



A LOVE SET.

ONE sunny morning in early July I sat with my sister, Lady Emily, by the side of the river. Nature had donned her summer dress, the river flowed silently away between banks in green dresses, trimmed with rushes, among which the water diamonds sparkled in the sunshine. Great trees hung lovingly over the clear water, gazing at their finery mirrored in its depths, as if they would never tire of admiring themselves in their beautiful summer clothing. This is Lady Emily's description of the scene. I was busy fishing. There seemed no one in the world but ourselves and the flies.

"Where is Tommy this morning?" I inquired, rescuing my hook from the interior of a misguided fish. Emily emerged from a parasol, behind which she had retreated during the operation. She said I reminded her of Nero on such occasions.

"I have sent him into the village to do some shopping for me," she explained.

I whistled softly. "Three miles in this heat! Great is the power of love."

"I am a little worried about him," said Emily.

"Oh, he'll be all right. Ice applied to the head works wonders," I remarked cheerfully.

"It's not that; but—but I believe he is going to propose."

"I should not think so," I said judicially. "His feelings, when he returns from the village, very hot and tired, will be rather those of hatred of the tyrant who sent him on such a journey."

"I shall mix him some oatmeal water."

"And add insult to injury."

"He says he likes it."

"Then probably he will propose. Matters seem to have gone far."

"But it will upset everything if he does," said Emily plaintively.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because—it's impossible, of course—and he'll go away, and I shall be without anyone to—fetch things from the village."

"Shall I awaken the echoes of the past?" said I presently.

I began to count the echoes on my fingers. "Charlie Musgrave! Lord Hartley!"—and so on, until I began again at my thumb. Then Emily interfered.

"You dare!" she said.

For a time a neighboring cuckoo monopolized the conversation.

Then Emily said, "There's Tommy."

A white figure was crossing a bridge a little way higher up the river. There was a weariness in his gait that went to my heart, and I seemed to feel in myself the torture of thirst that must possess him.

"You are going to meet him?" I inquired, seeing Emily rise.

"Yes," she replied, giving herself that wonderful little shake with which a woman can banish all disorder from her attire.

Returning home in the cool of the evening, I observed a letter lying on the table addressed to Emily in a hand unmistakably masculine. I was informed that she was out, also that Mr. Boyton was out. I drew my conclusions, and, knowing the favorite haunts of my sister, I took the letter and went out in quest of them. I found them sitting together under the trees, watching the fish rising at the flies. At least, that is what they said they were doing.

"I hope I am not intruding," said I. "Oh, no!" said Emily.

"Certainly not—very pleased—lovely evening—warm!" muttered Tommy in-attentively.

I fancied he was not quite sincere, and proceeded to offer one of my best cigars, as a proposition. I lit another myself, and we sat in silence for many minutes. The air was intensely still; the blue smoke wreathed upward, and hung in miniature clouds over our heads, to the great discomfort of the neighboring flies.

"Do you want the boat this evening?" inquired Tommy abruptly.

"No."

"Will you come on the river?" he asked of Emily.

She assented, and, as they rose to go, I remembered my mission and produced the letter.

"For you, Emily," I said, giving it to her. "I think from the writing it is from—er—well—you know!"

There was an infinite subtlety of suggestion in my voice; I rejoiced in my diplomacy.

But Emily glared at me. "Yes, certainly I know!" she said. "Dolly Harwood promised to write to me this week from Paris."

Now the postmark said the letter came from London. They departed, but not before Emily had hurled at me, in the intense whisper, the word "Silly!"

I lit a fresh cigar, and walked back to the house. Sitting in the garden, some two hours later, Lady Emily joined me. Tommy, she told me, was putting the boat away.

"I wonder if you will ever learn to be sensible?" she remarked, sinking into a chair at my side.

"I am getting very old," I replied, shuddering.

"Oh, you are bald, I know!" said Emily, with cruel bluntness. "but why did you give that letter and behave so foolishly before Tommy?"

"I did it for the best. I thought that—that he would think—"

"Poor fellow!" she said gently. "I suppose you can't help it, yet it seems incredible. Why," she continued, the gentleness disappearing, "you drove him to desperation and he's proposed!"

"Forgive me!" I implored. "I suppose you refused him?"

"Why should you suppose so?" Emily asked with some asperity.

"You told me you would."

"Well, I haven't—not definitely. I have promised to give an answer the end of the week."

And presently she added softly, "He's awfully nice, you know."

