THE SAND HILLS.

"Here, now, trader, aisy, aisy. Quickands I've seen along the sayshore, an up to me halfways I've been in wan, up to me understands the foolish wid a double an twist in the rope to laugh of a man or the hand of a good pall me out, but a suckin sand in the open plain-aw, trader, aw, the like o' Macavoy, the giant, when the thing was discussed in his presence,

"Well, I tell you it's true, and they're not three miles from Fort O'Glory. The company's men don't talk about it-what's the use? Travelers are few that way, and you can't get the Indians within miles of them. Pretre Pierre knows all about them, better be safe up here. Besides the half breed than any one else, almost. He'll stand drew first. Well, Garrison was tried by me in it-eh, Pierre?" Pierre took and must go to jail for a year. At the no notice and was silent for a time, in- end of that time he would be free. The Mowley, the trapper, said: "Pierre's gone back on you, trader. Perhaps you haven't paid him for the last lie. I go the better, you stand by me-my treat She knew also that the five would car--that's the game!"

"Aw, the like o' that," added Mac- one night she took the best horse on the the roof o' your mouth, Mowley! Liars Micah. all men may be, but that's wid wimmin or landlords. But, Pierre, off another man's but like that-aw, Mowley, fill your mouth wid the bowl o' yer pipe!" Pierre now looked up at the three men, rolling another cigarette as he did so, but he seemed to be thinking of a distant matter. Meeting the three pairs of eyes fixed on him, his own held them for a moment musingly. Then he lit his cigarette, and half reclining on the bench where he sat he began to speak, talking into the fire, as it were:

"I was at Guidon Hill, at the company's post there. It was the fall of the year, when you feel that there is nothing so good as life and the air drinks like wine. You think that sounds like a woman or a priest? Mais, no! The easons are strange. In the spring I am lazy and sad; in the fall I am gay; I am for the big things to do. This matter was in the fall. I felt that I must move. Yet what to do? There was the thing. Cards? Of course. But that's only for times, not for all seasons. So I was like a wild dog on a chain. I had a good horse, Tophet, black as a coal, all raw bones and joint and a reach like a moose. His legs worked like piston rods. But, as I said, I did not know where to go or what to do. So we used to sit at the post loafing, in the daytime watching the plains, all panting for travelers, like a young bride waiting her husband for the first time."

Macavoy regarded Pierre with rich delight. He had an unctuous spirit, and his heart was soft for women, so soft that he never had one on his conscience, though he had brushed gay smiles off the lips of many with his own. But that was an amiable weakness in a strong man. "Aw, Pierre," he said coaxingly, "kape it down, aisy, aisy; me heart's goin like a triphammer at thought av it. Aw, yis; aw, yis, Pierre.' "Well, it was like that to me-all sun and a sweet sting in the air, at

night to sit and tell tales and such things, and perhaps a little brown brandy, a look at the stars, a half hour with the cattle-the same old game. Of course there was the wife of Hilton,

the factor-fine, always fine to see, but deaf and dumb. We were good friends, Ida and me. I had a hand in her wedding. Holy, I knew her when she was

game for a boy, not an adventurer, for 'else-that the girl had slipped out as the trapper's only creed was that wom- the last man came in, had mounted the en were like deer-spoils for the hunter. chestnut and would wait for me by the

"If a man have an eye to see behind woman. That is much. So Hilton's wife

told us all. She had ridden 200 miles lover's name-was the last on his own away to the corral. side. There was trouble at a Hudson

Bay company's post, and Garrison shot shoot him, for a woman's name must come to her. She made everything ready. She knew her brothers were watching-her three brothers and two other men who had tried to get her love. ry on the fend against the one man. So

avoy reproachfully. "Aw, yer tongue to ranch and started away toward Fort

"Alors, you know how she got there, after two days' hard riding, enough to kill a man, and over 50 yet to do. She was sure her brothers were on her track. But if she could get to Fort Micah and be married to Garrison before they came she wanted no more. There were only two horses of use at Hilton's post then -all the rest were away or not fit for hard travel. There was my Tophet and a lean chestnut with a long propelling gait and not an ounce of loose skin on him. There was but one way-the girl must get there. Allons what is the What is life without these good? things? The girl loves the man. She must have him in spite of all. There was only Hilton and his wife and me at the post, and Hilton was lame from a

