Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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THE Cruiser Baltimore comes out of her second trial trip with unofficial reports fully confirming the estimate heretofore put upon her that she is the fastest warship afloat. The United States is getting not only a new navy, but a good one, and without a waste of money on huge iron-clads.

THE will of Mr. John Crerar, of Chicago, devises $2,500,000 to that city for the establishment and maintenance of a public library. The gift is a magnificent one, and it is to be hoped that the provisions of the will are so plain that they cannot be overthrown by any of those legal technicalities which too often defeat the plans of philanthropy and generosity.

THE extension of the letter-carrier service to all cities containing over 2000 inhabitants is in the public interest. The effect of this will be to largely increase the expenditures of the Post Office Department and to discourage the proposition to reduce letter postage to one cent. But the prompt delivery of letters is more important to the public than a reduction of postage.

HERR JOHANN ORTH, formerly Archduke John Salvator, has his sanity brought into question because he wants to become a plain citizen and earn his living by work. He belongs to a family rather above the average of the nobility—robust, strong-willed and ambitious to be doing something. Herr Johann Orth should come here and grow up with the country. He is only 37 years of age and would here find plenty of opportunity for the free exercise of his talents.

IT WAS hoped that with the execution of young Hillman for murder, an end had been reached to the various lies he has told about the murder for which he was executed, but another comes along in the form of an ante-mortem confession not published until after his execution. It is not surprising, perhaps, that a murderer should have no respect for the truth, but this criminal shows an almost unexampled desire to involve other and innocent people in his crime.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN'S lecture on Russian convicts in Siberia has stirred up a movement looking to the relief of the political prisoners of Russia, through the intervention of the United States. It is a delicate business, but there is no other nation that could so well undertake friendly remonstrance with the Czar as the United States, and, though the outlook is by no means promising, yet some good might be done by the movement. At all events, it is a good cause that has been taken up by Dr. McVickar, and it is worth an effort to at least attempt to relieve the miseries of Siberian convicts.

A YOUNG woman of St. Louis, 23 years of age, has been married to a heavy-headed farmer who has seen 79 summers and an equal number of the other seasons. The farmer is immensely wealthy. The young woman in question may be thought foolish, but all will admit the degree of her folly becomes insignificant when compared with that of rich American girls, who invest their gold in the matrimonial markets of Europe and get only a coronet and a spendthrift.

THE statement that a great discovery of gold has been made in North Carolina is not quite so suspicious as similar stories that are occasionally sent out from other Eastern States. Gold has been found in North Carolina and worked more or less for a century. The indications have been very clear of large deposits somewhere in the mountains, but up to this time North Carolina has not turned up veins that would more than pay ordinary wages for the labor of recovering the metal.

AS THERE is more or less novelty about industrial enterprises in the Southern States than in any other parts of the Union, a record is kept of such investments of capital south of Mason's and Dixon's line. According to this record, arrangements were made recently for the investment of over four million dollars in land companies, iron furnaces, cotton mills and the like. These are paper figures, of course, but they nevertheless represent a considerable amount of hard cash, and, what is more to the purpose, a real design and effort to develop the resources of the South and to diversify her industries. Such a movement will help "to make a more perfect Union," just as did the adoption of a constitution giving to Congress the authority to regulate commerce between the States and with foreign nations.

THE coil and tangle of the baseball situation grows more intricate as the plans of the club-owners, magnates and players are unfolded from day to day. Recently the Kansas City Club withdrew from the American Association and joined the Western League. This was a wise move for the Kansas City organization; but, following hard upon the desertion to the National League of the Brooklyn and Cincinnati Clubs, it must result in hastening the dissolution of the American Association. The five remaining clubs in the latter organization may maintain some form of associated union, but only at the cost of dropping to the position of a minor league. If they should enter into open negotiations with the Brotherhood clubs, that would be a violation of the "national agreement," and the League magnates would be at liberty to take such of their players as might be willing to sign League contracts. The storm is raging and while it may clear the baseball fields of rubbish, it may also strike down public interest in the game. This is the gravest danger which all concerned in the sport have to encounter.

'Nellie Morris' Mistake.

Nellie Morris bent over her sewing machine as busy as a bee, while the hands of the big clock in the corner went slowly around to six, and the sun began to sink lower in the western sky.

"There!" she cried, gayly, as she reached the end of the long strip of muslin that she had been hemming, "that is done, thank fortune! And now I can rest, and"—with a rosy little blush flitting over her round cheeks—"Tom will soon be here. He promised to come at seven. He said he would be early this evening for he is going to finish reading 'Aurora Leigh.'"

She closed the sewing machine, folded her work, and placed it in a dainty basket; and then ran up stairs to don a pretty white muslin, and loop back her curly brown hair with a blue ribbon. Her toilet completed, she descended to the cozy sitting-room, where her mother, who was an invalid, lay reading upon a soft couch.

