

NEVER MIND IT.

Never mind the weather,
If it's wet or dry;
Singing on together,—
Be springtime by an' by!

A DAUGHTER OF THE CAVALIERS.

BY MARION V. DORSEY.

The Copleys were spending the winter in Munich, so that Bert might go on to Heidelberg and Ethel pursue her musical studies under good masters.

There was another reason, too. Their income was not what it used to be, and having decided that a sojourn in this German city was the most economical plan, they were soon busy settling themselves in a quaint old house on the Carlinen-Platz.

Margaret found it quite possible to make the room look familiar and home-like. The same pictures, books and bric-a-brac were placed as they had been in the colonial mansion on Mount Vernon place, in far-away Baltimore, and it is the household gods, after all, that reconcile us to the inevitable changes.

It was for her own room that she kept her father's portrait, the unopened brass box bequeathed to her in his will, and the musty books, which she alone found interesting.

Here everything showed age but the reflection in the toilet mirror. The windows were draped in the tapestry brought from England by Sir Lionel Copley, the first Governor of the Province of Maryland. Over the fireplace, immediately under her father's aristocratic profile, her revolutionary ancestor's sword was crossed on its scabbard.

A valance of much-mended Cluny lace, the gift of Queen Anne to a maid of honor, who was of Margaret's name and lineage, festooned the mantel edge, and on the wall, framed in relics of "charter oak," hung the original grant for Bonny Venture, their homestead in Cecil, bearing Lord Baltimore's seal and signature.

Only in such fitting environment was this fair descendant of the cavaliers content to dream her dreams and see her visions, and now they were not always glorified by vanished greatness; youth and love were striving for mastery over the hereditary tendency to sacrifice the living present to an errant veneration for the past.

People invariably called Margaret Copley a distinguished looking girl, and yet her beauty was far from being that assertive type which usually wins this expression of admiration. She was as fine, fragile and polished as one of her grandame's Sevres teacups, but an analytical observer would find himself baffled by the resisting power that sometimes shone in her soft, brown eyes, and was indicated by her delicately firm chin. Her full, curved lips, like those of a sea-relief, would have laughed to scorn the idea that she was "classifiable." She held herself to be something distinctly different from all other young women, in that she was self-styled, progressive, conservative, and that rara avis, a feminine antiquarian.

The months passed pleasantly and quickly while the Copleys were making acquaintance with the city of cathedrals and palaces, and their daily mail left them nothing to complain of in their friends across the sea.

Paul Harcourt, the good comrade of Margaret's childhood and girlhood, had begun by writing her letters filled with enthusiasm for the work he had planned to do as a scientific specialist at the John Hopkins Hospital, where he had already won distinguished recognition for the successful operation of his advanced ideas in the department of clinics. He was intensely, eagerly modern, and held precedent in veneration only in so far as it gave the clearest reasons for the infallibility of its why and wherefore.

As Margaret Copley's absence lengthened he no longer tried to restrain his pen from gliding into personal allusions which should convey some intimation of the hope he now held dearer than fame.

One day she had been many hours at the Pinacotheca, drinking in the beauties of Raffaele, Rembrandt and Fra Bartolomeo, and threw herself, tired and aimless, upon the lounge in her mother's sitting room, and lay there in ca' n enjoyment of Ethel's skillfully executed fantasy, when her rosy checked maid brought in the letters.

There were two for Margaret and several for her mother, who was returning calls.

"One from Paul," she said to herself, with delightful anticipation, "and one from Bert," with much less interest.

From the next room the melody still rippled forth, and on the table

close beside the couch a bunch of Parma violets breathed an exquisite fragrance which, with the music and the words of overmastering love on the written page, blended together in a soul subduing minor trio.

"He loves me! he loves me! Oh, dream of my life!" she cried, burying her face upon her folded arms as if to hide from unseeing eyes its supreme exaltation. A new glory had come upon the earth, the glory that crowns but the one moment of hope's fruition.

She knew now that the rich promise, all the possibilities of Paul Harcourt's earnest, noble manhood were hers to share and encourage. She knew now that achievement and fame were less dear to him than her answering love.

