

A SECOND LOVE

HOW dull you are," said Molly. "Say lazy," said Jack, as he took the pipe from his mouth with a smile that proved his words. It was a lovely morning—clear and fresh, the sun just strong enough to give a comfortable sense of warmth. The birds chirped merrily, the bees droned, and the boat floated smoothly along with the tide. Jack with his pipe, the scenery, and the prettiest picture of all to watch at the other end of the boat, was peacefully content, especially with the pleasant reflection of being idle while other men were busy. But Molly pouted. "To think," she said, "that I have given up a tennis tournament with Mr. Staines for this." "Perhaps the day was rather too warm for tennis," drawled Jack. "Or no doubt you preferred the calm peacefulness of the river and my society even to a tete-a-tete with the tennis champion. He is something of a bore." "He's nothing of the sort," retorted Molly, warmly. "He's nice and kind, and—"

"And wealthy," put in Jack. "Don't forget that, Miss Molly Merton." "Well, that's something," said Molly, thoughtfully, dipping her hand in the water and letting the drops run through her fingers. "And he certainly is attentive. Fancy being Mrs. Staines. No worry about money—all the dresses and jewels, and pretty things you want, plenty of servants to wait upon you, carriages to ride in, and everybody crushing and crowding to know you."

"It certainly does sound inviting," said Jack, nonchalantly. "Why don't you manage it, Molly? You might succeed."

"Might," said Molly, contemptuously. "His intentions are only too apparent." "Then I may shortly have the pleasure of congratulating you," said Jack,



JACK TOOK UP THE OARS AGAIN.

coolly, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'm sorry I said he was a fool, Molly. Perhaps it is only his manner and appearance. He certainly has good taste."

Molly bit her lips and watched the self-possessed young man with curiosity not unminged with mortification. Her coquetry had no effect on him this morning. A short time ago he would have raved at the mere suggestion of her marrying any one else; only six months back he was at her feet himself suffering the agony of a first refusal and declaring that life was henceforward a blank without her. It was strange, certainly, and just a little aggravating. Molly was not used to indifference.

"You see, Molly; you would never do for a poor man's wife," went on Jack, in a practical voice. "You have extravagant tastes, and are of a nature that requires little affection. The adoration of one would not suffice you. You want admirers by the score."

Molly's surprised eyes fell, and there was a little reproach in her voice when she next spoke.

"How long have you been of this opinion?" she said, thinking of that wonderful evening six months ago, when the stolid young man in front of her was transfigured with love and desperate in his attempts to win her. "O, for some time," Jack answered thoughtfully, then his eyes traveled to the pretty face underneath the shady hat. "I hope you have forgotten all that nonsense six months ago, Molly. I have been ashamed of it ever since. I think I was mad!"

"O!" said Molly.

There was silence for a moment. Molly took her hand from the water and dried it slowly, and Jack took up the oars again to help him out of an awkward predicament.

"You see, Molly," he began again, splashing the oars in desperation; "most fellows have a failure in love, and it's a splendid thing for them. After one rebuff they are more chary of bestowing their affection, and when they do it is generally a different thing altogether—the real thing."

"O!" said Molly again, without looking up.

Encouraged by the downcast eyes, Jack burst desperately into his confession.

"I expect you can guess what I want to say, Molly," he began. "A fellow isn't worth his salt if he spoils his life because one woman won't have him. Molly, I'm going to be married."

The words came as a shock to poor Molly, although Jack had led up to it so skillfully, and she was quite prepared. How could Jack like any other girl after once liking her? Jack, who had been her slave and lover since boyhood, who would have cut off his hand to serve her, who promised to be a bachelor all his life for her sake. She could not believe it, and yet there he sat—her Jack—talking quite amiably about her marrying a detestable man, whilst he consoled himself with another girl. O, it was like a horrible dream. It couldn't be true.

She was convinced of the painful reality of things by Jack pleading for her congratulations.

"I want you to be such friends, Molly," he said. "That is, if Mrs. Staines will condescend to be acquainted with Mrs. Marriott."

