

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month	8.00
One Square, one inch, three months	22.00
One Square, one inch, one year	80.00
Two Squares, one year	150.00
Quarter Column, one year	100.00
Half Column, one year	150.00
One Column, one year	200.00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.  
Marriages and death notices gratis.  
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.  
Job work—cash on delivery.

Young as Oklahoma is, her farmers have invested \$340,000 in farming implements.

Railroads in Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

More permanent progress has been made in sheep culture during the last five years, the Chicago Times avers, than during the last half century.

Officials of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington have discovered evidences which lead them to believe that the mound builders were the progenitors of the modern Indians.

It is not generally known that Baltimore has become the headquarters of the spiritualists of the United States. Believers have proposed the erection of a \$1,000,000 church in that city.

Kentucky is said to have been the first State in the Union to grant school suffrage to women in 1845. Kansas followed in 1861. To-day the women of twenty-one States have this privilege.

Census figures quoted by Edward Atkinson, in the Forum, show that the amount of real estate encumbrances in the eleven counties in and immediately around New York City exceed the total mortgage indebtedness on all the farms in the United States.

"What do you think of a civilization," the Denver Road asks, "that will pay a girl six cents for making a shirt in a sweater's den and give ten cents to a Chinaman for washing the shirt?"

Australia is greatly bothered just now by an Indian question akin to our Chinese problem. The Chinese immigration has been checked by strong restrictive measures and the imposition of a heavy head tax. There is now a great and growing influx of Afghans, Panthans and other Asiatic tribes from the odd corners of India, and these people have become a peril and nuisance in many ways.

A benevolent agency organized in New York last winter that excited general interest was the loan society originating with Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church. Prominent citizens backed it up and made it a success. In all 171 loans have been made. In no case was there default in payment. This sort of philanthropy has now statutory recognition in New York State. Governor Flower has signed a bill incorporating the Provident Loan Society, capitalized at \$130,000, and to charge a rate of interest not to exceed twelve per cent. Pawnbrokers charge thirty-six for similar service. If any profits accrue from the business they will be used for improvements and branch offices. The incorporating act provides eight months shall be allowed for redemption after the expiration of the legal term.

The art of flying seems to the Independent to be almost in sight, though it may be some time yet before we actually reach it. It is already quite clear that the amount of power required to maintain a body of considerable weight in the air and to drive it forward with great velocity is nothing exorbitant; the difficulties seem to lie rather in the regulation and direction of the machinery. A recent investigation of Professor Langley upon what he calls "the internal work of the wing" throws a flood of light upon some of the most puzzling problems of aerial navigation. The "soaring" of birds has long been a mystery; the way in which, for hours, sometimes, they circle round over the same spot without an apparent motion of the wing. Langley finds the explanation in the fact (which he has demonstrated experimentally) that the motion of the wing is technically speaking an "unsteady" motion; that is, neighboring portions of air move with very different directions and velocities so that the wind-stream is full of whirles and eddies. By taking advantage of this the soaring bird maintains his flight without doing any "work"; he has simply to change slightly the inclination of his wings as he steers himself out of one eddy into another by an action exquisitely skilful but not laborious. It is like the art of the sailor who beats against the wind by hauling his sheets and trimming his sails. By running a while in one current of the wind-stream and then suddenly steering out into an adjoining one of different velocity and direction the bird is able to utilize the energy of the newly-encountered breeze to lift him or carry him where he wishes to go.

### THREE LOVE SONGS.

Her tender little hand,  
That might not lift a lily's wind-blown cap,  
Seeking my own, in all the darkened land,  
Is strong to bear me up!

Two rose leaves might unfold  
Its downy whiteness, hiding it away;  
But let how lightly does that dear hand  
hold!

The life of me to-day!  
Gentle, and sweet, and strong—  
If sundered from my soul that hand should  
be,  
I would not mourn its tender touches  
long—  
Reaching from heaven to me!

Love will come time build his nest  
Where the cold snow gleams  
On the mountain's cloudy breast—  
"Thee, where valleys dream,  
But we have no word of blame  
When Love whispers his sweet name."

