

Man and Mule.

The mule is a gentle beast, and so is man. He's satisfied to be the least, and so is man. Like man he may be taught some tricks, and he does his play from eight to six. The mule—when he gets mad he kicks, and so does man.

BETWEEN THESE TWO.

"And so 'the night before' has come at last," said Huntington. "To-morrow is surely the twenty-first," she said, "and you are here, and I am here, and—" "And here is the pledge," he finished for her. On the palm of his hand lay the plain band of gold. She bent over it, shyly touching it with a finger-tip. His hand closed on hers. "Not till to-morrow, dear," he said. "It is bad luck, you know."

He did not seem to hear her question, and she asked it again. "My family?" he said then. "I do not think—no, I am sure they did not read this." Her eyes danced with anticipation. "The mystery grows! How delightful!" He made no reply, and for a little while she turned the package over in her hands and did not speak. Then she began again: "You see, it must be from some one who had to—no, I would rather say, who wanted to make a very personal gift to me, and so wrapped and tied and addressed the package herself. No one in a shop ever did up a parcel like this."

He shrugged his shoulders and tried to laugh. But still she waited for his answer. At last, "Must there always be a story?" he asked laboriously. She hesitated for the briefest moment. Something warned her. Then, with a little lift in her voice which was intended to help her faltering courage, she returned: "Why, yes. You said once there was a story in everything, if only one knew it. Besides, I have begun this story for you. 'Once there was a woman.' Come, I am listening for the rest." She pulled at the string of the parcel.

thing held him back. He remained awkwardly bent forward, his mouth set, trying desperately hard to speak. He wanted to help her. He wanted to thrust himself between her and this danger from which she had shrunk. But he knew that was too late, and did not know what to say. "Edith!" he whispered, and that was all. Ideas whirled through his brain—at first detached, almost without relevance to himself. Somehow, she was apart from him—her life without relation to his own. And it was only of the effect upon her of what he had told, of what she might yet decide to see for herself, of her happiness that he thought. Even then it was not as if she was Edith, the woman he loved, that he thought of her; but rather as if she was the girl of a story, which was only a story though its ending meant a great deal to her.

He shook his head. "But you must help. Suppose it is that wicked charm you spoke of. You should guard me against it. That's the way it used to be, or, if it wasn't, should have been. So I call on you." "Then I shall destroy it!" he exclaimed and thrust out a hand. But she snatched away the package. "No, no!" she declared. "That would never do. It is too late for that." Her face was flushed. "We must plan. Sorcery must be met by subtlety, not force. And first we must have a theory. I must insist that the plotting be your part. Why, you are a novelist. Plotting should be easy to you. So, tell me the story of this package from the beginning, or I shall open it at once."

Our New Standards of Living. There are even in these days a good many families in the United States who find it possible to do a certain amount of moderately high thinking and still cultivate some of the graces of life, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. They may be obliged to live simply, and yet may not need to use up all their vitality in manual labor. True, they must walk when others ride, they must take thought to their apparel, that it be presentable at small cost, and when they entertain "their friends they must do it simply. But they have time to read books and they have money to educate their children. Oftener than not they are persons whose family traditions incline them to fastidiousness in social matters. They and their forbears have been accustomed not only to well-bred, but interesting people and have kept in touch with what was going on in the world; in short they have a taste for the best society.

Old Horse Cars for Consumptives. The idea of utilizing old horse tramway cars for consumptive patients has been carried out in a practical operation in Leith, says the London Hospital. In a field with a southern exposure, near the Piton Hospital for Infectious Diseases, four old cars have been stationed. Very little has been done to them. Merely the window glass has been knocked out on the south side, and one of the seats fitted up for two bunks. On the top of the cars the fixed seats are cleared off and gaily the chairs placed ready for the patients when the weather is sufficiently favorable to allow of them sitting without shelter.

