

AS MANAGED BY ALBERT

ALBERT BREAMS stood before the pier glass in the large, flower-decked drawing-room and straightened his tie. It was a fine figure of a man that greeted his good-humored gaze. Albert was amiable enough when he closed his office door behind him. Though cold, calculating and uncompromising in business, the social side of his nature was strongly developed. He had a great capacity for the enjoyment of little things, a warm love of life and the good things thereof, and reveled in a joke. He was a thorough-going optimist, beloved by his friends and adored by his wife.

When his tie presented an appearance of mathematical precision entirely satisfactory, he carefully pulled down his cuffs. Then turning about, he glanced at the back of his coat, which fitted perfectly, following this up by removing an imaginary bit of lint from his coat sleeve. He was carefully smoothing a recalcitrant lock of hair, when a voice behind him said mockingly:

"Oh, you look perfectly lovely! Couldn't I bring you a hand-glass?"

Turning, he saw standing between the portieres leading from the hall the lovely, girlish figure of his wife. There floated about her graceful form the shimmering tulle-embroidered folds of a golden-yellow ball gown, from which her white throat and dimpled arms shone radiantly forth. Her dark brown curls were piled high upon her head, her cheeks were pink, and her big brown eyes were sparkling with laughter.

"Aren't you a handsome man?" she said.

Now Albert was a diplomat. "That isn't the question," he replied, taking her by the hand and drawing her to his side before the glass. "The question is, aren't we a handsome couple?" and he struck a fetching attitude.

"Don't be absurd," she said. "Do I look nice?"

"You look as sweet as a rose. There won't be a woman in the room to compare with you."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Breams, but nevertheless she was not displeased. "Really, Bert," she added, regarding him soberly, "wouldn't you like me better if I were tall and fair and queenly, like Alice?"

He shook his head. "Never in the world, though, of course, your sister Alice is a beautiful woman. That reminds me," he exclaimed, "Harold Evans is in town."

"He is?"

"Yes. Met him on the street this afternoon. They tell me he has been immensely successful out West. By the way, I asked him up to-night."

"Albert!" There was a world of reproach in her tones. "How could you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" he demanded.

"You know as well as I do that Alice is coming and that she and Harold have never consented to meet since their quarrel years ago."

"Well, he doesn't need to come."

"But he will come in all probability, thinking Alice will not be here or you would not have asked him. Everybody understands how they feel about it, especially in the family. It will be very awkward." Mrs. Breams' tones were plaintive.

"Well, if that isn't the silliest thing!" said Albert, in deep disgust. "Two people who are old enough to know better quarrel over nothing and six years afterward neither will go where the other is invited."

"Oh, every one knows how foolish it is, but that doesn't alter the facts of the case."

"What did they fuss about, anyway?" he asked, as he threw himself into an easy chair and admired the toes of his patent leather shoes.

"He was jealous," said Mrs. Breams, airily—"justly so, and, of course, Alice wouldn't stand it. What high-spirited woman would."

"I know one who used to stand it," he remarked.

She laughed. "Alice is a very different kind of a woman."

"Yes," said Albert, "she is the kind who loves to distraction, quarrels with the object of her regard on the slightest provocation, ruins both their lives, and would not marry any other man for the world."

"I guess you are about right," agreed Mrs. Breams, ruefully. "I am sure she still loves him, but I don't believe anything would induce her to speak to him."

"You don't?" he said, blankly. "Not if he comes here to-night?"

She shook her head; then, chancing to glance at her husband, she saw that he was smiling—a slow, significant smile, which at once aroused her suspicions.

"Albert," she exclaimed, "what foolishness have you been up to? Tell me at once," and, putting her hands on his shoulders, she gave him a little shake.

II.

Luckily for him just here the first

guests arrived. What he had done was this. Chancing to meet his old friend Evans on the street that afternoon, after warm greetings had been exchanged, he invited him to the reception; he and his wife were giving that night. Evans was murmuring an excuse when Albert suddenly remembered the quarrel between him and Mrs. Breams' sister, Alice, and, acting on the mischievous impulse, said:

"Of course, you know Alice is married," then with a "be sure to come, old man," he hurried on, chuckling to himself. "He'll come now just to see the man," he thought gleefully.

As he let his mind dwell lightly on this incident, while he assisted his wife in greeting their guests, he was relieved that fate had permitted his smile to go unexplained. Mrs. Breams had once reluctantly admitted that at times Albert could go too far, and he suspected that this was one of the times.

