

MARGERY.

Fair Margery I chanced to view
Within her garden's gay-decked space,
Clad in a gown of purple hue,
A sylph with all a flower's grace.
You left upon my heart so true
An image time can ne'er erase—
Maid in violet!

A love-light in her eyes, whose blue
Of heaven's azure seemed a trace;
What wonder I began to woo!

One obstacle they needs must face;
The other lovers who would sue—
A promise without days of grace,
Made inviolate.
—Woman's Home Companion.

HER BIGGEST PUPIL.

Scene: The little parlor in the modest cottage in which Miss Mary Brewster boards.

Mr. Jim Thrasher nervously awaiting her, his stalwart form perched on the edge of an easy chair.

As she enters his eye brightens, he smiles, and dropping his broad brimmed hat on the floor he rises.

Mary—You wished to see me?
Jim—Yes, Miss Mary. (He eagerly puts out his hand. She takes it in a hesitating manner.) You don't know me. I was afraid you wouldn't. Fifteen years, and a beard, and any number of hard knocks do change a man. But you—why, you've scarcely altered a particle. Can't you guess who it is?

Mary—You remind me—something in your voice—in your smile—reminds me of—of a boy I once knew.

Jim, delightedly—I'm the boy.
Mary—Not—not Jim Thrasher?
Jim—The very identical.

Mary—I'm so glad to see you. (She takes his hand impulsively.) Sit down, please. It is so kind of you to hunt me up. I've thought about you many times and tried to wonder what you were doing and what you had become.

Jim—That's very good of you, Miss Mary. I hardly supposed you'd cherish such pleasant remembrances for your biggest pupil. What a gawk I was! I can't imagine how you had any patience with me. Let me see. I was just 20 that last winter in the old red school house and a head taller than you—and two years older, wasn't I? What an awkward problem I must have been for you! Too old to learn and too big to whip.

Mary—Ah, but you never needed whipping. You were my right hand man, my prop, my encouragement. I don't know what I would have done with those big boys from down the creek if it hadn't been for your strong muscles.

Jim—Do you remember how you talked to me the first day I came to school? I had come with those very creek boys to make trouble. My mother died when I was very young, and no other woman had ever talked kindly to me. When you appealed to my honor, and putting your hand on my shoulder begged me not to bury the good that was in me, something seemed to swell in my breast, and from that moment I resolved to be a man—a man whom you would one day be proud to say you knew.

Mary—You make me very happy. It is a wonderful pleasure to feel that my poor efforts were not all wasted. It makes life worth living.

Jim—Life, then, hasn't always—but tell me something about yourself.

Mary—There is very little to tell. My mother died the summer after you went West, and I had to return home and keep house for father. In a year or two his health failed, and after a long, long sickness he died. My brother and I were alone, and after he found a situation on the railroad we moved here. When the war broke out brother enlisted, and died at Tampa of a fever.

Jim, after a pause—And so you have no ties to keep you here?
Mary—None.

Jim—And may I ask—
Mary—How I support myself? I have five little pupils whom I am teaching the rudiments, and I do some fine sewing. I get along very well—only there is always the fear of sickness. Now tell me about yourself.

Jim—One moment. I want to say to you, Miss Mary, that I've been trying to find you out for a long time. I wrote to the old neighborhood, asking for you, but they answered that nobody knew where you had gone. I wouldn't have traced you down here if it hadn't been for Joe Slater. You remember little red-headed Joe, the scamp of the school? Well, he came out to Montana, looking for work, and I gave him a job, and, one day, in recalling old times, he said he was sure he saw you in this town. That's how I came to be here. About myself? Well, whatever I am, it is you that gave me the start. I fancy I've done pretty well. I'm something of a mine owner and something of a capitalist, and I've served a term in Congress and could have gone back. I've got a nice house in Helena, and there's enough idle cash lying around to enable me to travel as much and as far as I please. You understand I'm not blowing my trumpet for the personal gratification there is in it—and yet it is a personal gratification to blow it before you. I'm accounting, as it were, for the use I've made of those talents you called my attention to fifteen years ago.

Mary—I'm very glad to hear of your

success. I knew you had it in you. You have made the day very bright for me.

Jim—I am not yet quite sure whether it will be a bright day for me or not. The fact is, I—I want to ask you a favor, Miss Mary.

Mary—A favor, Jim?
Jim—Yes, a great favor. I—I want to be your biggest pupil again!

Mary—I—I don't understand.
Jim—And I want to be your only pupil. I need your help. They're talking of making me governor next fall, and I'll require lots of polishing up. Oh, it will be hard work, but you'll find me a willing pupil. I—

Mary—I don't know what you mean. Jim (rising and coming closer)—I'll explain. They say, you know, that a well-ordered boy usually falls in love with his teacher. That's his very first love. And most well ordered boys get over it. But this boy is different. He doesn't get over it. That teacher has been to him the one ideal of sweetest womanhood through all his fifteen years of hard knocks and growing success. Do you understand now? Teacher, guide, friend, will you be that grateful boy's wife?

