

The battleship Texas has cost \$4,125,000 and a great deal of swearing. She comes pretty high, but shows a disposition to go lower.

Medical men are agreed that blushing is a disease, but they also agree in saying that it is not so epidemic in certain quarters as it ought to be.

Being confidentially informed that the Atchafalpa Globe paragraph are written by a woman, we withdraw all the mean things we have heretofore thought about the author of them.

The editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican exclaims in a burst of confidence, "We are a very wicked lot," but fails to gratify public curiosity by relating just what he has been up to.

President Cleveland has a daughter Ruth, Mark Hanna has a daughter Ruth and William Jennings Bryan, Mark Hanna's chief opponent in the election, has a daughter Ruth. The paragraphers ought to be able to glean something from this.

An exchange, in speaking of the plainness of Mr. Cleveland's new home at Princeton, says: "A house with a charming mistress and three fine little girls doesn't need any 'gingerbread' as well as little girls don't!"

The pneumatic tube system for carrying small parcels and mail packages is to be laid down in Boston. The system has been in use in European cities for the last fifty years, but the majority of the tubes are only three inches in diameter. The Boston system will have eight-inch tubes.

Turin is going to hold an Italian exhibition in 1905. It will include the work of Italian abroad and of the Catholic missions. There will also be an international exhibition of electric appliances and of machinery. Among the special features will be athletic games and a review of comic art.

"Georgia, it should be noted," says the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier, "has, besides its flourishing State college, a normal college, a college for women on the same basis as the Winthrop College in South Carolina, a great school of technology at Atlanta, and four agricultural colleges—one for each section of the State."

Every man has his hobby. He may not always know it himself, but somewhere in his mental make-up, there is a corner which hides a secret which he thinks is exclusively his own, which would make the world wiser and better if he could reveal it in all its force. But he is mostly so situated that this must forever remain his secret, and it is often well for the world that it is so.

It is painful to record it, but there is no getting away from the fact. Nearly five hundred clergymen in this country have been placed on a blacklist by the railroads because they have abused the half-rate privileges the companies have been granting them. It is a satisfaction to know that it has another opportunity to fleece the railroads and bring disgrace on their sacred calling.

The work of the mailing division of the Baltimore postoffice during November came very near being absolutely perfect, the percentage being 99.968. This record is the highest ever attained by the postoffice there, and it is said to be better than that of any other office in the country. Postmaster Warfield says: "We could have no better evidence of the success of the merit system now in use in this office than this record."

Ascension Island, in the South Atlantic, is having troublesome times. The government is that of a British man-of-war, but officers' wives are allowed to live on it. There are ten of them, they have quarreled about precedence, and now refuse to speak to each other. The captain of the last war vessel that stopped there with supplies, including dresses, tried to make them adopt the rule of seniority of age, but it didn't work.

A process of hardening steel by means of an electric current traversing the red-hot metal has been invented in France. Experiments made with tools thus hardened are said to have given surprising results. A sharpened table-knife cut a one-eighth-inch iron wire as if it had been a string. Iron bars were easily cut with a circular saw. Drills pierced cast-steel plates with twice the speed and ease of ordinary drills; and in all the experiments the tools showed no injury.

The "King of Fanning Island" in the South Seas is being subjected to considerable annoyance by the obstreperous executor of his father's estate. The royal potentate is even threatened with the appointment of a receiver on the petty ground that he has misused the funds of the island. Surely things have come to a pretty pass if a monarch's conduct is judged on such a basis as that of the executor of his estate.

Referring to the North Dumbert murder trial in New York the New York Express says: "This of a sensational question containing 1,000 words, seven columns or more of the Express-filled with scientific theories, speculative propositions, technical distinctions, and abstruse theories of physiology and disease! Think of this question being read to a witness in a murder trial with the idea that his answer to it will enlighten the jury as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant—and then you have a vague, lazy 'horion' of what was done in a case before one of our local courts. Nothing

but the fact that the affair involved a question of life or death saved this example of spectacular petting from being funny."

### GRANDMA.

When grandma puts her glasses on and looks at me! Just so— If I had done a mighty thing. She's sure, somehow, to know. How is it she can always tell? So very, very, very well!

She says to me: "Yes, little one, 'In written in your eye,' And if I look the other way, And turn and seem to try To hint for something on the floor, She's sure to know it all the more."

If I should put the glasses on and look in grandma's eyes, Do you suppose that I should be So very, very wise? Now, what if I should find it true That grandma had been naughty, too?

