

**IN A MIST OF GREEN.**  
 In a mist of green the garden lies;  
 The happy birds go singing by;  
 The sweet-breathed hyacinth is up;  
 The tulip lifts a painted cup.  
 The farmer whistles at his plow;  
 The maple shows a tasseled bough;  
 The swarming elm buds are uncurled;  
 For God has breathed upon His world.  
 —Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

**ONLY JONES.**

BY AMELIA E. BARR.



THE officers of her Majesty's Twenty-fourth and Eighty-fourth Infantry were sitting round their mess table, in Castle-town, the capital of the Isle of Man, one evening more than forty years ago—that is, all of them except one; but then that one was only Jones.

Nobody minded Jones; even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for "chaffing"; and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their "chaffing" that they had come to find it little pleasure; and after some weeks of discomfit, Lieutenant Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.

These were not extravagant. A favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favorable. He would not drink—he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot—he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble—he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the capital—he said it hurt his affections. Once Captain De Reuzy wondered whether it was possible to "hurt his honor," and Jones calmly answered that "it was not possible for Captain De Reuzy to do so."

Indeed, Jones constantly violated all these gentlemen's idea of proper behavior, but, for some reason or other, no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer," or say, "it is only Jones," or even to quietly assert his cowardice.

One evening, Colonel Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room and was immediately accosted.

"Something new, Lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hares on the island, and we mean to give a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider. Will you join us?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel; such a thing is in neither my way of duty nor my pleasure."

"You forget the honor the Colonel does you, Jones," said young Ensign Powell.

"I thank the Colonel for his courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am sure my horse will not approve of it; and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a good rider; therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said the Colonel, rather sneeringly; "the country is quite open, and these low Manx walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me, Colonel. I am afraid. If I should be hurt, it would cause my mother and sisters very great alarm and anxiety. I am very much afraid of doing this."

"What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his cowardice? The Colonel turned away, half contemptuously, and Ensign Powell took Jones's place."

The morning proved to be a very bad one, with the prospect of a raising storm; and as the party gathered in the barracks-yard, Jones said earnestly to his Colonel:

"I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."

"Do you know, old man, what 'surf swimming' is? I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva."

"God bless you, sir! I thought no white man could do that same."

"While this conversation was going on, Jones was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting out the sleeves of his heavy pea-jacket with his pocket-knife. This done, he passed some light, strong rope through them. The men watched him with eager interest, and seeing their inquisitive looks, he said:

"The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body, you see."

"Ay, ay, sir, I see now what you are doing."

"Now, men, I have only one request: Give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you. When I get on board, you know how to make a cradle, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay, sir; but how are you going to reach the water?"

"I am going to plunge down. I have dived from the main yard of the Ajax before this. It was as high a leap."

He passed a double coil of the rope round his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying: "Now, friends, stand out of the way, and let me have a clear start," he raised his bare head toward heaven, and, taking a short run, leaped, as from the spring-board of a plunge-bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap! Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark, foamy depths.

When he rose to the surface, he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its center. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks, but Jones rose far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and he now began in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.

Drawing continually on the men for more rope—which they paid out with deafening cheers—he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer the wreck with every wave, really advancing, however, more below the water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on board heard a clear, hopeful voice:

"Throw me a buoy!"

And in another minute or two Jones was on the deck, and the cheers on the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on the land. There was not a moment to be lost; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few minutes to fasten a strong cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable, and the communication was complete.

"There is a lady here, sir," said the Captain. "We must rig up a chair for her. She can never walk that dangerous road."

"But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost. Is she very heavy?"

"A slight little thing; half a child, sir."

with his brother-officers, or talking to her father, or leaning on Braddon's arm, and every time he saw her she looked fairer and sweeter. Yet he had not courage to ask for an introduction, and in the busy ballroom no one seemed to remember that he needed one. He kept his post against the conservatory door quite undisturbed for some time. Presently he saw Squire Braddon with the beauty on his arm approaching him. As they passed, the squire remembered he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

"Miss Conyers."

"Lieutenant Jones."

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieutenant Jones's voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands together, said:

"I have found him! Papa! Papa! I have found him!"

Never was there such an interruption to a ball. The company gathered in excited groups, and papa knew the Lieutenant's voice, and the Captain knew it; and poor Jones, unwillingly enough, had to acknowledge the deed and be made a hero of.

It was wonderful, after this night, what a change took place in Jones's quiet ways. His books and boat seemed to have lost their charm, and as for his walks, they were all in one direction, and ended at Braddon Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Jones began to haunt the postman, and to get pretty little letters which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.

Before the end of the winter he had an invitation to Conyers to spend a month, and a furlough being granted, he started off in great glee for Kent. Jones never returned to the Eighty-fourth. The month's furlough was indefinitely lengthened—in fact, he sold out, and entered upon a diplomatic career under the care of Sir Thomas Conyers.

