

# A SECOND LOVE

HOW dull you are," said Molly. "Say lazy," said Jack, as he took the pipe from his mouth with a smile that proved his words. It was a lovely morning—clear and fresh, the sun just strong enough to give a comfortable sense of warmth. The birds chirped merrily, the bees droned, and the boat floated smoothly along with the tide. Jack with his pipe, the scenery, and the prettiest picture of all to watch at the other end of the boat, was peacefully content, especially with the pleasant reflection of being idle while other men were busy. But Molly pouted. "To think," she said, "that I have given up a tennis tournament with Mr. Staines for this."

"Perhaps the day was rather too warm for tennis," drawled Jack. "Or no doubt you preferred the calm peacefulness of the river and my society even to a tete-a-tete with the tennis champion. He is something of a bore."

"He's nothing of the sort," retorted Molly, warmly. "He's nice and kind, and—"

"And wealthy," put in Jack. "Don't forget that, Miss Molly Merton."

"Well, that's something," said Molly, thoughtfully, dipping her hand in the water and letting the drops run through her fingers. "And he certainly is attentive. Fancy being Mrs. Staines. No worry about money—all the dresses and jewels, and pretty things you want, plenty of servants to wait upon you, carriages to ride in, and everybody crushing and crowding to know you."

"It certainly does sound inviting," said Jack, nonchalantly. "Why don't you manage it, Molly? You might succeed."

"Might," said Molly, contemptuously. "His intentions are only too apparent."

"Then I may shortly have the pleasure of congratulating you," said Jack,



JACK TOOK UP THE OARS AGAIN.

coolly, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'm sorry I said he was a fool, Molly. Perhaps it is only his manner and appearance. He certainly has good taste."

Molly bit her lips and watched the self-possessed young man with curiosity not unmingled with mortification. Her coquetry had no effect on him this morning. A short time ago he would have raved at the mere suggestion of her marrying any one else; only six months back he was at her feet himself suffering the agony of a first refusal and declaring that life was henceforward a blank without her. It was strange, certainly, and just a little aggravating. Molly was not used to indifference.

"You see, Molly; you would never do for a poor man's wife," went on Jack, in a practical voice. "You have extravagant tastes, and are of a nature that requires little affection. The adoration of one would not suffice you. You want admirers by the score."

Molly's surprised eyes fell, and there was a little reproach in her voice when she next spoke.

"How long have you been of this opinion?" she said, thinking of that wonderful evening six months ago, when the stolid young man in front of her was transfigured with love and desperate in his attempts to win her.

"O, for some time," Jack answered thoughtfully, then his eyes traveled to the pretty face underneath the shady hat. "I hope you have forgotten all that nonsense six months ago, Molly. I have been ashamed of it ever since. I think I was mad!"

"O!" said Molly.

There was silence for a moment. Molly took her hand from the water and dried it slowly, and Jack took up the oars again to help him out of an awkward predicament.

"You see, Molly," he began again, splashing the oars in desperation; "most fellows have a failure in love, and it's a splendid thing for them. After one rebuff they are more chary of bestowing their affection, and when they do it is generally a different thing altogether—the real thing."

"O!" said Molly again, without looking up.

Encouraged by the downcast eyes, Jack burst desperately into his confession.

"I expect you can guess what I want to say, Molly," he began. "A fellow isn't worth his salt if he spoils his life because one woman won't have him. Molly, I'm going to be married."

The words came as a shock to poor Molly, although Jack had led up to it so skillfully, and she was quite prepared. How could Jack like any other girl after once liking her? Jack, who had been her slave and lover since boy-

hood, who would have cut off his hand to serve her, who promised to be a bachelor all his life for her sake. She could not believe it, and yet there he sat—her Jack—talking quite amiably about her marrying a detestable man, whilst he consoled himself with another girl. O, it was like a horrible dream. It couldn't be true.

She was convinced of the painful reality of things by Jack pleading for her congratulations.

