FROM THE RANKS

Continued from Page 10.

Even Mrs. Maynard could not but see the pride and comfort this letter gave her son. Her own longing was to have him established in some business in the east, but he said frankly he had no taste for it and would only pine for the old life in the saddle. There were other reasons, too, said he, why he felt that he could not go back to New York, and his voice trembled, and Mrs. Maynard said no more. It was the sole allusion he had made to the old, old sorrow, but it was plain that the recovery was incomplete.

The colonel and the doctor at Sibley believed that Fred could be carried past the medical board by a little management, and everything began to look as though he would have his way. All they were waiting for, said the colonel, was to hear from Armitage. He was still at Fort Russell with the headquarters and several troops of the ——th cavalry. His wound was too severe for him to travel farther for weeks to come, but he could write, and he had been consulted. They were sitting under the broad piazza at Sablon, looking out at the lovely, placid lake and talking it over among themselves.

"I have always leaned on Armitage ever since I first came to the regiment and found him adjutant," said the colonel. "I always found his judgment clear, but since our last experience I have begun to look upon him as infallible."

Alice Renwick's face took on a flood of crimson as she sat there by her brother's side, silent and attentive. Only within the week that followed their return—the colonel's and her brother's—had the story of the strange complication been revealed to them. Twice had she heard from Fred's lips the story of Frank Armitage's greeting that frosty morning at the springs. Time and again had she made her mother go over the colonel's account of the confidence and faith he had expressed in there being a simple explanation of the whole mystery and of his indignant refusal to attach one moment's suspicion to her. Shocked, stunned, outraged as she felt at the mere fact that such a story had gained an instant's credence in garrison circles, she was overwhelmed by the weight of circumstantial evidence that had been arrayed against her.

Only little by little did her mother reveal it to her. Only after several days did Fred repeat the story of his night adventure and his theft of her picture, of his narrow escape and of his subsequent visit to the cottage. Only gradually had her mother revealed to her the circumstances of Jerrold's wager with Sloat and the direful consequences, of his double absences the very nights on which Fred had made his visits, of the suspicions that resulted, the accusations and his refusal to explain and clear her name. Mrs. Maynard felt vaguely relieved to see how slight an impression the young man had made on her daughter's heart. Alice seemed but little surprised to hear of the engagement to Nina Beaubien, of her rush to his rescue and their romantic parting. The tragedy of his death hushed all further talk on that subject. There was one of which she could not hear enough, and that was about the man who had been most instrumental in the rescue of her name and honor. Alice had only tender sorrow and no reproach for her stepfather when, after her mother told her the story of his sad experience 20 years before, she related his distress of mind and suspicion when he read Jerrold's letter. It was then that Alice said, "And against that piece of evidence no man, I suppose, would hold me guiltless?"

"You are wrong, dear," was her mother's answer. "It was powerless to move Captain Armitage. He scouted the idea of your guilt from the moment he set eyes on you and never rested until he had overturned the last atom of evidence. Even I had to explain," said her mother, "simply to confirm his theory of the light Captain Chester had seen and the shadows and the form at the window. It was just exactly as Armitage reasoned it out. I was wretched and wakeful, sleeping but fitfully that night. I arose and took some bromide about 3 o'clock and soon afterward heard a fall or a noise like one. I thought of you and got up and went in your room, and all was quiet there, but it seemed close and warm, so I raised your shade and then left both your door and mine open and went back to bed.

"I dozed away presently and then woke feeling all startled again, don't you know—the sensation one experiences when aroused from sleep, certain that there has been a strange and startling noise, and yet unable to tell what it was? I lay still a moment, but the colonel slept through it all, and I wondered at it. I knew there had been a shot or something, but could not bear to disturb him. At last I got up again and went to your room to be sure you were all right, and you were sleeping soundly still, but a breeze was beginning to blow and flap your shade to and fro, so I drew it and went out, taking my lamp with me this time and softly closing your door behind me. See how it all seemed to fit in with everything else that had happened. It took a man with a will of his own and an unshaken faith in woman to stand firm against such evidence."

