THE FAMILY STORY

PARTED ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

Hattie Furman was a great favorite with the gentlemen, and her partiality for the sterner sex was as great as theirs for her. She was engaged to young Dr. Hartley, but he had one year more at the university before his studies were completed, and his fiancee seemed nowise inclined to mourn his absence. There were admirers in plenty ready to take his place, and she never lacked an escort to any of the neighborhood festivities, where she was always the life and mischief of the party.

Then she would write a full history of each affair to her absent lover, never forgetting to tell him how much she had enjoyed herself, how agreeable Mr. So-and-So had been, what pretty speeches Mr. Such-a-one had made when she accepted his escort for the next dance at the ball, "and he's such an elegant waltzer, you know," she added, tantalizingly. The young doctor's blood fairly boiled when he read these missives and imagined some other man's arms where he considered none but his had any right to be. Yet he dared not protest. He ventured once to assert his rights, on his last vacation home, and his ring had been offered him with such promptness that it fairly took his breath away.

"I don't want it. I won't take it," he gasped.

"Just as you like," replied Hattie, coldly. "I thought you were tired of me. If you are, just take back your old ring. Fred Fox offered me a nicer one last week."

"Oh, Hattie!" was all the Doctor could say.

His grieved tone and white face touched the girl's heart, and she burst out with: "Oh, Frank! I didn't mean it. I'd rather have your ugly old ring than all the other rings in the world, and I'd rather have you than all"—here she threw her arms around his neck impulsively, hid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

Then, of course, he begged her pardon and called himself a brute, and she forgave him, and when he went away flirted more than ever.

She was usually very prompt in fulfilling their compact of writing weekly letters to each other, but on two occasions the weeks had made a month before the longed-for letter came to the absent lover, and then she made no excuse but that she had been having so much fun she had quite forgotten to write.

The young doctor really believed she only meant to tease him, yet he felt indignant and mutually vowed that if the reins were ever in his hands she should repent her seeming heartlessness. It is a wonder the poor fellow could study at all, but he did at last graduate with honor.

Hattie seemed proud as he of the hard-earned diploma, and the young couple spent a delightful fortnight making plans for the future and trying to decide upon the most desirable location for a young physician to gain a lucrative practice and a home for his bonnie bride. He was far too manly to ask Hattie to link her fate with his until he could offer her a home that would in some degree approach the comfortable one she would leave, even if her parents had been willing for such a proceeding.

While still undecided a position was offered his as physician and surgeon with an exploring and surveying party that were making a tour to the far Northwest. There was money in it and the needed practice without fear of competition or failure. It seemed the chance of a lifetime and had been tendered him through the influence of one of the university professors, yet it would involve a three years' separation from Hattie, and what assurance had he that some of those other fellows would not win her from him? Even if they did not he felt as if he never could endure three such years of torture as that last one at the university had been. Still he could not refuse, especially when her parents urged him so strongly to accept.

Hattie seemed very sorry to have him go and promised very faithfully to be true to her troth.

"But you can't expect me to be an old woman, Frank," she said. "Why, if I couldn't have any fun for three years I'd be wrinkled and gray-haired when you came back, and then you wouldn't want me at all."

Frank laughed and said he'd run the risk, and if she'd only wait for him 'twas all he'd ask, but it was with aching heart he kissed her a last farewell, and a torturing fear of what that long three years might bring forth.

It was twelve miles from the pretty little village, where their childhood days had been spent, to the nearest railway station, and he arrived there at 11 o'clock one beautiful June night. He found that schedules had been changed and that he could make better time in reaching his party to wait for the morning express. He felt aggravated to think of waiting six long hours that he might have been spending with Hattie, who he knew was almost crying her pretty eyes out over his departure. The more he thought of it the more torturing it became and with a sudden resolve he bought his ticket, checked his baggage, visited the nearest livery barn and in fifteen minutes a horse and buggy was making the best possible time over the home road.

He could hardly tell just when the momentous thought did occur to him, but as he rode along, dwelling upon Hattie's earnest assurance that she would marry him "this minute," if he could only take her along, a possibility flashed across his mind that made him urge the horse to still greater speed. He could not take her with him, but——

His heart seemed lighter already and the horse fairly flew along the smooth turnpike. Within a mile of Mr. Furman's there lived a justice of the peace. Dr. Hartley paused long enough to arouse this worthy functionary and held a hurried consultation with him; then he drove on.

Hattie's parents were somewhat surprised at being disturbed in their slumber, but not so much surprised as when, after a short conference between the young doctor and his fiancee, who had needed no waking, they were summoned to give their consent to an immediate marriage. They could think of no valid objection if the young folks wished it, and an hour later Justice Evans pronounced the couple man and wife.

It was then 3 o'clock and the young husband had only time to leave his wife in her parents' care again, bid her another loving farewell and hasten to reach the train that was to bear him so far away from his native Pennsylvania village and her whom he had loved since his earliest recollection.

