

"FOR LOVE OF CHLORIS"

By BEULAH MARIE DIX.

Legally they were both Elizabeth Wetherell, but to the large circle of their relatives they were Lizzie Wetherell and Lizzie's daughter, while to the girls of Ambrazon College they were Betty Wetherell of '0 and Betty's mother.

Lizzie Wetherell had pretty brown hair, just touched with gray, and brown eyes that crinkled when she laughed. A tidy little body she had, usually clad in a brown tailored suit, and plump capable hands. She could keep a house with marvelous neatness. She could plan and make the daintiest of gowns. She could tell the funniest stories. For occupation she took three girl students to board in her cozy, old fashioned house in Brownlow street. And with all her heart she admired and adored her daughter Betty.

Betty Wetherell had pretty brown hair, just touched with red, and brown eyes that were grave and earnest. A supple young body she had, clad in pretty gowns of her mother's planning, and slim, restless hands. She could write themes that won commendation even from her English instructors. She could plan novels and plays that in time she meant to write. For occupation she was a student at Ambrazon College. And being a well bred girl, she was tolerant of her mother, and rarely showed how frivolous she thought her mind and how trifling her pursuits.

The graduate student, who dug at Gothic roots in the third story chamber of the house in Brownlow street, held that Betty's worst fault was youth. In time, no doubt, that would amend itself. But meanwhile it was not always a pleasure to watch Betty with her mother.

In her little girlhood Betty had thought that there was no one in the world so clever as her mother. She had liked to hear about the days when her mother had been young, and, like her, had written stories, and planned great works for the future, and had even begun to have things printed in the papers, till on her marriage, she had laid aside all thought of a career.

But as Betty grew older and more critical, and found that her mother preferred Scott to Stevenson and Milton to Browning, and clung to Macaulay as a trustworthy historian, she began to feel that her mother, however worthy as a housekeeper, was sadly deficient as a scholar, and, no doubt, as a writer.

So more and more Betty told her aspirations and read her stories to her own little coterie of college friends, and less and less to her mother. And Lizzie Wetherell went on keeping her house spick and span, but she did not tell so many droll stories. And sometimes, when she had spoken, she glanced at clever Betty as if she almost expected to be snubbed for her frivolity.

At such times the graduate student longed to take Betty by the shoulders and bump that pretty, foolish little head of hers against the nearest wall. Of course, feeling her mother's lack of true appreciation of her work and aims, Betty did not confide in her when she decided, at the beginning of her junior year, to compete for the \$500 prize that Everham's Magazine was offering for the best short story submitted before December 1. Instead, she consulted her friends and classmates, and with their aid picked out the manuscript that she meant to submit. It was a theme that her instructor had declared quite perfect in its literary form, and she felt it no extravagance to pay to have it neatly typewritten.

How pretty her own words looked seen for the first time in clear, printed letters! When Betty carried the manuscript home, in the frosty November twilight, she had only one regret, namely, that there was no one left among her friends who had not heard the story. She would so much have liked to read it aloud from the typewritten manuscript.

So thinking, Betty entered the house, and there, in the living room, she saw her mother sitting. The lamp was lighted, and in the open grate the fire was kindled. At her mother's elbow, on her desk, were the pad on which the day's notes were written, and a couple of cook books. On her mother's lap were a darning basket and Betty's silk stockings. And on the table was a silver dish of crystallized ginger, a sweet of which Betty was fond.

After the cold outdoors the living room looked warm and cozy, and Betty wanted a hearer for her story. So, contrary to custom, she went into the living room instead of passing on to her own chamber, which was also her study. She sat down in the deep chair by the hearth, and for an instant she had half a mind to tell her mother all about the Everham's prize offer. But then, as she looked at her pretty manuscript, she felt so sure of its success that she thought it better to wait and astonish her mother when she had actually won the prize. So for the present she told her only that she had a typewritten copy of one of her newest stories.

"Perhaps you would like to hear it," Betty ended, graciously. "It is called, 'For Love of Chloris.' What are you smiling at, mother?" "I didn't mean to, dear," said Lizzie Wetherell, meekly. "It just fitted across my mind. Such a stately old name! I haven't heard it in years. Then it was a queer old woman, Nancy Towle, down on the Maine coast, who had a heifer she called Chloris. Poor old Nancy!"

