



CHAPTER V.

It was late when Angela woke the next morning, and even as her eyes opened, a dark shadow fell across her face. She remembered that her mother was going to marry Captain Vance Wynyard. A weight as of lead lay upon her heart; her brain seemed bewildered.

"My misery is greater than I can bear!" she cried in an agony of despair.

The pretty breakfast-room, usually redolent of roses, was empty when she entered; her mother was not there. Thinking she was in the dining-room, Angela made her way thither listlessly enough. She had opened the door and entered the room before she saw that Captain Wynyard was there.

"Angela, come here," said Lady Rooden.

"I have something to say to you."

Slowly, and with aversion in her eyes, she went up to her mother, Captain Wynyard noting keenly the expression of her face.

"She does not like me, and does not like the marriage," he said to himself. "I shall have an enemy in this slender girl, but it will not matter."

"Angela," went on Lady Rooden, "I am glad you came in. I want to speak to you." Then a flush rose to her face, and a certain shyness came over her manner.

"Let me speak for you, dearest Laura," interrupted her lover; and Angela started at the words. Never since her father's death had she heard her mother addressed by that name. "I am sure that the daughter who loves you so dearly and so devotedly, has been a good and generous as to look on me with favor, and I have promised to devote the remainder of my life to her. I shall do my best to make her happy; and with the love of the mother I hope to win the love of the daughter. I will do my best to deserve it."

As Vance Wynyard spoke, Angela's face grew white even to the lips. A burning feeling of hate rose in her heart against him. She could not control it for a few minutes so as to answer him, and he, almost gladdened by her silence, went on.

"I promise to devote myself to your interests, and as far as I can, to fill worthily your father's place."

This unfortunate allusion to her father roused the girl at once. She raised her face to his with an indignant flash of anger that, conscious as he was, he quailed before it.

"We will leave my father's name quite out of the question. Let me say, once and for all, that you will never fill his place, and that to my mind it is a desecration of his memory even to say such a thing. He was the love of my mother; he loved her; he was a noble-minded man!"

"I hope in time to win your good opinion," he said. Vainglorious and calculating as he was, there was something in the attitude of the girl, standing at bay, as it were, that touched him.

"My dear Angela," cried Lady Rooden, "speak to Captain Wynyard; have you nothing to say in answer to his kindly words?"

"Nothing, mamma," she said, wringing her hands. "I have not a word to say."

"Then, Vance," said Lady Rooden, turning to Captain Wynyard, "I must love you doubly, to atone for my daughter's ungraciousness."

"I shall hope," he said, suavely, "to win from Miss Rooden greater grace and greater kindness."

Then Angela raised her eyes to him; and there was something both pathetic and wistful in their expression.

"Captain Wynyard," she said, "my mother and I have been very happy together; we shall never be so happy again. Why do you want to marry her?"

Somewhat taken aback by so straightforward a question, he replied quickly nevertheless, and with great presence of mind:

"Because I love her, Miss Rooden."

"I do not believe it," said the girl, promptly. "It is the voice of my heart that speaks, and time will prove that I am right."

"Angela," cried Lady Rooden, "I have told you that I will not allow you to say such things."

"I cannot help it, mamma," she answered. "It is the voice of my heart that speaks, and I cannot control it."

Lady Rooden, finding that the interview was not likely to be a pleasant one, thought it prudent to put an end to it. She dismissed her daughter, therefore, with a few words, and Angela left the dining-room without touching the hand that Capt. Wynyard extended to her. She went to her room and remained there until the bell rang for luncheon.

"I am so grieved," said Lady Rooden, apologetically, to her lover. "I saw last night, when I told Angela about our marriage, that she did not like the idea of it; but I never dreamed she would treat you as she has."

CHAPTER VI.

The Captain was on his guard. He felt angry, and resented Angela's manner hotly; but he was wise enough to see that assumed generosity would best answer his purpose.

