CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
On her return from the ride, Winifred went, as was her custom, to the little sitting room appropriated to the use of Madame de Montolieu. Lady Grace was if he could scarcely take his eyes off her. sitting there, too. She kissed them both. She laughed and talked with Lord Harold "You bring the outer air in with you, in a low, almost caressing voice, Mr. my child," said the old French lady; "you Hastings thought; and it made his blood

you have got the ponies into such order that they are as quiet as lambs. At "I do not think my least Evans gives you all the credit." you any pleasure," sh

with a new set of harness, and you in rude, untaught, country one."

the front seat, there would not be a more He drew back, wounded to the quick. the front seat, there would not be a more elegant 'turnout' in London."

Fancy such honor and state for a farmer's daughter!" said Winifred, half Sitting down to the piano, she sang her grave, half ironical.

"My dear, what ails you to-day? You are not like yourself. I never heard you night, and Errol leaned against the embrasure of the window, where his face lings anything to do with it? Your manner to him was most chilling. Did he ever oftend you?"

The same more deartifully financial to the middle against the embrasure of the window, where his face will wish it had been some other kind could drank in every tone of the voice, which bite quite as bad as that one. There are ever oftend you?" ever offend you?"

But her voice trembled, and she hur-

"Madame," said Lady Grace, "can you throw any light on the subject—do you know it anything ever passed between their should make her seem proud and resentful toward him?"

"You did not to the moment.

"After all, my your thanks."

"You did not to the moment.

Madame de Montelleu hesitated.

"I should not feel justified in telling Later, thinking over the events of the was at home alone. I dare say he took "Bah!" he thought, "I am a fool for my great gentleman like the master of not care for me I will school myself to full of venom and vim to get it where fazell Court, and her own humble self. Hazell Court, and her own humble self. I warned her-I wanted to spare her the

At breakfast the fellowing morning heartache—the misery that such a de-both Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Faring love for her, he was, in truth, devot-

deemed his inconsiderate cruelty."
"I cannot understand it," Lady Grace her as I should have fancied a man could only look when he loved a woman dearly. And yet-you may be right, for I remem-

It was a grievous blow, Perhaps his pres-ence brought back a bitter remembrance,

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Harold Erskine had never been to stay at Endon Vale since Winifred had lived there, and this was the only reason Lady Grace ever had to regret her presence—it kept the nephew whom she loved away. Once, when she had a letter from him, she read it, and sighed nearing the park gates, a farmer stopped heavily as she laid it down. Winifred Lord Harold to speak about some busiod what the sigh meant. She summoned up courage the next time they

"I know you are unhappy because you do not see Lord Harold, Lady Grace. Please let me go away somewhere for a time, and let him come here, if he does not like to meet me.'

"I do not think, my dear, that he minds meeting you so much as that he fears his presence might make you uneasy." Oh, Lady Grace," cried Winifred

"why should you-why should he think of me? Am I not here from your kindess and charity? I was only too much honored by his ever thinking of me; but e will have forgotten me now, and why and reproached herself unreasonably. should we not meet as if such a thing

The next day he arrived, to his aunt's ed and rode away.

great delight. The meeting between him and Winifred was cordial and unaffected. The restraint wore off, and they relapsed into an easy friendship; at all events, the young lady did.

Of course, as soon as Lord Harold heard his old friend Errol Hastings was at the Court he betook himself at once to has taken a villa on the Thames for the see him, although he was coming to dinner the following day.

"I shall most likely sleep at the Court to-night, aunt, and we will ride over to-

ther to-morrow morning. Of course, he stays here the night?"

seeing Mr. Hastings again, particularly am so terribly dull." before Lord Harold; and then she wondered if her name would be mentioned between the two mes, and if so, what had an unpleasant recollection of Mr. Clayton's remarks about Miss Eyre's firtation with Lord Harold Erskine, and an uncomfortable sense of the latter's Hazell woods. By common consent, then, if not quite, hated the man whose name her name was avoided as much as possitopics for conversation, until the next at the Cedars, she had plenty of oppor-Champions, and Mr. Hastings vol Lancing and his sister playing croquet with Flora and Reginald Champion, and on invitation joined in the game. It was ing her wishes and contradicting her orcurious enough that, although Flora look-

\*

"We have had a good canter across the Errol had, of course, never heard Miss common, dear madame—it makes one feel Eyre sing. When they went into the fresh. Did you both have a pleasant drawing room he said to her:

"I hear you sing very beautifully, Miss drive?"
"Yes," said Lady Grace, "and I find Eyre. Will you give me the pleasure of hearing your voice?"

