



CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)
As she was hesitating Madame Saintone brought to her the calm matter of fact mental pressure of the woman accustomed to be obeyed, on one who was moving in a lower grade.
"Ah," she said, smiling, "I thought you would relent. I understand your feelings. I should be as jealous as you if some one tried to separate me from my darling Antoinette. Where is our dear Aube?"
She walked quietly forward, and as if mastered by a stronger will, Nousie led her in silence to the inner room she had religiously set apart for her child.
Aube rose from the piano as they entered, coloring vividly and then growing pale, while her mother stood at the door watching jealously every look and feeling painfully more and more that she had been creating the gap between her and the child she loved.
"Ah, my darling," cried Madame Saintone, "I have come at last."
She kissed her affectionately, but Aube made no sign.
"What a delightful little nest. A piano! Books! All the little preparations made by your dear mother for her child's return. There, have I not been patient? I should have been before," she continued, seating herself in a lounge and arranging her dress while Aube stood by, and Nousie closed the door and seemed to keep guard lest her child should be stolen from her, "but Antoinette said you two ought to have a few days together undisturbed."
"It was very kind of you, Madame Saintone, and good of you to call."
"Oh, come, my child, don't talk like that. We must not be formal. There, go and put on your things. I see how it is; you are quite pale with keeping indoors, and you have been feeling the heat. I am going to take you for a drive where you can feel the sea air; then come for a few hours to dine with us, and I'll bring you back in the evening."
Aube looked at her in a startled way, and then at her mother, who remained a silent and watchful spectator of the scene.
"You have seen nothing of the place yet, I am sure, and I go back to Paris and call on the dear Sisters, I shall never be able to face them if I have not done my duty by you. Come."
Nousie stood with her lips parted, and feeling as if something was constricting her heart as she told herself that she had committed a grievous error, and all her labor of these many years was to prepare her child for another grade of life, and that from this moment Aube was going to drift away.
Yes; it was plain enough. She realized fully the difference between herself and this elegantly-dressed, polished woman with whom Aube seemed in accord. Misery, agony, despair—all fought for the possession of her breast as she felt now that she was only fit to be servant to her child, and for a moment she was on the point of running from the room and finding some lonely spot where she could throw herself down and beat her head against the ground.
But as she gazed wildly at Aube, their eyes met, and there was so soft and gentle a look directed at her that her breast heaved, her great love prevailed once more, and she said to herself: "Why not? I have been my servant and slave all these years. Why should I not continue now if it will make her happy? Is she not my life?"
"Why, my child," cried Madame Saintone, with a forced laugh, "how strange you look. Oh, I see you have some nonsense in that pretty head about obligation and not wishing to trouble me. Quite school etiquette, that, and all very well in Paris; but here we live more on a neighborly basis. Aube, my darling, I have to give you your first lesson in Haytian hospitality, so to begin with, my dear, my horses and carriage are at your service whenever you like. We must mount you, and Antoinette and you can go for long rides together."
At that moment a jealous suspicion flashed across Nousie's brain, for she recalled meeting Antoinette on horseback nearly two years before, and if Aube was with her brother Etienne, and Aube went with Madame Saintone, she would meet this man.
"Don't you think so, Madame Dulau?" Nousie started and gazed at her wildly.
"I said," continued Madame Saintone, with a smile, in a voice full of good-humored condemnation, "do you not think our dearest Aube would look charming in a riding habit?"
Nousie's lips parted, and Madame Saintone said to herself, "Poor woman; I can lead her as I like." Then aloud, as Aube crossed toward her mother, "That's right, my dear. Do not let me make you self hot, and pray let there be no more formality between us. Your dear mother wishes you, I can see, to make friends with our people, and it will be better for you, of course."
"And she will meet Etienne Saintone, the man who came here that day," thought Nousie; and with her eyes dilating she recalled the bribe he had given her, and what had followed when he and his friend kept their appointment.
She was recalling all this with the agony at her heart increasing as the possibility of Saintone seeing and loving her child flashed across her, and quite heedless of her daughter's words as Aube laid a hand upon her arm, she now caught her to her side and held her fast.
"What?" she said, wildly; and she looked fiercely at Aube's eyes.
"I said that it was kind and thoughtful of Madame Saintone to come and make this proposal; but will you tell her, dear, as I did, that I have come back home to you, to be with you, and that I cannot accept her offer."
"My dearest Aube," cried Madame Saintone, holding out her hands.
"I am saying what I am sure my dear mother wishes," said Aube, gently, "and it is what I feel. Thank you, Madame Saintone, I am very grateful—indeed I am—for all your care of me during the voyage, but I must decline."
"My dear Madame Dulau," said the visitor, "it really is your duty to help your child. Do not, pray, stand in her light. Indeed, all this will be for her good."
Nousie felt constrained again.
Was it right? Was it for Aube's good, and would she stand in her light? This beautiful, ladylike girl was, she saw now, so out of place there.
"Do you feel this?" continued Madame Saintone, who followed up her advantage, and spoke earnestly to the mother.
"Feel this?" faltered Nousie, as she looked wildly at her child. "Stand in her light! Aube, dear. Should I? Yes. You should go."

