

OUR DEAD.

BY H. S. JELLY.

soon, too soon life's blisses fade and die;
soon, too soon the sun of joy from human eye
is winnowed flight in gloom of silent night,
and its glory fair from longings sighs.

soon, too soon the sweets of love do sleep
ears oppress, and in its no keep
vicils of a past, whose bright array
did not outlive the passage of a day.

soon, too soon the breath of love on lip
frees, where tender words were wont to
trip,
brings alone grasps faint as she flies,
brings the loved ones back from paradise.

I ages all, descending ages past,
a power not to pall life's overcast;
I overcast of blisses that are shed
at us with sweet voices of our dead,
Nica, N. Y.

Margie's Locket.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

"Stop a minute, fairy," cried Dick-
ington, as Margie's tiny feet danced
about him. "Can't you stop long enough to
the birthday present I have
brought?"

"A birthday present! Oh! Doctor
Dick, do let me see it quick."
"Why so poetical? Do birth-days
inspire you?"

"Oh! never mind the poetry now,
show me the present, please?"

"Did I say a present?" asked the
young man, provokingly. "I fear I
made a mistake in the mode of ex-
pression. I should have said, 'Margie,
your young friend, I have an article
for which you may desire to make
a some exchange,' and then have
waited in silence your reply. Imag-
ine me as awaiting it now."

"How provoking you are," said the
young girl, with a bewitching pout, "to
lure me into thinking you intended to
present a gift, when really you only
intend to swap things."

"What do you say to kisses for an ex-
change?" whispered Dick, slipping an
arm about her willowy waist. "They
are easily obtained, you know."

"Are they?" asked the mocking little
tch, as she darted away. "Where do
I propose getting them with so little
trouble?"

"Very well," Dick calmly replied, re-
solving a jewel-case in his pocket and
impatiently surveying himself in the
mirror opposite, "each one keeps his
own, and I dare say mine is the best
kept of all."

"Will one kiss do, Doctor Dick? Just
one?" asked Margie, stealing slowly
toward him.

"Behold to what a skeleton her treat-
ment has reduced me!" exclaimed Dick,
dressing his image in the glass, "and
to me, a victim for years to her
prizes, a patient martyr beneath her
trials, she denies a few cheap
kisses."

"Well, then, how many do you ask?"

"Just as many as you have years to-
day, and that is fourteen; is it not? I'll
keep them in installments; three a day
till we part, and only one right now,
till that suit your majesty?"

Margie took one glance at the at-
tractive jewel case, and concluded that
a proposition was a fair one; then,
with a laughing grace, raised rosy lips
to the kiss.

One seal of the contract given, Dick,
true to his promise, opened the case
and displayed a handsomely wrought
gold and locket.

"Oh! oh!" cried Margie, "is that
really, truly for me? And is there a
picture in the locket of you, Doctor
Dick?"

"Yes, I had one inserted," he an-
swered, teasingly, "for you to kiss and
over when you go to boarding-
school. Now you are my little cap-
tive!" clasping the chain about her
early neck, "and when I am far away
Germany, and you are at that horrid
boarding-school, you must let this
locket sometimes remind you of
your captor."

"Oh! Doctor Dick! dear Doctor
Dick!" she cried, as the locket all for-
got, she threw her soft, white arms
about his neck and nestled her golden
adobe to his warm young heart, "I
cannot—not give you up. Why does
not Margaret let us go away, the only
one she has to love her, her brother
and her little ward? She will be so
lonely, and how unhappy we all
will be apart."

"But, Margie," he answered, looking
down sadly into the tearful, pleading
eyes, "we must sacrifice our pleasure
for the sake of an education; my pro-
fession is yet to be obtained, and your
allegiance to me to be gone through
with. Only four years of separation,
and then think of the happy meeting!"

"Four years!" sighed Margie, "I
ruder when I think of it. It is an
age, an eternity. Oh! Doctor Dick,
must some change be made?"