He is cruel, he is kind—  
Here and there he goes,  
Frowning in a stormy wind—  
Hasting in a rose,  
But we have no thought of blame,  
When Love lightly breathes his name!

Kind or cruel let him be—  
Peace or pain give;  
When he loans his lips to me,  
Life is sweet to live,  
Fame or fatters—his the same,  
When Love whispers his sweet name!

Because I love you, dear,  
Moth sorrow do I bear,  
Yet joyfully those sorrows meet,  
And with my lips I hold them sweet—  
Because I love you, dear!

Because I love you, dear,  
No jewels adorn I wear;  
But crowns of crucifixion to me  
Are soft as rosmarin wreaths could be—  
Because I love you, dear!

Because I love you, dear,  
I tread the darkness here;  
But sweet flowers blossom in the snow,  
And loveliest lights in darkness glow—  
Because I love you, dear!

--Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The spots on the sun were first observed in 1611.  
In South America rain frequently falls in torrents from a clear sky.  
The metals which have been proved to exist in the sun are iron, sodium, nickel, copper, zinc and marium.  
A species of ape, closely resembling the African gorilla, has been discovered on the Mosquito coast, Nicaragua.  
One mile of wire, such as is used in the manufacture of hair springs for watches, would weigh less than half a pound.  
Artificial ice is now so made in France that upon giving it a rap it will separate into small cubes instead of irregular lumps.  
The lines over which it is proposed to lay submarine telegraph cables are now as carefully surveyed as any line of proposed railroad.  
A doctor says in time the lungs of Pittsburgh folks get a very dark hue, on account of the sooty smoke they are obliged to breathe constantly.  
A late theory of catching cold is that when one enters a cold room after being heated in the bath in the room flock to the warm body and enter it through open pores of the skin.  
An astronomer calculates that if the diameter of the sun is daily diminished by two feet, over 3000 years must elapse ere the astronomical instruments now in use could detect the diminution.  
Since the beginning of this century no less than fifty-two volcanic islands have risen out of the sea; nineteen disappeared, being submerged; the others remain, and ten are now inhabited.  
The colors of the chameleon do not change instantaneously, but require a considerable length of time. The change is a provision of nature for the protection of a helpless animal from innumerable enemies.  
The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet.  
The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength, choose a vegetable diet.  
It has been estimated by competent civil engineers that the Mississippi River annually discharges 19,500,000,000,000 cubic feet of water into the Gulf of Mexico. Of this prodigious quantity the 1-290th part is sediment. Thus it will be seen that the Mississippi annually deposits enough mud in the gulf to cover a square mile of surface to a depth of 240 feet.  
A collection of bird bones recently received by the Paris Academy of Science, indicates that at a period contemporary with man Madagascar contained at least twelve species of the gigantic birds, all capable of flight. The conditions under which the bones were found indicate that the birds lived on shores, with troops of small hippopotami, crocodiles and turtles.  
It is a remarkable fact in botany that no species of flower ever embraces, in the colors of its petals, the whole range of the spectrum. Where there are yellows and reds there are no blues; when blue and red occur there are no yellows, and when we have blues and yellows there are no reds. Tulips come nearest to covering the whole range of the spectrum than any other species. They can be found ranging through reds, yellows and purples, but a blue one has never been found.  
The Changeable Flower of China.  
The botanical oddity of the Flowery Kingdom is the flowering tree, known to the scientists as the Hibiscus mutabilis. Its beautiful flowers, generally double, are pure snow in the morning, bright pink at noon and of a deep, blue red at sunset, fading into a sky-blue by bedtime. The leaves of this particular tree somewhat resemble those of the grapevine, being deeply notched, or serrated, rough and of variable lengths. The tree is not only a native of China and Japan, but is found in great profusion in India, Corea and Siam. The "Chameleone flower" (so called on account of its changeable colors, because not yet scientifically identified and named), recently discovered in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, is only an American variety of Hibiscus mutabilis. In case of the former, the colors do not pass abruptly from the shade of one to another, but change gradually from the soft white of the morning to the pink and red of noon and evening, and thence to the blue of night.  
The Tebanthepec tree is larger than its Chinese relative of similar habits, and the flowers have the peculiarity of only giving forth perfume when they are red.  
Several other species of Chinese shrubs and trees bear flowers which change color daily, chief of which is the Oriental hydrangea, which changes from bright green to a deep pink.—St. Louis Republic.  
Various Grades of Salt.  
There is an old boarding-house joke to the effect that a chronic gambler on leaving once said to his landlady that she provided her boarders with the very best salt he had ever tasted. This was supposed to be funny, but as a matter of fact there is much difference between different grades of salt as between different grades of sugar. Because salt is nearly as cheap as sand, people are apt to consider that it is of very little importance anyhow, but the trade in it is a very extensive one, although it does not yield much profit. This universal condiment can be bleached and prepared for the table so as to make it quite ornamental as well as useful, or it can be served up in a shape unpleasant to the eye and almost imperceptible to the taste.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A GREAT CITY'S REFUSE.