fall, and one arm in a sling. If the brothers followed, well, Hilton could not interfere, he was a company's man, but for myself, as I said, I was hungry for adventure. I had an ache in my blood for something. I was tingling to my toes; my heart was thumping in my throat All the cords of my legs were straightening, like I was in the saddle." Pierre sat up. It seemed absurd for him to speak as one who could be hot and shivering with excitement, for his movements were always quiet and precise as a hammer. But in his eyes there was a furnace burning, and his small, iron hand caught the air with a snap. Macavoy had seen Pierre when dangers crowded around them both, and he knew that the little man was worth three of himself, in spite of his own great height. For the others, they did Pierre all their lives they would never

have understood him. "Aw, Pierre!" said Macavoy admiringly. that's it! Aw, yis, yis, an yer thighs all bendin like wire, an the prairie beyant, an the lady there asleep wid the hand fallin soft where the heart beats up like the swell of a tide! Aw, yis, the like o' that-swate, swate, an you wid the ache in yer blood, an the long chestnut pawin the ground-aw, yis!" Pierre nodded at Macavoy pleasantly,

for after his fashion he cared for the githe points of great disadvantage, not by ton's wife what I had done. She was glad. She made a gesture at me as to a brother and then began to put things in a bag for us to carry. She had setca!

Pierre saw it, but he was above petty spring, a quarter of a mile away. There

men knew the finger language, so she the face, he understands the foolish told me this thing in signs mixed up with other sentences.

to do-for me to get away. So I said, open plain-aw, that, aw!" So said from the southwest and was making for langhing, to one of the men, 'Come and Fort Micab, 60 miles farther north. we will look after the horses, and the For what? She had loved a man against others can search the place with Hilton." the will of her people. There had been So we went out to where the horses a feud, and Garrison-that was the were tied to the railing and led them

I did it. I clapped a hand on his mouth, a half breed. Men say he was right to put a pistol at his head, gagged and tied him. Then I got my Tophet, and away I went to the spring. The girl was waiting. There were few words. I gripped her hand, gave her another pisno notice and was silent for a time, in-no notice and was silent for a time, in-end of that time he would be free. The girl, Janie, knew the day. Word had moonlit trail. We had not gone a mile when I heard a faint yell far behind. My game had been found out. There was nothing to do but to ride for it now, and to fight, if necessary. But fighting was not good, for I might be killed, and then the girl would be caught just the same. We rode on -such a ride-the to rawbone, a dingdong gait. I knew

like that, with 10 minutes' rest and now but God of love, my heart was warm to this girl, who had ridden 150 miles in 24 hours. Just before dawn, when I was beginning to think that we should prairie, and horse and girl were on the noble!

"Aw, the ache in yer blood---

ant, and a little man loves the admira- showing like the lid of an eye along the tion of a large man, as Pierre himself plain. I looked back. All four horsemen had said more than once. He knew were in the sand, plunging on toward a little girl! We could talk together by signs. She was a good woman—she had was for it was his way to compare at signs a good woman—she had never guessed at evil. She was quick, now, for it was his way to conquer at sand was rolling behind us. The girl many wonders showing, but by a deep dazed. I jumped from the horse and persistence and a singular personal force. | told her that she must push on alone to "She slept for three hours. I got the the fort; that Tophet could not carry two horses saddled. Who could tell but both; that I should be in no danger. she might need help? I had nothing to She looked at me, I cannot tell how, I knew the shortest way to Fort then stooped and kissed me between the Micah, every foot, and then it is good eyes. I have never forgotten. I strnck to be ready for all things. I told Hil- Tophet, and she was gone to her happiness, for she reached the fort and her lover's arms. "But I stood looking back upon the Jumping Sand hills. So was there ever tled all how it was to be. She had told a sight like that-those hills gone like a the girl. You see, a man may be-what smelting floor, the sunrise spotting it is it they call me -a plunderer, and with rose and yellow and three horses yet a woman will trust him, comme and their riders fighting what cannot be fought. What could I do? They

THE SILENT MAN.

was the danger that some one of the Mahanaddy! "Yes."

"Good! There was now but one thing

Of course you will understand how horses neck and neck, their feet pound. man, with the gravity which nothing ever ing the prairie like piston rods rawbone

they were after us, though I saw them in love, confound them!" but once on the crest of a divide, about

clear. "I have come right through from Tash-

ground together. She could scarcely move, she was so weak, and her face try will allow me."

was like death. I put a nistol to the the girl stooped and kissed the poor God, what could a man do, she was so

gray at the swell of the prairie over the Jumping Sand hills. They lay quiet and ing to shoot?" shining in the green brown plain, but Martenu's quick blue eyes flash round shining in the green brown plain, but I knew that beneath there was a churn for a moment. which could set those swells of sand in motion and make deadly sport of an army. Who can tell what it is? A flood under the surface, a tidal river-what? No man knows. But they are sea monsters on the land. Every morning at Bien, I looked back. There were four way. horsemen coming on about three miles not know, and if they had lived with away. What was there to do? The girl and myself on my tired horse were too much. They saw also and hurried on.