His three years' trip was one of mingled hardship, excitement and pleasure; in all a very enjoyable one to Dr. Hartley. A part of every Sabbath day was spent in writing long, loving letters to Hattie. And although he often longed for a sight of the dear face he felt no anxiety on her account, knowing that when he did return she would be watching for him.

For the young wife the time did not pass so pleasantly. Poor girl! Her "fun" was spoiled. She could not accept other escorts now, and as she had no brother to act as such she was forced to remain at home, and there she moped and pined for Frank until her parents bitterly repenaed the hasty step they had allowed her to take. And it is doubtful if in that first long, lonely year she did not herself regret it, but if so none were the wiser, least of all the absent husband.

She had never really meant to grieve her faithful lover as she had in that last year, and now that she realized what heartache meant she would not have him suffer as she did, and so she exerted herself to write cheerful, contented letters. Frank almost believed she did not miss him and wished that she might feel just a little of what he had once on account of her thoughtless flirting, yet he was too honorable to give her any reason for distrust and too true for deception of any kind.

Home did not seem home to Hattie any more. She herself was so changed that unconsciously her parents' demeanor changed toward her. Generous checks from Frank much more than supplied her wants, and what she did not positively need was carefully hoarded to furnish the lovely home that seemed yet so far away, and many hours were passed in making pretty trifles for the same purpose. Much of her time was spent at Frank's home. His mother was dead, but with his father, aunt and cousin she seemed best content.

One day a gossipy neighbor bantered her about her strange widowhood and remarked that likely Dr. Hartley was having a fine time playing agreeable to other ladies, for of course no one would suppose him to be a married man. The shot struck home, for only that very week he had mentioned in his letter a lady that reminded him of her. To be sure, how did she know in what manner he was spending his time. And could she blame him if he did sometimes forget his loyalty to her? And then she thought with shame of her own promiscuous flirting of the past.

That night she hunted up the piece of paper that was legal evidence that the twain was one. In that last year that little paper was one of her greatest comforts, and thankful she was that she was bound to Dr. Hartley, for that same contract made him hers.

"He's mine. He will be true to me. He will come back," she often sobbed to herself in the wee small hours when haunting thoughts would not let her sleep. And thus that last summer approached its zenith. If Frank had dreamed of the torture she was undergoing he would never have planned the little revenge that was so foreign to his nature. He wrote that he hoped to be home to celebrate their anniversary, but the party was unavoidably detained, and he yielded to the impulse to repay her for her old tormenting tricks and "forgot to write." Her letters of late had been brief and unsatisfactory, but little he imagined that it was because the poor girl could not write cheerfully and would not write any other way. She seemed to care so little that he thought a little anxiety would make his welcome the warmer.

The wedding day was a fair counterpart of that other one, and Hattie was feverish with alternating hope and fear. She started with every sound and listened at every footfall, but the day and night came and went and no Frank come. Worse yet, the week went by and did not bring the missive that never before had failed her. Another week went by and still no tidings. Poor Hattie was almost wild with despair. She was fully convinced that some terrible accident had happened on the homeward journey, and she was indeed a widow.

"But he's mine—he's mine," she moaned, clasping that piece of precious paper to her heart. She was at Frank's father's. The other inmates of the house were sound asleep that lovely July night, but poor heart-broken Hattie sat by her bedside, with her face buried in the pretty covers—some of her own handiwork—brooding over her desolate life and wondering how many years she would have to live before death would reunite them. And, wondering, she fell asleep only to dream of an ominous yellow envelope being placed in her hand. It was a telegram, and her nervous fingers refused to open it, for she knew but too well what it contained.

A sharp rap at the door roused her from her half stupor, and instinctively she rose and started to open it, thinking of naught but the dreaded messenger boy with the yellow envelope.

"Who's there?" demanded the old gentleman, wakening from his slumber by a second rap.

Her hand was on the knob when an eager, living voice from the outside exclaimed: "Frank Hartley. Is Hattie here?"

The door opened, and after three long, weary years of waiting husband and wife were reunited.

It needed the clasp of loving arms to assure Hattie that she had not slept her last sleep and waked in heaven.—Philadelphia Times.

Free Reading in Siam.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, has had a free public library since last November, which is used by 1,000 readers weekly. Once a week lectures are given, which are well attended by attentive audiences. Of newspapers, the Siam Observer and Bangkok Times print the news both in English and Siamese, but the Dhammasatvinichai is written entirely in Siamese.

The people who have seen you in an embarrassing situation never die or move out of the neighborhood.

Wouldn't you rather take a whipping than go to a party? And why do you feel so badly when you are not invited?

WHEN THE WIFE'S AWAY.

Hubby Is Most Likely to Have Several Good Times.

The wife takes the children and goes out of town with a certain amount of trepidation these days, for hubby remains behind and there's no knowing what a man will do, says the New York Recorder.