"Will you have your tea now, mamma?" she inquired.

Mrs. Morris glanced up; a fragile little woman with pathetic brown eyes.

"Yes, dear," she answered. "You are expecting Tom, I suppose?"

The girl's pretty face flushed; that was answer enough. Mrs. Morris smiled.

"I am glad that you are engaged to Tom," she observed, "for he is good and reliable, unusual trait in the young men of the present day. Nellie, if I were a girl, I would never marry a man who broke his word, even in the most trifling matter."

"Nor I," quoth Nellie, gravely, shaking her curly brown head. "Mamma!" after a brief silence, "Jennie Ford has done all in her power to sow dissension between Tom and myself. But she shall not succeed, for I would trust Tom anywhere. They are not many men like Tom Lewis."

Ah, little Nell! the time is fast approaching when your faith will be put to the test.

She bustled about, little household fairy that she was, and prepared her mother's tea; that having been dispatched, she shook up the pillows, threw an afghan over her mother, and having lighted the lamp on the centre-table, turned it low, then she stole out upon the porch to wait for Tom. Not that she would let him know that she was waiting for him, oh, not she only meant to watch and wait, screened from observation by the trailing rose vines which covered the porch, and when she would hear the ringing footsteps coming down the street, and the gate latch would click, she would hasten into the house and meet her lover with as much *sang froid* as though she had not been waiting with a wildly beating heart for his appearance. Where is the woman who has not some time practiced such innocent deceit?

The minutes slipped by; it seemed to waiting Nellie that they were winged to-night. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, chimed the old clock in the corner with its hands before its face like a bashful school girl, shrinking from notice.

"Tom will be here in a minute," said Nellie, cheerfully, "he is always so prompt; I can estimate to a moment just when to expect him."

Alas! the moment came and went, and another and another followed it in swift pursuit.

Nellie stepped into the sitting-room and glanced at the clock a little anxiously. Surely the old time-piece had gone wrong!

"Ah, well," excused the little woman (women are prolific of excuses, where the man they love is concerned), "something important has detained him, and he will soon be here. He has never disappointed me or kept me waiting. When Tom appoints an hour, he never fails."

But there has to be a first time for everything, you see, Nellie stood waiting, waiting. Every instant she fancied that she could hear the familiar sound of his footsteps coming down the long street upon which stood her suburban home. But the moments passed, and she was doomed to disappointment. At last, overcome by the heartache which had gradually asserted itself, she succumbed to "a good cry." But after a time she lifted her little head with a haughty gesture, and dashed the tears from her eyes, suddenly grown hard, and bright, and scornful.

"Let him go," she panted, angrily, "if that is all that he cares for me! I will run over and see Aunt Mary, and Tom Lewis shall never know the full extent of my disappointment to-night. I don't care whether he comes or not!"

Now, when a woman speaks in such a manner of the lover who is dearer to her than life itself, it is usually pretty safe to decide that she cares a great deal. Women are so inconsistent, you know; but men!—ah, never! of course not!

Nellie went into the house, bathed her eyes, smoothed her disordered hair, and as her mother was sleeping, and their little maid-of-all-work sat at her side. Nellie threw a white wrap about her own shoulders and started to call upon her aunt, who lived very near. But at her own gate she came to a halt. For there, passing down the street as though in great haste (perhaps he feared that Nellie might catch a glimpse of him), was Tom Lewis, her betrothed husband, and at his side pretty Jennie Ford. For an instant Nellie's heart stopped beating; then, without pausing to reflect, she turned angrily and ran back to the house. Once in her own room, she seated herself at her desk and wrote a cold line to her lover, giving him back his freedom. And the romance of her life was over—or she thought it was, which amounts to the same thing, I suppose.

Nellie did not sleep much that night, and morning found her pale and haggard. But she mailed the letter to Tom Lewis, and went about her duties cheerfully and as patiently as possible.

Late in the day there was a ring at the door-bell. Nellie commanded the servant to say, if the visitor should prove to be Mr. Lewis, that she was engaged and could not see him. It was, indeed, Mr. Lewis, and, much to Nellie's discomfiture, he insisted upon seeing her mother.

A long interview followed, after which Tom took his departure, and Mrs. Morris sent for Nellie to come to the room where she was lying.

"Nellie," she began, reproachfully, "you owe Tom an apology."

"I—indeed!" stormed Nellie.

"Hush, my dear!" interposed her mother; "you do not know all yet. Listen, Nellie. Mrs. Ford was taken suddenly ill last night; they thought that she would certainly die before morning, and she cannot survive many hours, I am told. Well, Lewis was sent for to execute her last will and testament. As he is a lawyer, of course it is his business to attend to such calls. The message delayed him, and on his way to Mrs. Ford's he met Jennie, who had been sent in great haste to the drug store for medicine. Of course Tom accompanied her to the store, and then escorted her home again, where he arrived in time to arrange Mrs. Ford's business before she sank into a state of insensibility, from which will never never awaken. My dear, it is not always advisable to judge by appearances. You will make it all up with Tom, will you not, Nellie?"

