

IN THE GLOAMING.

The summer day is dying,
The drowsy flowrets fold;
Long shadow soft is lying
On the green and gold.

The brook, what is it saying,
Or is it laughter slugs,
Some voice of joy was playing
Among day's happy things?

The brook is flowing, flowing,
But not like summer streams;
Faint lights are on it glowing—
It is the drift of dreams.
—John Vance Cheney.

A LITTLE LOVE STORY

OF course I knew all about it. Hadn't I tended Mr. Rodney in long clothes an' lived in the family until he was a strapping, broad-shouldered man, side by side with his father in all the responsibility and work of that big farm? Why, I was nurse an' cook an' sewin' girl an' everything you can think of, in that family!

"An' don't I remember the very day Miss Caryl come there first? You see, it was right after she'd lost her mother, an' she hadn't a soul in the world that belonged to her, anyways close, an' Mrs. Whitcomb was only an old friend herself, but there! It was just her way to go an' ask Miss Caryl to come and live with them.

"Such a little slip of a brown-eyed, curly-headed thing she was, with motions for all the world just like a bird! I can see this minute how she looked when she walked in at the door, an' Mrs. Whitcomb took her in her arms, an' Mr. Whitcomb, too, come up an' gave her a kiss, an' said she must be his little daughter, now; an' with that, Master Sydney, who was only a year younger than Miss Caryl herself—he was 16—come bounce'n up, an' said if she was his sister, he was goin' to have a kiss, too. So then Mr. Rodney kissed her, but in a bashful kind of way, an'—well, I knew what had happened to him that very night.

"An' it all come along as natural as you please! Well, I was glad for Mr.



"I STOPPED STOCK STILL."

Rodney when it was all settled, though I knew, of course, she didn't half know how to love him, just at first. How could she, anyway—little young thing! Folks expects miracles, seems to me.

"I don't forget one day at dinner, when I was clearin away the plates, an' she an' Master Syd got into some discussion an' left it to Mr. Rodney to decide, an' she looked up at him laughin' an' says: 'Now, Rodney, don't you go back on me!' Well, sir, he just looked at her. Such a look! An' she stopped laughin', all of a sudden, an' looked down, an' I says to myself, 'She's beginnin' to understand a little.'

"She was, too. I knew it better afterward.

"Well, by an' by, Mr. Rodney began to think about gettin' married, of course, an' his rich uncle made him an offer of a fine business position out West, an', almost before we knew it, he was gone. I cried myself, seein' how brave he tried to be, leavin' Miss Caryl—'Patsy' he used to call her, she didn't half realize it until he'd started, an' then wasn't she a lonesome little thing for a while? An' didn't she watch for the letters—yes, an' write letters, too?

"After a month or two of that Mr. Huntington come for a visit. He was Mr. Rodney's next brother, you know. He'd never liked the farm, an' had gone to the city as soon as he was old enough to work. An' it happened that he hadn't been home any to stay since Miss Caryl come there to live. Well, you ought to have seen how sweet he was to his 'little sister,' takin' her to drive, an' to everything goin' on in the little town, six miles off, an' all that. Just to keep her from gettin' too homesick for Mr. Rodney, you know. Oh, dear! I don't know as you could blame him much, or her, either, but it was dreadful to see it comin', day by day; to see her forget to write so often, an' to feel how uneasy Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb was gettin' to be! An' the whole thing only took four weeks!

"It was one night, just as I had brought in the lamp an' set it on the parlor table, Mr. Huntington and Miss Caryl come in from the garden together, an', all of a sudden, he caught her in his arms an' says, 'Father! Mother! This is my little girl, an' I'm goin' to have her!'

"I stopped stock still. I had no business to, but I didn't know what I was doin'. 'She's Mr. Rodney's!' I says, just like that. But the next breath she rushed upstairs an' I come to my senses, an' went out an' shut the door before anybody spoke.

"I never knew just what they said, only I know Miss Caryl cried all night, an' told Mr. Huntington it was all a fearful mistake, an' sent him back to the city the first thing in the morning. An' I know the folks promised to forgive her and love her just the same. Then, after that she sat down an' wrote Mr. Rodney all about it. There was pages an' pages of it—telling how

kind Mr. Huntington had been, an' how, just for one little crazy hour, she come to think she'd be prouder to walk down the church aisle as Mrs. Huntington Whitecomb than with dear old Mr. Rodney. But she told him it was all over an' past an' begged him to forgive her an' all that. Poor little thing! Nobody could help but pity her before the answer came. An' when it did come what do you think it was? Just her own letter sent back, without a word.