"I want you to be such friends, Molly," he said. "That is, if Mrs. Staines will condescend to be acquainted with Mrs. Marriott."

"Don't!" said Molly, hurriedly. Then she recovered herself with a forced laugh. "What is this wonderful divinity like, Jack?"

"Like?" said Jack. "O, you've no idea. It isn't that she's beautiful, although she is very, but she's such a dear, and so good. O, Molly, you've no idea how I love her."

"You have an accommodating heart," said Molly, bitterly. "You said the same to me six months ago."

"Ah, but this is so different," said Jack. "You see she loves me, and that is everything. Why, she might pick and choose among a dozen, some of them rich, too, but she prefers me—with \$1,500 a year and little prospect. Isn't it glorious?"

"It's extraordinary, at any rate," said Molly, tartly. "But there's no accounting for tastes. And now please row me back and pat me on shore. I am tired."

"I have wearied you talking about my happiness," said Jack. "Poor old Molly! I expect you are dying to tell me all about Staines."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Molly, sharply. "I make no confidants and never have. Please turn back."

Jack did so obediently, and appeared to be surprised at Molly's change of manner. Her eyes were clouded, her lips compressed, and her cheeks decidedly paler than usual. Jack watched her furtively, and when they at length reached the bank he held out his hand to help her across with a desperate courage.

"Molly," he whispered. "Won't you give me one kiss for the sake of old times?"

Molly looked up, shocked, surprised, and indignant.

"No, I won't," she said. "How dare you?"

"For the last time," he urged. "Please, Molly, just one."

"O, how can you?" cried Molly. "O, Jack, no! Please let me go."

For at the first sign of wavering Jack had caught her in his arms.

"Molly! Molly! My own!" he whispered, and Molly—the future Mrs. Staines—clung to him with little sobs of self-pity and love. But only for a moment. With a sudden return of memory she disengaged herself and drew back from him quietly.

"O! I had forgotten her," she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands. "O, Jack, how can you? How dare you when you love some one else?"

"She wouldn't mind," said Jack, coolly.

"Wouldn't mind?" echoed Molly. "O, Jack!"

"No, she wouldn't, really. She's a good, sensible sort, and would understand," urged Jack. Molly's face suddenly flamed.

"You are a mean, faithless, despicable fellow," she said, trembling with passion. "And I wish Miss What-s-her-name good of her bargain. O, Jack, I'm so disappointed in you. I thought you were a gentleman. I thought I loved you, but I don't! Let me pass!"

"No, you don't," said Jack, grimly. "You've got to hear me out first. Will you be disappointed in me if I tell you that the girl I love now is the same girl I loved six months ago, with this difference: that I thought her mercenary when she wasn't, and that she loves me now when she didn't before? Her name is Molly—the dearest, sweetest, prettiest, and most forgiving girl in the whole world. Molly darling! You do forgive me, don't you?"

Who could withstand Jack? Jack with his lovable, handsome face, and sparkling triumphant eyes? Certainly not Molly, for with one little cry of surprise and relief and another of happiness, she ran straight into his arms again.

"Why, my future Mrs. Staines," cried Jack. "What are you doing in my arms and what will his nibs say?"

"O, Jack," said Molly, looking up with a blush and a smile. "I never envied his money a bit. I should be miserable as Mrs. Staines."—Chicago Tribune.

**Too Many Women Smokers.**  
The stationmaster at the Richmond, Va., union station posted orders recently forbidding women to smoke in their waiting-room. The maid had been frequently sent out to the cigar stand for packages of cigarettes, and the practice had grown so rapidly in the luxurious apartments provided for the comfort of women passengers that the railroad authorities took this unusual action.

**Children Ride Free.**  
In some German towns children are allowed to travel free on the local tramway cars if they are under a certain height, which is marked on the doors of the vehicle.

Every baldheaded man has lots of hair around the sides of his head.

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## CELLINI'S DOG.

Ungrateful Thief Brought to Book by His Sense and Courage.

