When bright skies seem far away, Smile, and think December's May! When the snow falls day and night, Weave it into roses white! Never mind how dark the sky, If you sing you'll never sigh!

Old world, as she rolls along, Still makes music-sings a song! Every bird on every tree Makes some sort o' melody ! Can't you sing, or can't you toy? It you sing you'll never sigh!

Every wayside has a rose, Every storm a rainbow shows; When you see the sun decline, Give the stars a chance to shine See the sun-the stars on high-Sing your song and never sigh!

-Frank L. Stanton.

A Matrimonial Venture.



matter of introductory fact, this tale throughout is of a character very commonplace. Mr. Witham Jacob wanted a wife.

In seeking, however, for a partner with whom to share his name, liberty and other heredita- clusion he went on:

ments, he resorted to the not unprecedented but somewhat unconventional method of publishing his craving in the newspapers of San Francisco. hidden away in that wearisome laby-"aunt ads," but in bold face occupied all." at least ten squares of display. It

"I want a wife. I am a thirty-five-year-old, a thoroughbred and square. I own 4000 cattle, 600 horses, have \$20,000 sunk, and, barring bilizzards, northers and other visitations of a giorious climate, shall never "gaten the cinen strap for hunger. That's all. Where is the woman? She must be under twenty-five and show up a registered pedigree. Jacob Witham, Quemadura Flat, California."

But Mr. Witham's aspiration, proclaimed beyond all misinterpretation, was destined to be considered by an individual manifestly unsuited to its requirements. In a cozy parlor within the aristocratic limits of San Francisco it had caught the eye of one Frederick Weldon, and to that gentleman's handsome features it brought a smile of amusement. Possibly he was contrasting the advertiser's position with his own--he was being entertained by a young girl of admirable wifely adaptations. And yet such was young girl's subservience to his wishes. not the exact trend of his thoughts. Miss Dorothy Halsted was a very pretty girl and, withal, charming. Morcover she was, at that moment, scated beside him on a low sofa, and her dainty head seemed as if created tertainment. The writer, albeit he by nature to rest confidingly on some invariably answered by return meil, strong, male chaulder Out San De

were all attractive; he

out in Mr. Witham's announcement, which he had carelessly lifted soon sewed the correspondence from from a table at his elbow, Fred dis. another standpoint; and, indeed, it cerned an opportunity for possible di-version, and he extended it to his com-frequency prohibited by convention-at once. panton.

"Let's apply," was his suggestion. Miss Halsted smiled.

"I am only nineteen," she returned. "I can wait a year or two longer before resorting to any such desperate menus.

Fred was on his knees (metaphorically) at once.

"Dolly! Miss Dolly!" he ejaculated, reproachfully.

But his assumption of tender deprecation elicited only a light, ripthe young girl deemed all such courteous platitudes her just Pribute. Nor need it be stated with what equally versational bark into other channels; suffice to say that she exhibited the skill of an adept.

Meantime, however, Fred retained terval he again asked:

await results. Again Miss Halsted laughed, but it

ing little appreciation; she even ap- rendered homeless. peared somewhat bored by his persist-

respondence, But what name will I sign?" she

the reply. "Yes, that's it; make it have a heart, and a big one. Dorothy Weldon,

The young girl colored and lowered her eyes. But she accepted the sug-

gestion, and over such pseudonym was the letter sent.

As an epistolary precursor of future hymenial joys it was a masterpieceor, so, at least, Fred averred. It was to be presumed that the unknown Mr. Witham was a cattle baron-i, e., a cowboy on whom fortune had smiled phraseology was avoided. Moreover, jured." the gentleman appeared to desire a wife considerably his junior and for that reason a certain maidenly coyness and naivete were necessary. But "Miss" Fred was equal to the task. Weldon was ashamed, almost afraid, to address Mr. Withaw, She was alone, however, and with no one to advise; was what people vulgarly termed a "shop" girl. She had also been told that gentlemen in his walk of life retained much of that enivalric element of disposition long since extinct in large cities. Wherefore she

accord her communication that confidence befitting her own sincerity.