And, though Alice Renwick was silent, she appreciated the fact none the less. Day after day she clung to her stalwart brother's side. She had ceased to ask questions about Captain Armitage and that strange greeting after the first day or two; but, oddly enough, she could never let him talk long of any subject but that campaign, of his ride with the captain to the front, of the long talk they had had, and then the stirring fight and the magnificent way in which Armitage had handled his long skirmish line. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the tall Saxon captain. He soon noted how silent and absorbed she sat when he was the theme of discourse. He incidentally mentioned little things "he" had said about "her" that morning and marked how her color rose and her eyes flashed quick, joyful, questioning glances at his face, then fell in maiden shyness. He had speedily gauged the cause of that strange excitement displayed by Armitage at seeing him the morning he rode in with the scout. Now he was gauging with infinite delight the other side of the question. Then, brotherlike, he began to twit and tease her, and that was the last of the confidences.

All the same it was an eager group that surrounded the colonel the evening he came down with the captain's letter. "It settles the thing in my mind. We'll go back to Sibley tomorrow, and as for you, Sergeant Major Fred, your name has gone in for a commission, and I've no doubt a very deserving sergeant will be spoiled in making a very good for nothing second lieutenant. Get you back to your regiment, sir, and call on Captain Armitage as soon as you reach Fort Russell and tell him you are much obliged. He has been blowing your trumpet for you there, and as some of those cavalrymen have sense enough to appreciate the opinion of such a soldier as my ex-adjutant—some of them, mind you; I don't admit that all cavalrymen have sense enough to keep them out of perpetual trouble—you came in for a hearty indorsement, and you'll probably be up before the next board for examination. Go and bone your constitution and the rule of three, and who was the father of Zebedee's children, and the order of the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ, and other such things that they'll be sure to ask you as indispensable to the mental outfit of an Indian fighter." It was evident that the colonel was in joyous mood, but Alice was silent. She wanted to hear the letter. He would have handed it to Frederick, but both Mrs. Maynard and Aunt Grace clamored to hear it read aloud, so he cleared his throat and began:

"Fred's chances for a commission are good, as the inclosed papers will show you, but even were this not the case I would have but one thing to say in answer to your letter—he should go back to his troop.

"Whatever our friends and fellow citizens may think on the subject, I hold that the profession of the soldier is to the full as honorable as any in civil life, and it is liable at any moment to be more useful. I do not mean the officer alone. I say and mean the soldier. As for me, I would rather be first sergeant of my troop or company or sergeant major of my regiment than any lieutenant in it except the adjutant. Hope of promotion is all that can make a subaltern's life endurable, but the staff sergeant or the first sergeant, honored and respected by his officers, decorated for bravery by congress and looked up to by his comrades, is a king among men. The pay has nothing to do with it. I say to Renwick, 'Come back as soon as your wound will let you,' and I envy him the welcome that will be his.

"As for me, I am even more eager to get back to you all, but things look very dubious. The doctors shake their heads at anything under a month and say I'll be lucky if I eat my Thanksgiving dinner with you. If trying to get well is going to help, October shall not be done with before B company will report me present again.

"I need not tell you, my dear old friend, how I rejoice with you in your —hum and haw and this is all about something else," goes on the colonel in malignant disregard of the longing looks in the eyes of three women, all of whom are eager to hear the rest of it, and one of whom wouldn't say so for worlds. "Write to me often. Remember me warmly to the ladies of your household. I fear Miss Alice would despise this wild, open prairie country. There is no goldenrod here, and I so often see her as—hum and hum, and all that sort of talk of no interest to anybody," says he, with a quizzical look over his "bows" at the lovely face and form bending forward with forgetful eagerness to hear how "he so often sees her." And there is a great bunch of goldenrod in her lap now and a vivid blush on her cheek. The colonel is waxing as frivolous as Fred and quite as great a tease.

And then October comes, and Fred has gone, and the colonel and his household are back at Sibley, where the garrison is enraptured at seeing them, and where the women precipitate themselves upon them in tumultuous welcome. If Alice cannot quite make up her mind to return the kisses and shrinks slightly from the rapturous embrace of some of the younger and more impulsive of the sisterhood, if Mrs. Maynard is a trifle more distant and stately than was the case before they went away, the garrison does not resent it. The ladies don't wonder they feel indignant at the way people behaved and talked, and each lady is sure that the behavior and the talk were all somebody else's—not by any possible chance could it be laid at the door of the speaker.

