rerage man."

as if saying:

This sad-smiling, average man. Then I lifted my hand in a promise,
With teeth set close, and my breath
Held hard in my throat, and I u

A vow that shall outlive death. To me shall be less than the plan.

Henceforward be gaerdon and glory
And bope for the average man.

—Hamlia Garland.

"Dot has managed quite happily

turned, timidly. "My name is Van Twistern. I've been at the Mountain

House three days, but I made the acquaintance of Miss Dot only this

"Mr. Bosley, kin I have another cracker, pleath," pleaded Dot, delving

"That's the last one, Dotty-eat it

"Ouch! Look at the yaller butter-

fly," Dot burst out, and the next in-

stant she was leaping down the slope

Mr. Bosley and Sophy watched her

frantic chase. Then when she began to

dodge in and about the shrubbery they

fell to talking about the charm of the

Sophy was most inquisitive to hear

mountains; then of hotels; then-and

"I came intending to remain three

weeks," he said, "and Dotty has per-

suaded me to remain a fortnight be-

youd that time. I don't know now

of farmer folk back in the hills. She

"You can guess the rest, Miss Van

the ferrule of his caue, which he was rolling in the dust. "The child was

an impediment to the mother, who

and the result was that-

to Sophy.

frightened than hurt."

happened, Dot?"

to the stage driver.

put her to bed."

there.

ment.

Sophy, coming nearer.

"Hello!" he granted.

had taken a course from which there

A shriek from Dot make Mr. Bos-

Dot, sobbing and clinging to him.

best carry her back to the house."

clothes for her and some cold water."

self. Take her back to the barn and

'Mr. Dorn looked aghast for a

opinion of the lady's sanity.

said Sophy.

to his eves.

broken bits such as-

fevor.

for him in it, and answered unctnously:

ern," and walked away with a poor

"Just as you like, Miss Van Twist-

"Give her to me, please, Mr. Bos-

He laid the trembling, sobbing bur-

den in Sophy's arms.
"Miss Van Twistern," he mur-

mured, "you put me as much in your

debt as you do the little one. I thank

thoughtfully down the road.

Sophy gazed at him as he walked

evening when she found Dot in a

moments of delirium also, in which

she heard from the parched throat

"Mr. Bosley-the Candy Lady

sured her that Dot's only danger was

from her highly nervous make up and

needed was nurture and care. Sophy

sat wide awake all that night, hearing

It was in the first days of Septem-

ber. Dot was out of bed for the third

morning in three weeks. She was

taking a sun bath in the rocker at the

There were a few anguished

He

"Dot's hurt her-

when I shall go back to the city.

slowly," he said to her as he took off

his cap and mopped his bald brow.

this time, Mr. Bosley," Sophy

HOUSE MOUNTAIN

BY RICHARD DUFFY

OPHY VAN TWIS- | face. There was nothing handsome

norning.

like a fawn.

into his coat pocket.

he knew about Dot.

ouce, and yet-

tern was having her or dashing about Mr. Bosley. Yet a first vacation in wealth of kindness and comfort showed The in his every move and speech. previous one had been before the Van Twisterns lost all should come to see her 'Candy Lady.' twelve years. their money, and old And Dot manages to make me do Mr. Van Twistern, everything, except leave her, I think. whose line ran back to the Dutch Comto escape the shame mmitted---Anyve long years Sophy and nursed her invalid

charge of the laces at rned a fair salary. hen she received her ion, she would send o the Gray Mountain remained in the flat making to last her elf during the winter. ld have preferred to hy, but the daughter this particular. As mility in every other,

istern yielded. would wander down Valley with her book trying to pick out shade, which she this-Mr. Bosley began to tell what mother might have knitted wristlets and and books like "Robphy was thirty-six self to be an old

day of her stay, as and reading by turns, a telegram saying I must return at child's voice sing-

love nobady,

imes this bit of the repeated, and each enter gusto. Then of the guests, who, of couse, had use ng down the rath a for her only as a summer experi-of about five or six ment. pinafore, with, it very dirty tangle of ing upon her cheeks

candy, little girl?" stout reply, and nd ran up to her with

please?" I always say pleath gives me crackers. please to me?'

