

BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM.

She sat and waited by the edge,
The western sky shone clear and yellow,
White mists were rising from the sedge,
The birds drank at the water's edge—
She sat and watched for him—dear fellow!

The fields were dim, the sky grew gray,
The stars, like timid flowers, were budding;
She watched along the lonely way,
While up the smooth sands of the bay
The limpid, silvery tide came flooding.

She watched—but when she saw, at last,
His tall form hurrying from the distance,
She rose, nor look behind her cast,
And walked the other way as fast
As if he wasn't in existence!
—Puck.

MAN PROPOSES

MOLLY, do you mean it—is it final?" asked Jack Marshall, with an angry look at the serious face opposite him.

"Yes, Jack, I do. Hereafter you and I will be friends and that is all. You will go on with your studies and eventually make the rich marriage your mother intends for you. You and I must walk a different path in life from the one we had planned, but we will be friends, Jack, and I shall look forward to your success with as much pride and interest as you can desire. Now, Jack, for the sake of our school days, if nothing more, let us be friends."

The sweet voice for which Molly Maitland was so much envied ceased, and there was silence in the little room. Outside the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew so hard that the boughs of the trees beat against the windows. Inside the little parlor was bright with the light of the lamp and the sparkle of the fire in the open grate. And in this cheery little room, with the sound of the storm and the occasional crackling of the wood fire breaking the silence, sat Jack Marshall and Molly Maitland deciding the question of their future life.

Jack had just graduated from Harvard and was about to go abroad to continue his medical studies for two years. How he wanted to take Molly with him, both he and Molly knew, but she conscientiously refused to go and make Mrs. Marshall miserable. The haughty woman had called upon Mrs. Maitland and Molly, and finding the latter alone had told her that it would break her heart and spoil her whole life plans if Jack did not marry his rich cousin, Eleanor North, adding: "Of course, it would be a great match for you, but when Jack is once in Europe he will see his mistake, and it will be far better to break off now than to be tied for life to a man who does not really love you. You must remember that I am an older woman than you are and have seen more of the world, so I ask you to promise me." Molly felt as if the earth was slipping away from her, but she gave that promise and fulfilled it, like the brave little woman that she was.

"Molly, Molly, is that all you have to say to me? What can you mean?" he cried as he grasped her hands in his. "Just what I have said, Jack," answers the soft voice.

"I'll go to the devil then," is the unexpected reply.

"Jack, don't talk so cowardly. Can't you see that it is for your own good? And your mother will be so miserable if you do not marry Eleanor. Her whole life is centered in you. Go, now, and let this subject drop between us, for, Jack," the words came slowly, almost sobbingly now, "I shall never marry you."

"One look—one kiss," and, muttering those words again, he is gone into the storm, and Molly—well, we will leave our heroic if mistaken in her idea of duty girl of 20 to herself.

Ten years have passed and great changes have entered the lives of our friends. Mrs. Maitland and Mrs. Marshall have both died. Within three months of each other the two mothers are laid away. Jack had not been heard from up to the time of his mother's death, and Molly had taken up nursing as her vocation, and was matron of the emergency hospital at B—.

For the first year after leaving home Jack Marshall had lived a pretty wild life, but on Christmas morning, Molly's birthday, he had bowed the curly head and promised himself and a higher power to live a life worthy of Molly Maitland, even though she would never be his.

From that time on success attended all his undertakings, and he had made a name for himself in the medical world. After settling up his estate (for the immense property was left entirely to him), he entered upon his duties as city physician of B—.

One day in June he started out to visit the emergency hospital and con-

sult with the directors and matrons with regard to extensive improvements which were about to be made. Sitting there in the cozy little reception hall, he wondered, as he had oft wondered before, what had become of Molly Maitland.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting, Dr. Marshall," said a sweet voice in well-remembered tones that made him start, "but my attention was called to a new case, and—"

"Good heavens, Molly!" exclaimed the dignified doctor; "have I found you? Are you matron here?"

Well, little Irish Maggie, who was sweeping down the stairs, told the head chambermaid that "the matron just said 'Jack' like as if she was going to drop, and then he ketched her in his arms, and," with wide-eyed astonishment, "he kissed her and kissed her, and she let him!"

The doctor often says as he looks lovingly at his wife: "Perhaps, Molly, it is just as well that I went to the devil and back again to win my angel. I was too impetuous for you then, dearest."

And Molly laughingly answers: "Are you sure you have gotten all over that impetuosity, Jack?"—Boston Post.

IN AN APRICOT ORCHARD.

How the Fruit Is Gathered, Dried and Prepared for Market.