"Oh, don't fret," he says, "I'll be all right. I'll dine at my club and Norah can get me my breakfast as usual."

"But you must remember and tell her what to get, for she has no ideas of her own," says wifey, "and you mustn't forget to give her the money to buy the food with."

"Oh, how fussy you women are!" he says, impatiently, "as if I needed prompting about a thing like that!"

All the same he forgets all about it and is disgusted to find tea and toast for the third day's breakfast and he with an appetite like a wolf's, which he has been out two-thirds of the night acquiring.

"How's this, Norah? No fruit or meat?"

"Shure, an' I had no money to get 'em wid!"

"Why didn't you ask me for some?"

"Arrah! an' was it home at all, at all, yez was yisterday? I sot up till wan this mawnin'."

"Hem! Never mind about that. Here's $5. Now lay in a good stock."

A few nights after he remains out all night at a poker game and sneaks home, feeling ghastly in the bright sunshine, at 7 a. m.

Of course, Norah is out on the walk sweeping it off and she gives him an awful look—a look that seeems to say:

"Ah, sure, if the missis could only know! But I'll not tell her. Faith, I'd not be after breakin' her harrut!"

"I've—I've been out to get an extra paper," he says, weakly. "I guess I was up before you were."

Then he goes to his room to find that Norah has been there before him, for the door is wide open and he left it shut and locked the night before.

It is not surprising that he writes to his wife in this strain:

"Norah has been most inattentive in your absence and I have given her a month's wages and let her go. It's just as well, for, really, in lots of little ways she was objectionable. I hope you are having a good time. I'm worn to death with business. Will be down Saturday night."

SHE WAS EXPANSIVE.

Couple of Seats Too Crowding When She Was Fully Rigged.

He looked troubled as he pushed two matinee tickets through the box office window and asked:

"Can you give me two more seats next to those?"

The ticket seller hastily looked through a bundle of tickets that he took from one of the little pigeon holes in front of him and shook his head.

"I can give you two seats just in front of them," he said.

"Won't do," replied the man in front of the window. "Can you take these back and give me four in the row just ahead?"

"No; there are only two left there," answered the ticket seller.

"I don't see how I am going to arrange it," said the man who wanted the tickets, thoughtfully. "I must have three seats together."

"Three!" exclaimed the ticket seller. "I thought you wanted four together."

"I do," returned the other, "but that isn't absolutely necessary. If I can get three together I can sit somewhere else myself."

"I should think it would be pleasanter to divide the party evenly," suggested the man in the box office.

"It would," admitted the man outside of it, "but it can't be done. You evidently don't understand the case. You see, I bought these tickets with the intention of taking a young lady to the matinee, and it never occurred to me that I would need more than two seats."

"Overlooked the chaperon, I suppose?"

"Chaperon nothing. When I pay for a chaperon there'll be skating in August. I overlooked the fashions—that's what I overlooked. I saw her last night in the gown she expects to wear, and now I am trying to buy a seat for each of the sleeves. That's why I must have at least three seats in a row. If you can give them to me, trot them out; if you can't, say so, and I'll send word to her that I'm sick and give my tickets to some one else."—Chicago Post.

Imports Most Japan Teas.

Chicago is the largest importing center of Japan tea in the United States. Up to this year the record was held by New York. The annual report of Appraiser Hoyne shows that Chicago has run ahead of New York. There were last year, ending with June 30, 275,353 packages of teas invoiced at the port of Chicago, weighing 31,145,595 pounds, or 15,573 tons. In addition to the direct importation there passed through the Chicago office over 2,000,000 pounds of teas imported at other places and sent to Chicago for examination and classification. The four merchandise examiners report 26,324 cases examined, and 2,133 seized and detained for explanations. There were 844 cases of cigars imported and 12,685 bales of tobacco. There was a heavy increase of Havana tobacco, owing to the depletion of Cuban warehouses on account of the insurrection. There were 781 bales of Sumatra wrappers imported by Chicago dealers. During the year 615 protests against classifications were made by importers, and 600 of them answered.—Chicago Tribune.

Piqued at Thackeray.

Thackeray got into trouble by copying some of his characters too closely from life, notably when he put his friend, Arthur Archdekne, into "Pendennis" as the ever delightful Harry Foker. Although Thackeray meant no unkindness, Archdekne never quite forgave him. One night, just after Thackeray had delivered his first lecture on "The English Humorists," Archdekne met him at the Cider Cellar Club, surrounded by a coterie who were offering their congratulations. "How are you, Thack?" cried Archie; "I was at your show to-day at Willis'. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull—devilish dull! I will tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano."

More Pie for the Money.

A French journal tells a story of a lady who with a maid went to purchase a still-life picture for her dining-room. She selected a canvas on which were painted a bunch of flowers, a pie cut in two and a half-penny roll, and was paying 500 francs for it when the maid approached to whisper in her ear:

"Madam," said the servant, "you are making a bad bargain: I saw a picture very much like this sold the other day for 400 francs."

