

SONG.

If thou art not kind,
What will profit thee
Wealth of purse or mind,
If thou art not kind;

HER LAST CHANGE.

"This," said Mrs. Gaffery, "this is the last time, Perlina Milkin, the very last time. I've spent enough upon you since your ma died and I took charge of you to marry six girls who had their senses about them."

"I'm sure I don't know what you expect me to do. I can't very well propose to any one," said Perlina, ready to cry.

"With which speech she inflicted on her niece's cheek that matter-of-course peck which female friends choose to consider a kiss, and bade her goodbye. And despite her new wardrobe, her big Saratoga trunk, the prospective summer gayety and the chaperonage of Mrs. Kerose Newbody, poor Perlina cried a good deal in the hired carriage which conveyed her to the boat."

Fresh as a rose and dressed in her most becoming morning dress, Perlina took her seat at the breakfast table next morning and nestled close to Mrs. Kerose Newbody in the most bewitching manner.

That lady, an ample matron, with a loud voice, greeted her affectionately, and at once introduced her to two gentlemen who were her neighbors.

"Mr. Kolt, Miss Milkin; Miss Milkin, Mr. Downhill. All old friends of mine. Charmed to make you know each other," and then devoted herself to breakfast, and left those who preferred it to waste time on conversation.

Never before had young Mr. Kolt had such bewitching attention offered him. And as for old Mr. Downhill, his memory brought back some dove-like glances, such as those Miss Milkin showered upon him, from the long-vanished years of his youth, but not many.

To cut a long story short, Miss Milkin, having discovered that Mr. Kolt was very rich and an orphan, and that Mr. Downhill was a very wealthy bachelor, at once set her cap for both gentlemen, resolving to accept the one who proposed first. She loved neither. A girl of her views, who had made a rush into the matrimonial market with but one stipulation—that the man she married should have money—was scarcely likely to have a heart. A husband meant to her easy circumstances, freedom from her Aunt Gaffery's incessant "nagging," liberty to flirt as much as she chose with ineligible, who were often very interesting, and freedom from the dread of being an old maid.

mind to do it, when Mr. Kolt did it. And Miss Milkin said "yes," and would have fallen into his arms but that they were in full sight of an old lady who had just leveled her opera glass full at them from a window.

"Yes," Perlina had answered, and young Kolt blushed rosy red, and "his soul," like that of Gloriana, in the Wild Irish Girl, presumably "went on a jig to heaven," for the band was playing delightful dances for their edification; and afterward, when they had had supper, Perlina locked herself in her room and wrote to her Aunt Gaffery. Her letter ended thus:

"So you see I'm engaged, and you can't twist me any longer. I don't suppose poor Kolt will ever set the river on fire, but he's a good-natured fellow, and I can just twist him around my finger. And, remember, you are bound to give me a handsome wedding dress, and have always promised me poor ma's pearls the day I was married. Your affectionate niece, PERLINA."

Mrs. Gaffery signified her approval by return of post, and Perlina's mind was at rest. It did not trouble her much that in less than a week a telegram summoned Kolt to the city. She could use the fast-fading days of freedom better without an engaged lover at her side, and she certainly made the most of them. She plunged into flirtation in a way that frightened even Mrs. Kerose Newbody, and was happier than she had ever been since her search for a husband commenced.

For poor Mr. Downhill, she quite snubbed him, now that she had no views concerning him. Meanwhile the absent Kolt wrote love letters, and she answered them.

"Never shall I forget my feelings when you went out to ride with old Downhill," he said in one of these. "I really thought for a while that you liked him."

And to this she replied: "How could you fancy that I should like a superannuated old creature like that? I only took a little notice of him out of pity."

Poor Perlina! Life was certainly very much checkered. One morning Mrs. Newbody opened a New York paper, and, having glanced down the column of marriages and deaths, gave a faint shriek and looked at Perlina in a terrified way. Perlina snatched the paper and saw this record:

"Suddenly, on the —th, Edmund Kolt."

Edmund Kolt—there was no doubt of it. Mrs. Newbody looked at Perlina, expecting to see her faint. To her surprise, the young lady, though very serious, was quite calm.

"Poor fellow," she said; "I'm very sorry. Do be quiet, dear Mrs. Newbody! Don't let's have a scene. No one knows we were engaged, and you need not tell 'em. I don't want my season spoiled."

Then she arose and went to her room, cried a little, bathed her face, used some pearl powder on her nose and went downstairs to charm Mr. Downhill by beaming upon him and asking him how he could be so dreadful and neglect her so.

