YOUNG LOCHINVAR

... By ...
Martha McCulloch-Williams

"Oh, that's the way you take young men in—let 'em know they can just hang up at their hats and be at home," Miss Lucindy-Tom said with withering scorn. Miss Marticia shook her head.

"We've no need to do it," she said "Every beau Marcia ever had but 'one'—double emphasis on the word—had his own home, as good a home as hers. Jack Richards said if I'd persuade her to take him he'd sell out his farm and buy yours, so I shouldn't be separated from my girl."

"You didn't agree because you thought John would have the place and all my money besides," Miss Lucindy-Tom said, with a sneering laugh.

"Marcia shouldn't have him if he was made of gold and strung all over with diamonds," Miss Marticia almost shrieked. Marcia, just back of her, broke into a tearful laugh.

"No, I wouldn't take him that way, aunty!" she said. "I should not care to have a husband who had to be melted down before he was any good."

She was tugging gently at her aunt's sleeve. John was rushing down the Warfield lawn—she wanted to end this unseemly altercation before he came up. The combatants had drawn nearer, nearer, until now they stood glaring into each other's eyes. Slowly Miss Lucindy-Tom raised on high her clinched right hand.

"Oh, but it is hard!" she said. "If only I didn't feel myself a Christian and a lady I'd tell you what I think of you and your traps, Marticia Ewing. What hurts is to think a Warfield—any Warfield—can be such a fool as not to see right through 'em"—

"Come home, Aunt Lucinda," John said masterfully, laying his hand on her shoulder to turn her about. Still holding her, he stepped in front of Miss Marticia and said around her to Marcia, "I am sorry, so sorry, that these two, who have been more than mothers to us, have quarreled, but it must not make any difference with us."

"No, it must not," Marcia answered. Miss Marticia snatched her in a strangling grip and hurried her through the gate. As it shut behind them she turned and shook her fist. Miss Lucindy-Tom, turning likewise at almost the same instant, shook hers with equal vigor.

* * * * * * * *

It was certainly a very pretty quarrel. Half the county took sides in it, much the larger number espousing the side of the lovers. There was lively speculation as to how it would all end. Warfield tenacity was a proverb, and Miss Lucindy-Tom was a Warfield of Warfields. Against that Ewing blood was hot and heady. Though Miss Marticia had been always so mild, the slight to her pride made her ready to live up to the fullest measure to her name.

Her obstinacy was really rooted in love—love for Marcia. It set her wild to think anybody dared object to her girl, the very darling of her heart. She tried to make up to the girl for such slighting with all manner of indulgences. Marcia was not the sort to peak and pine, not even sulk. She missed John ever, ever so much—she really had not known how fond she was of him—but that was no reason at all for making Aunty Marfy unhappier than she was already.

So Marcia went to all the merry-makings. She was so gay indeed Miss Lucindy-Tom flung it in John's teeth.

"Much that girl cares about you!" she said. "Look at her! She is here, there, everywhere, laughing and dancing all the while."

"That shows she is a wise little girl," John said loyally, but deep down his heart was sore. He was not very happy. Sarah Ashbel was still in the house, and Tanty Tom nagged him perpetually about Marcia. The worst part was he could not leave her. She had engaged him formally as manager the day he was free, and the contract had still a year to run. Under it he was to receive a certain proportional share of farm profits for the full term, meantime charging himself with all the purely personal expenses. If he held out, he would have something, just how much he did not know. If he broke the agreement, he forfeited everything.

Hence he worked and waited with what patience he could muster. He went about but little. It cost something to go about after the manner of a gentleman, and he was set on saving. He did not in the least grudge Marcia her pleasure, but it would have comforted him if upon their rare meetings he had seen even a shade of sadness in her eyes. They spoke to each other, not privily, but in open, friendly fashion. The two aunts made a point of never seeing each other at such times as chance threw them in each other's way.