"Don't!" said Molly, hurriedly. Then she recovered herself with a forced laugh. "What is this wonderful divinity like, Jack?"

"Like?" said Jack. "O, you've no idea. It isn't that she's beautiful, although she is very, but she's such a dear, and so good. O, Molly, you've no idea how I love her."

"You have an accommodating heart," said Molly, bitterly. "You said the same to me six months ago."

"Ah, but this is so different," said Jack. "You see she loves me, and that is everything. Why, she might pick and choose among a dozen, some of them rich, too, but she prefers me—with \$1,500 a year and little prospect. Isn't it glorious?"

"It's extraordinary, at any rate," said Molly, tartly. "But there's no accounting for tastes. And now please row me back and put me on shore. I am tired."

"I have wearied you talking about my happiness," said Jack. "Poor old Molly! I expect you are dying to tell me all about Staines."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Molly, sharply. "I make no confidants and never have. Please turn back."

Jack did so obediently, and appeared to be surprised at Molly's change of manner. Her eyes were clouded, her lips compressed, and her cheeks decidedly paler than usual. Jack watched her furtively, and when they at length reached the bank he held out his hand to help her across with a desperate courage.

"Molly," he whispered. "Won't you give me one kiss for the sake of old times?"

Molly looked up shocked, surprised, and indignant.

"No, I won't," she said. "How dare you?"

"For the last time," he urged. "Please, Molly, just one."

"O, how can you?" cried Molly. "O, Jack, no! Please let me go."

For at the first sign of wavering Jack had caught her in his arms.

"Molly! Molly! My own!" he whispered, and Molly—the future Mrs. Staines—clung to him with little sobs of self-pity and love. But only for a moment. With a sudden return of memory she disengaged herself and drew back from him quietly.

"O! I had forgotten her," she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands. "O, Jack, how can you? How dare you when you love some one else?"

"She wouldn't mind," said Jack, coolly.

"Wouldn't mind?" echoed Molly. "O, Jack!"

"No, she wouldn't, really. She's a good, sensible sort, and would understand," urged Jack. Molly's face suddenly flamed.

"You are a mean, faithless, despicable fellow," she said, trembling with passion. "And I wish Miss What's-her-name good of her bargain. O, Jack, I'm so disappointed in you. I thought you were a gentleman. I thought I loved you, but I don't! Let me pass!"

"No, you don't," said Jack, grimly. "You've got to hear me out first. Will you be disappointed in me if I tell you that the girl I love now is the same girl I loved six months ago, with this difference: that I thought her mercenary when she wasn't, and that she loves me now when she didn't before? Her name is Molly—the dearest, sweetest, prettiest, and most forgiving girl in the whole world. Molly darling! You do forgive me, don't you?"

Who could withstand Jack? Jack with his lovable, handsome face, and sparkling triumphant eyes? Certainly not Molly, for with one little cry of surprise and relief and another of happiness, she ran straight into his arms again.

"Why, my future Mrs. Staines,"

cried Jack. "What are you doing? At my arms and what will his ribs say?"

"O, Jack," said Molly, looking up with a blush and a smile. "I never envied his money a bit. I should be miserable as Mrs. Staines."—Chicago Tribune.

CELLINI'S DOG.

Ungrateful Thief Brought to Book by His Sense and Courage.

The intelligence of dogs is no new subject, but it is one which never ceases to be interesting. Benvenuto Cellini, the sixteenth century goldsmith, whose work is still one of the riches of Italy, records in his "Memoirs" an anecdote which shows that the dogs of that day were as faithful and as intelligent as are those of to-day. He speaks of the animal as a "fine large shock-dog."

It happened one night, says the author, that a thief, who had been at my house pretending to be a goldsmith, and had laid a plan to rob me, watched his opportunity and broke into my shop, where he was prying open the caskets when the dog flew at him. The thief found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword.

The faithful animal ran several times about the house, entered the journey-men's rooms, which were open, as it was then summer time; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bedclothes, and pulling the men by the arms forcibly awakened them; then barking very loud he showed the way to the thief, and went on before. But the men would not follow him. They were angered at his noise, and drove him out of the room.

