sori, somewhat weather-beaten and anxious about the times—a man who would take advantage of every drop in the rate of wages. In fact he was Beatrice's father and a clergy-

By his side, and leaning over him, was Elizabeth, her elder sister. There were five years between them. She was a poor copy of Beatrice, or, to be more accurate Beatrice was a grand development of Eliza-beth. They both had brown hair, but Elizabeth's was straighter and faint colored—not rich and ruddying into gold. Elisabeth's eyes were also gray, but it was a cold, washed-out gray like that of a Feb-ruary sky. And so with feature after feature, and with the expression also. Beatrice's was noble and open, if at times defiant. Looking at her, you knew that she might be a mistaken woman, or a headstrong woman, or both; but she could never be a mean Whichever of the ten command ments she might choose to break, it would not be that which forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbor. Anybody might read it in her eyes. But in her sister's he might read her father's shifty hardness watered by woman's weaker will into something like cunning. For the rest, Elizabeth had a very fair figure, but lacked her sister's rounded ess, though the two were so curiously alike that at a distance you might well mis-take the one for the other. One might almost fancy that nature had experimented upon Elizabeth before she made up her mind to produce Beatrice, just to get the lines and distances. The one sister was to the other what the pale, unfinished model of clay is to the polished statue in ivory and

'Oh, my God! my God!" groaned the old man; "look, they have got them on the stretchers. They are both dead. Oh, Beatrice! Beatrice! and only this morning I spoke hurshly to her."
"Den't be so foolish, father," said Eliza-

beth sharply. "They may only be insensi-"Ah, ah," he answered; "it doesn't matter to you; you don't care about your sister. You're jealous of her. But I love her, though we don't understand each other. Here they come. Don't stand staring there. Go and see that the blankets and things are hot. Stop, doctor, tell me, is she dead?"
"How can I tell till I've seen her?" the doctor answered, roughly shaking him off

and entering the door.

Bryngelly vicarage was a very simply contructed house. On entering the door the tor found himself in a passage with doors to the right and left. That to the right led to the sitting room, that to the left to the dining room, both of them long, low and narrow chambers. Following the passage down for some five paces, it terminated it another which ran at right angles to it for the entire length of the house. On the further side of this passage were several bedroom doors and a room at each end. That at the end of the right was occupied by Beatrice and her sister, the next was empty, the third was Mr. Granger, and the fourth the spare room. This, with the exception of the kitchen and the servants' sleeping place, which were beyond the dining room, made up the house.

Fires had been lit in both the sitting rooms. Geoffrey was taken into the dining-room and attended by the doctor's assistant, and Beatrice into the sitting-room and at-tended by the doctor himself. In a few seconds the rooms had been cleared of all except the helpers, and the work began. The doctor looked at Beatrice's cold, shrunken form, and at the foam upon her lips. He lifted the cyclid, and held a light before the contracted pupil. Then he shook his head and set to work with a will. We need not follow him through the course of his dreadful labors, with which most people will have some acquaintance. Hopeless as they seemed, he continued them for hour after

Meanwhile the assistant and some helpers were doing the same service for Geoffrey Bingham, the doctor himself, a thin, cleverthe passage to direct them and see how things were getting on. Now, although Geoffrey had been in the water the longest, his was by tar the best case, for when he was immersed he was already insensible and a nerson in this condition is very hard to drown. It is your struggling, fighting, breathing creature who is soonest made an end of in deep waters. Therefore it came to pass, that when the scrubbing with hot cloths and the artificial respiration had gone on for somewhere about 20 minutes Geoffrey suddenly crooked a finger. The doctor's assistant, a buoyant youth fresh from the hospital, gave a yell of exultation and scrubbed and pushed away with ever-increasing energy. Presently the subject coughed, and a minute later, as the agony of returning life made itself felt, he swore most heartily "He's all right now!" called the assistant to his employer. "He's swearing beauti-

Dr. Chambers, pursuing his melancholy and unpromising task in the other room, andly and called to the assistant to continue the treatment, which he did with

much vigor.

Presently Geoffrey came partially to life, still suffering torments. The first thing he grew aware of was that a tall, elegant wom an was standing over him, looking at him with a half-puzzled and half-horrified air. Vaguely he woudered who it was. The tall form and cold, handsome face were so familiar to him, and yet he could not recall the name. It was not till she spoke that his numbed brain realized that he was looking on his own wite.

"Well, dear," she said, "I'm glad that you are better. You !rightened me out of my wits. I thought you were drowned." "Thank you," he said faintly, and then groaned as a tresh attack of tingling pain shook him through and through. "I hope nobody said anything to Effie,"

he said presently. "Yes, the child wouldn't go to bed because you were not back, and when the policeman came she heard him tell Mrs. Jones that you were drowned, and she has been almost in a fit ever since. They had to hold her to prevent her from running here." Geoffrey's white face assumed an air of the deepest distress. "How could you frighten the child so?" he murmured. "Please go and tell her that I am all right."

"It wasn't my fault," said Lady Honoria, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Besides, I can do nothing with Effic. She goes on like a wild thing about you." Please go and tell her, Honoria," said

"Oh, yes, I'll go," she answered. "Really I shan't be sorry to get out of this; I begin to seel as though I had been drowned myself;" and she looked at the steaming cloths and shuddered. "Goodby, Geoffrey. It's an immense relief to find you all right. That policeman made me feel quite queer. I can't get down to give you a kiss, or I would. Well, goodby for the present, my

"Goodby, Honoria," said her husband with a faint smile. The medical assistant looked a little sur-prised. He had never, it is true, happened to be present at a meeting between husband and wife, when one of the pair had just been rescued by a hair's-breath from a violent and sudden death, and therefore wanted experience to go on. But it struck him that there was something missing. The lady did not seem to him quite to fill the part of the Heaven-thanking spouse. It puzzled him At any rate, Lady Honoria, who was quick enough, read something there.
"He is safe now, is he not?" she asked.