"Now, do you know, that's the only thing Mr. Rodney could have done to make me sorrier for her than I was for him? She wrote again—just such a pitiful little beggin' note—an' that came back unopened. After awhile she even tried again, but he sent it back just the same.

"How did I know? Well, not by readin' other folk's letters, anyway. The poor little thing had to talk to somebody, an' I wasn't exactly Mr. Rodney's folks, an' still I loved him, you see. There was a terrible time after that. Not that she made a sign out loud, but her stillness was worse. By an' by I got up courage to write to Mr. Rodney myself, an' he was kinder to me than he was to her. That hurt me, too. He wrote back: 'Marcia, says he, 'you can't understand. It can't be, an' it's no use your worryin'. Don't think any more about it.'

"As if I could help it—with the poor little girl sufferin' right in my sight!

"Well, the months went along. Mr. Rodney wrote to his mother, but he never mentioned Miss Caryl's name. It got to be a whole year. Master Syd had been off at college for six months, an' we was lookin' for him home for vacation. Well, sir, a half a day sooner than we expected him to be walked! That wasn't such an awful surprise, of course, but stalkin' right behind him, tall an' sunburned, an' with a full, brown beard—there was Mr. Rodney!

"Master Syd walked right up and kissed Miss Caryl, just as he always did, an' Mr. Rodney, after stoppin' at the door to speak to me, followed an' says quietly, holdin' out his hand, 'Haven't you got a kiss for me, too, Caryl?'

"Little Miss Caryl put both hands over her face an' commenced to go backward. 'Oh, Marcia!' she says, and in a minute I was there an' helped her into another room, where she could cry to her heart's content. And Mr. Rodney never offered to do a thing, but stayed and talked to his mother.

"Oh, Marcia!" says Miss Caryl, when we was by ourselves, 'what does he mean? An' I says: 'My dear, I don't know what he does mean.' For I was all stirred up, I tell you.

"Well, she went to lunch an' tried to act natural. It broke my heart to see her. But Mr. Rodney didn't eat much himself. That was some comfort. When lunch was 'most over Master Syd's trunk came and he had to leave the table to see to it. An' there was something wrong about it, so that first Mr. Whitcomb was called away an' then Mrs. Whitcomb excused herself, too, an' there Mr. Rodney an' Miss Caryl was left all alone.

"I had just swept the last crumbs off the tablecloth when it happened, an' I walked into the pantry with my heart thumpin' like a hammer. 'It's now or never,' says I. There was the pie, all ranged out to take in. 'But what is pie?' says I. I pushed that pantry door almost to, an' then stood an' listened. It was the only time in my life.

"It seemed forever before there was a sound. Then Miss Caryl says, in a nervous sort of way: 'It seems so strange to see you with a beard, Rodney.'

"I was so disappointed I could have cried. It sounded so common. But the next minute come Mr. Rodney's voice, shakin' like a girl's: 'Oh, Patsy!' says he, 'I'll shave it all off if you say so!'

"That was enough. My apron went up to my face an' I leaned against the pantry door an' didn't care if it did go shut with a clik!

"I don't know how long I stood there in the dark, but by an' by Mrs. Whitcomb opened the door against me. 'Why, Marcia, what's the matter?' says she. 'Where's the pie?' she says.

"Why, Marcia, dear!" says Miss Caryl, as soon as she heard me cryin', an' the next minute she was in the pantry with her arms around me.

"Here," says Mr. Rodney, 'I guess I can comfort Marcia, an' with that, in he came, too, an' put his arms around us both.

"Miss Caryl was cryin', too, but Mr. Rodney was too happy an' too much in love. I heard him whisper, 'This is the best turn Marcia ever did for me, an' I knew he meant the chance of kissin' her, there in the dark, but says I to myself, 'That's truer than you know, too, Mr. Rodney.' For what if I had been stupid enough to rush right in with that pie when they were alone together?'—Chicago Record.