In a word, now that the old love was gone, she "took up with the new," and in a week Mr. Downhill had proposed and was accepted. And the astonished Mrs. Gaffery received an account of the situation which greatly surprised her.

Old Mr. Downhill was rather more obstinate than even Mr. Kolt had been. He asserted his rights, and insisted upon the open wearing of the engagement ring.

There was no more flirtation for Miss Milkin, and every one knew what had occurred. She wore a diamond ring of value on her finger, and was guarded by her old beau from morning until night. He even wrote her several notes between their parting at midnight and meeting at nine in the morning, and in one of them he referred to her flirtation with young Kolt.

Miss Milkin was one of those unlucky victims to love of letter writing who can never resist putting things down in black and white. She wrote this sentence in her reply: "You naughty, naughty goose! How could I care for a stripling like that? Poor fellow! he was very nice; but only a boy, you know." And when she had written it she thought how much jollier it was to run about with him than to sit in a corner with old Mr. Downhill, who was always afraid of catching cold, and who would not let her dance because he could not. Still he was rich, and she was engaged at last, after all.

One evening she walked the piazza with her betrothed, leaning on his arm in the most confiding manner. The evening train was in, and people were waiting for the stages to bring the newcomers.

As they rattled up to the door some one was seen waving a white handkerchief. A young man with very red cheeks—and then some one called out: "Why, it's Kolt, alive and well." For there had been much lamentation over the poor fellow. As he sprang out of the crowded vehicle they rushed toward him to shake hands and tell him that he had been supposed dead.

"Death in the papaw, you know, old fellow," said one exquisite. "We'd vewy curious how death could be in the papaw when you wasn't dead, you know."

"It was poor grandfather. I was named after him, you know. I never thought what people would think. I—" Then he turned pale and hurried into the house, fearing that the awful news had killed his poor Perlina.

Miss Milkin was in the parlor. She had fled on his approach and was really quite faint, and Mr. Downhill had gone for a glass of water. Every one else was out of doors, and the young fellow rushed toward her.

"Yes—I did!" gasped Perlina. He bent over her and caught her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"Oh, I couldn't die and leave you!" he said. "I—"

But here a hand came down upon his shoulder and a thin voice breathed in his ear: "Young man, I am very glad to see you restored as it were from the grave, but I can't allow such liberties with the lady who is going to marry me."

Mr. Downhill had returned with the glass of water.

Perlina, not knowing what to do, had refuge in tears and silence. The gentlemen grew furious and finally walked away with each other, with "pistols for two and coffee for four" in their faces. But this was eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, and much is thought of documentary evidence. In a retired spot, where they could not be overheard, the hapless Perlina's letters were produced. Poor little Kolt read with the bitter agony of youth the woman's denial of her love for and engagement with him, written a week after his supposed death, and old Downhill gave a groan over another buried hope, as he read the lines in which he was set down as a superannuated creature only taken notice of out of pity.

After this the two gentlemen shook hands. They did not quarrel with each other now. Neither of them wanted to marry Perlina Milkin. She received two little notes that evening telling her so.

That was last summer. This year Perlina will not go to Saratoga at all, and Mrs. Gaffery, having dismissed her chambermaid, it is a matter of wonder to the neighbors who the person with a green barege veil on her head, who rubs the windows, can be. It is barely possible that this is Perlina. Mrs. Gaffery is a woman of her word, and she considers her niece's chances of matrimony quite over.—New York News.

QUEER FLORIDA CRABS.

Have Peculiar Shells and Feed on Birds and Insects.

Haunting the rookeries of the birds in the southern part of the peninsula is a large blue crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and when he hears a noise elevates his head and protrudes his eyes with startling effect. He is able to take care of himself, for his pinners are powerful and his shell is hard. He is often as large as a saucer.

There is a perpetual war between him and the birds. He wanders among the nests at night and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings and the young themselves if he can find a mother off her guard. But he has to be sly or he is killed by the stroke of bayonet bill and eaten in his turn. When a plume hunter has driven off or destroyed the parents of a rookery these crabs swarm forth and devour the orphan young in short order. But while the mothers are allowed to do their duty the crabs are ideal scavengers and devour the refuse as well as the insects that infest the bird cities.

Their bright colors, like those of the tiger, make them less dangerous than their appetites would otherwise be.

There is a little purple crab along the coast of Southern Florida which seems to feed almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This it so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of the succulent little balls move away from your fingers before you are aware that it is alive. Step back and the crab will resume its place, and seem to be as curious about you as you are about him.