They had quarreled in November. In February afterward the Grabels gave their big party. Marcia had a gorgeous new frock for it. Gossip reported the frock to Miss Lucindy-Tom so glowingly she determined to see it eclipsed and that Sarah Ashbel should eclipse it. Miss Warfield could spend upon sufficient occasion. This was, she felt, sufficient occasion. As a result when the day of the party came Miss Ashbel was prepared to discount Solomon in all his glory.

Tanty Tom had not been to a party in years, but she was bent on going to this one, even though it was ten miles off and the roads simply fearful. She said nothing of her plan to John. He was going, she knew. She wanted the contrast between Sarah and Marcia to come to him with the force of a shock. Sarah was certainly stunning, with her dark head and beautiful white shoulders rising up above clouds of filmy spangled scarlet stuff, caught in place with diamond stars.

They went in the buggy, Miss Lucindy-Tom driving. "I wouldn't risk it unless I did drive," she said. "Why, there is no bottom to the roads after these two warm days." Sarah was something upset. She had expected to go in the family carriage, with driver and footman and John on horseback riding beside. She did not know the strength of Miss Lucindy-Tom's principles. The carriage could not have gone by her consent even to her own funeral unless the weather had been fair and the roads fine.

For reasons purely financial the Ewings had no carriage. Miss Marticia had been content with a buggy ever since her father's carriage wore out. Marcia had a pacing horse and a handsome saddle, but most times she went abroad sitting at Miss Marticia's elbow. So it fell out that just as Miss Lucindy-Tom drove off, sitting very upright and flicking the horse with her whip, Miss Marticia clambered into her own vehicle, settled Marcia snugly under the robes and took up her reins with an air of indecision.

"Which way would you go, Marcia," she asked—"straight or round by the turnpike?"

"Straight. It's three miles the shortest way, and we would only have a little piece of pike," Marcia said.

"Still I believe I'll try it," Miss Marticia said, clucking to her horse. "Mercy-Tom does hate mud, and so do I."

Thus it happened that two vehicles bound for the same place set out for it in almost opposite directions. Neither went by the front way. Miss Lucindy-Tom headed for Griggs' lane, which ran along the south side of her farm

Miss Marticia almost shrieked.

and was reasonably dry. It also ran beside the Ewing farm, a little beyond which it merged into a mill road, rocky and rutted, but still passable. At the mouth of the lane, back of the Warfield farm, was the turnpike. Miss Lucindy-Tom would unhesitatingly have chosen that route only that she knew she would have to pay at two tollgates for traveling very little more than five miles.

The lane was narrow, but vehicles could pass in it unless they met at the big mudhole. There the fences were not closer than elsewhere, but it was the footing of which you had to beware. The mudhole stretched from fence to fence. It was soft and semi-fluid on top, but got thicker and suckier the deeper you went down in it. So long as it was not more than knee deep riders and drivers struggled through it. When it got over hubs and up to saddle skirts, something had to be done. The Griggs boys and their neighbors did not bother with road commissioners. Instead they went to work and built a stout bridge.

It was amply wide for one set of wheels. Two could by no possibility pass each other on it. But that did not matter—anybody crossing it was bound to see anybody else on the other side. Nobody need wait longer than half a minute—and nobody could possibly be so foolish as to refuse to wait.

When the unexpected happened, there was really some excuse for Miss Marticia. She was driving southwesterly, with the sun at 4 o'clock full in her eyes. It blinded her to the nearness of the approaching vehicle. She thought she had a clear right of passage and drove Merry-Tom boldly upon the stout timbers. Her heart gave a startled leap as she saw the other horse come on and recognized it as Miss Warfield's Blixen.

Merry-Tom and Blixen rubbed noses amicably when they met in the very middle of the bridge. For a long time nobody said a word. Miss Lucindy-Tom glared at Miss Marticia; Miss Marticia glared back unwinking. Sarah and Marcia studied each other covertly. They had met more than once before the break, but then there was no need for appraisal of rival charms.

"Sarah, I do wonder how long we will have to wait before those—ahem—persons find out it is their place to back and let us get by?" Miss Lucindy-Tom said at last. Marcia giggled softly. The humor of the situation overcame her. She knew well Miss Marticia would spend the night where she was rather than give in.

