

THE UNTRUTHFUL DAISY.

She wandered where the daisies grew— Her lips were red; her eyes were blue. She plucked a daisy from its bed, And broke each petal as she said: "He loves me; he loves me not, He loves me, daisy tell me so. The final petal answered, "No."

A MUTUAL SURPRISE

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I have long felt how much my home and children needed a mother's love and care. I have been willing in this respect, as in every other, to sacrifice my own feelings to find just the right person to fill so important a position, and I do not wish to act hastily. A few weeks ago I was introduced to a widow by the name of Norton, finding her, on further acquaintance, to be all that I could desire, either as a companion or a mother to my children. "She is a most kind and excellent lady, and I trust that you will be prepared to extend to her that respect and affection that are her due. "She has one son, who is away at school, which will be pleasant for you, as you have no brother. "We shall be home Thursday. "Your affectionate father, "HOWARD LESLIE. "P. S.—You were wise in not engaging yourself without consulting me as to the young man you mention. A young girl like you doesn't know what love is. I've years hence will be time enough for you to think of such a thing."



"THEY HAVE COME!" SHE CRIED.

the one she had written him, overflowing with the glad anticipations to which her new-born love had given rise. For a time she sat speechless with anger and amazement. The idea of her father ever marrying again had never once entered her mind. Why should he? Was she not there to keep house for him? And when she left, as of course, she should in time, would not Marion then be ready to take her place? She never heard anything so ridiculous. And to think that her poor mother, who had been hardly two years in her grave, should be so soon forgotten! If she thought that her adored Charles Edward would ever be so false to her memory she was sure that it would break her heart! But the postscript was the unkindest cut of all. The slighting manner in which her father alluded to "the young man," whose name she had written to him in full—Charles Edward Fitzhenry Stubbs—was more wounding than the harshest invective. And to presume to think that she knew nothing of love, and had experienced it in sweetness and power! Full of these indignant thoughts Anne sat down and penned an epistle to her adored Charles Edward, detailing her grievances, and ending with the declaration that she would never, never submit to be dominated over by a stepmother, and that she would ever be true to the first and only love of her life! The next mail brought a reply, stating together with many protestations of undying affection, "that he could truly sympathize with her feelings, in view of her father's marriage, having just received the intelligence that his mother was to take another husband. She had given him one stepfather when he was a boy, and he would never submit to the rule of another. "He would be there on Thursday, to demand, in person, her hand of her father. If he refused they would fly together to some happy place, where cruel fathers and stepfathers were unknown!" Charles Edward was as good as his word. Promptly, on the following Thursday, he made his appearance at the house of the father of his adored Anne. Scarcely were the first rapturous greetings over when the sound of carriage wheels was heard. Anne turned pale. "They have come!" she cried, starting to her feet. "Let 'em come," responded Charles Edward, defiantly. "You are not afraid, I hope, when I am here?" "Good heavens!" he ejaculated as his eyes fell upon a lady who was alighting from a carriage, "why, it looks like—but no; it can't be." Mr. Leslie led his wife up to where his daughter was standing. As Mrs. Leslie turned from the constrained greeting of her new daughter her eyes fell upon the young man back of her, who stood staring at her in speechless amazement. "Why, Charles?" "Why, mother?" "I never thought of seeing you here!" "Nor I you!" "Who is this?" inquired Mr. Leslie.

NEW GOVERNOR OF PORTO RICO.



WILLIAM H. HUNT

William H. Hunt, who succeeds Gov. Allen in Porto Rico, was born in New Orleans, La., on Nov. 5, 1857, and is the fourth son of the late William Henry Hunt, of Louisiana, who was Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinets of President Garfield and Arthur and who served as Minister to Russia. Judge Hunt received his education at Yale, but on account of ill health did not finish his course. In 1896 Yale conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts. When he was 27 years of age Hunt was elected Attorney General of the Territory of Montana. He subsequently

removed to Helena, and in 1888 was elected a member of the Legislature, where he served as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was a member of the constitutional convention in 1884 which framed the constitution of the State when it was admitted to the Union, and also held important judicial positions in Montana. When Gov. Allen went to Porto Rico Mr. Hunt was requested by President McKinley to become Secretary of the island and to assist Gov. Allen in organizing the new civil government, and he served in that capacity until the retirement of Gov. Allen.