courage her child to accept the intimacy at all events with Madame Saintone, who could offer her social advantages such as were wanting now.
Then she thought of leaving the place altogether and beginning a new life, but these thoughts were cast aside despairingly, for if she did this, her income would cease, and worst of all, the gap between her and her child would not be bridged.
"I can see it—I can see it," she sighed. "My poor darling; she is struggling hard to love me. I never thought of it, but she is so different, and I can never be anything else but what I am."
Her musings that morning and the thoughts which always came to her when she was alone were interrupted by the entrance of Eugénie and the great black, who, after making sure that they would not be overheard, seated themselves, the black refreshing himself with a glass of rum, and Genie leaning over the buffet counter to speak in a low tone to Nousie.
"Where is Cherubine?" she asked.
"Gone into the town."
"She has not been up to us lately."
"No; she has been so busy here."
"Ah, yes, with the pretty lady from over the sea."
"Yes," said Nousie uneasily, and, avoiding further allusion to her child, she entered at once into the business of her visitor's call, receiving certain orders from her which she undertook to fulfill. Then the woman arose, made a sign to the black, and he followed her without a word for some distance along the road, till they were quite out of sight of Nousie's home, when she pointed up a side path.
"Go on, now," she said.
"You coming?"
"Not yet. Go on, and don't watch me."
The black laughed rather consciously, and turned up the path, to go for some distance before turning sharply round, and he was about to plunge in among the trees as if to retrace his steps, when he became conscious that the mulatto girl had followed him a little way, and was watching to see if he really went.
The black laughed and went on again, while, after making sure that she was not being watched in turn, the girl returned to the road, and sat down where she could command the way to the port and see who came.
(To be continued.)

INVENTIVE CRANKS IN FRANCE.
Their Favorite Idea Is to Bring About Wholesale Destruction in War.
Some amusing particulars of the inventions that have been offered to the French war office since 1871, says the London Court Journal, have recently been published in a French newspaper, the majority of which are about equal to the Luptan scheme for plowing fields, namely, by sowing acorns in rows and then turning in pigs to root them up. One genius thought a patent for the training of squadrons of horned flies. These auxiliaries were to be fed exclusively on blood served up beneath the delicate epidermis of mechanical figures clothed in the uniforms of members of the triple alliance, so that when political relations in Europe were strained the flies might be given daily a little of the juice of certain poisonous plants, and on actual declaration of war turned out in the path of the enemy. Another ingenious person proposed a scheme for educating war dogs. In time of peace he would teach French dogs to bite lay figures wearing Prussian helmets, in order that on the outbreak of war the kennels of the whole country might be mobilized and let loose on the enemy. There are numerous proposals for bridging rivers by means of ropes attached to cannon balls, and a photographer suggests a novel kind of captive shell, which, breaking over the fortified position of an enemy, would disclose a small camera attached to a parachute. The enemy's fortifications would be instantaneously photographed and the apparatus hauled back by the string and the negatives developed at leisure. Two ideas are very ingenious. One is a scheme for sending large quantities of poisoned needles, as if in charity, to the enemy's generals, who would, of course, distribute them to their forces and so poison the unfortunate users; and the other to charge explosive bullets with pepper. Two objects are pursued by the inventor of the pepper: its discharge would blind the enemy, and the great demand for the condiment in war time would stimulate the trade of the French colonies and increase the revenue of the country. There are also many other equally absurd propositions, such as suggestions for making soup by machinery, growing potatoes on barrack roofs in December, and killing whole army corps of Prussians by post—but they are far too numerous to be mentioned.