"I hope, my dearest Laura," he responded, "you will think no more about it. I shall never resent Angela's dislike, but shall, on the contrary, do my very best to overcome it. Let us speak now of our wedding day, Laura, darling," he said. "Can I persuade you to let it be the tenth of July? Why should we wait? I love you with all my heart, and shall never be happy again for one moment out of your presence. Why need we wait until August?"

"It seems so very soon," she objected, shyly.

"There is no such thing as time in love," declared the Captain; and, after a few more persuasive words, Lady Rooden consented.

solved that he would not show any sign of haste, that he would not seek her as soon as she entered the room; but, when his eyes rested on her fair face, all his resolutions vanished. It was as though she had stretched out her white hands and touched his heartstrings. He forgot his wife, he forgot Angela, and left them standing alone while he went slowly to Miss Kane, walking like one spell-bound.

"Gladys," he said; and then all further speech failed him.

"I knew you would come," she whispered.

She laid her hand on his arm, and they walked away together. For some moments there was perfect silence between them; then Gladys spoke.

"This is the first time I have seen you since your marriage, Vance. I was in the church. I witnessed the ceremony."

"I wish to hear that it was you who had been my wife," he said, in a low voice.

"Are you happy?" she asked; and her voice trembled.

"Happy!" he cried. "I am happy enough, so far as money and luxury can make a man happy; but I am horribly tired of all the rest."

"Then your wife—" she began.

But he interrupted her.

"My wife," he said, hastily, "is the most beautiful, most loving, most soulless and innane woman I have ever met. She has never amused me for five minutes since we have been married. She thinks of nothing but making me costly presents and giving me the whole of her tiresome society."

"I understand," said Gladys, softly. "I was obliged to marry for money," he urged, apologetically; "and certainly my wife is all that any man could desire, except that she is a great deal too affectionate; but—Well, I must not complain; no man can have everything. Life at home bore me. Gladys, will you take compassion on me; you will let me come and see you sometimes?"

"Yes; but you must not come too often, Vance. My aunt will not like it."

"I wish your aunt were at Timbuctoo!" he said, hastily.

"In that case I should probably be with her, so that you would not gain much," she replied, with a forced smile.

"But, Gladys, you will be kind to me; you will let me spend some of my time with you? I know I must not come here too often; but there are many other places where we can meet."

"But, Vance," she said, sadly, "how will it end? You know it is useless; you know that I must not learn to care for you more than I do. It will make me only the more unhappy. How will it end?"

Neither she nor he had the faintest idea.

"You will give this waltz to me?" he said.

"I cannot refuse," she replied.

And the next moment Lady Laura Wynyard, crossing the ballroom to speak to her hostess, saw, to her great surprise, her husband waltzing with Gladys Kane.

(To be continued.)

DISPELLED THE ROMANCE.

What a Reporter Heard When the Commuters' Train Stopped.

The personality of each was so strong and attractive that the reporter had regarded them for some time, wondering what their station in life. They were passengers on a Jersey Central suburban train, and they occupied the same seat. They were not man and wife. That was evident from her manner of drawing her upper lip across her teeth when she smiled at him, and from the polite nod of his head as he assented to her animated statements. She had a strong, handsome face, and was almost young—past 30 perhaps. Although she was plainly dressed, her hat was covered with expensive plumes and there were diamonds in her ears. Her hands were white and soft. Her feet were shapely and well shod. There was an air about her that marked her as no ordinary mortal. She was a woman of force and brains.

He was of the staid-fell, man-of-the-world order; the sort who look well dressed in a \$15 suit of clothes. His russet shoes had been polished on the ferry-boat, and silk socks showed above them, for in sitting down he had, of course, properly pulled up his trousers' legs to prevent bagging at the knees. His colored shirt bosom, set off with a diamond stud, gave him a "sporty" look, which was relieved by intellectual face and his gray beard. What was he? Hard to guess. He might be a merchant or a banker. He could be anything from a head clerk to a millionaire employer.

