUTURE DUTCH RULER.



QUEEN WILHELMINA AND PRINCESS JULIANA.

The Dutch royal baby is one of the most interesting little royalties in the world. Her mother was so long giving the nation an heir that it looked as though there would be no direct successor to the throne, and the Dutch people feared that Germany then would try to gain control of their country. Their interest in little Juliana's health and general welfare, therefore, is more than usually great. Fortunately for the hopes of the nation, Juliana seems unusually sturdy.

WILD HORSE IN NEW YORK.

Roaming the Woods East of City Hall and Frightening Residents.

Driven wild by cold and hunger, a black bobtailed ownerless horse has been running in Burden's woods in the Ravenswood part of Long Island City and residents have asked the police to capture it.

No one knows where the animal came from and its presence was unknown until about two weeks ago, the New York Sun says. Those who know something about horsemanship say the animal is a thoroughbred and when out on a foray it clears a fence with the ease of a born and trained cross-country hunter.

Telling about the horse, one woman informed the police that it chased her around the yard and tore her waist from her back with its teeth.

Another woman says it vaulted the fence into her yard, ripped her wash from the line and kicked over the out-buildings. On another occasion it bolted into the stall of a hard-working horse and, kicking the rightful occupant out of the place, proceeded to eat everything in sight. It is further related that it attacked a feed wagon on Vernon avenue and got away with two bags of oats.

Equipped with a wash line Policeman George Morrison, of the Hunter's Point station house, who has punched

There is even a persistent Paris rumor of "R. C."—"the King of the Catacombs." In the version used by Gaston Leroux he is chief of a disciplined army of foreigners, counterfeiters, burglars and abductors for ransom, attacking only the very rich and operating without scandal. In the quarter of the Pantheon where superposed galleries exist below the level of the Metro, the King of the Catacombs has a secret chamber. Surrounding it, in a circle, are the headquarters of each of his sections, watched and overheard by "R. C.," when he pleases, through a circle of peep-holes.

This vast conspiracy, which utilizes equally young men of good society as indicators, clerks of public services as spies, physicians to give false certificates and bands of Apaches to muddy the clews of expert burglars, has experts to work its counterfeiting presses, execute its forgeries and frauds on insurance companies.

The work is done in leisurely impunity 100 feet beneath Paris. Electric lighting, steam heat, scientific ventilating, vast underground kitchens, heavy carpets and hangings, luxurious furniture in sleeping-rooms and clubrooms makes this realm of "R. C." seem like pipe dream romance. But the police know its existence and are powerless. The catacombs are a maze, a labyrinth, tangled with masonry and cave-ins!

Subterranean Paris! It is a wonderful place, concealing mysteries, honest and dishonest, equally enticing to the imagination. It has been long known, long forgotten. It has enjoyed long impunity. But now that the Metropolitan Underground Railway is throwing its branches, literally, under the entire capital, the supporting surfaces that were just strong enough are being weakened. A few streets have caved in. There will be more. You will hear lots more of Subterranean Paris!

Drayloads of boxed goods enter certain Monmartre courtyards in plain daylight—and disappear. No search could find them. They have gone down concealed elevators to a primitive little railway that runs through some old quarry gallery, five blocks, ten blocks, to another part of Paris. Some honest commission merchant hoists them up and mingles them with other goods, all ready for shipment.

How is it that this underworld does not cave in oftener? The weaker surfaces have already caved in. In particular, around the year 1774, the cave-ins, following prolonged rains and much new building, became so numerous as to alarm the population. At the moment when a commission was examining a house in the Rue de l'Enfer went down—entire—twenty-eight yards below the surface—into an abyss.

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