Sun Cooking.
Speaking of primitive methods of heating, it is undoubtedly a fact that man in early ages used bones to some extent as fuel, mixing them with pieces of wood. Bones contain much fatty matter and small ones burn readily.
In the desert regions of Arizona, where there is no vegetation worth mentioning, the Indians dig up for fuel the enormously developed roots of various plants. Pine cones make a fine kindling, and are utilized for that purpose all over Europe, particularly in the Black Forest and other parts of Germany.
The attention of many scientific men has long been engaged in trying to devise some sort of apparatus for employing the sun's rays as fuel. One of the most noted experimenters in this line is Prof. Edward Sylvester Morse. Mirrors are most commonly used to concentrate the rays of the solar orb for this purpose.
In one instance, not long ago, success was obtained in an attempt to cook a goose by the sun stove. Unfortunately, at the conclusion of the operation, it was found that the bird was spoiled, being rendered unfit for food by the chemical action of the sun's rays. This, of course, might be avoided by shutting up the articles to be cooked in closed ovens. But the objection to the sun stove, thus far found insuperable, is its necessary elaborateness and consequent great cost.
Alcohol is an ideal fuel. It gives great heat, and its combustion is perfect, without smoke or other solid residuum. In burning it resolves itself into water and carbonic gas. Of course, it is too expensive for common use, but chemistry may yet discover a way of producing it at a small fraction of its present cost.
A West Virginia man is so peculiarly affected by riding on a train that he has to chain himself to a seat to prevent his jumping out of the car window.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE FASHIONS.

THE SEASON'S FURS.

All women look well in furs; no more becoming environment for feminine features has yet been found, and as they appear this winter in quaint and exquisitely dainty combinations it seems as though the very acme of richness in woman's garments has been obtained.

AN INGENIOUS CYCLING COSTUME.

Women bicyclists of Belding, Oregon, wear bloomers and a short skirt while riding through the streets of the town, but as soon as they strike the city line they doff the skirt, strap it to the handle bar, and ride unencumbered through the country districts. When they reach the city line on their return they don the skirt again.

A FAMOUS DRESS.

A Roman countess offers for sale the dress which Princess Marie Louise of Austria wore on the occasion of her marriage to Napoleon the first. The Empress gave it to a lady of her court who in turn presented it as a thank offering to the church of the Madonna of Castelneffo, Italy. It then served sometimes as an altar covering, and sometimes as a vestment for the statue of the Madonna. Hard pressed for money, the church sold it in 1888 to the Roman queen, who now tries to convert this relic of the Empire back into cash.

REVOLUTIONARY DANCES.

Any woman above the age of eighteen years is eligible to membership in the Daughters of the Revolution who is a lineal descendant from an ancestor who was a military naval or marine officer soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under authority of any of the thirteen colonies or states, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or one who was a member of the Continental Congress, or of the Congress of any of the colonies or states, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actual or assumed, assisting in the establishment of American independence by service rendered during the war of the revolution.

A STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN.

The steamship men say that Mrs. Daniels, of Vergennes, Vermont, is the only woman commanding a passenger steamboat in the United States, as she was the earliest in point of time in command of any steam craft. There are two or three other women captains now, but all in command of freight boats, and all having a record of service much shorter than that of Captain Daniels. Mrs. Daniels has never had an accident—never expensed one. She is a cool-headed, sensible New England woman who bears her unique distinction very modestly. Everybody is proud of her in Vergennes and Westport, and everybody has reason to be. She is known as an admirable housewife, and a modest, retiring woman.