A man and a woman to attract attention anywhere. What could they be discussing. It would be worth while to be an auditor. The merits of a new book, perhaps, or the summer's experiences at the seashore, or the new library or church building in their town. The train slowed down approaching a station, and as the roar subsided her voice rose. "What! Three hundred! So many?" (Undoubtedly, the attendance at the ball.) "Why, we have only about seventy-five left. We killed a great many this summer and eat 'em. I find that when a hen gets to be over 3 years old she don't pay for shucks, anyway."—New York Mail and Express.

"We can manage three in one evening," said Lady Laura. "I know some who can manage four."

The Captain laughed. He was in the best possible humor, and the prospect of seeing Gladys Kane once more added greatly to his delight. He had resolved to see as much as he could of Gladys; but he had also resolved to be very cautious in his conduct. He longed with all his heart to call her to him, but he knew it would be more prudent to refrain. If he wished to enjoy Gladys Kane's society, he must be careful how he proceeded. He would not put it in any one's power to say that he rushed off to Palace Place on the first day he was in town, but would wait and meet Gladys at Lady Kinloch's ball.

Angela had noticed his quick decision with respect to Lady Kinloch's invitation, and glanced at her mother to see how she accepted it; but the beautiful, unsuspecting face was calm and radiant. Her marriage had begun.

The evening of Lady Kinloch's ball arrived, and no one but the Captain himself knew of his agitation and excitement. He disguised his feelings by an assumed light-heartedness and an uninterrupted flow of conversation. Lady Laura thought she had never seen her husband in such high spirits before. Fortunately for her, she had not given one thought to Gladys Kane.

It was in her aunt's magnificent ballroom that Gladys Kane met Captain Wynyard once more. She had seen his name in the list of fashionable arrivals in town, and had wondered when and where they should meet. Now the moment was come. He was in the same room with her, looking handsomer than ever, his face full of delight at seeing her, his eyes telling of the love that burned in his heart. From the moment he saw her and the room until he left it he had but one thought, and that was for Gladys Kane. Much as he had gained by his marriage, he almost repented it when he saw her face once more. He had realized that he would not show any sign of haste, that he would not seek her as soon as she entered the room; but, when his eyes rested on her fair face, all his resolutions vanished. It was as though she had stretched out her white hands and touched his heartstrings. He forgot his wife, he forgot Angela, and left them standing alone while he went slowly to Miss Kane, walking like one spell-bound.

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CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

MONGOLIANS IN NEW YORK ARE FUN-LOVING PEOPLE.

Always Joking and Playing Pranks With One Another—All of Them Are Very Fond of Companionship.

The Chinese, writes Helen F. Clark in a Century article on "The Chinese of New York," are a fun-loving people, in spite of their general air of indifference in the presence of strangers. They race up and down stairs, or sometimes through the streets, on a frolic, every man laughing until he is out of breath, pulling cues, stealing hats and playing all manner of practical jokes on one another. I recently heard a great commotion in Doyers street on a hot Sunday afternoon, when the street was crowded with Chinese, and, fearing trouble, hurried hastily to the place, only to find one man the butt of another man's joke trying to get away from his pursuer, while about five hundred laughing men joined in the fun, and finally administered good-natured justice to the perpetrator of the joke.

At another time on Sunday afternoon I heard a sudden outcry and scuffle overhead, and the running of scores of feet. I ran into the hall, fearing that the building was on fire, and with a sickening dread in my heart for the Italian children in Bethany Sunday school, which was then in session in the Mission rooms. I saw a man coming down stairs, and asked him what was the matter. He said: "Oh, my home-bored me. Gladys, will you take compassion on me; you will let me come and see you sometimes?"

"Yes; but you must not come too often, Vance. My aunt will not like it."

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have lost their lives in this way. This mortality is not limited to any one species, but includes nearly all the birds known in this region. Strange to say, few English sparrows have lost their lives by flying against the monument, but the beautiful golden finches, cedar birds, starlings, tansers, grosbeaks and many others of bright plumage and great rarity have been found. The watchman takes these birds up town to a taxidermist, who stuffs and mounts the rarer specimens, which are sold for a good round price to collectors, and the skins of those less rare are prepared for the milliner. Hardly a morning comes that there are less than a score of dead birds about the base of the shaft.