Fred contemplated this last bit of flattery with a smile of complacency. "He'll not swear at his cattle for a week after that," he observed. Then lar to those of earlier date. Morehe consigned the letter to his pocket.

railroads, and ten days elapsed before whose glistening stone was worthy to an answer was received. A brief note grace even Dolly's taper fingers, and from Miss Halsted-addressed, by the the sender was following the ring. way, to "Miss" Dorothy Weldon-acquainted Fred of its arrival, and within the snug precincts of her dwelling he found that young lady considerably amused. Mr. Witham's reply was certainly in keeping with the advertisement by which it had been pre-

"My Dear Miss Weldon," it began. "Thanks for your letter. Thanks, too, for your picture. I also thank God that I have been permitted to receive them. Perhaps that sounds like a stampede of fervency, but I'm more accustomed to stampedes than to writ-T was the old, old ing letters. Therefore, when I tell story. But, as a you that I like your points you can nounced. He would await Miss Welback my words.

And thus launched upon the sea of correspondence — involved in four tion.
pages of very "unfashionale" paper he continued. He reiterated all he had previously published, and added considerably unimportant details, of which reference to certain bankers in Los Angeles comprised no small part. Nor was Fred's allusion to cowbov chivalry without its effect, for in con-

"As to your own right to your brand, no further remarks are necessary. I have seen your face (on paper), and I have heard you talk-I know Moreover, the advertisement was not the yelping of a sneaking coyote, and I never yet failed to recognize the rinth of type popularly termed the jeweled hide of a rattlesnake. That's

With this, however, Miss Halsted appeared less agreeably diverted.

"There's a rough, Quixotic credence about it that approaches pathos," was her amusing comment. Fred laughed.

"He does put it rather neatly," he vouchsafed, "but he's only a cowboy, Dolly; and, besides, this is only his first; who knows what a mind of leving tenderness he may yet develop?" The young girl shook her head.

"You, perhaps; not me," she re-"I shall write no more." turned. "But, Dolly, think of the-"

"I know-the fun," Miss Halsted interposed. "But it's not 'fun' for him, and I refuse to continue."

Neverthless another letter was written, and in Dolly's delicate chirography. Nor did Fred's subsequent expression of satisfaction arise wholly from the epistle itself, rather from the

As before, a lapse of ten days brought the reply. So, also, did each such succeeding interval for several months thereafter. And they certainly yielded no small fund of en-

a be no recong of a large die to humor, and with results in de way, infinitely amusing. Fred, too, it has since been asserted,

But it me at beginnlessed that Mr. Witham peedily lorgan to chafe under the restraint e- confining words to a mailbag. Each etter contained its appeal that he be permitted to visit the city. Nor were his plaints without a certain element of the pathetic. His ranch was sixty males from civilization and refinement; that sixty miles he now traversed to receiveonly a letter.

"And he's scarcely to be blamed, pling laugh. It is to be feared that Dolly," Fred once observed. "Think of what his longing would be had he seen your own features, instead of Mile. Clio's!" Then he contemspecious phrases she diverted the con- plated the girl's fair face with a smile, and turning away, hummed a bar of something about a "letter that never

came." Meantime, however, there arrived a the newspaper, and after a brief in- day when the newspapers again had occasion to publish Jake Witham's "Why not answer it? I'll write the name. It was only a brief notice, letter and you copy it. Then we'll telegraphic, and recounting the deenclose the photo, of an actress-if struction by fire of Quemadura Flat, you can find one consistent with his the settlement wherein that gentleidea of a 'registered pedigree'—and man received his man. He had been present at the time-presumably awaiting the customary letter-and was only a musical murmur, manifest- had generously donated \$500 to those

As the item met Fred's eye a change ency. Nevertheless she rose and pro- came over his face, and, clipping it cured the materials requisite for cor- from the paper, he conveyed it to

Miss Halstend. "I'm rather sorry, after all, Dolly, asked, when at last it had been cop- that we selected such a man for a fool," he said, with a seriousness, to him, "You might use a composite," was unusual. "He certainly appears to

Dolly smiled, albeit somewhat sa-

tirically. "It's the dollar, not the sentiment, with you, Fred," she astutely re-

turned. Fred made no reply. Possibly his respect for gold was a characteristic ad,

mitting no denial. But the young girl was again perusing the report, and in the last line she encountered four words previously -therefore, all stilted elegance of unnoticed-"Mr. Witham badly in-

> Her face was slightly paler as she looked up. "He's given more than his dollars,

Fred," she said, in a low tone. Fred looked grave. At the same

time there was depicted in his expression a vague sense of relief.

