

The Mutual Life should be reorganized. "The McCurdy Living."—Atlanta Journal.

All friends of free government should unite to advise and assist the people of Russia.—Dallas News. Making Billy Loeb official purveyor of all government news is rather a late adoption of the Russian method.—Pittsburg Post.

Our Audubon societies have succeeded in getting every sort of pretty well protected except the snail.—New York Mail.

President McCall says that there are two sides to the insurance business, but he seems to hate awfully to choose the inside.—Atlanta Journal.

Now that "Pat" Crowe is safe in jail, there hardly seems to be any reason for retaining the Omaha with force.—Kansas City Times.

The czar is handing out pardons so freely as a candidate gives away election cigars. And his object is the same—to win popular favor.—Kansas City Journal.

As we understand it, the public would have been willing to forgive the Crowe if only he had kidnapped John A. McCall or Mr. Richard A. Curdy.—Atlanta Journal.

Also it should be borne in mind that if irritated too much McCall, McCurdy et al. may decide next time just to blame old country go to the wows.—Indianapolis News.

Robert A. McCurdy says a life insurance company is an eleemosynary institution. This intimates that the policy holder will get his dividends in heaven.—Des Moines News.

Arizona preachers want a clause in the State constitution making prohibition perpetual. At that rate the chance of Arizona probably won't be statehood.—Atlanta Journal.

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Primitive Ideas. If boys had teeth like crocodiles, How terrible would be their smiles! How it would shock the human eye To see them eating apple pie.

If little girls had horns like deer, They surely would look very queer. And it would be a sad affair To see them doing up their hair.

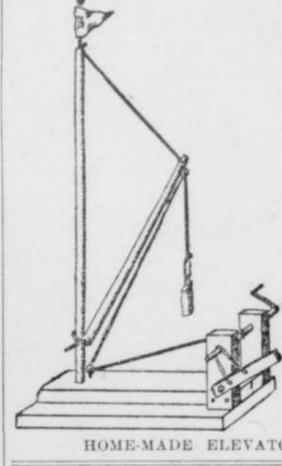
If men had long legs like giraffes, No doubt it would cause many laughs; But what would be their dreadful plight Trying to lie in bed at night!

Novel Home-Made Toys. One of the easiest things in the world to make is a toy elevator. They can be made as high as a table, so that toys may be lifted from the floor to a table, or only a few inches high.

One thing only it is necessary to secure, and that is a pair of smooth sticks on which the elevator may slide. These sticks may be purchased at any hardware store. They are called dowels, are three feet long, and are of different thicknesses. One-fourth inch thick is the best size to use.

The elevator may be any small wooden box whose bottom is removed. One may be made of wood half an inch thick. The right size to make such a box would be four inches high and two inches wide. Screw four screw eyes into the sides through which the dowels will slide. Double-pointed tacks may be used if screw eyes are not available.

After the eyes are screwed in and the two dowels slid in place, stand it



HOME-MADE ELEVATOR AND DERRICK COMPLETE.

upright, so that the dowels will rest on a baseboard. Make marks where they rest, and bore two holes to hold them. The base may be made of one board about an inch thick, or two half-inch boards. It would be about six inches wide and eight inches long. The top can be made of one piece, about six inches long and an inch wide. Be careful to bore the holes in this piece just the right distance apart, or the elevator will not slide easily.

The windlass which is used to wind up the cords of the elevator has two sides made of thin wood three inches long and an inch wide. After they have been cut out, hold them tightly

Mamma's Monopoly. "Say, paw," queried little Johnny Peck, "why do you wear whiskers? Haven't you any chin?" "I guess not, my son," replied Peck, Sr. "Your mother seems to have it all."

INSECTS THAT ARE MUSICAL.

All Are Tenors—Males Are Always the Musicians. Musical insects of the winged type may be divided into two groups: (1) Those which do not use their wings and (2) those which do, for the production of sound. Of the two, the latter species is by far the most numerous.

A very curious fact is that all insects are tenors, deep bass voices being quite unknown; in addition to this, the males are always the performers, female insects being dumb—contenting themselves with stopping at home and looking after the children instead of standing at the front door singing like their lords and masters.