And Alice is the reigning belle beyond dispute, though there is only subdued gayety at the fort, for the memory of their losses at the Spirit Wolf is still fresh in the minds of the regiment. But no man alludes to the events of the black August night; no woman is permitted to address either Mrs. Maynard or her daughter on the subject. There are some who seek to be confidential and who cautiously feel their way for an opening, but the mental sparring is vain. There is an indefinable something that tells the intruder, "Thus far and no farther." Mrs. Maynard is courteous, cordial and hospitable; Alice sweet and gracious and sympathetic even, but confidential never.

And then Captain Armitage, late in the month, comes home on crutches, and his men give him a welcome that makes the rafters ring, and he rejoices in it and thanks them from his heart, but there is a welcome his eyes plead for that would mean to him far more than any other. How wistfully he studies her face! How unmistakable are the love and worship in every tone! How quickly the garrison sees it all, and how mad the garrison is to see whether or not 'tis welcome to her! But Alice Renwick is no maiden to be lightly won. The very thought that the garrison had so easily given her over to Jerrold is enough to mantle her cheek with indignant protest. She accepts his attentions as she does those of the younger officers, with consummate grace. She shows no preference; will grant no favors. She makes fair distribution of her dances at the hops at the fort and the parties in town. There are young civilians who begin to be devoted in society and to come out to the fort on every possible opportunity, and these, too, she welcomes with laughing grace and cordiality. She is a glowing, radiant, gorgeous beauty this good autumn, and she rides and drives and dances, and, the women say, flirts and looks handsomer every day, and poor Armitage is beginning to look very grave and depressed. "He woos and wins not," is the cry.

His wound has almost healed, so far as the thigh is concerned, and his crutches are discarded, but his heart is bleeding, and it tells on his general condition. The doctors say he ought to be getting well faster, and so they tell Miss Renwick—at least somebody does—but still she relents not, and it is something beyond the garrison's power of conjecture to decide what the result will be. Into her pretty white and yellow room no one penetrates except at her invitation, even when the garrison ladies are spending the day at the colonel's, and even if they did there would be no visible sign by which they could judge whether his flowers were treasured or his picture honored above others. Into her brave and beautiful nature none can gaze and say with any confidence either "she loves" or "she loves not." Winter comes, with biting cold and blinding snow, and still there is no sign. The joyous holidays, the glad New Year, are almost at hand, and still there is no symptom of surrender. No one dreams of the depth and reverence and gratitude and loyalty and strength of the love that is burning in her heart until all of a sudden, in the most unexpected and astonishing way, it bursts forth in sight of all.

They had been down skating on the slough, a number of the youngsters and the daughters of the garrison. Rollins was there doing the devoted to Mamie Gray, and already there were gossips whispering that she would soon forget she ever knew such a beau as Jerrold in the new found happiness of another one. Hall was there with the doctor's pretty daughter, and Mrs. Hoyt was matronizing the party, which would, of course, have been incomplete without Alice. She had been skating hand in hand with a devoted young subaltern in the artillery, and poor Armitage, whose leg was unequal to skating, had been ruefully admiring the scene. He had persuaded Sloat to go out and walk with him, and Sloat went, but the hollow mockery of the whole thing became apparent to him after they had been watching the skaters awhile, and he got chilled and wanted Armitage to push ahead. The captain said he believed his leg was too stiff for further tramping and would be the better for a rest, and Sloat left him.

Heavens, how beautiful she was, with her sparkling eyes and radiant color, glowing with the graceful exercise! He sat there on an old log watching the skaters as they flew by him and striving to keep up an impartial interest, or an appearance of it, for the other girls. But the red sun was going down, and twilight was on them all of a sudden, and he could see nothing but that face and form. He closed his eyes a moment to shut out the too eager glare of the glowing disk taking its last fierce peep at them over the western bluffs, and as he closed them the same vision came back—the picture that had haunted his every living, dreaming moment since the beautiful August Sunday in the woodland lane at Sablon. With undying love, with changeless passion, his life was given over to the fair, slender maiden he had seen in all the glory of the sunshine and the goldenrod, standing with uplifted head, with all her soul shining in her beautiful eyes and thrilling in her voice. Both worshiping and worshiped was Alice Renwick as she sang her hymn of praise in unison with the swelling chorus that floated through the trees from the little brown church upon the hill. From that day she was Queen Alice in every thought, and he her loyal, faithful knight for weal or woe.

