

WHEN BABY FELL.

The time our baby fell an' broke
His little arm right straight in two.
He bawled so I guess he maked
'Em hear him clear 't town, don't you?

An' father, he ist couldn't bear
T' hear him cry an' went outside
An' down behind the barn an' there
My pa ist cried an' cried an' cried.

An' Polus, he's our hired man,
Ist couldn't hush another shock,
But set behind the milkhouse an'
He most forgot t' feed the stock.

An' 'Lizabeth, she lives with us
Because she's orful pore,
Ist couldn't stand the baby's fuss
An' runned upstairs an' locked the door.

The time our baby broke his arm,
My ma an' me, she's always thumk,
Was only folks around the farm
At showed a weenty bit o' spunk.
—John D. Wells.

A Broken Engagement

Bertha and her elder sister Ella were talking it over. Bertha, with an open book in her lap, was rocking herself in the chair by the window with suppressed emotion, and Ella was covering a piece of canvas with streaks of very highly colored wool.

"I always said," Bertha remarked at length, "that we shouldn't get on well together. I knew this would happen."

"And so you have really broken off your engagement for good?" said Ella, quietly, as she gazed at her work to see if a streak of bright green and bright yellow would harmonize with a similar streak of lurid blue.

"Absolutely," said Bertha, firmly. "I waited till yesterday to give him the chance to call and apologize, and then I wrote and told him that all was over between us, and that I didn't want to see him again. And," she added, rocking herself furiously with the excitement of the recollection, "I'm very glad I did, because I was able to get my letter off first, and to show him that I can be as independent as he is, and I always said we should never suit each other, and I don't care for him a bit now, and he's a horrid, hateful thing!"

"Dear, dear!" commented Ella, as her sister paused from sheer want of breath.

"Well," persisted Bertha, "it's his fault. He began it. I shouldn't have said anything if he hadn't danced with that Jessie Hamilton twice running. He couldn't dance with me all the evening, I know, but he needn't have gone out of his way to dance with her a second time when he knew my name was on his program."

"But perhaps he made a mistake, dear. You told me he tried to explain the matter afterwards."

"I'm glad you said 'tried,'" said Bertha derisively. "It was all arranged beforehand. I told him so at the first opportunity."

"And then he said you had better come back home, eh?"

"There you are again!" cried Bertha excitedly, as he turned on her sister with what she evidently considered a triumphant vindication of her rights. "Fancy wanting to come away in the middle of the evening, just as the real fun was commencing! Would you have your evening broken up just out of spite, and be taken home in a cab before supper like a child in the nursery?"

Ella shrugged her shoulders and looked as if she were considering the position carefully before committing herself to a definite reply.

"I told him about it in the hansom," pursued Bertha, remorselessly. "And it all upset me so I couldn't help crying a little, and that made him worse than ever. And then he said if I kept on like that he would stop the cab and send me home alone. I told him it was the best thing he could do. And so it was! But what annoyed me most was his making all that scene before the cabman. I think that was mean above everything. I shall never forgive him for that. The wretched cabman was listening through the trap-door all the time. He must have been, because when Freddie was paying him the impudent fellow said it was a pity sweethearts should fall out, and if it was his young lady he should go back and try and make it up again."

"And what did Freddie say?" Ella inquired curiously.

"Freddie," said Bertha, "oh, he said—"

summed at it with a singular eagerness, and then tossing it carelessly back on the tray, remarked emphatically: "Please say I'm not at home."

"Is that Freddie?" asked Ella, looking up suddenly and stopping the maid by a gesture. And as her sister replied with a sullen nod, she continued, "I think you'd better see him, dear."

"Oh, I'm not afraid to see him, if it comes to that!" said Bertha, defiantly. "Show Mr. Markham up, Mary," said Ella, to the maid.

"You'll do the explaining, dear, won't you?" pleaded Bertha, when they were alone, as she darted to the pier-glass and criticized herself anxiously. "You can talk to him, you know. How do I look? Tell him that I have nothing to add to my letter, and all that. Is my hair all right? Hush, here he is!"

Mr. Markham bowed quietly as he entered the room with his hat in one hand and a large brown paper parcel in the other. Bertha, with her foot on the fender and her arm on the mantelpiece, acknowledged his bow, with a frigid inclination of her head, while Ella hurried forward and shook hands cordially, and hoped that Mr. Markham would be seated. Then she volunteered the suggestion that it was a nice day.

Mr. Markham agreed that it was a very nice day, indeed. Then he added, studiously addressing himself to Ella all the time:

"I have brought a few things with me which I must ask your sister to let me return. I thought I ought to call personally, as I quite understand you may reasonably expect some apology from me for sending your sister home alone on Tuesday, and I beg you will—"

"Oh, it's too late now!" interrupted Bertha, with rather fierce emphasis.

"Oh, I quite understand that," said Mr. Markham, still addressing Ella. "But I hope you will believe that I am very sorry about it all. If you will accept my apology, I—er, I think that is all. There is nothing more to be said."

And he rose from his chair.

"Nothing," said Bertha, looking fiercely into the fire stove.