Another queer thing to know about the monument is that its height and width vary. It is taller in summer than in winter, and in the latter season its width on the south side is about an inch greater than on the north, east or west side. This is due to expansion under the heat of the sun's rays. This phenomenon was determined by Captain Greene during the erection of the shaft. Plumb lines were hung at each corner of the marble wall, and the plumb "holes," or plummettes, were suspended in pots of glycerine and molasses. Across the top of each pot was laid a finely graduated steel bar, and three times a day an army engineer "took off" the registration thus made of the expansion of the walls. It was held that the plummettes moved precisely with the points at which the plumb lines were attached to the top of the shaft, and the glycerine held them firmly without vibration or oscillation, so that the officer could note any change of position. All these registrations, twice a day every day of the year, were recorded in a book during the seven years that were occupied in finishing the monument.—Washington Star.

Some of the keenest and purest humor and some of the wittiest sallies I have heard have fallen from the lips of Chinamen in lower New York. I well remember the amused and contemptuous look with which a Chinaman once said, "Mellian man save (understand) Chinaman alle same unbecome one fool. Chinaman save Mellian man alle same. Chinaman every time gette top side Mellian man"—which does not contain a reference to a battle of wits the Chinaman "sees through" the American man, and will come out on the "top side." They are very quick at repartee, and their black eyes will sparkle with amusement and fun if you jest with them, or when they start the ball rolling among themselves.

They dwell together for years in the same apartments, happy and comfortable. They minister to one another in sickness, bury a relative or neighbor when dead without calling on public charities for help, and in the case of a relative assume the support of the family of the dead man when he is gone. These people—these much derided people—spend hours together in one another's apartments, conversing together, eating together, sometimes smoking the long water pipe, always with a pot of steaming tea between them. In two years I have seen thousands of such groups, but never yet have I found these men drinking liquor together. I have found them playing games—sometimes, but not always, gambling; have found them playing their musical instruments, which are harmonious to them, however much they may lack of melody to other ears; or have found them reading or discussing the last Hong Kong or Shanghai daily; but I repeat I have never found them drinking liquor, or in any degree under the influence of intoxicants.

The Chinaman celebrates his wedding, not by a drunken carousal, but by the finest feast that his pocketbook can command, to which not only his immediate relatives are invited, but all who have the slightest claim of friendship upon him. A Chinaman who was recently married in Mott street gave three large feasts in as many restaurants, entertaining several hundred people at each before he had gone the round of his acquaintances and friends. Yet this man was not one of the most prosperous ones. A child's birthday is likewise celebrated with a feast, the wife entertaining her friends in the family home, while the husband entertains his friends at his place of business or in a public restaurant.

All visitors to Paris are struck by the delicacy of the food and daintiness of the service. They do not know some of the ways followed by restaurants and chefs. At the lower class of Paris restaurants a very ingenious fraud has been in practice for half a century. They make beef tea or bouillon without beef—warm water colored and flavored with burned onions and caramel as bouillon. To supply the little grease bubbles which connoisseurs demand was the only trouble. Finally a cook hit upon the ingenious device of blowing a spoonful of fresh oil over the soup. The oil immediately forms in tiny beads on the surface and there is your soup. Nowadays every cafe of this sort has its employee aux yeux de bouillon, whose sole duty is to make the little eyes or bubbles of grease on the soup.

Parisians are immensely fond of ham, so much so that the number of hams eaten in Paris could not be furnished by all the pigs killed in France, even allowing for the shoulder as well as the leg being cured—this being the French practice. The demand is supplied by buying up old bone bones and ingeniously inserting them into pieces of pickled pork, which are trimmed into shape, covered with grated bread crumbs and then sold for ham. In this way a bone does duty for hundreds of times. Still, the supply of bones was limited, and it was not inconceivable to be put out if one's neighbor did not return the ham bone which the dealer relied upon securing the day before to recover for you. So a man conceived the idea of manufacturing ham bones wholesale, and made a fortune from the sale of these artificial foundations. Nowadays, therefore, ham is plentiful in Paris.

