ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By

MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VI.

Most of the guests had left Hazell Court; and only Lord Harold Erskine and Mr. Le Marchant remained. It was the fourth day after the ball, and Mr. Hastings was alone that evening. At seven o'clock he strolled toward the woods. He told himself he hoped he should not meet Miss Eyre; it would be so awkward, so unpleasant; and yet he went in the direction that she always took on her return from the cottage, and at the very hour he knew she should pass. When Errol saw Winifred coming along slowly and sadly through the woods he could no longer conceal from himself the delight he experienced at seeing her again.

Winifred appeared unconscious of him until she came close to the gate, and then she looked up with an air of cool indifference that might have befitted the best-bred woman in Europe. Errol did not open the gate, but put his hand across to her. She affected not to see it. "Miss Eyre," he said, "will you not even take my hand?"

"No, I thank you," answered Winifred, coldly; "I do not choose to be known one day and unnoticed the next."

"What do you mean, Miss Eyre? I do not understand you."

"I mean this, Mr. Hastings; we have met several times, and I was foolish enough to imagine that it was on equal terms until you reminded me by passing me unnoticed with your high-born friends, that you were the lord of the manor, and I only a farmer's daughter."

"Miss Eyre," he said, quickly, "it is impossible you should attribute motives so false and mean to me."

"Why impossible?" Winifred asked. "I know nothing of you, Mr. Hastings."

Her self-command in this speech was wonderful, for her heart was fluttering tumultuously, as a woman's heart always does when she is saying a bitter thing to the man she loves. There was silence for a moment, and then she said quietly:

"Will you let me pass, Mr. Hastings?"

"No," he cried suddenly and passionately, "you shall not pass until you have recalled those words."

"Then I must retrace my steps," Winifred said, looking at his defiantly.

He seized her hand.

"You shall not go until you tell me why you are so bitter and angry with me to-day."

"I am not angry or bitter," she quickly replied, forcing back the rebellious tears. "Only——"

"Only what?"

"Do not torture me, Mr. Hastings" exclaimed Winifred. "It is cruel, unmanly of you. Let me go! I will not tell you."

"But you shall tell me!" he said, still keeping hold of her hand, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes that made her half afraid of him.

"I do not wish to tell you—you force me to it!" she cried.

"I will not stir from here except you tell me."

Winifred's voice was half choked with excitement as she answered: "Then hear it. I hate you! You have been cruel, inconsiderate, unjust to me."

"I?" said Errol.

"Yes, you. You tried to make a simple, inexperienced, country girl care for you, with your refinement and fascinations; and when you succeeded you despised her for her folly, and turned away from her contemptible simplicity to the woman who, from her birth and station, was worthy of your real love."

"Winifred! Miss Eyre!" exclaimed Errol, "how can you have mistaken me so? Do you imagine there is anyone in the world but yourself for whom I care?"

"Yes, for your betrothed, Miss Champion, Mr. Hastings."

"I am neither betrothed to Miss Champion nor yet to any other woman," he exclaimed, quickly.

"Do not attempt to deceive me any further," Winifred said, with a flush of anger. "Your relations with Miss Champion can scarcely be doubtful, after your opening the ball with her before all your grand friends."

"Miss Eyre," he said, gravely, "will you accept my solemn assurance that I have not asked Miss Champion to be my wife, and that I have no intention of doing so? There is only one woman in the world that I love, and I love her with all the passion of my soul. Because she is so dear to me, I am going to leave my country, and the home for which I have longed, and I am going to be a wanderer again on the face of the earth."

"You are going away?" cried Winifred, in a tremulous voice.

"Yes, I am going away from country, home and friends, because, being near her, I cannot control my passionate longing for her; I cannot tear my thoughts from her, or bring myself to look with love or admiration on any other woman."

The gate was open now, and Mr. Hastings had taken Winifred in his arms.

"My darling," he whispered, "do you know who that woman is?"