"It will not matter if I go away." "No, my lady," answered the assistant "he is out of danger, I think; it will not matter at all." Lady Honoria besitated a little; she was standing in the passage. Then she glanced

through the door into the opposite room, and caught a glimpse of Bestrice's rigid form and the doctor bending over it. Her head was thrown back, and the beautiful brown hair, which was now almost dry again, streamed in masses to the ground, while on her lace was stamped the terrifying

ear such sights. "Will it be necessary for me to come back to-night?" she said. "unless you care to hear whether Miss

"I shall hear that in the morning," she aid. "Poor thing, I cannot help her."

"No, Lady Honoria, you cannot help her. She saved your husband's life, they say."
"She must be a brave girl. Will she re-

The assistant shook his head. "She may, possibly. It is not likely now."
"Poor thing, and so young and beautiful!
What a lovely face, and what an arm! It is
very awful for her," and she shuddered again and went. Outside the door a small knot of symp thizers was still gathered, notwithstanding the late hour and the badness of the

"That's his wife," said one, and they opened to let her pass.
"Then why don't she stop with him?"
asked a woman, audibly. "If it had been
my husband I'd have sat and hugged him "Ay, you'd have killed him with your

Lady Honoria passed on. Suddenly a thick-set man emerged from the shadow of the pines. She could not see his face, but he was wrapped in a large cloak.
"Forgive me," he said in the hourse voice of one struggling with emotions which

he was unable to conceal, "but you can tell me. Does she still live?" "Do you mean Miss Granger?" she "Yes, of course. Beatrice-Miss Gran-"They do not know, but they think". "Yes, yes-they think"-"That she is dead."

The man said never a word. He dropped his head upon his breast and, turning, vanished again into the shadow of the pines. "How very odd!" thought Lady Honoria, as she walked rapidly along the cliff toward her lodging. "I suppose that man must be in love with her. Well, I do not wonder at it. I never saw such a face and arm. What a picture that scene in the room would make! She saved Geoffrey and now she's dead. If he had saved her I should not have wondered. It's like a scene in a novel."

From all of which it will be seen that Lady Honoria was not wanting in certain



DR. CHAMBERS, SHE WHISPERED, WAS HE DROWNED?

snatched from death, had caught some of the conversation between his wife and the chance, she moved the candle she held in assistant who had recovered him to life. So she was gone, that brave, beautiful atheist girl—gone to test the truth. And she had as a child's, the eyes were large, blue and saved his life!

For some minutes the assistant did not enter. He was helping in the other room. At last he came.

At last he came.
"What did you say to Lady Honoria?"
Geoffrey asked feebly. "Did you say that
Miss Granger had saved me?"
"Yes, Mr. Bingham; at least they tell me so. At any rate, when they pulled her out of the water they pulled you after her. She had hold of your hair." "Great heavens!" he groaned, "and my weight must have dragged her down.

"We cannot quite say yet, not for certain. We think that she is!"
"Pray God she is not dead," he said, more to himself than to the other. Then aloud-"Leave me; I am all right. Go and help with her. But stop, come and tell me some-times how it goes with her."
"Very well. I will send a woman to

watch you," and he went. Meanwhile in the other room the treatment of the drowned went slowly on. Two hours had passed, and as yet Beatrice showed no signs of recovery. The heart did not beat, no pulse stirred; but, as the doctor knew, life might still linger in the tissues. Slowly, very slowly, the body was turned to and fro, the head swaying, and the long hair falling now this way and now that, but still no sign. Every resource known to medical skill, such as hot air, rubbing, artificial respiration, electricity, were applied and applied in vain, but still no

Elizabeth, pale and pinched, stood by, handing what might be required. She did not greatly love her sister; they were antagonistic, and their interests clashed, or she thought they did, but this sudden death was awful. In a corner, pitiful to see, offering groans and ejaculated prayers to heaven, sat the old clergyman, their father, his white hair about his eyes. He was a weak, coarsegrained man, but in his own way his cleve and beautiful girl was dear to him, and this sight wrung his soul as it had not been

wrung for years.
"She's gone," he said, continually, "she's
gone; the Lord's will be done. There'll have o be another mistress at the school now. Seventy pounds a year she'll cost-£70

"Do be quiet, father," said Elisabeth. sharply. "Ay, ay, it's very well for you to tell me to be quiet. You are quiet because you don't care. You never loved your sister. But I loved her since she was a little fair-haired child, and so did your poor mother. 'Bea-trice' was the last word she spoke." "Be quiet, father?" said Elizabeth, still

more sharply. The old man, making no re-ply, sank back into a semi-torpor, rocking himself to and fro upon his chair. Meanwhile, without intermission, the work went on. "It's no use," said the assistant at last, as he straightened his weary frame and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "She must

be dead; we've been at it nearly three hours "Patience," answered the doctor. necessary I shall go on for four-or till I

drop," he added.