"Hush, little one; dry your tears and
go to show 'auntie' your locket. Our
parts will be heavy enough at parting;
it is not anticipate that sorrow now."
"Perhaps I'll have a home of my own
when you come back," laughed Margie
at night, in answer to some saucy re-
mark of Dick's.

"A home of your own," queried the
young man, an unmistakable frown on
his brow.

"Of course; isn't it often customary
for young girls to marry when they
leave school?" was the innocent re-
sponse.

"Oh!" coolly, "now I understand.
Hall I bring my little German wife to
me?"

A startled glance showed Dick that
this was a naughty question had his mark,
and, with an exultant laugh, he caught
Margie in his arms, saying:

"Promise me, little one, that no home
at mine shall ever be yours, and I will
promise you, by all that is true, that
no other lassie shall ever hold your
place in my heart."

And Margie gladly promised.

Four years and a half! and what
changes had been wrought!

Dear Aunt Margaret had left her
earthly home for one that was far more
airily, "Doctor Dick" was far away over
the treacherous sea, and Margie sat
alone in her splendid room, gazing with
pensive eyes out into the thickening
dusk.

Her thoughts were on the happy
past, and sadly she compared the love
which surrounded her then to the half-
hearted coldness bestowed by the
distant relatives (whose home was hers)
upon her now.

"Doctor Dick has forgotten me quite,"
she thought; "his long silence gives
sufficient proof of that. Alice and her
mother only care for my presence here
on account of my wealth; Aunt Mar-
garet is lost to me forever, and I am
indeed alone. My heart cries out for
affection, why should a mere child-
ish promise deprive me its warmth, its balm?
I will no longer delay; Donald Drax-
ton shall have his answer to-night."

No queen ever bore a more regal
presence than Margie, as robed in shin-
ing satin, diamonds gemming her hair,
her arms, her breast, she stood alone
that evening in an alcove of the library,
her hands pressed to her heart, while
its glad refrain, "He is here, he is here,"
made music in her ears.

"I am sure I saw her enter this
room," she heard her cousin Alice say,
"so I will leave you to your fate. But
make your salutations brief, Dr. Lang-
ton, as I shall call for you in a very
short time."

Was it possible that this handsome,
well-developed man advancing toward
Margie could be the merry, boyish
"Doctor Dick" of four years ago?
How could she longer doubt when both
her hands were clasped in his, and he
cried, "Margie, Margie, have I found
you at last? Is this indeed my little
Margie?"

"Just so sure as this is Doctor Dick,"
was the joyous response, as she lifted
sweet, welcome eyes to his, all remem-
berance of the sad six months of silence
blotted out.

"Do you know what a weary, cruel
search I have had for you?" he asked.
"Twas the merest chance that revealed
to me your whereabouts. Why have
you sent me no address?"

"You speak in enigmas," Margie
answered proudly, withdrawing her
hands from his. "Why should I have
thrust my address upon you when my
last two letters have met with no re-
sponse?"

"Letters!" he exclaimed. "I have
looked in vain for letters from you.
After the news of my sister's death I
felt very, very ill, and as soon as able
to travel, went to Norway, where I
wrote time and again not only to you,
but to your solicitor, but all to no
avail. A month ago I came to America
and since then I have sought you every-
where. A few days since I chanced
upon your name in the society notes of
this city's paper, and straightway I came
as fast as steam would bear me to see
and talk with you once more. And
now," eagerly, "tell me all about your-
self, and why this cruel silence has
occurred."

"No time now for an interchange of
confidences," laughed Alice, as with
merry grace she took Dr. Langton's
arm; "for you are chosen leader of the
German, Dr. Langton, and Mr. Drax-
ton is looking for Margie."

A handsome pair! remarked Mr.
Draxton, as, after a moment's gay par-
ley, Dr. Langton and Alice moved
away. "I suppose you have heard, Miss
Margie, the romantic story of their
summer tour through Switzerland, and
its happy result. It has been known
for some time that Dr. Langton was
Miss Alice's fiancé, but I have never
seen him until to-night."