DISPOSING OF NEW YORK'S MOUNTAINS OF RUBBISH.

Towing the Stuff to the Lower Bay—Curious Finds—Seventeen Dumping Places Along the River Fronts.

THE old shoes and hats and banana peels, upon which even the wicked are bound to fall, the broken glass and rags, and all the rest of the rubbish which litters the streets, and the nondescript and multitudinous things which the people of Manhattan Island have thrown away, and which the junkmen have missed—where do they go?

There are seventeen dumping places on the two river fronts of New York, where, among other less romantic refuse, are deposited the shippers which shippers and other people have thrown away; love letters and bills which never will be paid, and which are tumbled into the spacious insides of big boxes, along with bits of boxes and bands of barrels from commercial neighborhoods downtown and the discarded bottles from flats uptown, and are shoveled and raked over and then go on a sea voyage from which they never come back.

The shovels are continually at work, and a whole army of men is busy pretending to earn his share of the great fat appropriation which the taxpayers of New York are forced to fork over yearly.

There is the force in the main office of the department in the Court Building in Centre street—clerks of this and clerks of that. Then there are great stables in different parts of the city, stables where hundreds of horses rest. There are blacksmith shops, paint shops, and men in pyramids to do the work in them. Then there are inspectors of one thing and another at all stages of the game.

At each of the seventeen dumping places along shore there is always a force of inspectors and timekeepers at all hours of day and night keeping tab on the number of loads and on the men who bring them.

The scoops are all reloaded as soon as they come back from their journey to the seaboard which tow the dusty bargens out on every tide only wait long enough in port to get coal out and have a change of crews made. Then on the next tide off they go to sea again, trailing at the end of long hawser cargoes of the city's dirt.

Aboard the garbage scoops you will always see six or eight men at work. Great blinding clouds of dirt are around them such as would smother an ordinary citizen, but they don't mind it. With huge forks they claw and shovel and dig away, dragging out from heaps everything that can go to the raggies and bring a penny back.

These sorters of garbage are Italians, and are part and parcel of the great padrone contract system. The city gets, it is said, from the bosses, \$70,000 or \$80,000 a year for the privilege of sorting the stuff, and under the dumps on all the piers are great dark cavernous recesses where ash-covered men and women and children sort over whatever the fellows with their picks have heaped out.

A World reporter went the other night on the Mutual, one of the rattle-bang old tugboats which tow the garbage dumps down the bay. Tucked under the cushions in the pilot-house—the library of the craft—was a book which had been plucked from the ash-heap—a pretty book, with a blue binding with gilt lettering, a gift book, with the name of a well-known society young woman written on its title page. The lady had tired of it, seemingly, and with its story it had gone through all those hands and all that dirt to furnish a pastime for the patient crew of the Mutual in their idle hours.

And all those curiosities and family secrets travel under a strenuous deal of system. There is not a stage that garbage goes through which is not governed by a "regulation." From the time that your servant rolls the barrel to the warehouse there is a fine or imprisonment or a penalty of some sort attached to any misbanding of its contents. There is a documentary report to be made, too, showing that these requirements have been fulfilled. So accurate is the system that a careful detective might, with the data these books and papers would furnish, trace to its source any crime the evidence of which was brought to light in the garbage dumps.