"Well, that lets us out," he returned. "To tell you the truth, Dolly, I was beginning to wonder how we could extricate ourselves gracefully." But Fred erred, and that gravely, in | ton, will tap the Yakima River five believing he was to escape thus easily from the correspondence which he had

summoned into Miss Halsted's presence, and that young lady met him with a look of blank dismay. She had received another letter from Mr. Witham, and of a character vastiy dissimie consigned the letter to his pocket. over, a small package accompanied the Quemadura Flat was isolated from the letter. Within reposed a ring

> "Here!" the young girl ejaculated, almost tearfully. "He's coming here!" Fred knitted his brow; manifestly he was disconcerted, and he took the letter from her hand. But there was no loophole for misconstruction. The writer was no longer an appealing swain, suing for favor; he had met with an accident-had narrowly escaped death, and by it was warned that delay frequently detailed disaster. At the closing statement, however, Fred exhibited some slight relief. Mr. Witham did not intend "roping a wife" as he would a steer-unan-

don's pleasure at the Palace Hotel. "And we'll have to meet him there," Fred declared, in a tone of despera-

"We!" the young girl exclaimed. "I'm not Miss Weldon."

"Well, I will, then," Fred returned. "But what will I tell him—that you're sick, dead, or have left the city?'

Miss Halstead shok her head. "That would only mean procrastination, with an explanation still to be made," she said, dubiously. "No; if you are going to meet him-if you dare to meet him-tell him the truth."

Fred winced. It had not previously occurred to him that an encounter with Mr. Witham might entail bodily discomfort.

"Do-do you suppose he'll fight?" he queried, half absently.

"I hope so; you deserve it," was the young girl's reply. Then she paused and her eyes sparkled mischievously as she noted her com-panion's dejection. "No; I don't mean that, Fred," she added; "I would not like you to get hurt. But you must see him."

"And I will, Dolly," was Fred's earnest rejoinder, his love for her sex fast tending toward centralization. "For you I'd interview that gentleman who buys his shoes at the farrier's."

But words are not actions. The following day was nearly at an end when Fred entered the Palace Hotel and glanced over the register. Inwardly he was praying that the name of Witham should not appear upon its pages; that its owner might be reposing beneath a wrecked train, shot by express robbers, intoxicated by the wayside-anything. But there it was, and at sight of it he repaired to the barroom.

That courage, however, which is attributed to Holland appeared to have lost its potency, and he soon returned to the office. His hand trembled as he drew a card from his pocket; but it had to be done, and he tendered "Mr. Witham," he said, tersely.

Five minutes later a speaking tube wheezed, and he watched the clerk. But the suspense was of brief duration. Yes; Mr. Witham was in and would be pleased to see Mr. Weldon

Fred drew a long breath, then straightened up and walked toward Hitherto he had never the elevator. entered one of those elevators at the Palace without speculating on their safety, but now he wished it would fall. He even contemplated, mentally, his own bruised and mangled remains, and the consequent press notices. But it reached the third floor without mishap.

The bellboy, too, seemed as if bent spon hastening the calamitous work, for he at once conducted him to the door of Mr. Witham's room and capped loudly on the panel.

"Come!" was the cheery response that floated through the transom, and Fred shuddered. Then he pulled himself together and turned the knob. But on the threshold he paused,

Mr. Witham-the "cowboy"-was seated within, and of exterior he was not at all formidable. His features, albeit bearded, were boyish, pleasant and rather handsome, and his attire was that affected by a man of the world. But it was not with him that Fred was now concerned-Dorothy Halsted was seated on his knee.