Had a goblet of living water been
dashed to Margie's lips only to be rudely
held away? A moment before she
would have sworn that the words, "My
little Margie," uttered so carelessly,
had sprung from a heart full of love
for her alone, but now, oh heaven!
the bitter pain she long had known was
lurking in her heart again, and this
cruel certainty was harder to bear than
her former suspense.

Dr. Langton's eyes followed her
from afar all evening, only to see her
always surrounded by a group of ad-
mirers, and prominent among them the
handsome figure of Donald Draxton.

Missing her once, he sought the con-
servatory, hoping to find her there,
when these low fragments of a conver-
sation were borne to him:

"Margie," said a voice he recognized
as that of Donald Draxton, "I beg of
you to listen to me once again. I can
not bear to see the desolate look upon
your face that twice to-night has rested
there. Darling, you are lonely; can
you not trust your happiness to my
keeping? My love is—"

"Mr. Draxton," came a low voice a
moment later, "you are my dear friend,
the one whom most of all I trust.
Shall I—?" And that was all, no
farther clew was given to the answer
on which his hope of happiness
trembled.

A pallid face, he scarcely knew as
his own, confronted him in a mirror as
he turned to leave the room. And
when Margie met him a half-hour later
all the old boyish brightness had died
from his manner, leaving him a coldly
elegant man of the world.

A thin veil of reserve grew up be-
tween the two after that, as slight and
intangible as the cobweb which barred
the enchanted princess from freedom,
and as difficult to breathe through.

Margie grew paler as a week wore
on, and a passion of pain often filled
her lovely eyes as she saw Alice and
Dr. Langton constantly together.

One day, at a gay May-day gather-
ing, her temper broke beneath the
strain so ruthlessly imposed upon it.
In passing under some low-drooping
boughs, her necklace was caught, and
all her efforts to extricate it proved
vain.

"Permit me to unfasten the chain for
you, Miss Margie," said Donald Drax-
ton, springing to the rescue.

"Do not hesitate to break the limbs,
Mr. Draxton; the chain has been so
long a source of annoyance that I will
gladly be freed from its hateful fet-
ters."

"Oh! that mysterious chain," laughed
Alice, "locked and the key lost. Would
not some absent lover be rejoiced to
know that you were compelled to wear
his picture night and day?"

"I fear I shall hurt you if I break the
links," said Donald. "Is there no other
way?"

"I have no such tender scruples, Mr.
Draxton, provided Miss Stratton can
only be relieved from what she terms
these 'hateful fetters,'" said Dr.
Langton, as, with a white, set face,
and a stifled "permit me," he wrenched
the chain in two.

Margie turned swiftly away, and the
glittering gold of the necklace shone on
the green sward below.

"I shall appropriate it temporarily,"

said Dr. Langton, and, stooping hastily,
he picked up the chain and at-
tached it to his vest, with the jesting
remark, "There! Miss Alice, do you
not consider it immensely becoming?"

An hour later he had left the gay
company and strolled away in the
woods. There he gave himself up to
pensive thought.

"Day after day," he communed with
himself, "have I waited for some slight
but positive clew to her answer to
Draxton on that eventful night. Day
after day I have borne tortures in
silence, but this morning the climax
was reached when the necklace once so
cherished was tauntingly left at my
feet. And now Margie's lips and not her
manner shall decide my fate for me."

But what sound was this breaking
upon the stillness? He raised a startled
glance, and there, as if in answer to his
thoughts, he saw Margie advancing
toward him.

She was quite oblivious to his pres-
ence, and walked with a slow and
meditating air.
All pride had left her beautiful face.
The lashes heavy with unshed tears,
the droop of the lovely lips, lent a
child-like grace to her perfect features,
and as Dr. Langton gazed at her all
trace of resentment left his heart.

"Margie," he quietly said, "Do not
be alarmed, I'm noting her look of startled
fear. I had hoped to have an interview
with you to-day; chance has aided me.
May I speak with you now?"