In a voice that was injured merely to think that her heroine should have shined with a heifer, Betty began her reading. Soon she had lost the sense of injury in the joy of hearing her own sentences.

It was an eighteenth century tale that she had written, in the fashion of the hour. The heroine wore red boots. The hero professed every man

to have been much concerned for the fate of her "For Love of Chloris," was so troubled at Betty's unexplained preoccupation that she almost forgot about her story.

Soon Lizzie Wetherell had a fresh loss to grieve her, for the graduate student was called home. Almost at a day's notice she left college and her own work to take charge of a stricken house and two newly orphaned nieces, and Lizzie Wetherell, who had come to depend on her companionship, especially at the hour of the little supper, missed her cruelly.

But Betty scarcely heeded the going of the graduate student. She felt that she was no favorite of hers. Besides, she was now giving all her interest to the outcome of Everham's competition. Every time that she heard the postman's ring she would herself go flying to the door.

On such an errand she had run one gray December afternoon, and she was longer about it than usual. Then her voice rang jubilant through the house, and she ran into the living room, just as she had used to run to her mother.

"The prize!" she cried. "I've won Everham's prize! 'For Love of Chloris,' by Elizabeth Wetherell, is to come out in the March number. I didn't tell you at the time. I wanted to surprise you. But I sent a story to Everham's—the one I read you—and they've taken it. And they're sending me the check. Five hundred dollars! Think of it, mother!"

When she thought of it Lizzie Wetherell thought it the most natural and beautiful thing that could have happened. If she remembered her own poor little story that the graduate student had so praised, it was only to be glad that she had never told Betty that she, too, had entered the contest. And she rejoiced whole-heartedly in Betty's triumph, not only for Betty's sake, but for her own. For it seemed to her that in this eager girl, who wanted her sympathy and her praise, she had at last her own daughter-friend again.

But all too quickly Betty was once more her recent self. She must tell her mother about her success, she said, with the implication that in them alone could she find true appreciation. And as she turned away, she added, with a laugh that was more ill natured than she guessed:

"You see, mother, Everham's thought my 'Lady Chloris' was truer to life than you did."

Of the weeks that followed too much need not be said. If Betty had been offensive in her patronage of her mother when she was merely an earnest student, she was fairly intolerable now that she was a successful author and a wage earner. Five hundred dollars at one stroke! It was more than her mother could clear by months of labor. So she patronized her stupid mother, till the graduate student, had she been there, would surely have lost the last of her patience and shaken her.

The marked copy of Everham's came one February afternoon, along with some letters for Mrs. Wetherell. Betty, who had just come in from college, tore the wrappings from the magazine. "For Love of Chloris," by Elizabeth Wetherell, she read the title. She read the name of the famous artist who had done the illustrations. Then she turned to look at the story in its glorious dress.

In after life Betty could laugh, remembering the dismay with which she saw, instead of the full page picture of her dainty Lady Chloris, a garbled old woman, leading a spotted heifer. But at the moment she did not laugh.

"Mother," she said, in a dry voice, "look here! It's my title. It's my name. And I've received the check. But it's not my story. I can't understand!"

Then she saw that her mother's face was startled and that she was holding out to her a newly opened letter, written in the graduate student's hand. Betty read the opening sentences:

"Am I not a true prophet, dear Mrs. Wetherell? I've only just had time, so busy these sad weeks have been, to glance at the magazines again. And I see, in the current number of Everham's, that your story, 'For Love of Chloris,' has won the prize, as it deserved to do. Congratulations and—"

Betty dropped the letter. She grew aware that her mother was speaking.

"I wrote the story," Lizzie Wetherell was saying. "And the graduate student persuaded me to send it to Everham's."

"She did it on purpose!" Betty's voice rang harsh. "She always disliked me. She—"

"Betty," her mother interposed, "you must be fair! We did not know that you were entering the contest."

"I know! I know!" cried Betty. "She's not to blame to meddle like that! You're not to blame to take my title—and not to tell me! I'm to blame for it all, perhaps, because I didn't stamp that envelope—because they threw my story into the waste basket instead of sending it back—because I didn't know it was rejected! I'm to blame that I thought I'd won the prize—that I've told everybody—that I've made a fool of myself—"

She stopped, terrified at the sight of her mother's stricken face. She could not speak any longer, but at least she could be silent. She snatched up her coat and ran out of the house. All that afternoon Betty Wetherell walked. Clear to the reservoir she tramped, and out beyond the railway tracks and the brickyards and the great waste fields. Through frozen mud and snow she tramped till the sun had sunk redly, and by that time she had tramped the demon down. Something of the youth of which the graduate student had complained Betty lost in that hour of her bitter humiliation. But in its place she gained her first real knowledge of herself.