Many insects sing by day, such, for instance, as the chickadee, which, however, are not of the "violinist" type, as they play upon a series of hard plates attached to the abdomen, much in the same way as a Spanish dancer uses the castanets. Another insect of this type is the black field cricket, which has its home in a small, cave-like dwelling it prepares in the earth.

Other insects only sing by night—such, for instance, as the domestic and tree crickets, whose regular modulated notes are known to everyone. The apparatus used by these insects exactly resembles a violin, the abdomen being partially endowed with small bridge-like edges or ridges, against which the wings are rubbed, thus producing the strident note characteristic of the insect.

Other insects, such as locusts and their kin, have veritable bows covered with fine ridges and attached to the wings by two buttonlike growths. Others have cavities covered over with a fine membrane which serves the office of resonators; in almost all insects of this type there is a parchment-like part of the abdomen which acts as a kind of sounding board. Strange to say, many of these harmonious insects are deprived of hearing. Crickets, however, are an exception, as they have sharp ears and cease their vocal efforts at the sound of approaching footsteps. Some insects, although apparently deprived of any

together, and bore a hole through both. The hole must be one-quarter inch thick so that a dowel can be pushed through. Put the dowel in place, then nail both sides to the base of the elevator.

The crank is a hairpin. Straighten out a hairpin, heat one end and burn a hole through one end of the dowel, leave the end of the pin and bend the hairpin around the dowel two or three times. Put three screw eyes in the top of the elevator, and with a stout linen thread string it up as shown in the picture.

A derrick may be made out of a few pieces of wood in a comparatively short time. The best kind to make is one about a foot high made of dowels. The base of the derrick may be made of one or two pieces of wood, so that it will be solid and strong. Half-inch wood, like that found on the side of soap boxes, make the best. Make the base about six by eight inches.

At one end bore a hole, and in it stick a dowel about a foot long. Cut another dowel about nine inches long, to be used as a boom. To fasten this to the mast is easy if directions are followed. Secure a ring and screw such as are used to fasten the string on roller shades. With a hairpin burr a hole in one end of the dowel and screw in the ring and screw. If this is not burnt in, the wood might split.

Tie a string from the boom to top of mast, in which a small nail has been put in a hole burned in the mast. To make the crank shaft and supports, cut two pieces of wood three inches long and an inch wide.

Hold them together and bore a hole in one end large enough to hold a short length of dowel. Nail these in place after the dowel has been put in place. The crank is made by straightening a hairpin, burning a hole with it in one end of the dowel, and leaving the end still in the hole, twist it around the dowel and into the form of a crank.

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had brought to her, who had always borne herself as a good and faithful wife should bear herself! Oh, if the world knew in what light she herself regarded her bereavement!

"Yes," she said slowly and lingeringly, though consenting to his words.

"I know that it is soon—cruelly soon even—and yet your utter friendlessness and desolation force me to speak to you. I want you to know and to feel that you have in me one to whom you can turn at any moment. I can offer you, at least, whenever you choose to take it, earnest devotion, a home, which I will strive to render a happy one to you and your child, and a heart which until I knew you had never yet been touched."

"Oh, Col. Trefusis!" "Nay," he said quickly, perceiving perhaps the unspoken words in her regretful eyes, "nay, give me no answer now. I do not press it. I do not even wish it. I know that I am speaking far too soon to a heart that cannot have recovered yet from its wounds, and I know also that I can never expect anything like the first and deepest love of your life which has been already spent."

She shivered and shrank away, covering her face with her hands.

"Ah, now I have hurt you, my dear, dearest Mrs. Earle," he cried in distress. "I am a brute to touch upon your recent sorrow, am I not? I only want you to know and feel that you are dear to me, and that I would fain devote my whole life to the task of giving you back, if not happiness, at least something of your lost peace, and I will expect so little in return if you will only trust me with your life. Do not answer me, only say that in six months or in a year you will let me come to you again with my petition, and meanwhile that you will let me be your friend and your protector, and that you will rely upon me in everything."