Careful scrutiny is maintained, too, over the refuse after it leaves port. There is a shore inspector who rides up and down in a tugboat and watches for a strict fulfillment of the rules about signals, about the dumping at the proper distance outside the Hook, to wit, nearly twenty-three miles from the city, and about dumping at the proper time, so that the tide shall carry all the garbage out to sea instead of back into the lower bay. The regulations that a tugboat captain must bear in mind, and copies of which he always carries with him, would make two columns of the World. But then it is a big city and a big task to keep it clean.

It is no wonder that the regulations are many, no wonder that the work is such a dirty one, no wonder that the pickings of the refuse are worth so much in hard dollars.—New York World.

Soap Fatal to Germs.  
Two famous chemists of Hamburg have discovered that a preparation in proportions of an ounce of soap to three gallons of water will destroy cholera bacilli in a few minutes. If a small quantity of corrosive sublimate be added to the soap greater certainty is secured, but the soap alone will do the work.—New York Telegram.

### Losses in Great Battles.

At Mollwitz the Prussians lost eight per cent., the Austrians twenty-eight per cent. At Kolin, Frederick's force suffered to the extent of thirty-seven per cent., while his victory cost his enemies only fourteen per cent. At Zorndorf, the bloodiest battle of which we have any record that we may rely upon, the proportion of loss to the total forces engaged rose to the enormous total of from one-half to one-third. Kunersdorf was almost as destructive to human life, and Frederick lost thirty-five per cent., against twenty-six per cent. of the allies.  
With the advent of Napoleon and the loosened formation of the Revolutionary armies, losses were at first diminished; but as Aspern the Austrians lost nearly twenty-eight per cent. of their men on the battlefield, and the French, although the bulletins denied it, are said to have been weaker by one-half after the battle. Borodino, too, deprived the Russians of thirty-six per cent. and the French of twenty-five per cent. During the later Napoleonic wars we find the losses somewhat lower, although after Ligny the Prussians were weaker by as many as twenty per cent., and the victory of Waterloo cost us rather more than that proportion.  
When, however, we turn to the campaigns which succeeded the lull of exhaustion following the downfall of the first empire, we are confronted with no such bloody records, in spite of the invention of percussion caps, rifles and even rifled cannon. The allies of the Alma only lost some six per cent., and the Russians fourteen per cent. Inkermann, however, was as bloody as Waterloo, but it was a struggle in which tactics played a very small part.  
The losses at Magenta and Solferino were comparatively slight. Although the consequences of Koniggratz were immense, they were cheaply purchased by the victors; while in 1870, notwithstanding that both sides were armed with breech-loaders, the losses never approached the huge totals of some of the battles of the early century or of those of the Seven Years' War. At Worth, it is true, one-sixth of the total forces engaged were either killed or wounded, but at Gravelotte the proportion was only one-eleventh, and at Weissenburg one-twelfth.—New York Ledger.

### The Fisherman Duck's Sad Fate.

The fisherman duck, in addition to his liking for fish, is very fond of oysters, and hereby hangs a tale, or rather a bill. When the oyster is feeding at high tide in that state of calm felicity that characterizes the innocent and just when at dinner, with its mouth wide open, drinking in happiness like a river, without thought of revenge, the wily fisherman duck to dive swiftly down upon it and jab it to its tender heart before the astonished bivalve has time to know "where it is at," which is in the duck's mouth before it can shut its own. It is a trick which is generally successful, but sometimes it fails, as in the case of the duck whose obituary we are now writing. This duck, unfortunately for himself, dived and found an oyster. It was only a little one, but it had its mouth wide open and looked so harmless and innocent that the Senatorial duck viewed it with contempt. With great disdain he approached it, and inserting his bill, was just upon the point of telling the small bivalve not to be in a hurry to be eaten when the little oyster closed its mouth with the peculiar firmness that characterizes meek persons when you get them started. The duck rose to the surface and vainly tried to get rid of his dinner, but the little oyster was comfortable and held on. Though a small oyster, it was too heavy for the duck's head. Before long the head went under water, and the Senatorial duck was drowned in his own element and at his own game. The oyster still lives and was exhibited Thursday in the Sun office, serene and happy, holding firmly to the fisherman duck, which was very dead indeed.—Baltimore Sun.