One of the most beautiful shells found along our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds. The shell is as thin as tissue paper, oddly curved and almost as transparent as the finest glass. It belongs to the family of edible snails so prized as a delicacy on the coast of France, and if properly prepared makes a delicious dish. It is most abundant about New River Inlet, where the slight shake of a tree about sunset will bring a shower of them to the ground. The breakage of a shell seems to be of little trouble to the snail—he repairs the damage and moves on.—Jacksonville Citizen.

Eight Days on the Witness Stand

"The longest time I ever saw one witness on the stand," said a man from Hardinsburg, Ky., "was during the life of Judge Kincheloe, who was regarded as one of the ablest members of the Breckinridge bar. He was honored by his people to the high office to which he aspired, and he was always respected in the highest as a man of learning and a ripe scholar. During his active practice land titles were much unsettled in our country, and some of the most important suits came up over titles. In the case of Askins vs. Askins, in which Judge Kincheloe and the late George W. Williams, of Owensboro, were the counsel, the taking of testimony consumed two months. It was then that Mr. Askins was on the stand continuously for over eight days, and when the judge had questioned him from every conceivable point of view, he said: 'Well, Mr. Askins, you are excused, but I'm afraid we've pumped you so dry you won't have anything to tell your wife and family when you get home.' The witness retired badly confused, but evidently glad to get off the rack."—Louisville Post.

A Household Enemy.

Nobody desires to impede the march of science, but there is not a housewife in the land who will not clamor for an injunction against the professor of biology in New York who has succeeded in producing two-headed moths by grafting. A man who makes two of these insects grow where one grew before can only be regarded as an enemy to society.—Kansas City Star.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SNOWMAN. One day we built a snowman. We made him out of snow; You'd ought to see how fine he was,— All white from top to toe!

We poured some water on him, And froze him, legs and ears; And when we went indoors to bed I said he'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind Of wind began to blow, And winter cried and ran away, And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went To bid our friend good-day, There was n't any snowman there;— Everything'd runned away!

—[W. W. Ellsworth.

QUEER NEIGHBORS.

In one of the stores in New York are two departments that are very interesting to the children. One is devoted to canary birds and the other to Angora cats. These supposed enemies, of course, are caged; but they do not seem to annoy each other in the least. The birds sing as cheerfully as though there were not a cat within miles, and the cats sleep and doze as though a bird were a thing entirely beyond their interest. The cats' cages are beautiful, roomy, and furnished with rugs; and many of them have baskets trimmed with ribbon.

WASTEFUL WESTERN RIVERS. "Queer American Rivers" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas, written by Mr. Spearman. The author says of Western rivers: "All the rivers of the plains are alike full of yellow mud, because the soil of the plains melts at the touch of water. These are our spendthrift rivers, full to the banks at times, but most of the year desperately in need of water. It is only with the greatest effort that they can keep their places in the summer; there is just a scanty thread of water strung along a great rambling bed of sand, to restrain Dame Nature from revoking their licenses to run and turning them into cattle-ranches."

No wonder that respectable fish refuse to have anything to do with such streams, and refuse tempting offers of free worms, free transportation, and protection from the fatal nets. Fancy trying to raise a family of little fish, and not knowing one day where water is coming from the next!

Not but what there is water enough at times; only, those rivers of the great plains, like the Platte and the Kansas and the Arkansas, are so wasteful of their supply in the spring that by July they are gasping for a shower. So, part of the year they revel in luxury, and during the rest they go shabby—like shiftless people.

THE DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollkins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollkins gave her a little shake. "Dear me!" she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It's very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep!"

Dollkins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened her blue eyes wide.

"Mamma! she said. "Oh, you can talk!" cried Dollkins, joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice. "And you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollkins, "and I didn't have anything but mashed potato for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?"

Dollkins's cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't have to. I wish—"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollkins, "will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!"

Then it was very still. In the morning Dorothy Ann went over and took up Dorothy Ann, and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning Dorothy Ann," said Dollkins. "I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear; for then you might be a scare to your mother!"

THE BIRDS' PARTY.

It had been raining all night, then the wind blew cold and froze the raindrops on the trees, till every branch and twig was turned into an icicle. They all sparkled and glittered like diamonds, and Tom and Prissy thought the world looked like a big, splendid palace. They kept calling mamma to come to the window and look.

"Yes, dearies, it's beautiful," said mamma, "only I can't help thinking, What will become of the poor little birds?"