Eighteen months after the wreck, Colonel Underwood read aloud at the mess a description of the marriage of Thomas Jones, of Milford Haven, to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, of Conyers Castle, Kent. And a paragraph below stated that "the Honorable Thomas Jones, with his bride, had gone to Vienna on diplomatic service of great importance."

"Just his luck," said Underwood.

"Just his pluck," said Underwood; "and for my part, when I come across any of these fellows again that are afraid of hurting their mothers and sisters, and not ashamed to say so, I shall treat them as heroes just waiting for their opportunity. Here is to the Honorable Thomas Jones and his lovely bride! We are going to India, gentlemen, next month, and I am sorry the Eighty-fourth has lost Lieutenant Jones; for I have no doubt whatever he would have stormed a fort as bravely as he boarded a wreck."

—The Ledger.

**A Clever Trick.**  
 Several years ago the postal department was greatly annoyed by the large number of registered letters opened and their contents removed, and could get no clue to the thief. Neither the envelope of the registered letter nor the outside envelope was in any of the cases mutilated, and what made the matter worse, robberies of the same kind were reported from several postoffices at once.

The non-mutilation of the outside registry envelopes showed that the robbers were not committed while the letter was en route, so the department set detectives to watch several postoffices at which letters had arrived apparently robbed.

Finally a detective saw a registry clerk moisten the several stamps on a registered letter, remove them, and with a very sharp knife cut a slit where the stamps had been, take the money from the envelopes, and then replace the stamps over the slit. That was the secret. A professional thief had put the clerk on it, as well as about a dozen others at different postoffices, for a small rake off. When the stamps were carefully replaced a person could not tell that the envelope had been slit.—Chicago Mail.

**A Banana Cargo.**  
 The average cargo of a fruit steamer is 16,000 bunches of bananas. The largest bunches must weigh at least fifteen or twenty pounds and at that rate a cargo must be tolerably "hefty" to speak. These steamers all ply between this port and Jamaica, and their choicest fruit comes from a plantation called the Golden Vale, the fruit taking the name. The best of this brand brings \$1.75 and sometimes \$2.00 a bunch sold from the steamer. These have eight and sometimes nine "hands" or clusters upon and are exceedingly large. The average bunches have seven or eight "hands" and sell on an average for ninety cents per bunch, each bunch containing upwards of a hundred bananas. It is easily seen what a profit can be made on this fruit which is bought green for the above price, kept for a few days in a warm room to ripen and then sold for from twenty-five to thirty cents a dozen and perhaps more. The bunches containing six clusters or "hands" are sold for about fifty-five cents to street peddlers, who, after ripening them, sell them for "twoony" for a quarter.—Boston Transcript.

**Cornbread in Europe.**  
 A contemporary suggests that the generosity of the American people in feeding the starving Russians may be rewarded in an unexpected way, by the demand that is likely to follow for corn as an article of diet. Europeans have never regarded corn as a breadstuff, and the best efforts of the Department of Agriculture to introduce it to them in this light have met with very limited success. Recently, it is thought, may teach the Russians, at least, that it is healthy, palatable and cheaper than wheat. If so, the farmers of the Northwest will have reason to be glad that they were generous.—Picture.

**New York in Miniature.**  
 A Chicago modeler has just completed a miniature copy of the southern end of New York City, from the City Hall to the Battery, enough of Brooklyn to show the environment of the eastern end of the big bridge, a little of Jersey City, Governor's Island and all of Bedloe's Island, with the statue of Liberty. The streets and ground are made of painted wood; lamp-posts, inhabitants, horses, the elevated railways, trains, carriages and trucks are of zinc; the trees about the Battery are made of moss, but the buildings have been modeled in clay, fired and painted. There is real water about the little town, and in it mimic ferries will ply, freighters lie at the docks and the ocean liners ride the tiny waves. The total number of craft carved from wood and fully rigged is 380. Everything is drawn upon a scale of 1 to 350, except the statue of Liberty, which is as 1 to 300. The total area of the toy town is nearly 900 feet.

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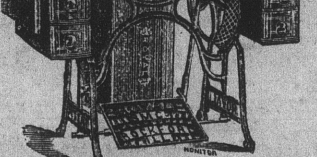


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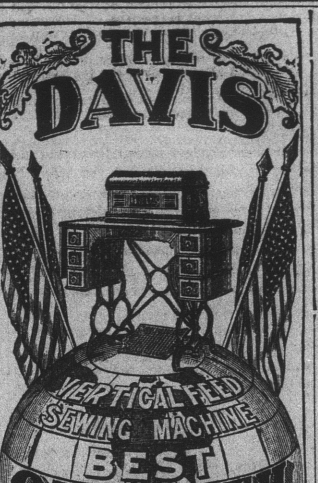
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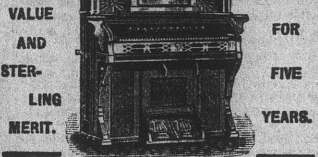
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