WOMAN'S THROAT.

A well-known sculptor, George Wade has been giving his opinion as to the artistic value of a woman's throat. In a model, Mr. Wade says, he requires a long neck, but not too upright; the line from the head to the shoulders to be gradually curved, the head thrown back, and the neck itself to be well-rounded. A "scrappy" neck, unless the set on the shoulders denotes a remarkably distinguished air, cannot be considered beautiful from a sculptor's point of view, nor a badly-set neck, however well-rounded. There are three women in London society whose necks Mr. Wade considers beyond reproach. These are Princess Maude of Wales, Lady Annisley and the Marchioness of Londonderry. Of course, when the Duchess of Leinster was alive her neck and shoulders were the admiration of every artist in the kingdom.

WOMEN DOCTORS IN ENGLAND.

The woman physician no longer finds her path thorny in England. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., has been writing for the British Journal on the status and qualifications of women practitioners, and she shows that their hard days are over. Her first statement is that it is as easy at this moment for a woman to get a complete medical education in Great Britain as it is for a man, the course of education and the necessary expenditure being practically the same in both cases; the same examinations must be passed, and the same qualifications and diplomas obtained by individuals of either sex. Some of the examining bodies, such as the Royal College of Surgeons in England, do not admit women to examination, but even with them, there is no direct opposition, and hours are set apart at the museum of the college solely for the convenience of women students. The degrees of the universities of London, Durham, Ireland, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, and the medical colleges of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Ireland, and the license of Apothecaries Hall are now open to women, who are prepared for examination in many medical schools, some of which are open for women only, and some for men and women together.

FALSE HAIR COMING BACK.

A revolution is at hand. The implements of warfare will be a toothed crimping-iron, a wire frame, and some extra hair, if the home-grown hair is not sufficient to produce the necessary abundant effect. The severe simplicity we have been affecting of late was not becoming of many of us. It was adorning when the profile was fine and the cheeks delicately modeled, but when these perfections were lacking, it was, to say the least, trying. Who does not recall the attractive girl, with full, red cheeks and a pleasant, blunt features, who made a caricature of herself by parting her hair and drawing it over her ears after the style of prevailing modes? If she had drawn it lightly from the temples, with a few softening curls left about the face, how different would have been the effect?

Common Sumac Not Used Now.

"Do we use sumac?" repeated a leather man down in the Swamp. "That depends," he answered. "Any way not so much as years ago. Ancient tanning is more in vogue. When I first went into business we did quite a trade with people up in Western Connecticut and Massachusetts in ordinary sumac. They cut and dried it and sent it here in tons. But now that trade is all gone—I don't believe you could give away either ten pounds or ten tons of the stuff. And still people up there continually inquire about it. A few years ago persons in Virginia went into the business. They furnished it ground. They have built up quite a trade. The highest priced still comes from Sicily—the tanners will have it, and pay 20 per cent. more for it."

remark the other day as she pulled the pins from her hair, "What's the use of my doing my hair in this pakey Madama fashion when I look like a perfect fright. I might just as well shave my head and wear a black cap as to have these hard lines round my face." And she gave the crimping-iron a cooling flourish as she returned to the ways of frivolity.

The only disadvantage of the in-crimping styles is that they are apt to inaugurate an era of false hair, as the component parts of which the new coiffure is composed may all be bought individually and adjusted.

American women wear less false hair, proportionately, than the women of any other country. English women of all classes load their heads with false "fringes"—we call them bangs—toupees, switches, scalpels and every other device of the money-making hair-dresser. The hair problem is a very serious one to the average English woman. In the arrangement of her hair she is almost as helpless as her Japanese sister. This is particularly true on festive occasions. No matter how small and early, her hair must be dressed. If she has not a maid she calls in the services of a knight of the tongs. And he crimps and frizzes and waves till the result produced recalls Daniel Webster's "Wonderful, wonderful; would that I could say impossible." But I can forgive the English woman much in the way of such hairless adornment, because she washes her head in soap and water, which is more than can be said of the French women. Madame first puts the yolk of an egg on her head, and then washes it off in a scented decoction of bay rum and quinine, which may be very good indeed for an occasional dressing, but is little short of disgusting for a constant wash.

