A REGULAR AMAZON.

Helen T. Graves in Spare Moments.

And exit Una, not without some

"How pretty she has grown!" said Mary Haven, in admiration. "Do you think so?" said Ellice, a

little doubtfully. "She is so dark and

so abrupt, you know, and then she has

no charm of manner-poor, dear, little

George Haven laughed a little when

"She need not be so alarmed," he

said. "There is no sort of probability

that we shall be brought into contact

"But man proposes and God dis-

George Haven strolling among the pic-

crevices of the moldering floor and sun-

beams sifted like misty lines of gold

between the cracks in the roof above.

"There must be a fine view from that

peak," said Haven to himself, and,

reared itself from beam to beam, he

picked his way across the perilous

flooring to the window, which looked

"No," said Una, crispily, "it is a voice

"Who is it?" she cried in a voice

"It is I," responded George Haven,

plaintively. "I climbed up here, and

ome one has taken the ladder away,

Una stood there, tall, slight, brown-cheeked, with her hands clasped behind

her back, and the wind blowing her

chestnut curls about, while a mischiev-

ous light scintillated under her long,

"Oh." said she, "I understand, You

"And you are Miss Una Jocelyn?"

"Exactly," responded the girl, "And

here is an excellent opportunity for

me to be avenged. You have called

me an Amazon, a farm boy's assist-

ant-all manner of names-and you are

"Yos," confessed Mr. Haven, peni-

"Don't you think it would serve you

sent old Latty home with the ladder,

instead of recalling him to your as-

"So do I." said Una, "but I mean

Clear and flute-like her voice sound-

Una Jocelyn in the meantime stood

looking at Mr. Haven as coolly as if he

were a sphinx or an obelisk, or some

such marvel of the universe. Mr. Hav-

en regarded her on his part with a sort

of meek propitiation, and when at last

he had descended and stood on the

green turf beside his fair rescuer, he

But she made no motion to take the

"Won't you shake hands with me?

"I didn't suppose you cared to shake

hands with a regular Amazon," said

"It was a foolish speech," said Haven

Latty brought the ladder here to look

for my parrot, that has been lost these

"I wonder if I could help find it?"

They did try. The parrot was not found for he had been stolen by a

tramp who slept in the Joselyn barn

two nights before. But Mr. Haven and

Miss Jocelyn became excellent friends

Una forgave him his London preju-

lices, and he began to see things

through the medium of her clear and

brilliant eyes. They had called her a

child, but she was such a bright, orig-

And one evening, about a forinight

subsequently, Mr. Haven astonished his

"Well, Polly" (the name he always

used when he was in an especially good

umor), "I've a piece of news for you.

have proposed to Miss Jocelyn, and

"Oh, George!" she cried, rapturously.

"But not your Miss Joselyn," he add-

"not the one like an exaggerated

she has been graciously pleased to ac-

Mary clasped her hands in delight.

in the progress of the quest.

said Mr. Haven eagerly.
"I don't know," said Una demurely.

asked in some discomfiture.

"I hope we are friends?" said he,

down the glen, and old Latty's

to be magnanimous, Latty! Latty!'

"Of course it would," said Haven.

went on Una severely, "if I

said he, coloring and biting his lip.

and I can't get back.'

dark eyelashes.

are Mr. Haven?

at my mercy now."

right."

sistance?

tently. "It's all true."

husky accents replied:

held out his hand.

"Oh. certainly!"

xtended palm.

Una sareastically.

two days."

"You might try."

inal sort of child!

"Yaw, yaw! I'm coming!"

sweet and shrill as a thrush's warble.

the younger Miss Jocelyn's defiant

message was brought to him.

with each other,"

sort of frenzy.

"A regular Amazon!" said George in the air and two red spots on her Haven, shrugging his shoulders, "On cheeks, "And tell your brother, Miss the very top of a load of hay, with a straw hat pulled down over her eyes Mary, that I am as little anxious to make his acquaintance as he is mine." and a pitchfork in her hands!" "Now, George," cried out Mary Haven,

"you are talking arrant nonsense."
"A man must believe his senses,"
said George, "I asked for Miss Jocelyn, and the ancient beldame who was shelling peas by the kitchen window poin ed one skinny forefinger across the fields, and answered, 'There she is, a-gettin' in the hay. They all stirs around lively in these parts when there's a shower comin' up. You'll find her if you goes across the fields."