As soon as an orchard of apricots comes into bearing, advertisements are inserted in the newspapers of adjoining towns for women and girls. Thousands of women leave their domestic duties, taking with them their families, to engage actively in the sheds of the ranchers, cutting the fruit for drying, after the men have collected it from the trees.

Sometimes five hundred people will be engaged upon a large orchard. Rules and regulations are laid down for their conduct; the women and girls sleep in the tents provided at a low rental by the management, and either cook for themselves, or board with what would be termed in railroad circles a "boarding-boss;" the men, not so many, occupy tents in some other and distant part of the orchard. The sole requisite being the ability to pick and cut fruit, an aggregation of humanity representing all classes of society, from the impeccable English family with cultivated manners and aristocratic connections, to the nondescript, who travels from town to town in search of employment, is collected together in industrious activity for the revenue to be derived.

Each woman has a small tray in front of her, and, after cutting the fruit with a knife, she lays it open on the tray. Each tray is furnished with a raised end; when five are filled they are piled up, and the operator shouts "Tray!" whereupon an attendant approaches, punches a ticket with which she has been previously furnished, and takes the five trays to the sulphur house.

The women are paid ten cents a box, each box containing sixty pounds of fruit. All fruit has to be placed in the sulphur house for several hours, for the purpose of bleaching it, or causing it to retain its natural color, as well as to destroy all insect life that may remain, otherwise the sun would cause it to turn black. The trays are then carried out and placed upon the ground under the steady rays of the glorious California sun. Should clouds be hanging over, the trays are placed one above the other until that great purifier and drier of the universe, old Sol, makes his appearance.

The fruit requires from three to seven days to dry. At the end of this time men go out into the orchard with what are called "sweat-boxes," and scrape from the trays all the fruit into these boxes, in which it is left until fully dried. Finally it is hauled to the storehouses and piled up in heaps, perhaps ten feet high, awaiting the eye of the critical buyer.—Pearson's Magazine.

A Boer Girl's Wedding.

"A wedding is always an event of almost national importance and is really a most picturesque ceremony," writes the author of "Oom Paul's People," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The friends and relatives may arrive a day or two ahead of time, according to the distance to be traveled, and the Boer homestead becomes a most animated scene. Scores of ox teams are scattered about the surrounding plain; negro servants are bustling around; guns are fired promiscuously whenever more guests arrive; dancing, feasting and coffee drinking are carried on in the cottage and everywhere around it; impromptu shooting matches and horse races are decided, and joy is unconfined. After the ceremony, and after all the guests have kissed the bride and bridegroom, the wedding feast is eaten, and then the guests spend the night in dancing and playing games. It would be a breach of etiquette for any of the guests to depart before the dawn, and, indeed, the fiddler's music and the sound made by the dancing feet are often heard until noon of the following day. The wedding tour consists of a journey to the cottage and farm which the husband has secured from his father and which adjoins the old homestead.

Every man feels that he has a kick coming because he is not rich, and is ready at a moment's notice to jump a rich man.

HOUSE IS CERTAINLY ORIGINAL

Singular Architecture of an Oklahoma Man's Dwelling.

Charles Babcock, a Guthrie Alderman, is building the most remarkable house in Oklahoma. Babcock's house is three stories high and as round as a silver dollar just from the mint. The upper stories are each smaller in diameter than the one below. On top of the third story is a staff, crowned with a glittering ball. The lower floor is divided into three rooms, each resembling in shape a slice of pie. Along the wall



ALD. BARCOCK'S HOUSE AT GUTHRIE.

of one room is a narrow stairway to the second story.

One of Babcock's troubles is to get his furniture to fit. If his beds and tables and chairs and sofas were round he could arrange matters with less difficulty. Somebody has remarked that a stranger would walk himself to death trying to get into the house on a dark night, going continually in a circle, in an attempt to find the door.

Babcock will complete his house by building a circular porch around it. His home is in West Guthrie and commands a pretty view of the Cottonwood Valley. Babcock drew his own plans and is proud of his architectural production. He said that he built the house just to have one different from any other.

Human Body's Peculiar Odor.

The fact that certain animals, and especially the dog, will recognize the propinquity of their masters or friends although it may have been impossible for them to have seen them or heard their voices has long since suggested to physiologists and others the idea that every human being has a distinctive odor peculiar to himself, and which remains more or less constant. Otherwise how would it be possible for the bloodhound, for instance, to take the trail of an individual and follow it for miles through crowded thoroughfares, as well as through open country, and unerringly pick out the individual from among hundreds of others?