Boom went the sunset gun far up on the parade above them. 'Twas dinner time, and the skaters were compelled to give up their pastime. Armitage set his teeth at the entirely too devotional attitude of the artilleryman as he slowly and lingeringly removed her skates and turned away in the utterly helpless frame of mind which will overtake the strongest men on similar occasions. He had been sitting too long in the cold and was chilled through and stiff, and his wounded leg seemed numb. Leaning heavily on his stout stick, he began slowly and painfully the ascent to the railway and chose for the purpose a winding path that was far less steep, though considerably longer, than the sharp climb the girls and their escorts made so light of.

One after another the glowing faces of the fair skaters appeared above the embankment, and their gallants carefully convoyed them across the icy and slippery track to the wooden platform beyond. Armitage, toiling slowly up his pathway, heard their blithe laughter and thought with no little bitterness that it was a case of "out of sight, out of mind," with him as with better men. What sense was there in his long devotion to her? Why stand between her and the far more natural choice of a lover nearer her years? "Like unto like" was nature's law. It was flying in the face of Providence to expect to win the love of one so young and fair when others so young and comely craved it. The sweat was beaded on his forehead as he neared the top and came in sight of the platform. Yes, they had no thought of him. Already Mrs. Hoyt was half way up the wooden stairs, and the others were scattered more or less between that point and the platform at the station. Far down at the south end paced the fur clad sentry. There it was an easy step from the track to the boards, and there, with much laughter, but no difficulty, the young officers had lifted their fair charges to the walk. All were chatting gayly as they turned away to take the wooden causeway from the station to the stairs, and Miss Renwick was among the foremost at the point where it left the platform. Here, however, she glanced back and then about her, and then bending down began fumbling at the buttons of her boot.

"Oh, permit me, Miss Renwick," said her eager escort. "I will button it."

"Thanks, no. Please don't wait, good people. I'll be with you in an instant."

And so the other girls, absorbed in talk with their respective gallants, passed her by, and then Alice Renwick again stood erect and looked anxiously but quickly back.

"Captain Armitage is not in sight, and we ought not to leave him. He may not find it easy to climb to that platform," she said.

"Armitage? Oh, he'll come on all right," answered the batteryman, with easy assurance. "Maybe he has gone round by the road. Even if he hasn't, I've seen him make that in one jump many a time. He's an active old buffer for his years."

"But his wound may prove too much for that jump now. Ah, there he comes," she answered, with evident relief, and just at the moment, too, the forage cap of the tall soldier rose slowly into view some distance up the track, and he came walking slowly down the sharp curve toward the platform, the same sharp curve continuing on out of sight behind him—behind the high and rocky bluff.

"He's taken the long way up," said the gunner. "Well, shall we go on?"

"Not yet," she said, with eyes that were glowing strangely and a voice that trembled. Her cheeks, too, were paling. "Mr. Stuart, I'm sure I heard the roar of a train echoed back from the other side."

"Nonsense, Miss Renwick! There's no train either way for two hours yet."

But she had begun to edge her way back toward the platform, and he could not but follow. Looking across the intervening space, a rocky hollow 20 feet in depth, he could see that the captain had reached the platform and was seeking for a good place to step up; then that he lifted his right foot and placed it on the planking and with his cane and the stiff, wounded left leg strove to push himself on. Had there been a hand to help him, all would have been easy enough, but there was none, and the plan would not work. Absorbed in his efforts, he could not see Stuart. He did not see that Miss Renwick had left her companions and was retracing her steps to get back to the platform. He heard a sudden dull roar from the rocks across the stream, then a sharp, shrill whistle just around the bluff. My God! a train, and that man there alone, helpless, deserted! Stuart gave a shout of agony, "Back—roll back over the bank!"

Armitage glanced around, determined, gave one mighty effort, the iron ferruled stick slipped on the icy track, and

"Oh, permit me, Miss Renwick," said her eager escort. "I will button it."

down he went, prone between the glistening rails even as the black, vomiting monster came thundering round the bend. He had struck his head upon the iron and was stunned, not senseless, but scrambled to his hands and knees and strove to crawl away. Even as he did so he heard a shriek of anguish in his ears, and with one wild leap Alice Renwick came flying from the platform in the very face of advancing death, and the next instant, her arm clasped about his neck, his strong arms tightly clasping her, they were lying side by side, bruised, stunned, but safe, in a welcoming snowdrift half way down the hither bank.