looking in bewilderment from one to the other. "It is Charles Edward that I wrote you about," said Anne, blushing. "It is my son Charles," said Mrs. Leslie. "Charles, this is your stepfather." "And my future father-in-law, I trust!" responded Charles Edward, as he shook hands with his mother's new husband. "We'll see about that, my boy," said Mr. Leslie, laughing. "If your mother is willing, I shall have no objection." The four passed a pleasant evening. Charles Edward voted his stepfather to be one of the nicest men he ever met, and Anne thought no lady could be more agreeable than her new mother. Charles Edward remained at home a week and then went back to school, taking with him the assurance that if he studied diligently and both he and Anne were of the same mind at the end of the year no opposition would be made to their marriage.—New York Daily News.

NO REAL INDIANS IN CUBA.

But a Race Hitherto Unknown Has Recently Been Discovered. Stewart Cullin, curator of the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Art and Science, returned recently from a trip to Cuba, where he investigated reports of the existence of savage Indians in the interior of the island. Although there are no wild red men there Mr. Cullin found several bands of so-called Indians who intermarry only among themselves, possess Indian characteristics, straight black hair, copper-colored skin and high cheek bones, but have no tribal organization. They have few customs which differ from those of rural Cuba generally and retain little more of their own language than is the common property of the natives. Concerning the so-called Indians in Cuba representing the aborigines, Curator Cullin said: "There has been an importation of Indians into Cuba from Yucatan by way of San Domingo since the middle of the last century, which complicates the question of the survival of the aboriginal inhabitants of Cuba. From the evidence I procured in Barracoa there is little doubt that the Indian settlement at Yara dates back to the period of the Spanish conquest. The native houses are of Indian design and many of the prevailing customs are of Indian origin. Man, in the rural districts of the island, has simply reverted to a state which with recent wars is unhappily not far removed from savagery. At the same time the cordial hospitality of the people, their gayety and lively interest and curiosity do much to compensate for the wretchedness of living." Visiting the interior of the island, the curator said he saw the so-called Indian Almarares who says he is 112 years old. He has few Indian characteristics and no special traditions. The Indians of Yateras, said the curator, differ from the Cuban country folks generally only in physical appearance, although they are said to be lazier, a trait which is not attributed to the rural inhabitants. In other expeditions Mr. Cullin procured some Indian skulls in caves and also obtained fragments of pottery, an art now lost to the so-called Indians.—Philadelphia Press.

SEA LIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

Their Partial Destruction Based on a Mistaken Idea. Prof. Woodward's wholesome address on the necessity of verifying theories by the observation of facts finds an excellent illustration in the sea lion question in California. These animals, which have long been prized by lovers of nature as one of the great attractions of the coast, have fallen into disrepute among the fishermen because their presence was supposed to account for the deterioration of certain fishing grounds. So confident was the belief in their fish-devouring habits that their destruction—or at least a great reduction of their numbers—was advocated and in part accomplished by the State

Commission of Fisheries, according to a writer in Science. But it now appears that this belief was without substantial foundation. The appeal of fact has been made by the critical examination of the stomachs of slaughtered sea lions, and it has been found by Prof. Dyer that the twenty-five animals examined had eaten only squids and other cephalopods, eschewing fish altogether. The investigation of food habits by means of stomach examination is of far-reaching importance. Dr. Merriam is engaged, through the biological survey, in the most elaborate study of animal foods ever made. For many years the stomachs of wild birds and mammals have been systematically collected and laboriously studied, to the end that the favorite and the occasional foods of each species in each season of the year and in each part of the country may become known. As each group is worked up the facts are published by the Department of Agriculture, and farmers and legislators are thus informed what species may properly be regarded as friendly and what as hostile to the interests of the people. In many instances it has been found that popular impressions, almost necessarily founded on a comparative small number of facts, are altogether erroneous, so that war has been waged on our friends and protection given our enemies.

