

EVA'S STEPMOTHER

"I shall never forget you," said Eva Challoner, with her dark, fresh face bathed in tears and her black eyes swimming amid a mist of them. "You shall always remain, though hundreds of miles separate us, Kate, the dearest friend that I have ever possessed!"

Eva spoke thus on the day of graduating from boarding school. She and Kate Broome were bidding each other a long farewell. Kate's protestations were not so warm as Eva's, for hers was the calmer as also the stronger nature of the two.

When Eva returned to the spacious country home in which her earliest childish days had been passed, she had a feeling of intense loneliness. She missed boarding school and she missed the dear face of Kate Broome, her idol and idea.

Eva's mother had died in her childhood, she had been the only offspring of Mrs. Challoner's youthful union. Eva loved her father, and perhaps if he had been at home during the present period she would have felt far less lonely.

At first Eva and Kate corresponded with great regularity and frequency. In one of her letters Eva confidentially wrote:

"It makes me sad to have papa away for so long a time. But now and then, Kate, another wretched thought enters my head. It is a thought that fills me with actual sorrow. I have a dread lest papa may marry again. You can't imagine how I detest the idea of a stepmother. I shiver, now, as I write the word."

"Mrs. Russell Ogden, a distant relative of ours, is now in Washington, and she writes me quite often. The other day she had a sentence in her letter which set my heart beating. It referred to papa, suggesting that of course the chances of his marrying again were decidedly strong."

"Now, Kate, as I know you are going to Washington before very long, I want you to promise me that you will keep a sharp eye on papa during your visit there. Tell me, if he is devoted to anybody, and, in that case, just how devoted. You will no doubt move in the same social circles. Do not forget my injunctions, now; there is a dear, good girl."

Kate Broome did go to Washington, not long afterward, and there she met, for the first time, the father of her dear friend. Mr. Challoner was very much courted in society, and deservedly so; he was brilliant, talented and handsome.

Kate said nothing whatever about her friendship with his daughter on her first meeting with Mr. Challoner. He somehow had a curiosity to observe this famed politician, as one whom he believed a perfect stranger both to him and his.

Kate was never what is termed good letter-writer, and she neglected Eva shamefully. She found that she could not go to balls and receptions and at the same time correspond at all faithfully with Eva, and she now wrote her friend an occasional scribbled sort of note, saying so.

Meanwhile Eva became miserably hurt, and almost wholly ceased writing to her friend.

But one day Mrs. Russell Ogden sent her from Washington a communication that burst upon her like an actual bomb-shell. Her father was reported to be engaged.

Mrs. Ogden could not give the name of the lady as absolutely certain. She had heard it but then her memory for names was so peculiar.

Eva's relative then went on to say that she had met Mr. Challoner and a new fiancée together on Pennsylvania avenue that very day. At the end of the letter came a postscript which ran thus:

"I have remembered the lady's name. It is Brush. But of course your father will write you immediately."

Eva was in a perfectly wild state. Her next mail brought a note from her father, telling her of his engagement to a Mrs. Browne, and promising that he would very soon write her more fully.

The note was in her father's probal handwriting, which was so legible as a rule, that only those most familiar with its dark ways could make it out.

poor Eva passed the rest of the day in the most miserable suspense. At about 6 o'clock that evening she heard a carriage stop before the front entrance. After that, with beating heart and falling limbs, she slowly descended into the lower main hall.

Here her father met her. He kissed her as if nothing had happened, making no reference whatever to her upbraiding letter.

"My wife has gone into the sitting room," he said, and quietly drew Eva toward that apartment.

A lady came forward to meet Eva, though as lamps had not yet been brought and the chamber was filled with the deepening dusk, the lady's face did not dawn upon Theodore Challoner's daughter until she was quite close to it. And then a great surprised exclamation burst from her lips.

"Why, Kate Broome," she cried; and an instant later she had kissed her dearly beloved friend on either cheek.