Then she explained that when the ground is covered with snow, the birds live on worms and other insects that hide under the bark of trees, but when the trees are coated with ice, their poor little bills cannot break through this hard crust. The children were greatly interested.

"I wish we could feed them," said Prissy. "Couldn't we give them a party, mamma?"

Mamma said yes, and offered to furnish the refreshments. She told

them that in cold weather birds liked nothing better than a bit of fat meat; so the children hung a piece of pork in the old apple-tree, and then watched from the window to see the birds' party begin.

The first visitor was a little bird in a blue coat and a neat white vest. He ran up and down the tree and cried, "Hark!" two or three times before he ventured to taste the refreshments. Mamma said this was a nuthatch.

After him came a flock of prettily dressed little birds in black velvet hoods, all singing, "Chick-a-dee-dee!" together.

Their voices were sweet, but I am sorry to say their manners were really rude, for one began his dinner alone, and drove away all the others who tried to get a taste. When he had finished, another came and ate in the same selfish fashion, and so on till each one had dined; then they all flew away together, singing their favorite tune.

Then came dear little Jenny Wren in her trim brown suit, and then Mr. Woodpecker in a fine red fez, and then Miss Creeper, dressed very plainly, but neat and tastefully.

So the birds kept coming, and the party only ended when night fell and the refreshments were all gone. But the children and mamma, too, enjoyed it so much that they agreed to have just such a party every day till the cold weather was over.

PETRIFIED ARTICLES.

A Huge Tree Slowly Sinking Into the Earth.

Warda and the surrounding country are noted for petrified articles of various kinds. I have on exhibition a petrified rock about two feet long and one foot and a half wide. It weighs forty-five pounds, and is without doubt a shoulder blade of a mastodon. It plainly shows the socket in which the bone of the leg revolved. It was found several years ago by a party while seining in the bed of the Colorado river. Within three-quarters of a mile from Warda there is a petrified tree, supposed to have been a post oak. It is about twenty feet long and at the thick end of the trunk it is about two feet in diameter. When first observed, about eighteen years ago, about half of its diameter was above ground, but, owing to its great weight, it is slowly but constantly sinking. All around in this part of the country a person can find specimens of petrified wood of many varieties. The writers has observed stumps and parts of stumps plainly showing traces where they had once been burned and now they are solid rock. It seems as though untold quantities of petrified wood could be found under the ground, for if a person will make an examination of the banks of the local creeks, gullies and ravines, he can find pieces of petrified wood sticking out of the banks on every side. The writer, in examining some specimens in the surrounding creeks found several pieces of petrified wood protruding from the banks, which, although petrified, was so brittle that it could be broken to pieces with the hand. The cause of this appears to be lack of some kind of acid necessary in the course of petrification to make it solid. One of the most curious and at the same time one of the most perfect specimens that the writer has observed is what is supposed to be a petrified stomach. It plainly shows a quantity of petrified acorns and other ingredients which can not now be distinguished. It is supposed to be the stomach of a hog, or some other prehistoric herbivorous animal. The writer has also noticed two other very beautiful specimens, the one being a prehistoric shell, known by the Latin name of Nautilus lineatus, and the other a common pear.—Galveston (Texas) News.

Duels in Europe.

While the code duello, in its sanguinary character, is rapidly becoming obsolete in the United States, it appears to be still in high favor on the other side of the Atlantic. In Germany some 4,000 engagements are yearly fought on the field of honor with sanguinary results. Most of these engagements take place in the neighborhood of college towns. Within the space of 24 hours as many as 20 duels have occurred in the neighborhood of Jena.

Next to Germany in allegiance to the code duello comes France. There are some 1,200 duels fought annually in France, the participants being mainly officers in the French army. Italy comes next to France, with some 275 duels annually. During the past ten years Italy has furnished 2,750 duels, Austria, Russia, Spain and Great Britain rank next in the order named. In Great Britain the code has become almost as obsolete as in the United States. Most of the duels fought on the European continent are fought with the sword, though pistols and knives are used occasionally.

From Fireman's Cab To Laboratory.

Prof. Morris, who is at the head of the chemical department in Cornell University, was once a fireman on the New York Central Railroad. He was advanced to engineer's position, and then made up his mind that he must have an education in order to succeed in life. This was a great undertaking for a poor boy, but his determination won, and he was finally graduated with honors at Union College and later entered his present position.

An Imperial Collection.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has collected the photographs of all the pretty women she has seen during the last nine years. To each picture is attached a statement of the name, age, and condition of the subject, with date and place of the taking of the photograph.