Winifred was confused, surprised, ashamed, and yet withal a tumultuous joy overshadowed her whole being. Then this fairy tale was true, after all, and this splendid, gallant knight was at her feet in all truth and sincerity.

"Winifred," he said, passionately, "look into my eyes, and tell me that you love me."

She raised her beautiful, shy brown eyes to his, and he bent down and kissed her so fondly, so tenderly, that she could no longer doubt his truth. And then there was a silence, a long silence, for the spell of the day dream seemed too sweet to be broken by words.

"Miss Eyre!" he said finally, "I cannot marry you. I dare not ask your forgiveness, but you must listen to me for one moment. The first time I saw you I loved you, and every time that we have met since I have loved you more and more, until at last I almost felt as if existence without you was impossible. I resolved to leave England—to go abroad, somewhere where I should be removed from the temptation of seeing or hearing of you. But to-day, when I saw you coming toward me, all my strength failed me. Do you know that for centuries back my race have suffered for one rash vow? Time after time they have sacrificed their love, their hopes to it, and I dared not be the first to break it by marrying one who, though my equal, nay, my superior in all else, was beneath me in rank. I must go away. I must forget you."

"Beneath you?" cried Winifred, with flashing, indignant eyes—"beneath you, Mr. Hastings? You deemed Flora Champion a worthy bride, and am I not equally the granddaughter of Sir Howard?"

"The granddaughter of Sir Howard Champion!" Mr. Hastings said, scarcely believing he heard aright.

"My mother was his daughter!" and with a proud, passionate gesture, Winifred threw open the gate. He felt as if brain, heart and limb were paralyzed by what he had just heard.

Sir Howard's granddaughter! Then that accounted for the breeding which had so puzzled him, and there was in truth no reason why he should not make her his wife. If he could only have known that before. And Flora Champion and Reginald? They knew it, and concealed it from him all the while. Lady Grace Farquhar must have known it—all his servants, and everyone who lived in the neighborhood; and yet some strange fatality had conspired to keep him in ignorance of a fact it would have sealed his happiness to know. It was too late now. He knew her pride; he knew that if he had the crowns and the wealth of India to offer her, she would reject him in scorn now.

And she had loved him dearly, he knew that, or she would never have suffered his kisses on her lips, or looked lovingly into his face with those sweet brown eyes. He felt maddened by his thoughts, by the recollection of what was, and what might have been. And he turned his steps homeward, not lingeringly, not hopefully, as he had come, but swiftly, half mad with crushing despair.

CHAPTER VII.

The next evening just as Errol Hastings and his friends had finished dinner a servant brought in a note to the master. It was from Winifred Eyre, and read as follows:

"You will perhaps guess that only very urgent need induces me to hold communication with you after—after what passed last night. Your words were overheard by Mr. Fenner, an intentional spy, whom a short time since I refused to marry. He came to me this afternoon, and threatens that if I still persist in my refusal to become his wife he will publish the story to the neighborhood. I ask of you to find some means of action that will insure the silence of this man, and protect me from a marriage which I dread more than death. Mr. Fenner insists on my answer being given in three days. If you have one impulse of generosity left, you will help me."

As Errol read the note an imprecation burst from his lips that made both his friends look up suddenly.

"Why, Errol!" exclaimed Mr. Le Marchant, "what is the matter?"

Mr. Hastings recovered himself ain a moment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling; "I was rather annoyed at the moment. A letter from a refractory tenant."

"Ah!" said Arthur Le Marchant, with a smiling glance at the envelope which lay on the table; "lady tenants are always the most troublesome."

All the evening Mr. Hastings seemed absent and unusually silent, and when the two other men went out for a stroll on the terrace he did not join them.

"Excuse me for half an hour," he said. "I have some business to transact, and will follow you."

When they were gone he rang the bell.

"Send Letsom to me at once," and a minute afterward the old servant came hurrying.

