

AUNT ROSE'S SECRET.

M. DELVALLEY rose, furious, his eyebrows contracted, his mouth drawn.

"I tell you this marriage shall not take place," he said.

"And I swear it shall!" cried Andre, with only a shade less of determination in his face and voice.

But the old man paid no attention to his son's words, and continued:

"It is the most outrageous thing I ever heard of. A boy whose education has been what yours has, upon whom no expense has been spared, who for twenty years has been my constant thought, to be utterly lacking in every feeling of gratitude. Just at the very moment when I have made plans for your future you announced to me that you intend to marry the girl of your choice! And what a choice! A girl without a penny!"

"But you do not believe money to be the only consideration in marriage, do you?" said Andre, striving to be calm.

"It seems to me that happiness enters in somewhere, and if I can be happy with no one but Noemie—"

M. Delvalley burst into a loud, exasperating laugh.

"That is too good! He can be happy with no one but Noemie; a person of whose existence he was ignorant month before last!"

"But father—"

"Enough!"

The tone in which this word was pronounced convinced Andre that his father's decision was inflexible. He was accustomed to bow to the will of a despotic father, just as he had seen his mother yield until her death. In his childhood he and his mother had been companions, and often together they had bent their heads to the fury of a storm aroused by some slight or irregular domestic occurrence. Not that M. Delvalley was a bad man. He was quick-tempered, but usually repented his outbursts and tried to make amends when he saw the effect of his harsh words. Before he was very old Andre had seen that the family life of his father and mother was not a happy one, though he did not know to what to attribute the state of affairs. Since his mother's death he had simply given in to his father when any question of disagreement had come between them, and until now they had lived comfortably together.

The next day Andre returned to the charge.

"I believe if you knew what an unhappy night I passed, father—"

"Enough, I say!" cried the old man, not allowing him to complete his sentence. "I tell you I will never give my consent to the marriage. A girl without a penny!"

"I would not ask for your consent at all if she had not refused to marry me without it!" exclaimed Andre, hotly.

"Oh, you would not!" M. Delvalley laughed. "And, pray, where would you live and what would you do to support your wife?"

"I could find something," replied the young man, in a tone which made his father say, more gently than he had yet spoken:

"I am convinced that this girl and her relatives are after your fortune. You met them at a summer hotel. They found out who you were and thought you would be a good 'catch,' and have proceeded to catch you."

"If you would only listen to me, father, I would convince you of Noemie's sincerity."

Without replying to his son, M. Delvalley went on: "As you can't take care of yourself, I must take care of you. Where do those Durands live?"

"No. 27 Rue Nollet."

"Rue Nollet! And you say they are not after your money!" M. Delvalley said, as he left his son. He returned in a few moments, a paper in his hand, from which he read in a loud voice:

"Mme. Durand, 27 Rue Nollet—I formally refuse my consent to the marriage of my son Andre and your daughter, and inform you that if the event takes place I shall absolutely disinherit my son. DELVALLEY."

He rang the bell and a servant appeared.

"Send this telegram at once," he said. Andre made a move to follow the servant from the room, but after a glance at his father restrained himself. The old man waited until the servant had had time to leave the house and then retired to his study, leaving Andre alone.

The unhappy young man sat thinking of his misery for some time. The words of Noemie spoken the night before came back to him; she had been so full of confidence, while he was doubtful enough of his father's approval.

"When he knows how much we love each other he will consent," she had said.

"But if he refuses?" Andre had asked.

"Then it must be good-by for us, because I can never let you ruin yourself for me." And in spite of pleadings

and arguments she had remained firm. "Poor Noemie," he thought. "How will she feel when she reads the telegram? And her Aunt Rose, who considered the marriage already made. She used to tell us when we feared to tell father that we had no cause to worry; that everything would come out as we wanted it; that she had a magic charm which she could apply, if necessary, at the last minute, and that charm a secret. What will she say now? Why not go and find out and give her a chance to try it?" Andre sprang up, seized his hat and ran from the house.

"Well," said Noemie, "what news?" She had not yet received the telegram.

"The very worst," said Andre. "He refuses and threatens to disinherit me. But, dearest, you will marry me, anyway. I can find something to do, and we will at least have each other."

Noemie was very much in love, and her good resolutions began to waver before the strength of her lover's desire. They were talking despondingly when the door opened and a pretty elderly woman entered the room.