FASHION NOTES.

Chameleon ribbons are very fashionable for socks and ruffs. The beauty and magnificence of these ribbons baffles minute description, but in design they are so blurred that they suggest nothing so much as water reflections through leaves and gorgeous flowers.

An autumn hat of felt has a wide brim slightly rolled up at the back. It is trimmed with velvet ribbon, gathered at one edge and sewed around the crown in a full ruffle. A large bunch of flowers and aiglets are set directly in front.

Pink and royal purple shot silk ribbon is seen on some of the swiftest French bonnets.

A small point for the hostess whose wax candles show a propensity to rapid wasting is that to put them in the ice-chest for full twenty-four hours before using will increase their burning very appreciably. They want to be thoroughly chilled.

One of the most unique table decorations consists of a fountain playing in the center of the dining table, illuminated by electricity, the light playing on the water beneath, with white lilies floating on its surface and gold and silver fish darting in and out.

The oval or medallion frame is very much in evidence. The reproduction of famous miniatures is so favorite a thing now in art that the frame has come in with them. They are especially fetching with a lover's knot in gilt at the top.

A hat that has been much admired is of fine broadcloth. A section of the material of proper shape is cut out and richly embroidered at the edge. This is placed over a wire frame that has an edge of very narrow passementerie. The material is pulled over the crown and there is a trimming of velvet ribbon, very handsome jeweled ornaments and medium-sized ostrich feathers.

The toque will be the popular headgear of the season. The preferred style has a round, flat crown with a very narrow brim. The covering material is put on either smoothly or in puffs or folds, and the brim is covered either plainly or in puffs, but this seems to matter little, for it is entirely concealed by the trimming. Velvet or velvet ribbon is the favorite material, and every fold and loop is fastened down with a jewel or a tiny pin.

A wide-brimmed hat of felt has a trimming of fine plaited silk drawn out into fans at the edge. This is placed around the crown and fills the entire angle between the crown and the brim. A cluster of ostrich plumes stands upright at the back of the crown, and the brim is rolled up at the back.

A material that has been much used for fancy work this season is a cotton fabric, a cross between the familiar pop sacking and Java canvas; it is very pleasant to work on and comes in several colors—Nile green, tan, blue and ecru. A table cover in this of ecru was scattered with cornflowers in two shades of blue.

A beautiful new collar and ruche is made of fine, shining silk, as soft a texture as chiffon in the richest black plissed and then black pleated. It is composed of three collars, each one a trifle narrower than the other, and the whole is finished off by a large ruche that reaches above the ears and nestles into the hair in the most fascinating way. Two long stole ends of black satin ribbon hang down in front.

It is a false economy to invest in cheap, common materials, especially when dealing with ribbons and feathers. A ribbon of good quality will not only retain its freshness, and wear better than one of inferior make, but it will actually keep clean for a greater length of time, and look well to the last. A cheap feather is a mistake.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The principle is now well established that a city has no legal right to pollute the water of a river which flows thence past other towns.

Forty years ago Theodore Parker predicted that before the end of the century Kansas would have 1,000,000 inhabitants and be worth \$1,000,000,000. The prediction has been more than fulfilled already. Kansas has 1,500,000 people and is worth \$2,000,000,000.

It is estimated that 50,000 letters, westward bound, were lost in the Pennsylvania Railroad wreck near Newport, Penn., a few days ago. What a record of high aims and low devices, self-sacrifice and self-seeking, poverty and wealth, happiness and misery, was thus wiped out! But it will all reappear in other sealed envelopes in the course of time.

A single American copper mine has already produced 74,000,000 pounds of copper this year, and it is expected that its total output for the year will reach 95,000,000 pounds. Its net profits last year are put at \$2,988,000. These exaggerated returns on a comparatively small investment are due primarily to the great demand for copper caused by the increasing use of electricity.