So in the early evening Betty came home, white and chilled and weary, but mistress of herself as she had never been in her short life. She went straight to her mother's bedside.

"Dear," she said, frankly and humbly, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me for what I said—and for other things."

"It was my fault," said Betty's mother, with her arms about her, "I

ought to have told you that I was trying for the prize!"

"Served me right!" choked Betty. "I ought to have told you. I was the one who began having secrets."

"And I have no right to take the title of your precious story," Lizzie Wetherell went on, contritely. "It was yours. It wasn't fair of me."

"Fair!" cried Betty. "O mother, don't! It wasn't fair of me to seize that Elizabeth Wetherell letter, as if there was only one of that name in this house, as if there was only one with brains enough to write a story! And I took your money, and I took your name, and all the time—"

But she did not say it. In the hope that perhaps she had not misinterpreted, she spared her mother the pain of hearing how in her heart she had thought slightly of her.

"I'll put that money to your account in the bank to-morrow," said Betty. "And I'll tell the girls, and I'll write to the aunts and uncles and let them know that it was you, and not I, who was so clever."

"Betty, need you?" urged Lizzie Wetherell.

Then, wisely, she was silent. For she saw that Betty must in her own way work out her atonement.

So Lizzie Wetherell made no comment, although her heart was aching for her girl, when Betty came downstairs that night, at the hour when the graduate student used to come, with a handful of letters. "All written, mother dear," said Betty. "I've told all the relatives just whom they should be proud of. And the student graduate—"

Lizzie Wetherell gave a start.

"Yes," said Betty. "I've written to her. And mother, won't you read me your 'For Love of Chloris?'"

She gave a sudden shamed laugh that made her eyes crinkle like her mother's.

"I've been a pig, haven't I?" she said. "And a pig, which is worse. But after this we'll be chums again, won't we, mother? And about the letter to the graduate student, you needn't worry. I wrote to thank her."—Youth's Companion.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Who finds fault, finds trouble, too.—American Cultivator.

What we think about the things that are greatest will determine how we do the things that are least.—Scottish Reformer.

Another of the advantages of being good is the pleasure derived from being shocked.—Pack.

None know what it is to live till they redeem life from monotony by sacrifice.—Scottish Reformer.

When a man has not good reason for doing a thing he has a very good reason for letting it alone.—Scott.

The average young man worries too much about getting his salary, and not enough about earning it.—Acheson Globe.

To make an end of selfishness is happiness. This is the greatest happiness—to subdue the selfish thoughts of "I."—Buddha.

A man can't very well lose all his money and retain all his confidence in mankind.—New York Times.

Some people are not satisfied to kill two birds with one stone, but they want the stone back.—New York Times.

Religion is not a department of human life. Religion is a spirit pervading all departments of human life.—Mary Emily Case.

A religion of clean clothes needs to be preached to the world as well as a religion of clean hearts.—Indiana Farmer.

When a thing you wish for cannot be had, ever wish for that which may.—Terrence.

The wise man profits by the experience of others—and at the same time mixes it with a little originality.—Chicago News.

Whiskers and Language.

"How long does it take you to shave?" asked the man with the brushwood whiskers.

"About ten minutes, usually," answered his fellow traveler, who was trying to land a few scrapes between the lurches of the Pullman car.

"And how often do you shave?"

"Every day of my life."

"Have you ever thought that if you devoted this time to study you could learn a foreign language in two years?"

"No; I never did. That's rather interesting. How long have you been wearing a beard?"

"It's sixteen years since a razor has touched my face."

"That makes eight. Well, you beat me. I am professor of modern languages in a college, and so I have had to learn French, German, Spanish and Italian. I suppose you began with those, too. What four did you take up after that—Portuguese, Greek, Russian, Swedish?"

"Ah!—that is—to tell the truth, I never had a head for languages. They wouldn't do me any good if I had."—New York Tribune.

An Abrupt Introduction.

"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," says former Senator John C. Spooner.

"I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German Mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin."

"I was to make a political address, and the opera house was crowded. When it came time to begin the Mayor got up."