"I do not think my singing would give you any pleasure," she answered, coldly.
"You are, of course, accustomed to hear "He wants to see you drive them in "You are, of course, accustomed to hear the park," resumed Lady Grace; "he says highly cultivated voices mine is only a

"Do come and sing, Winitred," ex-claimed Lord Harold.

rave, half ironical.

Lady Grace took her hand and drew the other, with a pathos that went to the heart of each one who listened. She nev-'My dear, what alls you to-day? You er sang more beautifully than on that Offend me? Lady Grace-how should which he loved. He never loved her bebe? He was far above me when we met hefore." exquisite tenderness of her voice.

When Winifred anally left the plane, she passed close to the curtain, and Errol came forward. She spoke on the impulse

"After all, my singing was not worth

"You did not sing for me," he answer-

this to anyone else; but you have her evening, he found it an utter impossibilinterest as much at heart as I have. The ity to arrive at any definite conclusion summer before last, when he first came as to the feelings and motives which in- a suction pump. As he can bore through home, they met by accident. He was fluenced Winifred's conduct toward him. your boot and puncture your foot with handsome and fascinating, and, I believe. Was his presence really hateful to her?— case and dispatch, you may well imagthe first man of ton and breeding she did she bear an unreleating anger toward over met with. No wonder, then, the poor romantic child fell in love with him. long ago?—and had every vestige of the nately, though, this glant mosquito Somehow they met again, and he made love he knew she had once borne him in the polynomous. The damage he does to an excuse to call at the Farm, and she died out?

a faucy to her, large-eyed, graceful child pains. Is it possible that I, who am to as she was, and flattered and talked to all intents and purposes a man of the her as men of the world will. She mis-world, should find myself eating my heart took it for love for a romantic devotion, out for the love of a simple little counno doubt, such as her foolish little brain try girl? To-morrow shall decide my futry girl? To-morrow shall decide my fuhad conceived might be possible between ture course of action, and if I see she does

Lord Harold went to order the horses. ing his real attention to her cousin Flora. Winifred no longer rode the quiet old bay horse, but a handsome chestaut Sir Clay-ton had bought for hes. Until the previand she involuntarily resented what she ous day Winifred had never in her life ings, with the most naive, uncor

innocence. The ride must have been fraught with considerable enjoyment for Errol, as every turning, every fence, every heath seemed to bring to Winifred's mind some agreeable reminiscence connected with her other companion. As they were Lord Harold to speak about some business, and Mr. Hastings and Winifred rode on. Errol bent down toward her presently.

will ever feel kinder toward me than you do now?"

"I have no unkind feeling toward you, Mr. Hastings." "Then shall I say less indifferent?"

"Can one help feeling indifferent?" retorted Winifred.

He turned away, stung to the quick. Winifred kept up the same demeanor toward the two men during the whole ride; and then at night, when she to her room, she cried bitterly, and hated

"I do love him-I do love him!" had never happened?"
"I will tell him," Lady Grace said; and but the next morning she was as cold but the next morning she sobbed to herself over and over again; she wrote to him that very day, begging and repellent to him as ever, and would hardly wish him good-by before he mount-

> The afternoon's post bag contained two letters in the same handwriting-one for Winifred, the other for Lady Grace. The correspondent was Mrs. Clayton.

"Dear Winifred" (she wrote to the for-mer)-"Do ask Lady Grace Farquhar to spare you to me for a week. Mr. Clayton summer, and I am going to spend a few days there before we go to town for the season. I expect to be very dull and quiet, so that if you come to me you will

be performing an actual charity."