"I'm glad it's warm—but a warm February day is a weather breeder," Miss Marticia said to Marcia. "Shouldn't be surprised if it was snowing hard by morning. I do wonder what makes some people so hateful! That buggy yonder is on the down side—it would go back of itself if only the driver hadn't blocked the wheels."

"Oh, do please let them pass!" Marcia entreated half an hour later. "Don't put yourself on their level, Aunt Marfy! It—it—is not nice to be standing here. I feel perfectly idiotic."

"I won't back my horse! That's flat," Miss Marticia said loudly. Under her breath she added, "I'll show Lucindy-Tom Warfield there is somebody in this world she can't run over if I die for it."

"Sarah, I wish you'd sing something," Miss Lucindy-Tom said. "I"—

"It's lucky Merry-Tom never was afraid of noise," Miss Marticia said to the universe.

"Oh, do go back—or—else drive on through. The mud does not look so very deep," Sarah entreated in a tearful whisper. Miss Lucindy-Tom sniffed audibly. "That shows how much you know," she said. "It's over the hubs. Even if we didn't get stuck it would be certain to run in the buggy box and ruin your new dress."

"I don't care! You must go on! I wish I was dead! I shall die unless you take me home!" Sarah protested, still tearful. Miss Lucindy-Tom struck up a hymn and sung loudly through three lines of it. Suddenly she checked herself. She heard somebody coming rapidly up behind.

"Why, what is wrong?" John began, checking his horse at the end of the bridge. Then he whistled softly. A glance across had told him the whole story. "This will never do, Tanty. You must turn and go by the pike. You'll never get through this way," he said. "Lucky I overtook you. I should hate to think of you mired five miles from home and not a soul to help."

"I won't turn back, and I will go on," Miss Lucindy-Tom said distinctly. "If you are a man and kin to me, ride across and make those other people get out of my way."

John pleaded and entreated. It was all in vain. He saw and heard that Marcia was likewise trying to bring her aunt to reason, with like ill success. At last he turned desperately to Sarah. "Can't you say something to end this?" he asked. Instantly Miss Lucindy-Tom took the word from Sarah's mouth. "Yes, if she'll say, 'John Warfield, I'll marry you,' I'll do whatever you may say, go back or forward or sideways," she cried. "And she will say it if only you give her the chance. Try it right now. You'll find out mighty quick."

"This is lunacy, the worst sort," John groaned. Then he set his teeth grimly and dashed into the mud. In a minute he was beside Marcia, saying eagerly to her aunt, "Miss Marticia—Aunt Marfy—do give way just this once!"

"I won't," Miss Marticia said, her mouth setting in a hard line. Marcia stood up and freed herself from the robes.

"Then I beg you, John, at least to take me out," she said. "I am not afraid to risk it behind you. Bashaw, I know, will not mind my weight."

"Come," said John, holding out his hand. Marcia caught it, set her foot upon the near stirrup and swung herself upon Bashaw's back. John clucked softly and shook his reins loose as he felt her arms go around him. Bashaw understood. He went straining through the mud, though it came almost to his belly, and the suck each step made as his feet came out was like the noise of a pistol. Once he faltered. John thought he would fall, but the gallant big brown recovered himself and floundered on to firm land. As he stood there panting and trembling John waved his hand to the rest.

"We are going on to the party," he said. "You can come at your leisure or stay at your pleasure."

Marcia Ewing did not reach the Grabels' party. Instead of her there came Mrs. John Warfield. John had ridden straight to the minister's house. He had heard that day in town of a very handsome legacy left him by his mother's uncle. The first thing he did after hearing it was to go and take out a marriage license. Miss Marticia, Miss Lucindy-Tom and Sarah Ashbel, strange to relate, all got to the party a little later. Just how affairs finally arranged themselves only those three ever knew, and none of them would tell. Marcia put on a fine gown, which was quite white and bridelike, and smiled contentedly over Sarah's eclipsing scarlet. Miss Marticia came round at once and told John plainly he had done the right thing even before she heard a word of the fortune. Miss Lucindy-Tom held out until she found that holding out made no sort of difference to anybody but herself. Then she decided to forgive the Ewings, each and several, all the wrongs she had ever done them. But as long as she lives she will hold a grievance against Sarah Ashbel. If Sarah had not been so fat and stupid, she asserts, the whole story would have had a different ending.