"Letsome," said Mr. Hastings, "do you know anyone of the name of Fenner hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," answered Letsom. "There's a farmer of that name lives two miles from here, up at Chalk Farm."

"What do you know about him?"

"Well, sir, I can't say as I know much, but I have heard more lately being in conjunction with Miss Eyre. It was Hawkins as told me; he was that angry one night because he heard as Fenner was a-courtin' Miss Eyre. 'I'll spoil his sport, if I hear any more,' says he; 'but I'm not afraid that a lady like Miss Eyre 'ud demean herself to such as him.'"

"What did Hawkins mean when he said he'd spoil Fenner's sport if he wanted to marry Miss Eyre?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir; but he seemed quite mad about it, and talked like as if he knew something bad about Fenner. I thought perhaps it was only talk, though, because he sets such a deal on Miss Eyre."

"Send Hawkins to my room at ten o'clock to-morrow," said Mr. Hastings; "I want to ask him about the partridges;" and Mr. Hastings rose and went to join his friends on the terrace.

The following morning there was a low tap at the door, and Hawkins, the gamekeeper, entered Mr. Hastings' room. A long conversation followed, as a result of which Mr. Hastings sent the following note to Fenner:

"Sir—Be good enough to call upon me this afternoon, at three o'clock. I have to speak to you on important business.

"ERROL HASTINGS.

"Hazell Court."

At half-past three Mr. Fenner rang at the door of Hazell Court. It was opened immediately, and he was escorted through the grand hall, along a corridor, and up some steps into Mr. Hastings' private room. Errol was sitting at his writing table when Fenner entered. He merely looked up and continued his letter. Tom Fenner felt very savage; he would have liked to throw himself with a swagger into one of the chairs, but he did not dare. There was something in Errol's look, and something in his own servile fear of rank, that made him afraid to take a liberty.

Presently Mr. Hastings looked up and said:

"I have sent for you to tell you that I object to the way in which you have annoyed Miss Eyre lately, and to request that you will discontinue it."

Tom Fenner felt he was getting very savage.

"And suppose," he remarked, insolently, "that I say I shan't, what then?"

"Very well," said Mr. Hastings, quietly, "then I will order my horse, and go round to Mr. Lennox, and tell him you are the scoundrel who shot Tom White, the gamekeeper, three years ago in the Holton woods."

Fenner started convulsively, he turned ashen white and trembled in every limb.

"Oh, sir!" he cried, in agony of fear, as soon as he could speak, "don't do that!"

And then all of a sudden he recovered himself, and looked at the man who had confronted him with an air of dogged defiance.

"I didn't know what you meant at the minute," he said, pale to the lips; "I thought it was something else. I don't know anything about Tom White's affair—that was the poachers' doing."

Mr. Hastings did not answer for the moment; but his eyes were fixed on Fenner's face. The miserable coward took courage from his opponent's silence, and tried to force a sneer.

"I suppose you thought to trump up some lie against me," he continued; "but a fine gentleman's word isn't quite enough in these days to transport an honest man."

"No," acquiesced Errol, quietly; "it wants proof."

"Yes," echoed Fenner, "it wants proof."

"Shall I give it first to you or the magistrates?" asked Mr. Hastings, coolly.

"I know nothing about it; it's a trumped-up lie. I defy you!" cried the farmer, savagely.

Mr. Hastings kept his temper admirably; he did not even raise his voice.

"Stop a moment," he said. "I have something to tell you; if any of my details are wrong, you can correct me. The gamekeeper, White, had a very pretty sister called Sophy, who was a seamstress, and worked for your mother."

Fenner started uneasily.

"You promised to marry her," proceeded Errol, coldly. "She appealed to you to keep your word, and you laughed in her face. She turned in her misery to her brother, and he met you and thrashed you in the lanes. Is it not so?"

Fenner's teeth chattered, but he ddi not speak.