Ten minutes more passed. Everyboby knew that the task was hopeless, but still they hoped.
"Great beavens!" said the assistant presently, starting back from the body and

presently, starting back from the body and pointing at its face. "Did you see that?" Elizabeth and Mr. Granger sprang to their feet, crying, "What, what?" "Sit still, sir," said the doctor, waving them back. Then addressing his helper, and speaking in a constrained voice: "I thought I saw the right cyclid quiver, Will-

iams. Pass the battery."
"So did I," answered Williams, as he "Full power," said the doctor again. "It is kill or cure." The shock was applied for some seconds

without result. Then suddenly a long shudder ran up the limbs, and a hand stirred. Next moment the eyes were opened, and with pain and agony Beatrice drew the first breath of returning life. Ten minutes more and she had passed through the gates of death back to the warm and living world.
"Let me die," she gasped faintly. "I cannot bear it."

mild, and the brown bair grew in waves that many a woman might have envied. Indeed had it not been for a short but strongly growing beard it would have been easy to believe that the countenauce was that of a boy of 19 rather than a man over 30. Neither time nor care had drawn a single line upon it; it told of perfect and robust health and yet bore the bloom of childhood. It was the face of a man who might live to a

length it reached the ears of the solitary man crouched in the shadow of the pines.

"Knock, 'Squire, knock, and ask if it is

"I beg your pardon, Miss Granger," said the visitor in a tone of deep humiliation.

the door. There! how long have you been

"Oh, since they brought them up. But is

"I only wanted to know if it was true that

he hesitated.

outside?

band back to life.

'the house must be kept quiet."

hundred and still look young, nor did the form belie it.

Mr. Davies blushed up to the eyes,
blushed like a girl beneath Elizabeth's
sharp scrutiny. "Naturally I take an
interest in a neighbor's fate," be said, in
his slow, deliberate way. "She is quite

safe, thon?"
"I believe so," answered Elizabeth. "Thank God!" he said, or rather it seemed to break from him in a sigh of relief. "How did the other gentleman, Mr. Bingham, come to be saved with her?" "How should I know?" she answered

with a shrug. "She saved his life somehow, clung fast to him even after she was in-"It is very wonderful. I never heard of such a thing. What is he like?"
"He is one of the finest-looking men ] ever saw," answered Elizabeth, always

"Ah. But he is married, I think, Miss Granger?" "Oh, yes, he is married to the daughter of an earl, very much married—and very little, I should say."

"I don't quite understand, Miss Gran-"Don't you? then use your eyes when you see them together."
"I should not see anything. I am not quick like you," he added,
"How do you mean to get back to the

castle to-night, Mr. Davies? You can't row back in this wind, and the seas will be washing over the causeway."
"Oh, I shall mauage. I am wet already. An extra ducking won't hurt me, and I've had a chain put up to prevent anybody from being washed away. And now I must be going. Good night."
"Good night, Mr. Davies."

He hesitated a moment and then added: "Would you-would you mind telling your sister-of course I mean when she is stronger-that I came to inquire after

"I think that you can do that for your self, Mr. Davies," she said almost roughly.

I mean it will be more appreciated," and she turned upon her heel. she turned upon her heel.

Owen Davies, ventured no further remarks. He felt that Elizabeth's manner was a little crushing, and he was atraid of her as well. "I suppose that she does not think I am good enough to pay attention to her sister," he thought to himself as he plunged into the night and rain. "Well, she is quite stort. I am act fit to black here. plunged into the night and rain. "Well, she is quite fight—I am not fit to black her boots. Oh, God, I thank Thee that Thou hast saved her life—I thank Thee—I thank Theel" he went on, speaking aloud to the

wild night as he made his way along the cliff. "If she had been dead, I think that I must have died too. Oh, God, I thank Thee "I thank Thee!"
The idea that Owen Davies Esq., J. P., D. L., of Bryngelly Castle, absolute owner of that rising little watering place, and of the largest and most prosperous slate quarries in Wales, worth in all somewhere between seven and ten thousand a year, was not fit to black her beautiful sister's bo was not one that had struck Elizabeth Granger. Had it struck her, indeed, it would have moved her to laughter, for

Elizabeth had a practical mind.

What did strike her, as she turned and watched the rich Squire's sturdy form vanish through the doorway into the night be yond, was a certain sense of wonder. Sup-posing that she had never seen that shiver of returning life run up those white limbs. supposing that they had grown colder and colder, till at length it was evident that death was so firmly citadelled within the silent heart that no human skill could beat his empire back? What then? Owen Davies

"Hush," said the doctor; "you will be better presently."

Ten minutes more passed, when the doctor
and by her eyes that she wanted to say something. He bent his head till it nearly

the hand and all that went with it? What
woman would this shy Welsh bermit, withas by her eyes that she wanted to say something. He bent his head till it nearly touched her lips.

"Dr. Chambers," she whispered, "was he drowned?"

"No, he is safe; he has been brought round."

She sighed—a long-drawn sigh, half of pain, half of reliei. Then she spoke again:

"Was he washed ashore?"

"No, no. You saved his life. You had hold of him when they pulled you out. Now dish this and cort sales?"

Elizabeth—who loved him as muchjas she could love anybody, which, perhaps, was not very much; who, at any rate, desired sorely to be his wife. Would not all this have come about if she had never seen that evelid tremble and that slight quiver run up her sister's limbs? It would—she knew it would.

Elizabeth thought of it as for a moment who stood in the passage, and a cold, hungry

"No, no. You saved his life. You had hold of him when they pulled you out. Now drink this and go to sieep."

She smiled sweetly, but said nothing. Then she drank as much of the draught as she could, and shortly afterward obeyed the last injunction and went to sleep.