Of course Nellie and Tom "made up" their quarrel; and in all her after life Nellie never forgot that "seeing is not always believing," and "appearances are often deceitful."

Why Corn Pops.

What is the condition of the starchy interior of the grain just before it explodes? The common experience of the kitchen and laundry will help us here. In making up the mixture for stiffening clothes, the laundress puts starch into water and boils it, and we all know that in this process the starch loses its powdery character and becomes blended with the water into a pasty, translucent mass. The effect upon the individual starch granule is a softening and considerable increase in its bulk and, finally, its rapture and diffusion through the water.

While we cannot see the inside of the grain at the critical moment when it has all but burst, we may, in view of what we now know, probably surmise the truth. It is not very likely that, as the grain gets hotter and hotter, the moisture present in the cells, or in the starch granules themselves, softens them first, and then, when the heat becomes too great to permit its remaining in the fluid state, it suddenly turns to steam, and the now plastic starch expands in every direction, losing at the same time, of course, the moisture and thus becoming firm and brittle again?

This is the conclusion to which I have been brought, and I think of the wonderful physics of popped corn with great satisfaction whenever I shake my popper over the glowing coals.

How a Chinaman Views English Customs.

It is refreshing to see what they think of Western customs in the Flowery Land. A chinese journalist has been writing in a native paper on Western customs as observed by him in the course of a visit to England. Speaking of the meals taken by Englishmen, he explains that tea and comfits are taken twice a day, and a heavy meal twice; or tea and comfits once and the heavy meal twice. About the time for the latter, a bell is rung once to let the people know, so that they may change their clothes and wash their hands; when the bell is rung again they assemble together in the dining-room. At tea-time they take cow's milk and white sugar, mixed with coffee or black tea. The meal is, in fact, what is called in the Middle Kingdom tienshin (stay stomach). Their green meat is exceedingly tender. It is the custom to eat it uncooked, rinsed in water and dried, then mixed with sesamum, oil, salt and vinegar.

Men and women, continues the gossiper, are seated indiscriminately around the same dish and at the same table. Even a man and his daughter-in-law, a woman and her brother-in-law do not avoid each other's company. When the time comes for a dinner gathering or a tea gathering, invitations are sent to an equal number of men and women, and after they are all assembled, tea and sugar, milk, bread and the like are sent out as aids to conversation. More particular there are invitations to skip and posture, when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then, with both arms grasping each other, they leave the table in pairs, and leap, skip posture and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping tanshen (dancing).

The Old Enthusiasm Gone.

A gentleman who was in Paris during the summer just past, remarks that one of the things which struck him most forcibly and unpleasantly was the singing of the "Marseillaise" by three thousand Frenchmen, chosen from the leading choral societies of the city. They assembled in the open air, and lifted up their voices together in the song which for the last century has made every Frenchman's heart thrill when it has sounded in his ears.

And the song rose on the air, beautifully sung, finished and elegant, and utterly lacking in fire. Of old, when it was forbidden to sing the "Marseillaise," a dozen men roaring it in an obscure cabaret would inflame the entire quarter, and in the fiery days of the revolution a single voice would raise a neighborhood to deeds of blood simply by singing the inspiring words. Now it was without force. It was correct, and all enthusiasm had died out of it.

"And what is France?" some one asked, "when it is possible to sing the 'Marseillaise' in her streets without raising the paving stone?"

Explanation Did Not Help.

A Waterbury business man witnessed a funny scene on a Naugatuck train. He was seated in a corner when a man came in and took a seat three pews in front of him, depositing his grip on the seat by his side. Soon after the man left his grip in the seat alone and went forward to enjoy a cigar in the smoking car. At the next station man No. 3 came in and sat down by the lonesome gripsack, man No. 4 taking a seat next in the rear. At the next station the man by the grip left the car and No. 4, seeing the grip for the first time, supposed it belonged to No. 3, and he at once raised a window and threw the grip out at him, yelling: "Here, you! Here's your baggage," and away the car skurried before the Waterbury onlooker had time to stop the fun. When the owner of the grip sauntered back to his seat from the smoker and could not find his baggage, the explanation of the affair made the incident rather aggravating.

The Scientific American suggests rubbing the joint of stylographic pens on which the fingers rest with the thin edge of a piece of wax to prevent soiling the fingers with the ink that escapes from the imperfect joint.

MOTHER'S CORNER.