"You told no one of your meeting," Errol went on, "but you remained in bed, and said you had an attack of rheumatism. One day when you knew White would pass alone through the Holton woods, you hid yourself, with your gun, and waited for him."

The wretch was brought to bay at last, through the information which Hawkins had imparted to Errol.

"Have mercy on me, sir!" he gasped, almost inarticulately. "I'll do anything you tell me."

"Sit down on that chair, then," said Mr. Hastings, sternly, "and copy what is on that piece of paper."

Fenner walked trembling to the table, and sat down. His hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pen that was thrust into it. He leaned back for a moment, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and began:

"I apologize to you, Miss Eyre, for the anxiety and annoyance I have caused you, and I solemnly swear never again from this time to molest or injure you in any way, either by word or deed.

"THOMAS FENNER."

"I have just one word of caution to give you before you go," said Errol, in a quick, rasping tone of contempt. "The wisest thing you can do is to be off from these parts as soon as you can settle your affairs. I am not the only person who knows the cowardly assassin of poor White, and as long as any trace of you is left you are at his mercy and mine. And now, you spying, murderous hound, begone, while I still have power to restrain myself from kicking you out of the house!"

(To be continued.)

EXCITING TIMES.

What Would an Engineer Do in Case of a Collision.

In the St. Nicholas Cleveland Moffett tells many good stories about the locomotive engineer and his experiences.

I asked if an engineer plans ahead what he will do in a collision. It seemed reasonable that a man always under such menace would have settled his mind on some prospective action. But they laughed at the idea, and declared that an engineer can no more tell how he will act in an emergency than the ordinary citizen can say what he would do in a fire, or how he would meet a burglar. One engineer would jump, another would stick to his throttle, and the chances of being killed were as good one way as the other. The only thing a man wouldn't do is reverse his engine, for that would make the driver slip, and set the whole business to skating ahead.

The mention of a burglar led one of the newcomers to tell of William Powell's adventure with some Sing Sing convicts. Powell was the oldest engineer on the New York Central.

On one occasion four or five convicts outwitted the guards by dropping from a trestle upon the tender of a moving locomotive, and the first thing the engineer knew he was set upon by a band of desperate men, who covered him and his fireman with revolvers.

"Out you go now, quick," said the convicts; "we'll run this engine ourselves."

The engine was No. 105, Powell's pride and pet, and he could not bear to have unregenerate hands laid upon her, so he spoke up very politely: "Let me run her for you, gentlemen; I'll go wherever you say."

They agreed to this, and some distance down the line left the engine and departed into the woods. "And the joke of it was," concluded the narrator, "that the revolvers of those convicts had were made of wood painted black, and couldn't shoot any more than the end of a broom! It was a big bluff they had played, but it worked."

"Wasn't any bluff when Denny Cassin got held up at Sing Sing," said another engineer. "Convicts had revolvers all right that trip, and Denny threw up his hands same as any man would. It was right at the Sing Sing station, and three of 'em jumped into the cab all of a sudden, and told Denny to open her up, and he did—indeed! Then they told him to jump, and he did—indeed! Then they told him to jump, and he jumped; but first he managed to fix her tank-valves so she'd pump herself full of water and stop before she'd gone far. That was Denny's great scheme, and he walked along, laughing to think how mad those convicts would be.

"It turned out, though, that Denny spoiled a nice trap they'd laid up at Tarrytown to catch those fellows when they got there. You see, the telegraph operator wired up the line that a runaway locomotive was coming with three escaped convincts on her, and the train-dispatcher at Tarrytown just set the switch so the locomotive would sail plump over a twelve-foot stone embankment down into the Hudson River. That's what would have happened to those convicts if Denny had left his tank-valve alone, but, of course, 89 got so water-logged long before she reached Tarrytown; she just kicked out her cylinder-ends a few miles up the track and stopped. Then the convicts climbed down and skipped away. Two of 'em got caught afterward, but one they never caught."

The Greeks, after exercising, always annointed their bodies with perfumed oil, sometimes performing this anointing three or four times a day.

MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR POLITICIANS IN POSITION OF UNITED STATES SENATOR.

J. J. INGALLS, of Kansas, once stated that the office of United States Senator was the most attractive post under the government—the supreme prize of American politics—the Presidency not excepted. Mr. Ingalls was not the only man who held that opinion. In the cloakroom of the Senate a few days ago the reasons why the office of Senator was such a desirable position were subject of an animated discussion between a group of Senators.

"One of the reasons that the office is so much sought after," said a Western Senator, "is that its comparative fixity of tenure gives service in the upper branch of Congress a powerful charm for men of ambition. Its desirability may be inferred from the action of many of the Legislatures in the last few months which have had Senators to elect. Within the last few weeks Platt, of New York; Fairbanks, of Indiana; Spooner, of Wisconsin; Teller, of Colorado; Platt, of Connecticut, and Allison, of Iowa, were re-elected for the term beginning this year.

"The only instance known of a man resigning his seat in the Senate to enter the House was that furnished by Henry Clay. The relative attractiveness of the two branches of Congress has radically changed since that time, however, and there are several reasons why the post of a Senator is far more desirable than that of a Representative, although the salary is no greater.

"The post of Senator carries with it a social prestige which is wanting in that of a Representative. The term is much longer, the chamber is smaller, and, therefore, each of its members is able to command a greater share of the country's attention than falls to the lot of the average Representative. In addition to this the scope of the Senate's activity because of its power over treaties and Presidential nominations is broader than that of the house; it has been able to usurp, through its power of amendment, the prerogative primarily belonging to the House of originating revenue bills, and the freedom of debate which it enjoys gives a chance for all of its members to assert themselves. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why lawyers of the first rank, like Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and Spooner, of Wisconsin, enjoying a lucrative practice in their respective States, have been willing to give up their large private income to accept a seat in the Senate, which pays but a small fraction of the money they could undoubtedly earn on the outside.

"It may also account for the fact that men of the very highest talent and reputation have been anxious to accept Senatorial honors in cases where their private income is sufficient to place them above the ordinary struggles of life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MINGLING OF DELICATE AND AUSTERE EFFECTS IN THE HIGH TURN-OVER COLLARS.

A mingling of delicate and austere effects shows in the new high turn-over linen collars which are ornamented with embroidered or woven-in dots in white or color and a single or double row of hemstitching about the edges. Other linen turnover collars come in uncompromising plainness. Some of the models have a perpendicular buttonhole near the edge of each flap in front. Through these buttonholes a link clasp is slipped. Low rolling Byron collars are popular for sporting costumes, as they permit perfect freedom for the throat and at the same time have a neat, trim appearance. A linen collar which has attained popularity in Paris is a stiff, clerical band, fastening with two studs at the back. The scarf is tied about the base of the collar. The tie which is, as a rule, worn with the stiff linen collar is the long scarf of soft silk crape or the new linen gauze. Long scrafs are the prevailing necktie. There are, indeed, comparatively few stiff mannish ties to wear with linen collars. Even ascots are softly crossed or the ends merely looped over each other. The Windsor tie, with its loose, free bow or soft knot, is a favorite.

NO RACE SUICIDE IN THIS FAMILY.

MR. AND MRS. OSCAR WEBER AND CHILDREN.

Oscar Weber, of Atlantic City, proves his belief in the "Rooseveltan theory" by striving to pound out a living as a cabinet maker for a family of thirteen children, ten of whom are boys. By strict attention to detail and indomitable ambition Weber has succeeded in giving all of them educational advantages and none of them has gone to bed hungry. The oldest child has reached the advanced age of 25, and the youngest is half past three. Weber was born in Saxony and his wife is a Bohemian, but neither of them is worrying on that account. In fact they are both well satisfied with the institutions of their adopted country. The accompanying picture of the family is a chip shy, as one child was away from home when the camera was trained on the group.