The eight great water companies of London now supply nearly 6,000,000 people with about 186,000,000 gallons of water a day.

The railways of the world carry over 40,000,000 passengers weekly.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Marine Item—And the Curtain Falls—in Doubt—Learned from Experience—A New Theory—Suitable.

MARINE ITEM.

The girl stood on the burning deck, But her loss we need not grieve; She did not perish with the wreck— She had sense enough to leave.

AND THE CURTAIN FALLS.

"It's all over," As the woman uttered these words she dropped to the floor. The baby had spilled the ink.

IN DOUBT.

She—Do you intend to go abroad on your wedding trip when you get married? He—I do, if I marry the right girl.

LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE.

Teddy—I tell you it's so. Nellie—I say it is not. Teddy—Well, mamma says it's so; and if mamma says it's so, it's so even if it isn't so.

A NEW THEORY.

"Say, father, why have all the pictures got frames?"

"Why, you little fool, so that the artist may know when to stop painting, of course."

SUITABLE.

Wife—What dress would you advise me to wear to the musicale? Husband—Well, I think an accordion skirt, with a brass band around the waist, and piped sleeves might fit the occasion!

A BAD DAY.

Beggar—Beg pardon, sir, but I have seen better days than this. Passer-by—So have I. The weather is horrid.

CONVINCING.

Husband—You're not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding-dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is!

HER ABSTRACTION.

"Esmeralda," he said, hoarsely, "I am waiting for your answer." "Oh! forgive me, Tom! I was thinking."

"What were you thinking of?" "I was thinking how I would have my wedding gown made, dear."

KNEW HER BUSINESS.

Aunt—Your bride, my dear boy, is do- lightfully rich and all that, but I don't think she will make much of a beauty show at the altar.

Nephew—You don't eh? Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids that she has selected.

CALLED HIM.

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume. "Well," said the young man, standing first on one foot and then on the other. "I suppose I'll have to be if I marry Mamie."

THE CORRECT ANSWER.

"So you have captured the moon-shiners," said the chief to his lieutenant. "Good enough! How did you happen to be so successful?"

"Well, sir, we went on a still hunt," replied the lieutenant.

UNSYMPATHETIC.

"Strange! Isn't it, that sleep won't come to me at night?"

"Then why don't you go to sleep?"

CHAZY OR COURAGEOUS?

"Here's a queer thing," said Mrs. Bick- ers, looking up from the paper. "An Indian clergyman, who has married 1,500 couples, has invited them all to a grand reunion."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"I am sorry I bought one of those door- mats with 'Welcome' on it."

"Why so?"

"Some stupid fellow mistook the mean- ing of the word and helped himself to it the first night."

HIS SPECIALTY.

"Who is that man who calls on you so frequently?" asked the impatient friend.

"He's an inventor."

"Indeed! What has he invented?"

"Oh, ever so many things."

"Any of them practical?"

"Yes," was the answer, with some hesi- tation. "He has had a good deal of suc- cess in inventing reasons why I should lend him anything from 50 cents to \$5."

CIRCULARLY SPEAKING.

"You remember Kadgers gave a beau- tiful solitaire diamond to Miss Thilpiss when they became engaged?"

"Well?"

"Well, that was one ring. When they were married they made their wedding trip on a tandem. That was touring. Now they are settled down and she's a vixen. And they have a three ring circus every day."

A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

"Good gracious!" he cried, "was that a rooster I heard crowing then?"

"Yes," she said, "but don't hurry away. The people around here won't be up for an hour yet."

Next day he learned that her father had an educated rooster that crowed every night at half-past ten, and, of course, the match is off.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

She handed him his evening clothes. They had been packed away all summer with a moth exterminating substance. As the odor of tar and camphor assailed him, his face grew sad.

"What is troubling you?"

"I was thinking of these clothes."

"It seems to me that you ought to look pleased. These certainly are no moth- ers'."

"I can't help my sympathetic nature," he responded. "Sometimes it leads me to an absurd extreme. Of course, I'm glad that the moths are gone, but—and he sighed deeply—"it must have been a horrible death."

