

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two years after the events recorded in our last chapter, there was a Sunday service of a peculiar character held under a railway arch, in one of the darkest streets of a dark neighborhood lying between the Lower Marsh and the York road, Lambeth. The place of worship, the worshippers, and the one who preached, and there was much for skin-deep piety to protest against, and for irreverence to scoff and jeer at. It was only the downright earnestness of these fugitive atoms scraped together here, that put forth its claims to the respect of those who had time to think of the odd forms in which religion may assert itself. Amongst the myriads who turn their backs on church or chapel orthodox, there are still a few with courage to seek God in some fashion.

Of the tenets of this community it is not our purpose or right to inquire too closely in these pages. The preaching was simple, the earnestness was manifest, the one text seemed forgiveness to sinners, and the one appeal was for their repentance before the hour was too late. That which was most remarkable in the service was the fact of its being conducted by a woman—a tall, hollow-eyed female—with a touch of fanaticism in her extravagant gestures and her high-pitched voice, and in the sermon which she preached to ragged and unkempt men, women and children, three-fourths of whom were full of grave, deep interest, and the remaining fraction very noisy, and watching its opportunity to turn a portion of the discourse into ridicule.

These discontents were huddled together near the door, a grinning, coughing, and grimacing mob, whilst over their heads peered occasionally a policeman's helmet, a sign of peace and order, that was followed by much horse play and ironical comment on the proceedings, after it disappeared.

It had been a noisy night at Jennings' railway arch, where we resume our story; the preacher had been more than usually powerful and the opposition more than commonly opposed to her; but the service had reached its conclusion. From the background of the congregation there stepped suddenly a tall, well-dressed young woman with her veil down, and a man made for her into the inner circle of rags and tatters by which Lucy Jennings was surrounded.

"May I speak to you for a few moments in private?" asked the stranger in a low voice.

There was a low breath of astonishment, as Lucy Jennings surveyed her heroine. Sarah Eastbell had certainly changed in two years—for the better, too, being a tall, healthy, handsome young woman now; but she had not altered out of all knowledge of her friends and acquaintances. There was the same steady outlook from the dark eyes; there was something of the same sadness, or depth of thought, expressed upon her face, though the pallor had passed away, and there was faint rose tinges on the cheeks, which Lucy had seen last wasted with a fever from which she had helped to save her.

"I know you by your voice," said Miss Jennings, stolidly, "and I have a memory that does not fail me. I am above taking offense with any living soul, or attributing to any human being motives for actions which have not been explained." said Lucy Jennings; "but I cannot, on the Lord's Day—I will not under any circumstances—devote myself to anything but his service."

She crossed her thin hands upon the bosom of her dress, and looked up at the stained roof of the railway arch, over which a heavy Southwestern train was rumbling at the moment.

"I will call on you to-morrow, if you will give me your address," said Sarah Eastbell.

Lucy Jennings hesitated before she answered, as though an insuperable objection to renew their acquaintance asserted itself too strongly to be resisted; then she said:

"I shall be in Hope street to-morrow at eleven. I will wait for you there."

Lucy Jennings moved her head slightly, and Sarah Eastbell left her surrounded by her courtiers.

As Sarah went out of the place one of the uncovered picked her pocket of a cambric handkerchief, and was disappointed at not finding her purse, which she had left at home.

Sarah Eastbell was disturbed greatly by this meeting with Lucy Jennings. Her reception had not been what she had anticipated; there had been a coldness, almost a repulse, in lieu of that welcome which she had expected at her hands. Still the young lady from Lodge Hill, Worcester, was of a nature not to be easily daunted, and she had come to London in hot haste, and only attended by her maid, on a mission of importance.

The next day at eleven she was in Hope street, where she had been the day before making inquiries, and finding out the new vocation of Miss Jennings after a great deal of trouble and perseverance. Hope street had changed more than herself in the two years since she had quitted the place. The Saxe-Gotha Gardens were no more, and two rows of small brick houses formed a street on their site. There were railway arches crossing the road, and in place of the house of Jennings, Fireworks maker to the Court, was a black heap of ruins, shored up by beams, and fenced around by a boardwalk.