There came to me a great idea. I must reach and cross the Jumping Sand hills before sunrise. It was all a deadly chance.

"When we got to the edge of the sand, they were almost a mile behind. I was all sick to my teeth as my poor Tophet stepped into the sand, God, how I watched the dawn! Slow, slow we breaks it, however, with an effort. toiled over that velvet powder. As we reached the farther side I felt that it was beginning to move. The sun was

DAUGHTERS OF CUBA Fair Exiles Organized to Assist the Patriot

"Orman, of all men, on board the old

Orman, a person of great gravity, ascends the last two steps of the gangway and finds himself on the historic deck of the Mahanaddy. He shakes hands with Evelyn Martenu, young Martenu of the Sikhs, and looks round to see that the boatman is bringing his luggage. "Old Orman, well, I am surprised. Solemn as ever tool What brings you wan dering to Bombay?"

"Old curse-restlessness." Martenu laughs and links arms. He is frank, boyish, spontaneous, despite his heavy mustache and a few gray hairs over ose cropped temples. "Come aft, old man, and tell me all

your news. The deck is quite deserted abaft the smoking room. We can have a long talk. You're going home, of course! 'Yes.

"That's all right-to be married?" "No."

There is something curt in the monosyllable that serves to check for a moment Martenu's easy, social flow of questions. They walk aft together and take posses sion of two deck chairs which do not be long to them.

"Are you married?" asked the taller ruffles.

"No, old chap," with a cheery laugh. "The Sikhs don't marry-they only fall

Martenu ends his generality with a conthree miles behind. Hour after hour ventional little sigh, which is not echoed by his hearer. In fact, Orman looks sudand then at a spring, or to stretch our dealy brighter. He changes the subject legs. We hardly spoke to each other, calmly. These solemn men, never thrown off their balance by exuberant laughter or the desire of creating it in others, are difficult to follow. Their motive is not always

easily win the race if the girl could but kend," he says. "An interesting joureasily win the race if the girt the chest-hold out, if it did not kill her, the chest-hold out, if it did not kill her, the chest-''Ismine enemy going to write a book?'

"Not if he knows it! Are you going home on leave, Martenu?" "Yes, six months, all a grateful coun-

Orman does not appear to be listening. chestnut's head and ended it. At that He is gazing absently at the forest of masts that covers the inner harbor. His beast's neck, but spoke nothing. As I face certainly justifies Martenu's cheerful helped her on my Tophet I put my lips raillery. It is grave to a fault. A long, to the sleeve of her dress. Mother of strong face, with longitudinal lines from God, what could a man do, she was so nostril to mustache which are deeper than

his years might warrant. "What are you going to do?" he blurts "Dawn was just breaking oozy and out rather hurriedly after the manner of one to whom questions are abhorrent. "Go-

"At Stanemblen?" "Ye-es, or elsewhere.

Martenu pushes the big, fair mustache upward with his knuckles reflectively.

"Don't know. Not likely. I had not thought of it." They sit side by side in silence for some

sunrise they begin to eddy and roll, and minutes, while confusion accumulates no man ever saw a stranger sight. strength on the forward deck of the gaug-Martenu is the first to speak, looking critically at the toes of his own shoes,

What a good time we had at Stanemblen -a tiptop time."

"With Sir Henry-good old boy-swear ing at us if we missed a bird or passed the decanter by, and Lady Fassett and-and Edith."

"Ye-es."

"Best girl that ever stepped." That awkward silence comes over them again. Martenu puts it mentally down to is companion's lamentable solemnity. He

"I always thought, you know, old chap -had an idea-may have been wrong probably was, though don't see why should have been-that you were rather taken with Edith Fassett.

"I had the same idea about you." Martenu gives an awkward little laugh. man's vanity and his own weaknesses. us. By the time we touched the brown draws in his feet and pushes them out

had not looked back. She seemed too decod I immed from the horse and Get it often, but never very badly. Yes, I was fond of Edith Fassett, but all the time I knew she was too good for me-too much on the top of the basket, while I'm very ordinary stuff in the lower middle of the same. I got over it. I always do somehow.