"Oh! Col. Trefusis! I am so sorry—for you are so good to me, so very good. No, no; do not let me deceive you with false hopes."

"I have spoken too soon, but I will be silent now. By and by I will speak again."

"No, it would do no good. What you ask is impossible—now or ever."

Then he rose from her side and took her hand in both his.

"Nothing impossible, dear friend," he said, very earnestly, "and time softens all sorrow. I shall never despair, and I shall never give you up, never, at least," he added, with a smile, "unless what is indeed unlikely, that you are to love again, and to love another man."

And then, not knowing how his words pierced her through and through, he left her and went away.

And all day long Rosamond Earle sat indoors and waited for the lover of her youth, all day long in vain, for it was nearly 7 o'clock before Brian Desmond turned leisurely in at the door of his club.

(To be continued.)

EXCAVATIONS IN CAVES.

Object Is to Find Traces of Prehistoric Man in Them.

Ethnologists of the country are almost continually making excavations in caves in various parts of the United States in the hope of discovering tangible evidences of a race of men that is supposed to have inhabited North America in prehistoric times, according to the Washington Star.

One of the most recent investigations made in this country with that hope in view has just been completed by Dr. Charles Peabody, of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. A large cave at Cavetown, Md., near Hagerstown, was the scene of the explorations, and in that place Dr. Peabody, together with Warren K. Moorehead, also of Andover, with a force of ten men, was digging for more than a month in search for traces of the early human inhabitants of the country.

At the invitation of Dr. Peabody, Dr. W. H. Holmes, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and J. D. McGuire, of this city, also spent several days at Cavetown assisting in the investigation.

No fossil bones were found by Dr. Peabody's party in the cave in which excavations were made, but in a quarry located about 300 feet from the mouth of the cave fossil bones of animals were unearthed. Some of the fossil bones were of the early cave bear and of the elk, but, so far as known now, no bones of man were found. All the bones unearthed by the exploring party will be carefully studied and their identification will be made later.

The cave in which the excavations were made at Cavetown is about 100 feet wide by 100 feet long. Mr. McGuire made explorations in this cave two years ago when he was collecting specimens for the Carnegie Institution. The upper strata of the cave floor consists largely of camp ashes, etc., and excavations in this strata by Mr. McGuire revealed large quantities of broken pottery, arrow heads, bone and stone tools, which had been left by the early Indians, who evidently had made the cave their habitation. Underlying the strata of camp ashes there is a layer of stalagmite varying from six inches to several feet in thickness, and underneath this strata is found the red cave earth similar to the formation found in the caves of Europe in which fossil bones of animals and of ancient men have been found.

Although the search for evidences of prehistoric man in North America have been conducted for many years without success, yet the scientists are confident that their efforts will some day be rewarded with success. It is expected that if remains of ancient man are found they will be likely to be found in caves, and for that reason the caves of the country are usually the scenes of the excavations.

The fossils found in the quarry at Cavetown by Dr. Peabody's party are considered interesting as denoting the class of animals that inhabited the continent during the later geological periods.

A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Every time that Brian was out by himself Kitten suffered tortures of apprehension; so great, indeed, became her suffering on this score that one day she summoned up all her courage and spoke once again to him of the subject which she knew he wished her to consider a forbidden one.

"Brian, will you be very angry with me?" she said to him, timidly.

She was standing ready dressed for her drive, and her husband had promised to go with her to return some visits; he was looking at her fondly and very admiringly. Never had Kitten looked prettier. A white dress deeply trimmed with soft lace, and a tiny white lace bonnet perched upon her yellow hair, set off the childlike delicacy of her beauty and heightened the effect of that pale, transparent appearance, which a painter would have delighted in, although a doctor might have trembled at. Brian, being accustomed to it, looked at it with the eye of a painter and was charmed with it. He smiled at her trembling question and drew her fondly to his side.

"What dreadful sin are you meditating, Kitten?"

"May I ask you one question, Brian, and I will never speak of it again? It is about that—that—other woman."

In a moment his brow was black and angry, and he had put her from him. The tears gushed into her eyes.

"Brian, don't—don't look so at me! I cannot bear it, but I suffer so horribly! I fancy when you go out that you go to see her."