SOCIAL LIFE IN MANILA.

"When I went to Manila," said the Lieutenant's wife, "there were only fifty American women there, wives of officers; but when I left there were over two hundred—with them one dressmaker, a Chinaman, among them all. Old Sang is his name, and he recently got arrested for smuggling. He was to go before my husband as acting judge, for trial. Sang came to me in his distress to intercede. So did those 200 American women. If Sang was put in jail what would we women have to wear? Well, you may be sure old Sang was let off easy—fortunately he proved himself not guilty. But George, as judge, has all kinds of bribes to resist. Even I was offered Filipino candy and finery by the women prisoners who wanted to be let off lightly. We kept house the last six months with several other officers' families, each woman taking month about as head of the household, managing the Chinese servants, etc. Our food was bought at the army commissary. We had fresh meat from Australia (seven days in cold storage), potatoes, etc., from Hong Kong, China, and our canned goods from America. Socially, the life is a pleasure. Driving on the Luneta, or cool ocean beach, is the universal pastime from 5 to 8 p. m. Once a month we attended the army and navy assembly dance, and there were two other dances a month at the Orient Hotel." Wolesey's Casks of Gold. It has been suggested that it was in a vault at Hampton Court Palace that the incident occurred which opened Henry's eyes to the wealth acquired by his favorite cardinal. As the story goes, the king's fool was paying a visit to the cardinal's fool, and the jocular couple went down into the wine vaults. For fun one of them stuck a dagger or some other pointed instrument into the top of a cask, and to his surprise touched something that clinked like metal. The middlemost pair upon this set to work and pushed off the head of the cask, discovering that it was full of gold pieces. Other casks by their sounds gave indications that they held gold, and not wine. The king's fool stored up his secret, and one day, when Henry VIII. was boasting about his wine, the fool said, satirically: "You have not such wine, sire, as my lord cardinal, for he hath casks in his cellar worth a thousand broad pieces each." And then he told what he had detected. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that Wolesey was so far awake to the fact that he was so suspected by the monarch, as to deem it prudent to present him with Hampton Court.

THE FREIGHT'S THE THING.

Pullmans Make Ten Times the Show of Their Real Value to the Road. "About three-quarters of a railroad's receipts come from the freight department," says a writer in Ainslee's. "The passenger department supplies nearly all the rest, the income from mail, express and other privileges being comparatively small. "Carrying passengers is a simple matter, or would be if State legislatures did not now and then take a hand in prescribing added specifications for railroad passenger service. In Ohio a law was passed decreeing that the height between the platform and the lowest steps of passenger coaches should not exceed twelve inches. This cost the railroads nearly \$100,000, and the reform led to the abolition of a number of flag stops where the passengers had been quite willing to scramble up off the ballast. Legislatures in the West have been known to hamper and exasperate railroad men apparently for

OUR FAMOUS ECHOES.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA IN BUILDINGS AND VALLEYS.

Slight Sounds Audibly Repeated in the Great Tabernacle at Salt Lake City—Wonders of Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington Are Exaggerated. In this country there are many well-known buildings noted for their echoes, and of these perhaps none is more remarkable than the tabernacle in Salt Lake City. When this hall is empty and quiet, the ring of a pin falling on the floor can be heard from all points and even the feeble, rasping sound produced by rubbing the hands together is perfectly audible from one end of the building to the other. A better known, but really less wonderful, example of audibility within a building is found in the national hall of statuary in the capitol at Washington. The phenomena manifested here, which are genuine and interesting enough, have been somewhat over-stated. I have spent a long morning in this hall studying the matter critically and having obtained due permission have questioned the various groups of visitors while being placed in chosen positions by the guides to hear the marvelous reverberations of sound. The guides certainly make the most of their opportunities for impressing visitors—but when a guide retreats to a distance to whisper you may observe on approaching him with due caution that his whisper is of the "stage whisper" sort and calculated to carry with great distinctness under any conditions. The chief acoustical peculiarities of the chamber are clearly due to the fact that the roof, which is partly domed, is not symmetrical with respect to the floor, so that a complex reverberation is the consequence.

