

Caught in a Storm.

THERE are some advantages," said Ronald meditatively, "in being a cousin, after all."

He addressed Angelica, who sat opposite him. All about them was deep blue serenity—on one hand stretching away to meet in a line with a fainter azure, on the other merging distantly into long shining masses of greenish brown rocks, with ragged cliffs towering above them. Angelica's hat was tilted a little forward and the breeze darted in among her curls, to sing them merrily about her face. She was a diminutive person in all respects save two, which two were particularly large, brilliant, languishing, and in every way dangerous.

"But on the whole, Angelica," added Ronald, deliberately, "I regret that I am in any way related to or connected with you."

"Ronald!" she exclaimed, "I really cannot allow you to be so flattering."

"A cousin is a nondescript, variable sort of being—at times an absolute stranger, at others a sort of second-hand brother—in that capacity extremely useful. Of course, that is something; but still—"

"I think it's a great deal; but I see you are the same as ever. You always were a greedy little boy," said Angelica.

"Thanks. You, on the other hand, were rather nicer as a little girl than you are now in some ways—oh! you could still be nice if you tried."

"If I tried? How funny! I shouldn't know—you see most people think—"

she regarded her shoes inquiringly.

"I dare say; but I am not 'most people.' I stand alone."

"I thought you were sitting down," interrupted Angelica. (She certainly was provoking to-day.) And I wasn't aware that you were alone. But perhaps I don't count."

"My dear, that's the worst of it. You do count, and there's no one else in the world who does. I just worship you, Nan! Have I startled you?"

"Not at all," she answered, politely. "You see they all say that or something equivalent." She turned her head a little and dabbled in the water with her hand.

"Oh, yes, I know! Of course, I'm a presumptuous fool. All the same, I have thought lately"—he paused and then added: "Do you remember last week at Cowes?"

"Yes," said Angelica, radiantly. "On that afternoon—I don't mind telling you, Ronald—I very seriously considered falling in love with you. There is a yacht quite close to us," she added, quite hastily; "I considered, and after due deliberation, decid d—"

"Well, Nan?"

"Not to fall in love with any one at all."

"You mean—"

"Ronald, if you don't row how can I steer? We don't want to be swamped. Love is so inconvenient."

"You're pulling the wrong rope. I confess I don't quite see how—"

"Well, it doesn't always go with other things."

"But is it not worth more than—other things?"

"Ronald," replied Angelica, somewhat irreverently, "have you any idea of the price of a Paris hat?"

"The left rope again. Ah, now we're safe! A Paris hat? I—well, I have heard that they're something ridiculous."

"They are—absolutely ridiculous. That fact alone," said Angelica, solemnly, "is enough to make any thought of love impossible and wicked."

"Except for any one with a heart, with a soul, composed in fact of anything but shallowness and vanity."

"My dear boy, if you go on," she said, encouragingly, "you will in time make the accomplished flatterer of the age."

"Don't jest with me, Nan. It's nothing to you, perhaps, but to me it's everything. I love you. If you knew what the word meant," he burst out vehemently, "you could not sit there coolly breaking my heart in your hands."

"Hush! Not so loud. Yes, I know I'm wicked (penitently). I oughtn't to be here with you at all, when I am going to marry some one else."

"You're going to—Nan, is this true?"

"Mr. Rathbone," said Angelica, drooping.

"Are you engaged to him?"

"He will ask me to-night."

"How do you know that?" curiously.

"Ronald, don't be so absurd! How do I know?"

"This was convincing."

"Well, he is a consummate fool," said Ronald, savagely.

"Thanks," she murmured.

"And, moreover, he could not possibly love you—"

"Thanks—once more."

"Or any one else, except himself. But, of course, I see that he has advantages. Oh, don't trouble to explain what they are! I see them. How pleased every one will be, especially mamma! It will all be so delightful."

There was a silence. The sun had

disappeared, and the blue sky had turned to gray.

"It's not so pleasant as it was, is it?" inquired Angelica, presently.

"No," shortly.

"I felt a drop. Are we far from home, Ronald?"

"Yes; about three miles."

"Oh, dear, are we? Why don't you turn quickly, then? Don't you see it's going to be wet?"

"I thought you were steering," rudely.

"You might help me," she said, plaintively, tugging at the rope.

He gave a swift stroke or two, and they swung round. There were angry masses of clouds drifting toward them over an uneasy, ruffled sea.

"Why don't you row faster? We shall never get home," she exclaimed, petulantly.

"The tide is strong and the wind is against us. I'm doing my best."

"Ronald, what was that? Oh, don't say it was lightning! I'm more afraid of it than anything in the world. Oh, listen!"