On account of the unprecedented corn crop and the consequent low price expected, the question of the feasibility of using corn extensively as fuel is being widely discussed in the West. A Chicago man guarantees to supply corn for the elevated railroads to burn at less than their coal costs them. On the other hand, corn makes such a hot fire that it rapidly burns out ordinary stoves, and hitherto it has not found unmixed favor as fuel.

JOHN FISKE, the well known American writer on historical topics, says that "few people have the leisure to undertake a systematic and thorough study of history, but every one ought to find time to learn the principal features of the governments under which we live, and to get some inkling of the way in which these governments have come into existence, and of the causes which have made them what they are."

The late Queen of Korea was quite a pretty little woman of an extraordinary disposition, but of much greater ability than her husband. She was fond of intrigue and excitement, and during the last few years of her life has been full of both. Of all the foreigners at the court she liked the Russians best. The King is apparently not overwhelmed with grief, for "he is to be provided at once, without sign of mourning, with a new and less ambitious wife."

The young King of Spain saw his first bull fight the other day. His mother, who has a horror of the brutal sport, postponed the event as long as possible; but even she was unable to override the ancient custom precedent that prescribes attendance on bull fights as part of the education of a Christian monarch. The little chieftain viewed the sport without betraying any enthusiasm, and departed without rewarding the successful matador, in accordance with custom. And some Spaniards, therefore, fear that he may bring discredit on his order and race by taking a stand against the national sport when he grows to man's estate.

The population of Japan was in 1894 42,000,000. Adding Formosa—which became a part of the country by the late treaty with China—the population is now 45,000,000. In the year 610 the population of the country was 4,988,842. The area of the country is 27,326 square miles. Compared in extent with European countries Japan stands next to Spain, being about equal to Sweden. She is larger than Great Britain and Ireland by 6,938 square miles, and is the eleventh largest country in the world. Compared with Great Britain and Ireland, she has 7,100,000 more people, and in population ranks as the fifth power in the world.

The question of the influence of the size of seeds upon germination and upon the size of the plant that springs therefrom has been recently studied anew by Mr. B. B. Galloway, a summary of whose conclusions is given by the Gardeners' Chronicle. The weight and size of the seed are of great importance. A large seed germinates better and more quickly, and with it one can count upon having at the same moment from 85 to 90 per cent. of the total crop, while with small seeds the crop reaches maturity only in successive periods of time, so that at no moment in gathering the crop in toto could we have the same proportion of the whole. Besides, where with small seeds four successive crops are obtained, we have six with large seeds, their evolvability occurring with greater rapidity.

THERE is no longer any doubt that the tide of emigration has turned. For two years, notably in 1894, immigration to the United States was held in check; in the year 1895 it has resumed its former volume. The increase is very apparent. During September the arrivals of immigrants in this country numbered 36,599, against 24,904 in September, 1894. The nine months of the current year show an immigration of 249,332, against 191,485 for the same period last year. The inference from these facts, exclaim the Boston Commonwealth, is gratifying; it is a proof of the reality of the prosperity which has returned to this country. These hundreds of thousands of emigrants were driven out of Europe by unusual distress in their native lands; they were attracted by better times in America. But their coming in such largely increased numbers imposes upon the United States the necessity of selection more forcibly than ever before. Our present laws assume to keep out the diseased, the criminal, the pauper, and, to a great extent, they are effective. But they need to be supplemented by laws which shall erect a barrier against ignorance, and shall enable the great American Republic to get the best, and only the best, from the peoples of Europe.

In the great outlay which George Vanderbilt is making at Biltmore, in North Carolina, the young mil-

lionaire has entertained a more serious purpose than is generally known, says the New York Sun. A great deal has been written about the enormous house, with its library, chapel, scores of bedrooms and the army of servants which will be required to keep it up, but not every one knows that Mr. Vanderbilt intends to make his estate a Mecca for all those who are seriously interested in the study of forestry, scientific farming and horticulture. He has land enough to carry out any scheme of this sort, as he can go 40 miles in a direct line from his own door without passing the confines of his domain. He proposes, therefore, to create a neighborhood of his own on this vast property, which includes, among other cultivated and uncultivated tracts, one forest alone of more than 100,000 acres. He will build a village containing houses, stores and a picturesque inn, and apartments will be rented to all properly-accredited students who desire to avail themselves of the facilities offered there for the study of the sciences which are his hobby. The farm will be conducted after the most approved scientific fashion, and forestry will be carried on experimentally and practically to an extent never before attempted in this country.