"Not Kate Broome any longer," was the soft, tranquil answer. "I am Kate Challoner now. Perhaps you can't realize it all at once, Eva, and perhaps you won't like it when you do, but I've come to live here as your stepmother."

"You!"

Eva stared at the speaker in mute amazement for certainly ten seconds; and then, with a sudden outburst of tears, she threw both arms around Kate's neck.

"Oh, it seems like a dream," she sobbed. "It's too good to be true! After I expected some horrid, elderly creature who would be a tyrant to me. No, no; I shall wake up soon. It can't be!"

"Yes; but it certainly is," said Kate, with her rare, brilliant smile. "You see, Eva, I only found out in the most sudden way that your father cared for me. He wrote you immediately after our engagement a short note, if you remember, saying that he would explain hereafter."

"And calling you 'Mrs. Browne'?" exclaimed Eva, who was still in tears.

"That was the fault of his bad handwriting, he meant to write Miss Broome."

"And I suppose now," continued Eva, "that Papa's reason for not afterward writing and telling me everything was—"

"Your bitter, unjust, unfeeling note, Eva," said a grave voice in the doorway, which Mr. Challoner's stately form was just then darkening.

"I understand," murmured Eva, penitently. "But you forgive me, papa, don't you? I acted hastily, impulsively, and—I had such a horror of a stepmother, you know, Kate is a very different affair. She will be a comfort—a downright delight! We shall have glorious times together. And I shan't be jealous a bit, papa, of her love for you. But I hope that both of you can spare me a little love."

"We promise to spare you a great deal," said Mr. Challoner, kissing Eva. And Kate with another kiss for her new stepdaughter, softly repeated his words.

The Unknown Palisades.

The edge of the world, if such a thing may be, lies hardly a rifle shot away from one of the centres of the world itself—the city of New York.

The Palisades, those mighty walls, whereon the annals of the centuries are graved—what an edge of the world their lip presents to him who comes, perhaps at night, to their rough-new elevation! In no place other than this near proximity to man and one of his greatest cities could a physical feature so profoundly vast and impressive be hidden from the world; and yet the Palisades are almost unexplored and unknown to the globe-circling, sight-hunting public that yearly traverses the continents or seas to gaze at things less wonderful in some distant field of Nature's marvelous achievements. For little does any one know of these Titanic walls who has merely seen them from the Hudson. Were they somewhere off in a land comparatively inaccessible, reached by a transcontinental thread of steel, the guide books would be rich in their pictured grandeur and man would rove far to explore them.—Harpers Magazine.

Tit for Tat.

"No, I don't believe in expensive practical jokes," said a San Francisco business man, "except by way of retaliation."

"Now last year I received a telegram from a friend who was traveling in Italy. It came collect and cost me seven dollars; and when I opened it all I read was, 'Thank you, I am well.'"

"Then I sallied forth and sought me out a cobblestone—a nice large cobblestone weighing about eleven pounds. And I wrapped it in excelsior, pink cotton and white paper, and I boxed it up in a handsome box; and I sent it by express, collect, to my facetious friend far across the bounding billows."

"And when he had paid his little \$15 and had opened the box in St. Petersburg, if I remember rightly, he found in addition to the precious contents a note from me that explained, 'This is the load that rolled off my heart on receipt of the news of your good health.'—Woman's Home Companion.

AMAZING YARN OF A DEEP SEA SHIP

After Stranding on a Chinese Island During a Three Years' Voyage, Reaches Port

CREW'S WENT TO HUNT FOR HELP

The Mate and Four Sailors, After Hazardous Journey Through Jungle, Reached a Settlement and Dispatched Tug to the Rescue.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Closing a three years' voyage, which threatened to end with leaving the ship Comet's bones to bleach on the rocks of Banks Island, Capt. Davis berthed his vessel in South Brooklyn late Wednesday and discharged the miscellaneous cargo of Chinese goods stowed beneath her hatches. The Comet left Philadelphia in July, 1905, for Kobe, Japan, with a cargo of case oil. After several trips back and forth between Kobe and San Francisco, the ship loaded at Singapore for New York and sailed just before Christmas.

