

The Cameo Brooch.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

A pretty girl was seated upon a vine-wreathed porch, darning stockings. Max Delaney's eyes brightened as they rested upon her, and a thrill stirred his usually unsuspicious heart.

"Have I traversed the wide world over, and gone unscathed all these years," he asked himself, "only to fall in love, at first sight, with a rustic divinity out in the wilds of Michigan?"

At the sound of his footsteps the girl looked up, with a startled air, the lovely peach-bloom color deepening and brightening in her velvety cheeks.

What Daisy Wentworth saw was a tall, dark young man, of eight-and-twenty, with a somewhat listless expression upon his face. He wore a tourist's dress of gray tweed, and carried a small pack slung across his broad shoulders.

"May I trouble you for a drink of water?" he asked, in a low, musical voice, that made the girl start, its refined accents were so different from the rough speech to which she was accustomed.

Before Daisy could comply with the request, the kitchen-door swung suddenly open, and a hard, strong-featured face, with beetling black brows and fiery eyes, peered out, the face of Mrs. Wentworth, Daisy's stepmother.

"Don't come in here!" she cried, in a shrill, acid voice, glowering angrily at the astonished young man. "You have nothing I want in that nasty pack. I never trade with tramps."

"Oh, mother!" cried Daisy, in dismay. "I am sure the man is no peddler."

"He's something worse, then, and had better go about his business."

Mrs. Wentworth was about to slam the door, when, by an amusing coincidence, a peddler's cart drove into the yard.

She was one of those women who made "distinctions." Though unable to abide one who carried his pack on his own back, she had a weakness for peddlers who had arrived at the distinction of driving a cart.

The angry look instantly vanished from her face, leaving it bland and smiling. She decided that Max Delaney must be the avant courier.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon!" she said, humbly. "I took you for one of the sort that goes about with smuggled goods made right here at home, and cheap laces they try to palm off as genuine thread. I am disgusted with the whole tribe. And Daisy there has put me all out of temper with her trifling and idling. Just like her dead mother, they say. It's a dreadful trial to have another woman's child to bring up. I would never have married Silas Wentworth had I known he would up and die at the end of five years, and leave me to take care of his first wife's daughter. I have children enough of my own to look after."

Daisy was accustomed to these tirades, but they always brought tears to her eyes. She might have reported that her stepmother had seized upon the bit of property that was left, and used it all for the benefit of her own children, but she refrained.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Wentworth resumed, garrulously. "I've got lots of rags stowed away in the garret, that I've been keeping until the right person comes along. If you don't mind being hindered, I'll go and gather 'em up."

A roguish twinkle showed itself in Max Delaney's eyes, as the woman disappeared in the direction of the upper regions.

"My pack only contains the kit of a strolling artist," he said, smiling. "But here comes the real Simon Pure," as a freckled-faced man, with a scraggy, sandy moustache, ascended the steps, bringing an armful of tinware and some old-fashioned steel-yards. "I shall abdicate in his favor."

Daisy's cheeks were burning hotly, but she caught up her print sunbonnet, and bringing a tumbler from the pantry-shelf, led the way to the well, in the shadow of some lilac-bushes at the rear of the house.

Max drank the cool water she proffered, as though it had been ambrosia. On returning the empty glass, his gaze happened to fall upon the pin that fastened Daisy's collar. It was a cameo of considerable value—a portrait finely and artistically cut; but it did not look out of place, though her dress was of common gingham.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, eagerly. "But may I ask where you got that brooch?"

"It was my mother's," Daisy replied; "that is why I like to wear it."

"Oh—an heirloom! Can you tell me anything of its history?"

"Very little. My mother prized it highly. The likeness is that of some relative—a great-aunt, I believe."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Ethel McLean."

Max gazed at the girl curiously. He would have said more, but Mrs. Wentworth's shrill voice sounded at that instant, calling sharply for Daisy.

"Don't be loitering there, you good-for-nothing child! You might try to make yourself useful occasionally. You've only been a burden to me ever since your father died. Go right up into the garret, and bring down the rest of them rags."