"And was it as good as this?"

"Yes, madam, it was better; there was a good deal more pie in it."

The devil is not so popular now as he formerly was; people are finding out that the devil asks too much interest.

MUSIC OF ST. PETER'S.

The Choir Sings It at Sight Without Rehearsal.

Opposite the Chapel of the Sacrament is the Chapel of the Choir. St. Peter's is a cathedral, and is managed by a chapter of canons, each of whom has his seat in the choir, and his vote in the disposal of the cathedral's income, which is considerable. The chapter maintains the choir of St. Peter's, a body of musicians quite independent of the so-called "Pope's choir," which is properly termed the "choir of the Sistine Chapel," and which is paid by the Pope.

No musical instruments are ever used in the Sistine. In the choir, on the contrary, there are two large organs. The one on the west side is employed on all ordinary occasions; it is over two hundred years old, and is tuned about two whole tones below the modern pitch. It is so worn out that an organ-builder is in attendance during every service to make repairs at a moment's notice. The bellows leak, the stops stick, some notes have a chronic tendency to "cypher," and the pedal "trackers" unhook themselves unexpectedly. But the canons would certainly not think of building a new organ.

Should they ever do so, and tune the instrument to the modern pitch, the consternation of the singers would be great; for the music is all written for the existing organ, and could not be performed two notes higher, not to mention the confusion that would arise where all the music is sung at sight. This is a fact not generally known, but worthy of notice. The music sung in St. Peter's, and, indeed, in most Roman churches, is never rehearsed or practiced. The music itself is entirely in manuscript, and is the property of the choirmaster, or, as is the case in St. Peter's, of the chapter, and there is no copyright in it beyond this fact of actual possession, protected by the simple plan of never allowing any musician to have his part in his hands except while he is actually performing it.

In the course of a year the same piece may be sung several times, and the old choristers may become acquainted with a good deal of the music in this way, but never otherwise. Mozart is reported to have learned Allegri's Miserere by ear, and to have written it down from memory. The other famous Misereres, which are now published, were pirated in a similar way. The choirmaster of that day was very unpopular. Some of the leading singers who had sung the Misereres during many years in succession, and had thus learned their several parts, met and put together what they knew into a whole, which was at once published, to the no small annoyance and discomfiture of their enemy. But much good music is quite beyond the reach of the public—Palestrina's best motets, airs by Alessandro Stradella, the famous hymn of Raimondi, in short, a great musical library, an archivio, as the Romans call such a collection, all of which is practically lost to the world.

It is wonderful that under such circumstances the choir of St. Peter's should obtain even such creditable results. At a moment's notice an organist and about a hundred singers are called upon to execute a florid piece of music which many of them have never seen or heard; the accompaniment is played at sight from a mere figured bass, on a tumble-down instrument two hundred years old, and the singers, both the soloists and the chorus, sing from thumbed bits of manuscript parts written in old-fashioned characters on paper often green with age. No one has ever denied the extraordinary musical facility of Italians, but if the general musical world knew how Italian church music is performed it would be very much astonished.

It is no wonder that such music is sometimes bad. But sometimes it is very good; for there are splendid voices among the singers and the Maestro Renzi, the chief organist, is a man of real talent as well as of amazing facility. His modernizing influence is counterbalanced by that of the old choirmaster, Maestro Meluzzi, a first-rate musician, who would not for his life change a hair of the old-fashioned traditions. Yet there are moments, on certain days, when the effect of the great old organ, with the rich voices blending in some good harmony, is very solemn and stirring. The outward persuasive force of religion lies largely in its music, and the religions that have no songs make few proselytes.—Century.

Former Slave Market.

On benches so placed as to command a good view were the buyers, coarse-looking Turks, whose calm, searching gaze seemed to take in every detail. The merchant conducting the sale stood before them, talking and gesticulating with great vehemence. He turned to one of the pens, which was filled with young Circassian women, most of whom were very handsome. They were seated close together on the ground, in an attitude of listless despondency, their white garments flowing around them, and as they gazed up at me with their sad, dark eyes, I felt painfully how they must envy the free and happy stranger who came to look on them in their infamy and misery.

The slave trader came forward, followed by a phlegmatic-looking Turk, and, seizing one of the women by the arm, forced her to stand up before this man, who, it appeared, wished to buy her. He proceeded to inspect her, very much in the same manner as he might have examined a horse or a dog, and his decision was unfavorable; he turned with a contemptuous movement of the head, and the slave merchant, in a rage, thrust back the unfortunate girl, who sank down trembling among her companions in activity. This scene was as much as we could stand, and we left the place hurriedly at once; it is well, indeed, that such sights can be witnessed no more, at least in Europe.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Take the First Rank.

