

THE GOOD IT WROUGHT.

66 **M**Y darling, it is entirely out of the question." Ernest Rodney parted the yellow, clustering curls from his young wife's brow as he spoke, and looked down at her heaven-blue eyes with a troubled light in his own.

"But, Ernest, why? She is a woman, this aunt of yours, with all a woman's tender and feminine influences," pleaded Lucy Rodney.

"She is an old maid, Lulu, with all an old maid's unaccountable whims and caprices. And I tell you she would never forgive me if she were to know of my marriage."

Lucy's brown eyes glittered through momentary tears.

"Ernest, I am sometimes tempted to wish that you had never seen me."

"Lucy! By darling! Are you so soon beginning to lose hope and courage?" he asked, almost reproachfully.

"Only for your sake, Ernest, I am happy, just as we are."

"Then, dearest, dismiss the one shadow from your heart. We will struggle along for the present, anyway—and when my aunt's property becomes ours—"

"Oh, Ernest! It seems so wrong thus to look forward to the death of one's fellow creatures!"

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is the way of the world, my love. And I have certainly nothing to expect from Aunt Esther during her lifetime. Now, little one, give me a kiss, and wish me Godspeed. If I succeed in selling my picture I will be back by noon. If not—why, then, I shall just try again."

And so the young artist parted from his pretty wife.

Lucy ran after him to the steps.

"Ernest! Ernest! You'll be sure and not forget to order the little cradle! Baby came so near falling off the sofa last night!"

"I'll remember," said Ernest Rodney. He would have liked to spring into an omnibus instead of walking on that sultry June morning; he would have enjoyed a cigar—but he remembered Lucy's darned gown and mended gloves, and resolutely buttoned up his slender purse.

"No," he said to himself, "it is these indulgences that drain away a fellow's income; I must not give way to a single one—not until I am richer than at present."

While pretty Lucy sat down by the window, its seat filled in with roses and geraniums, toasting her blue-eyed baby to sleep, and contrive how she could best turn her only black silk dress upside down and inside out, to make it seem like new again.

The clock in the warerooms of Messrs. Newell & Moulding, furniture dealers and upholsterers, had just struck 2, and Mr. Moulding entered with a brisk step.

"Boy," cried he, breathlessly, to an overgrown specimen of the genus homo, who was polishing a bedstead back, "where is this cradle to go?"

"Name of E. Rodney," the boy speedily made answer.

"Where?"

The boy scratched his head.

"I—I forget, sir," he reluctantly replied. "But I know the name was Rodney."

"You're a blundering-headed dolt," Mr. Moulding barked impatiently out. "Do you expect an article is to stand here all day after being bought and paid for? Give me the directory quick."

He whirled the pages over with his finger and presently came to a meditative pause.

"Rodney, E.," he muttered between his teeth, "No.—General street. Take it around there at once, Martin. None of your loafing around, now."

And Martin, shouldering the cradle, started with promptitude.

Miss Esther Rodney sat at her worsted work by the front window when Martin tolled up the steps, his brow beaded with perspiration. Now, Miss Esther was a tall, thin old maid, with a brown face, angular jaws and irregular teeth.

"Bless my soul alive!" cried Miss Esther, dropping the worsted needle which was about to finish a dog's nose in gray and white zephyr, "what's that thing coming here for?" and she jerked up the window. "Boy! boy! there is some mistake!"

Martin stared.

"Name of E. Rodney, mem!" said he, glancing dubiously at the door-plate, which bore a similar legend.

"Humph!" sniffed Miss Rodney, "what on earth do you suppose I want with such an article as that? Who ordered it?"

"Your husband, mem, I s'pose," answered Martin, hopelessly.

"Never had such a thing in my life," retorted the spinster, sharply.

"It was a young gen'leman, mem, a tall party with brown whiskers," explained Martin, "name of E. Rodney."

A sudden light broke in upon Miss Rodney's bewildered brain.