No Street Car Seats for Her.

"Lots of funny things happen right along on these cars," said a conductor on the Fourteenth street line to a passenger, one day last week. "See the large woman standing inside?" he continued, using his index finger. "Well, she boarded my car at the Treasury, and unless somebody leaves the car I'm of the opinion she'll be standing when we reach Mount Pleasant, and all for her treatment of a poor, timid little man who failed to resign his seat to her, a space that she could not have occupied to save her life, and she knew it; but some women, in order to make men occupying seats feel uncomfortable, will do anything from smothering them with their aggressive bundles down to standing on their feet, all of which this woman had tortured the little man with, and she finally was the cause of sending the whole car into roars of laughter. With the woman, standing in front of him and swinging on to a strap, the little man tried to get up, and, as the large woman thought, to offer her his seat at last. Quite loud enough for every one to hear, she said, with complete satisfaction and in a tone calculated to freeze anything: 'Oh, I insist that you keep your seat, sir. I have stood for ten squares, and I guess I can stand the rest of the way,' and he was fairly shoved back into his seat. Very soon he tried to get up again. 'I explained to you, sir, that I am perfectly able to stand, and would not have your seat.'

"'But,' cried the little man, 'I want to get off,' and everybody laughed but the large woman."—Washington Post.

Stockings.

How many readers are familiar with the history and origin of the most common articles they daily use? We eat, drink, wear without thinking whence or wherefore. Stockings were known among the Romans more than 1,800 years ago, as is proved by paintings found in the ruins of Pompeii. They were considered more ornamental than useful. In the colder climate of northern Europe they became a necessity, and the manufacture of them became a recognized employment in the twelfth century, when they were fashioned chiefly of cloth. In the reign of Edward II. they assumed a resemblance of those now worn. At the courts of Spain and Italy they were fashioned of silk and were made enormously large.

Lessons from the Bee.

The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work.

He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.

They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time if he can help it.

They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee.

They show much sympathy or kind fellow feeling for each other in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him.

They are very early risers.

They delight in fresh air.

They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.

Potatoes in Manitoba.

The Manitoba potato crop amounted to 3,450,325 bushels and the root crop to 3,230,995 bushels. There are 1,824 thrashing outfits in the province.

Indiana Men Are Tallest.

The men of Indiana are taller than those of any other State or nation in the world. This is shown by army records.

"You are too good for me," a woman says, in the first days of their engagement; and after a while he begins to believe it, and looks further.

We have noticed that in a shooting affray one doesn't have to read far to come across the word "love."

Science AND Invention

The late surveys of the English coast show a loss of land of forty thousand acres since 1867, although in some places, as at New Romney, the solid ground has been pushed out two miles or more in the sea.

The city of Toronto counts on getting 125,000 horse-power from Niagara Falls, although its distance from the great cataract is ninety miles. The electric current is to be carried the entire distance from the generating plant, which will be constructed on the Canadian side, by cables supported on a double-pole line.

Evidences of the favorable action of X-rays upon lupus and cancer continues to increase. The action is not yet understood, one theory being that it kills the bacteria, while a more probable suggestion is that the inflammation set up brings an accumulation of phagocytes and leucocytes, and these "scavenger" cells attack and destroy the morbid tissues.

Excessive muscular development is pronounced by an experienced physician to be not only unnecessary, but positively dangerous. On ceasing athletic training, which every person must do sooner or later, the system adapts itself very slowly to new conditions, and digestive and liver troubles are very liable to follow. The great lungs, not needed in sedentary work, degenerate, often leading to consumption.

The bacteria mining lamp of Prof. Hans Molisch, of Prague, consists of a glass jar lined with a compound of saltpetre and gelatine, previously inoculated with luminous bacteria. In this culture the bacteria showed enormous increase. In two days a bluish green light filled the jar, sufficiently brilliant to show faces two yards away, and to enable a person to read large type, and this light remained for several days, gradually fading away in about a fortnight. The light is cold and quite safe in mines filled with the most dangerous gases.