Nevertheless his spirits rose when he saw Evans enter among the late arrivals. Tall, dark and dignified, his pale face was more impressive than ever as he made his way to his host and hostess. "Now, who could tell whether he cares or not?" thought Albert. Glancing across the room he saw his beautiful sister-in-law talking with her usual calm and stately grace to a group of friends. "Well, they are two of a kind," he chuckled. Then he began to speculate what would happen if Evans went up to speak to her as he was almost certain to do. "By Jove! Suppose she won't notice him! If I could get them to talking I am sure they would hit it off all right." Suddenly a thought struck him. Making his way across the room, he said:

"Alice, did you know Harold Evans is here?"

"Who?" she asked, quietly.

"Harold Evans. Just came in. Met him on the street this afternoon and asked him up. By the way had you heard of his marriage?"

Alice's heart gave a great throb and then stood still. Then, as hearts will, it began to beat furiously. The room swam around and in the midst of friends and laughter she was conscious of an overpowering loneliness. But Albert's eyes, keen as they were, were permitted to see none of this.

"No, I had not heard," she replied, evenly. "I shall be glad to see him again."

"Here he is now," exclaimed Albert, as Evans came up. "Hello, old chap," he cried, with a cordial handshake. "Decided to come, did you? Looking as fresh as a daisy, too. Awfully glad to see you. Yes, here's Alice. By the way, Alice, I want Evans to see our fine orchids. Show him around, will you?" and with a nod and smile, he moved away.

Alice greeted her lover of former days with smiling graciousness. As they entered the conservatory he thought bitterly: "Evidently she is happy in her marriage." Would he have had her unhappy? She thought: "I wonder where his wife is?" His wife—another woman! How strange it seemed! They moved among the flowers for a time. Alice chatted vivaciously of their beauty. Happening upon one of those seats with which every properly-conducted conservatory is supplied, they sat down.

"When did you arrive in town?" she asked with polite interest.

"This afternoon. I am only here for a few days."

"He cannot stay away from her long, I suppose," she thought, and there was a dull pain at her heart.

"Oh, you like the West?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Oh, yes; I like it well enough," he said, sighing in spite of himself. "Who is the man?" he wondered, miserably. "How happy she seems!"

"How strange he does not speak of his wife!" thought Alice. "One of us must." Swallowing the lump in her throat, she said:

"I have never had an opportunity to congratulate you."

"Congratulations!" he repeated, wonderingly.

"Certainly—on your marriage."

"My marriage!" he echoed. "I am not married. Who could have told you such a thing?"

She gave a little gasp. Surely she had not misunderstood Albert. How could such a mistake have been made? And in the midst of her astonishment and confusion her heart grew light.

"How did you get such an impression?" he asked, with a slow smile. "I was just about to speak of your own marriage."

Alice sat bolt upright, thoroughly aroused, her cheeks aflame. Her whole attitude and expression spoke indignation.

"You are not married?" he exclaimed, incredulously.

"I am not," she declared with indignation.

"But Albert told me that you were,

this very afternoon. It is impossible that I could have misunderstood him." Albert! She ground her teeth. He had dared to meddle in her affairs. Just then Albert himself—unlucky man—came up to them.

"Have you seen my wife?" he asked gayly. "Some people want her." Suddenly he became conscious of the storm.

"Albert," said Alice, rising to her feet, her voice trembling with anger, "did you not tell me a few moments ago that Mr. Evans was married?"

"I did not," he said promptly. "I asked you had you heard it."

"But the inference!" she protested, her eyes flashing.

"I know nothing of that," interposed Evans sternly, "but you certainly told me of Miss Alice's marriage in unmistakable terms this afternoon."

"I did. You are quite right, my dear fellow," was the cheerful reply. "I prevaricated. Just a little joke, you know," and, turning on his heel, he deliberately walked away.

The two stood facing each other in an embarrassed silence.

"Albert is incorrigible. I will never forgive him," she said, finally, with tears in her eyes. Not receiving a reply, she stole a glance at her companion. To her surprise he was smiling.

"Albert is a good fellow," he said, gently. "We are going to have to forgive him." Then he dared to take her hands in his. "You see, Albert thinks if we are not married we ought to be. He thinks we should be married to each other, and I for one agree with him." She was silent. "Don't you?" he pleaded.

She slowly raised her head until her smiling eyes looked into his.