oa always give me

Sophy replied, and parshaullow in cold e the child's longing

ath! Pleath!" shrilled

ed the child up and adged cheek. She mallow after marshtiny month. Any Sophy was an old

name, little girl?" patting the tangled

your other name?" buse Dot.' mamma?" lady-she wouldn't do with me.

r papa?' prised to hear her re rote. "Pap's dead.

in't say that."

at the child, mystified. ot said, shortly, ome more-more candy

in live?" Sophy asked you that I'm Mount-In thummer, when wded, I thleep with that drives the stage, n winter Jim and me attic. D'you ever

ir name?" me to see me again if

we candy?"

name?" a funny name. Goodto see Mr. Bosley.

the smudged cheek ned two more marshot's hand. The child knee and ran up the

on the hill.

love nobody,

it of the begrimed litr she was out of sight her song had faded way for a child to neglected condition. All the child eed-and a girl, too. mother must that be How happy should the fragmentary moans of the child

to have such a child, and the rustle of the summer wind in Then Miss Van Twiserself in a day dream, ok and read resolutely. calm. ad three chapters and of Dot's song rang in an echo could not be it grew stronger each enough, there was Dot the path. Only, a genr hand as she skipped

window, which looked out on the valley. Sophy's plain but refined face valley. Sophy's plain but refined face seemed worn and pale from watching.

She had taken an extra week of vacation, for which she must pay. Some-how the thought of going back to the store to work for nothing but the privilege of living in a lonely flat repelled her. She felt she would like to remain always thus with Dot, knitting little stockings and reading "Mother Goose." She had grown to chaff Dot, and say that she meant to take her to New York and keep her always. Dot would reply, "Bully only what's to become of Mr. Bosley! "Bully! You know he always gives me crack

Then Sophy would see the impossibility of keeping Dot all alone in a flat while she was at work. She could not afford a servant, and still it seemed almost a duty to snatch the child from her precarious way of living, and yet it was plainly impossible, and yet --- Here the skein of her thinking always got in a tangle.

A knock sounded on the door, and Mr. Bosley walked in softly, as he had come every day, for three weeks, no matter in what weather.

"Well, it's come at last, Sophy"-Dot had insisted that he call Sophy by her first name. He held out a telegram. "They want me back day after to morrow.

He sat down, sad and reticent. "Why don't you ask me how I am this morn'ng?" cried Dot.

"How are you, Dot?" Mr. Bosley asked spiritlessly, "I've brought you a new picture book."

"Oh, you're a daisy!" she shrilled and in two minutes she was deaf and dumb to everybody in the glories of her new beok. Sophy-er, Miss--" but Sophy

had noted his cautious air and caught his summons before he could correct himself. She went quite close to him. "I'd like," he whispered, "to leave you-er-er-a check for Dot's expenses."

Why, Mr. Bosley?" "Please allow me," he broke in, and suddenly seized her hand. "We've been here together, fosterparents to her. You've done the part of the woman; let me do that of We've thrown aside conventionalities, perhaps, but we've cleared the way a little for Dot. I've called you

'And I've called you Mr. "Call me Jim, will you? It's for Dot's sake you know."

"Jim"-and Sophy's face flamed; her hand was as ice in his and her whole formed swayed so that he stretched forth his arm to stay her. "Jim-it's for Dot's sake," she

almost wish somebody would send me murmured. Dot looked round upnoticed and silent as stone. He went on to relate that he had

'You've been very good, Jim, and I'd found out that Dot's mother had come like to let you do what would make you happy, but I can't. You see it would be like taking it myself. I've got to go home next week and leave her. I was a waitress at the Mountain House. She had run away with one want to take her, but I can't. Let me have my way the little while I am still here.

"Sophy," he faltered, trembling Twistern," Mr. Bosley continued more sadly, with his eyes fixed upon now as much as she, "I want to take her, too. Let's take her together." 'Oh, Jim, Jim!"