The note to Lady Grace was couched "Of course, me dear," and Lord Harold in much the same terms: "Do spare Winirode off. The day seemed a little dull to fred, and persuade her to come to me. My Winifred after he had gone. She dreaded husband and aunt have quarreled, and I

Mrs. Clayton received Winifred with open arms.
"I am so glad you have come!" she ex-

have a tete-a-tete dinner to-night. Mr.

Clayton is in town."
Winifred had not been five hours in her Present golden opportunities; and Lord Harold remembered uneasily that something had been said about Hastings and Miss Eyre wandering together in the an inadequate value; and that she almost,

and the two men had plenty of other | During the time that Winifred stayed The following morning Lord Har- tunity of observing how this ill-asso ought himself of calling on the couple lived. Francis Clayton's manner us, and Mr. Hastings volunteer— to his wife was in itself an offense, al-

se, and used all the arts they Winifred detested him, and was systomatically cold and repellent in her manen contrasted her unfavorably with her ner toward him. He saw it, and laughed

secretly to himself.
"Little fool!" he thought, contemptuon Vale until it was time to dress ously, "she assumes these airs of virtuous dinner, and only just appeared is indignation with huge propriety. Per-drawing room as the gong sounded the second time. Bir Clayton gave love with her!"

that they annoyed her. If his wife sat

leave the room, or else exclaim "For heaven's sake, Marion, don't make that horrid noise; you have not a vestige of voice left. Do get up, and let Miss Eyre sing. Her performance is worth listening to. Come, Miss Eyre, won't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not!" cried Winifred, angrily, one day, tears of vexation in her eyes. "If you cannot admire the beauty of Fee's singing. I take it as no compile "If you cannot admire the beauty

ment that you should praise me." "My dear Miss Eyre, pray don't be violent," said Mr. Clayton, with a maious smile. "I am afraid your tempe is getting spoilt by Mrs. Clayton's ex-ample; mine bas suffered already from her baneful influence."

"I think she must be an angel to have lived with you so long!" claimed, in hot, angry championship of her friend. She was not worldly wise enough yet to abstain from taking up

other people's quarrels.

Mr. Clayton remembered her words, and bore malice toward her for them.

(To be continued.) MOSQUITOES IN LOUISIANA

They Are Many and Active, and One Is

a Moneter in Sin . "You may talk about your mosqui toes up here in the North," said a resi dent of Bayou Sara, "but if you should spend an hour or so fishing in some of our Louisiana swamp bayous you would wonder that you ever complained of your New Jersey or Staten Island mosquitoes as an instrument of torture.

There are eight or nine different varieties of mosquitoes hatched in those dark and noisome swamp bayous, and no matter which kind samples you you gray mosquitoes-long, gaunt, wolfishlooking fellows-reddish-brown mosquitoes, black mosquitoes of a bluish cast and one that is nearly green. The one that will strike you as the most formidable is one we call a gallinipper down there, and it resembles that harmless insect both in size and make-

up. It is easily half an inch long in body, with a spreed of wing an inch wide, and a kit in which it carries its tools that is as long as its body.

"This fearfully equipped insect mon ster has a saw, a gimlet, a lance and your physical comfort is done by his boring and sawing and lancing of the flesh. That hurts like pounding your thumb with a hammer, and leaves a spot that will be sore and tender for

"All the remaining eight varieties are greatest number, but the worst of all is both Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farthe smallest one of the lot. This is a
she was so honest, so true herself, she
could not believe the man she worshiped
as a hero could be capable of what she
deemed baseness, and at lest, by a cruel
lesson—I am not at liberty to tell you

both Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Far
quhar pressed him to stay until the next
day, and he consented.