Fred was like a man dazed by some sudden revelation; he seemed, almost, to stagger. But the "cowboy" smiled. Then lifting Dolly he deposited her in his own seat and advanced with extended hand,

"My wife, Mr. Weldon," he observed lightly. "We have had her father's blessing; I trust we have

Fred stared; he was yet like one in the dark, and he scarcely noticed the

hand which clasped his own. But he was speedily enlightened, and by Miss Halsted-or, rather, the

former Miss Halsted-herself. "Yes, Fred," she said with a wealth | you?" of smiles and blushes, "we must confess to a little deception. My own photo and not Mile. Clio's was inclosed in your first letter, and after

with which I am not familiar." the second my--my husband always wrote two letters, one for us and one for me. And really, Fred, I think his "Certainly. appreciation of the situation influenced me-just a bit-in what has happened.' Fred bowed--very coldly; he was

himself again.

"It all goes to show," he afterward averred, "that women can't be trusted, even in matters of jocular entertainment."-New York Press.

A ditch to be built across teh Yakima Indian Reservation, Washingmiles below the town of that name, and will be eighty miles in length. trusted-and believed-that he would | begun. Three days later he was again | irrigating about 150,000 acres of land.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN-TEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household-Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Canning Children.

My Big Brother. I wish that my big brother's here;
He comes home jes bout onst a year.
For where he lives 's an orful ways
An' cars can't come in free whole days;
But when he's here I laugh an' laugh
I'll I'm 'bout dead—more'n half.

Last year, soon's he unpacked his trunk, I frowed a pillow right kerplunk Non he frowed back an' nen us boys All frowed an' made the biggest noise Until we made him say "enough " An' tell us we were jes' the stuff. We played some he's our big horse Jack

An' nen he rided us on his back; But onst I falled off on my head, Cause he scared at the cat, he said -I jes' got straps down off the shelf Au' tied him to behave hisself. One day we played that we was bears, An' runned him up an' down the stairs Till ma said sho'd jes' punish us

For making such an orful fuss; An' nen she tooked him 'cross her knee, An' lau; bed an' spanked him—yes, siree! Onst ma gived us some dough to bake On top the stove, jes' like a cake, An' nea she said that we could try To make ourselves an apple ple; Nea when it cooked, we runned away

An' et it all up in the hay. He wished he's small again like me So he could climb our cherry tree. I s'pose he's sorry he's so old An' could do things 'thout being told, For lots of times when he was here He looked that way -he was so queen

He'd stand an' talk to our old cow An' ask her how she's tended now; He'd look at everything he'd made The places where the chickens laid. 7 hat somehow shuts itself and locks.



He'd go to see 'bout every day; Down to the ice house, by the stairs He'd go there lots—more'n anywheres— An' there he'd stage as' look an' look, Jes' like de's readin' in a book.

I s pose he's thinking, for, you know, He used to play there wif his beau— A-making ples an' lettin' on They's keepin' house like any one. He used to say she was his wife And cut her name there wif his knife.

When they'd come slow-like up the walk Ma said they'd catch their hands an' talk 'Bout what they'd do when they got grown An' had a ble house of their o But nen, it never did come true, Jes' like they said -he's sorry, too!

For he'd take flowers on the hill For he d take howers on the hill Nen zo down there an' keep as still; Or else he'd look 't album where There's an old faded one of her, Mor'n onst I listened, and he said Out loud: "Why, Annie, are you dead?" I s'pose he thought she'd hear him speak

see the tears run down his cheel Say, don't you think it's funny how He jes' remembers bout her now? For he's a great bir man, you know, An' they were little years ago. I wish some bird or fairy bright

Vonid bring him while I sleep some night I wish he'd come right off to-day; hold him tight and make him stay. For all of us jes' feel so good When he comes home—I wish he would. —New York World.

Growing Dirty.

Little 5-year old Arthur was asked if he knew that a penny would grow if it were planted. "Yes," he replied, promptly, "it would grow dirty.

Filling an Order.

Newsboy-Say, d'yeh remember them old papers you had printed fer the Washington Centennial? Clerk-Do you mean the fac sim-

iles of a paper of a hundred years ago?

"That's it. Funny little paper, with queer letters."

"Yes Well?" "I want one."

"What for?" "A sick ludy, at a hotel acrost the street, wants a newspaper wid no accounts of riots and murders and rob

beries in it."