"And you?" questioned Mary, Mr. Haven smiled ironically, "I?" said he, "You must bear in mind that I was looking for a young lady, not for a farm boy's assistant; so I just turned round and came home. "But there must be some mistake!" cried out impetuous Mary. "My Ellice Jocelyn is a princess among women, tall and siender and graceful, who plays

the harp and writes delicious trans-cendental essays." "There was neither harp nor writing desk on top of that load of hay," said George, very decidedly. "And pray. Mary, don't be offended, but I am rather disenchanted with your rustle belles after my afternoon's experience. Reach me a cigar, please, and don't let anyone disturb me for a while; there's

a darling!" Mary Haven obeyed. Was not George newly arrived from India, a very shah and sultan among men, to be waited on and humored in his every caprice?

But while she found the cigar case, handed the newspaper and regulated with its turnle gateways.
the exact fall of the curtain folds which As he stood there, feasi should be most agreeable to her brother's optical partialities, she puzzled her brain as to how and why and wherefore this little plan of hers for an instant attachment between George and Ellice Jocelyn had thus come to an untimely standstill.

"It's the most unaccountable thing in the world," said Mary to herself. "I think I'll go over and see what it all

Low and long, with gabled fronts and bay windows, all wreathed about with trumpet creepers and blue-cupped convolvulus vines, the Jocelyn farmhouse stretched itself out under the trees, with Ellice's hammock swinging in the porch and Ellice herself posed

like a woodland nymph. She was certainly very pretty, this fair baired blonde, with the complexion of sca-shell pink, the china blue eyes, the dimples on cheek and chin, the muslin dress that looked as if it might have been just taken out of the windows of a Regent street modiste-and she came forward cool and composed to meet Miss Haven, as if the June sun were not blazing overhead and the thermometer in the porch did not stand at 90

degrees in the shade. "So glad to see you dear!" said Miss Jocelyn, with the princess air which seemed to sit so naturally on her. "Dear Ellice," said Mary, plunging

have you been all the morning?" "Where have I been?" "Believe me, I am not asking from

mere curlosity." pleaded Mary. You will answer, have a reason. "Certainly! Why shouldn't I?" said

the Serene One, lifting her golden brows the sixteenth part of an inch. "Let me see--I was in the gien, sketching the beautiful mossy boulders by the spring, until the shower came up, and then I sat in my own room and wrote a few letters." "Then it couldn't have been you, af-

ter all!" bluntly ejaculated Mary. "What couldn't have been me?"

"The girl with the pitchfork on the

of the load of hay." then, laughing heartily at her junder, Mary related the morning adventure of her brother. "It must have been Una," said Ellice

Jocelyn, with a slight shadow of annoyance upon her smooth brow.
"Una! The little sister who has just returned from boarding school?"

Miss Jocelyn inclined her head. There is no end to that child's pranks." said she impatiently. "And papa indulges her is everything. Dear, dear! I hope your brother wasn't very

much shocked?" "I'm afraid he was," said truthful Mary, "He supposed it was you, of course. And he said you were a regular Amazon, and that he didn't care to make the acquaintance of a farm boy's assistant!'

Filice clasped her hands together in sylph-like despair. "I's enough to drive one frantic,"

And in the same moment a brown checked damsel, with chestnut curls tangled around her neck and a pretty brown cambric dress, burst into the

room lke a beam of sunshine. "It im't true!" said she defiantly "I'm not an Amazon, and nobody has any business to call me a farm boy's

"Una!' softly pleaded Ellice, lifting

her white palms as if to ward off this sudden gast of breezy defiance. "And the hay would have been spoiled if I hidn't helped to get it in, and

vehemently, "and I've been sorry for it a score of times since it was spokpoor old Latty would have been discharged for forgetting; and, besides, Una turned to him with a smile that wasn't Miud Miller, in the poem, a haymaker! And did anyone dare to illuminated her piquant face. "In that case it shall be forgotten." criticise her?" said she, "And I'm very glad that old