"And now," said Lady Grace, "you
young people must go for a long ride this
sinks his stinger in on you will instantlovely morning, sand is shall shut myself ly
rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn
the smallest one of the lot. This is a
gray mosquito, not more than an eighth
young people must go for a long ride this
lovely morning, sand is shall shut myself ly
rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn
the smallest one of the lot. This is a
gray mosquito, not more than an eighth
young people must go for a long ride this
lovely morning, sand is shall shut myself ly
rise up as big as a hickory nut, turn
his myself and his single people must go for a long ride this
lovely morning, sand is shall shut myself ly
rise up as beginning the samplest one of the lot. This is a
gray mosquito, not more than an eighth
young people must go for a long ride this
lovely morning, sand is shall shut myself ly
rise up as beginning the samplest one of the lot. This is a
gray mosquito, not more than an eighth
young people must go for a long ride this
lovely morning and is shall shall shall shall shall and myself ly
rise and the samplest one of the lot. This is a
gray mosquito, not more than an eighth
young people must go for a long ride this
sinks his stinger in on you will instantlovely morning and is shall shall shall myself ly
rise and the samplest one of the lot. This is a
gray mosquito, not more than an eighth
young people must go for a long ride this
sinks his stinger in on you will be an expectation. ow—she found that, while he was feignfolios."

It love for her he was feignfolios." sting. As the reservoir containing that insect's venom cannot possibly be larger than a fly speck, the virulence

"The experienced person never goes been provoking or a firt, but of course fishing in those mosquito-infected those qualities must have been dormant bayous," continued the Louisianan, ac-"Twice to-day I saw him look at somewhere in her heart, or they would cording to the New York Times, "unon's teeth at a moment's notice. The netting, fixed on a light steel frame, And yet—you may be right, for I rememwhole ride through she flattered and flirtber fancying there was a tinge of regret
in his expression."
whole ride through she flattered and flirted with Lord Harold, and uttered little
malicious, biting remarks to Mr. Hastgallininger measurite's kit of teels

"Why does any one go fishing in those noisome places? Because the fishing is always good, while it never is in the open water bayous of Louisians, Perch. bass, jackfish, as the pickerel is called down there, and other fish of fair game quality are abundant in those dark. sluggish, root-tangled waters, and the enthusiastic angler is willing to dare the mosquitoes and other poisonous denizens of those swamps to obtain a few hours' sport with his book and line."

Classified.

Stories of Father Taylor, the sailors' friend, are perennial in their warm buman interest. He was a man who, at all times, spoke with an engaging frankness which sometimes became more brusque than was desirable.

A banker from the West End of Bo ton once visited Father Taylor's church during a fervid revival, and varied the usual character of the meeting by a rather pompous address.

Its purport was that the merchant princes of Boston were a very beneficent set of men, whose wealth and enterprise gave employment to thousands of sailors, and that it was, above all. the duty of seamen to show their grati-

tude to the merchants. At the close of his speech the banker was somewhat taken aback when Father Taylor rose and asked, simply: "Is there any other sinner from uptown who would like to say a word?"

A certain member of Parliament has expressed a pronounced disbellef in most of the wonderful tales told of the precocity of children. He contends that the stories are usually manufactured by older persons, with the sole object of making amusing reading. Once in a while, however, his theory receives a setback by something in his would say about her. Mr. Hastings claimed; "your companionship will make own experiences, and he confesses that an unpleasant recollection of Mr. me forget half my troubles. We shall he has come across some genuine huhe has come across some genuine humor and some unconscious witticisms. One such was brought to his notice very

A Sunday-school examination was in progress, and the examining visitor put this question: "What did Moses do for a living while

as was with Jethro?" Following a long silence a little voice piped up from the back of the room: "Please, sir, he married one of Jeth ro's daughters."

Pleasantry in Passing. "Well, I declare," remarked the thin

man, who was being uncomfortably crowded by a very stout person, "the trolley company ought to charge pas-sengers by weight." "Think so?" retorted the stout per son. "At that rate it wouldn't be worth

their while to take you on at all."-Philadelphia Press. The greatest firmness is the great

He redoubled his attentions on sceins ADVENTURES OF YOUNG LADS SMITTEN WITH A DESIRE TO SEE THE WORLD.

