

## WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

"When do I mean to marry?—Well—The idiot to dispute with fate; But if you choose to have it so, Pray listen while I tell the date." When daughters have with eager feet: "A mother's early toll to shew me, Can make the puddings which they eat, And mend the stockings which they wear." When maidens look upon a man: "As in himself what they would marry, And not as army soldiers scan." A sutler or a commissary: "When gentle ladies who have got The offer of a man's hand, Come to him with his only lot, And do not mean his lot of land; When young mechanics are allowed To find and wed the farmers' girls, Who don't expect to be endowed With rubies, diamonds, and pearls; When wives, in short, shall freely give Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses, And live as they were wont to live, Within their sire's one-story houses." Then, madam—if I'm not too old—Rejoiced to quit this lonely life, I'll brush my bower, cease to sojourn, And look about me for a wife!

## THE AUNT'S EARRINGS.

Detective stories have always been my favorite form of literature. I have read many, and have gained from them thorough contempt for probability and the police. The first thing you should do when a crime has been committed, as I often said to Uncle Poffkins, is to suspicion the most unlikely man as being the criminal. That was the course I adopted when Aunt Poffkins' earrings were stolen. It was in the morning when the theft was discovered. Aunt came down late and ran into the room where Uncle Poffkins, Dora, and I were breakfasting. My aunt bore traces of strong agitation, and she had forgotten her cap.

"My earrings," she cried. "They are gone—they are stolen!"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Poffkins, dropping his teacup as if he had been shot, and leaping up with a yell of pain. He said the yell was attributable to the heat of the tea, which was trickling 'own his legs.

My aunt explained. The earrings were kept wrapped in cotton wool in a jewel-box on her dressing-table. The box was never locked, and the housemaid had access to the room. The girl had only been in the house a week, and was known to have a bean. My aunt and cousin once concluded she was the thief, and sent for a policeman, who searched her trunk and found nothing, of course. I could have told them that.

Meanwhile I kept my eye on Uncle Poffkins. He was the one person who could have no motive whatever in stealing the earrings. He was very rich, most respectable and extremely slow and noisy in his movements; moreover, my aunt would have given him the earrings at any moment if he had asked for them. Evidently he was the last man to attract suspicion. Accordingly I watched Uncle Poffkins closely.

We passed a week of excitement. The police were running in and out. Dora cross-examined the housemaid incessantly. Aunt Poffkins went about weeping and reminding every one she met that the earrings were a present from Uncle Poffkins on the occasion of their engagement. My uncle himself affected to make light of the matter and went so far as to loudly and ostentatiously curse the earrings. He was wrong if he thought I could be put off the scent by that clumsy munever. I never left him alone; I tracked him to the city, hung about all the morning, shadowed him when he went to lunch, when he returned, when he crossed over to the exchange. Unknown to him I was on his bus, inside if he rode on the top, and on the top when it rained and he stowed himself away inside. He never escaped me, except while he was in his office.

At last, after ten days' weary chasing, I was rewarded. I need not say that the police had discovered nothing. The house was still topsy-turvy, and my aunt subject to intermittent hysterics. That wronged creature, the housemaid, did her work with a mop in one hand and in the other a handkerchief wet with innocent tears. But to return to Uncle Poffkins. The tenth day after the earrings had disappeared, as he was brushing his hat before leaving the house and looking at my aunt's tear-bedecked visage, his conscience smote him and he so far forgot himself as to exclaim audibly: "I'm blamed if I can stand this any longer!" The folly of the man was incredible. He had him now. In an instant I was after him. He took a bus, I took a cab, and started for the city. Now came the odd thing—Uncle Poffkins disappeared. How it happened I do not know, but when the bus pulled up at the bus Uncle Poffkins was not to be seen. I questioned the conductor, but he had evidently been bribed, and told me very rudely that he had something better to do than answer my riddles. He drove on, and I was left for the first time at fault.