There was a subdued roar in the distance, now gathering ominously.

"Ronald, was that thunder?" said Angelica waveringly.

"There is generally thunder when it lightens," he answered, with bitter sarcasm.

"But we're out in an open boat, miles from home or shelter of any kind."

"I am aware of that."

She gave a pathetic little gulp and pressed her hands together.

"Oh-h! There's another flash! Ronald, I—I'm going to faint!"

"Faint? Nonsense!" he returned, roughly.

"Nonsense? What do you mean, Mr. Grant? I suppose I have a right to faint if I choose I—ah!"

Crash, rattle, rattle, bang! C-r-a-c-k!
"Put that over you," said Ronald,



SHE WAS PROVOKINGLY RADIANT.

sternly, wrapping her in his mackintosh coat.

"But it doesn't rain, and that makes it much more dangerous, d—doesn't it, Ronald?"

"Much more," he answered, mercilessly.

"Oh, how can you be so heartless and cruel?" she moaned. "You don't care how much I suffer! Men are always like that—"

"And women never, of course," put in Ronald, with quiet irony.

"Oh, don't—don't be so hard! I know I'm a wicked girl, and this is to punish me!" A vivid gleam shot up the heavens, and something seemed to burst over their heads. "Oh, Ronald! (in a frenzy of terror) save me, save me! Oh, let us die together! I love you, oh, you know I do! Don't look at me so coldly; forgive me, oh, forgive me, Ronald!" Angelica hid her face in the cushions and sobbed.

"I can better bear to die with you, dear, than to live without you," said Ronald, tenderly. There was a suspicious twitching about his mouth, but he mastered himself heroically, and it did not become a smile.

A silence followed. The thunder rolled and tumbled away to the west, and presently there was a gleam more brilliant than any before.

"What's that awful light?" moaned Angelica.

"Look, dear. It's the sun."

"The sun!" she started up in consternation. "It can't be, Ronald (indignant-ly). Do you mean to tell me the storm is over?"

"I think it's passed by. You seem annoyed. Aren't you glad we're out of danger?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Only I thought—" haughtily—perhaps now, Mr. Grant, you will take me home?"

"Yes, I'll take you home, Nan. They'll be surprised, won't they, at our news?"

"News? What—what do you mean?" gasped Angelica.

"I think you know." There was no mistake about this smile now.

"Ronald," she said pathetically, "now you're not going to be tiresome."

"Nan," he answered gravely, "I do hope not, but, of course, a lifetime is a severe—"

"You know it was only—I was

frightened. It's a mesh advantage—it's ungentlemanly"—her voice died away weakly.

Ronald provokingly—"Are you quite sure you didn't mean all you said?"

Angelica, tearfully—"It's absurd! Mamma will be so angry."—Chicago Herald.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Condemnation of leased premises, without actual eviction, is held, in Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company vs. Hayden (R. I.), 42 L. R. A. 107, insufficient to relieve the tenant from liability.

A condition on the delivery of a note to the payee or his agent, that it shall take effect only when signed by another person, is held, in Hurt vs. Ford (Mo.), 41 L. R. A. 823, ineffectual, but the delivery is deemed absolute.

A delivery to a donee of a deposit book of a savings bank containing entries of deposits to the donor's credit, when accompanied with appropriate words of gift, is held, in Polley vs. Hicks (Ohio), 41 L. R. A. 858, sufficient delivery to constitute a valid gift, without any written transfer.

An injunction against the institution of prosecutions for criminal offenses, whether for violation of State statutes or municipal ordinances, is denied in Paulk vs. Sycamore (Ga.), 41 L. R. A. 772, even if the constitutionality of the statute, or the validity or reasonableness of the ordinance, is denied.

The doctrine which holds railroad companies liable for injuries to children playing on turntables which are left unguarded is denied, in Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company vs. Reich (N. J.), 41 L. R. A. 831. The conflicting decisions on this subject are reviewed by the court.

Negligence in storing oil upon a station platform in violation of statute is held, in Stone vs. Boston & A. R. Co. (Mass.), 41 L. R. A. 704, not to be the proximate cause of damage by fire caused by the dropping of a match by a person delivering goods at the depot, and who is not employed by the carrier.

A passenger riding on a railroad engine by invitation of an officer of the road is held, in Berliner vs. Travelers' Insurance Company (Cal.), 41 L. R. A. 467, to remain a passenger within the provisions of an accident insurance policy doubling the amount of insurance in case of injury in a passenger conveyance, and it is also held that he is not within provisos as to more hazardous exposures or as to injuries on a conveyance not provided for passengers.