A look of proud, quick pain met his
burning glance, as she replied, "Dr.
Langton, I may be familiar with all
you have to say. Rumor sometimes
forestalls the deepest confidences. Per-
haps in this case it has spared you the
trouble of communication."

"Rumor!" with pained intentness.
"What can you mean? Heaven knows I
have borne a terrible weight of sus-
pense for the past few days, but I did
not know I had so worn my heart upon
my sleeve that others had noted and
commented upon it."

"I referred," coldly, "to your engage-
ment with my cousin, Alice Mont-
calm."

"My engagement with Alice!" ex-
claimed Dick, a great light breaking in
upon him; "are you dreaming, Margie?
A Dr. Langley is your cousin's choice;
but, natural as is the mistake, how
could you think I could so easily forget
a promise made to a beautiful, golden-
haired child who had nestled in my in-
most heart?"

Had she, then, been cruelly mistaken?
Was the light breaking in for her, too?
Too agitated to speak, she turned her
radiant face away; but this restless
savior would brook no silence.

"Margie," he cried, "why do you not
speak?" Then, seizing her unresist-
ing hand, he added, impetu-
ously: "One thing you will tell me
straightway, for I will not
bear this torture of suspense another
hour. Has Donald Draxton a claim
upon your heart? Oh! darling," with
indrawn breath, "how could I bear to
give you up?"

Margie lifted a shy, happy glance to
his and whispered, "Do you forget that
someone else had made a promise, too?
Was she more likely to forget than you?"

"My dearest," he cried, as he clasped
her close to his breast, "have you then
loved me all the while? My heart was
torn with anguish because I thought
you had forgot."

"Doctor Dick, may I have my locket
back?" was Margie's shame-faced re-
quest a moment later. "I have had
such a pain at my heart since I gave it
up."

"Oh! with a happy laugh, "and yet
how short a time ago its fetters were so
'hateful.' Confess now, sweetest, were
you not a little jealous when you made
that remark?"

"Perhaps," conceded Margie; "but
my face did not half so much resemble
a thunder-cloud as yours did. Please,"
she whispered, "won't you give me
back my locket?"

"Yes, willingly," he replied, "pro-
vided it be redeemed on the original
terms. Give me one kiss, darling, and
the locket shall be yours."

So Margie, as once before, raised ten-
der lips to his and gave the kiss which
not only won back her locket but
bound her for life to "Doctor Dick."

Tyrian Purple.

In a communication by M. Berthelot
to a French scientific journal on the
magnificent purple of Tyre, so highly
prized by the ancients, it is said that,
according to tradition, the color was
discovered by accident. A shepherd's
dog found a shell-fish on the seashore.
In crushing the shell he cut his mouth,
and the blood, mingling with the juice
of the mollusk, gave the splendid pur-
ple, which was subsequently applied to
the dyeing of stuffs. No other color
has been held in such high esteem. The
King of Phœnicia was so charmed with
its beauty that he forbade his subjects
to use it, reserving it for kings and
heirs presumptive to the crown. Moses
adopted it for ecclesiastical purposes,
the vestments of the high priests and
the ornaments of the tabernacle. As
that early period the art of dyeing must
have attained a great degree of per-
fection. Among the Romans the right to
wear the purple belonged at first only
to great conquerors; afterward it was
assumed by emperors. In more mod-
ern times the purple robe has been re-
served for the highest dignitaries of the
church, whence the expression "Roman
purple," to express the dignity of "Car-
dinal." M. Lacaze-Duthiers, of the
French Institute, regards the ancient
legend as probably true history, at
least so far as this: that the bleeding
mouth of the dog led to the discovery
of the shell-fish from which the ancients
extracted their color. For a long time
much uncertainty existed as to the spe-
cies of mollusk so employed, and many
regarded the secret as lost. But shell-
fish possessing all the characteristics by
which the ancients designated the ani-
mal have been found on the sea-coasts
of England and France, and if they are
not now made to serve the purpose it is
because means have been found to pro-
duce the color from cochineal at less
cost.