But ah! what am I thinking of? To dream that grandma could Be anything in all her life! But sweet and kind and good! I'd better try myself to be So good that when she looks at me With eyes so loving all the day I'll never want to turn away.

### MOLLIE'S DOUBLE.

If a man ever loved a woman—faithfully and with all his heart—I loved Mollie Toppington just as truly. It had only been a matter of a couple of months since she had promised with the sweetest and most becoming of blushes to be mine for good and all, and I was the happiest beggar on earth.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine. And I had seen Mollie wear half a dozen times. It was terribly bewildering. I did not know what to make of it all, and I answered what she said to me as if I had seen Mollie wear half a dozen times.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine. And I had seen Mollie wear half a dozen times.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

After a brief talk we arrived at Harvey's home, a cosy little house in East Fifteenth street, and I waited in the drawing-room while Harvey went in search of his mother. She came in almost immediately, a handsome, white-haired woman, whom I remembered very well from college days.

When she came in, I saw her very well from college days. I used to be quite a favorite of hers and she welcomed me very warmly. "Yes, Mollie is home," she said in answer to a question of Harvey's.

Mollie! I started at the name, but recovered myself immediately. It was not such a very uncommon name, but it was a little singular that Harvey's cousin should be a Mollie, too.

For a moment I thought my brain had been suddenly affected. Harvey arose from his chair, but I kept my seat and clutched my hands in the effort to regain my senses.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

my body. My knees smote and I lay motionless. There straight ahead of us and coming toward us rapidly with her light graceful step was Mollie Toppington.

I looked at Mollie Forsythe. She was smiling a happy, conscious smile. But it is true nevertheless. I could only partly justify my conduct by assuring myself that I had been under the delusion that it was really Mollie Toppington, but I felt in my heart of hearts that such an explanation would hardly be satisfactory to Mollie herself.

The two Mollies came nearer to each other. In another moment they would meet. A curious smile came over both their faces. The seconds seemed years to me. Suddenly my trunk strength came back. I did not think. There was no time to think. But, acting on the prompting of instinct, I turned and fled—actually ran as hard as my legs would carry me.

The next five years of my life I spent in Japan. I only loved Mollie Toppington, and I longed to see her and speak to her as long as a true lover may. What a piteously beautiful creature she was. In fact, to all intents and purposes, she was my Mollie. I honestly do not believe I could have told them apart. I do not expect people to believe this statement, but it is true nevertheless.

The Church of the Nativity. We return in time to see the procession of bishops, priests, and people that is forming in the square in front of the church. Each is dressed in his most gorgeous robes. Turkish soldiers line both sides of the street to keep the way open for the procession to pass.



That I had proven myself unworthy of Mollie Toppington, but I didn't do anything quite so rash. Instead I determined to forget Mollie Forsythe and that evening at the Gaskells as completely as if it had never been, and by rigorous self-denial and self-sacrifice for her sake to atone to Mollie for the deviation from faithfulness to her, of which I hoped she would never know.

I wrote to Mollie the first thing the next morning as cheerful a letter as I could under the circumstances, for I knew the dear girl missed me terribly, and I would have given a good deal for a sight of her. Then I started out to attend to my business. When evening came I was bluer and lonelier than ever.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like mine.

Bandelair imitated a poem by the fellow in the "Calmest of Paris" avowed it; Gabriel d'Annunzio imitated the "Calmest of Paris" in "Halle Vergennes"—translated from the original and avowed nothing.

Seven volumes are to be added to the Edinburgh Edition of Shakespear's works to make it complete. The first edition up to the twenty volumes, though not necessarily complete, more matter.

Alfred Austin, who, in the introduction to his "England's Darling," called "the greatest of Englishmen" never been celebrated by an epigram, "has had his attention drawn to an epigram by a former poet laureate, P. E. Pye.

A London firm announces "The March of a Private Soldier in the History of the Potomac," by a writer who "I was a private soldier in the 18th century, who had seen the suppression of the rebellion. I write the life of a private soldier. I know nothing."

There is a bill before Congress providing the postal laws so that "all the scripts intended for publication, to be carried at third-class rates, except for two volumes. The bill is regarded with a certain degree of favor by editors, whom it would exempt under a Niagara of manuscripts.

The Marquis of Lorne has been in the Isle of Wight. County Council has petitioned the House of Commons to have the name of the Marquis of Lorne removed from the roll of the Peerage of Great Britain.