'Say you will, for Dot's sake." Sophy's head sank upon his shoulder, his lips turned to meet hers.

is no return. At two years Dot was "For Dot's sake," she sobbed. "Hooray!" shrilled Dot from the sent to the Monutain House. The mother sent board money and the old other end of the room, "Mr. Boshousekeeper took care of the little ley's coming with us, ain't he, thing. After a white no money came, Sophy?"

Uniform That is a Uniform ley and Scphy jump to their feet. He The mysterious mission of Engihurried down to the hollow, where a neer Ilg, Emperor Menelik's old and mountain brook ran noisily. Before trusted adviser, to Europe, about Sophy could catch up with him he which the Italian, French and Rus-was climbing back. In his arms lay sian press has been so much concerned, is at last exp 'She fell into the brook," he called way undreamed of by anyone. "I think she's more seems that so far the great and glorious Abyssinian army has had no "There's a cut over her eye!" cried uniform distinctively its own. Men-"You had elik, wishing to organize his troops on European lines, and feeling that When they reached the hotel they the uniform is conducive to good disfound the proprietor on the vercipline, immediately decided to have one, but one which would preserve the chief characteristics of the Ethi-"She fell into the brook," Mr. Bosley explained. "Get some clean

opian costume and at the same time workmanlike and durable. A Russian artist, lately in Abys sinia, has overcome all the difficulties "Hey, Jim!" the proprietor yelled by designing a mixture of both European and Ethiopian. It consists of a short dark colored tunic, with one line of buttons only, corded with red "Mr. Dorn," Sophy broke in quietly, for the soldiers, and with gold for the "I think Dot needs care. I'll take her officers. The trousers are so very to my room. Send her clothes up phort that most of the leg remains bare, as do also the feet, Menelik having rebelled at the idea of shoes for Then he saw an extra dollar "quick steppers," who, in fact, are renowned for their extraordinary swiftness in marching. From the belt hangs the cartridge case, while they carry, besides, a rifle, a sword and a short dagger. The officers have also a revolver. The cap, if so it may be called, is the most curious feature of this interesting costume. The ordinary soldiers' cap not seeming appropriate, a plume of feathers has been substituted, those of the officers being ostrich, held to the head by a species of round comb. the Ethiopian army, with black faces mopped his brow feverishly, and as glistening under gay feathers, will prohe turned Sophy fancied that his capacious white kerchief was thrust ceed to battle with the proud conviction of being the most gorgeous * troops in Africa. -- Rome Correspondence in the Pall Mall Gazette. Sophy forgot all about this that

Frances Willard's Empty Pockethook It was characteristic of the late Frances Willard that she never had any money: Miss Gordon attended to her finances, and it was found on Pleath—Sophy—Mr. Bosley."
At ten o'clock Sophy called a doctor who was staying at the hotel. He asthe whole best to leave Miss Willard' purse empty, because if she started out in the morning with a full pocketbook she came back penniless in the evening. One night she told in her inimitable way of having gone to Chicago, and reached Rest Cottage again the capital of a postage stamp. At the station she turned her pockets out, but not a bit of change was to be the trees beside the window. She She had forgotten all about found. felt, somehow, strangely satisfied and "What am I to do about it?" she asked the agent, perplexedly. "Anna is out, I think, and I haven'ts cent of

"I'll give you a ticket, Miss Will ard," said the clerk. "When I got into the 'bus I re membered again," she said, "aud told the driver, I think I'll have to walk, for I haven't any money." "Ob that's all right, Miss Willard," said ot cried, while yet fifty
I fetched Mr. Bosley to
It's Sophy, Mr. Bosley."
Was a stall, stout man,
manner. He had great,
s and a round, shaven

seemed worn and pair from watering.
Yot there was a glow in her eyes that that's all right, Miss Willard," said the driver. And so all day, greatly to her amusement, she went on getting in debt to the railroads, cabmen and restaurents. -- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