"I know the mother of a family" say Emily Bouton, in the *Toledo Blade*, who is doing a work, which, begun for her children's sake, has brought to herself in the doing a keen delight. It has taken time and study; many social enjoyments have been sacrificed; much hard work has been and will have to be done in order to carry it forward; but the results already visible are those of which she may well be proud. She formed her family of six or seven rollicking boys and girls into an Agassiz class for the study of natural history and botany. The most familiar things in the way of plants and insects were made the subjects of careful observation and investigation. When it was possible, long rambles were taken in the woods, and curious things gathered for study and examination. The children, from the eldest to the least, were full of interest and enthusiasm, if not all at first, it came as the lessons went on, until the hours spent in this way were the most pleasurable of all in the day. She purchased a microscope that added to the interest, and in order to keep herself in tones with what was going on in these directions, took the best papers and periodicals devoted to such subjects. Seeing the good it was doing her own children, out of a desire to help others, she invited two or three motherless boys to join the class, and they did so gladly. So the work goes on, the interest increasing month by month, and year by year.

"I know," she said, in answer to my inquiries as to how she came to such an undertaking, "that I must do something to keep my boys and girls around me, for I could not bear to see them going elsewhere to find their pleasures that might be their ruin. So after much thought, I resolved to take this course, and it has worked admirably, besides being of the greatest benefit to myself. Keep it up? Of course I shall, so long as any of my youngsters stay under the home roof, and then after that for my own pleasure."

* * *

PLAYTHINGS FOR VISITORS.

"Well, I just did not enjoy my visit there one bit, for one of us had to hold baby every minute to keep her out of mischief. There was not even an empty spool offered her to play with."

So said a young mother to me a while ago, and it is a fairly good text for the preachment of some notions as to a duty owned to "even other folks' babies." We know very well, and have been amused sometimes at seeing how nervous people feel lest other folks' babies do damage to some of their possessions. Our little folks are very unfortunate in always doing their worst when they are most unwelcome, as most mothers can confess, and to mothers I confess I do not care to work harder to get a visit than I do at home. It is a good plan to take along a few favorite toys and a picture book when going where there are no children; then let baby find them for itself in the hand-bag, and it is tolerably sure to enjoy them and be content. There is one caution in place, right here. If baby is not allowed to touch everything in the home parlor, it will not want to do so away from home, and every mother can provide her child with some half-dozen light toys or a picture-book as its "go-visiting toys," just as she keeps a special dress or apron for state occasions.

Now the other side of the case. It is a small matter, and as "more evil is wrought from want of thought than ever from want of heart," a suggestion may be acceptable. In every well regulated house there should be a box or basket into which the housekeeper may toss picture almanacs, a stump of lead-pencil, some large empty spools not on a string, but a ball of string with them, an empty spool-box and a few large odd buttons, bits of bright calico or silk and a split clothes-pin or two, or, if she feels generous, half-a-dozen good clothes-pins, some advertising cards and an empty salt bag or even a paper bag or two. Then if a child comes in, the whole lot can be set out without a pang to be used and abused at will; all clean things easily gathered up and tucked away for the next time, and not any the worse, if finger-marked or broken or torn, for the diversion of the next child. If time admits, the clothes-pins may be dressed in the calico scraps and make cunning dollies for baby girls. Once a basket is set apart for such a purpose, many odds and ends will find their way into it. If you actually have nothing to give a child to amuse it an hour, it is worth a moment's consideration, and a dozen corn cobs will do to begin with right away. A raisin box makes a good stool for a child. If a bit of carpet is neatly tacked over it, it adds to its appearance and comfort, or if it has a lid fitted over all the edges it may be used as a place of deposit for the aforesaid traps as well as for a stool.—*The Lady.*

Afraid He Will Explode.

Among those arraigned in the Chicago Insane Court, was one Koppes, who imagines he is full of bombshells and power, and may at any time explode. The Judge heard the witnesses, and then, turning to Koppes, said:

"Henry, you are insane?"

"I am not, sir," promptly responded the man.

"What is the matter with you, then?"

"It is a sad story, your Honor, but I will tell you. My enemies have filled me with explosives, bombshells, you know, and I may blow up at any time. But the worst of it is, the people won't be careful; they will burn matches around where I am, when they know I might explode."

The jury found him insane, and sent him to Kankakee.

An Elephant's Politics.

Many stories are current of the remarkable intelligence of the elephant, but I have come across nothing so conclusive of the noble animal's sagacity as the story of the elephant which broke loose the other day at Leigh, in Lancashire. On gaining its liberty, this intelligent beast made straight for the Conservative Club, and did his best to demolish the front of the premises, after which he proceeded to the parish church and battered down a gate which barred the public access to the sacred edifice. Leigh is a strong Radical town, and there can be little doubt, I take it, that this is a Radical elephant, who, inspired by the *genius loci*, determined to hold a political demonstration on his own account.

Real poverty, that comes upon us from no fault of our own, is the most grievous thing to bear.

When the Woods Turn Brown.