Pronouncing Proper Names.
The pronunciation of proper names is always a stumbling block to readers. Very few people would pronounce Allaferro Tallaferro as Oliver Tolliver, yet such is the correct pronunciation. Here are a few others: Baden-Powell is Badden-Po-el, Lieut. Gen. Eustace Fane Bourchier is known as Bowcher. Alcester is Awlster. Belvoir Castle is Bee-ver. The Charleville family, of Bury, pronounces the name Bew-ry. Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, the noted war correspondent up the Nile, is called by his friends Crepp-in-y. Lord Beaconsfield was variously called Disray-elli Dos-rolly and Dis-ray-ly. The last is correct. One of the worst stretches is Featherstonhaugh, the accepted pronunciation of which is Fanshaw. In certain quarters it is Festunshaw. The poet Geoghegan is Gay-gun.

With the exception of trouble, the more the average man has the more he wants.

BLACK HAND OF FATE.

DISASTER HANGS IT'S SABLE PALL OVER THE HAVEMEYERS.

Genit of Bad Luck—Chain of Tragic Events Within Thirty Years—Mysterious Deaths and Divorce Scandals Mark the Family History.

The ninth in the list of tragic deeds that have brought sorrow to a family prominent in the world's financial circles was the recent mysterious death, near Ridgewood, N. J., of Mrs. Natalie Mayer, eldest daughter of the late Theodore Havemeyer, former sugar king. One theory in the case is that Mrs. Mayer committed suicide, but another is that she was murdered by a woman as the result of a quarrel. This is but



MRS. NATALIE MAYER'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

another of the many strange and violent deeds and deaths which have followed the Havemeyer millions for four decades and have caused it to be known as "the family of tragedies."

The first of the Havemeyer tragedies was the death of George Havemeyer, handsome young son of old F. C. Havemeyer, Jr., son of the founder of the great sugar house. It was one day in 1862. The young man had gone into the great Williamsburg refineries to learn the sugar business from start to finish. He was 22 years old when he



ACCIDENT TO GEORGE HAVEMEYER.

was killed in the refineries. His father saw him die. The boy fell down a great shaft and never spoke again. The father's heart was broken. When the building that lost him a son was burned down later he said he was glad of it.

And that was the first tragedy to come to the Havemyers.

Two Divorce Cases.
Henry O. Havemeyer became the business head of the great sugar trust. To better improve what he had inherited, he married Miss Louise Elder, daughter of the junior partner of Haves-



SUICIDE OF CHAS. F. HAVEMEYER.

meyer & Elder. All society was at the wedding and a brilliant social career was predicted for the happy pair. Children were born and everything augured well for society's predictions, but it was not to be. Despite their millions, domestic contentment could not be bought. Eighteen years ago they were divorced, and the scandal attending it

tope deep into the hearts of the Havemyers.

Fate threw Clara Stexens Sutton into the path of William F. Havemeyer, Jr., son of the former Mayor of New York. The purse-proud family were against the match. The son loved her, but the family protested strenuously. Clara Sutton hadn't a cent; he was heir to millions. But she was beautiful and gifted. They eloped. The man was old enough to be Clara Sutton's father, but she was infatuated. In a month the glamour was gone, and in a year she was forced to divorce him. The family swallowed their pride, but the second divorce within the same decade had cut them to the quick. It was another Havemeyer tragedy.

On the heels of the divorce came the death of the mother, Mrs. Sarah Havemeyer, and the contest of her will by her son, Charles W. Havemeyer, of Philadelphia, with whom the family

had not been on good terms for many years.

Disappointment Brings Death.
Theodore A. Havemeyer, brother of Henry O. Havemeyer, had spent all his 58 years of life battling for more money. Every year saw him getting more. But there was one thing he wanted that he couldn't get—the place as United States minister to Austria. His wife was the daughter of an Austrian, Chevalier de Loossey. Hers was the ambition to go back to her father's land and shine at the Emperor's functions. But he never got the appointment and in 1897 he died, a broken-hearted man. "Carley" Havemeyer, his favorite son, followed him the next year. Disappointment led to the deaths of both.

The divorced wife of William F. Havemeyer, Jr., married an old lover, who was considered wealthy, but who awoke one day to the fact that he was penniless. He was taken with a severe sickness and to support them his wife went on the stage as a dancing girl. The play was a great hit. Thousands of dollars came in at the box office from people of the "400" who wanted to see "Clary" Bloodgood dance for her dying husband. One night her place was filled by an understudy, "Jack" Bloodgood was dead. The Havemyers had another tragedy on their hands.