"In London, no! I do not know even if she is alive; she may be dead. She has not been in England for years, there! Now never mention this subject again."

He spoke with a great effort. It was terrible to him even to allude to that other to this girl whom he had made his wife. Had she never been inquisitive and curious, she need never have known anything about her. It was her fault, he told himself savagely, if she suffered from her own foolish imaginations she had no one to blame but herself. As for Kitten, she drew a great gasping breath of infinite relief.

She was not in London—not in England—she might even be dead! And what is a dead rival to a woman who lives and breathes and loves?

CHAPTER XIV.

One evening early in May she landed at Waterloo station a small party of four persons, accompanied by a vast and incongruous cargo of luggage.

The party consisted of a lady and her child, and two servants, one of whom was an Indian ayah, picturesquely swathed about the head in white muslin drapery with gorgeous red and yellow Birmingham printed, cotton skirts and rough heavy silver anklets inclosing her bare brown legs and feet. To this personage clung the child, a white-faced, big-eyed boy of about five, who whimpered miserably and clutched his attendant convulsively round the neck. The other servant was an elderly English lady's maid of dowdy appearance, who, however, bestirred herself to the best of her ability to rescue some few odds and ends of luggage from the immense pile of boxes and packages which began to be disgorge from the train, and to be amassed upon the crowded platform.

The lady stood a little apart, with a hopeless sense of helplessness and incompetence; she looked very tired. It was the express train from Southampton, and the P. and O. steamer having arrived the same day, the train was crowded with passengers from India. Ladies who were worn out and thin, sickly looking groups of children, men who wore strange light coats and hats, and were wrinkled and yellowed into premature old age, all bustled about together in search of their belongings.

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Mrs. Earle?" said a voice at her elbow. One of her late fellow passengers, a tall, soldier-like looking man, with iron grey hair and mustache, and a skin as yellow as parchment stood beside her. "Have you any friends to meet you?"

"No, I have no one," she answered rather sadly. "I almost wish now, Colonel Trefusis, that I had taken your advice and remained at the Southampton hotel until to-morrow; this confusion is dreadful, is it not? How is one ever to get one's luggage? and I am so tired!"

"I will get your luggage for you."

"Oh, I could not think of troubling you; you have your own to look after."

"My own is not much; but you must not stand here. You look fit to drop carrying that heavy dressing bag, too; your maid will go with me and point out your things. Here, porter! take this lady's bag and cloaks, and put her into a cab."

Col. Trefusis signed to the ayah to follow her mistress, and marched himself off to the scene of action, accompanied by the lady's maid.

Rosamond sat in the cab and waited. It was getting quite dark, the lamps were all lighted in the streets; it had been raining, and the pavements were wet and sloppy, reflecting their pale radiance irregularly in the puddles. There was a crowd outside the station, a confusion of cabs and vans. The child inside her own vehicle wept continuously, and the Indian nurse soothed him in guttural endearments in Hindoostanee. She leaned her head against the dingy cushion of the cab and sighed.

What a home coming! How dull and cheerless with never a voice to greet her, or a smile to bid her welcome back again.

"But, of course, it is my own fault," she said to herself; "if I had written last mail to his club, and told him I was coming home by the Eastern Queen he would have watched for my arrival and would have been here at the station to meet me. I thought having waited so long, I would wait a little longer, so that nothing might spoil the joy of our meeting. Of course, it is my own stupidity, and I ought not to feel so cheerless and desolate. After all, am I not at home again, and am I not free? What greater delight can I desire?"

Col. Trefusis put his face in at the cab window. "We have got all the luggage, and I have put your maid into another cab. All the lighter things are with you, and the heavy cases will be sent up by van to-morrow. Now, where are you going? Where shall I tell the cabman to drive?"

She looked helplessly at him. "I—don't know. It is so long—ten years—since I was in England, and then I had never much in London. Where had I better go?"