"Mine friends," he said, "I had asked to be introduced by Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Well, I had it so, and he will now do so."—Literary Digest.

Clark Colby, of Newport, N. H., has conceived the idea of a "woman scarecrow." It holds a broom aloft, and Mr. Colby finds that hawks are much more afraid of it than they are of the usual scarecrow.

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

MINERS DEMAND NEW WAGE SCALE.

Recognition of The Union To Be Insisted Upon.

Scranton (Special).—An entire new agreement will be the demand of the anthracite mine workers to the operators to replace the present working agreement, which expires April 1, 1909.

This was the decision of the tri-district convention of the First, Seventh and Ninth Districts, United Mine Workers, embracing the Lackawanna, Wyoming, Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, here.

It is expected that the operators will vigorously oppose the demands and that long conferences will be the rule before an agreement is signed.

Demands Of The Miners.

The demands of the miners are as follows: "First—That an agreement shall be negotiated between the representatives of the miners and the operators of the anthracite region and all disputes arising under the contract shall be adjusted as provided for in the said agreement.

"Second—We demand the complete recognition of the United Mine Workers of America as a party to negotiate a wage contract and that the United Mine Workers of America shall be recognized in our right to provide any method we may adopt for the collection of revenues for the organization.

"Third—That we demand an eight-hour day with no reduction of wages.

"Fourth—That all coal shall be mined and paid for by the ton of 2,000 pounds.

"Fifth—That we demand a definite and more uniform scale of wages and prices for all classes of labor at all collieries in the anthracite region and that all employees paid less than \$1.50 or less per day shall receive a 10 per cent. advance and all employees paid more than \$1.50 and less than \$2 per day shall receive a 5 per cent. advance.

"Sixth—That the system whereby a contract miner has more than one job, or employs two laborers, be abolished.

"Seventh—That the employers be required to issue uniform pay statements, designating the name of the company, the name of the employee, the colliery where employed, the amount of wages and the class of work performed.

"Eighth—That the contract shall be made for a period of one year."

Arranging The Conference.

After the convention had adjourned President Lewis said that the convention had appointed the national president and the three district presidents to get into communication with the representatives of the operators for the purpose of agreeing upon a time when a joint conference of the representatives of the miners and operators would be held.

If the operators agree to this, Mr. Lewis said, that probably the miners would be represented by the national president, the three district presidents and a delegate from each local in the anthracite coal field. He could not, he said, forecast when the joint conference would be held, for that depended upon the operators agreeing to hold it.

While President Lewis will not order a strike unless all other means fail, those who know him best say he will call one if the extremity demands. The mine workers declare positively that they will not accept the old agreement and they will sign one for no longer than a year.

DEATH FROM FOOTBALL.

Concussion Of The Brain Results Fatally To Player.

Norristown (Special).—A death and one serious injury have resulted from the football contest at Oak View on Saturday, October 3, between the Junior Athletic Club, of Norristown, and the Winton A. C. of Philadelphia.

J. Wiggo, full-back for the Winton, died from concussion of the brain, sustained in the struggle in that game, which was fiercely contested, while McGuire, the right end of the Winton, is suffering from a fracture of the collar-bone.

Wiggo's injuries were not deemed serious. He was unconscious for a time, but was able later to accompany his team-mates home. Reaching there a change developed.

McGuire's injuries were not deemed more than a severe sprain at the time he was forced out of the game.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

David Strohm, one of the best known residents of Cumberland county, died at Carlisle, after a general breakdown, aged 83 years. He was well-known in banking circles.

Henry Eberts, a Nazareth contractor, respondent and ill, went into his back yard, removed his shoe and with his toe pulled the trigger of his shot gun and blew off the top of his head.

Miss Mary N. Baird, of Reedsville, has been elected superintendent of the Lewistown Hospital, to succeed Miss Anna Lenz, resigned.

Kenneth Perry, aged 18 years, was drowned in the Susquehanna River near McCall's Ferry. He was fishing and his boat upset and the young man was carried through the rapids.

Balggio Fusco, 22 years old, employed as a Pennsylvania Railroad construction train at Tyrone, was given six pay checks to have cashed at the Blair County bank and has failed to return. The loss of the workmen will exceed \$200.

Joseph Reeser, a prominent Republican politician, who had held several public offices in Lancaster, died suddenly, aged 64 years.