This idea has recently received a signal verification, as we are told by Dr. Bett, in the Archiv der Gesamten Physiologie. The doctor states that a friend of his, with bandaged eyes and every precaution against collusion, was enabled by the sense of smell alone to recognize persons with whom he was acquainted, and to call their names the moment that they came into the room and at the distance of several paces. The experiments were varied in a number of ways, but with the unerring faculty of the bloodhound this man detected the identity of every individual presented. Other instances of a similar keenness are cited by Dr. Bett. According to the man who gave the exhibition, every family has a characteristic odor common to all the members thereof, but the intensity of which usually varies sufficiently among the various members to enable him to distinguish each individual.—Indian-Lancet.

Children Not Given for Playthings.

"Mothers must remember that their babies are not given them for their own pleasure or amusement, nor to display as marvels to their friends," warns Barnetah Brown, writing of "Mothers' Mistakes and Fathers' Failures," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "But mothers must consider that from the first moment of life the child is destined toward growth, development, progression. A dallying with this bit of wisdom in the beginning makes rare occasions for much that is disagreeable later. And let no mother make the error of being baffled by the cry of 'heredity.' Much of what is called heredity is really imitation of what is to be seen and felt in the environment; and the most objectionable human heredity can be overcome. The inheritance of the divine spark which is ever ready to fly upward must be forgotten."

Valuable Pebbles.

Between the northern point of Long Island and Watch Hill, off New York, lies a row of little islands, two of which, Plum Island and Goose Island, possess a peculiar form of mineral wealth. It consists in heaps of richly-colored quartz pebbles, showing red, yellow, purple and other hues, which are locally called agates. They are used in making stained glass windows, and there is a sufficient demand for them in New York to keep the owners of one or two sloops employed in gathering them from the beaches, where the waves continually roll, and polish them, bringing out the beauty of their colors.

Science AND Invention

If all the mountains in the world were leveled, the average height of the land would rise nearly 250 feet.

Gold, steel, aluminum and lead, when immersed in tartaric acid, a new chemical discovered, become pliable and ductile as putty.

New York's board of health has taken action toward the strict enforcement of the law regarding the sale of poisons. There have been many cases of suicide lately by carbolic acid poisoning, and if this chemical were more difficult to obtain it would doubtless decrease the number of cases.

Near Ashcroft in British Columbia are a number of small lakes, whose shores and bottoms are covered with a crust containing borax and soda in such quantities and proportions that when cut out it serves as a washing compound. The crust is cut into blocks and handled in the same manner as ice, and it is estimated that one of the lakes contains 20,000 tons of this material.

Fruit is now being shipped from New South Wales packed in the bark of the tree and the outer bark of the melaleuca leucadendron, which is shredded into a sort of coarse chaff. These barks seem to have some peculiar power of preserving oranges during carriage. This may be owing to the elasticity of the packing and the fact that it permits of ventilation. Unless the bark is cut too fine there is no sweating possible. The bark costs only \$20 a ton.

The heirs of the late Anthony Pollok of Washington have offered a prize of 100,000 francs (\$20,000), to be awarded during the exhibition in Paris next year to the inventor of the best apparatus for saving life in case of disaster at sea. The prize is open to universal competition. The award will be made by a jury sitting in Paris. It is provided that the entire prize may be awarded to a single individual, or a portion of it may be awarded to each of several persons, as the jury may decide.

Work of the Egyptian exploration fund for the year has lain in the same district as before, a short distance down the Nile from Denderah. Altogether about 1,250 graves of prehistoric age and about as many historic graves—mainly about the twelfth dynasty—were opened and recorded. The society has already received from the Egyptian government the promise of a permission to work at Abydos, one of the most important sites in Egypt. Prof. Maspero will return to Egypt to resume the direction of the department of antiquities.

On July 19 last the city of Rome undulated with the waves of an earthquake for nearly half a minute. The famous monuments of antiquity scattered in and about the city were strongly shaken, but fortunately no serious damage was suffered by them. The great columns in the Forum rocked visibly, and a large stone crashed down from the Colosseum. A strange atmospheric effect, which has before been observed during great earthquakes, was very noticeable on this occasion. People who rushed in alarm from their houses were drenched with a torrent of rain that poured from light gray clouds which almost instantaneously gathered in a perfectly clear sky as soon as the earth began to quake.

ORDER OF NEGRO NUNS.

Only Colored Sisterhood in the United States at New Orleans.

In the old French quarter of New Orleans, with its narrow streets, latticed windows and jealously guarded courts, where the fig and orange tree grow, is a square of rather miscellaneous architecture. Its central building, 717 Orleans street, is several hundred years old. It has a stately entrance, with great pillars and old-fashioned, ornately carved doors. It was once the old Creole opera house and ball room of the early days. Now it is the home of the colored nuns. Yet the order is not such a very modern one, after all, for it was founded in New Orleans over half a century ago. Its members are now well-known figures on the streets of the crescent city. The special object of its institution was the education and moral training of young colored girls and the care of orphans and aged infirm people of the race.