A certain Alabama register in chancery takes first rank as a lover of abstract justice. Recently in stating an account as master when the evidence showed that a large quantity of corn bargained to plaintiff had been lost by the defendant's agent, whose duty it was to deliver it to plaintiff, the Register announced his decision as follows:

"While, perhaps, the law and the evidence are on the side of the plaintiff, I think it would be unjust that the defendant should lose all this corn. I, therefore, charge the plaintiff with the corn."

American Horses for England.

The London General Omnibus Company has entered into a contract with an American firm for the supply of 6,000 horses for 'bus work in the metropolis, which does not seem as though they were much afraid of the new motor car.

Flocking to Minnesota.

Progress in the settlement of Minnesota was never so marked as at present, the sales of State, Government and railroad land being very heavy.

Intoxicated Bees.

It is believed that bees possess an immunity against the poisonous effects of certain flowers from which they obtain nectar. But while this may be so, it is certain that bees are not proof against the narcotic and intoxicating properties of plants, for they have frequently been seen to fall out of gladiolus blossoms in a state of helpless intoxication.

The Senses of Insects.

With reference to a recent paragraph in the Nature and Science column, a correspondent writes to us that the brilliant color of a wall paper in his house attracted bees, which found that they had been fooled when they tried to get the honey from the flowers pictured on the paper. This does not contradict the paragraph referred to, which only asserted that the odor is even more powerful than the sense of color in attracting insects. Probably both senses play their part in the case.

A Strange Explosion.

A singular accident, the cause of which is somewhat obscure, occurred recently in Brooklyn, New York. Two men were busy in a steam engine factory breaking up an old brass "plunger" from the water cylinder of a steamship. The plunger was two feet long and six inches in diameter, and its walls were five-eighths of an inch thick. It was first placed in a red-hot oven to soften the metal. Then one of the men struck it a violent blow with a sledge hammer. It exploded with a noise like the discharge of a cannon. The workmen were so badly mangled that both were compelled to undergo amputation, one losing both legs and the other one leg. The accident was ascribed to the absorption of moisture in the pores of the brass, and the subsequent turning of the moisture into steam by the sudden heating in the oven. The blow of the hammer, it was thought, released the pent-up force of the steam, and thus caused the explosion.

A New Metal in Brisk Demand.

French inventions frequently call into use natural products which had previously possessed no practical value. This is illustrated by the rare metal, thorium, discovered by the great chemist, Berzelius, early in the present century. When burned, the metal emits a light more brilliant than that of burning magnesium, but until the recent invention of incandescent gasburners, in which the flame is encased in a metallic mantle, no use was discovered for it. Upon experimenting with various substances it was found that the oxide of thorium, called thoria, makes the best mantle for such burners, and a demand being thus created for it, the value of thoria suddenly sprang from almost nothing up to $250 per pound. Then a search began for new sources from which thoria could be obtained, and this search is not yet finished. Originally the new metal was found only in certain rare minerals in Norway. Recently it has been discovered that the mineral "monazite" contains a liberal quantity of thoria, and monazite is found in North Carolina, Canada and Brazil. The price of thoria is now much lower than it was at first, although it still commands $15 or $20, and even more, per pound, the price fluctuating with the supply.

Welcoming a River.

In the long coastal desert of Peru, which is some 2,000 miles in length, but only 120 miles broad at its widest part, the rivers, Major A. F. Sears says, disappear in the dry season and begin to flow again in February or March when rain falls in the Cordilleras. One of the most important of these rivers is the Piura, the return of whose waters is welcomed with great rejoicings by the inhabitants of its banks. About the time when "the coming of the river" is expected, eager inquiries as to the progress of the water are put to all persons who chance to come from the head of the valley, and when the water approaches the town of Piura processions go out to meet it, and escort its first trickling stream down the dry river bed with music and fireworks. At the outskirts of the city thousands of people greet its arrival. The valley of the Piura is said by Major Sears to produce excellent cotton, although its possibilities in this respect are not well developed for lack of systematic irrigation. Once in a period of from five to seven years rain falls upon the coastal plain, whereupon, with magic quickness, grass and flowers cover it, and cattle browse in its pastures, but in a few weeks everything withers, and desolation reigns once more upon the barren sands.

"Odd, but Rather Nice."

Readers will perhaps be amused by a bit of "society" gossip overheard at some "function," and reported by the New York Tribune. Two young ladies were talking.

"Fancy what a shock I had last week," said vivacious Miss B., who had been visiting in a large Western city; "and yet it was rather nice, you know.

"The people I was stopping with are railroad kings—always travel in a private car, step over to Europe with less effort than New-Yorkers make in going to Brooklyn, and all that.

"Well, the day after my arrival they gave me a tea, and the prettiest girl in the room was a red-haired creature, with a ravishing figure, and a gown which fitted worlds better than mine. I was immensely taken with her, and we chatted, and she was jolly and clever and most fascinating. Finally, as we were drinking tea together, the butler offered me some cake—a blow-away, melt-in-your-mouth concoction of sugar and chocolate, utterly delicious.