BENEVER SCHOOL STREETEN BENEVER BENEVE

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

OVERNOR ROLLINS, of New Hampsbire, Naham J. Bachel der, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture of that State, and Dr. John D. Quackenbos, emeri-us professor of rhetoric in Columbia, are engaged in the planning and con struction of a scenic road, 500 miles long, mostly in New Hampshire. A society is being formed, of which Professor Quackenbos will be President, and as soon as a company has been in corporated stock will be issued Others who are working for the road are Colonel John Hay, Federal Secretary of State; Colonel Haskell, of Newton, and General Crufts, of Bethlehem. The Governors of Massachu setts, Connecticut and Vermont have expressed their friendliness toward the project as a benefit to the whole New England mountain country.

Proposed Scenie Highway.

"The scenic road," said Professor Quackenbos, "will be an outgrowth of the general movement for good roads in that section. The roads are no worse than those in any other mount ainons region in this country, and some of them are away above the aver age; but it is notorious that few Amer ican roads, judged, say, by European standards, comport with our develop ment in other directions. Our road will be a macadamized turnpike with toll-gates at frequent intervals.

"The best macadamized roads cost between \$3500 and \$5000 a mile; we estimate that our 500 mile road wil cost \$2,000,000. This figure may be exceeded or reduced, according to the extent to which we deem it expedient and consistent to avail ourselves of roadways already laid. We shall probably avoid existing thoroughfares more often than might be imagined, far of tener than ordinary road-makers would consider necessary. Roads are usually built nearly in a straight line, but our road will be unique in that it will have no reference to commercial convenience or economy of time. It will wind in and out of woods and fields, up and down hills and slopes, skirting lakes and crossing streams, and past historic spots.

"Automobilists using it can carry with them provisions, golf-clubs, fishing-rous, shot-guns, and what not without impairing the mobility which they share in almost equal measure with the wheelmen. To them the long, scenic road will offer attractions not to be found elsewhere. It is intended mainly for automobiles, bicycles and horses. A New Yorker, with his family, could set out, in his automobile to spend his vacation along the scenic road. He would proceed

New Rochelle, Stamford and Bridgeport, through the Berkshire Hills and the Hoosac Mountains, to Bennington, Vt., thence through a gap in the Green Mountains, to Brattle-boro, and on to Keene, N. H., tapping the scenic road there.

"The road will start from Boston. and proceed diagonally to the Con necticut River, thence up the Con necticut Valley, with a wide curve around the eastern beach of Lake Sunapee, on up almost to the headwaters of the Connecticut, back again past the foot of Mounts Washington and Adams, and through the rest of the White Mountains, along the right shore of Lake Winnipiseogee, across to the sea, through Portsmouth and Gloucester, and so on back to Boston Thus, the tourist will traverse mount ains, forests, lakes, rivers, seashore and settlements."

Benefits of State Aid.

Through State aid there have been built in New Jersey about 150 miles of hard roads. Counties, boroughs, townships and other municipalities have constructed as many more. Each year ince 1895, when the State began to aid in this matter, the miles of road mproved have increased, and the outlook, according to the recent annual report of Henry I. Budd, the Commissioner of Public Roads, is for a steadily widening interest. In 1895 the construction was forty-six miles, in 1896 fifty miles, in 1897 seventy, in 1898 eighty-five, and in 1899 about 116, while the total additional mileage petitioned for is 505. For the year ended in October last the cost per mile was somewhat larger than in the previous year, because of the higher price of labor and stone, and delays in transportation due to the shortage in cars. The increase in the State appropriation from \$100,000 to \$150,000 ensbled some of the more enterprising of the counties to build as many miles as the limit of law-one-fourth of one per rent, tax on their retables-would allow; and this in many cases thas brought to the point where continuous hard roads over comparatively long distances are available. Thus there is a continuous line from Newark to Lake Hopatcong, several from Morris County to the Oranges, and one between Camden and Trenton; while approved applications provide for continuous lines from New Brunswick and Trenton to Long Branch, and an improved highway all the way from New Brunswick to Trenton, and thence to Jersey City. Among the recom-mendations made by the Commissioner, an important one is for legisation to regulate the width of tires. It passes his comprehension that the State, after expending at least \$4,000, 000 in improved roads, should not guard them against destruction by indifferent owners of freight-vehicles. Assembly bill No. 215 at Trenton proposes a rebate in taxes to users of wide tires.