"Dear me, how unhappy you look!" she said. "What is the matter?"

"M. Delvalley has refused his consent," said Noemie.

"Indeed! Well, it would be funny if it were not so sad."

"Aunt Rose, how can you?" murmured Noemie.

"It is rather serious, madame," said Andre. "He has sent a telegram, but it has not come yet."

But still Aunt Rose smiled.

"Stay here until I come back, Andre. I am going to try my little fairy charm as a last resort."

All afternoon the two young people sat disconsolately together, waiting for the telegram and for Aunt Rose. What had become of his father's dispatch? Andre could not imagine. At last, long after the time it should have come, the maid entered with the formidable envelope. Noemie took it and was about to open it when Andre said:

"Tear it up without reading it. We know what it says."

"I want to see how it looks," replied Noemie.

As she said a wave of color swept across her face.

"Andre," she cried, "there is some mistake. Listen to this: 'I have the honor to ask the hand of Mlle. Noemie Durand for my son Andre. I will call at your convenience. Respectfully, DELVALLEY.'"

"Is it possible that Aunt Rose was successful?" cried Andre, beside himself with joy.

"It must be that. But what means did she employ? What is her secret?"

It was a long time before they found out, and then Andre overheard a conversation not meant for his ears.

"I was right, was I not, to keep my faith in your good heart, and to intercept that first dispatch before I went to see you?" asked Aunt Rose, in a voice that Andre had never heard her make so tender and soft in tone.

"Ah, Rose!" responded M. Delvalley in a voice stranger still to the listener, "how could I know that the girl of Andre's choice was your niece? To think that I was about to separate them, as your father separated us, because I was then poor—that they would have suffered all that I have suffered in giving you up, and in thinking of you all these years! And now that we are united at last, you will not refuse"—but suddenly Andre realized that he was listening and crept softly away.—From the French.

Agriculture in the Schools.

The Kansas State Teachers' Association will use its influence to have the Legislature next year enact a law providing for a text book on agriculture for use in the common schools. The special committee appointed at the last session of the State Teachers' Association to revise the course of study for the common schools of Kansas has resolved that a text book on agriculture should be adopted in the Kansas schools, and decided to take steps to arouse sentiment on the subject. As a preliminary step it was decided to adopt agriculture as a portion of the course of study for the next school year. State Superintendent Nelson says: "Kansas is an agricultural State. The young men of the State should, therefore, be taught agriculture. How to keep boys on the farm is now the great question. By dignifying farm life and educating the boys to make a success in agriculture the question will be solved. It is just as essential to teach a young man who expects to follow that pursuit how to farm as it is to send a young man who wants to be a lawyer to a law school."—Kansas Farmer.

There are some men so scared and apprehensive that they hear the wolf at the door every time the cat steals the milk.

MILLIONS OF BIBLES.

ASTONISHING CIRCULATION OF THE SACRED BOOK.

Number of Copies Printed Every Year—What Becomes of All the Old and Worn Volumes is a Conundrum—Editions in Foreign Tongues.

The success of a widely read novel invariably sets people talking about enormous sales, and paragraphs find their way into print recording the fact that so many thousands of copies have been sold. And we talk about it as if it were a nine days' wonder, totally unmindful of a book which has run through countless editions, and of which nearly 2,000,000 copies were printed in New York last year. That book is the Bible.

Of course, everybody knows that more copies of the Bible have been printed and sold than of any other book, but few persons realize, or stop to think about it if they do, just to what extent the Bible is circulated. "What becomes of all the pins?" is a question that has never been satisfactorily solved. What becomes of all the Bibles is a problem more difficult of solution. A pin assumes infinitesimal proportions compared with a bound book, and when one considers that the increased publication of Bibles is out of all proportion to the natural increase in population one cannot help wondering what becomes of all of them.

It stands to reason that a great many copies find their way into the hands of foreign missionary societies and are sent to the heathen of other lands. Possibly the proportion is one-half. But even then the balance for home consumption, if so purely mercantile a phrase may be permissible, is very considerable. One New York publishing house alone, the American Bible Society, issued during the last year 1,380,892 copies, of which a trifle more than one-half were sent abroad. And one year is very much like another in this respect. Times may be good or times may be bad, but the printing of the Scriptures goes on.

Now, what becomes of them all? One seldom discards a Bible, no matter how old or worn. The ordinary book, except to the bibliophile, is regarded as an article of commerce—something to buy and sell, something to read and enjoy, and then, if necessity demands, pass along that some one else may enjoy its benefits. If this were not so there would be no second-hand book-dealers.