Meanwhile a rumor of this wonderful re-Elisabeth thought of it as for a moment she stood in the passage, and a cold, hungry light came into her neutral-tinted eyes and shone upon her pale face. But she choked back the thought; she was not wicked enough to wish that her sister had not been brought back to life. She only speculated on what might have happened if this had come about, just as one works out a game of chess from a given hypothetical situation of the pieces. Perhaps, too the same end might be gained covery had escaped to without the house-passing from one watcher to the other till at Perhaps, too, the same end might be gained in some other way. Perhaps Mr. Davies might still be weaned from his infatuation. The wall was difficult, but it would have to He heard, and, starting as though he had been shot, strode to the door of the Vicarage. Here his courage seemed to desert him, for be very difficult if she could not find a way to climb it. It never occurred to her that there might be an open gate. She could not true," said a woman, the same who had de-clared that she would have hugged her husthere might be an open gate. She could not conceive it possible that a woman might positively reject Owen Davies and his seven or ten thousand a year, and that woman a person in an unsatisfactory and uncongenial, almost in a menial position. Reject Bryngelly Castle, with all its luxury and opportunities of wealth and leisure? No, the sun would set in the east before such a thing band back to life.

This remark seemed to encourage him; at any rate he did knock. Presently the door was opened by Elizabeth.

"Go away," she said, in her sharp voice, happened. The plan was to prevent the oc-casion from arising. The hungry light died out of Elizabeth's face, and she turned to enter the sick room, when suddenly she met Miss Beatrice lives?"
"Why," said Elizabeth with a start, "is it you, Mr. Davies? I am sure I had no idea. Step into the passage and I will shut her father coming out.

> "Mr. Davies, of Bryngelly Castle, father? "And what did Mr. Davies want at this time of night? To know about Beatrice?"
> "Yes," she answered slowly, "he came to "Yes," ask after Beatrice, or, to be more correct, he has been waiting outside for three hours "Waiting outside three hours in the rain," said the clergyman, astonished— "Squire Davies standing outside the house!

carefully closing the door.

"Because he was so anxious about Beatrice, and did not like to come in I sup-"So anxious about Beatrice-ah, so anxious about Beatrice! Do you think, Eliza-beth-um-you know there is no doubt Beatrice is very well favored-very handsome,

she answered, "and all for Beatrice's looks, they are a matter of opinion. I have mine, And now don't you think we had better go to bed? The doctors and Betty are going to stop up all night with Mr. Bingham and Beatrice."

"Yes, Elizabeth. I suppose that we had better go. I am sure we have much to be thankful for to-night. What a merciful deliverance! And if poor Beatrice had gone the parish must have found another schoolmistress, and that would have meant that we lost the salary. We have a great deal to be thankful for, Elizabeth." "Yes," said Elizabeth, very deliberately,

> (To be continued next Sunday.) THE HORSE REMEMBERED IT.

How a Planter Recovered an Animal Stoler Two Years Before.

"Say, friend, you're on my horse," said one gentleman to another as he reined his horse before the door. "Your horse! Oh,

bought the horse in good faith. After some conversation the old owner of the horse, with much earnestness, said: "Well, sir, if you will dismount, unsaddle the horse, and he don't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and if he don't find water in the bucket let it down the well, and then walk off to his old stable, I will give up and that horse isn't mine!"

"At your word; the horse is yours if he does all that," cried the visitor, and leaping from the horse unsaddled it. What was his astonishment when the horse went straight to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over, went to the well, and, finding no water, let the bucket down, and then, as though he had left home but yesterday, walked to the old stable! The animal remembered the trick, and the owner recovered his horse, There are those living now who can attest to the truth of this story, though it happened

THE WOULD-BE WISE.

be Omniscient. Louisville Commercial.]

The man who knows how to cure a cold has a rival in the man who knows how to color a meerschaum. Let the friends of the unhappy possessor of a new pipe once discover the fact, and the recipes that will pour ly in upon him will make his life a burden to "Boil in oil." "Coat it with beeswax." "Put a button in the bowl." "Stick a corncob pine in the top and let the smoke pass through the meerschaum." These suggestions with a thousand others, make up the chorus which is dinned into the smoker's ears. This ordeal the Town Talker went

through recently.

Desirous of learning which was really the correct way to turn the dead-white of his pipe creamy brown he sought the advice of an expert who delivered himself as tollows: tobacco. Smoke very slowly and draw very slightly until the pipe has become hardened. Handle the pipe carefully to prevent it from being scratched and never scrape it when it is hot. That is the whole secret. This expert testimony would doubtless have been successfully adhered to, but unfortu-nately the Town Talker dropped his pipe and smashed it to smithereens the same day. The advice is given, however, for the benefit of those who find valuable meerschaums mingled with their hosiery this morning.

How Are Your Eyes?

troit Free Press. When the average man or woman come to be fitted with the first pair of glasses some curious discoveries are made. Seven out of ten have stronger sight in one eye than the other. In two cases out of five one eye is out of line. Near one-half the people are color-blind to some extent, and only one pair of eyes out of every 15 are all right in

Worth Remembering. Detroit Free Press.] Ninety-five times out of a hundred a fire in a theater starts on the stage or back of it. As the draft is upward, 2,000 people will have plenty of time to get out in an orderly manner before the auditorium will even fill up with smoke. If all preserve their presence of mind, there isn't the slightest excuse for anyone to get hurt.

Detroit Free Press.]

During the last five years more than 1,000 American vessels have used oil to insure their safety in storms, and at least 300 claim it prevented their total loss. The action of oil on waves was known over 200 years ago, but as oil costs money, shipowners have refused to believe in its efficacy.

New Orleans Picayune. ]

The Different Ways in Which Men and Women Endure Idleness.

LATEST IN ADVERTISING DODGES New Industry Developed by an Indigent

Gentlewoman. TINTED FACES SET IN GOLD COINS

> CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 NEW YORK, January 11. HERE isn't much nez, or long-handled nez, or long-handled eyeglasses, is an illustration of the swell girl's idea of politeness. It affords a curiously useful ve-

hiele to the presumably well-bred female for the display of rudeness. I have noticed that in circles of more exalted altitude it is used in a manner which persons of less selfconfidence would imagine to be distinctly offensive. The "stony stare" somehow gains "Who was that at the front?" he asked, in force when leveled through an incroyable eyeglass, and it is perfectly marvelous to study the sang froid with which a female representative of Crossus can positively insult some humble sister who has dared to possess physical or mental attractions of which my lady disapproves, or who has from me, been admitted to a circle wherein she is regarded as a black sheep.