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Daisy flitted away, a painful flush suffusing her face.

But she had not seen the last of the handsome artist.

That evening, as she stood dejectedly at the garden gate, wearied out with the labors of the day and trying to escape for a few moments from her stepmother's shrewish tongue, he came whistling along the lane, and paused beside her.

"You have been crying," he exclaimed, abruptly, looking into her pretty forget-me-not eyes.

"Yes," she admitted. "It was very foolish of me."

"That dreadful woman has been scolding you again?"

"I deserved it, no doubt. I am not strong, and cannot accomplish much."

Max Delaney muttered something under his breath, then asked:

"Why don't you leave her? Have you no relatives to whom you could go?"

Daisy shook her head.

"There is only the great-aunt of whom I spoke this morning—and I don't even know where to find her. It would make no difference if I did. She is very rich, but my stepmother says she hates girls, and could not be induced to give me a penny."

"Suppose you go away with me?"

The girl stared at him, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted.

"I—I don't understand what you mean, sir," she stammered.

"There is no occasion to look so frightened, little one, though it is very sudden. But I took a liking to you at once, and I cannot endure to see you abused. I want you for my wife, darling."

Daisy had had lovers before, but never one for whom she cared.

A thrill of tingling sweetness shot through her veins. She felt the spell of those magnetic, dark eyes, but Max Delaney was a stranger, and she dared not yield to it.

"No, no—you cannot realize what you are saying, or else you are only laughing at me!" she cried, running away and hiding herself, with emotions singularly blended of rapture and alarm.

Two weeks wore on, Daisy saw no more of the handsome artist, but she was continually dreaming or thinking of him.

One morning, Daisy unexpectedly received a letter. It fell first into her stepmother's hands, who, in the exercise of a privilege arrogated to herself, immediately tore it open and possessed herself of its contents. It ran thus:

"I do not expect to feel proud of a grand-niece brought up in the backwoods of Michigan, but it is time you saw something of the world. You can come to me for a six weeks visit, if you like. But don't expect to become my heiress. My will is made already, and does not give you a dollar."

PATTY MCLEAN.

"Bless me!" Mrs. Wentworth exclaimed, startled almost out of her senses. "It is from that miserly old woman, your great-aunt. How did she learn your address, I wonder? And she has actually sent a cheque for one hundred dollars to buy a new outfit, and defray expenses. Well, I never!"

Daisy's heart beat high with hope and expectation.

"I may go?" she cried, in an eager, pleading tone.

Mrs. Wentworth frowned.

"I don't know how to spare you, just as harvest is coming on. But that crabbled old maid would be angry if I refused to let you go. She lives in Philadelphia, it appears. Twenty-five dollars will take you there, and you'll want 25 more for new clothes. That will leave \$50 for me and my daughter Joanna. Yes, you might as well begin to get ready."

When Daisy's preparations were all made, and she was about setting out upon her journey, Mrs. Wentworth said:

"Now I want you to speak a good word for Joanna. She ain't no relation of Miss McLean, to be sure, but the old miser might send her a few dresses and jewels, and never miss 'em. Take everything that's offered you, Daisy, and when you come back I'll divide the things between you two girls."

Daisy was quite startled by the magnificence of the brown stone front where Miss McLean resided.

Her great-aunt, a wrinkled old crone in black velvet and lace, welcomed her with a kiss.

"You have your mother's face, my dear. I am glad of that."

"Oh," cried Daisy, eagerly, "do you remember my mother?"

"Certainly. I used to wish she was a boy, that I might leave her my money. But girls are not of much consequence in this world. I had lost all trace of poor Ethel. And so Silas Wentworth is dead? He was a good man, but sadly wanting in energy."

"How did you find me, Aunt Patty?"

"That's a secret," an odd twinkle in her beady eyes. "By-the-way, I see you wear a cameo brooch that was your mother's. It was cut in Italy half a century ago. Do you know whose head it is?"