WHAT TWO SAW.

Armies.

The colony of Cuban exiles in New York city embraces a large number of patriotic women who wear the single starred flag of Cuba as a symbol of their allegiance to its cause. About 100 of these charming rebels have organized a terday. club which they call the "Hijas de Cuha," or "Daughters of Cuba," for the purpose of giving encouragement and assistance to the patriot armies. The club has already sent several thousand dollars to the insurgents, and at a recent fair over \$800 was taken in at the booths and tables, where dark eved Cu-

ban beauties smiled on the chivalrous public's generosity. Among the more mature members of

the Hijas de Cuba are some who have sorrowful memories of the revolution of 1868, widows and daughters of heroes who fell or whose fortunes were broken in that disastrous contest. The vice pres-



MRS. V. ZAYAS-BAZAN

ident and one of the leading spirits of the club is Mrs. V. Zayas Bazan, the wife of an ardent sympathizer with the Cuban cause. Mrs. Bazan is young, strikingly beautiful and an acknowledged belle among the young matrons of the Cuban colony. She comes of a fine old Matanzas family-Garcia de Manesca-and her grandmother was known as "the richest woman in Matanzas" before the ruin of the last war. Mrs. Bazan was sent to Paris to be educated and there was married. She is mistress of four languages-the French, German, Spanish and English -has contributed to the Paris journals

on literary topics and has acquired much of the Frenchwoman's charm of manner and the mental brilliancy that is bred in the Paris salons. She has no memory of her native land, which she left as a little child, but the Cuban blood runs warm in her veins, and she plies the needle in these days of war on tiny silken flags with the single star of Cuba wrought thereon, to be worn by

THE NEW JAPAN.

her patriot sisters.

It is Mirrored In the National Exhibition

at Kioto. Kioto, aptly termed the heart of Japan, and the most interesting and fascinating city in the Mikado's domain, is now holding a national exposition. This year is called the "Heianseuto Kinensai," and the fair commemorates the eleven hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the ancient capital at Kioto by the fiftieth emperor or kwanmu. The quaint old city, always a beehive of industry, is now basier than ever, and from end to end is profusely decorated with banners and at

Possibly there is nothing in it. Probably you will say that it is impossible that there could be more than nothing in it. Yet for days and days and night after night it never left my thoughts, nor can I drive it from And now, after a lapse of ten years, I have but to close my eyes and it is all just ing: as real to me as though it had happened yes-

'Twas a glorious starlit night in May, and my friend and I were stretched out on rugs in the garden of the oid rectory, smoking our after dinner cigar, when he suggested that I go into the church and play for him. I began to play, while my friend stood on the beach beside me looking out over the church, which was lighted solely by the moonbeams that stole in through the stained glass windows. I was playing little wisps of melody and scraps of old familiar tunes, when my friend said quietly:

"I see shadows moving about in one new and out at another, and then disappearing in darkened corners. I wonder if they can be the shades of past parishioners who have ome back to visit the place where they have so often hoped and prayed?'

I smiled at his conceit and went on playing, when suddenly placing his hand on my shoulder he said, agitatedly:

"Look! Is that a man?" I turned and looked where he was pointing, and saw, or thought I saw, what seemed to be a man, dressed in an old blouse and trousers of some light colored material, half standing and half kneeling in the center of the church. There was a nimbus of light above his head, and he was looking straight at me with eyes protruding from their sock-

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "what can it

Not taking my eyes from the apparition, I reached to the side of the organ and pressed the button that turned on all the lights in the church. As I did so the figure disappeared. We then decided to search the church so my friend went down one aisle while I went down the other, looking in all the pews, but there was no one in the church but our two selves. Feeling rather strange, we left the church

and walked out into the country. Coming back, we passed by the walls of Woodland cemetery. We had passed by the main entrance, which was closed for the night, when my friend, looking through the bars. said: "There is something I have often heard

of and always been anxious to see. Look!

the ignis fatuus." I followed his gaze and saw what ap peared to be a pale, yellowish ball of fire suspended directly over a large granite tomb, that had for its vista a small clump of trees. "Let us go in," he said, "I would like to

see it closer. So, going on to a little gate that was fas tened by a chain and book, we unfastened the grating and entered.