"Well—perhaps," she said softly.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DRUNKEN COWS IN A FIGHT.

Sanguinary Conflict Takes Place After a Meal on Fermented Cane.

The most exciting affair in the vicinity of Bronson, Fla., of late was the ferocious combat between two of Farmer Hawkins' intoxicated cows the other day, causing the death of one after a fight that would put a modern bull fight to blush.

Hawkins lives four miles from Bronson and prides himself upon his fine stock. He makes lots of cane sirup also. In the grinding season most of the farmers in this country make beer for home consumption from the "cane skimmings," but Hawkins is a staunch teetotaler and vowed he would give the skimmings to his cows. So he filled the trough full the other afternoon, not dreaming of the tragic consequence to follow.

Soon two of his pet cows came up and began drinking the liquid. It tasted good, and the cows wanted more. Soon they had on a goodly "jug" and they got belligerent. One plunged at the other, trying to get possession of the trough. The other, with a bellow of defiance, gored her antagonist in the side with artistic skill. The other turned tail for a moment, and then came rushing back, pinning the cow to a post and goring her frightfully.

The fight then became general. The infuriated animals bellowed and plunged at each other and fought with deadly earnestness. This was kept up for a half an hour, when one was knocked down in a dying condition, and the other was just able to walk around and bellow triumphantly. The men folks heard the uproar, but did not get to the scene of the warfare in time to stop it.

Mr. Hawkins is out one cow, but has lots of experience. The old settlers around there say this is a common occurrence where cattle drink this skimmings, as it makes them fighting drunk and a scrimmage follows. In the old times it was one of the boys' sports to get a drove of cattle in an inclosure and feed them with cane skimmings and watch the fight that would follow.

Costly Decoration.

Cluny Macpherson, whose death occurred recently in Scotland, on a certain occasion, having dealings in his castle with one of the very poorest of his clansmen, led him into one of the rooms, which had just been redecorated at great expense.

"What do you think of this?" queried the chieftain. "The varnishing alone of this room cost me £150."

"That's naethin' ava," was the astonishing response. "If ye'll come along tae ma bit hoose, A'll show ye a room that cost fair mair than that tae be coated."

And so an appointment was made, the colonel wondering that he had never heard of it before. When he visited the place a poor-looking, thatched, little "bigging," he was shown into a room so dark that he could scarcely see, with its walls literally blackened by the smoke from a peat fire.

"Here's ma room," exclaimed the triumphant tenant. "A mak out that it took five hunner loads o' peat tae coat it, and at 10 shillings the load that makes 250 pun."—London M. A. P.

The baby will have to divide its stock of safety pins with its mother again next summer—the shirt waist is coming back.

When you question the goodness of an egg, it is bad.



The colleges which have agreed to a uniform admission test for matriculation, as decided by a joint committee, are Princeton, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Rutgers, Union, Cornell, Vassar and Swarthmore. There is a movement on foot to unify the admission tests for Western colleges as well.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Education furnishes food for reflection, showing as it does that over 20 per cent of the entire population is enrolled in the elementary and secondary schools, numbering 15,138,715, with 16,738,362 in all the public schools. This grand total is satisfactory to the friends of education and ought to confuse those who are pessimistic about the work the public schools are doing.

The teachers of the whole country have been watching with deep interest the fight of the Chicago teachers for an increase of taxes through the assessment of property not hitherto assessed, amounting to some millions. It has been a game of win and lose, and just when it was thought they were doomed to defeat something would make success seem likelier, but at present it seems inevitable that they have lost the fight. But after all, they have fought for a principle, and have won in a way, and there are better times coming, all because of the heroic struggle which they have made.

Congress does not approve of home study for growing children, and in accordance with its recommendation the Board of Education of the City of Washington has decided that there must be no home study in grades below the sixth. Commenting on this action, the Missouri School Journal says that "in the opinion of many thoughtful men more children are hurt from the lack of study than from too much of it. If the children had fewer things to study and gave these more thought both in school and at home the result would be stronger and more satisfactory mental development." There is also a movement on foot to reduce the minimum of outside work required in the seventh and eighth grades. It is the dreary routine work that lessens the vitality of the child, and not the good, healthy intellectual effort. Judgment on the part of the teacher is all that is necessary to make home study a delight and an aid to mental development instead of a hindrance.