> HEROIC attempt to have a vacation at all cost was made by a certain boy, whose experience is related in Chums. He joined a circus with the intention of becoming a lion-tamer; but there was no vacancy in that department, and before he made up his mind what cise he would like to do, the circus people worked him in as "tent man." He had to belp to put up and take down the great tents at each stopping place. Incidentally, he worked all the rest of the time at odd jobs. The circus men, in fact, found him so useful that they locked him up in an empty leopard cage each night, in order that, after having been kept at work all day by a rope's end, he might not have a chance to abanden his circus career after dark. Ultimately, the boy hid for-twenty-four hours in a disused limekiln in one of the towns he visited, and finished his outing by giving himself up to the police authorities in order to be sent home.

Not long ago an American boy, thinking that a vacation spent on his uncle's farm was likely to be without adventure, stowed himself away and journeyed a long distance on the buffers of a freight train. He thought he had done a rather fine thing, but the rallway people held a different opinion. "It's our turn now," they said.

Then they explained to him that to send him back again would cost three dollars, and he already owed them three dollars for the trip down. So he was taken to the machine shops and directed to earn six dollars by filing tubing smooth. A watchman was deputed to keep a fatherly eye on him

The new hand managed to write to his people; but, very wisely, they agreed that to "serve his thoe," might teach him a useful lesson, so they paid no ransom. It took the boy mearly three weeks to file his way to liberty.

At a barbor of Continental Europe, in which a submarine war vessel was undergoing tests, a third young adventurer was smitten with a desire to become a "stowaway." He was continually begging one of the crew, whom he knew, to smuggle him on board. At last, after a quiet little talk with the boy's father, the sailor consented.

In the dusk of evening the boy arrived at the meeting place appointed, close to the sea. "We must Mindfold you," said the sailor. This was done, and then the boy was led about here and there for some time, between two grinning mariners, and watched by a grinning parent. When he was thoroughly dazed, he was pushed into a narrow, cold metal apartment, and cautioned to keep perfectly still until some one came for him. "And mind you keep that bandage on till you're told to take it off,"

added the sailor. The boy waited-for hours, it seemed to him-hardly daring to breathe, but trying to think that he was biving a great time. Then he took off the bandage, he was in total darkness. More hours went by, and no one came back for him. He was now not only hungry, and cold, but also frightened. No sound reached him. Was he really alone in the submarine boat in the depths of the ses?

No he was not. At 1 o'clock in the morning his father, still smiling, rescued him from an old ship's Iron cistern, in which he had been imprisoned on the beach. The submarine boat and her crew had, in the meantime been towed away to another seaport; but the boy was no longer interested in a seafaring life.

## ODDEST COUNTY JAIL IN THE UNITED STATES.



Graham County Jail, at Clifton, Ariz, is probably the most unusual in America. It comprises four large apartments, hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a boxlike vestibule, built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars. Here and there in the rocky walls heles have been blasted for windows, and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of the rockboshd jall is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger spartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the fall is fifteen feet thick. Some of the most desperate crimhals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jall, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for menths. Clifton is one of the great copper mining camps in Arizona, and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade, and in the winter it never goes below 40

WITH THIS TRAINED OSTRICH

HE HAS A WINGED STEED



Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, recently visited the Hot Springs ostrich farm, and had the experience of riding behind one of the largest ostriches in the country. The ostrich is known as "Black Diamond," who is big and fleet, and docile as a well-trained horse. Black Diamond was hitched to a runabout, and Secretary Hitchcock had the novel sensetion of riding behind this bird that trotted as fast as a horse can run.

"LUXURIES" ON BATTLESHIPS. Modern Vessel Carries 350 Tone of

Unnecessary Articles. Rear Admiral Bowles, chief of the Bureau of Construction, has made a calculation based on investigations made by officers of his bureau of the weight of "luxuries" carried on a battleship of recent construction. In the preparation of plans and designs for war vessels there is almost a constant contention betwen the several bureaus in regard to the weights that should be carried, each branch contending for the installation of machinery and devices deemed essential. These centro versies are usually settled by a sompromise, in which something is yielded y each, but the result is often musatisfactory, and not infrequently has proved detrimental to the efficiency of the vessel.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Construction Admiral Bowles declared that on each battleship there were 850 tons of luxuries, a statement which startled the members of the board. Included in these so-called luxuries are materials of every description that cannot be classified as necessities, such as furniture, ice machines, refrigerators, radiators and the machinery re quired for them.