After all, a girl manages these matters better for herself. All went smoothly for three days. I fished; Emily and Tommy—well, I cannot say exactly what they did. I did not see much of them.

But on Thursday morning Emily came to me with a letter in her hand and consternation in her face.

"Johnny," she said, "Sorrell is coming down."

I whistled.

"It's awful!" said Emily.

"The situation is certainly critical."

"I asked him to wait a month for my answer, and it is up on Saturday."

"And Tommy?"

"He's up on Saturday, too."

"You have a couple of days in which to make your decision."

On the Saturday afternoon she decided the matter in a manner eminently characteristic of her sex. She told me that the two suitors would do battle for her hand in the tennis court. The arrangement was not made verbally, she explained, but—well, they knew. And there, in the intense heat of the July sun, those two unfortunates ran about the lawn, dodging and hitting, and making themselves scarlet, dripping, and unpleasant to the eye. My sister and I watched them from under the cool shade of the trees, Emily eating huge quantities of ice cream to steady her nerves. But Tommy was hopelessly outplayed. Five—love, forty—fifteen; the ball flew from Sorrell's racket into the corner where Tommy was not, and the game was over. The duellists approached and were given oatmeal water to drink. In the general conversation that followed Tommy seemed depressed, but Sorrell's spirits were high. He had a noisy, self-asserting manner at times which jarred on me excessively.

After dinner, as I sat smoking in the garden, Emily came to me, holding her hands behind her.

"Which hand will you have?" she inquired, dropping me a little courtesy.

"Run away!" I replied; "I am disappointed with you."

She held out her left hand, and I saw the flash of diamonds.

"H'm!" I grunted, "Sorrell seems to have made very certain of the matter."

Emily knelt beside me and stroked my nose.

"It isn't Sorrell, you silly old thing!"

"But"—I began in great astonishment.

"It's Tommy, of course!"

"But Sorrell had the six games!"

"Yes," said Emily.

And after she had kissed me three times she added, softly: "But Tommy had the love, you know."

Which, after all, was a most excellent reason.

When a woman sends a boy over with a note to borrow the preserving kettle, she violates a well-established law if she fails to sign the note "Your true friend."

People often pretend to be fooled when they are not.

THE HOG IN HISTORY.

REFLECTIONS ON PORK AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET.

Many Contentions Have Arisen Over Its Use as Food—Much-Maligned Animal that Resembles Man in More than One Respect.

The hog of to-day constitutes no less than 370 different articles of commerce, and next to cotton and wheat furnishes the largest values in exports from the United States. Its name has become an epithet. Its application to man means greed and brutishness. It is commonly supposed to be a scavenger, like the puddle duck. It takes mud baths. So do men. There is much virtue in mud. The hog bathes in pools of it to coat his skin against attacks of insects; man dips his festering hide in it to improve his circulation and draw out his gout and rheumatism. The hog is pachydermatous; so is man—notwithstanding Cuvier's classification. I have seen men, know men to-day, with skins thicker than the hide of the rhinoceros. The hog is omnivorous—so is man. The hog is carnivorous by choice—so is man. The hog is herbivorous, granivorous, graminivorous and phytivorous by education—so is man.

These reflections are induced by the indignities offered a useful animal. The hog was the cleanest of beasts until man built a sty and imprisoned him in filth, fattened him on filth, killed him in filth and ate him in filth. No animal, wild or domestic, is so clean about its bed as the hog. It wants pure, sweet, fresh straw every time. The hog has brains. It has been known to excel the pointer in scenting quail. An authentic instance is mentioned by Bingley in "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds" of a keen-scented sow that would stand at birds which the dogs had missed. Whoever heard of an educated ox or sheep? Yet we have had on our stage educated hogs that could spell and play cards, count and tell the time. Hogs make docile pets. Many a poor family has its pet pig sleeping on the pallet beside the children, privileged to the best in the house.

The hog caused the biggest mutiny ever known in the history of the world, and was responsible for men being blown from the muzzles of cannon. When Great Britain shipped cartridges to India for the native troops she reckoned without her host, for the ammunition was greased with lard, which so offended the religious scruples of the sepoys that they arose as one man in rebellion. The American hog nearly caused war between Germany and the United States and only the diplomacy of Whitelaw Reid obtained for the animal admission into France.