### Wisdom Tooth of a Mammoth.

A fossil curiosity in the shape of a mammoth's tooth was found a few days ago in West Seattle by Joseph S. Richards. The tooth was found at the foot of the bluff, not far from the beach, and was covered with clay at the time, indicating that it had been unearthed by the breaking away of the bluff. The crown of the tooth, which was of an oval shape, measured seven and a half inches in its largest diameter, three and a half inches in its smallest diameter and eighteen inches in circumference. The posterior edge of the tooth was four inches in length, the anterior edge six inches, the largest circumference twenty-two inches and the weight nine and a half pounds. It is supposed to be the lower back tooth from the left side of the jaw. The ridges have turned to chalcidony and extend entirely through the tooth, while the material between has the appearance of iron.—Seattle (Wash) Post-Intelligencer.

### A Queer Idiom.

The other day I heard a queer idiom which I herewith present to collectors of linguistic curiosities. The speaker was one of the ladies in the family of a Government official who had been serving his country abroad for a short time. "No," she said, "we did not care for Europe; we thought it very dull. We were not bunched once during our whole stay abroad." The expression was so unusual that an enterprising listener, bolder than the others, asked what it might mean. "What do I mean by 'bunched'?" repeated the first speaker in surprise. "Why, no one can put us any flowers. What else could I mean?"—Kate Field's Washington.

### SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

We hear of the grand successes—  
Of the obstacles overcome,  
We hear the songs of triumph  
And praise for great deeds done.

But we seldom hear of the failures—  
Of the efforts that came to naught,  
Or the cry of disappointment  
From hearts with misery fraught.

We loudly hail the victor  
In the struggle for gold or fame,  
But give little heed to the thousands  
Who labor and struggle in vain.

Honor to him who wins the race  
We all are glad to pay,  
But there's little respect or pity  
For the many who fall by the way.

—Joseph Banister, in Raymond's Monthly.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A sure thing—Your feminine appointment.

The counterfeiter never takes more than a passing interest in his business.

"The stuff of which heroes are made"—Wood pulp and printer's ink.—Puck.

When a girl counts on her fingers, she invariably counts most on the engagement finger.

When competition among surgeons is not usually strong, they nearly all have cut prices.—Truth.

The man with only one idea is much more dangerous than the man without any ideas at all.—Dallas News.

"The Colonel is a very reserved man." "Yes. Always was—all through the war."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A good name will give you the use of other men's riches. But it risks to be an indorser than a capitalist.—Puck.

Pessimist—"Revenge is sweet." Philosopher—"Maybe; but it leaves a bad taste in your mouth."—New York Journal.

Priscilla—"Don't you wish you were old Van Bullion's wife?" Priscilla—"No; but I wish I was his widow."—New York Herald.

If a woman wants a welcome when she gets home she should leave her husband with the baby when she goes.—Athenian Globe.

When a boy washes his face without being told, his mother thinks that there is something the matter with him.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

We all admit that marriage is a lottery, but we are, also, convinced that we know the lucky combination.—Kate Field's Washington.

A petrified woman has been found in Illinois. It is suspected that her husband paid a dressmaker's bill without kicking.—Buffalo Express.

They say that time is money, yet "I would be a job most strange if we could take five minutes out And get \$5 change."—American Industries.

"What did Mangie receive that medal for that he now wears?" "He has run over more people than any man in our bicycle club."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Edith—"I thought you and Mabel were fast friends." Nellie—"We need to be." "And you are not now?" "No." "What was his name?"—New York Weekly.

"There is one thing can be said of Brown—he always attends to his own business." "Yes, sir; that's why his last employer discharged him."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Teacher of Decorum—"Now, Jimmy, why is it that a man speaks of his wife as his better half?" Jimmy—"Mebbe, 's cos she costs th' most!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You should see Cholly in his new spring suit. He is out of sight." "Then he illustrates a proverb." "What proverb?" "Out of sight, out of mind."—New York Press.