Mary (covering her face with her hands)—Oh, Jim, Jim, I'm so old!
Jim (taking her hands)—Nonsense! And you are growing younger every minute. Besides, don't forget for a moment that I am two years your senior! Come, Mary; I need you. There is a home waiting for you in the West, and comfort, and love. I don't ask you to love me—yet. Perhaps I can teach you that. There, there; don't cry. Surely there's nothing you leave behind worth these tears.

Mary (rising)—They are tears of happiness, Jim.
Her head drops on his shoulder.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

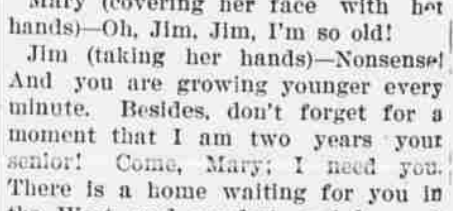
A NIECE OF KRUGER.

She is Now in This Country and is a Remarkably Well-Bred Girl.

Miss Sannie Kruger, a grandniece of President Paul Kruger and of his wife as well, is now a resident of Philadelphia. She came from South Africa several years ago in company with her brother, who is interested in mines in Arizona. Miss Kruger's sympathies are strongly with the brave men who are defending her native land, but she can see that they have no chance for ultimate success. Miss Kruger was

educated in Europe and is proficient both as a musician and artist. She says the popular idea of the Boers in this country does them injustice. The burghers are not, as a class, she declares, coarse, uneducated and brutal. On the farms no more attention is paid to dress than by the agricultural portion of any community. In the cities and towns, however, the Boer women dress as well and as much attention is paid to the amenities of life as in other countries. Miss Kruger expects to return before long to South Africa and will spend the remainder of her life there.

Unmistakable Evidence.



MISS SANNIE KRUGER.

Aguinaldo: "Why do you suspect he is an American spy?"
Filipino: "Hist! He has on a 'Union' suit!"

Siamese Superstition.
The Siamese have so strong a superstition against even numbers that they will have none of them. The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, must always be odd.

Fans.
It is no unusual thing for a vessel plying between Japan and London to carry 1,000,000 fans as a single item of its cargo.

PATHETIC CHINESE INCIDENT.

A Mother's Attempt to Dispel the Blindness of Her Child.

This is what the Fair Samaritan saw after she had climbed the dark stairs behind the store and peeped into a room that was in semi-darkness, while she repressed Lee Chung with a warning finger that enforced silence. It was a room of considerable dimensions, with a low ceiling. The windows were so ill-placed, besides being barricaded, that the room was in twilight gloom, although the day was bright without. Its furniture was curiously disposed close against the walls, thus leaving a wide space in its midst. And in the room the woman Sney Yep was taking part with the little Lee Moy in what was evidently a daily occurrence.

With palms folded suppliantly before her, she regarded Lee Moy with a look of inexpressible love tinged with sadness. He was hitting wildly about him with a toy whip, and shouting angrily, his language being punctuated by strong Anglo-Saxon expletives.

"D—n you, mother! Why cometh not the sun?"
She submitted with the patience of an Oriental to the imperious language of my lord, her Man-Child.

"Oh, son of mine," she replied, with infinite tenderness; "the sun is still at Pekin, drying his hair—for he hath but now risen from his ocean bed. When he hath had his morning meal, and washed his face with dew and decked himself with marigolds, he will mount clouds of purple and gold and amber and come to San Francisco."

"Do they of Pekin see more of him than we do?"
"Yes, son—oh, would we were there!" she sobbed; "for the sun always shines there, but here it is mostly dark."

"We will go there, mother, at once!" He held up his hand for his mother to take.

"But it is a long and stony road from here to Pekin, and we must eat and drink before we start."

She led him to a little table, and set cakes before him, and a cup of tea—which she fortified with a generous draught of sam shu.

When he had satisfied his appetite she prepared him another cup similarly sophisticated and set it before him.

"Drink once more," she said, "for when we have left San Francisco we shall have no more tchah (tea) till we reach Pekin."

And the little man drank as he was directed, and prepared for his daily flight across—the world.—Lippincott's Magazine.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Riding on the front platform of an electric street car is held, in Watson vs. Portland & Cape Elizabeth Railroad Company (Me.), 44 L. R. A. 157, not to constitute negligence as matter of law.