Moses and Mohammed were opposed to the hog because, while it divides the hoof and is cloven-footed, yet it chews not the cud. The camel is not eaten for opposite reasons—it chews the cud, but is not cloven-footed. The hare is also unclean, because while it chews the cud it divides not the hoof. All civilized nations have passed and repassed laws governing what a man shall eat and how much it shall cost him, but the only sumptuary measure that ever stood the test of time is the law of Moses concerning the hog. It has been on the statute book for 3,300 years.

SACRED RELIC OF ASHANTEE.

Golden Stool Has Been the Cause of Many Wars with England.

The golden stool of Ashantee's monarchs has for many years been the cause of contention between the natives and the British. Descriptions of it have been conspicuously wanting and it has remained as mythical as the golden fleece which Jason and the Argonauts stole from the sacred oak of Colchis or the three golden apples which hung in the garden of the Hesperides. The announcement that the recent uprising was the result of attempts of the governor, Sir Frederic Hodgson, to recover the sacred relic was generally interpreted in two ways by Americans: Either the British were attempting to rob the tribesmen of a large nugget of precious metal or the account had some meaning not understood, as would be the case, for instance, with the news of the crowning of King Ki Ki of the Kansas City carnival.

But the golden stool is a real stool, although it is not made of gold. It means more to the Africans of the Gold Coast than the ancient stone which forms the support of the coronation chair of England signifies to the loyal Briton. This symbol of authority, on which the kings of the Ashantees have been crowned for nearly 100 years, is doubly prized as a piece of remarkable workmanship and as a spoil of conquest. It was captured from the Sultan of Jamin early in the century. Its base is an oblong piece of wood, heavily gilded. In the center of this is a gilt support, resembling a charcoal brazier; on each side are square pillars. These, with the brazier, support a concave seat. The stool is not the only article in the regalia. There is a state umbrella and there are golden axes and curiously carved scimitars.

After his enthronement the king occupies the golden stool only once a year. The rest of the time it is put on

one of the richly carved arm chairs for which the natives are famous and kept near his usual seat. When General Wolseley captured Coomassie, the Ashantee capital, in 1874, the stool had been secretly removed and it has remained ever since in the possession of the tribesmen. The last time a white man saw it was seven years ago. King Prempeh had not been able to afford the coronation ceremonies, so he sought a loan of \$2,000 from the British for the purpose. When the commissioners sent to negotiate the affair were ushered into the monarch's presence a band of musicians played on elephants' tusks. "Under a large and gorgeous canopy," says Dr. Freeman, one of the commissioners, "stood a roomy chair of native manufacture, studded with bright-headed nails and enriched with silver ornaments and on this reposed the celebrated royal stool. Prempeh was seated on a similar chair under his own umbrella and not under the canopy." Early in 1900 the astute Ashantees declared they could not pay taxes to a governor who had never sat upon the golden stool. To be able to satisfy their scruples Sir Frederic Hodgson began the search for the royal emblem which resulted in the recent war.



Plants, like animals, are continually wandering to fresh fields and pastures new. Professor Kellerman finds that of the present flora of Ohio no less than 430 are immigrants. Almost all are from Europe.

The number of stars distinctly visible without the aid of a glass is put by Gould at 5,333. Professor Newcomb says their number is near 7,647. These are up to the sixth magnitude. Professor Newcomb estimates the number up to the 14.5 magnitude at two hundred million.

The country most frequently visited by earthquakes is Greece, and not Japan, as was hitherto generally believed. During the six years from 1893 to 1898, not less than 3,187 earthquakes were observed in Greece, i. e., about twice as many as occurred in Japan within the same time. The island of Zanta alone had 2,018 shocks during that period.

The great majority of our birds live by taking insects on the wing, and as they cannot obtain this sort of food after the reign of frost has set in, they are compelled to betake themselves to a warmer clime. Most of them fly in small companies, but certain species often migrate in large flocks, and the most prominent examples of these, next to the famous wild pigeons of the West, are the swallows, notably the white-bellied species. A favorite route of these swift flyers is over the salt marshes which border the sea.

Claude Fuller, the English government entomologist in Natal, South Africa, says that the Basutos eat locusts, even making cakes of them, as he is informed. In Pietermaritzburg the natives, and some of the whites, gather the flying termites that are attracted by the electric lamps, and use them both for fish bait and for food. They are sometimes toasted and sometimes fried in a pan with butter. He quotes from a friend the statement that bugong moths are cooked by the natives on hot ashes and eaten with great gusto.