It was evening before I saw Uncle Poffkins. I was going home in a very disconsolate state, when, about two hundred yards from our gate, I espied him ahead of me. Quickening my pace I stealthily approached him. He opened the gate and passed in; noiselessly I followed. A little further on, sheltered by the shrubbery, he stopped, and after a stealthy glance toward the house took from his overcoat pocket a small morocco case. I stood on tiptoe just behind, and, with mingled horror and satisfaction as I looked over his shoulder. I saw the earrings! I was right! Uncle Poffkins sighed: "Shall I give 'em to her or not?" he said to himself. "It's waste. Still it will keep her quiet." I watched the struggle between his good and evil angel. Clearly his good angel had triumphed so far as to bring the earrings within fifty yards of Aunt Poffkins; but now came the tug of war. It was severe, and it ended in the victory of evil. Uncle Poffkins, shutting the case with a snap, exclaimed: "It's all blamed nonsense. I'll take 'em back to Abraham's to-morrow."

Abraham no doubt was the receiver, for my uncle went on, in a satisfied tone: "He'll make no trouble about taking 'em."

He was putting the case in his pocket when my feelings overcame me. Respect for one's elderly relatives is a praiseworthy feeling, but it must not be allowed to override

higher duties. I flung myself on Uncle Poffkins, crying: "Surrender! You cannot escape me!"

My uncle fell heavily on the gravel path. I fell heavily on top of him and pinioned his arms to the ground. "Tom!" he exclaimed, "what the mischief—are you drunk?" "It is useless, sir," I began, "to affect it—"

I had reached this point when I was violently collared from behind, lifted off my uncle's chest, where I had been sitting, and was deposited on a grass plat, while a deep voice said in my ear: "Now, then, young man, turn it up. You're a lively 'un, you are. Bust your aunt and now your uncle."

The new comer was a policeman. From his pocket he produced a pair of handcuffs and put them on the unwilling wrists. Then I found my voice.

"What are you handcuffing me for?" I demanded. "There's the thief."

"Gammon!" said he, grinning. "Why, you fool, there's the property," said I.

He looked and saw the earrings lying on the ground by Uncle Poffkins. An expression of bewilderment overspread the officer's face as groping again in his pocket he brought forth a pair of earrings. Then gazing from the pair in his hand to the other pair on the ground, he ejaculated softly, and to my ears at least, mysteriously:

"These earrings in my hand was found in your drawer, young man, wrapped in cotton wool. 'Ow do you account for that?"

He shook his head sadly. Then he suddenly brightened up. He had an idea. He produced another pair of handcuffs, clapped them on my uncle's hands and cried cheerfully:

"We can't be wrong now, can we? March!"

So Uncle Poffkins and I marched, the policeman between us, with a hold on each of our collars, and in this predicament we were presented to Aunt Poffkins, to Dora, and to the housemaid.

The housemaid giggled consummately, for which under the circumstances one could hardly blame her. Aunt Poffkins experienced a relapse, and Dora alone was equal to the situation. She made us sit down and gave us each a glass of sherry. Then the recrimination began. Uncle Poffkins declared his earrings were not the stolen pair. Distressed at my aunt's sorrow, he had gone to the jeweler's and bought her a similar pair. They cost 80 guineas. The strayed I had witnessed was between love and economy, not honesty and crime.

I swore that the earrings found in my bureau had not been placed there by me.

"And you are both quite right," said Dora. "Uncle's earrings are not the stolen ones. Tom, do you remember having the toothache?"

It was clear to me in a moment. I had asked for cotton wool, had been directed to my aunt's jewel box, and from it I grabbed a large handful and carried it to my room. Then, on reflection, I had tried brandy instead of laudanum, and the cotton wool was thrust in the drawer out of the way. The earrings had been buried in the cotton wool.

"So you were the thief yourself!" laughed Dora.

It was true. If only I had strictly followed what my reading had taught me! For, improbable as it was that I should think Uncle Poffkins guilty, it would have been still more improbable had I fixed the crime on myself. I lacked the full courage of my principles, and the result is Uncle Poffkins and I do not speak.—Chicago Post.