Everything went well until December 26, when squally weather was encountered. For two days the ship pounded along through a lumpy sea. December 27 fell black as soon as the sun went down. The Comet struggled along under shortened sail, plunging and rolling in the cross seas. Shortly before ten o'clock the boom of breakers was heard dead ahead, and duly reported. The ship was eased off, but the sound of breakers came from every hand, and suddenly, with a grinding crash, the vessel brought up standing. The breakers lifted her, forced her forward her full length, and again she struck hard and fast.

Soon after the squally weather abated, the sea, never very high, fell left to a long rolling swell, which left the ship high and dry save for her rudder, which was buffeted by the waves.

After an examination of the vessel and ascertaining the ship's situation, Capt. Davis decided to send a life boat for help. First Mate Charles Hayward and four men volunteered for the venture. Provided with food, compasses, spare sails, and the ship's chart, on which were marked all the data of the voyage, the life boat was lowered away and the crew laid a course for Java.

Later events showed that, caught in strong currents, the ship had drifted from her course and had been drawn into a narrow channel between three islands where the swift current had dashed her on the rocks. The life boat made good weather of it, and just before daybreak the sound of heavy surf betokened near approach to land. Hayward spread the ship's chart out on the stern thwart, and by the light of a ship's lantern tried to make out his position. Just then a swift current caught the boat, swinging it in shore and behead to the heavy rolling surf. The boat, tossed about like a chip, was swamped.

The mate and one man who was astern were washed overboard. The two men forward leaped out, and all four managed to fight their way to the beach. The lifeboat, battered and ruined, was dashed up on the rocky beach, and the men managed to save some spare sails, the ship's compass, and the oars. With the sails and canvas they struck up a shelter tent, under which they huddled until daylight.

Chilled and bruised with their fight in the surf, the men were in despair when the daylight showed them a rocky shore with a seemingly impenetrable swampy jungle stretching inland in every direction. The mate and one of the crew, a Dutchman, started out to explore, and after forcing their way inland a mile or two, found a native shack inhabited by a Chinaman who could talk a little Dutch. Under his guidance the four men made their way ten miles through the jungle to a small settlement at a Chinese tin mine, from which a narrow-gauge railway took them to Blinjo. Here they were able to telegraph to Java and thence to Singapore for help.

Meanwhile those on the stranded ship were in suspense. Although in no immediate danger, there was the possibility any day of a storm coming up, in which case the ship would certainly break up. For five days Capt. Davis and his crew on the imprisoned ship strained their eyes looking for help to come out of the sea. Frequently the smoke of passing steamships was seen, and efforts made to attract attention of those on board, but no attention was paid to the signals. Rockets sent up at night met no response.

Finally, on the sixth day a tug from Singapore came to their aid. After several hours' pulling and hauling her captain declared he could not drag the ship off. The tug was sent to Blinjo to take off the mate and his crew, with instructions to telegraph to Singapore for more help.

Hayward, the mate, insisted on the tug going back to the ship and making another try to pull her off. This was done, and after twenty-four hours' hard pulling the big vessel was finally floated. She proceeded to Singapore for repairs, finally sailing from there a second time January 12 for New York.

THE EXPECTANT HAND.

No Charge Made, But a Present of Money Not Refused.

In recording an illness of his grandfather, Gen. John Watts De Peyster tells an amusing story in connection with Indian hemp. It is printed in his biography by Mr. Frank Allaben.

Indian hemp was recommended as a remedy during my grandfather's illness, but where to get it was the question. Finally some one said it was grown in the garden of old Mr. Henry Brevoort, who owned a large plot on the east side of Broadway, extending through to the Bowery above Tenth street. Grace Church stands on part of this ground.