The dog, having lost all hope of assistance, undertook the task alone, and ran downstairs. He could not find the villain in the shop, but came up with him in the street, and tearing off his cloak would certainly have treated him according to his deserts if the fellow had not called for assistance. With great difficulty the dog was driven away.

Some days later, as I was passing the square of Navona with my dog, he barked very loudly and flew at a young man, and made such efforts to tear this young man to pieces that he roused the city guards. The guards told me that if I did not keep off my dog, they would kill him. I called off the dog with some difficulty, and as the young man was retiring certain little paper bundles fell from under the cape of his cloak, which Donnino immediately discovered to belong to him.

Among them I perceived a little ring which I knew to be my property, whereupon I said, "This is the villain that broke open my shop, and my dog knows him again."

I therefore let the dog loose, and he once more seized the thief, who then implored my mercy, and told me he would restore whatever he had of mine. On this I again called off my dog, and the fellow returned me all the gold, silver and rings that he had robbed me of, and gave me five and twenty crowns over, imploring my forgiveness. I bade him pray for the divine mercy, as I for my part, did not intend to do him either harm or good.

An Ancient Fire Engine.

One of the old-time fire engines of England was recently discovered at Stowmarket, and proves an interesting relic of the past. It did duty in the town for many years, and, as shown by the sign on the engine, was presented to the town by Nathaniel Gordon, Esq., in 1734. Despite the many years that it was laid away unused, it is in an excellent state of preservation, considering its age.

The engine is composed of a wooden well, six feet long by five inches wide, and lined with copper. At either end are openings for the purpose of receiving water, which was fed to it by buckets. The pump itself is at one end and is worked by ordinary hand brakes. Four small solid wooden wheels support the body of the engine.

There are none of the leather buckets left that were used to feed the water well, but the delivery pipe, which is six feet long, can still be attached. The engine is painted the usual red color, and on the front of the pump are printed instructions for properly working it.

One of the suggestions for keeping the pump in order reads: "The pelves of the long iron spindil" should be "drest with salliet oyl and tallow." After using the hose the men are told that it should be liqoured with neats-foot oyl, bees wax and tallow and "quolled up." Over the instructions, says the Municipal Journal and Engineer, was originally a covering of horn to protect them from injury, but of the horn covering only a small portion now remains.

Children Ride Free.

In some German towns children are allowed to travel free on the local tramway cars if they are under a certain height, which is marked on the doors of the vehicle.

It is said of every short girl that she would be a foot taller if she wasn't so bow-legged.

On a slippery morning, do you like to see people fall? It's a bad sign, if you do.

VICEROY AND VICEREINE OF INDIA.



LADY CURZON.

LORD CURZON.

LORD AND LADY CURZON, the Viceroy and Vicereine of India, who were the central figures in the big celebration in honor of the accession of King Edward to the empire of India, were married at Washington in 1895, when the future Viceroy was an untitled British student of diplomacy, with only a barony in remote prospect. Young Mr. Curzon made his reputation by hard work and considerable persistent travel and observation in the East. His purpose was to master the eastern question, and to do this he was perforce required to learn something of the people of the East and their psychic life. For some years he was a visitor to Persia, Afghanistan, the Pamirs, Siam, Indo-China and Korea, and the fruits of this study were embodied in books which showed the sure touches of a master hand. His marriage with the beautiful Mary Victoria Leiter was a love-match on both sides.

MARCONI'S LATEST TRIUMPH.

Scientifically Important, Yet It Created No Surprise.

The world of science was not amazed by the fact that wireless messages were received from Cape Breton by the Kings of England and Italy. Marconi had previously demonstrated the practicability of his system, and, while the recent transmission of messages proves that perfection has been reached and that wireless trans-oceanic dispatches are to be eventually part of the world's method of communication, this is no more than scientific men have looked for ever since their confidence in Marconi was established. One of the messages was in Italian. Neither the sending nor receiving operator understood a word of Italian, yet every word was accurately recorded. This the inventor considers an evidence of the perfection of his work. Officials of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company intimate that they are practically ready to accept public trans-Atlantic messages.