### Whaling.

Whaling is a glorious sport, superior to your fox hunting, to bobbing for gudgeons, or chasing rats with a terrier. The ideas suggested to a landsman by the description of an attack on a whale, are those of extreme peril to all engaged in it, a peril from which the chances against their escaping alive is about ten to one. A few hardy fellows pull up to a creature that looks like a small island on the surface of the sea, and one sweep of those tall or flukes is sufficient to knock their frail bark into splinters; they dash their harpoons into the large flank, and submit to be towed through the waves by the maddened monster at a rate that makes the water boil around their bows. Such is the power of the fish, that if he came in contact with a ship during his headlong course his weight and impetus would stave in her sides. Sometimes he runs straight forward; at others in circles, with irregular rapidity, still the boat sticks to him, until the smart of his hurt subsiding, or through fatigue, he slackens his speed, enabling his enemies to approach him with fresh wounds. At last, when the waters are reddened with his blood, then comes the death flurry—stern all! The boat stands clear and the fish disappears in a cloud of spray that dashes up in his dying agonies. His flukes quiver, he plunges heavily and all is over.

### Entertaining the Butcher.

Do you remember the Irishwoman who told her consumptive son to "Cough for the lady, Jimmy?" One of my nurses gave me a yarn to match that. Baby Bob had been ailing, fretful, and wakeful for a few days, and it occurred to me that perhaps, if his carriage was wheeled up and down the path, the sunshine and sweet summer air might be the best antidotes for the poor little chap. Sure enough when I looked out at the end of half an hour Baby Bob was rosily sound asleep; and my heart rejoiced. A little later the butcher's boy, coming in at the side gate, stopped to gossip with Kathleen. "A fine baby you have there!" said he. "And if you think that when he's asleep, it's awake and laughing you should see him!" said she; and to my horror she bent to give the baby a brisk shake, crying joyfully. "Bobby, dear! Wake up and laugh for the butcher, Bobby!"—Boston Commonwealth.

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## FOOD FOR VISITORS.

### HOW IT WILL BE KEPT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A Big Cold Storage Warehouse on the Exposition Grounds—Interior Arrangements of the Place—Where Ice Cream Will Be Made.

The Week at Jackson Park.

Chicago correspondence: Directly south of the Transportation Building annex and close to the Stony Island avenue boundary of the Fair grounds stands a spacious five-story building covering an area of 130 by 255 feet deep. It is solidly built and with ornaments. It forms the cold-storage



THE JAPANESE WELL.

and ice-making plant of the Exposition, and will be a very necessary adjunct during the hot summer months of the great show. There will be numerous restaurants, cafes, ice-cream and soft-drink stands on the grounds, and these places will depend on the cold-storage warehouse for the preservation of their edibles. In it will be stored the tons of

the several score of carpenters who have moved in to begin the work of erecting pavilions. The State Agricultural Department has opened up offices in the building close to where its pavilion is being erected and a large pile of samples from the forestry division await the completion of a set of shelves before their complete installation. Each variety of wood is to be shown, with the bark covering one side. The other side will be cut and planed in such a way as to show the longitudinal, cross and oblique sections.