The Right Batt. "Papa," said Benny Bloobumper, who knew his father's weakness, "you know all about fishing, don't

"Yes, my son," replied the elder Bloobumper, graciously. "There is very little about that gentle sport

"You know all about the right sort of bait to use, don't you?" "That's what I was telling Fred-

die Fangle, and we agreed to leave something about fishing for you to decide. We had a discussion about "Well, Benny, I am very glad to see

you taking such an interest in fishing, as well as to see such confidence in your father's judgment. What was the point in which you and Freddy differed?" "I don't know as we differed exact-

ly. Freddy didn't seem to quite agree with me, though." "State the question, Benny." "Weil, fish run in schools, sometimes, don't they, papa?"

"1 cs."

"That's what I told Freddy."
"Didn't he believe it?"

REMAKING OLD HATS.

No Tile of Too Battered to Be Impossible

Straw hats are not the only kind of

headgear which is made over. The

business of making over silk and felt

hats is quite extensive. This trade

is not found, as you might suppose,

in those buildings before which a man

stands crying: "Hats for one dollar

upstairs," but is connected with the

better class of retail hat stores which

deal in good hats at a low price. The

process for silk hats is very simple.

The muslin upon which the hat is

built cannot be harmed by crump-

ling. Heated over blue flame, re-

treated with an alcoholic or water

solution of shellac, called a wine or

water stiffening, as the case may re-

quire, and ironed vigorously with a

hatter's iron, the most dilapidated

muslin base can be given form again.

The iron used is hollow and has a

beveled face. The heated portion is

taken from the fire and incased in

the ironing surface. After being

ironed into shape the bat is ready for

recovering. The silk cover, which is

woven like velvet, is sewn into a bag

with the seams inside. The stuff is

cut bias at an angle of about 60 deg.

in America, 45 deg. in England, and

30 deg. in France. Deft treatment

conceals the seam altogether, the nap

being brushed over it, unless the hat

A ROMANCER'S ROMANCE.

Novelist Barrie Weds the Girl Who

Nursed Him When Sick.

novelist, and Miss Mary Ansell was

The courtship of J. M. Barrie, the

as romantic as any

of the clever writ-

er's own creations.

Mr. Barrie was very

ili and Miss Ansell

bravely nursed him

through it all. They

soon as he was able

to travel. Barrie

has won great favor

in the United States,

not only of critics.

were married

is held slantwise in a strong light.

THROWN OUT.

LEFT BY COXEY

J. M. BARRIE.

has always been a

retiring tastes. She

has led the quietest

of lives in the home

of a matron friend

-a life so quiet that

old-fashioned peo-

ple, it is said, would

has a special talent

have called her a she have bird." She

for dressmaking and MISS MARY

fessional and private, have been

made by her own fingers. She is ac-

complished, being a skilled musician

and a clever artist in oils and water

colors. Riding and swimming must

be added to the list. She is a mem-

ber of an old and much-respected

family, and has treasures of beauti-

Coffins Have Run Short.

fow hours the other day.

zirl of simple and

rise has been constant and rapid.

AFTER THE CURE

RECLAIMED.

NOW HAS A JOB.

of Reformation

Oh, yes, he believed that all

There are more than 500,000 miles of telegraph lines in the United States, Artificial silk is produced by chen-ical means out of waste wool or cot-"Well, I told him that when fish ran in schools the proper bait to use was bookworms. Now ain't I right,

Mr. Bloobumper reached for his slipper, and Benny disappeared out of doors. Every nation of the globe has had its "stone age" at some period of its

POPULAR SCIENCE

history. Vienna, Austria, is to have a novel

elevated railway. The cars are to be suspended instead of running on ordinary rails.

A recent invention is the pulsimet. er, a watch made especially for doctors to time pulses with. It is made very much on the principle of the stop watch, and indicates the rate on a pulse dial in so many beats per min. An authority on hypnotism says

that hysterical persons are very diffi. cult to influence. They are so well-ded to their own fancies, mental and physical that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained, it passes off very quickly. Dr. Viquerat, of Geneva, Switzer.

land, is using a new method for tuber. culosis. He gives subcutaneous injections of the serum of donkeys, and reports that he has thus cured seem. ingly hopeless cases. An institute will be founded in Geneva to apply his treatment.

The Thermogen is an appliance for keeping up the temperature of a patient during an operation, doing away with blankets and hot-water bottles. It is in the form of a quilted cushion. with an arrangement of fine wires inside, by which any desired degree of heat may be maintained by electricity. It was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Society.