All readers of Scott's novels must vividly remember the Peak of Derbyshire. This elevated region is to be made a source of water supply for four cities—Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham and Leicester. The gathering ground of the water lies from 500 to 2,070 feet above sea level, and covers fifty square miles. Virtually, the entire sources of the river Derwent will be collected, but one-third of the water must be restored to the river to protect vested interests along its course. The cost is estimated at $50,000,000. A temporary town, with houses of galvanized iron lined with match-board, and with a school, a church, a hospital and a concert hall, has been constructed for the army of laborers, who will be employed for a dozen years. There are to be five reservoirs with an aggregate capacity of 10,508,000,000 gallons.

The project of climbing the loftiest mountain on the earth, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, whose tremendous head rises, according to trigonometrical measurements, 29,002 feet above sea level, has now reached a stage immediately antecedent to the actual attempt. A party, led by Mr. Eckenstein, an experienced climber, has set out for the foot of the great peak. Several celebrated mountain climbers have expressed the opinion that the feat is feasible, but only by the method of gradual ascent, whereby the adventurers may become inured to the effects of a rare atmosphere. Months and even years may be spent in ascending to higher and higher levels, a long pause being made after every considerable advance. The highest ascent now on record is that of Aconcagua, in the Andes, the elevation of which is 23,080 feet, 5,992 feet, or more than a mile, less than the height of Everest.

SAVE THE LAMP CHIMNEYS.

Care Will Prevent Much Breakage and Consequent Expense.

We are assured by a contemporary that the breaking of lamp chimneys is mainly due to unequal expansion and that this can be remedied by making perpendicular cuts all around the "bulging part" of the chimney with a diamond ring.

Well, really! Why did no one think of this simple remedy until now, when lamps burn blue, and, indeed are in danger of going out forever before the radiance of the garish electric light?

The beauty of the suggestion lies in its extreme practicability and its ready utilization of the means at hand. It is so simple, so convenient. Everybody owns diamonds and everybody wants to save dimes. Some people will urge that they have to work so hard directing trust companies and checking off the social calendar that they do not have time to sit down once a week or so and scratch lamp chimneys. Their course, however, is perfectly clear. They must provide the butler with a set of diamonds and let him attend to this economy.

What a burden is removed from the shoulders of the ordinary housekeeper. No more worry over breaking lamp chimneys. A few flourishes with her diamond and she has insured herself against every chance except the lightheadedness of the hired girl.

There are people, of course, who will carry this thing to excess. They will not be satisfied with perpendicular cuts. Oh, no! They will begin to itch for triangles and asterisks and chrysanthemum patterns. The daughter of the house will quit pyrography to expend her artistic yearnings on the decoration of the lamp chimneys, and as, of course, fancy cuts cannot be achieved with any old kind of a diamond it will be necessary to have certain styles for certain cuts, so that a regular outfit for a lamp chimney decorator will probably cost several thousand dollars. Shades will go out of fashion in order to show off ornate lamp chimneys. Fierce rivalry will develop in the fashionable set and common people will go mad on the subject and the manufacturers will take the matter up and the first thing we know we shall see cut glass chimneys on the market. The question then will be, considering the extreme fragility of cut glass, is not the last state of the housekeeper worse than the first?

But it is folly to look far ahead. Save your dimes now and you may be able to afford cut glass chimneys when they come in fashion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BETTING ON WATCHES.

Advice of a Jeweler Who Decides the Wagers.

In the windows of nearly all the big retail jewelry stores down town are chronometers. In fact, the chronometer has become the most valuable part of the window display.

Two prosperous-looking men, after comparing watches the other day with one of these chronometers, were seen to go inside the store and a few minutes later to reappear. As they did so one of the men passed a roll of bills to the other. Then they laughed shook hands, and separated.

The jeweler stood inside and smiled.