I HAVE often wondered how every
man loves himself more than all the
rest of men, yet sets less value on his
own opinion of himself than on the
opinion of others.—*Apollonius.*

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Taken by French Physicians in the
Cause of Science.

Some interesting as well as some very
extraordinary experiments were made
at the hospital for old men at Breteuil,
where the cholera appears to have raged
with special force. Although this
asylum-hospital was perfectly clean—a
model of its kind—and the aged men
domiciled therein had every comfort
which they were capable of enjoying,
they died off as if they were suddenly
poisoned. Time was when the Parisians
would have suspected that poisoners
were at work. Not more than a
generation ago a man, who was seen ex-
amining edibles at a market stall in a
cholera season, was torn in pieces by a
mob because he was supposed to be a
poisoner, and because a white powder,
which turned out afterward to be pul-
verized sugar, was found in his pockets.
The Prefect of Police, M. Pasteur, and
a large number of eminent doctors,
went up to Breteuil to see why it was
that the old men died off so fast. All
the food and drink furnished for the
consumption of the inmates was care-
fully examined. M. Pasteur has not
yet made his report, but meantime a
great deal of twaddle is talked about
microbes. A certain doctor who wishes
to prove to the world that the microbes
of Dr. Koch are without any action on
the human organism, and that the de-
jections from cholera are neither infec-
tious nor contagious, indulged in a cu-
rious experiment. A woman of thirty-
five, who was in the domestic service of
the renowned Professor Vulpian, in
whose laboratory the doctor who made
the experiment is well known, died sud-
denly with every symptom of cholera
fully developed. She had cramps,
diarrhea, spasmodic vomiting, etc.
The doctor caused some pills to be pre-
pared with the dejections from the sick
room, and, after he knew that the wom-
an was dead, swallowed them in the form
of pills prepared with a little gum and
some harmless powder. The experiment
was made in the presence of Drs.
Charpentier, Pinet, Marcus and one or
two others. The doctor up to date is in
excellent health. But two Guinea pigs,
which had received subcutaneous in-
jections of the same fluid also bed by
the doctor, died shortly afterward with
choleraic symptoms. Many of the
leading medical authorities say that
none of these experiments are conclu-
sive. Desgenettes inoculated himself
with the pest (we had a frightful pic-
ture of it in the Salon this year). Peter
rubbed his gums with diptheritic
membranes. These two seekers after
truth were granted immunity from the
infection which they thus braved, but
they did not prove that the maladies
were not contagious.—*Paris letter*
in *Boston Journal*.

Animals as Barometers.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*
says: I do not know of any surer way
of predicting the changes in the weather
than by observing the habits of the
snail. They do not drink, but imbibe
moisture during a rain and exude it
afterward. This animal is never seen
abroad except before rain, when you
will see it climbing the bark of trees
and getting on the leaves. The tree
snail, as it is called, two days before
a rain will climb up the stems of plants,
and if the rain is going to be a hard
and long one, then they get on the
sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short
rain on the outside.

Then there are other species that be-
fore a rain are yellow; after it, blue.
Others indicate rain by holes and pro-
tuberances, which before a rain rise as
large tubercles. These will begin to
show themselves ten days before a rain.
At the end of each tubercle is a pore,
which opens when the rain comes, to
absorb and draw in the moisture. In
other snails deep indentations, begin-
ning at the head between the horns,
and ending with the jointure of the
tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows that when swal-
lows fly rain is coming; sailors, when
the sea gulls fly toward the land—
when the stormy petrel appears, or
Mother Carey's chickens, as they are
called, predict foul weather.

Take the ants: have you never noticed
the activity they display before a storm
—hurry, scurry, rushing hither and yon,
as if they were letter carriers making
six trips a day, or expressmen behind
time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull,
and like to lie before a fire as rain ap-
proaches; chickens pick up pebbles,
fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite
more viciously, frogs croak more clam-
orously, gnats assemble under trees,
and horses display restlessness.