Not so with the Bible. You may hunt the town over, you may delve among dust-covered tomes in out-of-the-way book stores—until your head grows dizzy, and I doubt if you will find a dozen second-hand Bibles in all New York. I asked the proprietor of one of these old book shops if he could explain why it was. He shrugged his shoulders and frankly admitted that it had been a puzzle to him for years. And he was a man of ripe experience, too.

At the offices of the American Bible Society, I was only bewildered by figures without having any light thrown upon the real question of what becomes of all the Bibles—the Bibles that are not sent to the heathen. The figures as to production were stupendous in themselves. I was told that the various Bible societies alone had distributed more than 280,000,000 Bibles since the year 1804, and this number did not include the output of individual publishing houses, of which there are about a dozen in New York alone, which issue Bibles.

The British and Foreign Bible Society of London operates on even a larger scale than our own American Bible Society. Last year 4,479,439 copies were printed and distributed, and since 1804, when the society was organized, it has issued no less than 160,000,393 Bibles.

When one comes to consider the achievements of the American Bible Society abroad the result is astounding. The society publishes, and now has for sale, copies of the Bible printed in German, French, Welsh, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian, Dutch, Hebrew, Greek, Lettish, Arabic, Icelandic, Syriac, Russian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Gaelic, Finnish, Armenian, Malay, Arabo-Turkish, Slavonian, Slavic, Bulgarian, Chinese and Japanese. For Africa the Scriptures are printed in eight different languages, while for the Sandwich Islands there are seven different editions in as many different languages. The North American Indians have Bibles printed in Cherokee, Choctaw, Mohawk, Dakotas, Arrawack, Ojibwa, Muskokee and Seneca.

The distribution of Bibles in foreign lands is not accomplished without severe hardships and often danger to life. The colporteurs, as the traveling agents are called, are quite heroic in their devotion to the work, especially in lands where fanaticism holds sway. China is just at present the theater of the most interesting activity.—St. Louis Republic.

Large Versus Small War Ships.

One argument that has been made in favor of building a comparatively large number of small war ships rather than

a smaller number of large vessels, with large crews, is that the smaller ones afford the greater number of independent commands and opportunities for training for command. Between 1872 and 1883, says Cassier's Magazine, seventy-six sea-going fighting ships were launched for the British navy, varying in displacement between 430 and 2,000 tons, and the number of men and officers in these ships ranged from fifty-nine in the smallest to 220 in the largest. These ships were to be found all over the world. Admirals, captains and leading officers of to-day were all trained in them, and splendidly trained. These ships, however, have been displaced during recent years by larger vessels, with larger crews, making for each command larger claims on naval estimates and on the reserve of men. Some of the foremost authorities now lean to the opinion that too much trust is placed in big ships and guns, and too little in the skill, enterprise and valor which may be had in the direction and management of a ship of moderate size. To multiply such smaller ships is to multiply the chances of getting good men in command. Piling up armor and guns condemns many such men to subordination to their inferiors.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT.

Whose Recent Marriage Was a Surprise to Many Admirers.

The recent marriage of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett to Stephen Townsend, the English physician-actor, has created much interest and not a little surprise in this country. When she left Washington a few years ago she positively declared that she did not have the slightest intention of marrying again, and yet she married almost immediately after reaching Genoa, Italy, where Mr. Townsend was staying.

Mrs. Burnett's life has not been all roses. Her literary successes, great as they were in every respect, did not bring her joy. She is said to have spent few happy days since she played with her sisters under the blue skies and in the sweet-smelling woods of



MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

sunny Tennessee. Mrs. Burnett is now 51 years old, and she has been a breadwinner ever since she was 15. She was born in Manchester, Eng., and came to America with her mother and sisters in 1845. The family was so poor that the little which she could earn as a country school teacher was most welcome.

The change from the tall factory chimney scenes of Manchester to the open, new country of Tennessee filled the heart of little Frances with delight. It was during these early struggles that she conceived the plan of sending a story to the magazines. Her sister sold grapes for the postage which carried her first effort to the publisher. From that time forward Mrs. Burnett's ascent to fame and wealth was easy as the proverbial descent to Avernus.

