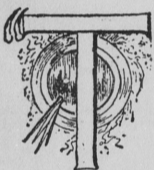


A MISLAID CONTINENT.

Now let us run the list over. Of men preceding Christopher, Who came before Columbus came, that lag-gard dull and slow. Those early Buddhist missionaries, The rapid religious visionaries. Who thirteen hundred years ago discovered Mexico. An Irishman named Brendan (The list is never ending) Be crossed the Sea of Darkness, crossed the wild, untraveled main. He thought that he would try a land Some miles away from Ireland. So he, twelve hundred years ago, discovered us again. Lief Ericson, the Norseman, A regular old sea-horseman, Who rode the waves like stallions, and couldn't endure the shores, Five hundred years thereafter Said to his wife in laughter: "It's time to go and find, my dear, America once more." And so he went and found it, With the ocean all around it, And just where Brendan left it five hundred years before. And then he cried "Eureka!" I'm a most successful seeker!" And then went off and lost it—couldn't find it any more. They fought the sea, and crossed it, And found a world—and lost it— Those pre-Columbian voyagers were absent-minded men: Their minds were so preoccupied That when a continent they spied, They absentmindedly it couldn't be found again. But Columbus when he found us Somehow kept his arm around us, For he knew he must be careful when he found a hemisphere; And he knew just how to use it, And he didn't misplace and lose it, And mistily it in a corner where it couldn't be found next year. Like a pretty worthless locket He didn't put it in his pocket And drop the New World through a hole that he'd kept to mend. But he kept his eye upon it, And he kept his finger on it, And he kept his grip upon it and held on to the end. —Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

"Old Rags and Bottles."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.



TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle!

It was no sound of sheep-bells on the Apennines, no chiming of the Angelus at twilight across empurpled vineyards and Poutine marshes, yet it had a cheery echo under the white-blossomed elderbushes and close to the old farm, even though it was only a string of bells stretched across a wagon and agitated by the jog-jog of an ancient white horse, that was as blind as the little god of love, while a shrewd old man trudged beside him, guiding his devious way. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" "Anything in my line to-day, squire?" asked Moses Milton, checking his march as he caught sight of Mr. Ralston gathering the early apricots from the sunny side of the wall. "Git out!" was the terse reply. "Rags?" snubbedly added Moses, stretching his neck to look at the red-cheeked beauties whose subtle fragrance filled the air. "Bottles? Old iron? Noospapers?" "Git out, I say!" growled Ralston, never once glancing up from his occupation. "I hain't no time to bother." "No offence, I hope?" said the indomitably cheerful itinerant. "I seen an old wood-stove in the shed as I came by." "Well, and if you did, what business was it of yours?" retorted Ralston. "Wal, none, not if you look at it that ar' way," said Moses. "But if so be as we could drive a trade—" "We can't then, and there's an end on't," answered Ralston. And after one or two seconds' further waiting, Moses Milton chirruped to Old Gray, and once more the bells jangled merrily on the air indicative of a move. "Strange how persistent them miserable creatures is," thought Farmer Ralston. "Strange how crabbed Simeon Ralston gets, as he gets older," meditated Moses. "If that ar' what money brings with it, I for one, don't want to be rich. Get up, Old Gray." Farther down the lane, however, where the ripening blackberries hung their knobs of jet on every bough and spray and the sound of a little brook somewhere in the distance made a dreamy gurgle, Moses Milton came across Mrs. Ralston, a fat, comfortable old dame, as unlike her husband as the motherly barn door hen is unlike the gaunt, high shouldered game cock. "Well, I declare," said Mrs. Ralston, "if I wasn't jest a-thinking about you, Moses Milton!" "Was you though?" chuckled the old man. "Anything in my line to-day? Woe-oa, Gray! I law'r to goodness (as the old horse contentedly buried his nose in a green bank) 'that there critter couldn't find out where the clover crumpus grow no better, nor if he had forty pair of eyes, inste'd o' being stun-blind!" "Me and Comfort, we was a-sayin'," contentedly purred on Mrs. Ralston, who was in full pursuit of a flock of lemon ducklings who were evading her guardianship in every direction, "that you had'n't been along in quite a spell. And the bag of mixed rags is quite full, and there's a lot of old numbers of the Missionary Review. And— But don't speak so loud, I kind o' don't want father to hear, he's so mortal sot