We walked up the path until we came to a side path that led us back to where we had seen the light. As we turned into the side path a large white dog came toward us, making no sound on the loose gravel of the path. He came toward us wagging his tail, and stopped within a few feet and looked up into our faces. I called:

"Here, doggie; here, old fellow," When he turned and-vanished-we both paused and looked at each other, and I need not own to cowardice when I say that I began to feel cold and creepy. Finally I said, "Do you still want to see the light?" "Yes," answered my friend, "let's go So we went on toward where we had seen the light, and suddenly I said,

it is." And there it was, not 20 feet away, shining with a dull, unearthly glow. "I must go nearer," said my friend, and he started toward the light. As he got to it it went out.

"Do you see it now?" he called.

"No," I answered. "Come, let's get out of this." And we hastened from the spot. nor did we stop until we had chained and hooked the grating on the outside. "What do you suppose it was?" I asked.

ago in a dressmaking establishment not far from Fourth and Market which af-"It would be poetic to say that it was the light of some tired soul gone out to the forded no end of amusement among a vast unknown," he answered, "but, whatnight illuminated with colored lights. ever it was, let's get home."

HOW CHRISTY PAID & DEBT.

The Minstrel's Generosity to a Man Who Had Befriended Him.

The head of the famous Christy minstrel troop was not George, but E. P. Christy, who originated the company some time back in the forties, and the following story of the latter is interest-

Christy, then a young man, was a passenger on a Lake Erie steamboat commanded by Captain Folger and bound to Buffalo, where the first show was to come off. But the minstrel had not even a dollar to invest in the hire We went in through the choirroom door, of of a cellar for the performance. Cap-which I had a key, and going to the organ tain Folger, to whom he made known his wants, generously handed him a \$20 bill, telling him that he was welcome to it, and that he need not trouble himself about paying it back. On the strength of this \$20 Christy began business and in a few years became successful and rich.

In the meantime misfortunes overtook Cantain Folger. Losing his employment on the lakes, he resolved to try again the salt water, on which he was brought up. So he came to New York to see if he could obtain a situation as master or, failing that, as mate of a seafaring Vessel.

He bethought himself of Christy, whom he supposed might possibly know some shipowner to whom he could reccommend him. The minstrel received him most cordially, but told him that he had no acquaintances in that line of business.

"Why don't you buy a ship?" he nsked. "Buy a ship!" answered Folger.

All I want is employment."

much would a vessel cost?"

for, sav, \$20,000 or less."

"Why, I haven't a dollar in the world.

"See here," returned Christy, "how

"Any price," replied the Captain,

"A pretty good one could be bought

hearted showman, "you loaned me \$20

once, and I am ashamed to say I have

forgotten to pay it, but I will pay my

debt now. Go and buy a \$20,000 ship

and send the seller to me for the money.

I will own her, and you shall sail her.

If she makes anything, you shall have

This is the conversation, word for

word, as Captain Folger told it to me.

I had just returned from an East Indian

voyage in the Vandalia, a ship of about

400 tons. One day Captain Folger came

on board at the dock and introduced

himself. He said he would like to buy

the ship and asked the price. It so hap-

pened that \$20,000 was the sum I had de-

offered me \$18,000, and I accepted it.

cided upon. After a little dickering he

To my astonishment, he referred me

to E. P. Christy as the purchaser, and

then he told me the story as I tell it.

We went together to see Christy, and

the result of the interview was that I

gave him a bill of sale of the Vandalia,

taking his note in payment, the note to

be paid in installments, and every morn-

ing after one of his entertainments I

called upon him and received a hatful

of bills, quarters, shillings and six-

pences until the indebtedness was can-

Captain Folger made a successful

voyage to California in the Vandalia,

The ship was then sold, and Christy

bought a larger and more expensive ship, on board of which Captain Folger

eventually died at Calentta -John Cod-

Only Human Nature.

An incident occurred a day or two

man in the New York Herald.

coled.

it. If she don't, I shall stand the loss.

"Well, now," exclaimed the big

too, like a flash, to read and understand without words. A face was a book to her.

"Very good! One afternoon we were all standing outside the post when we saw some one ride over the Long Divide. It was good for the eyes, I cannot tell quite how. But horse and rider were so sharp and clear cut against the sky that they looked very large and peculiar -there was something in the air to magnify. They paused for a moment on the top of the divide, and it seemed like a messenger out of the strange country at the farthest north, the place of legends. But of course it was only a traveler like ourselves, for in a half hour she was with us.

Yes, it was a girl dressed as a man. She did not try to hide it. She had dressed so for ease. She would make a man's heart leap in his mouth-if he was like Macavoy or the pious Mowley there '

Pierre's last three words had a touch of irony, for he knew that the trapper had a precious tongue for Scripture when a missionary passed that way and a bad name with women to give it point. Mowley smiled sourly, but Macavoy laughed outright and smacked his lips on his pipe stem luxuriously.