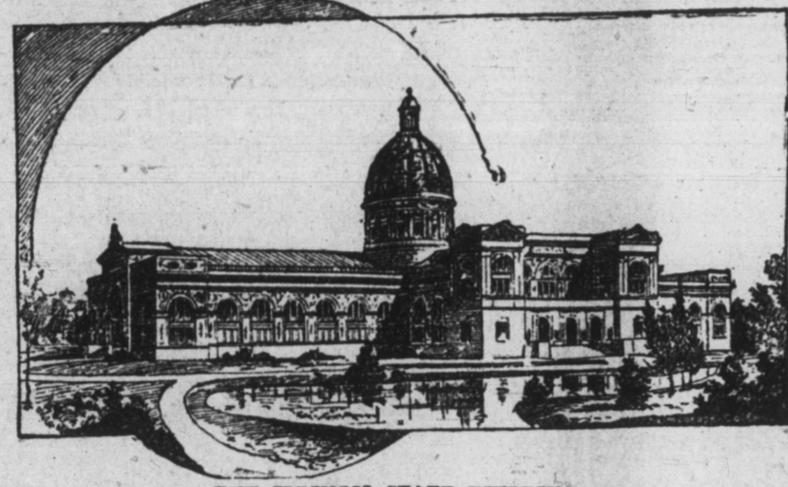
In the south end of the building, in which will be used as the kindergarten, may be found a rosy-cheeked Wisconsin girl absorbed in a creation entirely her own, which she calls the "Genius of her State. The fair-elf-queen is Miss Nellie Farnsworth. Mearns, whose peculiar talent was fortunately brought to the recognition of the State Fair Commission, who immediately gave the Oshkosh maiden her first order. Her figure stands in repose, lightly leaning on a mass of rock symbolizing firm foundation. The figure affectionately rests her left arm on the neck of an eagle perched on the rock, and from under the protecting outspread wing, gazes upward with a trustful air. The right hand gathers up the folds of an American flag.

The Japanese Exhibit.

The Japs have begun work on their pavilion in the Liberal Arts Building. The structure now being unpacked in sections promises to be a very neat and handsome affair. It is constructed of hand-carved native hardwoods, with metal ornaments on the roof of figures, nail-heads, chairs and a bronze image of the sacred phoenix. On the wooden island their ho-o-den begins to assume the palatial aspect intended. Over at the Horticultural Building the Japanese gardeners are putting in a stone well near their rustic bridge. The well-casing used is from one of the oldest Japanese wells, and shows the primitive method thereof of drawing water. The stone used is a sort of red sandstone, neatly mortised together at the four corners.

Led by a Canine Pilot.

A blind man, piloted about the center of the city the other day by a

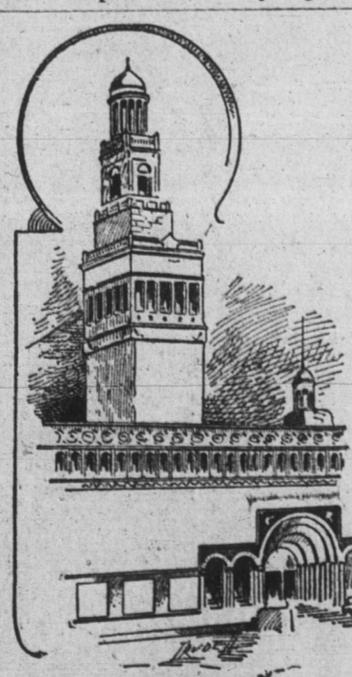


THE ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING.

meat, vegetables, butter and eggs used. In it also will be manufactured ice-cream by the hosehead and ice by the ton. The whole apparatus will be so arranged that visitors may freely circulate through the building and see just how the various methods of ice production are carried on. One will pass through a high-arched and many-columned doorway



into a circular gallery looking down upon a 200-horse power steam plant, the only steam plant on the grounds. It will furnish the power for the large elevators placed in each end of the building, for the ice-hoist apparatus and the dynamo of the arc and incandescent lights. A door leading to the ice-machines opens to the left. Here may be seen the full workings of an ice-plant with a capacity of 105 tons a day. On the opposite side of the building are the storage-rooms. Provision will be made for the storage of 3,000 tons of ice. The walls separating the rooms are what are technically known as "insulated." They are composed of alternate layers of heavy paper and cleated boards, with a double air space intervening. Around each room run the coils of pipe by means of which the rooms are cooled. Each room is supplied with an automatically acting thermostat, which keeps up a thorough ventilation and preserves a uniform temperature of any degree re-



THE COLD STORAGE BUILDING.

quired. In the rooms practical tests will be made with a view of ascertaining what the proper temperatures are for the storage of different kinds of produce. On the fifth floor will be placed the ice-cream plant, where all the ice-cream used on the grounds will be manufactured. The freezers will be immense, operated by steam and cooled by ammonia vapors. The roof will be surrounded by a heavy balustrade inclosing a promenade, and at each corner will be placed a tower 100 feet high.