When you see a swan flying against
the wind, spiders crowding on a wall,
toads coming out of their holes in un-
usual numbers of an evening, worms,
slugs and snails appearing, robin red-
breasts pecking at our windows, pigeons
coming to the dovecote earlier than
usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice
squeaking or geese washing, you can
put them down as rain signs. Nearly
all animals have some way of telling
the weather in advance. It may be
that the altered condition of the at-
mosphere with regard to electricity,
which generally accompanies changes
of weather, makes them feel disagree-
able or pleasant. The fact that the cat
licks herself before a storm is urged by
some naturalists as proofs of the special
influence of electricity. Man is not so
sensitive. Yet many people feel listless
before a storm, to say nothing of aggra-
vated headaches, toothaches, rheumatic
pains, and last, but not least, corns.

Beards.

Most of the fathers of the church
wore and approved the beard. Cle-
ment, of Alexandria, says: "Nature
adorned man, like a lion, with a beard,
as the mark of strength and power."
Lactantius, Theodoret, St. Augustine and
St. Cyprian are all eloquent in praise
of this characteristic feature, about
which many discussions were raised in
the early days of the church, when
matters of discipline engaged much of
the attention of its leaders. To settle
these disputes, at the Fourth Council
of Carthage—A. D. 252, Can. 44—it
was enacted "that a cleric shall not
cherish his hair nor shave his beard." Bingham quotes an early letter in
which it is said of one who from a lay-
man had become a cleric: "His
habit, gait and modest countenance and

discourse were all religious; and agree-
ably to these, his hair was short and
his beard long." A source of dis-
pute between the Roman and Greek
Churches has been the subject of wear-
ing and not wearing the beard. The
Greek Church has adhered to the de-
cision of the early church, and refused
to admit any shaven saint into its cal-
endar, and thereby condemning the
Roman Church for the opposite con-
duct.

Washington Manuscripts.

Very few people have ever had the
temerity to charge George Washington
with having written poetry, but a Mr.
James H. Sanderson, of San Jose, Cal.,
writes that he is in possession of an old
scrap-book, inherited from his father,
George Sanderson, who lived and died
in Wytheville, Va., which contains a
manuscript poem of hexameter verse in
the veritable handwriting of Washing-
ton, and entitled: "An Ode to Fame."

On the subject of Washington manu-
scripts the most valuable find of recent
date has been made by Zimmerman, a
dealer in antique furniture in this city.
They have been in the possession of a
poor family near Alexandria for the
last seventy-five years. They consist
of several manuscript letters of George
Washington, and a memorandum in his
own handwriting, which latter doubt-
less possesses considerable value, as it
supplies a missing link in the records
of the First Auditor's office in the
Treasury Department. It comprises a
list of furniture and fittings bought for
the Executive Mansion between 1789
and 1796, the period of the Presidential
residence in New York. The memo-
randum shows the first purchases ever
made for the mansion, of which none of
the departments contain a record. The
chirography is unquestionably Wash-
ington's. It is headed "Sundries bot-
tled on acct of G. W." The first item is
"A large writing desk for President's
office, \$121." It takes three closely
written pages of foolscap to set forth all
the articles. Among them are "Farmer
Basset, 2 dogs, weight 35 pounds, to
guard President's house;" "A Franklin
stove for Mrs. Washington's dressing-
room;" "An eight-plate stove for the
President's room;" "Crimson damask
to enlarge the state dining-room win-
dows;" "13 patent lamps to illumina-
te the President's house;" "Cotton to
cover parlor and state furniture;" "One
lot of furniture from Cragin;" 13 foot-
stoves to be placed under the state din-
ing-table."

The most astonishing purchases are
in the line of mirrors, the various lots
aggregating 122. There is an extraordi-
nary frequency of "lustres" in the item-
ized bill—these being bright beads of
glass to suspend from chandeliers.
One item records the amount paid for
"Juties and freight on ornaments pre-
sented to French officers;" another for
"one box imported ivory chess." Num-
erous household implements are
charged, such as "half a dozen pair and
irons," "one cooking stove," "one cop-
per-plated kettle for kitchen," "one
brass wash kettle," "two large wash-
boilers," "one dozen kitchen knives and
forks," "Tapestry, carpets, curtains,
and stoves appear in great profusion.
According to this paper there must
have been purchased during that period
at least 1,000 "patent lamps" for the
President's house, mainly intended, no
doubt, for illumination purposes.