John Thomas Polan, aged 70, was burned to death when her clothes caught from the fire she was kindling in the kitchen stove of her Scranton home.

POINTS DEFECTS IN THE VACCINATION LAW.

Thousands Of Children Are Kept From The Schools.

Harrisburg (Special).—Conflicts between the provisions of the compulsory education and vaccination laws of Pennsylvania are held blameable for keeping thousands of children out of the public schools of the State by Superintendent of Public Instruction Nathan C. Schaeffer in the annual report which he submitted to Governor Stuart. He declares bluntly that the hopes of those who endeavored to make vaccination general have not come to pass.

Still more startling is the superintendent's statement that ministers and Sunday school officers permit unvaccinated children to come to Sunday school and are as much law breakers as the school officials who allow children to attend sessions when they can not produce a certificate.

In his remarks on the subject of vaccination Dr. Schaeffer says: "The State Commissioner of Health, Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, has estimated that in 9551 schools which his subordinates inspected there were 50,817 unvaccinated children in attendance. The total number in schools in the State is 33,171. These figures show that the progress of those who framed the law excluding unvaccinated children from schools and who hoped thereby to make vaccination universal, has not been realized.

"Moreover, legislation which, through no fault of their own, makes children lawbreakers for the sake of getting an education, is very far from satisfactory. The law now favors those who wish to evade the penalty for neglecting to send their children to school. By simply refusing to furnish a certificate of successful vaccination the parent can have the child excluded from school, and the power of the attendance officer over said child is at an end."

"The dissemination of anti-vaccination literature is daily increasing the difficulties by which the schools are confronted. Fully 60 per cent. of all the letters sent to the educational commission bear upon vaccination."

The statistical portion of the report shows that there are 2,580 school districts in the State, 33,171 schools, 7,488 male teachers, 26,525 female teachers, 1,231,200 pupils, an increase of 5,812. The average number of pupils in daily attendance last year was 961,670.

STATE FAIR PROJECT IS GAINING GROUND.

Its Friends Will Present Bill To Legislature.

Harrisburg (Special).—"A bill for the establishment of a State fair will be presented in the next Legislature, with the support of many of the agricultural societies, and I think it will go through, because there is a great and growing sentiment for such a fair." W. C. Norton, president of the State Live Stock Breeders' Association, and a former member of the House of Representatives, at the Wayne County, declares, Mr. Norton came here from Altoona, where he attended a meeting in the interest of the annual session of the allied agricultural societies to be held here this winter, and said that his visit here was to "boost the State fair."

"I have found people all over the State in favor of it, heartily in favor of it," said Mr. Norton. "Few people have any idea of the enormous wealth represented by our live stock industry. Why, it includes every man who has horses and cows, to say nothing of chickens. Even the bears are in it. Now, if we have a State fair, the cream of such exhibits, the prize winners from county fairs, would be brought together and we could show the world what Pennsylvania really has."

Mr. Norton says that he considers Harrisburg the place to hold the fair, as it is not only a railroad center, but the Capital, where the State House and other State buildings are erected. In this opinion he is supported by Deputy Secretary of Agriculture Martin, one of the staunch advocates of a fair for the whole State.

YOUTH INSTANTLY KILLED.

Hunter Met Death In Presence Of Father And Brothers.

Pine Grove (Special).—William Heinbach, a Civil War veteran, took five of his eight grown-up sons into Witmer's Swamp, in Pine Grove Township, hunting.

Phaon, the 20-year-old son, stood on a stump watching a chase with the muzzle of his gun pointing to his feet, when it was suddenly discharged, the contents going through young Heinbach's head, killing him instantly.

A 17-year-old son of Adam Krause, of Rock Washington Township, watched his dogs chasing, with the muzzle of his gun resting on his knee, when it was suddenly discharged, shattering his foot.

APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT.

Depositors Of Closed Bank Going To Washington.

Waynesburg (Special).—The depositors of the closed Farmers & Drovers' National Bank are to be granted an audience by President Roosevelt, according to an announcement made by Norman W. Sayres, president of the Greene County Taxpayers' League, who has been active in pushing the suits against J. B. F. Bluehart, former cashier of the wrecked bank.

Rabbits Plentiful In Schuylkill.

Pottsville (Special).—Not in many years have rabbits been so plentiful in Schuylkill County as this year. The opening of the season was productive of good results. Hunters found objection on the part of farmers about crossing their lands because the corn husking season is now in progress.