"It's my nephew, Ernest," cried she, "As true as I live and breathe, it's my nephew Ernest. A cradle! Then he's been and gone and married that artist's daughter, after all. But I'll be at the bottom of the mystery, or I'll know the reason why."

"What be I a-goin' to do with the cradle?" vacantly demanded the unsuccessful embassy of Messrs. Newell & Moulding, after waiting in vain for some further advice.

"Take it to Jericho, for what I care," said Miss Esther sharply. "Only don't bring it here. We want no cradles in this house."

Jericho being manifestly out of the question, Martin took the cradle back to the warehouse, where Mr. Newell swore at him until he was out of breath.

And Miss Rodney, whisking on her bonnet and shawl, hurried round to the quarter of the city, where she knew her nephew had secured lodgings.

"Married! and never to tell me," said she to herself. "A cradle, and never to let me know. I wouldn't have believed it of Ernest. Some fine lady with folded hands and rings on her fingers, and a nurse to take care of her baby, I'll go bail. Poor Ernest; he never did have common sense about those things!"

It was a pretty, one-story cottage, just on the edge of the suburbs, on whose door Miss Rodney knocked—a cottage where, as her quick eye at once perceived, the window glass was faultlessly clear, and the muslin curtains daintily white. No one answered the sound, and pushing the door open, Miss Rodney entered.

In a little room, at the end of the hall, Mrs. Ernest Rodney stood, her sleeves rolled up, her pretty arms immersed in soapsuds, while with one foot she gently agitated the bread tray on the floor (in which lay a blue-eyed baby, wide awake and smiling). Miss Esther stood still and gazed at the fair, cherry-cheeked little woman in her gingham dress and checked apron, her curls pinned back and her energies devoted so earnestly to the task of washing Ernest's collars and wristbands.

"Not such a helpless fine lady as I thought," said Miss Esther. "A pretty baby, too, and the very image of poor, dear Ernest when he was a child."

Suddenly Mrs. Ernest, thrilled by the unconscious electricity with which one's presence, however unsuspected, will inspire another, turned around.

"Who are you?" she asked, with a slight start. "How came you here?"

"I am your husband's aunt, my dear," said Miss Esther, quite gently. "Will you come here and kiss me? Yes, yes, you are pretty—and you have a sweet, truthful look. I do not believe that it was through your fault that Ernest has kept me in ignorance of all this."

"Indeed—indeed, it was not," sobbed Lucy. "Oh, Aunt Esther, I have dreamed about seeing you so many times—but you never folded me in your arms like this. And you'll kiss the baby, won't you?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Aunt Esther.

And when Ernest came home, he found Lucy all smiles and rad'ance, and Aunt Esther tending baby as if she had served a life apprenticeship at the business.

"Aunt Esther!" he cried, starting back.

"Nephew Ernest!" she retorted.

"You have discovered my secret!" cried he.

"I have."

"And who told you?"

"The cradle," answered Aunt Esther, with a laugh, as she pointed down to that useful article of household furniture which, having at last blundered into the right place, stood at her feet.

"And oh, Ernest, she has forgiven us both, and she has promised to love me!" cried Lucy, "and we are all happy!"

"God bless the cradle, then—that is all I have to say," said Ernest, reverently.—New York Daily News.

The Czar at Home.

Alexander III., the late Czar of Russia, was said to be an autocrat even in the bosom of his family. Nicholas II., however, is the very reverse. He regards his consort as a good comrade and when in urgent cases ministers seek an audience late in the evening he is invariably to be found in her company, chatting and laughing without restraint. The Czar is generally occupied at his desk, while the Czarina busies herself with embroidery work. Immediately a minister enters she rises as if to retire, but more often than otherwise the Czar informs her that she is not one too many.

Longest Year on Record.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained 445 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as nearly as possible with the solar year.

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 mill. 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 Barnett 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 ti 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 unrolled 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, cloud-like 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. 650, 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.