At eleven to the minute, Lucy Jennings, in the rustiest of black and with black cotton gloves three sizes too large for her, came along the street, striding like a man. It was with the same inflexible cast of countenance which daunted Sarah Eastbell last night that she advanced, and the outstretched hand of the younger woman was taken almost with reluctance, and afterwards dropped coldly.

"I hope you will not detain me very long, Miss Eastbell," said Lucy. "As I have a great many calls to make this morning. We will walk Myrtle Fields way; and now to save time—for time is valuable to me—what is your first question?"

There was no restraint in the reply, though there was a deepening of color in the cheeks, as Sarah Eastbell said eagerly:

"What has become of Reuben Culwick?"

"Is that the first question, next your heart, then?"

"Yes," was the frank answer; "why shouldn't it be? You have seen him?—you will let me know where he is?"

Lucy Jennings, "but there was a bitter parting between us, and I never care to see him again."

"I am sorry to hear this. Why does he keep away from us? Has the loss of his father's money set him against those who wish to help him? Has he altered very much? He was so good-hearted, so good-tempered, so affectionate a man."

"He tried hard to be—and failed!—When misfortune came—and it came heavily to him, and in more shapes than one—he gave up, as cowards do."

"I'll not believe it," cried Sarah Eastbell indignantly; "he was never a coward, there was nothing in his nature to make him one. He was the bravest and best of men!"

"In your idea of what is best and bravest, possibly," replied Miss Jennings, "but that man is a coward who turns his face from heaven because trouble has come to him—who grows rebellious, discontented, angry—who will not accept trial in his due—who goes from bad to worse in sheer defiance—who believes in himself, and his own miserable errors."

"But you must not think, Lucy, because he will not listen to your doctrine, that he is altered for the worse. If he never was a religious man—I don't know, I can't say whether he was or not—still he was always kind and true. Tell me where he is, said Sarah impatiently; "he is in distress, and you keep me talking here. If you have parted from him, still you know of his misfortunes. How is that?"

"Why should I explain to you?" said Lucy stolidly; "you belong to the old set from which I am apart. I am utterly alone."

"Your brother John—he—"

"He is afraid of me—the poor wretch ran away from me long ago."

"I wish to be of service to you, and to Reuben Culwick, and to your brother John—the three associated with my happy days in Hope street."

"Happy days," said Lucy mockingly; "and you look back at them cheerfully, of course, from the grand house which belongs, by right, to Reuben Culwick."

"Which I wish that I could give him."

"Is that true?"

"Yes," answered Sarah, returning the steady gaze into her eyes, "as I hope to live."

"There's a deal of gratitude left still, Sarah Eastbell—riches have not spoiled you yet, as they may presently. I wish, now," she added, "that you came to my Sunday services."

She strode away from Sarah Eastbell, leaving her motionless for a while, till Sarah recollected that the meeting had been all in vain, and ran after her.

"You—you have not told me where Reuben Culwick lives," Sarah gasped forth as she came up with her.

"And I never will. You can do no good—you are a foolish child who will only make him worse," she said, turning away again.

"It is you, then, that you keep jeering at," said Sarah indignantly at last. "Lucy hurried on without paying heed to Sarah Eastbell's reproaches. She was very white, but very firm. The interview had terribly disturbed her; the old world, even yet, was not to be regarded with the stoicism of a pure soul apart from it; but no good could arise from this weak young woman's meeting with Reuben Culwick, she was sure."

"Better as it is," she muttered; "he said that he would never see her in his poverty."

It was at this juncture that a white-faced man, perfectly destitute of eyebrows and eyelashes, and seditiously attired, turned the corner of the hedge rows that were still green and luxuriant, and faced Miss Jennings.