How will it be when the roses fade,
Out of the garden and out of the glade?
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet-briar wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child,
Is charged for dry hips on a thorny bush?

Then, scarlet and carmine, the groves will flush.

How will it be when the autumn flowers
Wither away from their leafless bowers;
When sun-flower and star-flower and golden-rod
Glimmer no more from their frosted sod,
And the hillside nooks are empty and cold?

Then the forest tops will be gay with gold.

How will it be when woods turn brown,
Their gold and their crimson all dropped down
And crumbled to dust?

O, then as we lay
Our ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say,
"In the dark I am seeking new gems for my crown."
We will dream of green leaves when the woods turn brown.

—*Lucy Larcom*

A VICTOR VANQUISHED.

"Ten to one you'll fall in love with her," said Fred Edgerly, emphatically.

"I won't take the wager. I don't want to rob you, Edgerly."

"You think you are proof against any amount of attractions after bearing assault and battery from West Point belles for five years and upward," Edgerly answered, laughingly, as he glanced at the handsome bronzed face of his friend as they drove over the high road leading from Carmen Station to Hurlton Top, where the two men were expected to join Mrs. Hurlton's gay party. "But you have not seen Miss Viner yet; when you do prepare to surrender unconditionally."

"You seem to forget that I am not an impressionable school boy," Lieutenant Fleetwell answered, with a scornful smile curling his lip under his heavy mustache. "I have seen hundreds of women handsomer and more charming than Miss Viner, I dare say, and I have escaped heart whole, fortunately," he added, with a sarcastic curl of the lip, which escaped his friend's notice.

"Fortunately! and why fortunately? Surely when a man is good looking, wealthy and in the army he ought to marry and give hostages to fortune."

"Perhaps he ought, if he can," said Lieutenant Fleetwell, carelessly.

"If he can! That can't apply to you, Fleetwell. There is hardly a woman in five hundred who would refuse you."

"Is there not? Why?

"Because you are rich and handsome, in the army, and—eligible."

"Excellent reasons for a woman to marry me," said Lieutenant Fleetwell, a trifle bitterly, "and equally excellent ones to keep me from matrimony," he added, as they turned in at the park gates and drove up the avenue leading to the old Hurlton mansion. It was a fine day, toward the latter part of September, bright and cheerful and sunshiny, and the grand, stately old brown stone building was looking its best in the haze of golden sunlight.

It was upward of five years since Lieutenant Fleetwell had seen his cousin's stately old mansion, and his handsome dark eyes brightened yet more as they fell upon a lady in a picturesque tea gown who came out of the wide stone steps with her eager hands outstretched and her dark eyes aglow with pleasure.

"My dear Jerome, how glad I am," she said, as Lieutenant Fleetwell took the little hands in his, and bending kissed them with a graceful, old World courtesy, which was pleasant to see. "Frank is fishing, of course, but he will be back early. What an age it is since we met!"

"It is a long time, indeed," Jerome answered in his low, rich voice, "but looking at you, Florence, I am inclined to think that it is five months, and not five years, which have elapsed since I went to West Point."

"Wait till you see my boys," she said, laughing, as she turned to greet the young collegian with pleasant, cordial courtesy—and the two gentlemen followed her into the hall, a stately apartment in keeping with the exterior of the mansion. "Most of my lady guests have driven over to Hamby's Head," Mrs. Hurlton said, as she led the way across the marble pavement towards one of the many doors which opened into the hall; "Miss Viner and I are alone. Mr. Edgerly, I have good news for you; Miss Dusan is coming to-morrow."

As she spoke she pushed open a door leading into a pretty, dainty, rather æsthetic-looking room, where tea was waiting, and which at first seemed to be unoccupied, but as the door opened a lady who was standing by the open window, turned slowly round and came towards them, holding out her hand to Mr. Edgerly with a smile, which did not blind him to the sudden gleam of intense, eager admiration which flashed into Lieutenant Fleetwell's eyes as they rested upon her face.

She was very beautiful—there could hardly be two opinions upon that point. She was small, though Queen-like; and her dress of some soft cream-colored material, which fell around her in soft folds, showed the beauty of a figure which was nothing less than perfect.

"Lieutenant Fleetwell—Miss Viner," said Mrs. Hurlton quietly, and Miss Viner bowed slightly, while the faintest tinge of pink rose in her fair face as she met Lieutenant Fleetwell's eager, dark, admiring eyes.

Hurlton Top was one of the very pleasantest houses in the country to stay at, for the hostess exercised the greatest discretion and judgment in the choice of her guests, and spared no pains to make their visit an enjoyable one. Mrs. Hurlton was, like another happy wife, a match-maker at heart.

It very soon became apparent to some of her lady visitors that their pretty hostess had designs against the peace of mind of her husband's cousin—and Fred Edgerly smiled to himself as he saw how hopelessly and irretrievably in love his friend had fallen with Miss Viner before many days had elapsed.