"I said at once I had never tasted anything so delicate, whereupon the beauty calmly remarked:

"'I'm glad you like it; I made it.'

"I thought she was joking.

"'Why, you are not a relation, are you?' I asked.

"'No,' she said, with a little laugh; I must have looked bewildered. 'No. I am a professional cook. I make almost all the fancy desserts and cake for the swell set here.' And it was true.

"She belonged to a poor family, good enough as to birth, the father incapable of earning much, and as she grew up it became necessary to do something. She liked cooking, and began with this sugar cake, making it occasionally for a few friends. When I met her she was on the top round, had two rooms at the back of the house, with a telephone, an assistant cook and errand boy, and bought her flour and sugar and things at wholesale.

"The remarkable thing was that she remained the intimate friend of these rich girls with whom she had gone to school, dressed better than a good many of them, and after making the cakes and creams for a big reception, would dress and go and eat her own wares.

"'It used to sound very droll,' she said, 'when my hostess would call through the telephone: "O Betty, dear, can you send me two quarts of biscuit Tortoni for dinner to-morrow night?" And "Betty, if you are going to the dance Friday, I'll take you up in the carriage." But, you know, it seemed rather nice, too.'"

He Was Disappointed.

She opened the door to her father's den, but hesitated on the threshold.

"Well?" he growled inquiringly. Then, as he saw her indecision, he said in a more kindly way: "Come in. What's the trouble?"

She entered and stood before him with downcast eyes and cheeks suffused with blushes.

"I have a confession to make," she said slowly.

"Fire away!" he returned cheerily, his whole manner having undergone a change when he saw she was perturbed. "I guess it's nothing very serious."

"Oh, but it is," she protested; "it's very serious, indeed. You know Harold——"

"Well, what about Harold?"

"——has been coming to see me for quite a long time," she continued, paying no attention to the interruption, "and last night——"

"Well?"

"Last night he proposed that we—we—should run away together, and—and be married."

The old gentleman frowned.

"And what did you say?"

"I refused," she replied promptly and proudly. "I refused absolutely, and told him that he must go to you and ask for my hand properly if he wished me to be his wife."

The old gentleman still frowned.

"I recalled all that you said about our aristocratic ancestry," she went on, "and insisted——"

"Um—yes," interrupted the old gentleman, musingly, "that's all very pretty and very creditable, but far from business-like. It seems to me you might have given your poor old father the best of it once, and saved him the cost of a wedding when times are so hard. If he brings the subject again, just have your bonnet handy so that you can make a quick trip to Milwaukee and let the old man down easy."—Chicago Evening Post.

Clothing for Milch Cows.

A few days ago the residents of the southern portion of the county had their attention directed to a herd of thirty-five cows which were being driven out Mission road to San Mateo County. On each of the animals was a covering consisting of four ordinary barley sacks sewed together. The blanket was fastened by cords to the legs of the cows and tied about the neck. The cows belonged to Koostri Brothers of the Holstein dairy, near the Five-Mile house. They were being driven to a ranch in San Mateo County, about five miles south of Colma, near the ocean shore. George Koostri, one of the owners of the cows, said the idea was common in the cold countries of Northern Europe. "The ranch we own in San Mateo County," he said, "is situated very close to the ocean. The climate is cold. The breezes which blow from the sea are very penetrating. Our cows would be chilled and we would be unable to allow them to pasture if we did not provide them with some covering to resist the cold. In some of the European countries the cows are blanketed in the winter months and kept in a large inclosure. They are not allowed out, but are fed in a stable. This lasts in some places from Nov. 1 to May 1. We have thirty-five cows out on the ranch. Every one wears a blanket, which will not be removed until they return to the city, about three months from now. The climate here is much warmer in comparison to what it is along the seashore in San Mateo. The people who watched us driving the herd to the ranch thought that the cows were sick. They were very healthy, I can assure you."—San Francisco Examiner.

When Sovereigns Confer.

The innumerable banquets which are offered to the royal persons on every occasion are exact emblems of the many valuable and pleasant days which are, at their instigation and by their command, wasted in senseless formula. Once, when costume was beautiful, pageantry was so also, and ceremonial was so also; but now both are unsightly and grotesque. Two bearded men in helmets, or caps, kiss each other on a railway footboard; old ladies in paterproof cloak toddle through two lines of policemen; a fat gentleman, in a round hat, with a cigar in his mouth, walks over a piece of red carpet, nodding to a bending human hedge of supple spines; faces beam inanely, throngs outside the station door cheer they know not why, troops are massed in readiness, for nowhere are these personages safe from attempts upon their lives; the whole thing is unlovely, absurd, anomalous, a caricature of what was once both intelligible and respectable, but in which there is no longer either prestige or symbolism. Without dignity in its object loyalty is a mere boneless bundle of wornout robes, and dignity perishes at the scream of the railway whistle.—Ouida in the Forum.