He was engaged in smoking, but his short pipe dropped from his mouth at the sight of her, and he stepped into the road to allow her to pass, and looked sheepishly away.

"John," she said sharply, "a little further along that road you will find Sarah Eastbell. She wants her cousin Reuben's address. Give it to her. It shan't be said that I stood in his way," she muttered.

CHAPTER XV.

John Jennings ran his hardest after Sarah Eastbell. He ran hurriedly past her, in his mind's eye he could only see the lank portly clad girl of two years ago—he was even looking out for a striped cotton dress the worse for wear and rent. He would have run fairly out of sight of her, if a female voice had not called out "John," and stopped him. Then he looked back, open-mouthed, and waited for Sarah to approach.

"You—you were running after me—you sister sent you. Are you offended with me too, John, that you will not shake hands?"

"I—I beg your pardon. I hardly liked to—I didn't know you, miss." And then, weak, baby John Jennings burst out crying, and put his right coat sleeve before his eyes.

A little gloved hand touched his arm and lowered it.

"Isn't this rather childish, John?" said Sarah, in a kind reproof.

"I know it is, but I can't help it," answered John, brushing his tears away with his mutilated hand; "I'm not what I used to be—and seeing you has floored me. There have been so many changes."

"And you are a lady!—that's the worst derelict part of it."

"Now, John Jennings," she said coaxingly, "before another word is spoken, tell me where my cousin Reuben lives, please. I ask it as a favor from an old friend."

"He lives in Drury Lane—No. 790—at the Ironmonger's."

An empty cab passed at this moment, and Sarah Eastbell raised her parasol. The vehicle stopped, and Sarah and John Jennings, the latter with evident reluctance, got into it.

"Now, what has happened?" said Sarah, after the cabman had been told his destination and had driven on; "it is a long story, but pray get it over before we reach Reuben's house."

"It's a short story," said John, "and soon told. After you left Hope street last night, I, too, the Saxe-Gotha Gardens burst up, and let me in for a lot of money; we were all in trouble and in a muddle, and the brokers were in, when Reuben thought of the picture which his father wanted to buy."

"Ah! I remember," cried Sarah.

"He got an artist friend to see it, and he said that it was worth two hundred pounds as it was, and might be worth more if restored—and he would bring a purchaser in three days' time. We were all in high spirits, though Lucy and I had a terrible row as to what we should do with the money—but on the very day the purchaser was coming we blew up. I was mixing material when, bang! we were all in the street or the back yard, and everything left in the house was burned or blown to cinders! The picture

—Reuben's books and papers, furniture—everything clean gone to smash, and not a farthing of insurance anywhere."

"And Reuben?" asked Sarah solicitously.

"He was out—when he came back the place was a ruin. All his papers were gone, the money that he had, the novel that he was writing—but he came to see me in the hospital that night, just as if nothing had happened. The worst came after the blow-up. I had borrowed money on the strength of selling the picture, and Reuben had become my security; and when I couldn't pay, he was dropped on, and he has his own ever since—killing himself with work, poor boy," and Jennings began to weep again.

"There, there, the worst is over, now that I have come to help you," she said. "We will change all this."

"He changed by degrees—he became more discontented and aggravating like, after his awful bad luck. Then Lucy went ravishing mad—had her 'coll,' she says—and me about our souls, till one day Reuben gave her a piece of his mind—and we all went different ways after that. She spoke to me this morning—it was the first time for six months. She passes me like dirt—she—"

"There, don't begin to cry again," Sarah adjured; "I am sorry, but it might have been worse. I'm very glad that I came to London, to lead the way to better times."

John remained silent till the cab stopped in the dingy thoroughfare of Drury Lane, before a small ironmonger's shop, as shabby and rusty in its exterior as the Jew-bolstered theaters for which the parish is famous.

"Here," said Sarah in a low whisper. "He is close to his work—he saves omnibus hire and shoe leather—but he loves the country air and cheerful society of Hope street," explained John Jennings with a sigh.