American vs. European Roads. In spite of the pride of the Ameri-can people in the development of our cities, and notwithstanding the fact that their wealth enables them to have only the best, they have been slow to appreciate the value of thoroughly well-paved streets. As stated by Mr. Albert Shaw, European cities have been ahead of us in accepting the doctrine that "smooth and clean highways are a wise investment from every point of view, and that so long as the work is done in a thorough and scientific manner the result is worth having, regardless of cost. No city should think itself rich enough to prosper without them, and no city is so poor that it can not afford them if it has any reason whatever for continued existence.—From Modern City Roadways, by Nelson P. Lewis, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

Origin of the "Lighthouse Tribe" of

Disappointment in love of a pretty Wethersfield girl and the pique of a Narragansett Indian from Long Island were productive of a piece of Connecticut history which is sometimes put down as myth. The last man to prove that it was not myth died a few days He was Sol Webster, male deago. scendant of the Wetherfield girl, last of some three hundred others who lived strange lives in the woods and hills around Barkhamsted.

The pretty white maiden, in the old colonial days, had fallen in love with a young man in Wethersfield, Conn., but her father forbade her marrying him. Thereupon she took a vow that she would wed the first man who offered himself. About that time the Narragansett Indian, a brave named Changham, had left his tribe, because of some injury to his reputation, and had come to live in Northern Con-When he heard of the Wethersfield maiden, he hurried to her and offered his hand, which, according to her vow, she accepted. Together they went to what is now Barkhamsted, and became the progenitors of a people who during century have been known as the

It was in trying to learn how any people so far from the coast could get such a name that the romance was unearthed. The couple established their home on what is called Ragged Mountain, on the upper waters of the Tunxis, and years afterward the lights from their but served as a landmark for the stage coaches which passed that way. Hence, it is said, the name

"Lighthouse tribe." Changham and his wife brought up eight children. The pretty but wilful Molly lived to be 105 years old, dying in 1820, at which time she was known as Granny Changham. The half-breeds flourished at the Lighthouse, a rough and roystering colony, for generations. Their doings were many and strange, but actual crimes, such as that of the murderer Mossock, the exploits of whose half-breed band their resort, below New Bedford, was never laid at their door.

Eventually they began to degenerate through the marrying among themselves and from other causes, and in their latter days were "a band of bleached-out, basket-making, rootgathering vagabonds." Their cabius became fewer and more miserable, and at last the remnant of the tribe dispersed.

One but alone remained near the village of Riverton, a mile from the original Lighthouse. It was occupied by old Sol Webster and his wife, who were, as far as known, the sole sur-vivors of the family. Their poverty was extreme. The man said he was about eighty years old, but he looked much older. The woman is several years younger. Both were lineal descendants of Changham's daughters, but never were able to untangle their genealogies.

The old settlement is situated in wild spot of great natural beauty, with here and there a lilac bush marking the site of some former cabin -- New York Harald.

Gold Teeth Not All Gold

"I'd hate to pay that woman's dentist bills," said a business man to a friend on a South Side L train the other day. Across the aisle from the men was a woman who showed enough gold every time she opened her mouth to make a man want to leave home and try his fortune in the Klondike. Two of her upper teeth had been reand one of her lower teeth also had a twenty-two karat sheen about it. Her companion had only one gold tooth,