Furniture of Compressed Paper.

Just at present an experiment is being made at building all the furniture of unpretentious form of compressed paper. This does for the living rooms what aluminum has done for the kitchen; literally decreases the weight to a point where a child is able to move the largest piece. It is not proposed in this process to detract in the least from beauty of shape or grace and elaborateness of ornamentation, but to lessen the price as well as the weight. The first products in the way of furniture were finished in enamel paint, and a double colonial bed of paper, with all its clothing, its pillows and mattresses, was lifted about by a 16-year-old girl. "But will this new material wear?" is the query sure to be asked by housekeepers, who are hopefully testing the new pressed paper and aluminum bathtubs and finding them much to their liking.—Illustrated American.

Fire-Proof Paper.

To make fire proof paper, nothing more is necessary than to dip in a strong solution of alum water, and when thoroughly dry it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and the process may be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

CAMERA OBSCURA IN WAR.

Project for Its Use as a Measure of Detecting the Enemy.

The latest adjunct to the coast defenses is a modernized form of the old camera obscura. Army officers are now considering its feasibility and an effort is being made to secure the adoption of the system by the War Department at Washington.

The particular use and value of this system, as explained by E. Stiles Vinten, is that it shows the defenders of a fort the movements of the ships of the enemy and at the same time does away with the necessity of anyone exposing himself to a hostile fire.

By an arrangement of lenses and small mirrors an image of the harbor is thrown upon a whitened table in a dark chamber, well protected by bomb-proof shields. Seated about the table, secure from any chance shots, those who are directing operations from the fort can distinctly see each movement of the ships of the enemy as they move about the harbor.

It is a fact recognized by all military authorities that in the event of war the United States would be obliged to depend largely upon torpedoes for its coast defenses, but it is also acknowledged that unless the movements of the hostile ships can be watched and the torpedoes exploded at the proper time there is a large element of chance in their effectiveness.

It is to overcome this difficulty that the system of mirrors and lenses and a dark chamber has been devised. Wires connect the torpedo in the harbor with a battery and keyboard within the fort, and, the position of all torpedoes being known to the defenders and accurately marked upon the table, it only remains to watch the instant that the image of a vessel comes over the marked spot and then the pressure of a key transmits the current which explodes the submarine mine.

Another advantage claimed by army officers for this plan is that it allows the use of the port by friendly ships, without danger to themselves, as is not the case where torpedoes which are exploded by contact are placed in the harbor channels. With hundreds of torpedoes lying about just below the surface of the water a friendly ship was in much danger of being blown to pieces.

With a system which shows the movement of every ship in the harbor, and with torpedoes which can be set off at will, this danger is practically done away with. Friendly ships can pass directly over the mines or torpedoes with no danger to themselves, and the mines or torpedoes cannot explode until someone within the fort sends the current through the wires.

It is also claimed that the exact range of a given point in the harbor being known, guns can be trained on ships lying within that range and fired without the gunners in any way exposing themselves to opposing fire, the aim being taken by the same system of mirrors, show the position of the ship. It is also proposed to send torpedoes from the shore, direct them under ships and then explode them, the operators all the time remaining safe and secure from danger within the bomb-proof dark chambers.

A few years ago any such scheme would have been impossible because of the fact that it is only recently that torpedoes whose movements could be directed from the shore or the ship which sent them out have been invented.—Galveston News.

Their Luck Was Bad.

Two men were talking about luck at the corner of Baltimore and South streets last night. Neither of them had had a recent visitation of Dame Fortune, and in consequence both were loud in their denunciations of that fickle lady.

"I haven't had a good thing for three years," said one of them in a tone of deep disgust. "I have tried my best to overcome the hoodoo, but somehow I can't do it. I've tried every sort of mascot, but I can't get out of the rut. For two years I have carried a rabbit's foot, but it seems to have come from a Jonah rabbit and not one of the regular kind. Darn this luck, anyhow."

The other man sympathized deeply, and told his own troubles in the same disgruntled style. He, too, had a mascot in the shape of a Chinese coin.

"They are all a snare and a delusion," he said, and his face looked more woebegone than ever. "Darn this luck, anyhow."

"Mascots are not what they are cracked up to be," assented the other. "I'm almost tempted to believe in Jonahs as the harbingers of good fortune. I'm going to get rid of this rabbit's foot at any rate."

"I am right with you," said the other. "Darn this luck, anyhow."

The rabbit's foot and the coin appeared from their pockets, and with a more hopeful manner than they had yet shown the two charms were tossed together in the middle of the streets, near the tracks of the City Passenger Railway. Then the two "hoodooed" men went down the street arm in arm.

"Darn this luck, anyhow," was the last thing heard as they disappeared in a doorway.—Baltimore Sun.

Violet Perfume.