The Chopin fantasy rippled on, from faintest sounds to silence. Presently Ethel came in and picked up the paper that came with their mail. Scanning it over she said suddenly—"Here is something that will interest you, sister. It's about the historical society. It offers a thousand dollars for some old records. Margaret, are you asleep?"

"But no answer." "Gracious!" said Ethel, tiptoeing away. "I thought she would wake from the dead if any one mentioned old records."

When her sister was out of hearing Margaret raised herself on her elbow and reached for the flowers. "Ah," she said, laying them against her flushed face. "I don't want to think about the dead past just now, but about—about—the radiant future!"

It was not her habit to mention getting a letter from Bert until after she had read it for fear it should contain some confidence not intended for an eye or ear but hers. He had promised to confess to her if he should be guilty even of "gentlemanly peccadillos," as he termed his waywardness; so it was not until she had kissed her mother and Ethel a happier good night than usual that she sat down by her own lamp to read this one.

Bert had been very complaining of late, and it was always money, money. She had been sending him nearly all her own allowance, and did not see how she could do more; but the first few lines showed her that there was something worse than a renewed demand for money, and that disgrace, open disgrace, would be the penalty if it were not forthcoming.

With white lips and eyes aflame with indignation, she read on, each word branding shame upon her heart and brain. It ran—

"My Dearest and Best Sister—Do you remember what you said to me on the ocean, about helping me out of a scrape? Well, I'm in the worst one you could imagine, and, Margaret, you must help me, or our good name will be blackened forever. While half crazed with wine I took \$800 from my room mate Simpson—you recollect him—and a dozen of us went on a ten days' spree. I did not know what I was doing, sis, indeed, I didn't, and that cad says he always despised our pretensions, and will certainly give me over as a scoundrel unless every cent is refunded in a month."

"I feel more for you and mamma than myself."

"Yours, in everlasting regret, "BERT."

She sat like one to whom the death sentence had just been read—wide eyed, dazed. Slowly the reality of it all, its horrible truthfulness, left its outward sign of her inward conflict.

The letter fell from her trembling fingers to the floor, where it lay with its flippant announcement of a great crime flaunting itself shamelessly, a crime whose consequences were so brutally thrust upon her.

She drew back the folds of her long clinging gown from contact with the miserable sheet, and pushing it from her with the toe of her slim, arched slipper, stood looking down on it with no trace of pity about her eyes or mouth; only scorn unutterable.

"There is a mere 'gentlemanly peccadillo,' I suppose," she said in a harsh, unnatural voice. "A Copley!—a Copley! Oh, my father, that a son of yours should have done this thing!" and she threw herself prostrate before Copley's unresponsive effigy. "Help me to keep disgrace from your dear, dear name. At any cost to me. Oh, my dear father, it shall be kept unsullied!"

She lay there till the great cathedral clock struck one, trying to make a way out of this terrible difficulty, yet finding none. She knew that their quarterly income was not due for weeks, and besides she had breathed a vow to her father, whose spirit she felt to be a real presence, that her sweet, timid mother and Ethel should be spared all knowledge of Bert's sin if she alone could prevent its exposure.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, she thought of what her sister had said about the notice in the Baltimore paper when she had been so wrapped in love's young dream that she scarcely heeded her, took her night candle and cautiously made her way down stairs. There lay the paper. All was still, the quiet sleepers unconscious of the tragedy being enacted under the same roof that sheltered them.

Back to her room once more, she sought the paragraph with feverish eagerness till at last it caught her eye. A long account of the Maryland Historical Society wound up by saying: "And those old records, dating from about 1685 to 1700, have never been found. Among them is supposed to be a list of those who emigrated to the province at the time, and for the sake of important work to be completed the society offers

\$1,000 for such information from an authoritative source."

"The brass box!" she cried hysterically. From the secret drawer of an antique escritoire, in the corner of the room, she took a tiny key, with a bit of black ribbon tied to it, and hastily fitted it into the curious lock which she had studied and wondered about from toddling infancy. In all her imaginings she had never dreamed that, like Pandora's box, it held her own woe.