but she kept it doing the work of three by a constant smile.
"That's another case of the old adage, 'All that glitters is not gold,' " said the business man's friend. of the latest dental novelties makes gold teeth possible to anyone at a small cost and without even sacrificing a healthy incisor to make room for the metal. For a quarter you can get a shell that can be stuck over any front tooth, and with an excuse to smile you can present a regular gold mine to the public. Actresses first affected the gold tooth and then the Yankee man got an idea. In a short time there was an epidemic of gold teeth. The novelty man came out with his plated shells and sold them like hot cakes. No one but the dentist has any kick against the imitation gold tooth, and as a dazzler it is hard to beat. That woman's teeth may be the real stuff, but I believe she can slip them off when she wants to and get them plated when they get tarnished."-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Remarkable Fossil. Near the town of Caldera, a port about 400 miles north of Valparaiso, a remarkable fossil has just been dis covered. A series of storms so changed the contour of the beach as to uncover an enormous rock of sandstone which, in untold ages past, was the tomb of a curious monster. Captain Harris, of the steamer Guatemals, who is an amateur geologist, says that it was a species of ichthyosaurus.

The length of the fossil from the tip of the muzzle to the tip of the tail is twenty-six feet. The head is nine feet long and six feet broad, and the depression in the rock varies from two inches at the tip of the tail to two feet at the centre of the body. left fin seems to have been folded underneath the body of the monster when he lay down to die. fin, which shows unmistakable evidences of scales, is almost perfect, and is nearly twelve feet from its tip to the centre of the body. -Valparaiso Correspondence Chicago Record.

Holland's East Indian Possessions. The possessions of Holland in the East Indies comprises 600,000 square miles, including not only the great islands of Java, Sumatra and Colebes, but a large part of Borneo, the west ern part of New Guinea, the smaller Sunda Islands, and the Moluccas Their present population does not fall short of 30,000,000, more than two

thirds of whom are in Java alone. The islands could easily sustain a popula-tion of 100,000,000. Races But Does Not Ber. The Emperor of Japan owns about 3000 fine horses. Racing is his chief

passion, but he allows no betting.

SHAVES ONLY MILLIONAIRES,

A Barber Who Makes About \$5000 a Year From Four Customers.

Thomas Whalen shaves four millonaires a day. He makes the round of their residences every morning and uses his own fast pacer to save time. They all pay him a liberal salary and in three hours each morning he earns more than the average barber does in four days.

Mr. Whalen's clients are P. D. Armour, S. W. Allerton, Marshall Field and N. K. Fairbank. They employ him by the year, and his salary continues whether they are in Europe, New York, California or Chicago. His contract calls for a daily shave in Chicago, and if the millionaire's chins are not to be found, Whalen is not the sufferer. His "pull" is said to be of the gentlest, but his fellow barbers declare it is very strong, and besides the salary he get there is always a lib-

eral Christmas present. The scale of salary paid is as follows: Mr. Armour, \$75 per month; Mr. Field, 975 per month; Mr. Allerton, \$50, and Mr. Fairbank, \$35. of these gentlemen have their private barber shops, and Mr. Whalen has the running of them. He keeps each supplied with the finest razors, shears, strops, sosps, mugs and other requisites of a first-class tonsorial parlor. He knows the turn of every whisker of his patrons, and there is never any kick about razors with a "pull. His labors begin early. Mr. Av.

mour's home is his first stopping place, though recently, during that gentleman's residence in California, he has not been getting up so early Mr. Armour has always shaved at (o'clock and often earlier. From there it is only a block to Mr. Field's Prairie avenue mansion, and just across the street, a little to the south, he finds Mr. Allerton ready for his daily scrape. But to reach Mr. Fairbank he must make a big jump to the North Side, and his fast pacer comes in good use. Cars are too uncertain, and Mr. Fairbank cannot be kept waiting or pointed, and before 9 o'clock Whalen is at the Lake Shore drive entrance, gave the name of Satan's Kingdom to ready for Mr. Fairbank to come to the private barber shop. "Tom" Whalen is one of the best

known barbers in Chicago. He has made a competency out of his work, and his income now is by no means-beggarly, averaging close to \$3000 for the year. His last shop was in the Methodist Church block. This sold several years ago. He now devotes his attention to his four millionaire customers and several fine horses. -Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Timidity is a robber. Cycicism is sin-icism. The truth needs no apology. Mite sometimes become might. Every seat may be a mercy seat. Bitter truth is sweeter than flattery. Inequalities in refraction make rain-Cowardice is the tap root of all ty-

ranny. Dissatisfaction may be the spur to activity.