"Yours, Aunt Patty."

The old woman laughed softly.

"Yes dear; though it does not bear much resemblance to me now. One changes in 50 years. There were two

cut at the same time. I have always kept the duplicate."

It was a charmed life that opened for Daisy. The gay city, with all its attractions and novelties, seemed like enchanted land. She was thoroughly happy for the first time in her life.

Miss McLean appeared quite fond of her, and her sweet dreams were never interrupted by Mrs. Wentworth's sharp, rasping voice.

Six weeks went by all too quickly, and at last she was summoned to her great-aunt's dressing-room.

"The limit of your stay has expired," Miss McLean said, looking at her keenly. "I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"Very, very much," Daisy answered, her voice choking a little. "It was very kind of you to invite me here."

"You are ready to return home?"

"Whenever you think I had better go, dear aunt."

Two or three great drops fell down the girl's pretty face. She wiped them surreptitiously away, but not before the cunning old woman had seen them.

"Daisy," she said abruptly, "what if I were to ask you to remain?"

The girl sprang toward her with an impulsive little cry.

"Will you, Aunt Patty? Oh, I would be so glad!"

"You can stay upon one condition. I have learned to love you, but my will is made, as I wrote you. It cannot be altered, even to please you. The bulk of my fortune goes to my half-sister's son, a very worthy young man. Daisy, you can remain as his wife! I have communicated with him, and he is very willing to consent to the arrangement."

Daisy grew very pale. Consent to marry a man she had never seen? No, that would have been impossible, even if Max Delaney's image did not fill all her heart.

"I must go," she said sadly. "There is no other way."

"Wait until you have met my heir. You might change your mind."

"Never!"

Poor Daisy dropped floods of tears into the trunk with the new clothes Miss McLean's generosity had provided.

At last, when the goodbyes had been spoken, she groped her way blindly down stairs. A gentleman stood near the drawing-room door. As she looked up, a startled cry broke from her lips.

"Max Delaney!"

"You here? How very strange?"

She blushed furiously, but as the young man opened his arms, Daisy leaned her head upon his shoulder with a weary sigh.

"Are you glad to see me, darling?" he whispered.

"Oh, very glad!"

"Then do you love me a little?"

"Yes," she answered, unable to keep back the truth.

Just then Daisy heard a low laugh, and looking up, saw Miss McLean standing upon the landing, her kind old face beaming with delight.

"You might as well ring for the maid to take your wraps, my dear!" she called out.

Daisy glanced bewilderingly from the smiling woman to the handsome lover.

"What does she mean?"

"That you are never going back to be abused by your shrewish stepmother," Max answered. "Forgive me for trying you so sorely, but it was Aunt Patty's wish. I am her heir."

One week later, Mrs. Wentworth received a large box of clothing and nicknacks, but she had seen the last of Daisy herself.—Saturday Night.

Missing Italian Millions.

Italy is threatened with one of the most sensational scandals of the century, a scandal which will attract attention far beyond the borders of this country.

It has transpired that the late King Humbert set aside out of his civil list a sum of 150,000 lire monthly for distribution among the families of soldiers who died in the national wars. This amount in the aggregate to some 40,000,000 lire (about 1,500,000 pounds).

But it also transpires that not one of the societies which attend to the wants of disabled army veterans, widows and orphans of soldiers, etc., who received a penny of this money, while there are known to be many old soldiers and patriots in a state of absolute penury.

The explanations of those who have had to deal with the money are not considered satisfactory, and an inquiry will be opened into the matter.—London Mail.

Mexico Trying to Buy American Horses.

The Mexican government is the last to enter the United States in search for cavalry horses, and according to Manuel Alvarez of the City of Mexico, who is at the American House here, his government is too late to find such horses as are suitable for the purpose. Senor Alvarez is the agent of the Mexican war department. He has been through Arizona and New Mexico and a large part of Colorado. The horses he wants must be not less than 15 1/2 hands and not more than 16 hands high, and of all solid color, either black or dark brown.