There were dozens of parchments, some of which dated back to Claiborne's time, and there, tied together with personal letters of Sir Lionel Copley, was the long missing list.

The old fascination came over her in full force. She set books, papers, weights, everything, on the curling parchment, flattening it out on the table before her. There were many familiar names, those of her life long friends, and many of whom she had never heard. Low down on the list her eye fell upon the words, pale, dim, but legible—"Paul Harcourt, valet."

Minutes ticked off into hours, and she still sat gazing, till all the page seemed covered with "valet, valet," and presently the odious word began to move upon the time worn document. It had legs, arms—a periwig!

It was bowing servilely. Now it is brushing a pair of top boots, and ah, is bringing towels and the bath!

All the cavalier blood in her veins seemed breathing, beating in an angry surge against her throbbing temples, and misery, the like of which she had not thought it possible for mortal to suffer, laid hold upon her soul. The shame of Bert's conduct was nothing to this shame—nothing.

"Oh, heaven!" she groaned in agony of spirit, making a groping effort to find the window; "I am going mad."

She got the sash up and let the damp, refreshing air blow from the dark, echoing square.

"This trouble of Bert's has been too much for me. It is only my crazed fancy. That is not there at all."

Still moving unsteadily, she opened a cabinet near by and took out a finely finished photograph.

"No, no," she said sternly; "that patrician nose, that sensitive mouth did not come of a valet's stock. But why am I trying to convince myself? Don't I know it was all an optical illusion?"

Replacing the manly presentiment of the modern Paul Harcourt in the cabinet, Margaret Copley stood irresolute, and then, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, dragged herself back to the table and leaned against it, toying with its contents, while delaying the moment of sure conviction.

A small bronze statuette of Clio, with recording quill in hand, weighted one corner of the record. She snatched it up and flung it through the open window.

"Break into a thousand pieces, liar!" she cried passionately; "break as you have broken my heart," and, stooping quickly, she once more saw the—towels and bath.

"Father," she sobbed despairingly, her vehement emotion having spent itself and left her benumbed with pain and bewilderment, "father, I loved him so, and—I love him still. I would give my life to keep the world from seeing this blasting word, but I am your daughter. I will save the name of Copley. That day—you went away—you said—'Do what is best with them.' Oh, is it best to sell these things to save ourselves, or best to destroy it, for Paul's sake?"

She fell heavily, closing down the lid of the brass box with a metallic crash that brought her mother and Ethel running, panic stricken, to her room.

They hurriedly got her into bed and sent for a physician.

"She has worn herself out over those musty old papers," Mrs. Copley complained resentfully. "My poor, dear child will kill herself worrying over such things."

In the delirium of fever which followed she talked so incessantly about Bert that the doctor ordered him home.

"I shall certainly send it, Bert, never fear," she whispered to him when he bent down to kiss her one day. She thought he had just come, but he had been there a week.

"My head is quite clear now. Go, get that parchment on the table. You will see a list of names on it. Yes, that's it. Seal it up and direct it to the Maryland Elizabeth Historical Society and inclose a note telling the librarian it was among papa's papers; he'll know. And tell him he must telegraph payment to our bank on the day of its receipt. Send it now, and please don't ask me any questions; I'm tired," and she turned her quivering face to the wall.

Some days later, Margaret, pale and sad eyed, was lying once more on the sitting room lounge. Her own room was a horror to her. For the first time in her life its antiquity seemed naught but ghostliness, and she felt its atmosphere would stifle her feeble efforts toward regaining health and strength. Bert sat beside her, waiting to take his mother to a choral service in the cathedral.

"By the way, sis," he said, carelessly, "whose name do you suppose I saw on the old list, or whose ancestor's, rather."

"Whose?" she answered, faintly, dully holding a large feather fan at a screening angle.

Bert leaned back in his chair and gave one of his careless laughs.

"Why I happened to lay my magnifying glass down on your table one day when I first came, and going to pick it up later I saw under it

'Paul Harcourt and valet,' as big as primer letters."