When Gunpowder Explodes.

The explosion of ordinary gunpow- der is so sudden that for a moment that part of the gun around the powder charge has to hold the big volume of gas squeezed down under enormous pressure until the shot can make a start to get out of the end of the gun. If, there- fore, gunpowder could be made to burn more slowly, so that it would not be burnt until the shot reached the muzzle the strain would be distributed all along the gun. Such powder was made first in Germany, but in spite of the fact that its manufacture was se- cret other countries analyzed it and soon made it better than Germany.

MEXICO BOILED DOWN.

Interesting Facts and Figures About Our Sister Republic.

There are 10 volcanoes in Mexico. Mexico has 59 lakes and great lagoons. Mexico has a coast line of over 6,000 miles.

Mexico has vast deposits of onyx and marble. Slavery was fully abolished in Mex- ico in 1837. The army of Mexico comprises about 40,000 men.

The area of Mexico is about 750,000 square miles. The "valley" of Mexico is 7,500 feet above the sea level.

Mexico is about ten times larger than Great Britain. There are only 463 square miles in the federal district.

Cotton factories in Mexico employ over 25,000 people. Mexico's rainy season generally lasts from May to September.

The traveler in Mexico is seldom out of sight of mountains. The average orange tree of Mexico raises 1,000 oranges a year.

There are probably 300,000 men em- ployed in the mines of Mexico. Mexico is the richest mineral country in the world, not excepting Peru.

The largest state is Chihuahua, with an area of nearly 90,000 square miles. Pearl fisheries still furnish employ- ment for many men on the Gulf coast.

Great quantities of sulphur are mined in the craters of several extinct vol- canoes. It is said that no country in the world shows so great variety of plant life as Mexico.

The tax upon pulque in the City of Mexico alone amounts to over \$100,000 a year. Mexico has a maximum length of 1,000 miles and is 540 miles across at the widest point.

Slight earthquakes are frequently felt in Northern Mexico, but they are very seldom severe. There are upwards of 40 tribes of Indians in Mexico, who speak as many different languages.

The waters of the Atlantic and Pacific are only 140 miles apart at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Twenty-seven states, two territories and a federal district comprise the political division of Mexico.

The Gulf of Mexico has a breadth of 1,100 miles from east to west, and has an area of 700,000 square miles. From an estimate after the election in Mexico in July, there are about 14,000,000 people in the republic.

The active volcano Popocatepetl is 17,798 feet high. The extinct volcano Orizaba has an altitude of 18,344 feet. The City of Mexico is the finest of summer resorts. Its elevation is 7,500 feet and its average temperature 62 degrees.

Mexico has expended over \$500,000,000 in public improvements within the last 15 years, besides meeting other obligations.

Weather Signs From the Sun.

If at sunrise there are many dark clouds seen in the west and remain there, rain will fall on that day. If the sun draws water in the morn- ing, it will rain before night.

When the sun rises with dim, murky clouds, with black beams and clouds in the west, expect rain. If the sun rises pale, there will be rain during the day.

If the clouds at sunrise be red, there will be rain during the day. If the sun rises clear, then shadowed by a cloud and then comes out clear again, it will rain before night.

Red skies in the evening precede fine morning. A red evening indicates fair weather, but if the red extend far upward, es- pecially in the morning, it indicates wind or rain.

A very red sky in the east at sunset indicates stormy winds. If the sun sets in dark, heavy clouds, expect rain the next day.

A bright yellow sunset indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet. If the sun sets pale, it will rain to- morrow.

A halo around the sun indicates the approach of a storm, within three days, from the side which is more brilliant. If there be a ring or halo around the sun in bad weather, expect fine weather soon.

Haze and western sky purple indi- cate fair weather. A blur of haziness about the sun in- dicates a storm.

If the sun burn more than usual, or there be a halo around the sun in fine weather, expect rain. When the sun in the morning is breaking through the clouds and scorching, a thunder storm follows in the afternoon.