Pat's Trouble.

Pat had come over to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for some one to pick it up. Of course this was long ago. Pat had soon become disillusionized and was always glad to get hold of odd jobs which would net him a little something to help him keep body and soul together. Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all and was very industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord happened in on him. After watching him curiously for a few minutes he asked:

"What's up, Pat? What are you trying to do?"

"Troyin' to choke meself, av coorse," was Pat's answer.

"Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck."

"Sure an' I thried thot, but I couldn't breathe."—New York Times.

On Sure Ground.

A well known artist overheard a countryman and his wife ridiculing his picture, which represented a farm scene. He was so indignant that he at last interposed with the remark:

"That painting is valued at £100. Allow me to ask if you are familiar with works of art?"

"Not very familiar with art," replied the farmer, "but I know something about nature, young man. When you make a cow that gets up from the ground by putting her fore feet first, you do something that nature never did."—London Answers.

The Word Flattery.

At first sight there would appear to be little connection between flattery and the wagging of a dog's tail, yet in nearly all the northern language the same word signifies both, and flattery is certainly derived from the word signifying to wag the tail. In the old Norman flagra signifies to flatter and also to wag the tail. In Danish logre is to wag the tail, and loger for een is to fawn on one. In Dutch vleyden is to flatter and vleydsteerten is to wag the tail. In the old German wedeln is to wag the tail, and in English wheedle is to gain one's end in flattery.

A GREAT PEACH CROP

THAT WHICH GREW AROUND NEW YORK IN THE YEAR 1679.

Apparently the Luscious Fruit Was More Abundant on Manhattan Island Than Anything Else Except Bad Barbados Rum.

Books of travel usually contain a vast amount of matter that is unimportant and a good deal that is untrue, besides not a little that is uninteresting, and the old travelers who wrote about their voyages to New York furnished few exceptions to the rule.

Tantalizing, therefore, is the diary of an observer who visited these shores in 1679; who had a reportorial instinct for the important, the true and the interesting; whose journeys covered the entire territory now known as the Greater New York; who wrote fully and graphically of all he saw, and whose observations have all come down to us, with the exception of some thirty pages describing New York city at the time of his visit. Exactly that which would now be most valuable is lost; but, from what remains, we can learn a good deal about the New York of those days.

Jaspar Dankers is the writer whose impressions of New York have thus been lost to the world, and in what has been preserved of his writings the chief thing that forces its attention upon the reader is the magnitude of the peach crop in these parts during the year of his visit. He was a religious enthusiast, the leader of the Labadists, a sect that flourished briefly on three continents toward the close of the seventeenth century, and his voyage companion was a minister of the same sect.

But there is little of this in his diary against a great deal of what they ate and drank, and on occasions when they went to the little church in the fort where the custom house is now the fact is mentioned with some apologies, one service being attended "in order to avoid scandal and for other reasons" and others because "my companion is endeavoring to learn the language."

But on the very day of their arrival in New York, Sept. 23, 1679, we begin to hear of the eatables and drinkables, especially the peaches.

"He first took us to the house of one of his friends, who welcomed him and us and offered us some of the fruit of the country, very fine peaches and full grown apples, which filled our hearts with thankfulness to God. This fruit was exceedingly fair and good and pleasant to the taste, much better than that in Holland or elsewhere, though I believe our long fasting and craving for food made it so agreeable. After taking a glass of madeira we proceeded. As we walked along we saw in different gardens trees full of apples of various kinds and so laden with peaches and other fruit that one might doubt whether there were more leaves or fruit on them. I have never seen in Europe in the best seasons such an overflowing abundance. When we finished our tour and had given our guides several letters to deliver, we returned to his father-in-law's. He regaled us in the evening with milk, which refreshed us much. We had so many peaches set before us that we were timid about eating them, though we experienced no ill effects from them."