When Stuart reached the scene, as soon as the engine and some wrecking cars had thundered by, he looked down upon a picture that dispelled any lingering doubt in his mind. Armitage, clasping Queen Alice to his heart, was half rising from the blessed mantle of the snow, and she, her head upon his broad shoulder, was smiling faintly up into his face. Then the glorious eyes closed in a deathlike swoon.

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Fort Sibley had its share of sensations that eventful year. Its crowning triumph in the one that followed was the wedding in the early spring. Of all the lovely women there assembled the bride by common consent stood unrivaled—Queen Alice indeed. There was some difference of opinion among authorities as to who was really the finest looking and most soldierly among the throng of officers in the conventional full dress uniform. Many there were who gave the palm to the tall, dark, slender lieutenant of calvary who wore his shoulder knots for the first time on this occasion, and who for a man from the ranks seemed consummately at home in the manifold and trying duties of a groomsman. Mrs. Maynard, leaning on his arm at a later hour and looking up rapturously in his bronzed features, had no divided opinion. While others had by no means so readily forgotten or forgiven the mad freak that so nearly involved them all in wretched misunderstanding, she had nothing but rejoicing in his whole career. Proud of the gallant officer who had won the daughter whom she loved so tenderly, she still believes, in the depths of the boundless mother love, that no man can quite surpass her soldier son.

THE END.

Raw Eggs as a Tonic.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic with which to begin these warm days. It is strengthening and tends to prevent that tired feeling so prevalent at this season of the year. If prepared in the following way, it is really a delicious drink: Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the white on a plate and add a pinch of salt. Then with a broad bladed knife beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish. Then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juices may be used in place of orange or lemon, or even brandy if the doctor has ordered it.—New York Advertiser.

Famous Old Appomattox Deserted.

The old town of Appomattox is entirely deserted, with the exception of five or six families, of whom only one, that of a Methodist clergyman, is white. A syndicate bought up all the property a few years ago as a speculation, and when the owners got their money and signed the deeds they moved away, leaving their houses empty. The courthouse was burned about the same time, and a new one was erected at the railway station, about three miles distant, where a considerable town has sprung up. The McLean House, in which the articles of surrender were written and signed, was purchased by the syndicate and was taken down, brick by brick, for removal to the World's fair, but for some reason the plan was not carried out, and the bricks and timbers are still stored in the vacant houses in the neighborhood. —Chicago Record.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP

LEAD PENCIL WOOD.

The Best For the Purpose Is a Form of the American Red Cedar.

Most persons know that the wood of the best lead pencils is from a form of the American red cedar. The best for the purpose is said to belong to the variety known as Juniperus virginiana, variety bermudiana. Meehan's Monthly explains that this form of red cedar seems to have its home on the island of Bermuda, it being the only tree found on the island. It is supposed originally to have been started from seed of our common red cedar, brought to the island by birds or in some other way, and that the continual force of circumstances, different from those under which our red cedar exists, has caused it to change in some respects its character.

The same form is, however, now found in the south, possibly from seed brought back again from Bermuda by birds, as in the first instance. It is said that Mr. Faber, whose name is inseparably connected with lead pencils, has growing on his estates at Schloss Stein, near Nuremberg, some 12 or 13 acres of this kind of cedar, from which he expects in the future to raise enough wood for his pencils without importing it from the new world.

Animals and the Locomotive.

Science Siftings gives the observations of an engineer on the different manner in which animals are affected by a steam locomotive. Dogs will run and bark at the wheels, leaping about, but seldom get hurt. Horses will race ahead of the engine on the line and sometimes will run half a mile before they can be driven off. Oxen can hardly be persuaded to get out of the way, while a calf will sometimes stand on the line and stare at the locomotive in blank astonishment until taken by the ears and dragged away. Sheep are the most stupid. If one attempts to cross in front of a moving engine, the engineer may make up his mind for an accident, for the balance of the drove insist on getting over or dying. Hogs pay very little attention to an engine. They seem to regard it as something quite out of their line and not in any way concerning them.

Poison Oak and Poison Ivy.

The poison oak is properly the low form of the poison ivy, explains the New York Sun. The one is a high climber, while the other contents itself near the ground. The two are difficult to distinguish and are often perversely confused with the harmless and beautiful Virginia creeper. The two poisonous plants have their leaves in groups of three, while the leaf of the Virginia creeper is divided into five and sometimes more leaflets. The berry of the poison ivy is white and waxy, and the autumn coloring of the leaf is very beautiful. Many persons handle the poisonous plants without ill effects.