'I am sure-" mildly commenced Miss Haven. "Oh, don't make any apologies!"

said little Una, with her retrousse nose

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by Curicura Soar, the most effective skin parifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

wax doll. It is Una that I mean-my dark-eyed queen of the brunettes-my little compound of fire and dew and

"Oh," said Mary, "I am sure I'm very glad." But she thought, and so did Miss Ellice Jocelyn, that there was no accounting for the erratic direction taken by the current of true love,

NARROW ESCAPES ON THE RAIL Some Remarkable Instances Narrated by Railroad Men.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. There is no question that well authenticated cases are on record where disastrous wrecks of railroad trains have been averted by almost seeming miracles. James E. White, general suslight emphasis in the closing of the perintendent of the railway mail service at Washington, relates the particulars of a remarkable jump of twenty-eight feet made by a locomotive. As Mr. White tells the story, it was on the 1st of September, 1892, when a New York and Chicago mail train on the New York Central, which was behind time and running at a very high rate of speed, reached New Hamburg, where a twenty-eight foot draw of a bridge was open, which open space it is claimed the engine cleared and landed safely on the main portion of the bridge, the rest of the train going down through the opening. While the engine, it is said, made the leap of oses," says the sparkling little protwenty-eight feet in safety, the ergiverb, and the week was not out before neer and firemen, not having time to jump, were both killed. John H. Cain, turesque woods, found himself in a ruined sawmill, where tall, sweet fern postal clerk, was killed, and M. E. Towney, clerk in charge, was seriously bushes grew through the yawning injured, the other postal clerks escap-

ing unhurt. While none of the local rallcoad men know of any locomotives that are as good jumpers as White's or that do the bounding jockey act, some of them know of miraculous and hair-breadth springing up a slight ladder, which escapes. Carlton Paris, of the old Ohio and Mississippi for many years and more recently with the B. and O. S. W. out over a breezy stretch of vale and tells that he and Ed. Swift a upland, where the blue windings of a number of years ago were tiding on a train over the Ohio and Big Sandy river flashed in the sunshine and the undulations of a distant mountain road when an accident was narrowly

chain scenned to close up the horizon averted. But let Paris tell the story: with its nurple gateways. As he stood there, feasting his eyes that time I had ever ridden over. There upon the prespect, a slight noise be-low attracted his car. He huried to the edge of the floor only in time to ceach talking to the conductor when discover that the lactier, his sole means the solitary sleeping car passenger of escape, was walking off upon the came staggering in and said: 'Mr. shoulders of a stout, silver-haired old Conductor, your road is so rough I man, who whistled cheerfully as he can't sleep in my berth. I have been went. "Hallon!" shouted George. "Hold on last quarter of an hour. There must

there, my man. Where are you going be something the matter, with that ladder?" The conductor picked up his lantern No answer-no response of any naand said: 'Come on and I'll go Lack with you and see what's wrong.' Swift "Is the man deaf?" cried George, in and I sat where we were talking and very soon we saw that the bell cord That was precisely what old Latty vas—as deaf as the proverbial post. was being very violently pulled and the engineer was whistling for brakes, Pretty Una Jocelyn was waiting for The train finally came to a standstill him on the edge of the ruins, holding and Swift and I kept our seats and up one pretty finger.

As, after five minkept on talking. As, after five min-utes or more, there were no signs of "Hush, Latty," said she, "Don't you hear some one calling?"
"I don't hear not'ing," said old Latty, the train going ahead, we concluded to go back and see what was the cause of whose dull ears could catch Una's clear, the delay,

sweet voice when all the shouting of the farm hands was inaudible to him. grouped about the eleeper with their It must be the birds, or some one who lanterns and we soon found out that shoots squirrels in the glen, may hap- the sleeper had left the track and had been running over the ties for how far we never knew. The night was pitch calling. Stay here, Latty, until I come dark and it was raining very hard, It took the men at least three hours Latty stood still, contentedly, with to get the sleeper on the rails again, the ladder on his back, while his young. The wheels were very near the end mistress hurried up the steep bank as of the ties and had the train gone 100 vards further the sleeper would have been off the ties and over a high em-