Klondike Chickens.

An instance is known to the writer where a farmer's son paid \$5 for one setting of eggs. He succeeded in raising nine chickens, and took them all to a poultry show in Massachusetts, and the man he purchased the eggs from bought them all from the boy for \$5 each, giving him \$45 for the nine. Had the boy bought "dollar" eggs he would have had merely a dollar kind. A good way to build up a flock of pure bred is to make two matings of them. Give a male bird, which may be designated as number one, hens or pullets, and another male also an allotment of hens, which shall be designated number two. Mark the chicks from each mating and keep a record, so no mistake will be made in recognizing the two lots of chicks. When they in turn are old enough to breed from, mate the male birds from number one with the female birds from number 2 and vice versa. This plan will prevent any too close inbreeding, and will at the same time enable one to breed for any definite purpose, which the introduction of new blood often quite destroys or counteracts. Select the finest of each brood and retain for breeders each season. Stock given proper treatment for a few generations and carefully selected will make most wonderful improvement.

Pure bred poultry should be on every farm; they require less food, on an average, than scrub poultry, and, as before stated, the scrub stock cannot compete with them in quantity of eggs or meat. If they are, however, given scrub treatment they will yield only scrub results.—G. O. Brown, in the Baltimore Sun.

Had Her Eyelids Cut.

An odd little story is told about Mme. Jane Hading. Her eyes are very remarkable; not only of the clearest and purest brown, like that of mountain brooks, or the eyes of Gwendolyn—which George Eliot described as resembling "wave-washed onyx"—but veiled with a thick fringe of black and silky lashes, most unusually and extraordinarily long. The story goes that Mme. Hading owes this marvelous length of eye to artificial means used by her parents in her childhood. It is said that it is a common custom practiced among the Turks, who hold long eyes in such exalted esteem as to lengthen them by cutting the corners of the eyes. This is done very early—at the age of two or three years—the outer corner being deftly slit with a lancet about the twelfth part of an inch. While the wound is healing the lids are drawn outward every day, and when it is quite cured the eye is still submitted to the drawing process every day for a long time, with the eventual result that it becomes long and narrow, and satisfies the taste of the "unspeakable Turk."

The story about Mme. Hading proceeds to declare that her father had been in Turkey and had seen this practice, and determined to try it on his little girl, who was then a pretty baby of three years, with bright brown eyes and a mop of yellow curls. Whether the story is true or not, one thing is certain, and that, that the gifted actress has the most beautiful and remarkable eyes of any woman on the stage.—London Mail.

Seventy Years Married.

Bark River, Delta County, thirteen miles from Escanaba, Mich., where the Northern Cedar company of Menominee has established its new mill, has claims to fame other than the possession of the greatest growth of cedar in Michigan. Mr. F. K. Baker, the President of the company, found there an old couple whose record is believed to be without a parallel in Michigan, if not in the United States, and was led to secure the exact dates in their life history by his interest in the case. Charles La Fontaine was born Nov. 1, 1809, near Montreal and his wife was born in the same locality on March 15 of the same year. They were married Feb. 14, 1828, and on Valentine's day this year "round out" their seventieth year of married life.

In 1880, after over half a century of married life, they came to this country, settling in Delta County. Up to two years ago Mr. La Fontaine continued in steady employment, but they are now living with the baby of the family, an unmarried son forty-eight years of age. Of their nine children all are living except one who died at the age of fifty-two.

Mr. and Mrs. La Fontaine enter upon the seventieth year in the best of health and in the full possession of all their faculties. They hope to "round out" seventy-five years of married life before either is called to rest.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

Charming Despite Age.

Helen of Troy was forty-six when men fought for her smiles and favors. Diane de Poitiers was fifty-six when men far and near acknowledged her a siren whose fascinations no man could resist. Julie Recamier at sixty could scarcely disengage an enamored Prince half her age, from suicide because she declined to accept his protestations of passionate love. Mme. de l'Enclos' last desperate affair of the heart occurred when that lady was in her early eighties.

Industrial Progress.

In 1800 the per capita consumption of iron in the United States was only 62 pounds. In 1870 it had increased to 102 pounds; in 1880 it was 240 pounds, and in 1890 it rose to 334 pounds—an increase of more than five-fold in thirty years. Iron is regarded as the best business barometer.

The largest fund expended yearly by any country on behalf of its army is that of Russia, the latest military budget of which amounted to \$212,500,000.