

first dance-she floated in an atmosphere chaste and poetic, too delicate to be misunderstood, and, as before, ecen

Yes sh

"She was always your favorite; so

"Thank God, yes. And Madge and I 107. will be very happy together."

"To me, as you stand thus and always,

you are beautiful, for I love you above t's a good thing you are not likely everything on earth. Madge, answer lose her." "Yes," thoughtfully, "and yet, if any-"Yes," she whispered low; "yes"one came to know her and her sweet, then laid her face upon his breast. bright nature, he-" "Don't be afraid. Sweet natures don't count for much nowadays. Beau-The following afternoon, some three or four hours earlier than they were exty or money is a necessity. As Madge pected, Mrs. Waddilove, Miriam and Se-

country in the world, and they are used in precisely the same way as if the monkey were a young specimen of the human race. There is one professor each monkey, and the monkey is

taught by means of the blocks to spell

for example, the monkey, after having

been taught to arrange the blocks so

as to spell the word quickly and with-

out error, receives a bit of fruit as his

reward. The same exercise is repeated

certain words. If the word is "fruit,"

nformation regarding his son. Reports came of strange young men in various sections, and the father traveled hundreds of miles to identify

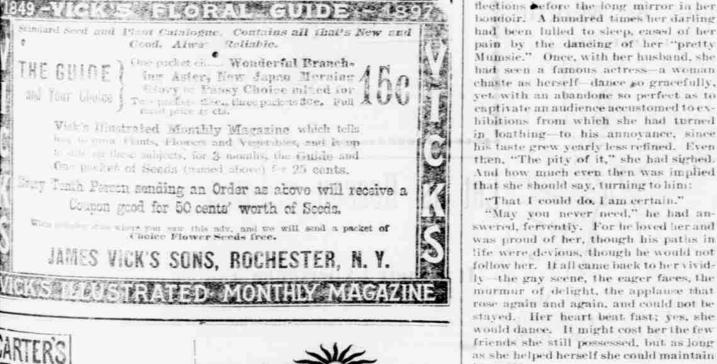
trembling, her heart full of a new-sweet

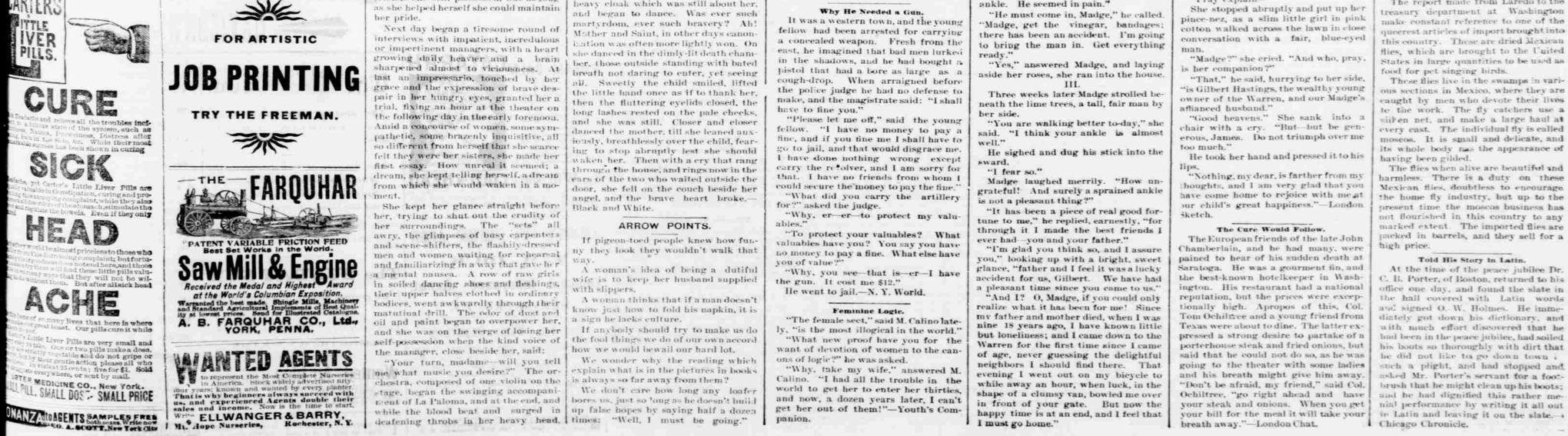
Having made some extensive imevenients in the

OLD SHENKLE MILL

e are now prepared to turn out IRST-CLASS WORK on Short otice. Soliciting a portion of your ntronage, I remain







intervened Dreamily she took up the thread of her thoughts where she had dropped it that sad night, and the strange conceit came back to her. Women, less brilliant but stolld and plodding, were enseoneed in journals

where she had disdained even to allow her verses to appear. With voices in no way comparable to hers, she saw others succeed; while she, who sang like a bird-but like a bird, too, only when inspired-could make no impression. And so, dowered as she was, she was poorer and more helpless than the humblest woman who could conscientiously knit a pair of stockings or em-