The intelligence of dogs is no new subject, but it is one which never ceases to be interesting. Benvenuto Cellini, the sixteenth century goldsmith, whose work is still one of the riches of Italy, records in his "Memoirs" an anecdote which shows that the dogs of that day were as faithful and as intelligent as are those of to-day. He speaks of the animal as a "fine large shock-dog."

It happened one night, says the author, that a thief, who had been at my house pretending to be a goldsmith, and had laid a plan to rob me, watched his opportunity and broke into my shop, where he was prying open the caskets when the dog flew at him. The thief found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword.

The faithful animal ran several times about the house, entered the journeyman's rooms, which were open, as it was then summer time; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bedclothes, and pulling the men by the arms forcibly awakened them; then barking very loud he showed the way to the thief, and went on before. But the men would not follow him. They were angered at his noise, and drove him out of the room.

The dog, having lost all hope of assistance, undertook the task alone, and ran downstairs. He could not find the villain in the shop, but came up with him in the street, and tearing off his cloak would certainly have treated him according to his deserts if the fellow had not called for assistance. With great difficulty the dog was driven away.

Some days later, as I was passing the square of Navona with my dog, he barked very loudly and flew at a young man, and made such efforts to tear this young man to pieces that he roused the city guards. The guards told me that if I did not keep off my dog, they would kill him. I called off the dog with some difficulty, and as the young man was retiring certain little paper bundles fell from under the cape of his cloak, which Domino immediately discovered to belong to him.

Among them I perceived a little ring which I knew to be my property, whereupon I said, "This is the villain that broke open my shop, and my dog knows him again."

I therefore let the dog loose, and he once more seized the thief, who then implored my mercy, and told me he would restore whatever he had of mine. On this I again called off my dog, and the fellow returned me all the gold, silver and rings that he had robbed me of, and gave me five and twenty crowns over, imploring my forgiveness. I bade him pray for the divine mercy, as I, for my part, did not intend to do him either harm or good.

## PLAN TO CHECK PROFANITY.

An anti-profanity league has been formed at Bertha, Neb., which is quite unique as an organization. The constitution provides that the membership shall be limited to young women, and that the chief object of the league shall be to stop the swearing habit among young men.



MISS KESSLER.

The members of the order are to discourage attentions from any young man who indulges in swearing. Twenty-six young women have signed the membership roll thus far. One enthusiastic member proposed that the members be prohibited from speaking to young men who swear, but this radical idea was not adopted. The first president of the Anti-profanity League is Miss Florence Kessler, daughter of the proprietor of a department store at Bertha. The secretary is Miss Birdie Carbon.

## An Ancient Fire Engine.

One of the old-time fire engines of England was recently discovered at Stowmarket, and proves an interesting relic of the past. It did duty in the town for many years, and, as shown by the sign on the engine, was presented to the town by Nathaniel Gordon, Esq., in 1734. Despite the many years that it was laid away unused, it is in an excellent state of preservation, considering its age.

The engine is composed of a wooden well, six feet long by five inches wide, and lined with copper. At either end are openings for the purpose of receiving water, which was fed to it by buckets. The pump itself is at one end and is worked by ordinary hand brakes. Four small solid wooden wheels support the body of the engine. There are none of the leather buckets left that were used to feed the water well, but the delivery pipe, which is six feet long, can still be attached. The engine is painted the usual red color, and on the front of the pump are printed instructions for properly working it.

One of the suggestions for keeping the pump in order reads: "The perverts of the long iron spindill" should be "drest with sallet oil and tallow." After using the hose the men are told that it should be liquored with neat-foot oil, bees wax and tallow and quilled up. Over the instructions, says the Municipal Journal and Engineer, was originally a covering of horn to protect them from injury, but of the horn covering only a small portion now remains.

How contemptuously a loafer refers to an industrious man as a miser!

## Science AND INVENTION

An invention which all railroad travelers will appreciate is to be tested on the new trains of the Berlin-Zossen experimental railway. It is a device for carrying the smoke from the locomotive to the rear end of the train through a closed conduit running along the top of the carriages.