For suitable horses his government pays from \$95 to \$125. Senor Alvarez said that nearly all the horses which were suitable for cavalrymen had already been bought by Russian, German and English agents.—Denver Republican.

One of the most universal failings in regard to correct diet is the neglect to drink enough water.



What Are Little Folks Made Of.

"What are little folks made of? Sugar and spice."

And everything nice,
That's what little folks are made of."

Of all the queer things
That Mother Goose sings,
That is the queerest
As well as the dearest.

But I'd just like to add
Of each lass and lad
That makes them so nice,
—Little Men and Women.

Some Interesting Dolls.

The Queen of Roumania was sponsor for a peculiarly interesting exhibit that was lately held in London for the benefit of certain charities and hospitals. She placed on exhibition her famous collection of dolls dressed in the costumes of various countries. The Queen of Holland herself dressed some Dutch dolls; and, indeed, dolls of every nation dressed as fine ladies and as peasants were represented.

In order that some distinctive American dolls might be in the queen's family, the New York Tribune offered prizes for five typically American in costume. Four "lady" dolls and one "gentleman" doll took the prize. The latter prize appropriately went to a boy, a New Jersey lad, whose doll represented "Uncle Sam" in gorgeous attire. Of the others, one in rich brocade and fine cap represented Martha Washington, one was a negro mammy in white apron and brilliant turban, a third was Priscilla, the Puritan maiden in simple frock and hooded cloak, the fourth was Pocahontas in beaded dress and moccasins. Altogether the American children can have no cause to be ashamed of their exhibit.

The Rivers of China.

The rivers of China are her glory, and there are few countries in the world so well watered and none other with such splendid natural water transportation facilities. The three great rivers of the empire are the Yangtze-Kiang (child of the ocean), the Hoang Ho (Yellow river) and the Chin Kiang (Pearl river or Canton river). Of these the Yangtze is much the largest, flowing through extensive and fertile plains and finally emptying into the eastern sea, after traversing a distance of over 2000 miles. Its discharge is estimated at 1,000,000 cubic feet per second. The banks of the Yangtze are crowded with towns and villages, the most famous of which are Nankin and the new treaty port of Hankow. The Hoang Ho, or Yellow river, is noted especially for its frequent and violent floods. Its current is very rapid and its course sinuous. The Pearl, or Canton river, while not nearly so large as the others, is a stream of great importance, says the Kansas City Star, and innumerable vessels trade upon its waters. At some points it spreads into large lakes; in others it passes between narrow gorges, which if dammed, would afford large storage capacity for irrigation. The Chinese, however, have not practically worked out irrigation in its different phases as completely as would be expected of such an agricultural people.

Irrigation, nevertheless, is practiced to a considerable extent through the use of the waters of the Grand canal and by wells. The Grand or Imperial canal is a work of great magnitude. It was constructed in the seventh century and enlarged in the thirteenth century. It traverses the great plain and flows with but slight current for a distance of 700 miles. While built for purposes of communication, its waters are used largely for irrigation, and thousands of drains and creeks have been made to connect with it along its route.

The modes of irrigation are ancient and crude. One of the most picturesque is by means of the water wheel, which is used where the land to be watered is well above the channel of the river. The wheel is turned by the force of the current and is perhaps 30 feet high. Its buckets are sections of bamboo, which, as they are raised by the motion of the wheel, empty their contents into troughs or ditches. Hollow bamboo pipes or tubes are sometimes used for distributing water over the fields. They rest upon wooden supports and branch in every direction from the source of supply. The chain pump is also a common means of lifting water, the chain running up from the water on a slant and being provided with little buckets at intervals, which, as they reach the highest point and begin to descend, discharge their contents. These machines are worked by buffaloes or sometimes by human labor, a man working a crank with his feet something after the manner of riding a bicycle. The most primitive and laborious method is the ancient well sweep, such as is seen today on many an old New England homestead.

A Little Girl's Power Over Animals.