Natural echoes unsurpassed in wonderful effect are not far to seek in America. Probably Irish Killarney itself does not hide away more striking echoes than lurk within the famous Colorado canyon, and it would be rash to assert that these are quite the most wonderful to be found among the rocky retreats of the far West. Deep ravines being the recognized haunt of echoes, it may be taken for granted that many exist in the great gorge of Niagara, and anyone journeying to the falls by this approach will be well rewarded by stopping at Inspiration Point, walking forward to the edge of the cliff, and here waiting till the first train, on nearing the level crossing, blows its whistle. All the deep gien takes up and carries on the warning shriek. The musical chord blown so constantly by railway engines often meets with a beautiful response from the surrounding country. This is very noticeable around the lake of Geneva, Wisconsin, when the listener is standing on high ground and trains are threading their way through the woodlands below. These effects are due to the nearness of extensive pine forests to the railroad tracks.

EVOLUTION OF ACTING.

Histrionic Art Has Advanced from Vagabondage to Respectability. Acting has established itself, past all denial, as a profession, the members of which have advanced from vagabondage to respectability, and from the crudities of chance gifts to the excellences of methodical culture, says Franklin Fyles in Everybody's Magazine. Actors must now be accorded a professional rating. The change in public esteem of them is not yet complete, as prejudice still hinders it, but considerate people have been generally won over by the earnest, aspiring, progressive work that is being done in the theaters. Even so justly eminent an actor as Forest stamped and belittled his way from circus ring to the Shakespearean stage by physical force, with none too much of intellectual guidance. There was in his day no graded road for those to take who set out for theatrical success. They had to make their way with only faint trails to follow. The journey is as arduous now, but less uncertain. The route has been laid out on direct lines, and the traveler is no more an adventurous explorer. If he is properly equipped for his journey to the stage, he is as likely to get there as though he started, instead, for bar or pulpit, studio or laboratory.

Many who visited Wadesboro, N. C., to observe the total eclipse of the sun from the observation station there last year noticed that the organ-like piping of the trains, when two miles distant in the broad, wooded valley below, would give place, without sensible break, to an echoing reply, drawn out in a prolonged strain, which slowly and softly died away like the wild notes of some gigantic harp.—Pearson's Magazine.

MOTHERED BY FEATHER DUSTER.

Chickens Thrive Under the Protection of an Inanimate Foster Parent. Seven fluffy little chickens belonging to a family living in Louisville, have a queen mother, says the Courier Journal. For the past two weeks the only protection they have had has been a big feather duster. The substitute for the mother has served its purpose so well that the family expects to raise chickens in the same way every year. The chickens were hatched about three weeks ago, their mother being an old hen which the family had bought in market and had intended to fatten and eat. Before she arrived at the proper condition to be baked she took a notion to set. As is usual in such cases persuasion was vain, and she held her determination to raise a family. A dozen eggs were given her, and she hatched out eight chicks. Of these she was very proud. About two weeks ago a number of friends from out of town visited the family unexpectedly. The problem of what to have for dinner was a serious one, as it was Sunday, and no groceries were open. It was suggested that the hen be killed, but the children were not willing that the chickens should be left to shift for themselves at so tender an age. The problem was solved by the boy, who suggested that the hen be killed and the big feather duster be substituted for her. The duster was suspended just above the floor in the corner of the kitchen, and the chickens placed under it in a box. There they have remained ever since and are growing rapidly. They seem to take kindly to the innovation, and at the first sign of danger they all retreat to the duster, nestling among the feathers.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Was the Exemplar of High Virtues and Founder of Mighty Race. Careful study must lead us all to conclude that Alfred is by no means the hazy, mythological personage which uncritical enthusiasm once threatened to make of him, says Louis Dyer in the Atlantic. He has escaped the fate of his descendant St. Edward the Confessor, and we can form a clearly defined outline, if not a complete picture, of his life and character. Superstitions had with which we cannot sympathize, such as the notion that the fires of Etna were infernal and had therefore been perceptibly less fierce since the birth of Christ. But he was not learning in America—almost with a sense of relief—that the moral perfections of George Washington were not incompatible with his well-attested employment, upon occasion, of exceedingly strong language? If this be our case with Washington, shall we not put up with a dash of superstition in one who has achieved the dangerous pre-eminence of being called "the most perfect character in history" and of being not infrequently coupled with Washington? It will indeed be a healthy result of this year's celebration of the one thousandth anniversary of Alfred's death, if we learn to prize with discrimination the lessons conveyed by the life of Alfred, who was the father and founder of a great race. Indeed, he was himself the first exemplar of the virtues held in highest esteem by that race the world over, but nowhere more highly than in England and America, whose institutions still embody so much of Alfred's spirit.