The inertia of a two thousand-pound automobile at seventy-five miles an hour is calculated by E. Hospitalier to be the same as would be given by a fall of 196 feet. The retarding power developed by the brakes on the front tires must average about sixty-horse power, though the maximum strain may be nearly twice as great.

Casks of corkwood, the recent invention of a resident of Algeria, are claimed to have important advantages. Cork being a bad conductor of heat, liquids are protected from freezing on exposure to cold, and perishable substances are preserved from heat in warm climates. As interior coating keeps the contents from contact with the cork. The staves do not warp, and an eleven-gallon cask weighed only thirty pounds instead of the eighty pounds that would have been its weight in ordinary wood.

Investigation about a year ago showed that the balata tree grows in abundance along thousands of miles of the Amazon and its tributaries, but that the Brazilians were rapidly cutting the trees for firewood and building material. Since then the production of gutta percha from this source has been begun. Each tree yields an average of 3½ pounds, and a competent bleeder can prepare forty to fifty pounds per day, one man's work producing as much sap as twenty men can get from rubber trees. The gum is ready for shipment after being fermented and then dried.

One of the so-called "lost arts" appears to have been rediscovered, partially, at least, by Louis Kaulfield of Matthews, Ind. It is a process of making glass of extraordinary toughness, so that it will withstand rough usage and violent changes of temperature without breaking. The composition of the new glass is the secret of the inventor. The product is said to be quite as transparent as ordinary glass, and perhaps even a little clearer. Tests that prove the surprising toughness of this glass are: Boiling water in a lamp chimney made of it, and using such a chimney to drive nails. If the chimney is first cooled in ice water and then suddenly held in a flame it does not crack.

Prof. G. Frederick Wright, who recently made a trip across Asia for scientific study, says one of the surprises of Siberia is its abundance of public museums in which special attention is devoted to anthropology. Since Asia has been regarded by many as the original cradle of mankind, this preference for anthropological study is particularly interesting. Prof. Wright mentions a dozen cities of Asiatic Russia, including Vladivostok, Irkutsk, Minsk, Tomsk, Tashkent and Tiflis, which contain excellent museums, and he says there is scarcely a town of 10,000 inhabitants in all Siberia which is not thus provided with an educational factor, bearing particularly on the study of the human race, which may well provoke our emulation.

## ANCIENT MONOPOLIES.

Trusts, Combines and Mergers Are Certainly Not New Things.

In this day of trusts and mergers, it is interesting, perhaps a little comforting, to find that, like every other good and evil under the sun, trusts are no new thing. They are at least as ancient as the pyramids.

The earliest form of trust was the cornering of foodstuffs by monarchs and their agents. Assyrian records seven or eight thousand years old give accounts of these monopolistic transactions.

In the days of the Romans monopoly was a recognized institution. The Roman government farmed out taxes. The tax farmer placed embargoes on the food supplies of the provinces to make up arrears in taxes.

In the Middle Ages the trade guilds controlled the output of certain arts and industries, and also the means of distribution. This form of monopoly, like the famous league of the Hanse free towns, was for protection against competition from towns not in the league. It was in the hands of many merchants, and so had not the worst element of such trusts as are controlled by a few. But it was a common practice of English monarchs to grant monopolies to court favorites.

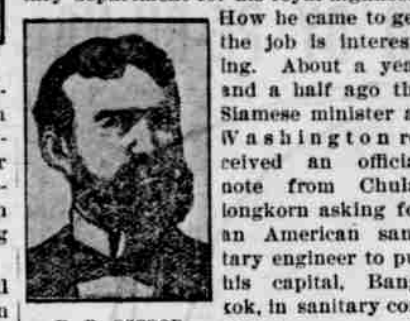
The most complete monopoly in the Middle Ages was the Venetian control of shipping in the Adriatic, which was powerful enough to turn an entire crusade from its holy purpose to the capture of a Christian town which Venice wanted. It was the price the crusaders had to pay for ships to transport them to Palestine. As the doge was absolute in authority, he was the head of a perfect maritime trust. When the Council of Ten were in control its members grew enormously rich.