Well, the diligent student of human nature must find abundant material for thought in the different way in which men and women endure the luxury of idleness. A man roams about in restless fashion, making everyone feel uncomfortable and smoking far more cigars than are good for him. A woman gets something to do, if only a novel to read or a bit of embroidery, and makes herself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and it is only when"on dress parade"that she develops such assertive rudeness as I have mentioned. I lately spent a week at Tuxedo in steadily stormy weather, when everybody was kept indoors. The impatience of the men was scarcely complimentary to the women though more than one of the disappointed ones whiled away the time by plunging into fierce flirtations. My friend Pamelia is always ready to enjoy a game of that sort, quite irrespective of the player. So long as he has the instincts and manners of a gentleman it matters little, apparently, to her, whether he is hideous or the reverse. Just now she has undertaken a little gentleman with an immense reputation for dollars, a mania for displaying his generosity, and a most exlooks more like butting. For the rest, he

is cultivated and amusing. PAMELIA'S BUBY EARRINGS. A pair of ruby earrings have recently

in a lower voice, "I once possessed a pair of ruby earrings, but they were stolen. I cried over their loss, positively cried." She got 'em as soon as they could be procured from New York.

A very elegantly attired and noticeably clean young man got into the country of the cou

clean young man got into a Fourth avenue car, and at once became the object of marked attention to a party of school girls that crowded one of the seats. His slender and shapely figure, his fair complexion or his wonderful trousers were any of them sufficient to make of him an interesting study, but the girls had observed something about him that was to them more completely absorbing than these conventional excel lencies. When the nice-looking fellow extended his fare to the conductor a beautiful When the nice-looking fellow exbracelet of small fine diamonds fell over the wrist of his glove. A tremor of surprise shivered over the school-girl party, and this

was quickly followed by an exchange of eloquent glances and a buzz of comment. "Do you suppose his girl gave him that lovely bracelet for a Christmas present?" whispered a fairylike blonde to the brunette Well, it isn't likely his father gave it to him," was the reply.
"Well, I just think," said another blue

eyed maiden, "that he is awfully nice to wear it for his sweetheart. There are men, you know, who wouldn't wear a bracelet or love. Some fellows don't think it man-'I wonder if he has promised never to

take it off," queried a plump minx in the corner. "That's the way you always give a bracelet. If you take it off the charm is broken." "Those are bright diamonds, aren't they," ventured a somewhat tragic-looking girl who had not spoken before. "Now I venwho had not spoken before. "Now I ven-ture to say that bracelet cost between \$200

HOW HE SHOCKED THEM. "Ah, there you are mistaken, my dear miss," exclaimed the young man who had been quietly listening to the conversation of the girls. "This handsome article will sell at retail for the very low price of \$100. Al-

go now, really. Ta ta, girls."

The young man had been passing before the girls as he spoke tossing a card in each lap as he went. When he had supplied all he minced lightly down the aisle of the car to the platform and hopped to the pavement,
"Well, I declare," exclaimed the prettiest
of all the blondes, gasping for breath. "He
isn't wearing that bracelet for love at all.
He wants to sell the horrid thing. What dreadfully vulgar men there are in the

A new industry for indigent gentlewomen is surely gaining ground with us. It is, more-over, an American invention, so to speak, and quite unlike the English which failed to find footing here in the person of a woman who came over from London to do the fam-ily spanking for our Four Hundred. We can do our own spanking, but our family mending, our buttons, and button holes, our laces, and silk stockings, need looking after. At least they did previous to the formation of the new industry I am going to tell about. It was started by a highly remarkable widow of a least they are the lacest the started by a highly remarkable widow of a least they are the lacest the la spectable widow of a clergyman, who, being leit in straitened circumstances, and having been all her life too much occupied with domestic and parochial work to acquire any money-making accomplishment of the usual sort, turned her facility with the needle into the means of a livelihood.

IT BEGAN WITH VISITS. She began by going to the houses of her personal friends for a day's visit and informing the lady of the mansion that she had brought her thimble, offered to sew on buttons, repair frayed buttonholes, and the like, while they chatted. She plied her needle so effectively that her services were soon sought for by overtaxed, or indolent, or loved her sister; that she knew and had known for years. But would he not have got over it in time? Would he not in time have been overpowered by the sense of his own utter loneliness and give his handlif not his heart, to some other woman? And

You may often see her, or one of her corps of assistants on her way to the day's mend-ing or repairing, but you will see nothing less than a well-dressed gentlewoman

ing or repairing, but you will see nothing less than a well-dressed gentlewoman looking as it she were going to spend the day with a friend. You would never imagine that the buttons and strings, the frills and laces, the stockings and gloves of a hundred families depend on her for their beautiful completeness, but such is the case. She can repair a lace flounce which has suffered from an awkward masculine foot, as no lady's maid that was ever born can do. I saw one, where her needle had thrown an exquisite fern leaf over the darn, that the owner declared was the prettiest figure in the whole fabric. Of course work like that the whole fabric. Of course work like that commands a price, and her pleasant rooms, the air of plenty and refinement about everyting indicate that she gets it. When asked how she ever thought of the unique scheme for expiring her living the said.

for earning her living she said: YORK, January 11.