The front horse always has to pull the hardest. A double-faced man can see in only one direction.

Lucky stones are only found in plucky paths.

A smooth and shiny course makes slippery travel. The higher life is found in the val-

ley of humility. Jealousy is the compliment we pay to our superiors.

There is nothing more eloquent than silent time. To live the truth we must have the truth abiding in us.

America needs good parents even more than good politics. Trnth may be bruised and laid up,

but it never gets heart failure. Liars should make it a point to carefully cultivate their memories. When the wish is father to the

thought the both will look alike. Great souls are subject to widely unlike passions, just as great pendulams swing between widely-opposite poles .- Ram's Horn.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession-and all refer to matrimonial affairs. November in Holland being the month par excellence devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because the agricultural ocenpations of the year are over, and possibly because the lords of creation, from quite remote antiquity, have recognized the pleasantness of having

ing the long winter. On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other but forbear to speak.

wives to cook and cater for them dur-

On Decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable. Purchase Sunday, the consent of the parents is sought, if the suit has prospered during the week. Not till Possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.

Think Men Grow on Trees.

The Sioux Indians still share with the old Aryan and Semitic tribes in the belief that there are trees that bring forth human beings and others that bear various portions of the human body, and in the fourteenth century an Italian traveler, on arriving at Malabar, was told by the natives that the country abounded with a tree that bore men and women. The latter were attached to the limbs by the nother extremities, and were full formed when the wind blew, but when the wind died out they soon withered. These specimens of humanity reached the length or height of three feet.

Judging Character. You can never judge a man's character by the way he judges yours,- NEW IN THE COUNTRY.

A Drowmer's Rad Break in One of Central American Capitals

"It takes some time to learn the so-

cial ropes in Central America," marked a gentleman in the barans trade, "and a stranger is very apt to put his foot in it. The first time I ever went into the country myself was as the representative of an American machinery house. There was a good field for us in one of the republics, but the tariff was prohibitive, and I concluded to go over to the capital and have an interview with the minister of agriculture, hoping to persuade him to recommend a reduction. I spoke pretty fair Ollendorf Spanish, but was otherwise green as a gourd, and as soon as I arrived I made a bee line for the administration building. While I was cooling my heels in an ante-room, waiting for a chance to speak to somebody in authority and ascertain how the minister could be seen, a very black, fat little, negro waddled in, wearing what I took to be a species of livery. He had exactly the air of an impudent, overfed house servant, and he looked me over in a way that made my blood boil. 'Hi, boy!' I said sharply, 'how long must I wait here?' 'How should ! know?' he replied in Spanish: 'if it doesn't suit you, to get out." chuckled as he spoke, and his answer so infuriated me that I lost my head. Jumping up I seized him by the collar and the slack of his absurd embroidered trousers and propelled him, turkey fashlon, through the open door. There, you black scoundrel!' I exclaimed, 'go and send somebody after my card!' The little fat darky was so amazed that he couldn't utter a word. He simply gazed and disappeared, Half a minute later a squad of soldiers rushed in and placed me under arrest. and then I learned that my friend in the embroidered pantaloons was the minister of public instruction. I will leave you to imagine my feelings. It took three hours of solid talk from both the American and British consuls to get me out of the scrape, and, incidentally, I made a groveling apology, Of course, I didn't dare to introduce the machinery proposition after such s debut, so my trip was a flat failure. As I said before it takes some time for a stranger to grasp the etiquette of those parts."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Ideat Woman-"Mold first her physical frame, and

then, as the strength she gains will permit you, fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice and refine its natural taste of love. All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to ald, the work of men. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one, but it is of the utmost that she should be able to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; that it is of the highest that she should be trained in accurate thought. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows-it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary-but it is deeply important that she be taught to extend the limits of sympathy and to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves bows to the world in which God lives and loves."-John

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