It is pointed out that flagships are supplied with two bathrooms and appurtenances for the flag officer, while one bath tub is deemed sufficient for the ward room, in which fifteen or twenty officers live. There will be undoubtedly a protracted discussion as to what constitutes luxuries, but offi cers generaly believe that much of the weights which Admiral Bowles de-

scribed might be abolished and the space given to what may be called neceasities.

There will be little afscussion outside two bath tubs in the elegant and spaclous quarters set apart for the admiral. The additional bath is provided for the guest of the admiral in case he should have one, which seldom happens .- New York Times.

A Ball of Fire from the Sky. One of the strangest freaks in electrical phenomena ever reported occurred in Northern California recently. During the day the thermometer had fallen, and about four o'clock there was a slight fall of snow. There had been no thunder or lightning during the day. Buddenly and without warn ing, from what appeared a clear spot in the heavy bank of clouds overhead, a brilliant ball of fire shot from the sky and struck the ground on a farm about two miles east of Anderson, a small hamlet. The illumination was plainly visible in Redding, thirteen miles distant. A few seconds after the descent of the fire ball there was a loud report, like a mighty explosion. The shock was felt in Redding. where windows rattled and houses shook. In the village of Anderson the people were panic-stricken. Glass in windows was broken, walls were cracked, houses rocked as though tossed by an earthquake, and telephone, telegraph and electric light wires were put out of action for a time.

gant or appropriate, although as first show an improvement remains to be used there was some warrant for its seen. At present the outlook is none dents occur at the mouth of the river, the days of Samuel Johnson, and was a time of trouble is in store for the applied then as now to women who infant nation. cultivated learned conversations and found enjoyment in the discussion of questions which had been monopolized by men. About 1750 it became quite the thing for ladies to form evening assemblies, when they might participate in talk with literary and ingenious men. One of the best known and most popular members of one of these assemblies was said to have been a Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings, and when at any time he happened to be absent from these gatherings it was usually remarked that "we can do nothing without blue stockings," and by degrees the term

Blue Stockings.

the meetings. There is no earthly hope for a man w'en he look in de directory."-Atlanta who is too lazy to acquire enemies.

FRIGHTENING A STRANGER.

Scheme of a North Carolinian Failed

to Work as He Expected Between two towns in North Carolina I met a man driving an ox to a cart and on the straw in the cart was a young man who appeared to have met with an accident. Of course, I inquired what happened and the father said in reply:

"Wall, stranger, that's my son Ben and I recken I kin give it to ye native land P. W. E. Hart has written straight. Me and Ben was up to "Jason-Nova Scotla," a story of love Groversville this mawnin' to git a and adventure on sea and shore, pair o' butes. We went into a stoh Mrs. G. R. Alden, the creator of the and asked fur butes and in that stob famous "Pansy" books, has written a was a humble-lookin' critter who was novel for fiction renders which the eatin' crackers and cheese and askin' Lothrop Publishing Company is bring-the way to Pineville. He was a hum-ing from the press. Its title is "Mara." ble-lookin' critter, wasn't he, "Hen?" | News comes from Rome that the "He was, pop."

and wanted to do sunthin smart. He venerable author and his publishers. looks the man over and then se says: The Lothrop Publishing Company an-

'Pop. I'm goin' to skerr that kuss outer this town and half way up the H. G. McVickar and Percy Collins. Its mounting."

"As how? sez I.

"'By yellin' in his car,' see he. "'Mebbe he'll skeer and mebbe he won't,' sea I. 'He looks powerful lonesome and down-hearted, but yo' can't allus tell how a critter will per-"That's what you said and I said,

wasn't it. Ben?"

felt colty and wouldn't take my ad. a number of other tales.