The cabman was dismissed, and John Jennings paused on the curbstone and pointed to an open door on the left-hand side of the shop.

"You go in there, and up to the very top of all the stairs, and it's the back room, Miss Eastbell."

"Stop one moment," cried Sarah, as John was about to beat a precipitate retreat. "You will not mind this. You are not proud, are you? I am indebted to you—you are poor, and I am a friend with too much money. Pray do," she said very hurriedly, then a bank note was thrust into his hand, and she disappeared in the murky passage of the house, whither he had not the courage to follow her.

"What a dreadful place!" she muttered to herself as she went up the dirty, uncovered stairs, glancing through the landing window as she passed at the wilderness of housewife's stretching beyond it. Two years of absence had set her old life wonderfully apart from her, and she reached the top of the house, and went with slow, dragging steps to the back room door, on the panels of which she knocked.

"Not in!" she whispered to herself as she knocked again, and again the deep silence in the room beyond her warned her of the fruitless sequel to her expedition. She tried the handle of the door, which she found unlocked; there was another pause, then she opened the door and entered the room with vacillating steps, resolved to wait till he came back, as under different circumstances, and with her in distress, he would have waited half a lifetime.

(To be continued.)

LIVES LIKE A REAL SATYR.

Eccentric Existence of an American Millionaire in the Far East.

In a paper on defective eyes, by Dr. Martin W. Barr, chief physician of the Pennsylvania school for feeble-minded children, before the summer school of philanthropy, recently, a remarkable instance was mentioned by him of degeneracy that has caused comment in London and continental scientific circles. It was the case of the multi-millionaire, who is at present living in far eastern countries, and leading a life of such satyric excess as to be almost incredible. Attempts to learn the identity of this degenerate American have been fruitless, and Dr. Barr has taken the greatest pains to conceal it from the public for the wisest possible reasons.

According to Dr. Barr, this man is a neurotic. It is estimated that his fortune is in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000, but no attempt has been made to have him declared an incompetent; he is left free to run his course. His family are refined, socially prominent. Whenever they speak of the son's course, they refer to it as his "neuroticness." They will not admit that he has a deranged intellect, though he has left friends and position here to take up a life among the "bananas," the gravelly and social outcasts of the far east.

"He was a physician, rich, handsome, cultured, of esthetic tastes," said Dr. Barr in his paper, "a graduate of one of the most prominent medical colleges in America and a man who had made a pronounced hit as a specialist."

His fortune enabled him to secure every medical appliance known to science, and for some years he enjoyed phenomenal success. Wine and women proved his bane. He sank lower and lower. His excesses no longer tolerated at home, he drifted from capital to capital of Europe, and finally established himself in Japan with a harem. With an appetite still unsatisfied, he exhibited new phases of moral degeneration, causing his body to be tattooed with wonderful skill, every picture a work of art. His back bore a huge dragon, the shading of every scale showing perfection of detail. This, on re-visiting America, with utmost vanity he shamelessly exposed. He was turned out of the clubs. Returning to Japan, he bought a performing bear and wandered from place to place clad in the garb of a harem, exhibiting himself, his bear and his harem and distributing photographs of each and all in endless variety.

"This past master of vice," said Dr. Barr, "shocking both Europe and America, and astounding even Japan, next hires a squad of Japanese boys, practically buying them outright from their parents, who, attired in full uniform, are trained in military exercises. To these are opposed an equal number of monkeys dressed as Chinese soldiers, and the war of China and Japan is constantly renewed for the entertainment of himself and his harem, who watch in an ecstasy of delight the suffering of the poor brutes. Rewards are offered and the more bloody the contest and the greater the atrocity, the more intense is the gratification."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Science AND Invention

In the course of some digging operations in a garden at Haslemere, England, a gardener unearthed a number of ancient vessels of peculiar shape, together with a quantity of calcined human bones, at a depth of about two feet below the surface. The British museum authorities, who have examined the discovery, pronounce the vessels to belong to the late Celtic age, about B. C. 150. Only three or four vessels were found to be in a perfect condition. He computed that twenty-two urns and pots were originally interred at the spot.