Millions of violets, "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," nestle at Grasse and Nice under the gray shadow of the orange groves, yet the 200,000 pounds of this flower sacrificed every year to the flower press are not sufficient for the toilet. The perfumer is glad to fall back on the intense odor of "Cassie, sweet to smell," for, sickly as its scent is when used alone, it gives the indispensable note to many bouquets, and is longer available than the violet, the blossoms of Acacia Farnesiana being successive, while those of its better-known floral ally are quickly over.

There cannot be a greater contrast than that existing between the lowly tufts of the Parma violet and the tree fifteen feet high, with its stem thick as a man's wrist, and its branches six feet long. Yet the blossoms have the same characteristic odor. Cassie, too, the flower farmer's latest crop, forms a fitting introduction to the violet harvest, occurring as the former does in November and December, while the purple shadow of the latter is not seen under the olives until the beginning of February. Both odors are obtained by the characteristic enfleurage system; pure, inodorous lard being placed on sheets of glass and covered with flower petals. Forty or fifty of the trays are then piled on one another, till the lard is charged with their perfume, the flowers being changed from thirty to forty times before the pomade is considered sufficiently scented.

Rapid Writing.

A rapid writer can write thirty words in one minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, 16½ feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five and a half hours a full mile.

Apples and oranges must have water and plenty of it.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE best business for anybody is God's business.

It is better to starve and be right than to feast and be wrong.

We cannot have God's favor and the pleasures of sin both.

The rejection of Christ is a refusal to hear God's best witness.

The man who is on the side of the saloon is not on the Lord's side.

All of our future will depend upon the stand we take to-day for Christ.

No other man can get so much out of this life as the one the Lord is leading.

The man who hates his enemy finds no joy in thinking that God loves him.

The top of the tower of Babel was no nearer heaven than the top of a pig sty.

The existence of the devil is never doubted by those who are on the Lord's side.

There is no greater career possible than to do well whatever God gives us to do.

Without the shedding of blood the name of love could never have been written.

So far as this world is concerned a little child is the biggest thing God ever put in it.

The man who would be a leader must be ready to start before the procession is formed.

Commanding an army is sometimes small business compared with holding the hand of a child.

Drive the devil out of the church at one door and he will cover up his cloven hoof and walk in at another.

If we have on the whole armor of God we can count upon the Lord for victory every time we go into battle.

If preaching were only done when the preacher felt like shouting, church doors would stay shut most of the time.

When the mountains are carried into the midst of the sea the safe thing to do is to trust God for ground to step on.

If only those obeyed God who were caught up into the third heaven, righteous men would still be as scarce as they were in Sodom.

PRESIDENTIAL BILLS.

France Pays Much More than We for Her Chief Magistrate.

Compared with those of the President of France, the emoluments of the President of the United States are considerably less. Every one knows that the chief executive of this country receives a salary of $50,000 a year, but the other expenditures for which the nation allows him people are, in general, less cognizant of. His private secretaries, clerks, doorkeepers and servants cost $35,000 annually; $15,000 is at the President's disposal for buying furniture for the White House and for keeping it in repair; $3,000 is allowed for fuel and $4,000 for maintaining the greenhouses up to the mark. The total cost is, therefore, about $107,000 per year.

The bare salary of the President of the French republic is $120,000, or $13,000 more than this country's total expenditure for a chief executive. In addition to this, the French President is allowed the services of two military and three civil secretaries, a small army of men servants (whose wages and board are paid by the State), house linen, fuel and light. His supply of game not only costs him nothing, but is so plentiful that he can sell nearly $10,000 worth a year after his own wants are satisfied, valuable preserves in the forests of Marly and Rambouillet being set apart for the President's use. Even his musical and theatrical tastes are paid for by the public, for he has a box both at the opera and the Theater Francais. If he does not care to use these boxes, however, the President and his family can enjoy the performance at home by telephonic communication.

Origin of Straw Bail.

The origin of the familiar phrases "straw bail" and a "man of straw," is a most curious one. It dates back 200 years, when the practice of entering worthless bail was common. The exact methods have not been transmitted to posterity, but in several old English works is to be found reference to them. In one of these—Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," the thief catcher—we read that Jonathan's aunt married a man "who was famous for so friendly a disposition that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He had also the remarkable honor of walking in Westminster hall with a straw in his shoe." It seems that at one time when English lawyers wished to procure witnesses with elastic consciences or men who would go bail for their clients, they went into Westminster hall, into which the principal courts of law opened, and there would quickly recognize the men they wanted by glancing at their shoes, from which protruded a straw or two, thus indicating their calling. Because of this trade mark, so to speak, these professional witnesses or bail-goers became known as "men of straw," or ones who were willing, for a consideration, to enter "straw bail."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Young America Abroad.

George Downer, thirteen years old, started away from Fayetteville on Jan. 14 to see the world. He left home with $2, and tramped to Syracuse, then he rode to New York. He got a job as cabin boy on the steamship Massachusetts, and was hired for a valet. George sp