And the next day, Sunday, the record opens with this:

"I was surprised on waking to find my comrade had already dressed himself and breakfasted upon peaches."

So it went every day. Toward the end of the week they crossed the ferry (for less than half a cent apiece) to Long Island, where the people made them "very welcome, sharing with us bountifully whatever they had, whether it was milk, cider, fruit or tobacco, and especially, first and most of all, miserable rum, which had been brought from Barbados and which is called by the Dutch 'kill-devil.' These people are very fond of it, and most of them extravagantly so, although it is very dear and has a bad taste."

But on Long Island, as elsewhere, the peaches were as good as the rum was bad.

"It is impossible to tell how many peach trees we passed, all laden with fruit to breaking down and many of them actually broken down. We came to a place surrounded with such trees from which so many had fallen off that the ground could not be discerned and you could not put your foot down without trampling them, and notwithstanding such large quantities had fallen off the trees still were as full as they could bear. The hogs and other animals mostly feed on them."

The peaches in Harlem were as plentiful and still more delicious. When they went up to the north end of Manhattan island, we find this notice:

"Before we left (Harlem) we did not omit supplying ourselves with peaches, which grew in an orchard along the road. The whole ground was covered with them and with apples, lying upon the new grain with which the orchard was planted. The peaches were the most delicious we had yet eaten."

But they need not have taken the precaution mentioned, for even after crossing Spuyten Duyvil they found more peaches than ever.

"We came to a road which was entirely covered with peaches. We asked the boy why they left them lie there and did not let the hogs eat them. He answered: 'We do not know what to do with them, there are so many. The hogs are satiated with them and will not eat any more.' From this we may judge of the quantity of them."—H. H. N. in New York Mail and Express.

It is a shiftless trick to send for a doctor when you have a boil.—Atchison Globe.

A Deep Thrust.

Miss Kutt—I see Miss Gadsby has a new gown.

Miss Snarl—I presume it is a cheap looking affair.

Miss Kutt—Rather. It's off the same piece as your new one.—Ohio State Journal.

Both Suited.

"Grymes and his wife quarreled for six months over naming the baby."

"How did they settle it?"

"Easily. It was twins."—Brooklyn Life.

PLACEBO PRESCRIPTIONS.

An Old Doctor Tells a Secret of His Profession.

"Never tell a patient that there is nothing the matter with him," said the old doctor, who was revealing the secrets of his profession. "If you do, you make a lifelong enemy and lose your patient, who sends for another doctor. Give him something, if it is only flavored water. If the disease is only imaginary, cure the imagination with a harmless dose, and your patient gets well. In the profession we call such prescriptions 'placebos,' and more wonderful cures are effected by placebos than the world wots of. So, also, when you run across a patient who announces the first thing that he cannot take certain sorts of medicine, don't tell him he must. Agree with him and give him the medicine, if he needs it, in a disguised form.

"There are thousands of people who labor under the conviction that they cannot take quinine and will tell you that they have never taken it in their lives, while at the same time they may be taking large doses of it. The taste of quinine is hard to disguise, but if administered in a pill the patient can be made to take it and never suspect what he has swallowed. The trouble is the patient is apt to recognize a quinine pill by its appearance, to suspect, bite into the pill and thus discover your ruse. To obviate this difficulty druggists now have pills of quinine made in odd shapes and colors. Pink pills, containing nothing but quinine and a little harmless coloring matter, are a favorite form for use in cases where an antiquinine crank has to be medicated. In giving a placebo it is not wise to have it taste too well. The patient is apt to suspect if you do. And be sure that you gravely impress upon the patient that only a teaspoonful is to be taken at a time and that at stated intervals. The whole virtue of a placebo exists in the solemnity and importance with which you surround it."—New York Press.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Salpiglossis is a pretty, showy annual, easy to raise and worthy a place in the garden.

The birch grows farther north than any other tree. Next comes the Siberian larch and then the fir.

The dark spot in the center of a bean blossom is the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower.

Sunflowers may be transplanted quite easily if the work is done on a rainy day or in the cool of the evening.