"And valet?" she queried, below her breath; "no, that was not there."

"Oh, but it was," Bert insisted; "I swear by the eternal gratitude to you I saw the 'and' as plain as day through the glass, but it was too faded to see without, so traced the letters in pale ink and made them look just like the rest. It wasn't any harm, was it?"

On the instant the great bell rang out its first jubilant note, and she was left alone with more music in her heart than was pealing from the throats of all the choristers in Munich.—[Kate Field's Washington.

RICHEST UNIVERSITY.

Great Wealth of That Founded by Leland Stanford.

The newspaper accounts of the estate left by the late Senator Stanford have started speculation as to the value of his endowment of the university which bears his name, says the San Francisco Argonaut. Few people have any definite idea of the actual sum of money represented by the property which will come into the possession of the trustees of the university when Mrs. Stanford dies.

That property consists of three pieces of land—Palo Alto, 8,400 acres, of which a large portion is under high cultivation, being planted in vines which have been found to suit the soil. Gridley, 22,000 acres, which have been planted in wheat, and will probably be gradually planted in vines, and Vina, 59,000 acres, of which between 4,000 and 5,000 acres are planted in vines. Of these three the Vina estate is, of course, the most valuable. There are, in round numbers, 8,000,000 grape vines on the estate, which yielded last year 11,500 tons of grapes. When all the vines now planted are in full bearing the product will be something like 20,000 tons of grapes per year; and the vineyard is growing from year to year.

A large portion of the Vina estate is used for raising horses of all the various breeds, and other portions are employed as cow-pastures, sheep-pastures and hog-pastures. It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the money value of such land at the present time, and almost impossible to guess what it will be when a better knowledge of the peculiarities of soil and climate and the handling of the grapes will enable California wines to command the same price as the foreign product. But land which will grow five tons of grapes to the acre has a definite and well-known value in France and Germany, and there is no reason why it should be different here. It is worth as nearly as possible \$2,000 an acre in the Gironde and on the Rhine, and though it could not be sold for any such sum at present in California, it will earn interest on that amount.

Thus the Vina vineyard alone represents an endowment to the college of \$8,000,000 and a present income of about half a million a year. This, it will be remembered, is exclusive of the Palo Alto property, the Gridley ranch and the 50 odd thousand acres of land at Vina not planted in vines. If all the land in the three properties which is suited to vine growing were planted in vines it would represent the enormous sum of \$200,000,000 and an annual income of over \$11,000,000 a year.

No university in America has anything like such an endowment. According to the college registers, the leading universities are endowed as follows:

Table with 2 columns: University Name and Endowment Amount. Includes Columbia (\$13,000,000), Harvard (\$11,000,000), Yale (\$10,000,000), University of California (\$7,000,000), and John Hopkins (\$3,000,000).

The endowment of the Leland Stanford cannot be added to the list, because no one can tell the real amount. The Vina vineyard represents \$8,000,000 at present, with a possible extension of over 10 times that amount in the early future; but no one possesses the information required to appraise Palo Alto or Gridley. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that its resources are far in excess of those in any other educational establishment in the world, and that it will never need to deny itself anything, from a library to an observatory or a laboratory, on the ground of expense. It is quite possible that when the properties which are devoted to its support yield their full income, it will find it possible to abolish all fees for tuition and to reduce the cost for board below that which a pupil would cost at home.

Wedding of the Future.

Here's a sample of a wedding notice ten years hence, as foreseen by the Atehison Globe: "The bride looked very well in a traveling dress, but all eyes were centered on the groom. He wore a dark suit that fitted perfectly his manly form, a large bouquet decorated his coat lapel and in his daintily gloved hand he carried a bouquet of American beauties. His hair was cut close and a delicate odor of barbers' oil floated down the aisle as he passed. The young people will miss him now that he is married. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender graces and his winning ways. The bride commands a good salary as a bookkeeper in St. Joseph and the groom will miss none of the luxuries to which he had been accustomed. A crowd of pretty young men saw them off at the depot.