So proud of him, we say, we are with all our hearts and brains. In his memory, we are proud of him. Within our arms, we are proud of him. "It was hard to out-bath the late's poem on the lost sustenance of death of the prince," Mr. Larkin writes, "but the Marquis of Lorne succeeded in this most difficult task."

E. T. Cook, who succeeds Mr. Robinson as editor of the Daily Mail, Mr. Stead's lieutenant on the Pall Mall Gazette, and became of Mr. Stead's withdrawal. When the Pall Mall was sold to Mr. Astor, Cook succeeded, and helped Sir George Newnes to found the Westminster Gazette, which has been edited from the set. Alfred Spender is to succeed Cook as editor of the Westminster Gazette. Mr. Spender has been associate editor of the Westminster Gazette since its start.

Trained for His Work. Mr. Booker T. Washington, who has his school at Tuskegee, Ala., is a teacher and thirty students at Tuskegee the venture grew to an institution containing eight hundred students, seventy-nine instructors, some in Atlantic Monthly how he came prepared for such a work.

My earliest recollection is of a one-room log hut on a large slave plantation in Virginia. After the close of the war, while working in the mines of West Virginia for the support of my mother, I heard in some distant way of the Hampton Institute. When I learned that it was an institution where a black boy could get a board, and at the same time be how to work and to realize the day of labor, I resolved to go there.

Bidding my mother good-by, I set out one morning to find my way to Hampton, though I was almost penniless and had no definite idea of where I arrived with a surplus of cents.

At Hampton I found the opportunity in the way of buildings, teachers, industries provided by the government to get training in the classroom by practical touch with industrial to learn thrift, economy and persistence was surrounded by an atmosphere of business, Christian influence, and spirit of self-help that seemed to me awakened every faculty in me, and caused me for the first time to realize what it meant to be a man instead of a piece of property.

While there I resolved that when I had finished the course of training I would go into the far South, into the black belt of the South, and give my life to providing for others the same kind of opportunity for self-education and self-awakening that I had found provided for me at Hampton.

Lawyer Joe. Among the stories revived for the late historic festival in old Plymouth is one concerning Joseph Bartlett, known by his friends as "Lawyer Joe," who, soon after the close of the Revolution, went to London. One evening he strayed into a theatre there, and found himself looking upon a play which carried a species of malice against his countrymen.

During the performance a company of Continentals was introduced upon the stage, evidently for the sole purpose of proving itself ridiculous. The soldiers presented a motley appearance. They moved awkwardly, and their weapons indicated their various callings: the farmer shouldered his scythe, the carpenter his hammer, and the tinker his soldering iron.

In bold contrast a detachment of British soldiers, with their gay uniforms and glittering arms, went through various evolutions, marching as one man and keeping exact time to the stirring music of a military band. The difference was, of course, striking, and the audience laughed heartily, and applauded in evident enjoyment of a scene which was so flattering to the national pride.

But it was too much for Yankee patriotism to bear. "Lawyer Joe," obeying an irresistible impulse, sprang to his feet, jumped upon his seat, waved his hat high above his head, and shouted at the top of his voice: "Long live his majesty, King George of England, whipped by tailors, tinkers and cobblers!"

For the moment a profound silence reigned throughout the theater, and it was a moment of serious doubt whether our bold champion would escape the vengeance of an angry crowd. But the British admiration of pluck and audacity carried the day, and the ominous stillness was broken by loud cheers which burst from the audience until the very roof rang.

S. F. A Scotch clergyman, named Fraser, claimed the title and estates of Lord Lovat. He tried, on the trial of the case, to establish his pedigree by producing an ancestral watch on which were engraved the letters S. F.



I MADE LOVE FAST AND FURIOUS. which she was playing over a lot of tender melodies and I was whispering sweet nothings into her ear, we became to all intents and purposes lovers. And it was not until, with a start, I remembered that it must be growing late and I took my leave—not until I had emerged into the street that I thought of Mollie Toppington, of Boston, and of what a miserable creature I had become to her.

I MADE LOVE FAST AND FURIOUS. I was so glad to see her, and I determined to see the affair out. It was several days after the arrival of Mollie Forsythe in Boston. I had managed to see her and Mollie Toppington both often enough to avoid suspicion on the part of either of them so far, but I did not know how long I could manage it. Mollie Forsythe, I was taking a walk and had wandered out into Cambridge. Suddenly I felt as if every drop of blood had left