Mrs. Mary G. Havemeyer was the widow of Henry Havemeyer, one of the millionaires of the sugar trust, who died peacefully in his bed. She left many millions, but her will was not left alone. She left twice as much to her daughters as to her sons, and so once more the family skeletons were taken to court and trotted out to public view.

Hardly was the case done when Henry Havemeyer, Jr., one of the contesting heirs, made another tragedy for his family by dying. He had \$12,000 a year from his mother, and he went to Paris to enjoy it. And there, before he could even spend a year's income, he fell ill from appendicitis, a family ailment, which H. O. Havemeyer and his son, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., both had and nearly died.

A Case of Suicide.
The next of the Havemeyer tragedies was the saddest of all. Charles F.

Chicago Dentist Fails to Convince a Spinner She Was Married.

Dr. Fillium is a dentist, and he prides himself on remembering his patients and the history of their molars as well as any doctor in Chicago. The other day a plump, blonde little woman sailed into the office cheerfully.

"I want to make an engagement to have my teeth examined, doctor," she remarked, as if she had been a patient of ten years' standing.

"All right. How'll Saturday suit you?" inquired the doctor, all the time making a strong mental effort to recall her name.

"No," she hesitated. "I promised to take the children to the country then, and Mr. Johns—"

"Of course; I recollect now. Your husband was in a while yesterday and told me about it," interrupted Dr. Fillium, joyfully recognizing the name of one of his patients.

"No, my husband wasn't here yesterday," remarked the woman, with a queer smile.

"Oh, yes he was, ma'am, and I filled a tooth for him," insisted the doctor.

"You never filled a tooth for my husband in your life," said the little lady, eying him enviously.

"My dear Mrs. Johns, I—"

"Who do you take me for, anyway?" "Mrs. Johns, ma'am."

"Well, I'm not; I'm Miss Angelina Slums of the Waifs' Mission, and you made me a set of false teeth the year before the World's Fair. Mr. Johns-on is the man who runs the mission I'm in."

Dr. Fillium lost a patient, but added something to his store of human knowledge.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

About Ready to Settle Down.
"That old man goin' by," said the landlord of the tavern at Yaphank to the summer man, indicating with a jerk of his thumb a bent and time-worn figure that was doddering down the village street, "is Uncle Zluri Tarp. He's lived here all his life—'Most eighty-six years."

"H'm!" commented the city man, with mild facetiousness. "He must like it here pretty well by this time."

"Oh, yes; he says he guesses he'll make this village his permanent residence."—Smart Set.

What he wanted was happiness and he couldn't get it. Eight months after his death another child was born. Not long ago the widow married Frederick O. Beach, another society man. They are happy now, but the Havemyers have not forgot the tragedy that threw the entire family into mourning again.

THE MOSQUITO SONG.

Caused by Action of Wings and Insect's Breathing.

You can best observe the mosquito in action by letting one settle undisrupted on the back of your hand, and watching while she fills herself with your blood; you can easily watch her doing so with a pocket lens. Like the old lady in "Pickwick," she is soon "sweating wilyly." She gorges herself with blood, indeed, which she straightway digests, assimilates and converts into 3.0 eggs. But if, while she is sucking, you gently and unobtrusively tighten the skin of your hand by clenching your fist hard you will find that she cannot any longer withdraw her mandibles; they are caught fast in your flesh by their own harpoon-like teeth, and there she must stop accordingly till you choose to release her. If you then kill her in the usual manner by a smart slap of the hand, you will see that she is literally full of blood, having sucked in a good drop of it.

The humming sound itself by which the mosquito announces her approaching visit is produced by two distinct manners. The deeper notes which go to make up her droning song are due to the rapid vibration of the female insect's wings as she flies; and these vibrations are found by means of a siren (an instrument which measures the frequency of the waves in notes) to amount to about 3,000 in a minute. The mosquito's wings must, therefore, move with this extraordinary rapidity, which sufficiently accounts for the difficulty we have in catching one.

But the higher and shriller notes of the complex melody are due to special stridulating organs situated like little drums on the openings of the air tubes; for the adult mosquito breathes no longer by one or two air-entrances on the tail or back, like the larva, but by a number of spiracles, as they are called, arranged in rows along the sides of the body and communicating with the network of internal air-chambers.