Bright colors assumed by maples, sumacs and amplexoids during the autumn months are the result of the oxidizing of the color compounds, or color generators, of the leaf cells. Long-protracted cool weather is most favorable to the production of autumn tints and slight frosts that are not severe enough to kill the cells hasten the display of beauty by producing an enzyme that brings forth the bright purple, oranges and reds. Leaves containing much tannic acid never give bright autumn tints, while those containing sugar give the very prettiest.

An Italian scientist claims to have established that electric tramways are great mediums in the disinfection of towns. He points out that the electric spark, which is so frequent an occurrence to the overhead trolley, and the emission of light from the car wheel when the rail is used for the return current transform the oxygen of the air into ozone which has a purifying and disinfecting influence. The high discharges, he says, are frequent enough to influence greatly the atmospheric constituents, especially where the line passes through narrow thoroughfares. They become antiseptic agents.

Sealions visiting the island of Laysan, in the Hawaiian group, are greatly amused by the curious antics of the Laysan albatross, or gony. These birds sometimes perform, in pairs, a kind of dance, or as the sealions call it, "cack-walk." Two albatrosses approach one another, nodding and making profound bows, cross their bills, produce snapping and growling sounds, rise on their toes, puff out their breasts, and finally part with more nodding and bowing, only to come together again and repeat the performance. Occasionally three engage at once in this singular amusement. The spectators are always impressed with the extreme "politeness" of the birds.

Bill Oliver Lodge, eminent by his discoveries about electricity, believes that he has found a method of electrifying the atmosphere on a large scale, and that in this manner dangerous fogs over rivers and harbors may be dissipated. In some experiments at Liverpool he was able to clear a space more than 100 yards wide in a dense fog. He also thinks it possible that rain may be produced by the electrification of clouds. At a recent meeting of the Physical Society in London he demonstrated his method. Electricity derived from a high frequency alternator is most effective, but it must first be turned into a straightaway current, and Professor Lodge employs for this purpose the Cooper Hewitt mercury vapor-lamp, which possesses the power to rectify an alternating current.

BOY HAD PLENTY OF NERVE.

Was Not Discouraged by the Mad Rush of Infiltrated Bulls.

There was an accident shortly after the close of a corrida at the Plaza Mexico that came near resulting in the death of a few young hopefuls who took it into their heads that they would like to join in the national sport.

Shortly after the crowd left the ring a half dozen young boys of ages ranging from 12 to 15 years got down into the bull ring to play bull fight. One of the number thought the game was so slow, so while the ring attendants were busy about other work he entered the pen where the bulls were confined, and slyly let one of them into the ring.

With a mad rush the big black bull entered the ring. One of the little boys had been using his push linen cape for a cap in his plays with the other boys and he was near the door when the bull entered. Although one of the opposite gates was open the bull made no effort to get away, but rushed at the boy with the cape.

There was but one thing for the boy to do, and he did it. With all the knowledge which he had gained by watching the matadors in the ring he let the bull charge the cape. But his arms were too short and the bull struck him a hard blow, knocking the little fellow fully fifty feet and tearing his shoulder with his horn. The angry bull then turned his attention to the red cape.

When the other boys saw the bull charging them they fled for the fence and climbed to safety, where they watched the matador in the ring he let the bull charge the cape. But his arms were too short and the bull struck him a hard blow, knocking the little fellow fully fifty feet and tearing his shoulder with his horn. The angry bull then turned his attention to the red cape.

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welcome fragrance over the novelty and romance of the gay city's streets.