September drifted into October. On a smooth lake some little distance from the house, an idle boat with idle oars was floating down with the current. The moonlight played at will on the placed breast of the lake.

Such the picture had one been a mere spectator to the mimic scene—but to the two actors surroundings were lost sight of—they thought only of themselves.

Mocking the silver moon, when they glanced upward, they could see across the lake and through the trees the twinkling lights of Hurlton Top and hear the merry voices and gay laughter of the group on the bank from which they had just escaped. Arch smiles had passed between its members as they had seen Dorothy Viner and Jerome Fleetwell stroll off arm in arm to where the little boat was moored.

The women had almost ceased to be jealous of Dorothy—or to speak where lay her charm. When she exercised her fascinations men bowed before her—first from necessity, then from choice.

But though her victims were countless, she was twenty-four and Dorothy Viner still. However, this time she had encountered (her little said) a foeman worthy of her steel. What she was among men, Jerome Fleetwell was among women. Therefore, seeing these two brought beneath the same roof and thrown into daily intercourse, rumor was rife and speculation awaited results with bated breath. Meanwhile the little boat floated calmly on the surface of the lake.

"Miss Viner—Dorothy!"

It was the first word either had uttered in full ten minutes. She looked quickly up at the speaker. The white knit scarf thrown carelessly upon her dark hair, out from which peered the beautiful pale face, lent her some of the moon's mystic charm, but meeting the earnest gaze of the dark, magnetic eyes bent upon her, hers fell for an instant. Then, as though ashamed of the momentary weakness, again shot a questioning look into Lieutenant Fleetwell's face.

"Miss Viner," he repeated, calmly, "did you know we were in danger?"

"In danger?"

The dreamy look faded from her face, the color deserted her cheeks, and, shivering heavily, she glanced up at the blue vault where sailed so majestically the goddess of night, down into the dark depths of the waters, only to see the moon's brilliancy reflected there, around, about her. All was peaceful.

"No," he said, in answer to her look, "not from any of these. The moon, the wind, the water—all are our friends to-night. We are in danger from each other."

Oh, how she prayed the moon might fail to make apparent the instant flushing of blood to her cheek. She felt it glow like a warm crimson rose, even while she raised her little head almost defiantly, as though to hurl a challenge at his audacity. Men had made love to her in many forms, but always as supplicants. This man dared to suppose her in equal danger with himself.

"You deal in riddles, Lieutenant Fleetwell," she returned coldly. "I am accustomed to plain speech.

"Rather say that plain speech is to you an unknown tongue, and that I am the first man who has dared to speak frankly. Would you have me speak plainer still? You shall have your wish. A week longer under the same roof with you, a week more of exposure to your fascinations, and my ship would go to wreck and ruin on the bar; unless"—he leaned nearer, his voice grew softer, more full of tender feeling, and his hand fell on hers very lightly, but with caressing grace—"unless, Dorothy, you would let it float your pennon and guide it into the safe harbor of your love."

She had been wooed many times, in many climes, by many men, but nothing had ever moved her as this wooing on this moonlight night in October. Yet this soldier—this man—dared to tell her that in another week this all might come to pass.

Others had sworn to go from her presence to put an end to the existence she had rendered miserable, or had vowed that henceforth woman's smile would be gall and wormwood, or pleaded that she had shorn their manhood of its strength and rendered their life a burden.

This one did none of these things. While his strength yet was his he saw and met the danger.

"A week hence," she said to herself, bitterly, "and the flame might singe him. Now his wings are all unscorched. He does not say: 'I love you!' In time I might love you!' Was he then to win so easy a victory? Never."

"Let us go home," she interrupted, in a constrained voice. "It is growing chilly."

"Dorothy, is this my answer?"

"Your answer?" with an assumption of surprise. "I was not aware of any question."

"You shall not have even this excuse. Will you be my wife?"

His voice was harsh and stern, and his grasp tightened on her hand.

"You hurt me, Lieutenant Fleetwell," she complained, petulantly, making an effort to withdraw her fingers.

Instantly he released her.

"I see that I hurt you," he returned, courteously, and took up the oars. "Pardon me," he continued, "I will not do it ever again."

A few bold strokes and the boat's keel grated on the shore. Ten minutes later the two reappeared in Mrs. Hurlton's beautifully-appointed salon. On the parterre beyond shone the red light from a man's cigar. It was still there, still gleaming when she had gone up to her own room. She crossed to the window to pull down the shade, but stood a moment, fascinated, motionless.

"After to-night he will forget me," she murmured, sadly. "And I—I shall remember him—forever!"

Then, as though a sudden truth had burst upon her, she drew down the shade to throw herself with a quick, impetuous motion prone upon her couch and weep the first heart tears she had ever shed.