Preserve a green lawn in the center of the garden, however small. This is needed to set off the flowers and for purposes of relief.

Mignonette is so unobtrusive that its presence is often betrayed by its sweet scent merely, but a large bed of mignonette should be in every garden.

Dissolve fresh lime in water, allow sediment to settle and saturate earth in which small, white worms have been noticed with the clear solution thus made.

That "it is never too late to set out roses" is a true word about gardening. But "the earlier the better, so long as the frost is out of the ground," is a maxim no less worthy of dependence.

A Spiny Monster.

For sheer ferocity of appearance, unredeemed by any milder facial attributes, a lizard called after "Moloch horrid king" Moloch horridus is pre-eminent among reptiles. The body of this Australian reptile is so covered with spines that, as it has been put, nature seems to have endeavored to ascertain how many spines could be inserted on a given area. But, unlike its tutelary deity, who seems really to have spelled himself Molech, the lizard does not demand the blood of children. It is, indeed, vegetarian and only fiery in that it has a curious faculty of absorbing and drying up water. A specimen placed in a shallow dish was observed to attract the water like a piece of blotting paper.—Westminster Gazette.

Ancient Trades Unions.

Seven thousand years ago there were trades unions in Nineveh and Babylon, and so strict were their rules that in some cases the penalty of death was inflicted for infringing them. Each man's work was strictly defined, and even the number of hours that he was allowed to work was stated in the charter of his guild or union. Later exactly the same state of affairs existed in Pompeii, and inscriptions have been discovered stating specific appointments of officials to trades unions. The most powerful of these appears to have been that of the Fishermen's guild.

Nothing Wasted.

A Scottish farmer when going to market, it was observed, always took a hen with him in his trap. The reason was never known until one day he took a friend with him on a drive. Every place the farmer stopped he put the nosebag on his horse, and then the hen was so trained that what dropped from the horse's bag the hen would pick up, so there was nothing wasted.—Pearson's Weekly.

Good Intentions.

"Don't trust too far to yoh good intentions," said Uncle Eben, "unless yoh has skill back of 'em. Good intentions satisfies de man what has 'em, but dey is de ruination of a heap of choir music."—Washington Star.

A Buttonless Coat.

"Is there any kind of coat that never has any buttons on it?" asked a mission teacher of a class of newsboys.

"Yes, sir—a coat of paint," was the instantaneous reply.

Patriotism is not the mere holding of a great flag unfurled, but making it the goodliest in the world.—W. J. Linton.

Cleaning a Wicker Chair.

To clean a wicker chair take tepid soapsuds made with good white soap, to which add a large pinch of salt. If there are places that are particularly soiled or very hard to reach, use a small scrubbing brush or an old nailbrush. Then wash the whole chair, using a flannel cloth, and rinse and dry it well. When it is perfectly dry, go over it with another flannel cloth with a trifle of oil upon it to give it a final polish.

The Solid Hoofed Hog.

There are some solid hoofed hogs in the world, but they are few and far between. Darwin has a great deal to say about such pigs in his "Origin of Species," as there were only three in England at the time he wrote this book.

The solid hoofed hog is not a freak of nature, as many suppose, but a genuine case of reversion to a primitive or ancestral type. It seems that, unlike the prehistoric ancestor of the modern horse, which has four toes or hoofs, the old elotherium, from which animal all members of the swine family are descended, had a solid hoof, and in the course of ages, as the old parent form died out and the modern wild boer, domestic hog, peccary, etc., were evolved this solid hoof became through what Darwin calls "adaptation" and "natural selection" divided up into two parts, so that all modern hogs are cloven hoofed. Occasionally, however, a hog is born with the old original solid hoof of the primitive hog ancestor, thus demonstrating the tendency in all animals to revert now and then to the parent form.

Dumas' Wealth and Poverty.

