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"Well, what do you think of her?" asked the girl with the miscellaneous assortment of class pins of the girl with the drooping pompadour. "Is it really true?"

"I don't know," replied the pompadoured one, having a stick of gum and offering her friend one of the halves.

"You mean you don't know what you think of her?"

"I don't know whether it's so. I know there must be something, though. Elmer wouldn't go down there two or three times a week just to see Mr. Watson, and I suspected something the moment he introduced me."

"Did they look at each other as if they were engaged?"

"N—no, but she was so sweet to me. You can never tell anything about Elmer, anyway. He prides himself on never showing anything by his face or manner. He says he acquired the habit in playing poker. I think it's horrid for boys to play poker, anyway, and I think one's brother ought to confide in one. But Elmer never did in me. If he did tell me anything he could depend on it that I would never breathe a word to a soul. I just think that there is something, just the same.

"Well, I don't and I'll tell you why. He called on Maud Kehr less than a week ago. I know, because I was over there and saw him, and I'll just bet you he's calling there right along."

"I'll bet you he isn't. He went to see Charlie Kehr. Charlie and he were always chummy."

"He just told you that and made you believe it."

"He couldn't fool me so easily."

"Oh, I don't know. It's just as you say. A man will tell things to anybody rather than his own sister sometimes, and his own sister is sometimes the last one to find anything out."

"He'd tell me as soon as he would anybody and a little sooner."

"You just think so. He knows you would give him away."

"He doesn't know anything of the kind. He's got every confidence in me. There's no reason why he shouldn't have."

The girl with the class pins laughed incredulously.

"Well, he has."

"You told me just now that he never did confide in you."

"Oh, well, I was just talking. Say, Gertrude."

"Well?"

"Promise hope-you-may-die and on your solemn honor you'll never tell anybody if I tell you something?"

"U-huh."

"No, say 'yes.'"

"Yes."

"On your solemn honor?"

"On my solemn honor."

"Well, then, they are engaged. Only they don't expect to announce it for a month yet. Elmer told me. And she's real sweet and she's got some stunning frocks. But don't you ever breathe a word of this. I did my best to throw you off the scent."

The girl with the class pins giggled. "I knew I'd get it out of you," she said.—Chicago Daily News.

## CLEVER LITTLE DON.

Little Bullfinch More Demonstrative Than Are Many People.

Don was very unhappy when I was out of sight. His cage was hung at first in a glass conservatory, where he had sunshine, flowers and two candy birds for company. But he did not care for them. He wanted something else. He was silent and moping. So the loving little bird was made happy by being placed in my room upstairs.

It was wonderful how soon he learned to distinguish my step. Often his clear, sweet tune could be heard pouring from his dainty throat. Or perhaps he was silent. It was all the same. The instant my step sounded in the hall below or on the stairs, the whistle ceased, or the silence was broken. "Come he-ere, come he-ere, come he-ere" was the eager cry. Of course I always did "come he-ere." And then the delight of the dear little fellow was touching. Down he jumped to the door of his cage post-haste. Then, puffing out like a ball, he bowed right and left, dancing to and fro as if wound up to run for hours. And such a sweet piping as there was, too!

But he never played about the room when I was away. He was too sorrowful for that. His favorite haunt, next to my head or shoulders, was my bureau. He loved to hop all over it; but he loved best of all to mount the big, fat pin-cushion. It was such fine fun to pull out the pins and drop them on the bureau scarf. Sometimes he carried them to the edge of the bureau and dropped them on the floor.

One day I bent the point of a large pin and twisted it well into the cushion. It was rather naughty, to be sure, but I wished to see what Don would do about it. The other pins came out and were dropped as usual. Then came the "tug of war." The poor little bird pulled and pulled, and tugged and tugged. The big pin moved but did not come out. He put his head on one side and eyed it severely. He was not one of the "give up" sort. He had made up his mind to conquer that pin. He worked very hard for at least ten minutes. Then the plaintive "Come he-ere, come he-ere" rang out.