"It is all over—Miss Viner has refused him." This was the general verdict when twenty-four hours later Jerome Fleetwell bade his friends adieu, and withdrew to town on plea of sudden business.

The news soon reached Dorothy's ears. "I have not refused him," she said aloud; "not even that satisfaction is mine," she said to herself—"nor ever will be! It was only 'the might have been.'"

He was not a man, she knew full well, to plunge desperately into flirtation, or associate his name at once with another woman's, or to retire later or rise earlier or in any way disturb the even tenor of his way. The difference between them was only this—his heart was healing, perhaps already healed, but he would bear its scar to the grave; her's was a festering sore, which hurt the more that she had let the physician who might work its cure pass her by.

The summer wanes to a close. Autumn had touched the mountain and hillside into a glorious beauty of brown and red. Then came winter's lagging footsteps, mercifully bearing the exquisite white shroud of snow to cover up all signs of devastation and decay.

The season in the gay world was at its height. Occasionally murmurs among its debutants for its honors arose at the fact that, though Miss Viner's fifth winter, her former success paled in its most effulgent light. She and Lieutenant Fleetwell constantly met. She almost wished he might avoid her, but at their first chance encounter he had approached with outstretched hand.

"How charmingly you are looking, Miss Viner," he had said. And all in vain she had watched for a tremor in his voice, or a shadow of embarrassment in his manner.

"Only a week between him and shipwreck," she thought, bitterly. "Oh, he has sailed so far from the fatal rock that doubtless he would now laugh at its supposed danger—and I—I was weak enough to think he stood upon the precipice's brink."

The new year had come, and one evening Dorothy stood alone in her father's drawing-room, looking out at the last gathering darkness, when through its sombre shade she saw a figure pass and mount the steps. "A visitor,' she uttered, wearily; then waited the inevitable announcement she knew must follow. But spite of every effort she started when the servant, throwing open the door, called out "Lieutenant Fleetwell!" Oh, how glad she was that the rooms were not yet lighted as she went forward to receive him.

"May I welcome you in the darkness?" she questioned.

"As you will," he answered. "I have but a few moments to stay. I have come to bid you good bye and to ask you to wish me bon voyage."

"Bon voyage! You are going abroad?"

"Yes. I sail on Thursday. I hesitated about calling, but my desire to see you led me to believe you would pardon my audacity in supposing my going a question of enough moment to make it worthy of a special call."

"My friends are always welcome. I did not suppose it necessary you should hear that repeated now."

"Nor is it. It was only a morbid fancy on my part which induced me to question it. I shall come back, I trust, with my mind clearer. At least I shall be some years older. When I return I presume I shall look for Miss Dorothy Viner in vain, until I shall find her in some matron, equally charming. I can not imagine her quite staid and portly."

So he could speak thus lightly of her becoming the wife of another man? And he was going away; she might never again hear his voice nor see his face. It was too cruel! He and fate were too strong for her. The tears gathered in the black eyes, but the darkness hid them.

He rattled on—she had no need to speak. Then he rose to go.

"Good-bye, Miss Viner!"—he took her hands in both his—"good-bye! God bless you!"

Was it her fancy that just at the last his voice trembled?

He crossed the room; he had gained the door. Another instant he would be gone; another instant it might be too late.

"Jerome!" she said, softly.

Two strides, it seemed, brought him back to her side.

"You called me, for what? To make my going harder?"

"Oh, is it hard? In mercy tell me, for my own heart is breaking!"

"Your heart is breaking! Dorothy, Dorothy! what does this mean?" But the sound of her sobs was his only answer.

"Dorothy," he continued, "can it be that I have judged you wrongly? Look up, my darling. Is it your wish that I should stay?"

Then she found her voice. "I thought you did not love me enough," she murmured. "But stay, or if you must go, take me with you."

"I will," he answered her, simply, as he folded her in his arms.

A month later a great steamer moved slowly out to sea, and as they stood on the deck, hand clasped in hand, with the salt breeze blowing keenly in their faces, it bore them away into the placid beauty of the coming night, toward the Old World and the new life.

When Rogers Kept Open House.

It is scarcely too much to say that he kept open house for men of letters, and many distinguished writers of the time owed to him their introduction to London society. A large part of the correspondence which has been preserved arose out of such visits, and much of the very high distinction Rogers' house attained is due to the kindly mention made of it by men who had themselves helped to render it attractive. It differed in many respects from the houses of mere rich men or men of title who played the patron of poor authors. Rogers entertained them as one of themselves. He was not the patron, but the poet. Literary men and artists even at this day feel the difference between visiting one another and visiting people who only want to parade them before their friends.