All That Remains of Buffalo. The buffalo should be preserved and renewed in the forest preserves. The number remaining is few. Fortunately, writes Hon. John F. Lacey, in the Outlook Magazine, the little flocks in captivity are widely scattered, so that no unexpected epidemic can suddenly complete their extermination. The Austin Corbin herd at Meriden, N. H., now numbers 154 fine animals, one-half of which are males. The new herd in the Yellowstone park was started a few years ago with 18 cows from the Flathead herd, and three bulls from the Goodnight herd, in Texas. Three calves have since been captured from the wild herd in the mountains and the total number is now 43. They are inclosed in a large field near the Mammoth Hot Springs, and form one of the most interesting spectacles in the park. The wild buffaloes numbered about 400. The poachers and head hunters pursued them remorselessly until tardily enacted laws put an end to the nefarious traffic. Concealed in the most unfrequented part of the park, the calves exposed to wolves and mountain lions, the number has steadily declined. Six were found dead in the deep snow last spring, and only 20 remain alive. The Flathead herd in Montana, when divided and partly sold a few years ago, had increased to nearly 300. They were the progeny of about 35 calves saved by the Indians at the time of the final slaughter, when the hide hunters were engaged in their deadly work. It was a profitable business venture, for the animals are now worth \$200 and upward apiece.

Harvard's Old Clothes. Every spring there occurs at Harvard College a curious convention of the old clothes, as it might be called, at which, says Modern Women, the cast-off garments of hundreds of college undergraduates meet and mingle for the last time before starting out on an old and practical philanthropy. The affair is conducted by an undergraduate organization known as the Student Volunteer Association. Everything in the way of clothing is included—underwear, suits, even an occasional dress coat, stockings with all the variegated splendor that clings to undergraduate ankles, plain and fancy waistcoats and hats literally too numerous to mention. During the week of the collection the old Harvard yard is full of moving bundles, all tending toward Phillips Brooks House, where the various religious societies of the college have their headquarters. Here the bundles are opened, the various articles sorted, arranged and finally distributed to local and distant charitable centres. Books and shoes, for example, are what might be called the Tuskegee specialty at Harvard. Several boxes of them go annually to Booker Washington's institute, where the shoe shops are immediately useful in mending them up and starting them on a new career of utility. The Salvation Army in Boston gets practically all the derby hats.

The Badger and His Work. Deep down in his burrow on our western plains and prairies the badger sleeps during the daytime, but with the first twilight shadows he goes forth on his night's foraging. He is a dread enemy of the prairie dog and the ground squirrel, says St. Nicholas, and when he begins to excavate for one nothing but solid rock or death can stop him. With the long, blunt claws of his forefeet he loosens up the dirt. Dig! Dig! He works as though his life depended on it, now scratching on the sides of the hole, then turning on his back to work overhead. At first he throws the dirt out between his hind legs, but soon he is too far down for that, so he banks it up back of him, then turns about, and using his chest and forehead parts as a pusher, shoves it out before him. He works with such rapidity that it would be some time difficult for a man to overtake him with a spade.

The Largest Check. A check for fifty thousand pounds, said to have been stolen in London, England, will certainly figure as one of the most valuable in the "lost" column. It is, of course, by no means the largest ever drawn. Popular report had it that a six-figure check drawn by a London firm of tea merchants eclipsed record. Then, again, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was said to have topped the mark with one for four million five hundred thousand pounds. This in turn was bettered by one bearing Mr. Carnegie's signature, and worth four million six hundred thousand pounds and odd. But these fall far short of record. The original of the most valuable check ever drawn remains to-day at the Bank of England. It was drawn May 7, 1896, payable to the Japanese Minister in London, was the final installment of the Chinese indemnity, and was for eleven million, eight thousand, eight hundred and fifty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings, and nine pence.

Cinderella. From the New York Globe. It was in ancient Egypt that the story of Cinderella originated. Moderns, however, owe the familiar nursery story directly to the Frenchman, Charles Perrault, whose "Cendrillon" appeared at the end of the seventeenth century. Perrault took his Cinderella from earlier versions, which came, no doubt, from the story of Rhodope's bath. That Egyptian beauty had appeared to bathe, when an eagle swooped on one of her slippers, carried it to Memphis, and dropped it on the lap of King Psammetichus as he sat administering justice. He admired it, had Egypt searched for its owner, married her and lived happy ever after.