I waited to see what he would do next. And what do you think? He thought a little, then, mounted the cushion again, and waddled and danced to that obstinate pin. But it stayed right where it was. Then he seized it once more, and tugged so hard that his tiny feet slipped and he sat right down. Next he got up and stared at it, then hopped to the edge of the bureau and called again, "Come he-ere, come he-ere!"

I could not tease him any longer and went to the rescue. The moment that pin was loose, Don seized it with a happy chuckle. Hopping to the back part of the bureau, he dropped the pin down between it and the wall. It was in disgrace, you know.

One day the dear little fellow had been very busy indeed. The cushion had been freshly filled with pins. That gave him a great deal of work to do, of course. The pins had all to be carried to the edge of the bureau and dropped overboard. That task finished, he went into his house to get his dinner.

I went to work to pick up the pins, telling Don that he was a naughty bird to make me so much trouble. It seemed as if he understood every word. At once he stopped eating his seeds, come out and peeped at me over the edge of the bureau. Then down he came, making steps of my head, shoulder and arm until he reached the floor. And there the dear little

bird hurried around with all his might, picking up the pins. He flew up to the cushion, laid them down and came back for more, until they were all gathered up. Then he sat on my chair, whistled his tune and finally went to sleep.—St. Nicholas.

## FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

Peat Fields Near Chicago May Supply City for Century.

One-seventh of the area of Ireland consists of peat bog, at present unprofitable, but soon to be worth as much as so many coal mines, owing to improved and cheapened methods of collecting, drying and preparing peat for fuel. Even now Sweden uses 2,000,000 tons of peat briquettes yearly, while within fifty miles of Chicago are unused fields of the substance containing enough to supply that city for a century. Of a new method of preparation the writer says:

"In this new process the peat is excavated from the bog by machinery and conveyed directly to the plant without the long delay of air-drying. Here it is packed into rotary cylinders, which are revolved at great speed, the peat being beaten by an interior heating device while the cylinders rotate. The centrifugal force expels the moisture so that it is a very low percentage. Then, by means of electrodes connected by conductors with a dynamo, the centrifugally dried peat is included in an electric circuit; the resistance of the peat generates heat, and it is carbonized. A mass of black globules represents the results and retains all the valuable properties of the raw material. It then passes to kneading machines, and after being well kneaded it is either molded into briquettes or left to dry and harden, in which latter case it is afterward broken, screened and graded.

"As has been stated, the value of this process lies greatly in the fact that in climates where the drying season is short it can be prepared despite the weather conditions. In Alaska a supply could hardly be prepared after our methods, and what a boon prepared peat fuel would be in that climate! It is a fact that the peat supply increases proportionately with the distance from the equator, and, under the eternal law of compensation, there must be some means by which it can be utilized in those cold climates where it abounds. Again, in the electrical process there is no loss, no escaping of valuable elements in the form of gases. One ton can be produced at the almost incredible cost of \$1.21.

"Prepared peat is an almost smokeless fuel. It burns to the last vestige, leaves a clean, white ash and no clinker."—Popular Mechanics.

## Troubles of the Rich.

The "automobilist" who had been "scorching" on a country road was brought, says the Chicago News, before a justice of the peace who had fined him before.

"You have been out with that machine again, have you?" demanded the justice. "Frightening horses some more, eh? Why don't you get a flying-machine if you want to beat time and be eccentric?"

"It would do no good," wearily replied the prisoner. "You would arrest me for frightening the birds."

Door Knockers in Vogue Again. Door knockers are to come into vogue again. Bedroom doors are to be equipped with them.

It isn't necessarily a compliment to say a man is sound. Some men are all sound.

The year 1904 is proving a horror; but what could one expect of a leap year?

## JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

An appropriation of public money by the legislature to redeem warrants issued under an invalid law providing for the treatment of inebriates at public expense, which are in the hands of innocent purchasers, is held in State ex rel. Garrett vs. Froehlich (Wis.), 61 L. R. A. 845, to be unauthorized, as being for a private and not for a public purpose.