Alexandre Dumas' rise to wealth and luxury was almost as marvelous as that of his most celebrated hero. He built a magnificent chateau, which he named Monte-Christo. There he entertained all comers, friend and stranger alike, with more than oriental magnificence and sometimes with oriental mystery. His purse was open to all who sought it, and the day came when he experienced Timon's fate without acquiring Timon's disposition. He could not become a misanthrope, though his fortune disappeared almost as suddenly as it came, and then he learned the ingratitude of men. His last days were passed not in poverty, but in narrow circumstances. He left Paris in the fall of 1870 just as the German army was closing in to besiege it and when France was feeling its deepest woe. To the last he preserved his gayety and youthful spirit. "I had but one napoleon in my pocket when I first came here," he said. "I go away with two, and yet they call me a spendthrift!"

Wade Hampton's Slaves.

It is related of General Wade Hampton that on one occasion he was riding along a highway that led through one of his numerous southern plantations when he met a slave of fine build and appearance. He drew rein and said: "You are a likely fellow. Who do you belong to?" "Wade Hampton, sir." "Ah! And who is Wade Hampton?" "Please, sir, master, you mus' be from de nort, 'kase Mas' Wade Hampton is de berry fust gemman in de souf."

The story used to be told to illustrate the greatness in numbers of Wade Hampton's slaves. His own slaves did not know him by sight—that is, hundreds and thousands of them did not. The slaves he owned numbered 4,000, and he was therefore the largest slave owner of the south or of modern times. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Royal Talisman.

For 400 years the Hohenzollern family has possessed a peculiar talisman in the shape of a black stone set in a ring, each head of the house having passed the charm on to the next in succession for many generations. Frederick the Great is said to have found the ring sealed in a package with instructions as to its preservation and transmission written by Frederick I.

Precisely what value or significance attaches to this carefully treasured bit of jewelry it would be difficult to say. Tradition says that a huge toad hopped into the royal presence centuries ago with the stone held in its mouth. As to whether the golden setting in which the stone is now preserved is due to the forethought of the intelligent toad or to the afterthought of the Hohenzollerns tradition fails to enlighten us.

Floorwalking.

Head Floorwalker (severely)—I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left.

New Floorwalker—That's where they are.

Head Floorwalker—Yes; but you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain counter, then three counters to the right past the silk skirt bargain counter, and so on. You'll never make a floorwalker.—Judge.

One Definition of It.

"What do you consider domesticity in man?"

"It is the trait of wanting to stay home when his wife wants him to go out with her."

"And what is domesticity in woman?"

"That is the trait of being willing to stay home when her husband wants to go out without her."—Chicago Post.

The Home of England's Wealth.

The Bank of England generally contains sufficient gold in sixteen pound bars to make 20,000,000 sovereigns. The bank, which stands in three parishes, covers three acres of ground, and, as the current price of land in the vicinity works out at £1,000,000 an acre, it is easy to form an idea of the money value of England's wealth. The ratable value is about £1,000 a week. The bank employs about 1,000 people, pays a quarter of a million a year in wages and £35,000 a year in pensions. There are £25,000,000 worth of notes in circulation which have been handed over the bank's counter.—London Globe.

Starting the Conversation.

"I don't know what the trouble is," said the hostess in a tone of great annoyance. "My guests seem very distant and unsocial. I wish I could think of some way to start them talking to one another."

"That's very easily done," answered Miss Cayenne. "Is there a musician present?"

"Yes."

"Get him to play or sing something."—Washington Star.

The Lapse of Time.

When two married men who haven't seen each other for some time meet, one of them always says before they separate, "Let's see—how old is your oldest now?" And then, after he gets the answer, he adds, "It is astonishing, isn't it, how time does fly?"

Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

Interview With Edward Short of the San Francisco Call.

Mr. Edward Short, connected with the business department of the San Francisco Call interviewed:

Q.—You are reported to have been cured of diabetes?

A.—That is right.

Q.—Are you sure it was diabetes?

A.—I was rejected for insurance, and later failing rapidly, our physician told me I had diabetes and to put my affairs in shape.

Q.—Have more than one physician?

A.—Yes. I had another confirm it. He, too, said I could not live long. I had dropped from 200 to 135 pounds and was very weak. A neighbor told me of the Fulton Compound.

Q.—How long did you have to take it?