Frank Martin of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas said: "I remember of a disastrous wreck being almost miraculously averted on the Memphis and Little Rock road along about 1883. A passenger train was traveling at a high rate of speed when the engine threw a piece of rail about three feet long out of the track. This piece of rail was thrown at least twenty-five feet from the track. Strange as it seems, the tender, baggage car, coaches and sleepers went over this place where the rail was out and gained the rail again without one of the cars leaving the track except when the wheels went down onto the ties at one end of the broken rail, only to mount the rail again at the other end of the track. About all the inconvenience the passengers experienced was a slight shak-

Assistant General Passenger Agent Ryan said: "I remember two instances when the lives of engineers and firemen were saved by a seeming intervention of Providence. A number of years ago a new trestle was being put in, and false works had been erected to permit of the temporary passage of trains. The workmen had failed to put in some necessary bolts. The first train that came along was a freight. As soon as the engine struck the false works it gave way and down went the engine. The fall was one of fifty feet, and in falling the engine made a complete revolution, and alight. ed on the ground upon its wheels right side up, and the engineer and fireman both escaped injury, although they were probably pretty badly jarred by the fall.

The other case I know of is that of a train running at a good speed, when the engine ran into a large rock that had fallen on the track just at the mouth of a tunnel. The impact caused the tender to bend up from the rear end and form a protecting hood over the engineer and fireman in the locomotive cab, and they were uninjured. Had this not occurred, they would either have been badly injured

or had their lives crushed out. Another passenger man said yesterductor on the old Bee Line, about thirty years ago, the train was late, and we were going along at a pretty live-We were within about five miles of Indianapolis when the engine and four cars jumped the track, and we thought there would be a smashup, but before the train could be stopped every wheel was again on the rails without the least damage being done to any part of the train or any of the passengers, barring the fright

we all had." THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPECIA.

There are four millionaires in Eng-

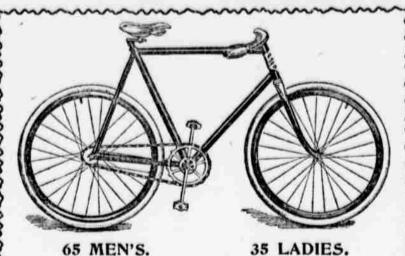
and to one in France. The title of "majesty" was first given to Louis XI, of France. Before that

time sovereigns were usually styled highnesses." Winning race horses are generally pays, elfestnuts, or browns; and for very hundred bays among them there are fifty chestnuts and thirty browns. There is no record of an important race

being won by a piebald.

The amount spent in maintaining the ounts of the United Kingdom is estimated at £4,500,000, or £12,000 per day throughout the year. And this does not include the cost of carriage horses, covert backs and other expenses incidental to the sport. According to Professor Cole, under

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the action of sun, air and water the loftiest mountains are being gradually worn down, and the whole varied landscape of hill and valley being reduced iny: "When I was a sleeping car con- to a dead level. The great Saharan desert is an example of the last stage of this process, its ocean of sand being only the debris of formerly existing ele-

vations. History gives sixty-eight sentimental surnames to emperors and kings whom it chronicles. For instance, Charlés THI, of France had the alias appellation of "the affable," Phillippe I, of France that of "the amorous;" Alphonse XI, of Leon and Castile, "the avenger;" Victor Emmanuel, "re gal-antuomo," etc., etc. Many potentates tre ranked by history under the same alias. Eight are "good," forty-one are 'great," seven are "conquerors," two 'cruel," two "fair" and four "fat." But

none is surnamed "the happy." The surest way to attain longevity yould seem to be-next to becoming a pensioner of the state-to join Royal Society. Fifteen Fellows have died during the year, and their average age has been nearly seventy-four years. Charles Tomlinson was the oldest of all, with 89 years to his credit, though he is run close by James Heywood, the famous university reformer, who died in October, aged 87. The youngest Felow who died during the year was C. S. Ray, whose years were but 43. The foreign members, six of whom have passed away since the last anniversary meeting, reach a still higher average of longevity-seventy-five and a frac-

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