A deputy sheep inspector who, under a proclamation of the Governor that certain sheep shall be quarantined and dipped for disinfection, attempts to do the dipping, is held, in Blair vs. Struck (Mont.), 63 L. R. A. 481, to act in a ministerial capacity, and to be liable for injuries caused by negligently dipping the sheep in an improper bath.

The enforcement of a contract by a custom shirtnmaker, upon selling the good will of his business, not to be connected with such business again within the State for a period of ten years in competition with the purchasers, is held, in Swigert vs. Tilden (Iowa), 63 L. R. A. 608, not to be contrary to public policy, where the customers had been secured by soliciting orders in all parts of the State.

Wherever one person is placed in such relation to another by the act or consent of such other, or of a third person, or of the law, that he becomes interested for him, or with him, in any subject of property or business, he is held, in Trice vs. Comstock (C. C. A., 8th C.), 61 L. R. A. 176, to be in such a fiduciary relation with him that he is prohibited from acquiring rights in that subject antagonistic to the person with whose interests he has become associated.

That a storage company received possession of a trunk is held, in Young vs. Seattle Transfer Company (Wash.), 63 L. R. A. 988, not to be shown by evidence that, in response to a telephone message, the person answering the call for the company's number claimed that he represented the company, and, in compliance with a request communicated to him, an expressman called at the designated house and took away the trunk so as to render the company liable for its loss.

The constitutional provision for an impartial jury is held, in State vs. Stentz (Wash.), 63 L. R. A. 907, to be violated in a prosecution for manslaughter by recklessly driving over a traveler in the highway, by permitting thereon a witness who, to the knowledge of the prosecuting attorney, knew that the accused was recklessly driving on the highway immediately preceding the commission of the offense, a short distance from where it was committed. The question of the effect of personal knowledge of facts to be proved on the competency of a juror is considered in a note to this case.

## MISS BURNEY'S DIARY.

Miss Fanny Burney, the friend of Dr. Johnson and the author of "Evelina," began a diary at the age of 15. The reason which induced her to keep a journal was, in her own words, that "when the hour arrives in which time is more nimble than memory," she might have some accounts of her "thoughts, manners, acquaintances and actions." Her father and friends seem to have discouraged the idea, writes Mr. Austin Dobson in his life of Miss Burney.

"I cannot," wrote the young girl, "express the pleasure I have in writing down my thoughts, at the very moment, of people when I first see them, and how I alter, or how confirm myself in it, and I am much deceived in my foresight, if I shall not have very great delight in reading this living proof of my manner of passing my time, my sentiments, my thoughts of people I know, and a thousand other things in future, there is something to me very unsatisfactory in passing year after year, without even a memorandum of what you did."

The diary, begun in 1768, was edited and given to the public in 1846 by Miss Burney's niece, an amiable and learned lady who happily combined a knowledge of Hebrew with a genius for making jelly. Its writer's early predictions were right. It contains many interesting and amusing descriptions of notable people whom the young girl met. It tells of the books she read, Plutarch's "Lives," Pope's "Iliad," she reads "Rasselas," and thinks the style and sentiments inimitable.

Moreover, the "Diary" proves plainly that Fanny's close attention to braid-stitch, cross-and-change, pinking, pointing, frilling, and all the other niceties of that needlework which her stepmother regarded as so important to young persons, did not leave her without leisure for literature.

## A Cheerful View.

"But, my dear Mr. Meekins, you can't go home while it's raining so," insisted Mr. Wilson. He was known as a poor provider and his wife as about the worst cook in the community. "Really, now, you can't go home in this downpour. Stay, do, now, and have dinner with us."

"Oh, no, thank you," protested the guest. "It doesn't look very inviting outside, that's a fact, but I don't think I'll stay. I guess it isn't as bad as all that."

It is a question when time drags slower—at a church social or a family reunion.

Sometimes a man's love for horses is but a hobby.

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