When Keeper McCurren's elephant breaks its chains and the coyote jumps over the bars of its cage, as they have done aforesaid, instead of pursuing with prods and wire lassoes and having a fight to bring the animals under control, the keeper should send for Dorothy Putnam, five years old, daughter of C. F. Putnam of Chicago, and the wild beasts in her presence will become tractable.

Little Dorothy, all unconscious of

it herself, has a wonderful power over all sorts of animals and birds, wild and domestic. Unruly horses when she approaches cease their balking and submit to the bit. Dogs which it is necessary to chain because of their savageness allow her to pull their tails, tweak their ears and then turn about and lick her hand in gratitude. Whenever she goes out into the barnyard on the farm of her father at their summer home in Vermont, the turkeys, the ducks and the chickens follow her about as though she were playing the pipe of Pan. The pheasant that nests under the porch and the catbird that builds in the lilac, brood their young contentedly, while little Dorothy with her fore-fingers strokes their feathers.

Upon this Vermont farm from which Dorothy Putnam has just returned there is a particularly valuable cow, valuable not only on account of its milk-giving qualities, but because of the fineness of its strain of blood. The cow unfortunately has a temper that is in perfect proportion to its money value. It is so thoroughly vicious a beast that two farm hands are obliged to put in work equivalent to a day's labor every time the creature is milked. She is driven in from the pasture, not peacefully as go the rest of the herd, but only after a hard and determined fight to break through the cordon of dogs and men that are urging her to the milking shed. The man who undertakes the milking operation has never been able to get his life insured, and this notwithstanding the fact that the cow is both stanchioned and hobbled before the three-legged stool and the pail are adjusted.

One day Dorothy was taken down to the field when the cows were being driven home. She was at the extreme left of the line of men and dog drivers when the vicious cow, making a longer run than usual, attempted to turn the left flank of the enemy by a wild charge. Dorothy was directly in line and was caught up just in time by a man who rushed her away from the danger point. Almost instantly the cow stopped, turned about and without making another break made her way peacefully to the barn, this procedure astounded the hands. After the milking was over and the cows were turned loose once more, the hitherto savage creature walked into the barnyard, poked her head over a stone wall on the other side of which little Dorothy F. Putnam was standing and gently mooed. The child gave it a handful of clover and stroked its muzzle. The next day Dorothy went to the milking shed and stood between the double row of stanchions directly in front of "the crazy cow." While she was there the creature was as gentle as a lamb, and that night for the first time she was milked without being hobbled.

After this the cow was constantly on the lookout for Dorothy, and whenever she approached the pasture from an adjoining field the creature would go over, poke her head over the fence and welcome the child in her own way. Dorothy fed and petted her strange pet and finally went fearlessly into the field with it. The cow literally became the child's guardian, and resented the approach of any other member of the herd. Dorothy used to lead the animal to the milking shed, and when the fact became absolutely certain that the creature was infatuated with the child Dorothy was placed upon its back and allowed to ride it about just as she rode her pet pony. Occasionally she would take trips for some distance along the country roads, the cow behaving in a manner that put to shame the gentle actions of the staidest old family horse on the place.

All sorts of explanations are offered for the strange attachment of the cow for the child. It seemed that just before Dorothy's arrival the cow's calf had been taken away from her. She had mourned its loss with evidences of almost human sorrow. She had always been vicious, but after the killing of her calf she became positively dangerous. It was urged that the cow had adopted Dorothy in the place of the calf. This hypothesis was spoiled, others declared, by the fact of the child's wonderful influence over all animals. When Dorothy rode along the country roads on her cow the farmers' dogs, instead of barking at the usual spectacle of a cow with a rider, would wag their tails, follow along in the wake of the cow and make a part of the curious procession.

Dorothy has returned to her Chicago home. It is with a good deal of interest that reports concerning the actions of her pet cow since her departure are awaited. The wonder is whether the creature will show evidences of loneliness while still remaining tractable or will return to her old savage ways. Another thing that Dorothy's friends are curious about is whether or not next year when she returns to her Vermont homestead the cow will recognize her once more and take up again the old ways.—Chicago Record.