Mixed Wives. In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his earthly life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot. In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed. His "New England conscience" would not allow him to disturb the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription: "Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Parity of Milk. In Paris the municipal chemists accept milk as pure when it contains one ounce of butter and four ounces of solids per quart. At Bern milk must contain at least 3 per cent of butter and may contain 90 per cent of water. At Berlin the police seize all milk offered for sale which is below the legally required standard of 2.7 per cent of fatty matters. This allows the dairymen to add with safety from 10 to 13 per cent of water to fairly rich milk.

Blazing Meteors. The Short Lived Splendor of a Shooting Star. A small body as large as a paving stone or not as large as a marble is moving round the sun. Just as this small object will move round and round in an ellipse, with the sun in the focus. There are at the present moment inconceivable myriads of such meteors moving in this manner. They are too small and too distant for our telescopes, and we can never see them except under extraordinary circumstances. At the time we see the meteor it traverses a distance of more than twenty miles a second. Such a velocity is almost impossible near the earth's surface. The resistance of the air would prevent it. Aloft in the emptiness of space there is no air to resist it. In the course of its wanderings the body may come near the earth and within a few hundred miles of its surface, of course, begins to encounter the upper surface of the atmosphere with which the earth is inclosed. To a body moving with the appalling velocity of a meteor, a plunge into the atmosphere is usually fatal. Even though the upper layers of air are excessively attenuated, yet they suddenly check the velocity, almost as a rifle bullet would be checked when fired into water. As a meteor rushes through the atmosphere the friction of the air warms its surface; gradually it becomes red hot, then white hot and is finally driven off into the vapor with a brilliant light, while we on the earth, one or two hundred miles below, exclaim: "Oh, look! There is a shooting star."

Test You Should Try. The most common flaw in the temper of the hook. Some hooks are brittle and break easily. There are other hooks still that bend and bend so easily that they "straighten" on every big fish, and yet other hooks that bend, but bend so hard that a big fish never flexes them, and they only straighten and come away when the full tension of the line is laid upon them if caught on a tough snag or tree bough. These last are the hooks to buy—if you can find them—and the hard breaking hooks classifies next in merit. Tests by the eye are quite useless, as so many hooks carry exactly the same tints in blue or black. Test the hook instead by the hand, catching the point in a firm bit of wood and trying it out both by the hard, firm pull and by the jerk. Watch particularly in this trial for weakness at the foot of the barb, where the wire is apt to be attenuated overmuch and the whole point give way on a strong fish, especially if hooked in bone or very hard gristle. What vasty leaths of angling profanity, in spirit if not in word, have been stirred in boat and on bank when the pointless hook comes away from the hard played fish must be left to memory.—Outing Magazine.

Telling Time by Flowers. "With a little time and labor it would be possible to construct a garden whose flowers would combine to make a first time clock," said the botanist. "It is 5 a. m. when the snow thistle opens," he continued. "It is 5:30 when the dandelion opens. It is 7 when the white lily opens. It is 8 when the hawkweed opens. At 11:12 a. m. the sow thistle closes. At noon precisely the yellow goat's beard closes. At 2 p. m. the hawkweed closes. At 5 the white lily closes. The dandelion closes at 8 sharp. Since Pliny's time forty-six flowers have been known to open and shut with great punctuality at certain hours of the day and night."

Bill of Different Birds. The bill of the canary is built for crushing seeds—has strength, but in many of the doves the bill is slender and weak. Many of the pigeons and doves that feed on seeds have gizzards that are large and muscular—crushing and grinding being accomplished in that way. It is difficult to say how much birds experience taste, probably in a small degree. Ducks and parrots have soft, fleshy tongues, but in most birds much of the tongue is sheathed in horn. Food may be selected by intuition as to what is wholesome, more than by taste.—St. Nicholas.

Safe. "Of course, I don't want to criticise, but I don't think it was altogether right for David to say 'all men are liars.'" "Well, at any rate, it was safer than to pick out one man and say it to him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Modern Gallantry. The Man (in the street car)—Take my seat, madam. The Woman—Thank you, but I also get out at the next corner.—Chicago News. Calumny is the worst of evils. In it there are two who commit injustice and one who is injured.—Herodotus.