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

Why the Old Farmer Wouldn't Buy a Windmill.

The man who sold windmills adjusted his chair at a new angle, crossed his feet on the railing of the balcony, locked his hands over the top of his head, and began:
"Curious fellows, those Wayback farmers are; drop chaps to deal with, too; cute and sharp at a bargain. Most of them know a good thing when they see it, so I took a good many orders; but once in a while I come across a conservative old hayseed whose eyes are closed to anything modern. One of that sort helped me to a good laugh the other day, and I might as well pass it on. 'He was a genial, white-headed old fellow, who owned several fine farms, with prime orchards and meadows, barns and fences in apple-pie order, and dwellings serene in comfort.'
"He listened closely while I expatiated on the excellence of our make of machines; then taking a fresh supply of Cavendish, he squared himself in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and held forth in this fashion:
"Waal, stranger," he said, 'your machine may be all right; but now see here. I settled here in the airy fifties, broke the trail for the last few miles, blazed the trees as we came along. I had a fair good start, good health, a yoke o' cattle, a cow, an ax, with one bit an' three coppers in my pocket. I built a log house with a shake ruff an' a puncheon floor, an' a cowshed of popple poles ruffed with sod. I worked hard, up airy and down late, clearin' up land by degrees, an' 'diggin' a livin' out o' the side by main strength, an' no favors except the blessin' o' the Almighty. The Lord's ben' good to me. He's g'n' me horses an' cattle; He's g'n' me sheep an' swine, an' feathered fowl o' many kinds. An' now, stranger, after all that, I'll be everlastingly busted if I'll be so mean as to ask Him to pump water for me.'
"And then," continued the storyteller, 'he brought his hand down on his knee with a whack that fairly echoed through the house. Of course I couldn't urge him to purchase after that expression of his sentiments, and I left him. Independent, wasn't he?'
Then the windmill man chuckled, as if he enjoyed the memory of the scene he had just described; and his hearers enjoyed his story so much that when he left he was richer by three or four orders.

Petrifying the Human Form.

It is stated that there are in existence a number of figures of petrified human beings prepared by an Italian specialist. His marvelous achievements in preserving the features of the dead have been the theme of discussion among scientists for many years. In the Florentine Museum there are some samples of his work. One of the most perfect examples of his skill has been in existence for sixty years. It was the head of an extremely beautiful young woman who had died from pulmonary tuberculosis. Its whereabouts has been for some time unknown, but the descendants of this great pastmaster in petrification have been searching diligently for it. It has been found in Bavaria and restored to its owners as one of the treasures of Italian anatomical science. Sixty years' use seems to have caused it no appreciable injury, as it is described by a writer as having luxuriant blonde hair quite wavy and soft like that of a living person.

Dogs and Their Friends.

It was Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, I think, who spoke in sincere sympathy of the man who "led a dog-less life." It was Mr. "Josh Billings." I know, who said that in the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy, to wit the wag of a dog's tail. And it was Prof. John C. Van Dyke who declared the other day, in reviewing the artistic career of Landseer, that he made his dogs too human. It was the great Creator himself who made dogs too human—so human that sometimes they put humanity to shame.
I have been the friend and confidant of three dogs, who helped to humanize me for the space of a quarter of a century, and who had souls to be saved. I am sure; and when I cross the Stygian River, I expect to find on the other shore a trio of dogs wagging their tails almost off in their joy at my coming, and with honest tongues hanging out to lick my hands and my feet. And then I am going, with these faithful, devoted dogs at my heels, to talk dogs over with Dr. John Brown, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. Josh Billings.
She—I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals; I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself.
He—Oh, everybody thinks that!

"I'm going to be President some day," said Willie, proudly. "Papa says I might."