Mortgages made by deposit of title deeds without writing are held, in Bloomfield State bank vs. Miller (Neb.), 44 L. R. A. 387, to be contrary to the policy of the recording acts which are in force in this country.

Liability for assault committed in a joke is involved in State vs. Monroe (N. C.), 43 L. R. A. 861, where a druggist who dropped croton oil on candy for a customer, to be given to a third person, is held liable for the damages caused.

A drawee bank which pays the good-faith holder of a forged check on which an indorsement is forged is held, in First National Bank vs. Marshalltown State bank (Iowa), 44 L. R. A. 131, to have no right to recover back the money paid.

On the vexed question of the right of one person to bring an action on a contract made by other persons for the benefit of the former the case of Buchanan vs. Tilden (N. Y.), 44 L. R. A. 170, holds that a woman may sue on a contract for her benefit between her husband and a third person which provided for payment of money to her in case of success in contesting a will, for which the husband procured an advancement of funds, while there were strong moral and family reasons why she should be considered an heir, though not legally such.

Fire in the United States.

The average loss by fire in the United States has been reduced in ten years from \$6,922 to \$1,860. The insurance loss in the same period was reduced from \$3,933 to \$1,056.

The prevailing use of electricity has brought about a large increase in fires, owing to crossed wires. Ten years ago there were only sixty-six such fires and last year there were 958.

Defective flues are responsible for over 11 per cent of the fires and incendiarism is next as a cause. Last year 6,891 incendiary fires occurred. Lightning caused 3,479, spontaneous combustion 1,179, friction in machinery 295, natural gas 94, dust explosions 14 and five were caused by the sun's rays passing through window glass. There was no assignable causes for 12,204 fires of last year.

Some men have so many diamonds that they are made miserable in guarding them.

Many a woman who becomes indignant when called tough, glows when called a Bohemian.

NINA VAN ZANDT.

Woman Who Was Married by Proxy to August Spies, the Anarchist.

Nina Van Zandt, the woman who was married by proxy to August Spies, the anarchist, almost upon the eve of his execution, is now Mrs. Stephen Malato, wife of a prominent Italian politician of Chicago, and has been living quietly since her marriage, four years ago. She now dismisses the escapade of her proxy marriage to Spies

by saying: "I was a foolish young girl then." She is the daughter of an expert chemist, who lived in a fine house on Huron street.

When the Haymarket riots occurred she was only 17 years old, and fell in love with Spies when she saw him at the preliminary hearing. She became a constant visitor to the courtroom, always elegantly dressed. She made no secret of her infatuation, sending flowers and meals from expensive restaurants to the jail. Her parents made no effort to break off the attachment. When Spies asked her to marry him she consented, but the sheriff interfered. It was then decided to use a proxy, and Miss Van Zandt was married to Chris Spies, acting for his brother. The girl continued her visits to the jail, and used every endeavor to save her proxy husband's life. For a long time after the anarchist's death Miss Van Zandt shut herself up in her home on Huron street, and denied herself to all callers. She had a marble bust of Spies made.



NINA VAN ZANDT-MALATO.

A GOVERNMENT JOB.

It Very Often Saps the Energy of Its Holder.

The narcotic effect of government employment is notorious, explains an Eastern newspaper writer, but, as in other cases, the victim of the sedative habit does not believe and cannot realize its power until it is too late.

There is a certain fascination to the old and hardened to watch the young struggle against their fate. The same sensations may be secured by observing the operations on a sheet of fly paper. The victim is "foot loose" and is looking around for a favorable opening. In the meantime it seems desirable to have some temporary lodgment—standing-room, as it were—until the delayed opening appears. So the fly steps into the soft Government stickum. At first it does not seem so bad, and it is only when he feels his feet sinking that he decides to quit. But this he finds it not so easy. He pauses and begins to cast about for a little leverage or a way to wade out. In the operation he tangles up another member or two. By this time he suspects that the danger is serious and buzzes frantically. The result is the same, and while he is resting from the exertion he tangles up one wing. The other waves for a while, the emblem of a disappointed and hopeless ambition, now and then buzzing about the time to come when he will quit the Government fly paper and enter business or a profession. Then he rents a larger house and his wife takes a few friends to board. His body is submerged in the Government glue and he is in the Government service for life.

As Secretary of the Civil Service Commission Mr. Doyle has had opportunity to observe the number of Government employes who leave the service for other occupations and then return to it. "A few years ago," said Mr. Doyle, "my attention was called to a man by the excellence of the examination which he passed. He secured the place, but after a year or so he resigned. He had saved money and was going to Yale College. After four years I heard he had graduated and was studying law. Then I heard he had been admitted and had gone to New York to practice. And just the other day," he continued, "the man came in and made application to take the examination for his old place in the department."

Und r-round City.