The public schools in the Philippines will during the year receive official assistance that must prove quite an impetus to their advancement. The Philippine commission has under consideration a bill establishing a system of public education and appropriating \$1,650,000 for the maintenance during the year 1901. The general superintendent, Dr. W. F. Atkinson, has had charge since Sept. 1, and has used his utmost endeavor, to systematize the schools. Gen. McArthur indorsed the bill, as did, also, Gen. Otis. Through the district commanders, these Generals have reopened schools, furnished text books, and supplied teachers, many of the latter being soldiers. In localities where money could be raised by taxation or local subscription it has been done. The bill empowers the superintendent to appoint, subject to the military Governor's approval, superintendents in each of the eighteen districts, at salaries of from \$2,000 to \$2,500. Local advisory boards are to be organized in the municipalities as civil government becomes established. English is to be the basis of all the studies and 300 teachers are to be secured from the United States, at salaries of from \$75 to \$100 per month. No religious denomination will be allowed to teach its particular faith in schools, partly or wholly, supported by the public fund. Where there is poverty, the necessary aid will be furnished by the government, and \$500,000 will be expended under the direction of the military government for training natives as teachers. Appropriations are made for three normal schools and an army officer is directed to report upon an agricultural school.

A FAMOUS COMPOSER.

The Late Giuseppe Verdi, Who Attained a World-Wide Fame.

The death of Giuseppe Verdi, which occurred recently at Milan, Italy, removed a composer of international renown and a figure at one time prominent in Italian politics.

He was born at Roncole, duchy of Parma, in 1813. He developed a great taste for music and at 11 was the organist of the village church. When, through the influence of a distiller, Antonio Barezzi, whose daughter he subsequently married, he was sent to Milan to enter the conservatory there, he was refused admission on the ground that he "had no natural aptitude for music." He placed himself under the direction of a composer and in 1839, after years of study, produced his first work, which met with considerable success.

His second work was a failure and for a year Verdi retired to private life. In 1842 he produced Nabucco, which immediately established his fame. In 1851 came the first of his masterpieces, Rigoletto. Two years later he produced another masterpiece, Il Trovatore, and within three months La Traviata. By these works in particular the fame of Verdi will be known to posterity.

Verdi figured in politics for several years. He was a deputy to the first Parliament of united Italy and in 1875 was appointed a senator by Victor Emmanuel. From 1859 to 1860 his name was the rallying cry in the Italian struggle for freedom. It was then treason to shout "Viva Victor Emmanuel, Re d' Italia" ("Live Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy"), and when a phrase was sought as a sort of password the people discovered that by



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

crying Viva Verdi they gave utterance to the initial letters of the forbidden sentence.

Verdi's works are numerous and through them he acquired a handsome fortune. To the House of Rest for Aged and Indigent Musicians, which he founded, he gave \$200,000. He owned a magnificent estate on the Bay of Naples and another home in Genoa. Innumerable marks of royal favor were bestowed upon him at all the great courts of Europe.

REMOVE AN ANCIENT TOMB.

Milton's Burial Place to Make Way for Improvements.

Old St. Giles, Cripplegate, in which John Milton is buried, will soon be demolished to make room for some "improvements," and thus will disappear one of the oldest structures in the very old city of London. The original building was erected more than 800 years ago, in 1090, by Alfune, proctor of St. Bartholomew's, only thirty-four years after the battle of Hastings. In 1392 the church was almost entirely rebuilt, enough remaining, however, to continue the life of one of the first structures built after the Norman conquest. In the great London fire, in 1666, St. Giles was threatened, as was almost every other building in the city, but was one of those which survived without any serious damage. Again, only three or four years ago, fire at-



BURIAL PLACE OF MILTON.

tacked it, when, in 1897, the flames created so much consternation in the most historic part of London, and again the old church was saved. Now it is surely to succumb to the vandalism, the iconoclasm or the progress, whichever may be the most pleasing to the reader, of the modern citizen of London. Whether this individual be wrong or right, he cannot in the future assail the Americans with charges of a lack of veneration. Milton was buried in the church, by the side of his father, on Thursday, Nov. 12, 1674, a large number of people attending the funeral.

Triumphs of Mechanical Genius.

In 1831 Matthias Baldwin built the first American locomotive with his own hands, and it took him a year to do it. Nowadays if one man were compelled to perform the total labor of a single day in the Baldwin locomotive works it would take him just twenty years. In this he would need the help of modern tools. If he had not these tools the day's work would mean his lifetime.

The man who imagines that great wealth guarantees great happiness is a fool.