HERE isn't much modesty in the behavior of some of our most pretentious belies in public gatherings. The pincenez, or long-handled with nienty of time and no money it occurred to the largest month for a day of mending and repairing. It was a love offering from her to her minister and his family. When I was left alone, with nienty of time and no money it occurred. with plenty of time and no money, it oc-curred to me that I might turn an honest penny by serving others, who could afford to pay for the service, in a similar way. And, you see, I have succeeded, both for myself and for them, for no family that I have once put on my list of patrons has ever dropped out."

A DOUBLE-EAGLE'S SECRET. Whenever a certain young lady that I know took out her purse, I noticed that it held a \$20 gold piece. One day I ventured to inquire why it was she always went about accompanied by such a large piece of money. A gentic blush rose to her pretty face, as she took the gold coin from her purse. She gazed fondly at the money as it lay gleaming on her palm, and said, with an astonishing account of according to the rose. ishing amount of emotion in her voice: "Nothing could buy that twenty dollars "But," said I, "twenty dollars are pre-

cisely twenty dollars-no more. I suppose a history might place an additional value a history might place an additional value
on a gold piece. Tell me, now, what is
the history of that priceless coin?"

The fair young creature gazed at the
money for another moment in silence, and
which makes electric connection through then, to my deep surprise, the top of the coin flew up like the cover of a watch, and within the rim of the lower section I discov-bination may be secured, and the labor of

ductor by mistake some day.
"Yes, I had thought of that," replied the \$20 young man's sweetheart, "and so I am going to the jewelers to have him put on a 'What for?" asked I.

"Why, to wear him, of course." CLARA BELLE.

A MILLIONAIRESS' TRUNKS.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington's Foreign Frum mery Makes a Little Mix.

New York Times.I Collis P. Huntington and his wife returned from Europe several weeks ago. traordinary propensity for suddenly doub-ling himself up at right angles while he tom House officials he made this declaratalks. He regards this as bowing, but it tion: "I have returned with only personal apparel."

quantities of personal property which Mrs.
Huntington had accumulated during various shopping tongs in Paris A pair of range arrings have recently been added to Pamelia's jewels, a tribute to been added to Pamelia's jewe spreading oaks of an old-time plantation home. A planter was surprised to see his horse return home after two years, and rid-horse return home after two years, and rid-trends are quite my favorite stone."

I am enchanged made an error, and when they were sure trunks and saw the contents they were sure that he had, for there they saw bonnets and ribbons and hosiery, and many other articles that certainly could form no part of a

gentleman's wardrobe.
They sought Mr. Huntington, and the result has been that Mr. Huntington has traveled from his office to the Custom House and back again many times. Now he will either have to pay \$200 duties, or Mrs. Huntington will have to go down and make a declaration of her own. Probably she will

LUCKY HE WAS IN DERT.

A Youth Pulled Out of the Water Beenus He Owen 50 Cents. Milwankee Wisconsin. 1 "I always laugh," relates an old resident, "when I remember an experience I had when a boy. I lived in the country, and one day another boy and myself had occasion to go to town. He owed me 50 cents, and was to pay me when we reached town, where he intended to get change for \$1. In going to town we of all the shells known to have furnished had to cross a creek. It was early in winter, and the ice was strong enough to hold me, but he was a great deal heavier, and in following me he broke material for aboriginal cash in various parts through. He at once began to yell and scramble for dear life. The water was quite

deep and he was in considerable danger. I worked with might and main for 15 or 20 minutes and finally succeeded in pulling him out. " 'By Jove,' I exclaimed, as I puffed and panted after my exertion, it was a pretty tough job getting you out of that creek. "'Yes, gol darn it,' he replied, 'and you wouldn't have done it if I hadn't owed you

CARRIED MONEY IN HIS EAR. A Merry Son of Ham Astonishes Brooklyn

Street Car Passengers, New York Herald.) Brooklyn car the other evening with a basket containing wine in his hand, evidently have sampled it freely before starting out, low me to pass to you each one of my busi- for he was in excellent humor. He manness cards. I assure you that we sell all ar- aged to get a seat, and when the conductor ticles of jewelry at a much lower figure than
Tiffany or any of the other big dealers.
Call in at any time and buy a bracelet for
your favorite young men. They are all the
cious ears and drew forth the shining nickel. To say that conductor and passengers were surprised puts it mildly. The conduct on recovering himself thereupon remarked, "Why do you carry your money there, Captain?" "Cause it's handy, sir," replied the son of Ham, and the passengers all laughed at the wrinkle in money pouches. It was observed that he carried nickel in the other ear.

From the Medical Circular, ] A French practitioner, in the course of a large number of revaccinations, was struck with the fact that the operation was far more successful when performed on the leg than when the arm was selected. Among 177 cases the percentage of failures was 45.45 on the leg, as compared with 53.84 on

It Will Not be the Ice Man. Philadelphia Ledger. 1

There are the usual complaints from the ice men, who, even in New England, have not yet begun to cut ice. But their time

husband has not spoken a word to her in six months. A man would never ask for sepa-tion from his wife on such grounds.

A Great Acquirement.

UNIQUE MACHINE

To be Used in the Compilation of Census Statistics.

HOW NOSES WILL BE COUNTED.

Peculiar Winter Weather and Its Effect Upon Pish Life,

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS OF MUCH INTEREST PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH BY WASHINGTON

The organization of the Census Office and the work of preparation for the great decennial account of stock is going forward rapidly. Nearly all of the office divisions have been organized, beside those relating merely to the machinery of the office. These are as follows: Population, agriculture, manufactures, transportation, finance, education, mortality, the defective, delinquent and dependent classes, fisheries, mineral products, the press, forestry, Indians.