ag'in' partin' with anything. It's kind o' second nature to him to hoard up things; and as he gets further on in years, he's more set in his ways than ever. Jest you come round the back door. He's out and Comfort is out, and now's a first-rate chance to get rid of the old wood stove as has been rustin' in the shed for a hull year." Moses Milton's eyes twinkled. It was not the first time he had become an accessory to just such harmless domestic plots as this. "I'm at your orders, mum," said he. "And prices warn't never better for you nor wuss for me. Half a cent a pound is what we're agivin' for old iron now." "Taint much," said Mrs. Ralston. "It's better than nothing," argued Moses. "And really, now, ain't it wuth that to get a lot of old truck out of the house?" "Well, I dunno but what you're right," said Mrs. Ralston. And while Mr. Ralston was yet culling out the ripest and deepest-colored of the apricots for an especial order for a dinner party at Doctor Jessup's on the hill, Old Moses loaded up his cart with the rusty wood-stove in the center of the bags of rags and bundles of old newspapers and drove away, jingling his bells through the purple twilight to the infinite disgust of the gray horse who knew an Eden of clover and daisies when he found it and was correspondingly reluctant to leave it. Presently Comfort Ralston came in; a tall, rosy girl with lily-pink cheeks and luxuriant auburn locks pushed off her fair, freckled brow. "Am I late, mother?" said she. "La, child, no," Mrs. Ralston responded. "I hain't but just hung the kettle over. I'm sort o' behindhand to-night. Old Mose Minton has been here, but don't, for goodness sake, tell your father! And I've sold the rags and all them old paper and the wood-stove out in the shed." "Mother! The wood-stove?" "I got forty-five cents for it," said Mrs. Ralston. "And it wasn't no use to us, all rusting away there." "Has he gone, mother?" "Your father? Why, no, he's busy with them apricots out by the orchard wall for—" "N, I don't mean father, I mean Moses Minton! Has he gone?" "More than half an hour ago," said Mrs. Ralston, scooping the tea out of a little japanned tea-caddy with leisurely composure. Comfort turned red, then white. She made a step toward the door, but almost instantly checked the movement. "It's no use," she said, to herself. "I must wait until to-morrow." The morrow's sun was well sloping on toward afternoon, when Mr. Ralston hurried into the kitchen where his wife was pricking plums to preserve, piercing each purple sphere with a relentless fork. "Mother," said he, "be I gettin' blind as well as deaf, or be I losin' my senses? If I ain't, where's that old sheet-iron stove as used to be in the corner of the wood-house?" Mrs. Ralston's guilty conscience sent the red in a hot flood to her cheeks. "That sheet-iron stove, Simeon?" said she. "Why—I sold it!" "Sold it!" shouted Ralston. "When? Why?" "Yesterday afternoon," said the old lady. "To Mose Milton, as goes around with the rag-and-bottle wagon. It wasn't no use standin' there—and he gin me forty-five cents for it." "Forty-five cents!" roared Ralston. "For—ty-five—cents!" And he rushed frantically out of the house. "Mercy on me!" said Mrs. Ralston. "Is father crazy?" About that time, Mrs. Minton, the tall and gaunt helpmeet of the itinerant hero, was down in the cellar of her house, rooting in the ash-drawer of the identical wood-stove which her husband had bought yesterday; while Comfort Ralston, upstairs awaited the result of her investigations with a palpitating heart. "Here it is!" said Mrs. Minton. "A flat packet of papers! And it's a good thing you thought of it afore Mose had carted it off!" "Quick! Give it to me!" fluttered Comfort, as she caught sight of her father's figure trudging up the lane. "Let me get away before father comes! Mind, Mrs. Minton, not a word of this to him!" And away she ran, disappearing into the pine woods before Mrs. Minton could realize what it all meant. "Well, I never!" said Mrs. Minton. "Then it's true that she and Ben Bilful are engaged ag'in her father's wishes! And these is love-letters. Well, I do declare! Nobody needn't never tell me that there ain't no romance, even in the rag-and-bottle business!" Then entered Mr. Ralston, panting and perspiring with the haste he had made. "Be you Mis' Minton?" was his curt address. "Yes, please, sir," said the old woman, smoothing her stiffly starched white apron. "Your husband bought a sheet-iron stove at our place yesterday—the Ralston farm—didn't he?" "Yes, sir," a little timidly. "It's in his way of business, you know, sir." "Yes, I know. But there was a package of papers in the pipe-joint—" "No, sir, it wa'n't," said Mrs. Minton, temporarily thrown off her guard. "It was in the ash-drawer, for—" And then, remembering herself, she screwed her lips close together and grew very red. "Where is the stove?" ejaculated Ralston. "Down cellar, sir," said Mrs. Minton. "Look for yourself. I'm sure I don't want nothin' to do with none of your papers!" And down rushed Simeon. In half