A.—About a year before I was perfectly well.

Q.—Did your physicians then test for sugar?

A.—Both did. Both reported normal. They were very greatly surprised at my recovery, for they had told me diabetes was incurable.

Q.—Know of any other cures?

A.—Several. I told my friend, William Martin, an S. P. conductor of Stockton, about it. He had diabetes, and was about to give up his position when I told him. He got the same results I did, and was well when killed a year or so later.

Q.—Any others?

A.—I told William Hawkins of the Custom House and Captain Hubbard of the barkentine S. N. Castle, upon hearing they had diabetes. Both of them were cured. I also told a neighbor who had dropsy. In a month it was eliminated. I can't recollect all I've told.

Q.—Did it fail in any case?

A.—Not one. It is a positive cure in Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Go over and see Hawkins and he will tell you the same thing.

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compounds. (Common forms of kidney complaint offer but short resistance.) Price, $1 for the Bright's Disease and $1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 420 Montgomery street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

Heredity and Genius.

Expositions of the laws of heredity fail in affording no clew to the understanding of genius. As these laws of inheritance are now expounded it would seem that no offspring could ever rise above the average level of preceding generations, and we have all had thousands of commonplace ancestors. In animals excellence is, as a rule, easily accounted for; in man it is not so. How comes it that in the same family one member rises not merely above all the rest, but above the bulk of mankind? One only of the Bonapartes was a Napoleon; one only of the Shakespeares could write "Hamlet." And why should the son of an ordinary Lincolnshire farmer and his probably ordinary wife have turned out not merely the greatest natural philosopher of his time, but of all time? We are still waiting for a second Isaac Newton. To say that such men are "sports" is to give us a word for a thing and merely to cover ignorance. The sport must be caused, and what was the cause? The excellent work being done in tracing the influence of heredity only makes more astounding these prodigies of genius.—Baltimore Sun.

His Great Pressure.

The German officer is nothing if not practical, so there may be an element of truth in the following amusing incident, which comes from Berlin, says the London Express:

A sergeant was perplexed how to deal with a bowlegged recruit. At last he bethought himself of a plan. Taking a one mark piece, about the size of a shilling, he ordered the recruit to put it between his knees and said, "Woe betide you if you let the money fall before I come back in five minutes!"

The unhappy recruit, with knees pressed together, remained in that uncomfortable position for a minute, and at last, struck by a happy idea, he took the coin from between his knees and put it in his pocket.

When the sergeant hove in sight, he hurriedly replaced what he thought to be the same coin. It was, however, a two mark piece, about as large as a florin. The sergeant smiled as he complimented the bowlegged recruit on the great pressure he must have exerted on the coin between his knees.

The Young Partridges.

All summer long while berries are plenty the flocks hold together, finding ten pair of quiet eyes much better protection against surprises than one frightened pair. Each flock is then under the absolute authority of the mother bird, and one who follows them then gets some curious and intensely interesting glimpses of a partridge's education. If the mother bird is killed by owl or hawk or weasel, the flock still holds together while berries last under the leadership of one of its own number more bold or cunning than the others. But with the ripening autumn, when the birds have learned, or think they have learned, all the sights and sounds and dangers of the wilderness, the covey scatters, partly to cover a wider range in feeding, partly in natural revolt at maternal authority, which no bird or animal likes to endure after he has once learned to take care of himself.—W. J. Long in Outing.

A Slim Outlook.

"I think your papa, dear Rosa, has been making inquiries about me."

"What has he told you?"

"Nothing. But he offered me a cigar, and it was simply frightful!"—Fliegende Blatter.

The Same Old Hole.

Doorknob—What's the matter with you?

Doorkey—I'm in a hole again.

Saving His Father's Hair.

Lord Charles was often troubled by importunate acquaintances, who begged for some of his father's (the Duke of Wellington) hair. On such occasions he said to an old servant whose hair was like the duke's: "Sit down, John. I must cut off another lock!"

The eggs of silkworms can withstand, without injury, a temperature of 38 degrees below zero.

The typhoid fever mortality varies from 3 per cent to 49 per cent.