"I jest wanted to skeer him, pop." got around behind him and drawed Vernon" and "When Knighthood Was yell I ever heard. I'm braggin' about hance the author's already wide reputhat yell, Ben."

"Thankee, pop." "But it didn't skeer nobody like you' it. He said that, didn't he?" "Yes, pop, he said that," whispered

"But he didn't want no mo'." continued the father as he turned to me. "He got all he wanted and some to and are takin' him home fur the docter to work at. Mebbe he'll die and mebbe he'll git well. If he dies I shan't blame that humble-lookin' critter 'tall. If he gits well he won't never do no more yellin' in anybody's ear. hind.

move on."

TRADE WITH AUSTRALIA.

Figures of 1902 Show Decline in Some Inports from the United States. statistics throw some light on the for its hero "Cotton Mather Thayer," course of trade between America and whose father was a Boston blueblood, Australia during 1902 and indirectly and whose mother was a Russian muladieste the possibilities of 1903. indicate the possibilities of 1908.

way and telegraphic materials, the de the book suggests the author's main mand for which will be well maintain. motif-the warring strains, "Puritan ed during 1903, as will that for flour and Slav," in her hero. The central and grain stuffs, as Australia will re- idea is the mistake a woman makes main largely dependent on outside sup. who attempts to reform a man after plies until the early part of 1904. There marriage. Beatrix Dane, the heroine will, however, be a decrease in the of the book, discovers during her enimports of arms and ammunition.

tionably a result of the imposition of from a mistaken sense of duty does the federal duties, while others were not break her troth, and her intimate occasioned by the uncertainly with friends shrink from any interference respect to the final shape of the im- Much of the novel has a decidedly ports. The decline in the values of the musical atmosphere, and the attitude Imports of organs, harmoniums and of some portions of New York society planos shows the extent to which the toward musical people is well despending power of the residents in the scribed. of the flag rank as to the necessity for rich state of the commonwealth has be-

come reduced. and shoes, but this was occasioned largely by the heavy stocks caused by overshipments in 1901. The total value of the American imports during the first ten months of 1902 was £1,553. 710, as against £2,115,106 during the corresponding period of 1901, a decrosse of £561 306

The decrease in Australia exports to America was extremely marked, the value falling from £2,140,064 in 1901 1978,679, or nearly 50 per cent. This drought, the exports of greasy wool. for instance, falling from £22,581 in 1901 to £7,499 in 1902.

A considerable portion of the American goods shipped to Sydney are reexported to the United States, the quantity consigned to ports other than Sydney being comparatively small. Brisbane is the nominal terminal point of the Canadian-Australian line, but the bulk of the trade is with Sydney, to which port the vessels proceed after leaving Brisbane. The course of trade between the com-

nonwealths and Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries has been affected in precisely the same manner as that with America, says a correspondent of the New York Times, and it The term "blue stockings," as ap- is estimated that the total falling off plied to women with literary tenden- for the year will amount to several cles, is not now considered either els- million pounds. Whether 1908 will employment. Its origin is traced to of the brightest and it is evident that

His Answer.

He'll find himself, like other men, In straitened circumstances. -Philadelphia Press.

No Longer Bent.

"blue stockings" was applied to all Uncle Rastus. gatherings of a literary nature, and "Stidder huntin' fer trouble," said the eventually to the ladies who attended sable philosopher, "take de number off yo' door, so's he can't fin' whar you at

Constitution.