HER COSTLY ROBE OF SPUN GLASS.



THE MOST FASHIONABLE BODICE.

The round-waisted bodice, whether plain, gathered or draped, is that most generally adopted, although short peaks are permitted when more becoming to the figure. Sleeves puffed up above the shoulders are now quite gone out of fashion; they are still ample in the upper part, but come sloping down from the shoulders, draped to the elbow, and then clinging to the wrists. This shape is more graceful than the balloon sleeve, which is still fashionable, but becoming only to very slight figures.—New York World.

A PORTIERE OF SHELLS.

A lady who spends her summers at the seaside has collected about a bushel, more or less, of small, almost flat, thin yellow shells, which abound at so many points on the coast. With these she has this year fashioned a portiere that is novel and pretty beyond description. Each shell is pierced with a hot wire, and then strung on a delicate wire, so that the narrow end of one is next to the wide end of the other. A number of strings were made in this way long enough to reach from the floor to the curtain pole, where they were securely fastened to a strip of plantation cloth of the same shade as the shells. Through the fretwork above this curtain is draped a length of sea-green India silk, falling half way to the floor on the right side. A less ambitious woman has made a curious scarf by sewing these shells in artistic confusion on either end of a length of Nile Green silk, putting here and there among them bits of golden brown seaweed. A fringe is made for each end by stringing shells on green embroidery silk instead of wire.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

FABRICS FOR MOURNING DRESSES.

Deeply crinkled crepons of pure wool very thin woven are excellent fabrics for summer mourning dresses. They are chosen at this season for the first and deepest mourning dresses, though many modistes commend Henrietta cloths and French bombazines all the year round, especially for the first gowns worn by widows. Nuns' veiling is still liked for its lightness, and is already ordered for next year by the merchants. Iron grenadines of exceedingly fine meshes of mixed silk and wool and those with a sheer surface not defined by meshes are suitable for the deepest mourning dresses. A new fabric, called "sable," is a silk crepon as thin as Liberty's silk, and deeply crinkled like Japanese silk. The fashionable modistes use sable for the whole gown, and trim it with the soft-finished English craze that is now made without dressing and is entirely lustreless. Gauze grenadines with pin dots or with larger balls make thin dresses for midsummer or are used for blouse waists, with sleeves and skirt of crepon or grenadine. For general wear and traveling dresses is a new Priestly goods, called Carmelite, a light-weight mixture of silk and wool that sheds dust, and is as cool and thin as muslin. The silk-worsted cristalette introduced last summer is still liked for its dust-resisting surface and feather weight. Camel's hair grenadine, as strong as iron, is an admirable sheer wool fabric, entirely without lustre, cool to the touch, and either plain, striped or figured, it is forty-four inches wide, and costs from \$1.50 to \$2 a yard. All-wool batistes and tamise cloths are slightly heavier stuffs for "second-best" and traveling dresses. Plain black India silks have little lustre that they are commended for cool summer gowns, for traveling, and for World's Fair dresses for those wearing the deepest mourning. Storm serges of very wide twills and hop-sacking woven in basket checks are suitable for seaside, mountain and traveling gowns, and are also safe purchases for the next season, as the merchants have already placed large orders for these stuffs for autumn and winter use.—Harper's Bazar.

BEARS KILLING CATTLE.