If Marconi is correct in his statements wireless telegraphy is now as practical as cabling. More than this,



SIGNOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI.

nothing can divert the electromagnetic waves from their course across the ocean. At present a speed of fifteen words a minute has been reached. When Marconi's sending apparatus is perfected he expects to exceed thirty words a minute, and distance will make no difference in speed, as it does with the cable. He will multiply messages by multiplying stations. As to the expense of transmitting, he is already under contract with the Canadian government to send ordinary messages across the Atlantic at 10 cents a word and government and press messages at not more than 5 cents a word, and in time he expects to send a dispatch from New York to London as cheaply as the same dispatch can now be sent from New York to Philadelphia. Finally, Marconi says he can send wireless dispatches over land as easily as over sea.

These are the claims made by Marconi which are now attracting the attention of financiers and scientists. Of course some allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of Marconi over his belief that he has at last brought this old discovery of wireless telegraphy into practical operation. Financiers also will be shy of investing until its commercial advantages have been thoroughly demonstrated.

In the meantime a serious limitation to wireless telegraphy has been pointed out by Sir William Preece, one of the most eminent electricians in England. He has never doubted the possibility of wireless telegraphy, but he doubts its practical value, because, as he asserts, it is possible to intercept every wireless message. Besides this, he says the now method is defective

because of its slowness in transmitting signals. The cables now can send from seventy to one hundred words a minute—a speed which he says never can be equaled by the Marconi system. This limitation would not be a serious one, as the slowness would be offset by the reduced cost of sending, but if there can be no secrecy there will be a vital defect. Marconi claims that the tuning can be automatically changed, as well as the codes, so that it will be impossible to steal the messages. Time will tell which electrician is right. The cable was a crude affair and had many defects when De Sauty caught its first signal forty-seven years ago.

Marconi is 28 years of age. His first attempts at wireless telegraphy were made in Italy, and subsequently he went to England where he sent a wireless message across the English channel. Subsequently messages were exchanged between ships at sea, which were widely separated, and in this country messages were sent long distances. But the earliest attempts to send messages across the sea were futile, because the wind interfered with the balloons which were used. Now Marconi has permanent stations at Table Head, Cape Breton and at Pordhu, in Cornwall, England, with special machinery.

TWO SOURCES OF GERMS.

Moistening Lead Pencils with Lips and Biting Church Fans.

"Great attention should be given to two apparently unimportant things which I assure you can and frequently do cause no end of trouble," said one of Washington's best known physicians one day last week. "The trouble is seldom traced to its source, viz., the lead pencil evil and the biting at the rim of the fans which are placed in the pews of churches for the accommodation of the congregation. The lead pencil evil seems to be principally confined to women and children. In a moment of hurry a woman will borrow a pencil from an unkempt man whose pencil, for the most part, occupies the space behind his ear."

"At the request for his pencil out it comes, and the fastidious lady who dreads the street cars, and will ride on the open cars all winter because she so fears close contact with the passengers, will straightway moisten the lead with her lips, and proceed to write in a perfectly contented frame of mind, making repeated trips to her mouth with the pencil. Children seem to be of the belief that it is next to impossible to write with a lead pencil until they have wet the lead in their mouths."

"And about fans, have you ever noticed how most people will bite and bite on a fan that in every way bears the evidence of old age, and having been bitten many times? It seems to make no difference in the world—the fact that the fans are common property, and that they as much belong to the tobacco-chewing men as they do to the sweet-faced, refined, dainty women does not matter. They seem to be happy in the pastime of biting on indefinitely."

"When sores appear that do not come from fever, were I to suggest such a source as I have just described, nervous prostration would be the result in many cases."—Washington Star.

A Difficult Style of Beauty.

"Red isn't at all becoming to Miss Gimp."

"Just as becoming as any other color, isn't it?"

"Yes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are some people who just naturally can't work unless their employer happens to be looking their way, when they work harder than anybody.