Based upon a remantic legend of his

Pope has blessed Ben-Hur. This bless-"It wasn't none of Ben's bigness ing, it seems, has not been bestowed about the critter," continued the old ceremonially, but it will be none the man, "but he was feelin' kinder colty less welcome on that account to the

nounces the early issue of a novel by title is "A Parish for Two" and the story will be told in the form of letters between a clubman and a clergyman. Charles Battell Loomis, author of

"The Four Masted Catboat" and also well known as a humorous reader. will issue shortly through Henry Holt & Co. a new book entitled "Cheerful "That's what we said," sighed Ben. Americans." This volume will include "I didn't want you to yell, but yo' his stories of "Americans Abroad" and Charles Major's new novel is now

nearly completed. It is an entirely dif-"Yes, yo' wanted to skeer him. Yo' ferent style of a story from "Dorothy long breath and let 'er go. It was in Flower," and those who have seen mighty yell. Ben-the powerfullest the book believe it will greatly entation and great popularity.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish this year a new book by Hezekiah Butterthought it would. The stranger jest worth under the title of "Brother ris up slow and drawed back his fist Jonathan." It will have as its central and let yo' her it on the nose, and character Governor Jonathan Trumyo' didn't know nuthin' fur the next bull, of Connecticut. All of Mr. Butfifteen minits. When yo' cum to be terworth's stories have served as backsaid yo' could hev me' if yo' wanted grounds for pictures of great historical characters.

Two years ago Alice Brown's novel, Margaret Warrener, was one of the best of the year. Her new book, "The Mannerings," is, so far, only surpassed spare, and so we put him in the cart season's fiction. It is at once an enterby "Lady Rose's Daughter" in this taining story and a thoroughly satisfactory presentation of a number of interesting characters. Life.

George Ade is thoroughly representative of the men who have entered onless thar's a handy hill to dodge be literature by the highway of the newspaper office. His first appearance in "That's all-and the purceshun will print was made at the tender age of 12 years, when he contributed an essay to his "home paper," the Gazette, of Kentland, Ind. It was called "A Basket of Potatoes," and, oddly enough, was in the form of a fable. The latest available commonwealth Anna Chapin Ray's new novel has The largest increases were in rail musical temperament, and the title of mports of arms and ammunition.

Many of the decreases were unques an inherited appetite for drink, but

## GILL-NET FISHING

The heaviest decrease was in boots It Is a Precarious, Peritous, Hard-Tolling, Pascinating Occupation. A gill net is merely an immense strip of web a quarter of a mile long by thirty-five feet deep, floated in the water by cork buttons fastened along the upper edge. The tides carry it down to the sea and back again, the men following and watching in the boat, day and night, rain or storm, during the fishing senson, visiting the shore only occasionally for supplies or to £1,161,885 in 1902, a decline of to mend their nets. They sleep in a little tent at the end of their clumsy was occassioned by the short supplies | boat, bon their court without ceasduce, caused by the ravages of ing. Salmon, swimming against the tide, thrust their heads through the meshes of the net and are caught at the gills. A cork on the surface sometimes gives sign of their struggles, and the men in the boat either come immediately, pull up the net at that spot, and with gaff book bring the big fellow flopping and bloody into the boat, or else they wait until many fish are entangled and pull them all in together with the not. Sometimes, when the run is large, they cafcla scores, even hundreds, of fish in a day, but sometimes they travel up and down with the tide for days and take nothing. At slack tide they bring in their fish to the scow of the company, and are credited with the tally of their catch. So season by season they earn \$200 or \$300.

Though fishing in a river, dangers constantly beset these gill-neiters, and every season crape files from many a where the waves sweep in, white-capped, from the open Pacific. Here the fishers, seeking to set their nets out to sea in order to get the first of the A washerwoman applied for help to run of fish, are sometimes capsized, a gentleman, who gave her a note to losing their lives, sometimes their the manager of a certain club. It read nets, and even their heavy boats. At as follows: "Dear Mr. X-This wo other times storms, driving in from the man wants washing." Very shortly ocean, overwhelm them at their fishthe answer came back: "Dear Sir-1 ing in the river itself. Snags catch dare say she does, but I don't fancy and tear their nets, and great yess is run them down, and sometimes, carrying off their entire nets, sweep away He's bent on marriage now, but when ous, perflous, hard-tolling occupation, and yet the occasional large earnings, glittering before their eyes like the winnings of a gambler, lure them always onward.—Century.

\$4,000,000 in Licenses. Ohio collects over \$4,0.00 licenses from 10,739 sale ns.

When you are in the company of runners, a trot won't do.