"Poor soul!" muttered the colonel below his breath; her desolate condition struck him painfully. He had seen her the queen of Anglo-Indian society in a station where her husband had been a great and influential man. Rosamond had held a little court of her own; she had been flattered, admired, adored, even by an enthusiastic circle of worshippers; she had been a queen, a cold, proud queen, it is true, dispensing her smiles and her favors discreetly, and with unruffled dignity, but always a queen. And now she was at home, and in all London she did not seem to have a friend, or to know of a roof to shelter her.

"Where had I better go?" she repeated helplessly.

He recommended the Langham hotel, and told her that he would call and see her in the morning.

In the morning she was up betime and busy at her writing case, and when the waiter brought in her breakfast tray she gave him a note.

"You have a messenger, I suppose, who can take this letter for me? It is to the Carlton Club; is that far from here?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, he could walk there in twenty minutes."

"I would rather he drove. I want it delivered quickly. How long will it take?"

"Not five minutes."

Five minutes! In five minutes then he would get her letter, see her handwriting once more—know that she was at home and near him. Her heart beat wildly at the thought.

"He will get it at his breakfast," she said to herself. Then she called her maid and gave her a long list of commissions to go out and do, and told her to take out the ayah and the child, too; she had a feverish desire to be alone. The servant left her. She ate her breakfast hurriedly and sent away the things almost untasted. Then she got up and walked about the room impatiently; she allowed herself half an hour, and then she began to fret. Presently the waiter came in and told her that her messenger had returned. He had given her note to the hall porter at the club and the gentleman had not yet come into the club.

The answer inspired her with fresh patience. He might be late, but, of course, he would be there in the course of the morning; all men go to their clubs to get their letters. Rosamond remembered enough of London life to know this. So she waited patiently enough. Two hours went by, she was beginning to feel nervous and sick with suspense, when all at once she heard footsteps outside and there was a rap at the door.

The waiter flung open the door and she felt rather than saw that there was a gentleman behind him. She half rose from the table, trembling in every limb; there was a giddiness before her eyes; instinctively she pressed one hand upon her heart, steadying herself against the edge of the table with the other.

"Colonel Trefusis," announced the servant.

She had forgotten his very existence! "Well, and how are you this morning, Mrs. Earle—better, I hope, and rested? It was a terribly trying end to a long, tiring journey, wasn't it? But, my dear Mrs. Earle, surely there is something amiss; are you ill, are you faint?" For he had perceived all at once that she was deadly pale and that she had sunk back into her chair, half covering her face with her hand.

Rosamond roused herself and sat upright, looking up at him with a smile.

"I am only a little faint; there is nothing the matter. Pray do not look so anxious, and sit down, won't you? I suppose I am over tired, but I am very glad to see you."

Col. Trefusis looked away out of the window, drumming his fingers up and down on the table by his side. He was thoughtful for a few moments. Then suddenly he drew up his chair nearer to hers.

"My dear Mrs. Earle, I have known you for a long time; will you not treat me as a friend?"

"Certainly; are you not a friend—one of the best I ever had?" she answered heartily.

"Then forgive me for asking you. What are you going to do in England—what are your plans?"

"I don't know," she answered, looking down and speaking with evident reluctance. "I have no plans as yet. I have no home, no friends, no relatives."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the colonel, in evident emotion.

Then he got up and took a couple of turns across the room. Suddenly he stopped in front of her, regarding her earnestly and fixedly with his keen, blue eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Earle, I am going to say something that I had not meant to say to you, not for a long while, that possibly I had better not say at all, and yet what you tell me about yourself compels me to say it to you now."

She looked up at him utterly bewildered and perplexed.

"I am a plain man, Mrs. Earle—a man of actions and not of words. I have been a soldier all my life, as you know, and when I say a thing I mean it. What I am going to say now has been my fixed intention for many months past. I will try and make my meaning clear to you. I know well that it is not yet a whole year since the great trouble of widowhood befell you—the greatest grief that can possibly overwhelm a good and loving woman."

She lowered her eyes, while a faint flush stole into her clear, pale cheeks. If he only knew—if he only guessed—she thought, with a swift pang of self-reproach, what this trouble of widowhood

exclaimed "I really Gertrude. This man rushing at him to see "My de will unde ing no a road. and a comes