One of the most interesting parts of the convent is the orphan asylum, where children ranging in age from the wee tots just beginning to walk to girls of 12 and 14 years are cared for. One of the sisters in charge of the babies was an ex-slave. She is a real "mammy" still.

"But, reverend mother, you seem to have some white children here," said the Northern visitor, commenting on the fair white skin of some of the children.

"Oh, no," said the nun, smiling a bit wistfully at the ignorance of her visitor, "they all have colored blood in their veins. Maybe they are only quadroons, octoroons; some of them, indeed, have only one-tenth colored blood, but that one-tenth black counts more than

the nine-tenths white, and makes them belong forever to the colored people."

One is reminded of some of Cable's stories, the pathos and tragedy thereof. In the orphan asylum 135 children are sheltered who would otherwise be thrown upon the State. These, as well as the sixty poor old colored men and women and many of the children in the school, are dependent upon the sisters for their daily bread.—St. Louis Republic.

ISLANDS WITHOUT OWNERS.

Good Opportunity for a Government that Has Lighthouses to Spare.

Frederick A. Cook, writing of Antarctic exploration in the Century, tells of certain islands that might well be fitted with lighthouses:

A series of low pyramidal masses appeared under the southern sky. It was like a bank of blue fog fringed with snowy bands. The whole length of our seaboard formed an ill-defined, cloudlike aggregation resting on the black water and extending the entire length from northeast to southwest. As we steamed on, the center groups became more distinct, and the whole line rose above the horizon, where we recognized it as the northern exposure of the South Shetland Islands. During the afternoon a gentle but piercing wind came from the land, bringing with it a glassy air and an easy, silvery sea, over which the new land stood out in bold relief. We could distinguish Livingston Island over our port bow, and northeastward, melting into the blue airy distance, were numerous similar islands. Over our starboard bow was Smith Island, its base still under the water sixty miles away.

In a general way this coast-line resembles parts of the Greenland landscape. About the largest islands there are many small, ice-free isles, or rocks, which are the resting-places of seals, penguins, cormorants and gulls. On the larger islands, and especially on Livingston Island, there are high peaks and rounded, dome-like hills, which are tipped with snow, but their sides are bare. The valleys are filled with large glaciers, which send tongues out into the sea. We saw no glaciers, however, which came out for any distance into the water. The limit of the ice was generally at high-water mark, where it wasted away in small fragments. There was no snow on the coastal lowlands, but there was also nothing to indicate vegetation. From what we later learned of the lands farther south, it is extremely possible that mosses and lichens are here abundant, but there is no hope for grass or trees.

It is very curious that this group of islands, about one hundred in number, with a thousand miles of accessible coast-line and several good harbors, free of ice for much of the year, should remain unclaimed by any government and unsettled by human efforts. It would be a humane mission if our government would take possession of this group of islands and place there a lighthouse, with a supply station for the preservation of shipwrecked sailors. Vessels are lost in this vicinity almost every year, and we do not know but that some poor seamen are now stranded on one of the many desolate islands, awaiting the relief which never comes.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Death caused by accident is held, in *Slevin vs. Board of police pension fund commissioner's* (Cal.), 44 L. R. A. 114, not to be a death from natural causes, within the meaning of a statute providing pensions for policemen who die from natural causes.

The issuance of preferred stock by a building and loan association which is based on principles of co-operation, equality and mutuality is held, in *Sumrall vs. Columbia Finance and Tea Company* (Ky.), 44 L. R. A. 659, to be void as against public policy.

An ordinance requiring a license fee to be paid as a condition of buying claims is held, in *Bitzer vs. Thompson* (Ky.), 44 L. R. A. 141, to be unconstitutional in case of a person who buys, merely as an investment, a few claims admitted to be just and due, but which are not paid because of lack of funds.

City funds received on deposit by a banker but deposited by him in other banks, under an arrangement for sharing in the deposits, whereby he receives the same interest that he pays the city and agrees that they shall be drawn only to pay city orders, are held, in *Marquette vs. Wilkinson* (Mich.), 43 L. R. A. 840, to be held in trust for the city as against his assignee for creditors.

On the abandonment of its trip for the season by steamer starting from Seattle to Dawson and reaching Fort Yukon, but unable to go on because of the low stage of water in the Yukon River, it is held, in *Smith vs. North American Transportation and Tea Company* (Wash.), 44 L. R. A. 557, that it is the carrier's duty to bring a passenger back to Seattle without charge, and not leave him through the winter in the Alaskan climate, to await the carrier's convenience for completing the transportation during the following summer.

A man does not know what trouble is until he owns a house and tries to make a few dollars a year by renting it.