Small incandescent lamps, using secondary batteries weighing about half a pound, are used for night service in the German Army. It has been suggested that they be used with balloons for signalling, and the bicycle corps uses them for reconnoitring. The small accumulators have also been supplied to powder magazines and artillery depots.

The Belgian Government, it is reported, is about to open negotiations with the British Government looking to the establishment of telephone lines between London and Brussels. The authorities at Berlin have signified their willingness to continue the line to Berlin, and the prospect is good that London and Berlin will soon be connected by telephone by way of Ostend and Brussels.

Explosion of a Mountain.

Previous to July 15, 1888, Mount Bandai, a tine-cleft peak, 4800 feet in height, was the most conspicuous object in the mountain range lying from 100 to 150 miles north of Tokio, the chief city of Japan. On the day in question it was literally "rent in twain" and "blo n off the face of the earth" by the expansive power of steam which had generated within it. From the earliest times of which there is any record streams of cold water had been plunging under the peak on one side and escaping in the shape of steam and boiling hot water on the other. That the "escape valve" was not sufficient to let off all the steam generated in the passage of the water through the red-hot interior of the peak is evident because of the fact that when the pressure became too great the sides of the mountain yielded, just as a boiler would have done under like circumstances, and an immense

explosion was the result.

but the great read-The explosion is said to have been ing public as well. He was discovheard a distance of over a thousand ered by Dr. Nicol, of the British miles and to have caused absolute Weekly, and was connected with that darkness in the vicinity of the explodjournal a long time. Then he emed peak upwards of three hours, durbraced literature in earnest and his ing which time perfect torrents of hot water and mud were poured down The young bride is a very pretty from the immense heights to which girl and a very sweet, gentle and esthey had been hurled by the force of timable one. Though for some years the "pent-up furies" which caused the disaster. The debris which fell successful actress in London, she after the explosion covered an area of 44,000 acres, to a depth varying from ten to 100 feet on an average, and in one place, where a beautiful valley had existed but a few hours before, rocks and mud were piled up to the height of 900 feet. Three villages were engulfed in the ruins and at least 500 inhabitants killed by falling debris or drowned and cooked in the torrents of boiling mud, which flowed down a valley to a distance of nine millinery, and all her costumes, promiles.

These facts were gleaned from a report made by a visiting committee appointed by the University of Tokio. -St. Louis Republic.

A Valuable Invention for Miners. One of the most interesting papers

read to the British Association was ful old lace and china. No portrait, it that by Dr. J. S. Haldane, on "The is said, has ever done justice to her Causes and Prevention of Suffocation in Mines," says Public Opinion (England). The professor argued that most of the men killed in explosions were Reports from the plague-stricken districts of China show that the dis-ease is still spreading and that the not killed at once by the explosion, but that an interval elapsed during burying of the head is a most serious which means could be adopted for presproblem. Often the pallbearers, who are paid to carry the coffin to the grave, are stricken with the dread diservation. He exhibited a small apparatus he had constructed, which could be inclosed in a small tin box, ease on the way, and of the four who start out with the body only one or two which would keep a miner alive for return. There are not coffins enough three hours if he remained in a sitting in Canton at present. The giving away posture, and for one if he walked of coffins has been undertaken by charatable associations, one of which reports having distributed 2,000 coffins about. This would enable anyone to penetrate the layer of after-damp and reach the open air. It consisted of a thus far. In some places the bables are not buried at all and the baby towers are full. The baby towers are cylinder containing compressed oxygen and a layer of material for absorbing the carbonic acid given out by the breath, and could be turned on by a little buildings with windows near the roof. The bables are laid on the windows and pushed inside to decompose. tap, the miner breathing through a Many of the dead at Canton have no tube into a bag. It had been given burial plot and their coffins are left on the most thorough tests in the laborathe top of the ground. It is said that the Pearl river, which flows rast the tory, and it was physiologically possible. It could be made at present at a city and upon which hundreds of thousan's of people live in boats, con-tains many floating cor; ses. One hundred and forty were counted in a cest of about \$2.50, and would not only preserve life in the event of an explosion, but also in the case of fire.