All up and down the whole creation,  
Everywhere we roam,  
The will of paint and easels makes  
Every place like home.  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Amable Visitor—"And this is the baby, is it? Why, it's the very image of its father." Cynical Uncle—"Well, it isn't mind that as long as it has good health."—Chicago Tribune.

"That's the kind of weather profit for me," mentally observed the merchant, calmly charging a customer \$5 for a \$2 umbrella one rainy morning a day or two ago.—Buffalo Courier.

Teacher—"The Prince was born when the battle of Leipsic took place. Now, who can tell me the date of his birth?" Pupil—"The 17th, 18th and 19th of October."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Isabel—"Do you know, papa never knows when Tom goes home. The clock is always stopped when he calls." Ethel—"Dear me! Is he homely enough for that?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"My dear young woman, it is well known that intellectual women are not good-looking." "And how would you classify me?" "Why, you are not at all intellectual." "Oh, you flatterer!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Editor—"I regret, Mr. Barnstormer, that my paper referred to your starting trip as a 'starving one.'" Mr. Barnstormer—"Don't mention it. Your statement was absolutely correct."—New York Journal.

May—"Are you still calling on Nellie Update?" Brother Jack—"Yes; she's a very bright girl." May—"She must be; I hear you don't need a light in the parlor when you and she are there."—Philadelphia Record.

"Excuse me, sir," said the beggar, "but did you ever hear it said that money talks?" "I have," said the wayfarer. "Well—er—would you mind letting me have a dime for a few minutes' company?" "In awful loneliness."—Harper's Bazar.

### A PAROXYSM OF COLOR.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

HEY were having a birthday party at the home of Neely Hollingwood—called Neely in short for Cornelia—and as Mrs. Hollingwood was not feeling very well they had omitted dancing and spent the evening in old-fashioned games of an intellectual sort. The change had pleased them all, for it introduced a variety of pleasing amusements, and when it was over refreshments were served, and everybody enjoyed the occasion—that is, everybody but Neely herself, whose birthday was being celebrated. Her disappointment was caused by the absence of her lover, who had gone out of town on business, and could not possibly return before a late hour, when he had promised to look in on his way from the depot.

Neely was the girl about whom this story was told. She had attended a party after her engagement to Bruce Lovell, and he, not being invited, was naturally absent. When she went home she threw herself upon a chair and looked bored and discouraged. "Who was there?" asked her mother—she, mother-like, was sitting up for her. "Nobody!" answered Neely, in a pathetic voice. "It was only a week later when Neely attended another party, this time under the escort of her lover. That night when she went home her face was radiant. Mrs. Hollingwood asked her usual question while Neely was walking about the room. "Who was there?" "Everybody," answered the happy girl, giving her mother a good-night kiss. So on this birthday celebration a black cloud settled on Neely's horizon which foretold a storm. At 11, just as the company was departing, Bruce Lovell arrived and in time to see his former rival, Archie Dean, sitting it out with Neely. Then Neely's black cloud turned a dark and dizzy green.

Archie saw the aspect of things and it did him good. He lingered after the others had gone, until Neely had frozen him out, and then he rose to go. As he did so he dropped a small folded paper on the table. It looked like a note, and the superscription was in Neely's hand. While the girl was formally seeing Dean off, Bruce possessed himself of the note. He was green with jealousy and the color did not change when he read in Neely's handwriting these words: "Hit—er—slope." "Furious girl!" he muttered, after the fashion of the stage lover, and then Neely returned, and he crushed the fatal note in his hand and looked as if he had swallowed the poker and several ramrods. Poor Neely. She could not for the life of her make things comfortable, for when she tried to explain that Archie Dean had not been invited, but had happened in, it only made matters worse, and her lover became a pyramid of frozen greenness, like a mammoth pistachio ice cream with all the sweetness left out. She did not know that Bruce had possessed himself of that mysterious and ambiguous note. But she knew it next day after he had called upon her father and mother, shown them the troublesome document and asked them to intercede and prevent the elopement which had been surreptitiously planned.