Cousin Selina in the same room, in the

same chair, listening again to the gusty

rain as it beat against the windows, it

was to her as if no appreciable time had

broider a teacloth. The pretty face seemed pinched and weary: two deep lines began to inclose the drooping mouth. "I smile en parenthese," she said, to Cousin Selina. as she turned from the mirror, where she was trying to change the expres-

sion of those quivering lips, that even at the moment curved upwards, a Cupid's bow, at the quaint conceit. More surely than ever she knew she

could ask no favors, but must put her wn shoulder to the wheel. But what odo when all else failed? To dance on the stage! Why not? She could dance: fall her life she had loved to dance. In her greatest joy she had ever found full-

He took her in his strong arms, carried her to the nursery and placed her est expression in dancing to her ov n reflections before the long mirror in her in a chair beside the child. The dear boudoir. A hundred times her darling little face, already fanned by the wings had been fulled to sleep, eased of her of the angels, flushed softly .

her."

MATLEAR.

derstand much.

"I was waiting, Mumsie," she whispain by the dancing of her "pretty pered; "you will dance for me now, will Mumsie," Once, with her husband, she had seen a famous actress-a woman vou not?" chaste as herself-dance so gracefully, She feli on her knees beside the

yet with an abandone so perfect as to couch, and took the little one in her captivate an audience accustomed to exarms. hibitions from which she had turned "Sweet, lovely Mumsie," said the

women were charmed.

might have become content, but daily

Maizie grew weaker and more fragile.

and her heart faded within her. She

would take the child in her despairing

arms and hold her so close that the

little one would ery out, yet was happy

withal in the embrace, for she loved her

'Mumsie" with a deep devotion, and

One night-it was about three months

seemed with a strange prescience to un-

after her debut-she left home a little

lighter of heart than usual. Maizie had

been feverish all day, and had grown

quieter toward evening, and they had

had a royal game of romps and a "big

big hug and kiss" when she left.

foward the close of the evening she be-

up to grow ill at case, and, throwing

er fur-lined mantle about her, without

theater hurriedly, and, jumping into a

ausom, was driven home in all haste

The front door was open. From the hall

"Go quickly, or she will not know

"Who will not know whom?" she

said, to herself. "Who will not know

whom?" she reiterated to the physi-

ian, as she walked quickly into the

came the voice of her physician:

hanging her costume, she left the

child, kissing the bare arms; "you will in loathing-to his annoyance, since his taste grew yearly less refined. Even be a real dove in Heaven." then, "The pity of it," she had signed. "Maizie, Maizie, do not leave me!" And how much even then was implied wailed the trembling woman.

"No, Mumsie," answered the child; 'you shall come too."

"May you never need," he had an-The mother gazed at her, speechless swered, fervently. For he loved her and and wild with alarm. was proud of her, though his paths in

"Mumsie," said the little one, trying to raise the heavy little head with the short golden curls in damp ringlets on the pale forehead, "Mumsie dear, do dance. Perhaps the angels don't dance, and I love it so."

staved. Her heart beat fast; yes, she With a great sob and a supreme effort would dance. It might cost her the few she rose from her knees, threw off the friends she still possessed, but as long heavy cloak which was still about her,

son. So many disappointment awaited him that for a time it seemed hope was vain.

One day a friend of the family told the father that he thought he had seen Will in St. Louis. Mr. Higgins at once left for that city and found his son.

The father was overjoyed at the recovery of his son and threw his arms around the neck of the young man. The consternation and horror of the father can hardly be imagined when the son said: "Excuse me, but I do not know you." Then the terrible truth flashed across the mind of the father, and he realized that his son had lost his memory. The father worked with the young man for hours trying to recall to him scenes of his home and mother, but all to no avail. The young man said he remembered nothing antedating his living in a boarding house in St. Louis. When, he came from, he said, he did not know He said, however, he was desirous o -olving the mystery of his past, and accepted his father's invitation to return home with him in the hope that his

memory might be awakened. It was supposed that when young Higgins would arrive home and see his mother he would again be himself in every respect. But he did not know her atthough she wept on his shoulder and repeated to him all those fond nameshe used in addressing him when he was an infant and a growing child. He could not recall anything of his past.

Then a delicate surprise was arranged for him, which, it was hoped, as a last resort, would awaken his memory. Miss Edith Marchus, of 263 Forest street, this city, whom Mr. lliggins had been engaged to marry in October, 1895, was sent for. She arrived, and was much moved by the presence of her lover, whom she had mourned as dead for so many months. The young man treated her with respect, but his demeanor plainly indicated that Miss Marchus, whom he would have married but for his misfortune, was as a stranger to him. Miss Marchus had formerly lived in Sandusky, and having moved to Cleveland, she was prevailed upon to remain at this Higgins home for several days, in the hope that constant association would rekindle young Higgins' memory. All efforts failed, however, but Mr.

Higgins developed a strong attachment for Miss Marchus, which ripened into love, and they were finally married in this city.-Cleveland Leader.

has neither-" "Poor little girl. Then the love of her old father must suffice. When do

you think of going?" "At once," Mrs. Waddilove cried, rejoiced to find him give in so easily. 'Lady Grantley has a ball on Thursday, Mrs. Townley one on the following Monday, and more are sure to turn up. As soon as Miriam and Salina are seen invitations will pour in. They will both be engaged before the end of the season, of that I am certain." II.