How much greater was the distinction when the century was young. The company at his table was carefully chosen, and men and women who met there rarely found themselves antipathetically mixed. The table was not too large for the conversation to be general; the company was not numerous enough to break up into groups. When the host spoke his guests listened. His good things were not for his next neighbors only, but for all. So with his chief guests. They had the whole company for audience. Sharp's acute observations, Mackintosh's wonderful talk, Wordsworth's monologue, Sydney Smith's irrepressible fun, were not confined to their next neighbors, but were for the whole group. People went away, therefore, not merely remarking what agreeable people sat by them at dinner, but what a pleasant party it was.

Why the Cat has Whiskers.

Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of these, in a state of nature, is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion as well as in the common cat; so that, from point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he was to attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads (the claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, which creeps along the grass and is not perceived until it is coiled round his prey.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—An Ohio peddler having fallen ill, his seventeen-year-old daughter mounted the cart and drove about the country for three weeks. Her sales exceeded any that her father ever made in the same length of time.

—A physician in Boston sounds a warning against the practice of chewing wooden toothpicks. He says the habit is responsible for much sickness. Small particles of the wood are swallowed, and, lodging frequently in the walls of the stomach, induce gastric disturbance. He knows of several such cases which proved fatal.

—A. M. Bisbee, who was the Chinese delegate to the maritime conference at Washington, is an adventurous Yankee, born and bred on Cape Cod. In his travels he drifted across the continent and over the Pacific, and he is now Coast Inspector of the Imperial Maritime Customs Service of China.

—The King of Siam is about to send five Siamese boys to the United States to be educated at his own expense. It is the King's custom to educate the sons of noblemen and the princes of his domain in various countries, and when they return to Siam appoint them to high Government positions.

—A check for several thousand dollars sent to Pope Leo XIII. from Newark, N. J., has been returned through the regular channels to the Newark bank on which it was drawn, duly endorsed by the Pope. The handwriting is neat and even. The check will be kept as a souvenir.

—The editor of a Japanese newspaper recently collected statistics of growth from all the Protestant churches of Japan, showing their increase during the last three years. From thirty-eight churches they have grown to 151, and from 3,700 members to 11,000.

—St. Paul has decided to build "the most fantastic ice palace ever known," and to have the biggest and finest carnival possible at a time to be set later. Financial backing in abundance has already been secured, and every indication points to the most successful carnival in the history of the Northwest.

—Marion Crawford, the novelist, who is about to become a resident of Washington, is known as a very expert swordsman, but he is mightier as a penman.

—The postal cards anniversary. The postal card was twenty years old on the 1st of October. Austria has the credit of first adopting the invention though it was first advocated by the German Postmaster-General, Dr. Stephan. On October 1, 1869, a "Correspondenz Karte" first burst on the astonished Continental world.

—The French Postmaster General has published his telephonic tariff. Yearly subscriptions in Paris are reduced from £24 to £16, and in towns which there is already an underground network of wires to £12, on the condition, however, that each subscriber shall bear a proportionate share of the expense of making necessary repairs.

—A Christian tribe, surrounded by pagans, has just been discovered in the heart of Africa. They had never before seen a white man. While their religious ideas are crude, still they have a priesthood, the cross and other emblems of Christianity. They are believed to have been exiled from Abyssinia about eight hundred years ago.

—An affidavit does not accompany the following story, which Ohio sends along: "A lady of Columbus used for her complexion a mixture of arsenic and nitrate of silver. Then she went to the White Sulphur Springs and took the baths. The sulphur decomposed the silver salts in her skin and turned her so black that she has gone into retirement and will not be seen again for a year."

—Over 100 guests in a Kalamazoo (Mich.) hotel tried in vain to guess why a drummer had two little plaster of paris skeletons fastened in the crown of his tile. After all gave up he explained, saying: "It is simply a case of business. I used to have so many hats stolen it kept me poor buying new ones, but I find nobody will steal a hat with skeletons in it; hence the skeletons."

—The talk heard so often nowadays about China's growing friendliness to the outer barbarians is founded on error. The Chinese hate them as bitterly to-day as they did thirty years or more ago. The lives and limbs of foreigners in Canton are said to be much less safe than formerly, in so much that if they choose to visit unattended the temples, the potter's field where the beheading takes place, or any of the other famous sights in the wonderful city, the risk run is considerable.

—Ben Butler has decided to write his memoirs and has selected his publisher. He says he wants the truth to appear in answer "to the false and malicious statements made concerning nearly everything I have done, engendered by the venomous hatred of portions of each political party, because I disagreed with both, and in the early days of the war of the rebellion largely written and published both in this country and Europe, and paraded to 'fire the Southern heart' as a sort of posterior justification of rebellion and treason."

—A remarkable story comes from Maine to the effect that a man who employed two intoxicated oarsmen to take him across a lake was landed on an island instead of on the main shore. "All his shouts, when he discovered where he was, were of no avail, and it was several days before he got off. Luckily he found, in a cottage which he broke into, some crackers, onions and potatoes,