The Little One That's Gone.
O whar, ol' Miss, is de lil' one gone?
Fer de sunshine is flickerin' dim;
De stahs wink weak fun de dusk tel de dawn,
An' de birds seem a-mopin' fer him.
Will I heah nevah mo'
Lil' foots on de flo,
An' de joy uv his lil' teensy laff?
Wus dey nevah a one
Fer to cheer, as alone
He went down de glimmerin' paff?

Mighty lil', old Miss, fer ter cause sech a shade,
An' make all de worl' dess a was;
Mighty lil' fer ter make all de flowers look daid,
Wid nevah no smiles on dey face!
But de angels abuv'
Luv' his ways as we luv',
An' de joy us his lil' teensy laff;
An' I knows dey's erlong
Dess a-singin' dey's song
As he passed down de glimmerin' paff.
—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Disastrous Transposition.
A well-known and genial—but—illiterate—Irishman, who once represented one of the Melbourne divisions in the Victorian parliament, invariably read out speeches that were prepared for him. On one occasion, in view of the anticipated opposition, a special paragraph was inserted in the speech which the candidate read out as follows: "I am quite aware that many of ye are agin me and me politics. But surely we all are working for the good of the colony. It is only a detail that me opponents are marching one way and me-silf another, but we must remember that we are all shtrivin' to reach the same goal!"

Female Doctors in Hungary.
The Royal Society of Physicians at Budapest, Hungary, has had a debate lasting several hours to decide whether female doctors should or should not be admitted to membership of the society. A resolution was finally voted to revise the statutes of the society so as to allow of their admission. Ninety-one members voted for and forty-four against.

Cigar Stubs Put to Good Use.
A Christmas entertainment is given to nearly 2,000 poor persons in Berlin with the proceeds from contributions of cigar stubs and tip-cuttings by charitable smokers who are considerate enough to save those seemingly worthless scraps.

An Atchison, Kan., woman, with a soul more for practical things than poetry, has taken down the motto, "God Bless Our Home," and put up one which reads, "Did You Wipe Your Feet Before Coming In?"

It takes a woman as long to select a seat at the theater as it does for the average man to pick out a new suit of clothes.

THE FILIPINO CHIEF.

HE'S THE BEST MALAY SPECIMEN IN HISTORY.

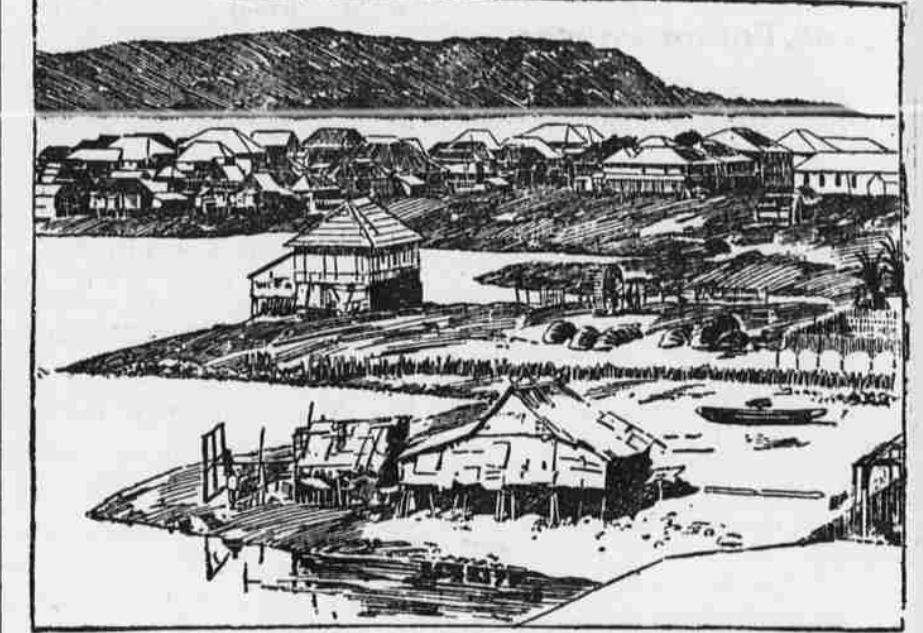
Of Doubtful Parentage, the Filipino Leader Is Well Educated, a Lover of Freedom, a Great Organizer and a Cunning Diplomat.