'Aw, now, Pierre-all me little failin's-aw!" he said. Pierre swung round on the bench, leaning upon the other elbow, and cherishing his cigarette presently continued:

"She had come far and was tired to death, so stiff that she could hardly get from her horse, and the horse, too, was ready to drop. Handsome enough she looked, for all that, in man's clothes and a peaked cap, with a pistol in her belt. She wasn't big built-just a feathery kind of sapling-but she was set fair on her legs like a man, and a hand that was as good as I have seen, so strong and fine, and like silk and iron with a forse. Well, what was the trouble, for saw that there was trouble? Her eyes

had a hunted look, and her nose breathed like a deer's in the chase. All at once, when she saw Hilton's wife, a cry came from her, and she reached out her hands

"What would women of that sort do? They were both of a kind. They got into each other's arms. After that there was nothing for us men but to wait. All women are the same, and Hilton's wife was like the rest. She must get secret first; then the men should know. We had to wait an hour. Then Hilton's wife beckoned to us. We went

inside. The girl was asleep. There was something in the touch of Hilton's wife like sleep itself, like music. It was her voice, that touch. She could not speak with her tongue, but her hands and face were language and music. Bien, there was the girl asleep, all clear of dust and stain, and that fine hand. It lay loose on her breast, so quiet, so quiet. Enin, the real story, for how she lay there does not matter, but still it was good to see when we knew the story."

"Aw, yis, aw, yis, Pierre, but she them across, and they would have killed knew yer hand an yer tongue niver me if they could. Only one cried ont, wint ag'in a woman, Pierre. Naw, nivand then but once, in a long shrick er a wan-aw, swate she was, wid a But after all three were quiet as they heart-a heart, Hilton's wife! Aw, fought until they were gone where no yis!"

we can hear."

eyes.

There was a long pause, painful to

bear. The trader sat with eyes fixed

Macavoy said: "She kissed ye, Pierre

But Pierre, though looking at him,

The Largest Medical Library.

Army Medical museum, in that city,

thorough and practical index of medical

works in the world. The library now

jucludes about 112,000 bound volumes

timated that this collection comprises

three-fourths of the medical literature

of the world, and at least nine-tenths of

the medical literature which has been

published within the last ten years.

A Quick Respons

A writer in the Washington Star says

made no answer.-Gilbert Parker.

Do yes iver see her now, Pierre?"

Pierre waved Macavoy into silence. "The girl waked after three hours, with a start. Her hand caught at her heart. 'Oh!' she said, still staring at us. thought that they had come!' A little after she and Hilton's wife went into another room. All at once there was a sound of horses without and then a knock at the door, and four men entered. They were the girl's hunters, It was hard to tell what to do all in a minute, but I saw at once the best thing

was to act for all and to get all the men that the largest and most complete medinside the house. So I whispered to Hilical library in the world is the collecton and then pretended that I was a tion of medical works located in the great man in the company. I ordered Hilton to have the horses cared for, and under the care of the surgeon general's not giving the men time to speak I office of the war department and the immediate supervision of Dr. John S. Bilfetched out the old brandy, wondering what could be done. There was no lings, U. S. A. It may be said that the sound from the other room, though I card index system of medical publicathought I heard a door open once. Hiltions used by the library is the most ton played the game well and showed nothing when I ordered him about and lied with me when I said no girl had and about 150,000 pamphlets. It is es-

come, laughing when they told why they were after her. More than one did not believe at first; but, pshaw! what have I been doing all my life to let such fellows doubt me? So the end of it was that I got them all inside the house.

There was one thing-their horses were all fresh, as Hilton whispered to me They had only ridden them a few miles. They had stolen or bought them at a ranch to the west of us. I could not make up my mind what to do. But it was clear I must keep them quiet till omething shaped.

"They were all drinking brandy when Hilton's wife entered the room. Her face was, mon Dieu, so innocent, so childlike! She stared at the men, and then I told them she was deaf and dumb, and I told her why they had Voila, it was beautiful-like come. nothing you ever saw! She shook her head so innocently and then told them like a child that they were wicked to chase a girl. I could have kissed her -Now, be careful, my boy. Remember, feet. Tonnere, how she fooled them! She said would they not search the a fool and his money are soon parted.

house? She said all through me, on her himself to hear Pierre in his romantic Buyed to the solution of the solution o twood. A woman's hand-it was the

"Got over what?"