Her first story was published in 1867, and the products of her pen have been in big demand since that time. The creator of "Fauntleroy" was celebrated as a clever story writer and romancer at 24, and it was at that age, in 1873, that she married Dr. Burnett. Almost since that time Mrs. Burnett has lived in Washington. That "Lass o' Lowrie's," one of her most widely read stories, was written and published in 1877. From this success dated her career as a book writer.

Mrs. Burnett first met Townsend in a professional capacity. Since then they have been almost inseparable. He was the cause of her divorce from her husband—an act that alienated many of her friends.

Paper Horse Shoes.

A trial of paper shoes for horses is shortly to be made in London. The new horseshoe is made of compressed paper; it requires no nails to secure it to the hoof, and, while lighter than the most fragile of racing plates, it is claimed to be nearly as durable as the solid iron shoes which have hitherto secured to horses immunity from the effects of constant traveling over rough surfaces.

Touch-Button Umbrellas.

Self-opening and closing umbrellas are being made in Germany, the handle and stick being formed of three telescoping tubes with a coiled spring in the upper portion of the stick, which is set after the umbrella is opened or closed in order to reverse the movement by touching a button in the handle.

Spring Medicine

There's no season when good medicine is so much needed as in Spring, and there's no medicine which does so much good in Spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. In fact, Spring Medicine is another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health gets too low to be lifted.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental and digestive strength and steady nerves. Be sure to ask for HOOD'S, and be sure that you get Hood's, the best medicine money can buy. Get a bottle TODAY. All druggists. Price \$1.

Baden-Powell's Joke.

The officers of the Mafeking garrison were at mess—and what a mess! "Cheer up, lads," remarked Colonel Baden-Powell, taking his second helping of mule steak. "We might be worse off."

"Indeed? I can't imagine it," growled the dyspeptic major.

"Well, just fancy our diet if the automobile had been introduced here."—Collier's Weekly.

Similar But Different.

Mrs. Blinks—There's hardly any living with my husband; he doesn't know anything.

Mrs. Winks—There's no living at all with my husband; he knows everything.—Chicago Evening News.

Where All Good Things Thrive.

Cheerfulness or joyousness is the heaven under which everything but poison thrives.—Richter.

Never Sick, Weaken or Grip.

Meat-purification cure that pleases your palate, cleanses your stomach, pleases your pocketbook.—Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Physicians in Springfield, Mass., have agreed not to make contracts with any society to furnish medical attendance.

San Francisco has a daily paper printed in Chinese.

A Mean Man

The mean man was looking happy. "Whose feelings have you hurt now?" he was asked.

"My nephew's," he said. "I have just sent him a letter asking him to accept the inclosed hundred dollar check as a little birthday gift."

"But where does your specialty come in on such a proposition as that?"

"I didn't put in any check."—Indianapolis Press.

Oregon Christian Endeavor Convention.

The Oregon Christian Endeavor convention will be held at Albany, May 25-27. John G. Woolley, the great temperance orator, will address the convention on Sunday, the 27th. The famous Tissot pictures of the "Life of Christ" will be given by stereopticon Saturday evening. Railroads have made usual reduced rates.

Committees are actively engaged in making all necessary preparations. They expect a splendid convention and a large number of delegates from all over the state.

Dangerous Places.

In Kentucky they shoot men for the possession of the office of governor. In Chicago, says the Times-Herald, of that city, they shoot men for street car transfers which retail at three cents each.

A Probable Result.

Askit—What will be the result of these Kansas editors and preachers changing places?

Tellit—The people will put pumpkins in the contribution plates and pay subscriptions in suspender buttons.—Baltimore American.

Our lips are often first to express love, but the last members to yield obedience.

A St. Louis woman was asked how she managed her husband: "Feed him well and trust to luck," was her answer.

A HINT FOR SPRING.

When Housekeepers Are Brightening the Interiors of Their Homes.

Now that the backbone of this remarkable winter is broken, housekeepers are remarking the dingy look of the home interior. The question of new wall coverings is up. Paper is dear and short lived; kalsomines are dirty and soaly; paint is costly. The use of such a cement as Alabastine, for instance, will solve the problem. This admirable wall coating is clean, pure and wholesome. It can be put on with no trouble by anyone; there is choice of many beautiful tints; and it is long lasting.

Dra. Thebault and Sappotier, two Parisian physicians, have discovered an anti-alcoholic serum. A few doses of it causes an unconquerable disgust for all alcoholic stimulants.