The starfish, netted, commits suicide. It dissolves itself into many pieces, which escape through the meshes of the net. Then a kind of resurrection takes place, each piece growing into a perfect starfish.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Humming birds are disappearing from Trinidad. In 1866 there were eighteen species; now there are only five.

More than half of France's tobacco imports come from the United States.

John Alcorn, of Princeton, Ind., sued William Riley for alienating his wife's affections, and got one cent damages.

Most of the tobacco used in so-called Russian cigarettes—the famous brands of Turkey and Cairo, too—is grown less than one hundred miles from Louisville, Ky., or within a like radius of Raleigh, N. C.

A tunnel more than a mile in length, said to be the longest in existence for use by municipal electric surface car lines, has just been opened by the Genoa Street Railway Company; it shortens the time to Rivarolo by fifteen minutes.

Herbert E. Gay, of Brockton, Mass., is the owner of what is claimed to be the smallest Shetland pony in the State. The little fellow stands just twenty-one inches in height and is only twenty-three inches long.

Blasting marble is impracticable, those who quarry it having to split off blocks in the same method in vogue when the Parthenon was built, more than 2500 years ago.

There is a marriage each eight minutes in New York City.

The United States Government has property in the city of New York valued on the basis of the tax assessment at \$65,000,000.

A New Yorker of broad traveling experience says that he finds it an economy not to register from the metropolis when he visits the summer resorts. He uses a little up-State town for this purpose.

John Wax, a farmer living near Newport, Perry County, Pa., missed a metal frog, painted green, weighing four pounds, used to hold a door open, and a few days later killed a black snake seven feet long, near the house, inside of which he found the frog, and two half grown rabbits.

The only book that is with any certainty known to have been handled by Shakespeare is a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's essays. It contains the poet's autograph and was bought by the British Museum for 120 guineas. A second copy of the same translation in the museum has Ben Johnson's name on the fly-leaf.

A combination of a lump of soap of the size of a hickory nut, a pint of boiling water and four tablespoonfuls of turpentine is the familiar solution used to transfer newspaper cuts to another piece of paper or to cloth.

A cheap yet durable pavement has been laid by the city of Mankato, Mich., consisting of a mixture of crushed fine stone, gravel and sand, top-dressed with cement and tar. It cost but eighty cents a linear foot, thirty feet wide.

GERMANY AND ITS CITIZENS.

Government to Improve Their Condition in Many Reasonable Ways.

Germany is not pauperizing the population nor pauperizing the workmen as dependents upon the bounties of paternal government. It is striving by well devised social reforms to improve the quality of workaday citizenship instead of degrading it. Every measure has been thoroughly thought out before it has been tentatively introduced, and the co-operation of trade unions and even of Socialists has been secured in the practical administration of the insurance funds and other institutions. Results and tendencies have been calculated with painstaking care; thrift is not discouraged by injustice to industrious and prudent workers; paupers and parasites are not singled out for public charity and rewarded for improvidence; and the have-nots are not systematically raided and plundered for the benefit of the have-haves. Social reform is as scientific in Germany as it is thoughtless and reckless in England.—Coblenz Correspondence New York Tribune.

Tights on the Stage.

Must a music hall star exhibit herself on the stage in tights when she abominates such a display? This question has been raised by Mlle. De Valcourt, a Parisienne, who, after a brief appearance on such conditions, declared that she had had enough of the business. First of all she explained that this was too great a trial to her modesty, and then she added that the wearing of tights every evening made her positively ill. The Paris Tribunal of Commerce having pronounced against her and ordered her to pay a matter of 600fr., she brought the affair before the Court of Appeal, fondly hoping that the war which was being waged against indecent exhibition on the stage would help her to win her case, but the Court of Appeal has also decided against Mlle. De Valcourt. It holds that an artist who has undertaken to appear in revues and ballets such as are performed in establishments like the Ambassadors or the Alcazar cannot fairly regard the wearing of tights as placing her in an unforseen position. As for the injury to health, the court considers that Mlle. De Valcourt ought to have thought of this when she contracted the engagement, the more so as the medical certificate sets forth that she was already in a delicate state several years ago. So the judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce is maintained.—London Telegraph.

It has been frequently noted by aeronauts that the banking of a dog is always the last sound that they hear from earth, and it has been discovered that this can be heard unless favorable circumstances as an elevation of four miles.