"It's funny," he said, "how many people there are in this world who have the betting fever and how foolishly they risk their money. These two men are samples. Before the day is over I've no doubt half a dozen more will be in to get me to decide similar bets. Every day we have some.

"What did they bet on? Why, on the nearness of their watches to the correct time. Of course, two men who make such a bet have the betting hunch to begin with. Then they're also stuck on the watches they carry.

"There was the difference of two seconds between the watches in the case you just noticed, but on that $25 changed hands. I've known it to be as high as a hundred.

"The difference between any two watches is rarely less than a half second. It's generally more. But when a bet is made men generally want the jeweler to decide it, and, of course, we're always willing. I guess quite a few thousands have changed hands on my decisions by this time.

"A man will get a watch abroad and pay big money for it. He'll meet a friend who has bought one of the crack American watches, and if they've got the sporting instinct a bet will almost invariably follow a comparison of the watches.

"Perhaps both men have set their watches that day or the day before, and so are willing to wager all the money they've got with them, and that's often a big roll.

"When one of them finds that his watch, instead of being almost with the chronometer, is, say, twenty-five seconds out he's the most surprised man in the world.

"A man who bets on a watch, although he may think he's betting on the surest thing in the world, is betting on something more uncertain than a race horse. You can tell generally when the horse isn't going to run well, but you can't tell that about your watch.

"I wouldn't bet on the correctness of my time from here to the next block. In just that distance the mainspring might develop the weakness that no test thus far devised can detect when it's made, and your watch is off. Then you lose your money if you're foolish enough to bet on what you thought was a sure thing."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FEARS CONDUCTOR'S PUNCH.

Messenger Boy Who "Flips" Street Cars Is Getting Wary.

The street-car conductor's punch is becoming the nemesis of the messenger boys who "flip" the cars. The conductor snatches a cap from a message carrier's head, punches a hole in the visor, and the work is done. That little hole in the bill of the cap is a tell-tale mark, and when the employers see it they know the boy has been hitching on to the street cars.

The use of the punch for tagging the "flippers" has made the youngsters deadly enemies of the street-railway men, and has incidentally enriched the curbstone vernacular by two picturesque names. One is "nickel snatcher," a name given to the conductor, and the other is "wire biter," as the messengers have dubbed the gripman.

The other night three "flippers" were "hitching on" to a North Clark street cable car. While one of the boys was watching the conductor the gripman reached out his long arm and lifted the boy's cap from his head. He handed the cap to the conductor, saying: "Put your mark on it."

"Naw, gimme it," yelled the boy. "Doncher punch it. You want to get me fired? I ain't done nuthin'."

The conductor set the jaws of the punch over the visor, and the messenger set up a wail. He knuckled his eyes and cried like a baby.

The conductor placed the boy's cap back on his head, took him by the coat collar, and set him down in the street. When he was safely out of the clutches of the "nickel snatcher," as he called the conductor, he lifted his cap off his head and carefully examining it to see if the punch had taken out a bite. When he saw it was all right he clapped it back on his head and "hitched on" to the rear end of the last car, yelling "wire biter" and "nickel snatcher" at the gripman and conductor.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A New-Fangled Alarm Clock.

A Philadelphian has devised a novel arrangement of alarm clock and phonograph combined, which not only wakes him in the morning, but tells him why he should arise. The spring which starts the alarm starts a moment later a phonographic attachment, which says: "Get up, you lazy loafer! It's 7 o'clock!"

Gout Worse Than Wooden Legs.

"There's a poor man at the door, sir, 'as two wooden legs, sir, and 'e says, sir, would you be good enough, sir, to——"

"You go back and tell the poor man with the two wooden legs that he's blamed lucky. Tell him I've got the gout in both feet."—Boston Globe.

Aluminum.

Aluminum is superior to any stone for sharpening cutlery.

Don't look for praise; the more praise you get, the harder the reaction will be.

Some people are so mean that they can insult with a compliment.