Why She Was Mad.

One morning, in kindergarten, a wee mite of womanhood had been trying to attract the teacher by every resource of which she was capable, without directly saying she had something to tell. Finally, the young girl went over and sat beside her, whereupon little Rachel dounced her skirts, puckered up her forehead, and, clenching her hand, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, but I'm mad." The teacher was surprised, for Rachel had seemed to be laboring under a delightful secret. "And why is little Miss Sunshine angry?" asked the instructor. "Well, everybody was mad at our house this morning. Mamma scolded Sister Jane, and auntie scolded mamma, and papa said, 'O darn, and left' the table, so I guess I can be cross, too."—Motherhood.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

As You May Have Noticed. "Look at the stuff that goes to waste in the grocery business," said the longer in the store. "And think of the small margin on most of the goods. Where does the profit come in?" "The profit," said the impatient man with the basket on his arm, "comes from having only one clerk to wait on thirty-six customers."—Chicago Tribune.

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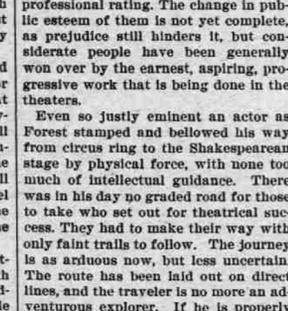
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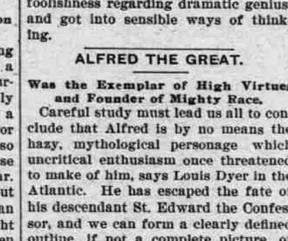
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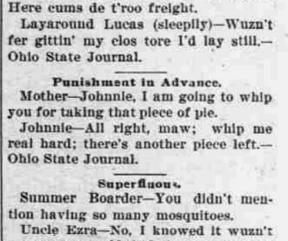
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Mrs. Chatterleigh—Fancy, dear, at the Browns' last night they were all saying how glad they were to hear you were at last engaged! Of course I didn't believe the report, dear, and said I wondered how any one could be so stupid as to imagine anything so absurd.—Punch.

Krupp's Fortune. The German papers state that old man Krupp is worth \$5,000,000. "Who is old man Krupp?" "He is the maker of the Krupp guns."

Well, say, \$5,000,000 isn't much for a cannonmaker when you consider all the startling reports.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Continuous Strike. "Your cousin, Cholli, isn't a youth of striking appearance." "He isn't? Well, I never saw him yet when he didn't appear to be striking matches to light his cigarettes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sentiment and Discretion. Billy—Did she accept you? Jack—Well, she said she'd make a memorandum of my proposal and consider it when the weather gets favorable for mental effort.

Easy All Around. "Birthdays go off all right at our boarding house." "How's that?" "We don't allow but sixteen candles to anybody's birthday cake."

An Inconvenient. "Dot was a perfect fit," said Moses Cohenstein, the clothier, as he pinched up the customer's coat in the back. "It seems to be loose," said the customer doubtfully.

"Vell," said Mr. Cohenstein enthusiastically, "but see how much extraneous goods you get for de same munny!"

Why He Did It. "Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed on her first visit to the dairy. "Why do you crowd the cows so close together in the stalls?" "Them's th' condensed milk cows, mum," replied the accommodating chambermaid.—Denver Times.

Every man occasionally gets into a mean, worthless state when he needs a licking.

The value of a man's advice depends upon the success he has achieved in following it.