"Oh, Mr. Markham, do please excuse me," cried Ella, starting up from her chair suddenly and running to the window. "But there's Harry coming down the lawn, and he's brought me such a lovely bouquet. Bertha, you'll show Mr. Markham out, won't you?" And she was gone in a moment.

The situation had become somewhat disquieting. Bertha turned rather red and began to contemplate minutely the shape of her dainty boot which was resting on the fender. Mr. Markham brushed his hat pensively on his elbow, and seemed to be troubled with a slight cough.

"I—er, I think that is all," he said at length.

"Oh, yes," said Bertha, deliberately. "After what has happened it is easy to see that we can be nothing more to each other."

"Er—yes. I suppose that is so," said Mr. Markham, reflectively, as he continued to brush his hat with extraordinary diligence.

"And I dare say you're very glad to be out of it," said Bertha, stifling a big sigh of resignation, as she left the mantelpiece and walked to the window.

"Oh, no, not at all," insisted Mr. Markham. "I'm rather sorry in one way, you know, because I thought—"

"I see you've brought back my presents," she said coldly. "But you need not have bothered, I'm sure. I was going to send yours back to-night. I've got them all packed up."

"Oh, they don't matter, I assure you," Mr. Markham hastened to assure her.

There was an awkward pause, and then to relieve the strain he crossed to the table and laid the brown paper parcel gingerly on the extreme edge. By that time he had thought of something to say.

"I'm afraid I've tied up rather an awkward bundle; but I wanted to get the parcel done up in a hurry, because Jack Hugston surprised me in the middle of it. He came in to know if I was going to the Tomlinsons' dance, and—"

Bertha wheeled around suddenly, as if she had quite forgotten the painful nature of the interview.

"Are the Tomlinsons going to give a dance?" she asked eagerly. "I wonder who's going. Will Jessie Hamilton be there?"

Then the end formality of the occasion dawned upon her, and she sighed and turned to the window again.

"I—I really don't know," said Mr. Markham. "I'm not going."

"Oh, pray don't stay away on my account," urged Bertha, sarcastically.

"I—er—wasn't going to—I mean—"

"Thank you for the compliment," she said ironically, bowing at the same time with mock emphasis.

"I—I mean—I haven't been asked to go," stammered Mr. Markham, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Bertha, coldly.

There was another pause. Bertha gazed disconsolately out of the window, while Mr. Markham, in order to break the intolerable silence, desperately cut the string of his parcel and spread the contents out on the table. Bertha, hearing the noise, turned, and coming nearer the table, watched the proceeding with a badly affected indifference.

"I think you'll find they're all there," said Mr. Markham, indicating the "presents."

"There's the smoking cap you worked for me. I'm afraid it has been used rather roughly, but, you see, I had it all ready to pack up yesterday, when my little fox terrier got hold of it and began eating the braid, and as I

was getting it away from him we pulled the tassel off between us. There was nobody else in the way just then, so I had to sew it on again myself, and—"

Bertha lost her head completely for the moment. She burst out laughing as she snatched the cap out of his hand.

Old Favorites

How Betsy and I Made Up.
Give me your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day?
You drew up that agreement—I s'pose you want your pay;
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin', I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And, if my hosses hadn't been the steady team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an' entirely different road;
For I was a-trachin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turn'd that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy was good and kind;
And these things they flash'd all through me, as you know things sometimes will.

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still,
"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two,"

And so I set my teeth together, and wov'd I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen's light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I cram'd the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house,
But she watch'd my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I draw'd the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she know'd what 'twas about,
And then I humm'd a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bustled by some animal that hopp'd up in my throat.

Then Betsy she got her specs from off the mantel shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuff'd it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash,
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said in regard to Heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat 'talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And open'd our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimm'd and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But, when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsy rose politely, and show'd her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, 'takin' in this style,

But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks;
I'm richer than a National bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.
—Will Carleton.

STRENGTH OF SILK.

How the Yarn Is Weakened by the Modern Method of Treatment.
Silk science is changing. If the silk dresses of fifty years ago are compared with many of the silk articles manufactured at the present day it requires no elaborate tests to show the superiority in strength of the older materials.

This usually is due to the fact that silk yarns now are frequently treated with metallic salts, such as tin chloride, which are readily absorbed, forming insoluble compounds and thus increasing the weight of the fiber. So prevalent did this practice become some years ago that even the manufacturers recognized the necessity of putting some limit to it.

Apart from the fact that one is buying a compound of silk with a metal instead of pure silk this treatment frequently causes the fibers to become tender, especially after exposure to direct sunlight.

From Herr Strehlenert's experiments it was found that taking the strength of genuine silk as 50 to 53 the strength of a sample of loaded French silk containing 140 per cent of added material was only 7.9. Not only does the weighting process reduce the tenacity of the fiber and often destroy the dye stuff but also is a frequent cause of the appearance of mysterious spots.

Often bright red spots appear on a fabric after exposure to the sunlight. It has been found that even a diluted solution of common salt acts upon loaded silk in the presence of air and moisture and produces stains and complete disintegration of fiber within twelve months. The action of stronger solutions of salt is still more rapid, and the "tendency" of the fiber is marked after treatment for seven days with a 2 per cent solution.