Epernay, in France, is a vast subterranean city, the streets for miles being hewn out of solid chalk, flanked with piles of champagne of all blends and qualities. The largest champagne manufacturers in Epernay possess underground cellars which cover no fewer than forty-five acres, and contain 5,000,000 bottles of wine.

It is useless to acquire knowledge unless you have a little common sense with which to season it.

MALADIES OF TELEGRAPHERS.

Subject to Tuberculosis, Heart Trouble and Brain Congestion.

"Telegraph operators are kept in a constant state of cerebral tension," says Mr. Hull, President of the Railway and Telegraph Workers' Union. "They are exposed to a great number of maladies, and it can well be said that their work is dangerous. A telegraph operator reads better with his ears than with his eyes. He carries out an essentially mental operation by using the nerves of hearing. This faculty is consequently highly developed in his case. In the ordinary work of reading twenty words a minute the telegraph operator must distinguish 150 alternate strokes or intervals, and when there is a rush of work this figure can go as high as 450. There is also the transforming the sounds into visible symbols, or writing, which implies another mental process. And whereas the normal amount of varied sensory impulses per minute is 120, the telegraph operator has to accomplish 150 to 450.

"Without taking extreme cases into consideration, it may be said that the sense of hearing in a telegraph operator is two and a half times more powerful than in an ordinary individual. Again, in telegraphy the continuity of the nervous stimulation, the monotony of sounds and the fixity of attention are further causes of exhaustion. It is found also that during forced work the telegraph operator's breathing is affected, his heart's action precipitated and his brain congested. As a result of these phenomena it is noticeable that a general decline of the organism follows, ending in tuberculosis."

According to Mr. Hull, the ordinary death rate for tuberculosis is 13.8; that of telegraph operators is 46.6. And what is true of tuberculosis applies to other affections of the respiratory organs. The general death rate for the latter is 3.5, but it rises to 18.4 among telegraph operators between 15 and 25 years of age, to 23.1 between 25 and 35 years of age, instead of 4.9, and to 12, instead of 5.3, between the ages of 35 and 45. From 45 years upward it declines, being 4.3 instead of 5.3, but this diminution is very delusive, seeing that it is due to the elimination of the weak members who have died off in the preceding years. It becomes more marked with increasing age. Between 55 and 60 it stands at 0.5, instead of 5.4, and above 65 at 0.4, instead of 8.2. But these are not the only affections to which telegraph operators are liable. The nervous tension which they endure often gives rise to a state requiring immediate withdrawal from their work.

Arab Weapons.

Here in Muscat I saw the pure bred Arab man, sinewy but not tall, a domineering, swaggering nobleness in his glance, and a brace of daggers in his waist. When I recognized a beautiful haft or noticed a slender bladed native gun or singular shield, I offered to buy. But nothing could induce them to sell.

"Sahib," said one man, "I killed my deadliest foe with this blade, right through his black heart! You see this dint in my shield? Ah! that dint was caused by a spear. The shield saved my life; shall I, then, sell it for money? My gun? No, sahib! I am an Arab, and my gun is my other self. How could I be an Arab if I had no gun? This sword—it belonged to my grandfather. It has killed forty men. By Mohammed! it is true. These marks, sahib—you see these marks—only one of these marks is put there when a man is killed." I offered three times the value. The answer always was "No, sahib, I will not; I cannot."

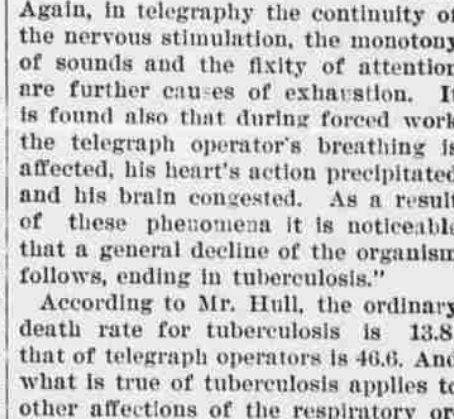
Everybody, from the frolicsome boy of 8 to the tottering imbecile of 80, carried a weapon. The old men had rusty swords that reminded me of the unwieldy, double-bladed monsters that Richard Coeur de Lion and his knights swung in the face of the Saracens. These Muscat swords are four feet six inches long, the blades three inches wide, and the handles provide room for both fists to grasp. Law is an unknown quantity in eastern Arabia.

Up-to-Date Band Music.

Visitor: "Can your band play well, uncle?"
Band Leader: "Play well! I guess we does. We gits all our notes clar from Boston, we does."

Wisconsin Christmas Trees.
As early as September orders were placed in Wisconsin for 50,000 Christmas trees, to be shipped East.

The man who slowly climbs the ladder to success remains there longer than the one who reaches it via the balloon route.



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