At first Neely laughed a merry, wicked, musical laugh. Then, as she looked at the green face of her lover, she became indignant, and finally refused to say a word either in defense or explanation while he was present. So the engagement was ended, and the love that was to spread out over a whole lifetime proved futile at its first trial. Neely went about with her head in the air and wretched depression at her heart. Bruce contemplated all the different forms of suicide, and had about decided on Paris green as being the best for his purpose, when a new source of interest was discovered. Archie Dean was dancing attendance on Myrtle Blair, Neely's dearest friend. Bruce received several mysterious hints that there was a mistake somewhere, and from being green he turned to a blue of the deepest dye, and finally sought counsel of Mrs. Hollingwood, Neely's mother, who had been his warm friend through it all, but was prevented from speaking by a solemn promise extracted from her by her daughter. "Go and ask Neely herself about the note—I'm sure it never meant anything," urged Mrs. Hollingwood. But Bruce was not ready for such a sacrifice of his pride yet. He waited another while, and then he did just what he ought to have done in the first place if he hadn't been as green as a Christmas goose. He went to Neely and said: "Take me back on probation, and I will prove myself worthy of your confidence. I know that jealousy is cruel as the grave."

Neely met him half way, after the fashion of her sex.

"And I will explain all about that note," she said, after they had kissed and made up. "You see, we were playing—"

"Hush," said Bruce, in a peremptory manner that somehow Neely liked, "not a word about that miserable note nor our quarrel over it, until the anniversary of our wedding day. Then, if I have not once been jealous, you may tell me the whole story, whatever it is." To this his sweetheart willingly agreed, and in the happiness of reconciliation the green cloud almost entirely disappeared from their horizon. Archie Dean was the best man at the wedding and at the same time the announcement was made of his engagement to Myrtle Blair. The year passed, as years do, without regard to individuals, and the first anniversary of the wedding day came around. Neely suggested that the same company of friends be invited that had participated in her birthday celebration when Bruce had discovered such a flaw in his happiness. At the same time they could make it a reception for the lately-wedded pair, Archie and Myrtle. As all these had heard of the quarrel without knowing of the exact circumstances, and had congratulated them on their making up at the time, they had no hesitancy in laying the whole matter before them. Besides, all these young people had their friends and chums since infancy.

When all had assembled, Bruce made a little speech, after the fashion of the surprised host who has received a crayon portrait of himself and says in a quivering voice: "I now rise to offer a few feeble remarks." He said that "trifles—er—light as air are to the—er—jealous confirmations strong as holy writ." Here there was applause that would have done the original author's soul good to hear. He continued that he was not easily jealous, but being wrought—interrupted by laughter, after which he dropped the language of hyperbole and said honestly that he had made a great fool of himself—apologized—but he wished now to say that he had erred by hard work every trace of jealousy from his nature. Then he sat down and Neely arose. "Let us have a game of anagrams, just as we did last year at my birthday party. This time I will give you the transpositions, and you can form out of them the original words." She passed around a number of slips of paper, on each of which some sentence or phrase was written. When she handed Archie Dean his slip, he said: "Why, I had this before, but I can't remember for my life what it means." "Read it aloud," commanded Neely, while Myrtle and Bruce looked on much interested. "Here goes," said Archie. "Hit—er—slope. It's Greek to me." "I think it is to Bruce," said Neely laughing. "It is the transposition of a flower—a beautiful sweet-scented blossom the color of—"

"Jealousy," whispered Bruce in her ear. "No, goosy, it is not green. It is a gem and a chronological instrument also. The phrase you have there, Archie, and which Bruce construed into an invitation to an elopement, is what you made out of it yourself."

"I remember," shouted Bruce, "the original word was heliotrope." "Exactly," laughed Neely, "and now let us have a game." "I should say that the game was up," remarked Bruce, and at that moment the last vestige of the green cloud disappeared from the clear sky of their happiness.—Detroit Free Press.

Bob Mawley, of Jacksonville, Fla., has a pair of young eagles which he has trained to carry through the air a basket containing his seven-year-old boy. His only regret is that he can't enjoy a trip himself till he has caught a few more of the birds.

Sets of admission tickets to the late famed of the Fair are now being hawked about in New York City by street merchants as souvenirs, and are also sold in a good many small shops.

—New York Telegram.