A simple way to remember the difference between the Virginia creeper and the poison ivy is this: If the vine has five leaves, corresponding to the five fingers of your hand, you may handle it. If it has only three leaves, you may not handle it.

A Scientist's Prophecy.

The most noticeable feature of the twentieth century, says M. Berthelot in an address delivered at a banquet of chemists, will be the entire disappearance of the farmer, the grazier and of agriculture generally. Chemistry will have solved the problem of existence so as to render unnecessary the cultivation of the soil. He draws a pleasing picture of virgin landscapes, undefiled, as he calls it, by the geometrical disfigurements of the farmer. Then there will be no more mines, no underground labor, no horrors of "black country," no strikes. A combination of physics and chemistry will have solved the fuel question. War, protection, trade restrictions, will have disappeared before the dawn of an era which embraces aerial navigation.

The Grape Fruit.

The grape fruit grows very abundantly in China, Malacca, Java, etc., where among Europeans it is called the shaddock and the pumalo. The shaddock differs considerably from our American kind, being larger and rather pear shaped, with a thicker cuticle. The flesh of the shaddock, too, has a pinkish tongue, and the flavor is not quite so pronounced a bitter. The pumalo is smaller, but the two names are applied rather indiscriminately. Ninety per cent of the grape fruit that comes to northern and western markets is reported to be the product of Florida.

The Inventor of Modern Plows.

Most people only know Thomas Jefferson as a politician and statesman; but, like other eminent men of earlier times, he was not averse to doing what he could outside the line of politics. It is claimed now that Jefferson invented the modern plow. He discovered the mathematical principles that underlie all properly constructed plows. There must be two wedges—one for cutting and one for lifting—and Jefferson showed the best proportions of each. Since his time all plows are made in accordance with the principle that he discovered.

India Rubber Expands With Cold.

It is not generally known that india rubber expands by cold, but this is reported to have been shown experimentally by Professor Dewar. A piece of rubber tissue was stretched like the head of a drum and cooled locally by the application of a pad wet with liquid air at 180 degrees below zero C. The rubber whenever touched by the cold pad expanded into puckers, and these stretched tight again as the rubber got warm.

Origin of Fiasco.

Fiasco is a term borrowed from the Italian theater. Originally it signified a failure to please on the part of an actor or singer, and is thus the opposite of furore—although why the word, which simply means a bottle, should come to be thus applied is more than anybody knows. The usual meaning of the word as used now is fizzle, or the failure of any pretentious undertaking.

The Name Mosquito.

The name mosquito is a Spanish term, signifying "little fly," and would probably be applied to any biting winged insect, regardless of structure, by the Spaniards who first landed on the continent.

Funny Demands.

There's a broadly humorous side to the book trade. The fun is generally furnished by the ridiculous mistakes people make in the names of books. A lady sent her maid one day for Annie Thomas' novel of "He Cometh Not, She Said," but the damsel asked for "He Combeth Not His Head."

The little boy of a prominent divine went to a shop to procure for his father a religious book called "The Hour Which Cometh," but he inquired for "The Hen Which Croweth."

At the time that Thomas Hardy's clever novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes," was at the height of its popularity, a young assistant in a bookseller's, who was as new to the business as he was slow of comprehension, when a lady came in and said to him, very eagerly and inquiringly, "Have you 'A Pair of Blue Eyes?'" blushingly stammered out, "No, miss; my eyes are black."

One day an errand boy brought up from the cellar a trap containing a large rat, just as a well known society belle, wishing to look at one of Anthony Trollope's most popular novels, said to the new assistant:

"I want to see 'What Will He Do with It?'"

"Very well, miss," was the reply; "if you will walk to the back part of the shop and look out of the window you will see him drown it."—London Tit-Bits.

A Complete Apology.

A prominent official at Tabreez, in the course of an altercation with an English gentleman, called his adversary a liar. The result was a challenge which seemed to the Persian preposterous.

"I fight?" said he. "What shall I fight for? I only called him a liar."

"Well," said the gentleman who took the note to him, "he says you will have to fight him; there is no way of getting out of it. It will never do to call an English gentleman a liar."