Doctor Bibby gave me some money, told me to jump into his gig, drive up to Brevoort's old low-storied cottage house on the Bowery, and tell the owner that I wanted some Indian hemp for my grandfather, John Watts. I was to use diplomacy if necessary, but not to return without it.

I trotted along briskly, roused Mr. Brevoort from a nap, stated my case, found no demur, and got the Indian hemp, which he dug up with his own hands.

"How much am I to pay?" I questioned.

"I never sells it," Mr. Brevoort replied, "because if I takes money for Indian hemp, it weakens the vartoo."

I stated that I was ordered to pay, and we discussed the matter, walking across the garden toward the gig, which I had left on Broadway.

I had made up my mind that I had met with a disinterested Christian, had replaced the money in my pocket, and had my foot on the gig step, when I felt a brawny, sunburnt, freckled hand restraining me, and heard these words whispered in my ear: "I never sells Indian hemp, for that weakens the vartoo, but if I gives it, I never refuses a present."

I extricated the money confided to me, placed it in the expectant hand, hurried home and related my story, and I have heard it laughed over many times.

Newsboys.

It is good to hear that measures are on foot to help the poor little New York newsboys, writes N. N. Moore in N. Y. Home Journal. I don't mean newsboys as a class, for they are generally an independent and self-respecting set. I mean the tired little fellows who beseech one to buy an evening paper at about the hour when the morning paper is coming off the press. There is said to be in this city no municipal regulation as to the age of the children who are permitted or required to do this sort of work. There certainly ought to be. Boston licenses and New York uniforms its newsboys, and Boston's example long ago. Some of these boys are too bright to be left to grow up on the streets at night. The other day a lady stopped to talk with one of these waifs after her escort had bought a paper. "How many papers have you left?"

"Six, ma'am."

"And how much have you made today?"

"Fifty-two cents since two o'clock."

"And do you sell papers in the morning?"

"Yes'm."

"When do you sleep?"

"Oh, I gets a snooze now and then. I don't sleep much."

"But don't you know that you must sleep if you want to grow up to be a big, strong man?"

The little mite looked keenly at the lady—did he size her up for a Sunday-school teacher?—and then said,—

"Does God sleep?"

That boy might be a Charles O'Connor if he had a chance.

How the Frog Changes Color.

The chameleon changes his hue with his environment. A short time ago who could venture to point out all the molecular and ethereal vibrations whereby the chain of action is made complete between external environment and peripheral tissue change? Yet Sollaud found that the pigmentary changes by virtue of which the frog harmonizes itself more or less with the color of its environment are governed by two sorts of nerves. It results from the action of two reflexes, both originating in the retina; and by his investigations he is able to map out the paths from the brain to the periphery by each of the reflexes. Now let us picture to ourselves the delicacy of this process. First, the green foliage, causing vibrations in the ether in certain wave lengths, sets up certain molecular vibrations in the retina, which, translated in such form that neither the skin nor the pigment granules in it are changed irreversibly, but certain molecular combinations are made for the time, or certain intramolecular changes of the atomic structure are set up in the pigment for the time, by virtue of which a protective color is given to the animal.

Census of the Bison.

The journal of the New York Zoological Society gives a census of the American bison, according to which, in place of all the hundreds of thousands of those animals which formerly roved the plains, only 2,047 were known to be in existence on January 1, 1908. Of these, 969 were in captivity in the United States, and 411 in Canada. Since that date the Fable herd has been sold to Canada.

Mother Knows.

When children are told that a smart man's father is they look at their mother as if asking her if they are to believe it.

CROW STEALS WOMAN'S HAT

Makes Nest of It and Owner's Cat Is Impaled on the Pin, Meeting a Tragic Fate.