## Butterflies a Food in Australia.

Millions of butterflies are eaten every year by the Australian aborigines. The insects congregate in vast quantities on the rocks of the Bungong mountains, and the natives secure them by kindling fires of damp wood and thus suffocating them. Then they are gathered in baskets, baked, sifted to remove the wings, and finally pressed into cakes.

## SANITARY HEAD OF SIAM.

This young American is Edwin P. Osgood, engineer in chief of the sanitary department for his royal highness.



E. P. OSGOOD.

With the aid of John D. Long, then Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Osgood was secured, and so pleased has been the King with his work that his curiosity was stirred to see a country that can produce such bright young men.

Mr. Osgood has been in Bangkok about a year, and during that time he and his wife have been the recipient of numerous courtesies at the hands of the royal family.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Osgood is his own boss, for he practically decides on the work to be done. His suggestions in all matters are invariably adopted. Bangkok is a city of a million inhabitants, and the work which the American engineer had before him can be imagined.

Mr. Osgood is but twenty-six years of age, quite young to be the sanitary head of a nation of 16,000,000 people, and with a territory as big as Texas. He is a member of the famous Osgood family. His father, Colonel H. B. Osgood, is a civil war veteran and was chief of commissary at Santiago. One of his brothers, W. D. Osgood, was killed in Cuba, and another brother, Henry, is connected with the health department of Manila.

## TALKS ON ADVERTISING

Advertising is a trade tonic that can be depended upon to remove sluggish stocks if given in doses of the proper size at the right intervals through the proper mediums.—Printers' Ink.

When a man invests his money in 3 per cent bonds, he does not hesitate to put up the coin and leave it up—otherwise he would get no bonds—but when it comes to advertising he wants to get his dividends without putting up the money. It cannot often be done. Advertising requires that a reasonable amount be invested before dividends can be declared.—Advisor.

In advertising suppression is suspicious. There is scarcely a man or woman but that has been deceived at some time by the speciousness of some advertisement, which fact naturally places them upon their guard. The advertiser need not be afraid to take the public into his confidence. He may speak out with confidence in the assurance that this is the best way to sell.—Printers' Ink.

An advertisement is something like a mechanic's tool. You would not expect a dull saw to do good work, nor to bore a clean hole with a broken auger. A dull pick makes slow work, a plow that does not scour turns up little soil; so a meaningless, unattractive advertisement does injustice to your store, to your ability as a business man, narrows your sphere of business, and is unprofitable.—D. T. Mallet.

No merchant would think of doing business without some kind of a sign on his front window or over his door. That is a good idea, but the enterprising merchant should not omit to keep a standing "ad" in his home paper. That is, a continual reminder to the public that he is in business and seeks trade. Every man or firm who does business with the people should not fail to patronize the printer's pages. It always pays. It not only brings good results to the advertiser, but speaks well for the enterprise of the town.

## Caught in the Act.

Tom, the house boy, had stolen a pair of his young master's shoes. The driver, who happened to be Tom's father, was called upon to give the boy a whipping. With a great show of wrath the old man had given him several blows when the master directed him to desist and walked away.

Tom was following him, when his father called him back.

"Come back here, yer little rascal!" he yelled. "I lick yer jest now easy, 'cause massa sesso, fur nabbin' dem shoes. Now I's gwin ter gib yer de berry debble 'cause yer shoos fool enough to get cotched at it."—New York Times.

## Coachmen in White.

In Berlin doctors' coachmen wear white hats, so that a physician's carriage may be easily recognized in case of necessity.

## Russia's Only Crematory.

Vladivostok possesses the only crematorium that has been erected in the whole Russian empire.

The man who is clever in scheming to get invitations in his youth will find his cleverness valuable in scheming to get out of accepting them in his old age.

## SHEAR NONSENSE

So Polite.—He—Won't you sit in this chair, Miss Spooner? Miss Spooner—After you.—Punch.