Here is a street melodist twanging a monstrous one-stringed "something," and accompanied by a nose-ringed girl, who taps deftly on a species of tin-bourne, while bystanders ejaculate "Allah! Allah!"—the Arabic word for applause. If not quite in accord with your prejudices concerning music, well, unalashed (never mind), it is not nearly so distracting as a street cornet at home, and they will go away if you tell them to. The baboon, the donkey and boy are in evidence, with a score of performing tricks that are very original and certainly funny, and you console yourself with the hope of a minimum of cruelty in the training.

A fruit seller, basket on head, with luscious grapes and figs, saunters by singing in a quaint minor: "O grapes, O sweet grapes, that are larger than doves' eggs and sweeter than new cream! O angels' food, delicious figs, bursting with honey, restorers of health!"

There is a drink seller, bent under the weight of the odd-shaped jar slung over his shoulder, a lump of ice projecting from his mouth, conjuring custom in a similar strain, as he struts up and down, making the air resound with the rhythmic clap-clap of two brazen saucers: "O refreshment of the weary! O quencher of parched lips! O blessing of heaven!"

Another street cry which may be heard in the main street of Abbaasleh, a suburb, contains the following enticing announcement: "To-morrow, O people, I am going to kill a camel. The doctor says it is young and healthy. Oh, its flesh will be tender as the quail and juicy as lamb. Its price is but 1½ piasters (7 cents) a pound. Do you love the sweet flesh of the camel, then come early and be satisfied."

Not the least picturesque figures in the streets are the city police in their neat white drill and red tarboches in summer and blue serge in winter.—London Traveler.

SKIMMED MILK IN PAINT.

It Must Be Mixed with Cement to Produce the Best Results.

A use to which skim milk, sour milk, buttermilk or even whole sweet milk is not often put is paint-making, yet this product of the dairy makes possible one of the most enduring, preservative, respectable and inexpensive paints for barns and outbuildings. It costs little more than whitewash, provided no great value is attached to the milk, and it is a question whether for all kinds of rough work it does not serve all the purposes and more of the ready mixed paint or even prime lead and paint mixed in the best linseed oil. It is made as follows, and no more should be mixed than is to be used that day: Stir into a gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder (costing 3 cents per pound) to impart a good color. Any other colored paint powder may be as well used. The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being very heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle.

This feature of the string is the only drawback to the paint, and as its efficiency depends upon administering a good coating of cement it is not safe to leave its application to untrustworthy or careless help. Six hours after painting this paint will be as immovable and unaffected by water as month-old paint. I have heard of buildings twenty years old painted in this manner in which the wood was well preserved. My own experience dates back nine years, when I painted a small barn with this mixture, and the wood to-day—shows no sign whatever of decay or dry rot. The effect of such coating seems to be to petrify the surface of the wood. Whole milk is better than buttermilk or skim milk, as it contains more oil, and this is the constituent which sets the cement. If mixed with water instead of milk the wash rubs and soaks off readily. This mixture, with a little extra of the cement from the bottom of the bucket dabbed on, makes the best possible paint for trees where large limbs have been pruned or sawed off.—Scientific American.

Housekeeping in France.

In a talk by Miss Maria Parion on French housekeeping, she said that economy and patience were two strong traits of the French housekeeper. Many inconveniences and conditions unknown to American housewives have to be overcome, but, notwithstanding this, the French home is a model of neatness and comfort outside of doors, the one point of supererogation, for in France the question of fuel is an important one. According to Miss Parion, French cookery is not complicated, as is generally supposed; for example, the usual French breakfast consists of a cup of coffee or chocolate without cream and a slice of bread or roll, and high seasonings of food are unknown, herbs and vegetables being used in preference to spices. This statement of the situation is contrary to the general belief, and certainly if we accept it as literally true, the highly-seasoned dishes we obtain in American large cities must be originated by others than Frenchmen.

Big and Little Purchases.

"O Rudolph, you must get an automobile."

"I can get the automobile on credit, all right, but how long would your grocer trust us for the gasoline?"—Flegende Blaetter.