The curious mosquito music thus generated by the little drums serves almost beyond a doubt as a means of attracting male mosquitoes, for it is known that the long hairs on the antennae of the males vibrate sympathetically in union with the notes of a tuning fork, within the range of the sounds emitted by the female. In other words, hair and drums just answer to one another. We may, therefore, reasonably conclude that the female sings in order to please and attract her wandering mate, and that the antennae of the male are organs of hearing which catch and respond to the buzzing music she pours forth for her lover's ears. A whole swarm of gnats can be brought down, indeed, by uttering the appropriate note of the race; you can call them somewhat as you can call male glow worms by showing a light which they mistake for the female.—Strand Magazine.

DID NOT KNOW HER HUSBAND.
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What the Whitehead Torpedo Cost.
The Government paid \$75,000 for the secret and right of manufacture of the Whitehead torpedo.

A woman's Auburn hair may be as black as a red-hot coal.

A KLONDIKE QUEEN.

Pucky Widow Who Won a Fortune in Alaska.

Mrs. Mary Wixon is one of the few women who have won, all made by men, a fortune from the Klondike. She is one of the Klondike Klondike. She began to earn her money living at the age of 14 as a kitchen maid in Portsmouth, N. H., where she was born. She drifted from city to city working as a household servant, and one time she was a scrub-woman for the Pullman Car Company in Minnesota.

At 22 she married William Wixon, ship carpenter. In a search for health they went to Idaho, where Wixon worked as a miner. They caught the Klondike fever, and they saved enough money to take the widow and child to Alaska. During the first year Mrs. Wixon died, leaving Mrs. Wixon almost penniless in the wilderness. She joined the Dawson Dawson City, however, and opened a boarding house in a log cabin.

The first year she made \$8,000, a number whom she had rescued from a fatal illness left her a claim on Dawson Creek. She started to develop it, speaking of her struggles she says: "I had to hire all the work done by my men were wasteful, but they paid a net profit of over \$10,000 a year. We struck bedrock at a depth



MRS. MARY WIXON.

22 feet, and there we dug tunnels and drifts into the richest gold-bearing gravel. Lots of this gravel ran into pan, and some went even to \$25 a pan.

"Every day I went down to the hill in the gravel and saw for myself the lifted men were doing. I worked at first, but I soon came to see whether the miners were losing time or were carrying off nuggets of my property. When the annual miner staking took place in June, and we ran all the accumulated gold heap through the sluices, we got some sixty-five more pounds of gold about six weeks. I sent it all down the San Francisco coast and had money deposited in a bank for me.

"The second year's work in the mine was prosperous. We had mined about \$15,000 in gold when I was ed \$60,000 cash for my claim. I thought I would be better off with than mining among men and women. From that time until the summer of 1898 I bought and sold real estate in two houses at Dawson and added to fortune every month. Oh, I could add that I had over twenty people marry there in one year. One man had offers of marriage from three women.

Mrs. Wixon now has \$150,000 invested, and her income is about \$15 a year. She has left the Klondike for good and intends to spend the rest of her life in Boston. She has long her sisters and brothers and a nephew, a deaf mute nephew as well as in Washington. She is not at all of the fact that she once washed and scrubbed floors and does not intend cutting a wide swath in the society.

The Whooping Cough Party.
"A Long Island girl gave a whooping cough party the other day."
"Clever idea. It ought to be taglous. Any restrictions?"
"Yes. She issued invitations only asked for acceptance from those who had had, or were having, whooping cough. If any of the invited could all the conditions they sent their invitations with 'D. S. H. H. C.' in the corner."

"What's that?"
"D-readfully sorry haven't whooping cough." It is said they whooped in great style."
"It must have cost a neat sum to drive it up without a murmur."
"People don't have whooping twice, do they?"
"I think not. Why?"
"Because if they don't it spoils chance the hostess might have by saying, 'Well, here's whooping meet again!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Snake-Worshippers.
At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society in Washington, Matthews described the snake worship of the Navajos, a New Mexican race. A Navajo, he said, never kills a snake. If he finds one coiled in his path, he gently lifts it with a stick and tosses it aside. The Navajos think snakes very wise and understand the language of men. At the same time they believe snakes are evil, and will employ information they get by listening to men for their disadvantage. Accordingly, the Navajos hold their sacred rites, and recite their prayers in winter, when the snakes are hibernating and cannot overhear them.

His Mistake.
"What do you consider the greatest mistake of your life?" asked the man of the committee of women who was looking into the conditions of the penitentiary.

"Giving up good cash to a poor yer," bitterly replied the convict, "bitterly repudiated the conditions had just been 'sent down.'"
Post.