The subdivision of the country into supervisors' districts has been made, and a bullstin announcing them has recently been published. A form of schedule has been adopted for the population returns. This is what is known as the "family schedule," upon which one family only will be entered upon a sheet, and it is proposed to use it to a large extent as a prior schedule, to be left at houses in advance, that it may be filled at leisure by the head of the family. This marks a distinct advance upon methods used in United States consuses

It has been decided to use in the compila-tion, of the Statistics of Population, the Hollerith Electric Tabulation Machine. In this machine, the information regarding each individual, age, sex, nativity, parents' ered a tinted portrait of a very handsome making even the most complicated combi-young man. She lifted the pertrait to her nation is trifling, in comparison with meth-"Oh, it is he, is it." I said. "Well, now that's awfully nice. But isn't it a bit careless to carry him in your purse. Suppose you should give him to a horse car conductor by mistake some day. ation heretolore gathered has been lost, owing to the great expense involved in the

> Weight and Measure Standards. The United States, as a member of the International Metric Bureau, is entitled to | was first finished in Hamburg, Germany, certified copies of the standards of weight | under the name of Ross leather. In comand measure. Many experiments have been | bination with it the hide has four layers of made during the past few years upon a great variety of metals and alloys for the purpose of obtaining a substance whose molecular structure can be relied upon. That is, it by any accident the temperature should vary onsiderably from the standard tempera ture, there would result no change when the normal temperature is again reached.
>
> As is well known, an alloy of platinum and irridium was decided upon. The ques-tion of shape for the standard meter was difficult to decide, but finally preference

boxes sealed with the seal of the Interna-tional Bureau. The breaking of this seal was done by the President in the presence of the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury, all of whom signed a parchment document certifying that the seals were found intact. A copy of this certificate remains with the standards while another is sent to the bureau as a receipt. The Coast and Geodetic Survey is by law the custodian of all standards of weight and measures.

A Quaint Collection. "Money is your suit," but what did men do long ago for this indispensable medium of exchange before coin was invented? Dr. R. E. C. Stearns, of the United States Geological Survey, answered this question in an unique manner before the American Historical Association at its late meeting in Washington. In the rear of the lecture room was a handsome ebony case filled with shells and labeled, and in the midst of them a pamphlet entitled "Ethno Conchology: A study of primitive money." This delightful brochure, published by the Smithsonian Institution, is profusely illustrated with figures

of the world. Scraps From Scientific Sources. THE rainfall for Washington during the nonth of December was only thirty-nine huntredths of an inch. For the entire east ection of the United States the fall was fro 0 to 90 per cent below the normal.

THE Fish Commission schooner Grampus is

about to receive on board a capstan, to be used either by steam or hand to haul the beam trawl in order to demonstrate whether or not this appliance can be used profitably in the commercial fisheries. Ir is reported from the Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station that Prof. G. E. Patrick, chemist of that station, has invented a rapid and accurate process of determining the butter-fat in milk. An account of this new process will shortly be published in a Bulletin of the

MR. MOONEY, of the Bureau of Ethnology, A middle aged colored man entered a has secured a manuscript book written in Brooklyn car the other evening with a basket containing wine in his hand, evidently prayers used by the Cherokee priests on their festival or religious occasions. The book was prepared by some of the priests for their own use long ago, so that it is more authentic than if made to order. It is being translated, and will, perhaps, soon be published. THE surveys of the United States Geological

THE surveys of the United States Geological Survey in Southern Kansas during the past season nave developed the fact that the Arkansas in that State, like the Mississippi and other streams in the alluvial region, flows upon a ridge of its own building—a ridge some 50 or more feet above the surrounding country. The same is the case with the Platte, in Nebraska, whose ridge is fully 100 feet above the adjacent country. It has been found that some of the streams

and lakes of California contain such quantities for use in irrigation. It is now proposed to drain of Lake Tulare, which was once looked upon as a great natural reservoir for irrigation canals. This scheme also includes the reclamation of the "alkali lands," constituting the basin of the lake, an area nearly as large as that of Massachusetts.

The Director of the Helter Control of the Lake Control of the Massachusetts. of alkaline salts as to render their waters unfit THE Director of the United States Geological

ife. The temperature of the water, usually rom 33° to 37° F. at this season, is in the forties, not yet begun to cut ice. But their time is pretty sure to come, and in the end it will be the consumer, if anybody, who is made to suffer.

Never in the Wide, Wide Werld.

Kansas City Star.1

A St. Joseph woman has sued for a divorce, setting forth in her petition that her husband has not spoken a word to her in six

from 30° to 37° F. at this season, is in the forties, and occasionally above. The handline fish, contrary to the general experience, contain no eggs, while the cod have very few. Young herring, called "spuring" by the fishermen, which generally leave the coast early in December, are still present, and schools of mackers which generally leave the coast of Maine. Some of the Provincetown gill-netters have not yet taken in their nets, hoping that the mackers may strike into Barnstable Bay.

Why the West is Happy. Detroit Free Press. 1

"We don't believe that over a dozen men have frozen to death in this country thus far

PATE OF POUR MILLION FISHES.

Flood's Havoc With a Washington Hatche ery-The Innocent Goldfish.