The Illinois Building.

The work of construction on the Illinois building is complete, and the closely following decorators will soon have finished their task. The building presents a very handsome appearance both with and without.

The main floor is once more strewn with shavings and bits of wood left by

Claude de Forbin.

About the year 1666 a dog went mad in a village of Provence, France. As he rushed down a deserted street persons who had fled to places of security were horrified to see a small boy run to meet it. Headless of commands and warnings, the child seemed about to throw himself upon the animal's open, foaming jaws. There was a struggle, but it was quickly over, and the 10-year-old hero was unharmed. He had given his hat to the dog, and while the creature was tearing it, had seized him by the dog's legs and plunged a knife into his stomach. When a crowd of men reached the scene to render assistance the dog lay motionless and dying.

The boy was Claude de Forbin who as a young man achieved fame as a brave soldier and sailor, and who died a commodore of the French navy. His career was full of acts of audacity and impetuous courage.

At one time the French Government ordered him to attack a certain Venetian war vessel in the Mediterranean Sea. The vessel retreated to the port of Venice. Forbin, with fifty men, two boats, and a canoe, entered the port unperceived, boarded the vessel and took possession of it before the enemy realized what was happening.

He carried away the officers and crew, set fire to the ship, and before it was fully understood in Venice what the burning of the ship and the terrible explosion of its powder-magazine meant, he was well on his way to his own frigate, which he reached in safety.

In a terrific storm, which so frightened his ordinarily stout-hearted sailors that they yielded to despair and did nothing but call upon all the saints in the calendar, Forbin shouted, "All your prayers are good, my lads, but Saint Pump! Saint Pump! he will save you!"

The men went to the pumps, and the ship was saved.

When Forbin's vessel was anchored off Algiers, and he was negotiating for peace between Algiers and France, some Christian slaves swam out and begged him to rescue them. The treaty between France and Algiers forbade the French sending out gunboats to rescue slaves, but Forbin determined to save these unfortunate.

He put 400 fathoms of rope to a canoe, and told the coxswain to rescue the drowning slaves. If he was discovered by the Algerian gunboats, he was to order the men to ship their oars and to pull on the cable, at which signal the canoe would be drawn back to the vessel.

The Algerians chased the canoe; but without success. They demanded the return of the slaves, but Forbin replied that all on board a vessel of the King of France were freemen. Then he set sail across the Mediterranean and carried the refugees to France.

Swapping Wives in Crackerton.

"Twenty years ago the people of that section of country embraced in Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee were primitive in the extreme," said F. P. Dalton to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man.

"Few could read; not one in a hundred had ever seen a railroad or a town of 1,000 inhabitants. I was tramping through the mountains making some sketches, and my wife, then an exceedingly handsome woman of 20, accompanied me. We stopped one night at the cabin of a squatter who was a typical mountaineer. His wife was a tall, raw-boned, slatternly woman with a snuff-stick and a sharp tongue. After supper of corn-pone, milk, and fat pork the host took me outside and, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to his respective wives, said:

"How'll you swap?"

"I had heard the people of that country sometimes traded wives, but regarded it as a foolish burlesque.

"Well," said I, "inclined to get some amusement out of it, 'make an offer.'

"I kinder reckon," said the would-be swapper, "that my wife's with the most. She's the biggest strongest. She kin milk cows, dig seng, and kin cook a possum to a turn." But I've had her nigh onto a year an' an' gettin' tired of her old clapper of a tongue. I'll swap even."

"I declined the offer and he finally offered to give a boat a squirrel rifle and a dog warranted to be death on coons. This liberal offer did not tempt me, and as we were about to leave he offered to add a jug of moonlight whisky. This was too much for the temper of his partner.

"Well, Zack Jenkins," said she, with asperity, "I've been swapped four times, an you're the first feller that didn't cackler with it. I was with a dead more in a trade than t'other woman."

"We departed, leaving Zack to explain matters as best he could."

Not Appreciated.

Ali honor to the brave! To know the American soldier well