Aguinardo is a highly interesting character. He has had a remarkable career for so young a man, and events seem to point to him from the first as a man of destiny. His complexion is about half way between the reddish-brown of the Malay and the olive of the Spaniard. There is a yellowish tinge about it which, taken in connection with his forehead, would lead one to infer that a modicum of Chinese blood flowed in his veins, and that in his pedigree was some individual of Igorrote-Chinese or of Tagalo-Chinese characteristics. Upon this point it will be difficult, if not impossible, ever to learn the exact truth. So deep has been the moral mire of the Philippines under Spanish rule, so universal the immorality of the dominant race, that neither the civil nor religious authori-

ties have ever cared to keep any record of the alliances and misalliances, the births legitimate and illegitimate, the wives, concubines and mistresses, slaves and abducted women who have filled the long years of Spanish rule.

In his features, face and skull Aguinardo looks more like a European than a Malay. He is handsome, according to Spanish standard of masculine beauty. Friends and enemies agree that he is intelligent, ambitious, far-sighted, brave, self-controlled, honest, moral, vindictive, and at times cruel. To those who like him he is courteous, polished, thoughtful and dignified. To those who dislike him he is insincere, pretentious, vain and arrogant. Both admit him to be genial, generous, self-sacrificing, popular and capable of the administration of affairs.

His friends say that he was the son of a Spanish general; his enemies in Manila that he was the offspring of a dissolute but learned Jesuit. At the age of 4 he was a house boy in the home of a Jesuit priest in Cavite. A house boy in the Philippines, as in China, plays the part of a house dog rather than that of a domestic servant. If the head of the house is cruel he is kicked and cuffed by everybody and



ILOILO, THE FALLEN FILIPINO STRONGHOLD.

he could of naval warfare and equipment. He studied the lives and campaigns of Bonaparte, Wellington, Von Moltke and Grant. He also picked up at least a smattering of English, French, Latin and Chinese.

At the outbreak of the great insurrection in 1896 he held some political position in a provincial town. He was very popular with all sections of the people except the order of Dominican friars whose tyranny he openly denounced. He gradually came to the front as a leader of a section which was willing to exhaust diplomacy in dealing with Spain before resorting to arms. He exhausted diplomacy completely and then prepared to fight. As an organizer of the natives he was a wonder. Like Bonaparte, he seemed to exert a strange fascination upon his people. Wherever he went he was followed by troops of admirers, and while other generals suffered at times he and his camp were always supplied with the choicest supplies and comforts. Nor was the feeling of more than admiration confined to the Tagals, stolid Igorrotes, and half-naked Negritos. Cunning and skeptical half-breeds, and even Spaniards themselves, seemed to share in this odd hero-worship.

Usual Method of Action.

Bashful Youth's Explanation of a sudden Assumption of a Seat.

He is an extremely diffident fellow, this South Side youth, but is also enamored of a fair maiden. She likes him right back and is not averse to giving him help in emergencies. But she finds it a difficult matter to get her admirer to respond to the calls of society, for he sinks into a condition of too many feet and hands when in the whirl social. But she has her hopes.

Not long ago, when the chill winds had reduced the previously deposited snow into glaring ice, they set forth to walk to a near-by home to engage in the attractions of progressive euchre and chocolates. He was very tender and solicitous lest she tumble, slip and fall upon the icy sidewalk. Not being endowed with the certainty of footing of the patient burro himself, fate overtook him and he smote the earth with a crash heard blocks away.

Thereupon a look of intense anguish sped over his face, for his spine seemed shortened. The "grille" was in tears of pity. She clasped her hands and loved him for his woes.

"Oh, Charlie," she murmured brokenly, "does it hurt?"

"No," he gasped with a sickly grin. "Of course not. You see, I always sit down that way."

Now she loves him for his courage and ability to tell a fib to extricate himself from a painful and unpleasant position.—Chicago Chronicle.



EMILIO AGUINALDO.

lives on short commons; if his master is kind and affectionate he enjoys about the same attention as one of the children of the family. The only work which he does is to run from one part of the house to the other or from the house to any part of the grounds within the compound or space inclosed by the walls around the entire establishment. He helps the table boy to clean the silver, to scour the knives, and to set and unset the table. Aguinardo's master was a very kind man and took a deep interest in the welfare of his little protege. He dressed him well, so much so as to excite the notice and even the wrath of some neighbors. More important still, he gave the boy an education, which, though unequal to what every child receives in the United States, was a hundredfold better than what is bestowed upon the little Tagals of Luzon.

Aguinardo was an apt scholar. He was precocious like the Malay, ambitious like the Caucasian, and had a

Moderating a Nuisance.

In Carlsruhe, the capital of Baden, a law is in force fining any person who plays the piano with open windows.

"I don't believe in being affable to inferiors." "You don't? Just think how lonely you would be if everybody felt that way."—Truth.