"But I say I won't fight," replied the other.

"Then you must apologize."

"Apologize! What does he mean by apologizing?"

"Why, take it all back and say you are sorry that you called him a liar. That is what it means."

"Is that all?" replied the Persian. "Of course I'll apologize; I'll say whatever he wishes me to say. I lied when I called him a liar. I am a liar, the son of a liar and the grandson of liars. What more does he want me to say?"—Persia and Persians.

SHE WEARS A DOG COLLAR.

The French Girl Likes It, but Miss America Prefers a Necklace.

The wide liberty which prevails in fashions this year seems to have resulted in upsetting the generally accepted theories in regard to summer and winter fabrics. Thick and thin goods are combined in the same costume, while velvet, fur and heavy silk are used for gowns intended for warm weather wear. It would be difficult to guess what the next new development will be, for all possible ground seems to be completely covered already. Perhaps when the present riot of color and varying form has reached a climax there will be a revulsion of feeling and a return to mode shades and the slim severity of skirts, in which we cannot stoop to pick anything up, and sleeves that will not allow any bending of the arm. It did not take a great deal of cloth to make gowns in that fashion, and two such might be made out of one of the present style.

Reception and ball dresses are less interesting topics now than they were a few months ago and will be a few months

SILK AND VELVET EVENING GOWN.

hence. Not many novelties in that line are displayed as yet, designers preferring to save their ideas until the arrival of the season when there is a large demand for them. Several pretty arrangements of lace, flowers and passementerie are shown for the decollete bodice, and sleeves or some sort of drapery over the top of the arm is always seen. It may be only the thin bertha that surrounds the upper edge of the corsage, or perhaps separate lace epaulets or wide bretelles, but in no case is a plain, narrow strap deemed sufficient.

There is a fancy in Paris for wearing a wide velvet dog collar with a low cut bodice, the collar, often a wrinkled one, closing under a velvet chou or some sort of decorative buckle. This particular idea does not seem to have met with the approval of American women, who prefer a necklace, if they wear any ornament at all about the throat.

The sketch given shows an evening gown of white peau de soie, white embroidered net and coral pink velvet. The body of the skirt is of peau de soie, the lower part being plainly covered with net the upper edge of which is cut in large points and outlined with a band of sable fur. The pointed corsage is of velvet crossed over the bust, and wide bretelles of peau de soie covered with net and bordered with fur fall over the shoulders. The coral velvet dog collar is secured by a jeweled buckle.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Pensions in Scotland.

Glasgow has a scheme for the pensioning of teachers which it will be interesting for American leaders to study. The actuary has worked out the details with great care. It applies to all employes of the school board. There are six classes—headmasters, assistant male teachers, assistant female teachers, office staff, janitors and compulsory officers. The first three classes only are considered in detail, and the assessments of salaries are made at the following rates: Headmasters, 8 per cent.; assistant male teachers, 5 per cent., and assistant female teachers, 8¼ per cent—the total amount of the capital fund required to be found at present being $300,000, or, including the other three classes, $350,000.

There were in June, 1889, in the employment of the board, 67 headmasters, ranging in age from 35 to 65; the average scale of salary ranging from $1,250 to $2,000 per annum. Of assistant male teachers there were 216 who drew salaries ranging from $300 to $650, and averaging $455, and whose ages ranged from 20 to 59—only 6, however, being above 45 years. The assistant female teachers numbered 335, and the average scale of salary was from $250 to $450.

Of these only 25 were over 40 years of age, the largest class being that between 25 and 29 years. Although, as a general rule, the rate of salary increases with age, that rule is not invariable. Among the female assistants the highest average salary is between the ages of 40 and 44, in which class the average is $455; and among male assistants the same class stands highest, with an average salary of $565.—Journal of Education.

Grant's Comment.

Grant and Sherman were discussing the plans of a campaign, when a third general, a brigadier, entered the tent—a good soldier, but notorious for his carelessness as to his personal appearance.

The brigadier finished his errand and went out. General Grant pulled upon his cigar for a few minutes in silence, and then said:

"Sherman, I wonder whom that man gets to wear his shirts the first week."—Chicago Tribune.

Although an Englishman invented the postage stamp it was an American—James Bogardus—who devised the best plan of printing the contemplated stamps. His device was selected by the British government in 1839 from 2,600 competing designs. Bogardus died in New York in 1874.