"Are you familiar with the motives of Jigganlin's new opera?" "Yes; he needed the money."—Puck.

Nodd—"How did you come out of that scrape with your wife?" Todd—"As usual, I apologized for being right."—Brooklyn Life.

Fudge—"So you have given up smoking? Did it take much will power to do it?" Judge—"No; it was 'won't' power."—Baltimore Herald.

Not to Escape.—"What did Miss Antique do when she was finally successful in finding a man under her bed—send for a policeman?" "No; she sent for a minister."—Judge.

"I wonder what he'd do if he could see himself as others see for about a minute?" "Pshaw! He'd say he was jealous of himself and go it in the same old way."—Chicago Tribune.

Spoke From Experience.—Friend—I haven't seen you for some time. Poet—No. Fact is, I have become a good deal of a recluse lately. Friend—I feared as much. How much do you owe?—Tit-Bits.

Doctor—Your temperature is up to one hundred and seven. Auctioneer (drowsily)—Hundred an' seven! Hundred an' seven! Going, going at hundred an' seven! Who'll make it a hundred an' eight?—Chicago News.

A Change.—"Well," said Noah, as he hunted for a dry spot on the top of Ararat, "a lot of people came down to the pier to josh us when we started, but I don't see any of them around to poke fun at our home-coming."—Life.

Hamley—You seem interested in the horse show; have you any entries there? Phamley—Well-er-yes. Hamley—Prize winners? Phamley—I hope so. They're my three eldest daughters, and all marriageable.—Philadelphia Press.

Son of the House—Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel? Miss M.—Oh, I daren't after such good music as we have been listening to. Son of the House—But I'd rather listen to your singing than to any amount of good music!—Punch.

"I don't suppose he meant anything unkind," said the young woman; "but it was a very startling coincidence." "What do you mean?" "Just before Harold and I got married his friends persuaded him to join a 'don't worry' club."—Washington Star.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he tackled her first pot-pie, "where did you get this?" "I made that out of Mrs. Shouter's cook book," replied the young wife; "it's a —" "Ah!" he broke in, "this leathery part is the binding. I suppose the Philadelphians Press."

"If one would hear really fine music," said the Wagnerite, "one must expect to pay well for it." "That's right," replied Hanskoop. "Now, I was listening to some music to-day that was great, but expensive—a couple of tons of coal rattling into my cellar."—Philadelphia Press.

"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony." He looked thoughtful. "It will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said, "but I think I can ring you in somehow." And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I'm so glad the boys of your company gave you that handsome revolver," said the wife of the militia company; "we need have no fear of the burglars who infect the neighborhood now." "That's so," replied the captain; "I've got it locked up in the safe at the office, where they can't get at it."—Philadelphia Press.

"I wish," said Senator Sorghum, pensively, "that you would refrain from circulating these reports that I am willing to pay for votes." "Do you deny the charge?" "That has nothing to do with the case. I don't want everybody who might be willing to vote my way to feel that he is wasting money."—Washington Star.

In a Fix.—"I knew a man once who didn't believe in swearing, and he came home one day to find all the water-pipes frozen, two of the children down with measles, the cook gone, together with all the spoons, and his wife's rich aunt come to make a visit." "What on earth did he say?" "He said, 'Oh, fudge!'"—Washington Times.

Light in Darkness.—A Frenchman was paying his first visit to London, and was walking through Hyde Park on one of the many foggy metropolitan mornings with an English friend. "Fog! Ha, ha, mon fren," ejaculated the Frenchman; "now I understand vot you mean ven you say ze sun nevaire set on your dominion. Ma foie, it does not rise."—Toledo Blade.

Nothing New.—A gentleman telegraphist "called" a young lady operator in another office repeatedly without response. At last the "click, click" came, and he telegraphed back vehemently: "I have been trying to catch you for the last half hour!" The maiden wired back: "That's nothing! There is a young man here who's been trying to do the same thing for two years, and he hasn't caught me yet!"—Tit-Bits.