Her Accomplishments.

"Is your wife a good cook?" asked somebody of the young man who had recently married.

"Well," replied the proud young husband, thoughtfully, "she can boil water without burning it."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

There are now on the reservations in New York state 4850 Indians, and a missionary says at least five-eighths of them adhere to the old pagan religion, rites and superstitions.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Solomon's Advice.—The Significant Answers to a Query to Business Men About Moderate Drinkers.—Merchants Have No Patience With Tipplers.

"Look not upon the wine" when red, Is what a wise man wisely said.

In language clear, distinct, and plain, Advising all men to abstain.

For it had smitten with its sting The peasant, prophet, priest, and king;

The holy men—the good and wise— Were fallen as a sacrifice—

Deceived, deluded by the snare, Of which he bids us all beware,

And points us to the blood-stained shrine, Which tells of thousands mocked by wine;

Then holds forth clearly to the light The tempter as it sparkles bright—

Reveals it in its colors true, And brings its treachery to view—

Beseeching all to shun the wine, The foe of statesman and divine;

For it is fraught with grief and pain, And thousands yearly it has slain.

The joyous youth, the blushing bride, Have drank and cursed it ere they died.

Oh, hearken unto Israel's king, And shun the wine-cup's bitter sting!

—Thomas R. Thompson, in the Temperance Banner.

Don't Want Men to Drink.

A lady in one of our large Western cities tells how she prepared to contribute to the interest of a temperance day in her Sunday-school. She says:

"I selected thirty of the leading business firms of the city and addressed personal letters to the head of each firm. I varied these notes according to the business, but the idea of all was the same, viz.: 'Is there room in your line of business for an exceptionally capable young man, who has every qualification for business except that out of hours he drinks in moderation and with his friends?' In some of these letters I made straight application for positions, in others I asked advice regarding such a young man's prospects of business success; in others I asked the question whether in selecting their employees, the firm made any inquiries concerning the drinking habits of applicants, and if so whether it was to their prejudice that they drank in moderation. I wrote to insurance companies asking what risks they took on drinking men. I wrote to wholesale merchants, editors, college presidents, bankers, lumbermen, wheat men, heads of public institutions—surely a mixed and motley crew, from which I might well expect a variety of answers. I forgot to mention with the rest the general managers of three important railroads."

"Now listen; in five days I had answers from every man but one, and afterwards I learned that he was out of the city until some time later; when he told me that he still wanted to be represented and would give me an answer. In five days those thirty men had responded each for himself and without knowledge of the others, and all the same story. Not one had any time or use for men in their business who drank."

These letters were read before the school, a good reader having been chosen for each one, and the result would certainly be an impressive and effective service.—Presbyterian Banner.

Beer Drinking and Business.

Two glasses of beer a day at five cents each is \$30.50 a year.

This represents about forty-five gallons of beer and about three and three-quarter bushels of barley. For this barley the farmer gets less than \$1.50.

The balance of the drinking man's \$30.50 stays in the hands of the brewer and liquor seller. The drinker has swallowed his beer and has nothing of value to show for his money. He may have weaker nerves, a less clear brain and a dangerous appetite, but these we leave out of calculation now, and say he has literally NOTHING.

Close the saloons and the workingman saves his \$30.50, which can be spent in needful articles at home. Bread, butter, cheese, meat, vegetables, woolen clothes, that it would purchase, are all directly or indirectly the produce of the farm. If we allow the manufacturers and dealers in the articles of forty percent, of the selling price for profits, the farmer will still get \$21.90, and the traders have \$14.60, and the workingman has had something to show for his money.—James B. Dunn, D. D., General Secretary National Temperance Society.

Don't Like the Name.

A movement is now on foot among the liquor organs of the country to discard the term saloon as applied to the liquor business. The reason for this movement is given in the following brief paragraph from an editorial in the Wine and Spirit News published at Columbus, Ohio. The editor of that paper says:

"Through the fanc