Giant of the Equine Race.

The greatest size a horse has been known to grow is 20½ hands high. This is the record of a Clydesdale which was on exhibition in 1889.

Sacred Concerts.

Yarmouth, England, corporation forbids smoking on Sundays in its new pier pavilion, as the band plays sacred music.

There are some women who never play the piano in any other way than as if trying a piece for the first time.

When you observe some one's fault, see if you can't find a virtue, too.

It is better to escape through a little hole than not at all.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

Some of the Lower Creatures Able to Imitate Sounds.

The cries of animals are a species of natural language, according to a writer in Forest and Stream. The older grammarians, I remember, taught us that crying, weeping, laughing, etc., were examples of natural language; were expressive of feeling they were understood to men and were understood by all intuitively. The origin of spoken or artificial language, as it is called, is a large subject and I do not propose to enter upon it; but I presume that all forms of natural language, including the cries of beasts and birds, are, as the term implies, natural to them, that is, born with them; and the specific cry of any species must be determined by some peculiarities of the vocal organs in that species. For example, a crow crows and a rooster crows, because by the peculiar structure of their vocal arrangements, they can utter those sounds more readily than any other. Yet, by training and effort, some of the lower creation become able to imitate and reproduce other sounds than those most natural to them, just as the first natural utterances of the infant give way through culture to the myriad utterances of artificial language.

The bawling of a cow and the roar of a lion are quite different sounds and, as things stand now, the sound uttered by one of these animals would be quite impossible to the other; yet, as I read Darwin, either of these utterances might in time come to be the natural cry of the other. If the two species of animals could be brought to live peacefully together and the lion it should become apparent that the voice of the cow would be of great value to him, say in the matter of securing his food, there is no reason to doubt that he might in the course of time, from effort transmitted from generation to generation, come at length to possess the dulcet notes of the cow.

If the giraffe, which was originally only a large antelope, has developed his high forequarters, his elongated neck and his long, flexible upper lip, from his efforts to browse on the higher branches of the trees, and if the flounder, which when young has its eyes on the opposite sides of its head, as any well-regulated fish would be expected to have, is able through long continued effort to transfer the eye that rests disagreeably on the sands around to the other side of its head, where it may be of some service, there is no telling what varieties or modifications of voice or shape may be wrought in nature in the course of the ages.

But let us have no meandering. A kitten cries out, because in common with nearly all animals, it is furnished with a certain vocal apparatus, and its cry takes the peculiarity of a mew, because that sound best responds to its special vocal apparatus. Hence, and especially in view of the little incident which I have related, I am led to believe that the young of any animal utter the same cry as its mother and not from imitation. I think a young rooster crows and a young hen cackles, not in imitation of their elders, but, like the poet who "lisp'd in numbers," because "the numbers came." Imagine if Robinson Crusoe had landed on his solitary island with a good, fresh-laid hen's egg in his pocket, and he had put it to hatch under his pet parrot, the rooster, if such had come forth, would have cawed out lustily of a summer morning, and never would have learned to say "Poor Polly" in the world.

CONVERTIBLE TABLE DESK.

Article of Furniture Embracing Advantages of Two Pieces.

An ingenious piece of furniture is that just patented by an Indiana man which comprises a desk and table. As is shown in the picture, the transformation from one to the other is easily and quickly accomplished through the unique arrangement of the several parts.

As a table a smooth rectangular surface is presented which may be used

for any of those purposes to which the drawing-room table is usually put. Rows of drawers, dainty lockers and shelves line the sides of the affair. Converted into a desk, the user has the advantage of a smooth writing surface, pigeonholes for the writing material and paraphernalia and an ample upper ledge or shelf for such use as he may desire. Taken all in all, this is one of the most complete and handy contrivances of the kind that has been granted patent rights recently.

Beaconsfield's "Don'ts." An inquiring and aspiring person once asked Beaconsfield