For matronly wear there are ribbon trimmings of moire, with jet ornaments placed along the center and jetted point d'esprit quilling at the edges.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Not Quite the Same—How He Did It—Circumstances Alter Cases—Etc., Etc.

NOT QUITE THE SAME. Hand in hand The lovers go, The moon, the silent Lake, a row. A month has passed, They're married now A word, a look Or two, a row. —[Puck.

HOW HE DID IT.

McDuff—How did Scaddsey get his dust? McDuff—He raised the wind, and the dust was a natural consequence. —[Truth.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Anna—Engaged to Bob Scott! Why, Bertha, you always abuse him so much. Bertha—Yes, but how could I know that he would propose to me? —[Truth.

WELL WARRANTED.

Kawler Lynn—Is there any warrant for the statement that Kasherly has skipped the country? Editor—Yep; two. Sheriff's got 'em both. —[Buffalo Courier.

THE PECKER.

He heard them kissing on the sly And peeked in through the door, And then he cried in accents high, "Say, sister, what's the score?" —[Detroit Free Press.

NOT AT ALL WORRIED.

Amelia—Oh, Mr. Clasper, where is your arm? James—Oh, never mind my arm; I'll look for it when I want it. —[Puck.

DEEPLY WRONGED.

Wild Westener (fiercely)—In your last paper, sir, you said I had killed twenty-seven men, sir! Editor—Well, and wasn't that statement correct? Wild Westener (still more fiercely)—No, sir; twenty-eight, sir; twenty-eight.

HER EXPERIENCE WAS DIFFERENT.

"Poor Eve!" soliloquized the philosopher; "she is blamed for all the sins committed by her daughters." "I wish that were true," said his wife. "Is it not so?" asked the sage. "No, indeed! When I do anything amiss you blame me." —[New York Press.

NOT THAT IMPRESSION.

"That is a wonderful work of nature," said the man who was visiting Niagara Falls for the first time. "Pretty big," replied the hotel-keeper. "I don't see how anybody could contemplate it without feeling terribly insignificant."

"Well, I suppose a good many people do feel that way. But you see, most of the people who stop at this house are brides and grooms." —[Detroit Free Press.

A SURE SIGN.

Mrs. Rounder—You had been drinking pretty heavily when you came in last night. Mrs. P—Under—How do you know? Mrs. Rounder—You tried to light your cigar at the reflection of your nose in the pier-glass.

THE BOOK REQUIRED.

Mr. Bondstock (tenderly)—Do you think you could learn to love me? Miss Warkum (shyly)—I might if you gave me lessons from the right book.

Mr. Bondstock—What book shall I teach you from? Miss Warkum—Your pocketbook. —[New York World.

OUT OF HIS LINE.

Ada—Flo was just going down for the third time when Dr. Watson dived off a yacht and caught her. Grace—And saved her life! Wasn't that wonderful? Ada—Yes, for a doctor. —[Life.

PERMITTED TO REFER.

Cholly Chumpleigh—What do you think? Some people asked me yesterday if we were engaged. Miss Coldeal—Indeed! What did you tell them? Cholly Chumpleigh—I referred them to you. Was that right? Miss Coldeal—Quite right. I never dismiss anybody without a reference.

A COUNTER IRRITANT.

"The man in the next room kept me awake all night snoring. Landlady—Well it won't happen again. I've put a woman with a parrot, a piano and a baby on the other side. —[Chicago Inter Ocean.

UNDOUBTEDLY FOOLISH.

"Yes, she is very foolish sometimes." "What evidence has she ever given of being foolish?" "Well, I have known her to talk to a bride and try to interest her in a topic that had relation neither to the groom nor the ceremony. —[New York Press.

HE DIDN'T TIP.

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" said the tip-expectant waiter to Uncle Abner Meddergrass, as the latter rose from the table.

"Let me see," replied the honest man, looking at his hand baggage. "There's my umbrella and my satchel. No, they're all here, but I'm obliged to you just the same for your thoughtfulness. —[Detroit Free Press.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Judge—When you broke into the library and stole a lot of books, why did you take only the works of classical authors?