Jacksonville, N. J.—When Big Ben, a crow that has been here for the last five summers, made his reappearance, Mrs. Josiah Sprague had no thought that his advent presaged the loss of her new hat and her favorite house cat. Mrs. Sprague bought a hat in Paterson about two weeks ago. It wasn't radical in shape or style, but it was a bright, attractive piece of headgear, and one of its appurtenances was a long pin, with a shiny silver knob at the end.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Sprague, returning from a visit, laid her hat on a chair on the front porch. Three minutes after it was missing. She heard a noise on the porch when she was in the house, but it was slight and she could not believe it had anything to do with the disappearance of the hat. Besides, her hired man, who was at work in the garden, had seen no one enter or leave the house. The hat disappeared as mysteriously as if the wings in the trimmings had carried it away. Yesterday morning Frixie, the cat, which never wandered far away, also disappeared. Mrs. Sprague began to believe there was something uncanny about the house.

She and several neighbors made a thorough but vain search for both the headpiece and the household pet. Today the hired man, who was in the woods back of Mrs. Sprague's home, solved the mystery. On a high tree he noticed a gray plume floating above above a basket-like affair that seemed to be fixed between two limbs twenty feet from the ground.

The hired man shinned up the tree, and found Mrs. Sprague's missing hat and cat. A tragic fate had befallen Frixie, however, for she was impaled on the long hat pin that stuck through the hat. The man scrambled down from the tree with the dead pussy and the hat in his arm. As he did so Big Ben, the crow, and a bird with duller plumage, evidently his mate, circled about him with angry cries, as if to prevent him from making off with his trophies. The presence of the two crows showed that Big Ben stole the hat so he and his mate would have a ready-made nest. The death of the cat is easily explained. It is presumed Frixie, who had no reverence for Big Ben's rights, espied the crows in their new nest on the night the hat disappeared. Stealthily climbing up the tree, the cat must have made a spring for the crows. He reckoned without the presence of the sharp hat pin. The badly clawed condition of the hat indicated the cat struggled desperately to escape before it died. Big Ben and his mate sat disconsolately on an upper limb of the tree to-day, finding it difficult to make up their minds to begin the building of a real nest. Mrs. Sprague, too, is disconsolate for the loss of the hat and the cat in the same day.

CANADIAN SLAIN BY WALRUS.

Extraordinary Encounter Caused Death of Sergeant Donaldson.

Ottawa, Ont.—From a report which has reached the Mounted Police Department at Fullerton, on Hudson Bay, whose death was reported in a recent message from the north, met his end in an encounter with a walrus off Marble Island.

The sergeant, with Corporal Reeve and an Indian interpreter named Ford, were making their way from Churchill to Fullerton, traveling in a small sailboat which is used for this hazardous trip. Near Marble Island they encountered walrus and killed several of them. They had towed some of the bodies to their sailboat, but on one of their trips a walrus attacked them and put a tusker through the bottom of their dingy.

They stopped the hole as best they could with a jacket and pulled for the shore. When nearing it, Donaldson saw that he would swim the rest of the way, as the boat was filling, but in jumping out he upset it. Reeve hung to the boat and reached shore. Donaldson was never seen again, and it is thought he was attacked and pulled under by a walrus.

REMOVED TUMOR FROM BRAIN.

Berlin Surgeon Lifted Forward Lobes to Excise Mass the Size of An Egg.

Berlin, Germany.—One of the most extraordinary operations recorded in the history of surgery has been successfully carried out at the Kaiserin Augusta Hospital by its chief surgeon, Prof. Krause. It was the extirpation of a tumor which had grown from the hypophysis of the brain, a gland situated in the very midst of the skull.

The patient was a woman, 35 years old. The tumor was reached by forming a very large skin and bone flap on the right forehead and temporal region. The tumor was larger than a hen's egg, and was buried more than three inches deep in the substance of the brain.

Nevertheless the whole tumor was successfully removed by lifting the anterior brain.

Silk Hat is Losing Caste.