French meteorologists engaged in the exploration of the upper air by means of captive balloons have found that, owing to the effect of the sun's heat on the balloons, the best results are attained at night, and their most successful experiments have been performed by moonlight. The balloons carry self-registering thermometers and barometers and attain enormous heights, varying between 40,000 and 50,000 feet. The highest flight recorded by the instruments is nearly nine and one-third miles.

Last winter there was discovered at Chateaudun in France an example of the rare phenomenon known in popular phrase as "the king of rats." It consisted of seven living rats inextricably bound together by the interlacing of the tails. A photograph of the singular group, together with a description, was sent to a scientific journal in Paris. The name king of rats is based upon the tradition that the king of the world of rats and mice is accustomed occasionally to enthrone himself, adorned with a golden crown, upon a group of rats with tails entwined. Several instances of this curious phenomenon are recorded in books on natural history. It is said that the king of rats is formed only in the winter, when the animals crowd together to keep warm, and the rodent friends of the unfortunate prisoners are credited with feeding them out of benevolence.

Cheering Him Up.

Mr. Newlywed—I saw your old lover on the street to-day looking awfully blue.

Mrs. Newlywed—I hope you tried to cheer him up.

"Oh, yes. I showed him my buttonless shirt and that new tie you bought me."—Judge.

Catarrh

The cause exists in the blood, in what causes inflammation of the mucous membrane.

It is therefore impossible to cure the disease by local applications.

It is positively dangerous to neglect it, because it always affects the stomach and deranges the general health, and is likely to develop into consumption.

Many have been radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the blood and has a peculiar alterative and tonic effect. R. Long, California Junction, Iowa, writes: "I had catarrh three years, lost my appetite and could not sleep. My head ached and I felt bad all over. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now have a good appetite, sleep well, and have no symptoms of catarrh."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is better not to put off treatment—buy Hood's to-day.

Order of Colored Nuns.

In New Orleans is an order of colored nuns, founded many years ago. It was instituted for the special purpose of giving education and moral training to young colored girls and to care for orphans and aged, infirm persons of their race. In its orphan asylum are children of all ages up to 14 years. The convent is a stately building more than a century old, in the old French quarter of New Orleans, and once was an opera house and ball-room.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Put the sugar used for sweetening fruit tarts in the middle of the fruit, not on the top, or it will sodden the pastry.

E. C. Atkins & Co., saw manufacturers, Indianapolis, Ind., received a gold medal at the Paris exposition in the department of machinery, which included all kinds of saws operated by machinery, the other group containing their hardware exhibit of hand saws, cross cut saws, wood saws, etc. This latest success, following the victory of the Atkins saws in the recent international sawing contest in Australia, will do much to establish the reputation of the brand in the markets of the world.

Fish and omons, or strongly flavored foods, must be kept separate.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

When using frozen meat the great point is to slowly and thoroughly thaw it before cooking.

Kansas, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her admission into the Union as a territory, purposes to hold in 1904, at Topeka, her capital city, an interstate exposition.

Good cider differs greatly from that made of inferior apples. Instead of using half-rotten apples select those that are perfect and fully ripe. When the cider is running, from the press strain it thoroughly. Use lard barrels, first cleaning the lard from the barrel, but should a little adhere to the sides it will be an advantage. Keep the barrel in a cool place and allow no air to enter other than that which forces in during the drawing at the spigot or faucet.

Belgian Hare a Pest.

The Belgian hare as a fad is a thing of the past. The craze is over and now the dangers lurking in it are beginning to suggest themselves seriously to the public mind. It is realized that an animal possessed of such wonderful fecundity is liable to become a destructive pest if it escapes from captivity. Repressive legislation is, therefore, deemed necessary. The board of supervisors of San Diego county has taken the initiative by passing an ordinance prohibiting the liberation of a Belgian hare or permitting one that may have escaped to remain at large or unconfined.

Any farmer who will make a speciality of producing an extra quality of fruit butter or vegetables, will not be compelled to seek a market after his produce becomes known. Hundreds of merchants are seeking the choice goods, and they are willing to pay high prices for superior articles, because they can make larger profits therefrom.

The distance from New York to San Francisco by water, around Cape Horn is 15,660 miles. By the Panama canal the distance between the same points would be 4,907 miles—a saving of 10,753 miles.

If using tinned apricots or peaches a drop or two of almond essence added is an improvement, as it supplies the loss of the kernel flavoring.