Thief—Because, your Honor, modern books fetch hardly any price in the market! —[Fleigende Blaetter.

JUST THE THING.

First friend (of intending groom)—Well, we'll have to give them a present. What will it be and how much shall we spend?

Second friend—I don't know. I'll go as deep as you. First friend—Let's send something that will make a big show for our money.

Second friend—All right. What's the matter with a load of hay? —[Judge.

A YOUNG MAN'S TROUBLE.

"What's the matter? You seem to be in a frightful rage this morning."

"I am. You remember the challenge sent to a magazine editor?" "Yes."

"Well, I have received his answer. He says that my manuscript has been received, and that it will be carefully examined in due course of time. —[Washington Star.

WILL PUT THIS IN HIS BILL.

Doctor (to his patient)—Pardon me, madam, but before prescribing I must know how old you are. "Oh, sir; a lady is only as old as she looks."

IMPOSSIBLE, MADAM. YOU CERTAINLY MUST BE YOUNGER THAN THAT.

HER GIFT.

Wife—I'm so glad you like the cushion, George, for I bought it for your birthday present. You'd spoil it in your library, so we'll keep it in my boudoir. I suppose you'll get the bill to-morrow—it's awfully expensive.

AN IMPERTINENCE.

"That was a beautiful composition," she said dreamily. "Yes," replied the young man who doesn't know much about music, "it was pretty fine."

"I wonder what key it is in?" "It's down on the programme as a nocturne, isn't it?" "Yes."

"Well, then, I should think it would require a night key." And all that disturbed the air was the feeble echo of his own "ha, ha." —[Washington Star.

NOT HER FAULT.

"It's strange that all my friends have become engaged and I am not."

"It may be, my dear mademoiselle; but you have one consolation. With all their becoming engaged you have the satisfaction of knowing you have shown yourself more willing to get married than any of them. —[Album of Fashion.

NOT ENTIRELY PARALYZED.

"I can hold them, Miss Quickstep," said the young man by her side, reassuringly, as the spirited team gave another lunge forward. "You're not afraid, are you?"

"When it comes to a showdown, Mr. Hankinson," replied the young woman, holding her hat on with one hand and clinging to the dashboard with the other, "you'll find I'm not at all shy on sand." —[Chicago Tribune.

THE BLOW.

Anxiously she awaited the decision that was to shape her future life, and when at last the old man came from the interview with her adorer she was filled with foreboding.

"Papa," she faltered, with trembling voice, "how did he strike you?"

The parent gazed gloomily into the open grate. "Broke my guard," he growled. The lovelorn maiden could do nothing but rock to and fro and moan. —[Detroit Tribune.

AN EVEN CHANCE.

Hausfrau (to dunning tradesman)—If to-morrow is bad weather I shall be able to play you. But if it is good weather you need not call, as we shall need the money to go to a picnic. —[Fleigende Blaetter.

PRESERVING RAILROAD TIES.

In this part of the country where wood is comparatively inexpensive, the railroad companies do not find it necessary to treat all their cross-ties by some process which will lengthen their period of serviceability, but out in the semi-arid and arid regions of the west, where cross-ties are costly, the case is different. Nearly 3,700,000 cross-ties in use on the lines of the Atchison, Union Pacific and Rock Island systems have been treated at a cost of seventeen cents to twenty cents each by a process which consists in first injecting chloride of zinc with glue into the timber, and then forcing a solution of tannin into it. The tannin fixes the chloride so that it is not washed away by the rains or removed more slowly by the standing water in damp localities. The distinguished past President of the American Society of Civil Engineers, Octave Chanute, states that on the Atchison system tie renewals have been largely reduced by this treatment. In 1890 it abandoned the process and injected chloride of zinc only, but in 1893 the zinc-tannin treatment was resumed and is now operated. The Union Pacific stopped operating its works in 1887 for financial reasons, and they have not been opened since then. On the Rock Island lines practically no ties treated by the process were renewed until 1892, after six years of service, and at the commencement of the current year over ninety per cent. were still in service. —[New York News.