Martenu glances round sharply. "Oh-er-proposed to her, you know. "I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes, and she was very nice about I think she knew that I was the sort of fellow to get over it. Besides, she knew her own mind so jolly well. I-er-there was some one else. She did not tell me, but I understood that it was so. It was after you had left, now that I come to think of it."

"Yes, it was after I had left." would have got the girl if I had not led "You went off in a hurry-I remember. "Yes, I went off ta a hurry." They lapse into pensiveness again. It is Orman who breaks the silence this time. "I wish I had known that before." The color slowly leaves Martenn's face He looks straight in front of him with man could see, where none cries out so

painful intensity. "But perhaps it is not too late," the solemn voice goes on. "When we get to Eng-land, I shall go and have my try." Quite suddenly Martenu gets up. He stands, almost turning his back upon his humbly as a dog's on Pierre. At last -aw, yis, she did that! Jist betune the friend, looking forward toward the confu-

sion of embarking passengers. "Do you not know that she is dead?"

There is a long, slow silence. "No, I did not know that," says the olemn voice. After a little pause Martenu walks slow

y away, leaving Orman alone .-- New York

Marriage of the Dead.

A strange custom, prevails among ertain tribe in the Cancasus. When a single young man dies, some one who has carried to the grave a marriageable

daughter in the course of the year calls upon the bereaved parents and says: Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you of agricultural implements, however, is shall deliver to me the marriage portion crude, and to an American seems ridic-

in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to faculty rather than inventive genius of the advantages possessed by the girl in the people, though there is in evidence her lifetime. Cases have been known a strong determination to achieve better where the young man's father has given things. as much as 30 cows to secure a dead

wife for his dead son -Buch fur Alle. Crouplers.

The croupiers of Monte Carlo have a fully depicts the "new Japan," and school of gambling in which they learn shows the marvelous advancement which the ins and outs of the games, the methods of defeating trickery, manual dex- fair, 15 years ago. terity in clearing the boards and paying the stakes, readiness in reckoning and in dealing and shuffling the cards and so

on. Most of them come from Alsace.

The early explorers found the natives I-er-come back from Europe. living in houses placed on piles in the

Mrs. Jones-Brown. Do you know why?" "It is because her son-in-law's family Spendall Cashly-Yes, sir, and thank is so very much older than the family of Mrs. Jones-Brown's son-in-law."-Life

From the top of every house flies the "rising sun" flag, and on the front of each is a lantern.

While the exhibition as viewed by oc cidental eyes is not great or particularly extensive, it is full of interest and thoroughly representative of Japanese genius, handicraft and industry. The buildings are large, airy and clean, and the grounds well kept and admirably arranged. Though great crowds are here gathered, the utmost good order prevails. The price of admission is only sen, about 5 cents of American money. The exposition excels in fabrics, there being a very extensive display. One of the most interesting things is the creation of silk through the various stages,



ENTRANCE TO KIOTO EXHIBITION

from the cocoon to the completed fabric. The embroideries, wonderfully rich, beautiful and artistic, are such as only the Japanese can produce. There is a splendid and attractive exhibit of ceramics, in which Japan leads the world In the art department are seen some excellent paintings, many of them origi a nal, from the brushes of native artists.

A department devoted to fish, fishing apparatus and boats is very complete, and attracts great attention.

The extensive cereal display shows Japan's wonderful agricultural resources and the fertility of her soil. The exhibit ulous. In machinery the display is also comparatively small, and there appears little that is new or suggestive. This department demonstrates the imitative

Outside the grounds are a number of war cycloramas, one representing the taking of Port Arthur.

Altogether the Kioto exposition faithhas been made since the last national

Likely to Remember.

Proud Mother-You haven't kissed the baby.

Bachelor Uncle-Um-er-I'll try to remember next time. I'll kiss her when

"Let-me-see. About 16 years."

Frederick the Great had a sharp, hat het face, with a cold, blue eye, that, as one of his contemporaries said, "gleamed like a reflection of light from a bayonet.

The next day I had a strange feeling that something-I knew not what-was going to happen, but I accounted for it by the events of the night before and told my story to no one. As I was coming out of town in the afternoon I bought an evening

was the headline: "Suicide in Woodland cemetery." Eagerly I scanned the column, and even now I recall the exact wording:

"At an early hour this morning as two men were going through Woodland cemetery to work at Gray's Ferry, they cam across the body of a man suspended from a tree, which is one of a group of trees situated between the two gates, the only group of trees in this part of the cemetery. body was cut down and taken to the morgue. The coroner's physician is of the opinion that the man died between 11 and 19 o'clock last night." I immediately left the car, took a cross

town car and went up to the morgae. "Can I see the man who hanged himself in Woodland cemetery last night?" I asked the keeper.