The Manor house was flooded with sunshine. Every window was wide open, and every room full of the scent of roses, the perfume of new mown hay. Mrs. Waddilove and her two handsome daughters, Miriam and Selina, had been gone some six weeks, and as yet showed no signs of returning. Madge and her father had grown accustomed to their absence, and felt no very strong desire to see them come back. They were the best of friends, these two, and perfectly happy in each other's society.

In the presence of her mother and her good-looking sisters, Madge had been shy, quiet and reserved. But alone with her dear old father, whom she adored, the gayety of her heart asserted itself, her whole nature expanded, and she became what she had never been beforea merry, laughing, bewitching little maiden.

"With such a pair of dancing dark eyes, and such a bright, happy face, who could call my Madge plain?" thought her father one day as he watched her flit backwards and forwards among the roses. "But I'm glad she did not go to London. Somehow, the world might rub off the bloombring sorrow to her loving little heart -and I want her to be happy always." Across the lawn came one of the gardeners in hot haste. "If you please, sir," he said, pausing

in front of his master, "there's been an accident, just at the gate-a gentleman thrown from his bicycle by a-" "Dear me, dear me, is he hurt?" cried

the old man, starting up. "I'm afraid, sir, he's sprained his ankle. He seemed in pain."

with other words; and it is hoped that fina arrived at the Manor house. in time the similans will learn how As he stood watching his men stackto read and spell and understand Enging the hay, Mr. Waddilove was informed lish, if they cannot speak it. An effort that his wife and daughters had come will also be made it is said, to educate home, and, without an instant's delay these beasts so that they may become he hurried to greet them. The three fairly efficient domestic servants. The ladies were tired after their journey, chool is so young as yet, however, that what it will accomplish is entirely a matter of speculation. Its "professors" are enthusiastic about their novel work and seem to think that a new field of usefulness will be opened up for these

> ANY OLD PLACE WOULD DO. He Couldn't Spell Osawatomic Nor Could

A short man, with red whiskers, shumbling gait, and the remains of a jag, wandered into the Midland the other evening, and asked for a typewriter's studio, says the Kansas City Journal. He lives in Kansas, not far from Topeka, and had been here attending the football games. Luck had walked on the same side of the street with him in the matter of bets, and he wanted to stay another week. But his wife expected him home, so he was in search of a typewriter to send home a letter to serve as

an apology for his nonappearance. "Kansas City, this date, 96," he mut-

"I have that," "My dear wife."

"Very important business will re-

"Let's see," interrupted the artist. 'How do you spell that Osawatomie?" "Spell it yourself. It's your type-

"I can't."

"Can't spell Osawatomie?" he asked in dispust.

"Then I'll go to Fort Scott."

IMPORTED FLIES.

Insects Caught in the Swamps of Mexico Brought Here.

treasury department at Washington make constant reference to one of the queerest articles of import brought into this country. These are dried Mexican flies, which are brought to the United States in large quantities to be used as

These flies live in the swamps in various sections in Mexico, where they are caught by men who devote their lives te the work. The fly catchers use a sillen net, and make a large haul at every east. The individual fly is called moseos. It is small and delicate, and its whole body has the appearance of

The flies when alive are beautiful and harmless. There is a duty on these Mexican flies, doubtless to encourage the home fly industry, but up to the present time the moscos business has not flourished in this country to any marked extent. The imported flies are packed in barrels, and they sell for a

C. B. Porter, of Boston, returned to his office one day, and found the slate in

and answered his various inquiries with but scant courtesy. Then, as Madge did not appear to welcome her, her mother became extremely irate. "My dear, she has gone for a walk." her husband said, soothingly. "Sheshe will not be long." "A walk alone at this late hour? You

was away? But that will soon be

"She is not alone, dear," he began.

knowing full well she was with Gil-

bert, and wondering how he should

break the news of her engagement to

"Well, this sort of thing must be put

"Yes, yes, of course. But have you

She glared at him. "None," she an-

"Then your time has been wasted.

The opportunities were of no avail?

Miriam and Seliua have made no con-

"You are rude, Mr. Wadd-, And 1

am glad the poor girls have gone up-

"I don't mean to be rude, dear.

am content to keep my daughters at

home. I was only following up the con-

versation that led to your going to Lou-

don. I believed in a sweet, bright na-

ture, and fate. You put faith in what

you called beauty-and apportunities.

Without boasting or in any way annoy-

ing you, I wish to say, without taking

any credit to myself, that my idea was

the right one; that here, in our home,

Mrs. Waddilove flounced over to the

2.00

Madge and I have been more success

her mother. "She's with-a friend."

any news for me, Lydia?"

a stop to."

quest."

stairs."

ful."

window.

"Pray explain_"

swered sharply.

changed. Out for a walk alone-"

chattering little beasts. are a strange person to have charge of a young girl, James. I suppose Madge the Stenographer. has done exactly as she pleased while I

tered to the typewritist.

"Yes.

quire my presence in Osawatomie for a few days-

writer."

"No

The report made from Laredo to the