Among the other manuscript recovered
by Zimmerman is a paper marked
"Lands owned by G. W.," showing
that the Father of his Country had six
farms, ranging in extent from seventy-
two to 620 acres. Some of these tracts
are marked "sandy," and others "bot-
tom" or "sandy and hummock."

There is also a letter from Washing-
ton to a "Samuel Lawson, Esq.," offer-
ing to purchase a certain negro man.
Washington explains that he wants the
negro not so much to work himself but
to "look after the other hands." In
other words he was in need of a "nigger
driver"—*Washington letter*.

Charmed Into It.

The drawing-room door, like every
other door in Hazlewood House, did its
duty without noise. There are some
people's doors which always scrape and
bang, just as there are some people's
shoes which always creak. The Talbets'
shoes never uttered a sound. So Frank
stood on the thick soft carpet and looked
at Miss Clanson, who had no idea that
her solitary exile was ended.

She was seated on the music bench.
Her hands were on the keys of the
piano, but making no music. She was
gazing with grave eyes far, far away—
looking right through the center of the
satinwood Sheraton cabinet which,
full of choice porcelain, stood against
the opposite wall. Her thoughts, sad
or sweet, were in dreamland.

And Mr. Carruthers stood watching
her. He knew he was doing wrong—
knew he ought to make her aware of his
presence—but the picture was to him so
divinely beautiful that he could not
help himself.

The girl was perfectly dressed; if
fault could be found with her attire it
was that it was a trifle too old for her
age. Her arms and neck gleamed
white and fair from the black satin of
the dress, which fitted as a dress can only
fit a form like hers. The rich brown
hair was cunningly and becomingly
coiled, and without jewel or even flower
to detract from its own native glory.
No wonder that Carruthers was content
to watch her in admiring silence!

And as he watched he saw, or fancied
he saw, tears rising to those gray eyes.
This was more than human nature could
bear.

Mr. Carruthers to this day assures
himself that he entered that drawing-
room with no intention of pre-empting
matters. We may believe him, because,
as it was probable that in a few minutes
nine respectable middle-aged gentle-
men would troop in, the occasion was
not a propitious one. So it is clear that
he acted on the impulse of the moment.

He never knew how he dared to do it,
but before she looked round he was at
her side, his arm was around her—a
music bench offers dangerous facilities,
it had no back—and he was telling her
with passionate eloquence that he loved
her—he loved her.—*Hugh Conway*.

SIX MILLIONS of dollars' worth of sil-
ver is used in this country every year
for manufacturing and decorative pur-
poses.

HUMOR.

The original barber-queer: The pig-
tail of a Chinese tonsorial art st.

A YOUNG lawyer of Camden, Pa., has
just had his first case. It was a case of
measles.

JUDGE—You are charged with drunk-
enness. Prisoner—Is, yer Honor, and
if ye blaze I'd like to be dis-charged.—
Washington Hatchet.

A GEORGIA man has paid for a farm
with the melons off it, to say nothing
of the struggling young doctors he has
firmly established in business.

"Yes," said the Deacon, "our Heaven-
ly Father knows all our inmost
thoughts." "Then," replied Fogz, "He
must be possessed of a deal of worth-
less information."

WHEN HE KICKS.

A man is very like a gun.
The fact please try to adix:
For if he finds his char too much,
Why, that's the time he kicks.
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

WIFE—"Do you think Jeff Davis
aimed at despotic power?" Husband
(hespecked)—"I think so, dear. He was
found dressed in women's clothes."—
New York Sun.

"WHY don't you keep your hands
clean?" asked a Detroit parent of his
9-year-old boy the other day. "Oh, it
takes too much time, and times are
hard," was the reply.—*Detroit Free
Press*.