The presence of salt in stained and weakened silk may be accounted for readily by the fact that salt is a constituent of human perspiration and thus may have been introduced during the handling of the yarns by the workmen.

Special precautions are now taken to eliminate this source of injury, and the disintegrating action of the tin salts upon the fibers also is reduced by a subsequent chemical treatment of the yarn. So the weighted silks of to-day are stronger than their predecessors of a few years back.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

Romantic Indian Legend of This Beautiful Flower.
There is a beautiful romance connected with the Cherokee rose. A young Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire.

As he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior the daughter of the latter, a young, dark faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him.

She consented. Before they had gone far, impelled by regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent and, preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the southern states by the name of the Cherokee rose.—Philadelphia North American.

A London Term.
"Where will I find the bloozes?" asked the woman who had just returned from London.

"De bloozes," exclaimed the elevator man, staring pop-eyed and vague. "De bloozes—w-y, dey mus' be on de—scuse me, madam, you'd better ask de floorwalker."

"Certainly, madam, second floor. James, take the lady to the second floor—blouses—lawngery waists, y' know."

The Most Dangerous Capital.
London, which used to boast of being the quietest and safest capital of the world, has become noisier than Paris and more dangerous than New York. Nearly 300 persons are now killed annually by street accidents, and how many more just escape with their lives cannot be computed.—Outlook.

A Real Strain.
A land agent in the great Northwest had just described the incredible riches of the region. Some one protested, and he defended himself, says a writer in the Outlook, with a paradox: "The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whooper to express it!"

Don't feel sorry for a man because he is cheap. He doesn't know he is cheap; he thinks he is superior.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.
The profane man is everywhere the devil goes.

No tears are ever shed for the chick that dies in the shell.
The man who is willing to be carried might as well have no legs.
If every man lived in the right way, no boy would live in the wrong way.

The devil can't pick the lock that guards the treasures of the righteons.
The man who is waiting to do a big lot of good all at once will never do any.

The sinner on the avenue is just as much a sinner as the sinner in the slums.
Some people spend so much time in counting the mileposts they miss all the scenery.

When the snail makes a mile it is a mile just the same as when made by the automobile.
There is blessing in being rich, and strong and gifted, but there is more in being none of these and yet doing better than they.

The man who pays his debts and lets booze alone is helping to bring the world to the place where the lion and the lamb will lie down together.

The man who looks to the Lord for his daily bread will not be found saving off the end of his yardstick to make it easier for the dollars to find his pocket.

PROVISION MARKET IN AFRICA.

Travelers in Africa find the standard of living somewhat different from what they are accustomed to at home. One of the latest to report upon this matter is Mary Hall in her book, "A Woman's Trek from the Cape to Cairo."

The following paragraphs reflect a strong light upon the condition of market and kitchen in British Central Africa:

When the native butcher proposes to kill an ox, notice to that effect is sent round to the white people on the previous day. Once they were apprised of the fact by the following startling announcement: "A bulle will be murdered tomorrow mornin' at 6 a. m."

This cold-blooded crime, so carefully premeditated—even to the exact hour—was, however, not committed, as the following morning a second notice was issued, as follows: "The bulle ran away this mornin', so was not murdered." But this was an exceptional case.

I heard one story which is so characteristic of the native that I repeat it. The man who related it told me that the incident occurred when he was on a journey, and was suffering from a bad attack of fever. One evening he fancied he would like some eggs, and told his boy to get two and boil them lightly.

After a time they were brought to him as hard as bullets. He told the boy he must get some more and boil them less; but alas! these were brought to him in the same condition, and the poor fellow wished he had never ordered them at all.

Being unwilling to give in, he made another attempt, and told his boy, "Come to me when the water boils." The boy did so.

"Now," said his master, "put the eggs in, and when you have counted fifty, take them out."

The native method of reckoning is to count up to ten, and then begin again, arriving at the total by the number of tens counted. The sick man heard the boy start fair and get as far as four tens, when a second boy interfered, and questioned whether it were the third or fourth ten.

This started a discussion; and as they could not agree, it was decided to begin all over again. Meanwhile the eggs were still boiling, and getting harder and harder. This was about the last straw, and ill as the man felt, he was compelled to get out of bed and put a summary end to the cooking operations.

A Curious Vane.

One of the most curious vanes to be seen on any church in Great Britain is at Great Gonerby, a parish adjoining Grantham.

It is in the form of a fiddle and a bow and is unusually large. Its history is curious. Many years ago a peasant resided in Great Gonerby, who eked out a modest livelihood by performing on an old violin which was almost a part of his life. At last he decided to emigrate, and out in the far west prospered and became a rich man.

One day he sent to the clergyman at Great Gonerby a sum sufficient to build a church, and attached to the gift the curious condition that a metal replica of his old fiddle and bow should be on the summit of the edifice. The gift was accepted and the vane may be seen on the church.

A Case of Urgent Need.
It was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells. "What in the world is that—a murder going on upstairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged toward the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one of the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything more I can do for you for a few minutes."