The fish hatchery at the base of the Wash-

ington Monument has been in mourning ever since last spring. And no wonder, considing that the floods of that direful season swept no fewer than 4,000,000 youthful fishes out of the peaceful nursery ponds into the raging waters of the Potomac. In the annals of fish culture no such disaster has previously been recorded. In the waters that overwhelmed Johnstown thousands were lost, but how feebly does that unpleasant accident compare with this catastrophe, by which millions of innocent creatures, as yet too young to know their dorsal from their ventral fins, were engulfed in an irresistible torrent rushing toward the sea. The shad were all right, of course. But the goldfish-alas! What surmise is to be entertained as to their fate? With only too entertained as to their fate? With only too much certainty can it be guessed at. For, you see, the goldfish has been domesticated for so many thousands of generations in China and Japan before being brought hither that he no longer knows his enemies. Put into a stream and left to go on his own guileless hook, he will wriggle along, happy and unsuspecting of evil, never taking the trouble to dodge behind a stone when he sees a big fish, until a wide-mouthed monster comes along, and, without stopping to shout "Look at the door!" takes the gilded youth in at a mouthful. As for the gilded south in at a mouthful. As for the exceptionally swell Japanese three-tailed goldfish—a freak of nature improved upon by artificial selection—it is, like a China woman, so fashiousble that it can hardly locomote, and furnishes, with its brilliant color and waving caudal fins, a most attractive and helpless bait for the finey deep water pirates and cannibals. It would be quite safe to bet that, of the 100,-000 goldfish that escaped from the ponds last spring, not one is now alive.

But by the time that the robins have

enough they may be disposed of where they will do the most good in American waters. THE BEST WEARING LEATHER.

nested again the ponds near the monument will once more be agleam with the shiny sides of carp and shad, for in May the hatching time will have arrived, when seine

nets vawn and fish give up their eggs for artificial incubation in glass jars. Then the new-born "fry" will be thrown by myriads

into the pools to grow up as fast as they know how, so that when they are big

s Made From the Muscalur Skins of Borses-Not Fibrous.

But very few people who wear Cordovan shoes have any idea where the leather bearing that name comes from, hence the question is often asked, "What is Cordovan?" "Cordovan," the name by which leather made from the hides of horses is now known, muscular skins which, with the "shell," give to the horse the great and tremendous

pulling power that makes the animal so serviceable to mankind. This "shell," if properly tanned and shaven clean of its sinewy matter—a most difficult task—makes the best wearing leather in existence, and proves the theory of old-time shoemakers-that only leather of a long fiber will wear-to be a mistaken one, as the "shell" has no fiber. In this it has a decided advantage over cal skin with its fibres; the breaking of any one throws additional strain upon the other, and a

break in the leather soon follows.

AN INTERESTING VETERAN.

General Daniel E. Sickles is an Important Figure in New York. General Daniel E. Sickles, who has just been removed by Governor Hill from the office of Chairman of the State Civil Service Commission, lives in a big apartment at 23 Fifth avenue, says the New York correspondent of the Chicago Herald. There he is surrounded by seven maimed veterans of Chancellor Hill, all of whom he has kept about him for a long time past. These men are fellow members with General Sickles of the Grand Army of the Republic, and he finds for them light employment of one kind and another. The General was very much attached to his place as Chairman of the Civil Service Commission; not because of the salary attached to the office—because he is a rich man-but for the reason that he rather liked the distinction that it conferred.

He goes out a good deal in social circles, especially to informal or family dinners. There he is the center of attraction. He talks well, and is considered a good listener. His reminiscences of the war are far more interesting than is common even with men that cut so prominent a figure as he did. In spite of the loss of his leg at Gettysburg, the General is a lively and wonderfully pre served man, and he gets about with a most

surprising facility. .

THIS REMARKABLE WEATHER. A Sad Sen Dog's Explanation of a Very Peculiar Phenomenos.

New York Herald.] The old salts down at quarantine have a new nut to crack. A few days ago the body of a drowned man came ashore near the Health Officer's pier. Those who found it were surprised to notice how fresh it looked, and when they came to search the pockets they found a copy of a newspaper dated the day before. Now, a newly drowned body is considerably heavier than water, and the old salts are puzzled to know how this particular corpse was floated in so soon after death. There is something of a set in the tide toward the wharf, but it is doubted whether it is sufficient to explain this phenomenon.
"I tell you what," said one old salt, shaking his head ominously, "it's the weather. Somethin's goin to appen with this old world. Things isn't what they have the what with year grip and information. used ter be, what with yer grip and influ-enzy an' floatin' corpses and all that. Look

at this here winter now. Did yer ever see the like? It's a mighty queer time this, and I wouldn't be s'prised at nothin' as happens."
Now, then, wise men, here is a nut for you to crack. Give us the science of the floating corpse.

Two Editors Rack Their Brains Over It Survey has decided to prosecute topographic work during the winter in Southern Louisiana, with the ultimate purpose of surveying the entire alliuvial region of the Mississippi. The scale to be used is 1.62500, and the contour interval, five feet, Much work in this region has already been done by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Mississippi River Commission. The work proposed is an areal extension of thas already done. The party will start early in January.

The warm weather has even affected fish life. The temperature of the water, usually from 38 to 37° F. at this season, is in the forties, to serve—imperfectly, as it admits—the de-sired purpose. The Tribune is unjust. The English language, we admit, is tolerably

RHYME FOR THE NEW YEAR.

What is the matter, for instance, with Right royally and gladly, too, We welcome eighteen ninety, Although bad weather and the rhew-Matis have made us "jinty."

Detroit Free Press. Hay fever was once a fashionable disease,

Philadeiphia Record.)

A bright young pupil of the Lincoln school, who was being praised for her spelling, pointed to her sister, saying: "She's an awful good arithmeticker?"

Hay lever was once a manionable disease, but it is now never mentioned in polite so-diety. The cruel fickleness with which other day of how blessed we were that not a single saloon in the town had failed in business during the past year."

Hay lever was once a manionable disease, but it is now never mentioned in polite so-diety. The cruel fickleness with which society abandone an old favorite when a new one makes its bow is illustrated as every turn

Every Dog Hav Its Day.

near the verge of pauperism in the respect referred to, but it'is not wholly destitute,