"Yes," he answered, and led the way to the corner of a room, and going to a slab on which was a form covered by a sheet threw down the covering and said, "There he is.

And there, with eyeballs protruding from their sockets, was the body of the man whom my friend and I had seen in the church the night before.-St. Paul Globe.

The Mirage.

The mirage can be seen nearly every day in the plains of lower Egypt, and also to a limited exent in the plains of Hungary and southern France. Now and then something of the kind can be seen in summer by stooping down and looking along our sandy coasts, such as Morecambe and the coast of Devonshire, or over the Fen district, at that season dried up by the summer heat.

We must remember that the mirage of the desert creates nothing, but merely inverts bodies that actually exist a little dis-tance off, though in the Sahara skylight rays descending are bent upward by the hot air next the sand, and the eye is actually deluded by an impression resembling the reflection of skylight from water, the illusion being increased by the flickering due to convection currents, suggesting the effects of a breeze on the water.

Many of the descriptions given of the mirage are "travelers' tales" in the uncomplimentary sense. One of the most absurdly extravagant examples of this is the following: "This treacherous phenom-enon deludes the traveler's eye with a regular succession of beautiful lakes and shady avenues, and then, again, with an

expanse of waving grass around a pictur esque villa. Here is presented a grove of towering trees, there a flock of browsing cattle."--Chambers' Journal.

Franklin's Tribute to Paul Jones. From the beginning of his acquaint-

ance with Franklin a mutual respect and a deep affection sprang up between them. The wise Franklin saw at a glance what manner of man Paul Jones was, and in one noble sentence described him better than many volumes could, "For Captain Paul Jones ever loved close fighting. "-Molly Elliot Seawell in Century.

In 1839 the first patent for water gas was taken out in England by Cruickshanks

bevy of seamstresses, while, on the other hand, a bride to be, her mothe and sister were completely crushed and left the place in disgust. And the bride elect caused it all. The mission of the mother and two daughters was to inspect the wedding gown and have the paper, and the first thing that met my eye garment fitted. The one to wear it put it on and for 30 minutes posed in front

of the mirrors, admiring herself and being complimented in extravagant terms by the mother and sister. The gown was pronounced just too sweet for anything. "Oh, my, isn't it lovely?" enthusiastically exclaimed the wearer, following with the remark, "Madam if you had some one of my type of beauty and form like my own, I would be delighted to see how I will look when I become a bride tomorrow night."

The modiste gave a wink, and her assistant hurried up stairs and returned with one of the sewing girls, a blond with a pretty face and faultless form. It did not require long for her to attire herself in the bridal costume. When she reappeared, she looked like a queen. Hardly a word was spoken. The modiste and her assistant, including others in the room, went into raptures over her beauty and how exquisite she looked, but the mother and two daughters said not a word. The sewing girl's charms had overshadowed the bride's. The modiste's bill was paid, the marriage is now over, and the papers, in compli-

ance with the time honored cust told how beautiful the bride looked .-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sugar.

Sugar, the modern commodity, which we class among the indispensable necessaries, was wholly unknown to the ancient nations. The word "saccharum occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equivalent for our word "sugar" is first used by Pliny, whose writings are almost contempo-raneous with the ministry of Christ. He calls it "honey collected in (from) reeds" and says that the Romans first became acquainted with its use in Ara bia Felix.

Statius, in his account of the old Saturnalia ceremonies, mentions "vegetable honey" as being used and winds up his account by saying that "this same honey is boiled from Elosian reeds.

Dioscorides, the Greek physician who flourished in the first or second century of the Christian era and whose great work, "De Materia Medica," treats of all the then known medicinal substances and their properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which is produced by reeds with out bees," and Strabo, writing concern ing it, says, "They (the people of Arabia Felix) make honey without bees from reeds, and it sometimes resembles salt."-St. Louis Republic.

Two Experiences.

Abbott-I have never been in Chicago, but I have been through the town a few times

Babbitt-I have been in Chicago, but the town went through me .-apolis Journal

"When will that be?" New York Weekly.

Comparative Antiquity. "Mrs. Cashman has ceased to notice

Venezuela means "Little Venice. marshes. Old Cashly (giving his son a check)