Paris, France.—Paris hatmakers have declared in solemn convention that the silk hat is slowly but surely going out of fashion; is no longer worn by men of fashion except on ceremonial occasions; that its decline is marked even in London, where it has so long been a badge of respectability. This, they reason, is the case in Paris mainly because beggars, guides and others of the pestering fraternity in Paris look upon the wearer of a silk hat as fair game.

A FIRE THAT WON'T GO OUT.

Phenomenon Exhibited at Railway Station in Scotland.

It is not generally known that in Scotland not more than three miles out of Glasgow, there is a fire raging at a railway station, which has been going on for months, and, notwithstanding that tons of water have been poured upon this insidious fire, it can not be put out. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true. The details are as follows:

Several months ago a waste piece of ground close to the station was wanted by the railway company as a siding. The level of this ground was too low, so truckloads of refuse were "dumped" on it to bring it to the necessary level. A large proportion of this refuse consisted of rotting vegetation, and in the course of a little time it heated in such an extent that combustion set in and started not only a smoldering fire, but flames actually burst through the ground.

Attempts were made to quell this fire, and it was thought, after several weeks of hard work and tons of water, that it had been put out. What was the surprise, however, to see it break out afresh in another place and nearer the station. Fears then began to be felt for the safety of the station buildings, especially as the main double line to important coast and country towns led through it.

Fresh energy was then brought to bear, and much more water was poured on this fire, which seemed to have its stronghold in the bowels of the earth, but from the volume of steam and smoke issuing from innumerable crevices it was seen that the fire dem on was resisting all efforts and was slowly creeping nearer and nearer to the foundations of the railway station.

It was now whispered and soon became known that the station had originally been built upon a sort of shale, which came out of the mines in the near neighborhood years ago. These shale mounds have been known to take years burning right through, and the stench from them is anything but pleasant.

Now, when it became known that the fire referred to was gradually eating its way to the foundations of the station, a mild sort of alarm began to be felt, not only by the railway company, but the aristocratic passengers who daily use this suburban station. For the mines have been worked out, and hundreds of beautiful villas have arisen out of their ashes—so to speak.

The fire gained ground every day, until by and by it reached beneath one of the platforms, and any day thereafter might be seen the novelty of a crowd of people waiting on a platform from the chinks and crevices of which were arising in many places jets of steam from the fire below. Such a volume of water was kept continually playing upon it that actual flames were prevented from showing above ground; but any casual observer could see the evidence of the great heat below.

In time it was observed that the foundations of the station were settling and cracking and twisting in many places, and all sorts of efforts had to be resorted to to keep the buildings from being permanently injured. At this present moment, as these lines are being penned, the fire has reached under the main line of the track and it is one of the curiosities of the neighborhood to see the jets of steam and smoke issuing from between the sleepers.

It is a foregone conclusion that the fire cannot be extinguished, and it is being left to have its own sweet way and burn itself out. When this will happen nobody knows, as there is a large part of the foundation of the station not yet reached; and as this is quite probable that this fire in the bowels of the earth will go on sapping under the station until the buildings tumble about the passengers' ears.—Tit-Bits.

A Bismarck Silhouette.

One of the principal treasures of the Hanoverian Corps of Göttingen is this silhouette of Bismarck, which was made during his residence as a student. It shows the afterward famous leader wearing the cap and badge of his corps. The picture was the work



of a fellow Hanoverian who developed considerable artistic talent, but who, history says, went astray at the very opening of his career and found it necessary to first flee his native town, and then, in poverty, take his own life.

Each new member of the corps is now formally introduced to the silhouette as one of the most important possessions of the body, and it occupies a conspicuous position at dinners and other functions of the corps.

Our idea of an unpopular man is one with a fad for collecting bills. Australia has a huge public debt, amounting to \$278 for every man, woman and child, while the United States shows only \$11 per capita.

—THEODORE CHALLONER.