One night last week a bear killed and carried off a veal belonging to Peter Ficker, and so badly crippled a yearling that it died the same day from the effects of the injury. An old cow was also pretty badly used up at the same time and carries evidence of bruin's claws. The stock were all in the pasture at the time the attack was made, and after the calf had been killed the bear carried it a distance of over a mile into a gulch overgrowing with undergrowth, where it was eaten. It is said that bears are plentiful in the country above where the Grand Ronde empties into Snake River, and can be seen at all times of the day along the banks of that stream. A prospector's camp was visited by bruin last Monday during the absence of the men and a quantity of bacon and sugar eaten and destroyed. The tracks in the sand show there must have been three bears.—Astoria (Washington) Sentinel.

NEW YORK BABY BOARDERS.

There are quite a number of women in New York who earn their living by taking in "baby boarders." These little tenants are anything but a burden to their foster parents, many of whom are widows or old maids who have passed the frivolous age and get a great deal of comfort out of a baby guest.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

One heat unit equals 772 foot pounds. Fog has been known to explode during earthquake. Tapioca, used in puddings, is extracted from a deadly poisonous plant. The cry of the gray squirrel is an exact imitation of that of a young baby. There is no doubt that persons are often moonstruck, particularly in the tropics. Water boils at different temperatures, according to the elevation above the sea level. The Simplon tunnel from Brieg in Switzerland to Isola in Italy, will be twelve and one-half miles long. Australia has extreme heat in summer. A scientist says that matches accidentally dropped on the ground there were ignited. The shadow cast by any color does not show that color but its complementary color, thus a red object shows a faint tinge of green in its shadow, red and green being complementary colors. Some extensive experiments have recently been made in connection with the German Army, the object of which has been to provide continuous electrical illumination at night from balloons. In the good old times, when oil was used in lighthouses, a 6000-candle power lamp was considered immense. The latest electric lighthouse, built in France (Heve, at Havre), will have the power of 2,500,000 candles. A horse can draw on the worst road four times as much as he can carry on his back. On a good macadamized road he can draw ten times, on a plank road twenty-five times, and on a street railway fifty-eight times as much. A Rhode Island souler rejoices in possessing an aluminum shell, made wholly of that metal, that weighs only twenty-three pounds, all rigged. It measures thirty-one feet eight inches over all, but is less than a foot wide. Many deep sea fishes are covered with phosphorescent spots, which act as portable lamps. These fish live at a depth of two to five miles. Their soft bodies are made firm by the tremendous pressure of the surrounding water. A German authority asserts that writer's cramp can be avoided by holding the pen or pencil so that the movements take place at the brachio-carpal articulation, but the new reporter says he thinks he'd rather run his chances as to the cramp. The ruddy color of Mars is thought by Herschel to be due to an ochery tinge in the soil; by others it is attributed to peculiarities of the atmosphere and clouds. Lambert suggests that the color of the vegetation on Mars may be red instead of green. A novelty in thermometers is in the form of a sensitive paint, which at the ordinary temperature is a bright yellow, but if submitted to heat gradually changes color until at 220 degrees Fahrenheit it shows a brilliant red. In being cooled it returns to its pristine hue, but remains as sensitive to heat as ever. In the southern part of the Indian Ocean, between twenty degrees and fifty degrees east longitude, a cold antarctic current has greater influence than has been attributed to it on the maps. Its effects are plainly manifest far to the north by abnormally low temperatures, the northern drift of icebergs and the low salinity of the water. In the whole field of natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can clap its wings in a second. As the fly passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second, it must in that point of time vibrate its wings 500 or 600 times. But in rapid flight we are required to believe 3699 is a moderate estimate. The mind is stupefied if it attempts to realize these results. Captured by a Sleeping Beauty. When I was last summer in Denmark, I went to Primmkenau, where the Dukes of Augustenburg had their residence. The Empress Augusta Victoria was born and brought up there. The Empress, as a child, had known, I was told by a member of the little ducal court, the Emperor in childhood. But going to Cassel, and then to Bonn as a student, he lost sight of her. The acquaintance was renewed under romantic circumstances. When he was twenty, or thereabouts, he was sent in the early summer on a tour to Holstein, and extended it to Primmkenau. The young Princess was a finely grown girl and blooming as a rose. She somehow heard who was coming and dressed in her best to receive him. Growing tired of waiting she got into a hammock swinging in an arbor, which was scented with freshly-blown lilac. There she fell asleep. The wandering Prince came by the arbor, saw the sleeping beauty, and was conquered. It is said that as he was gazing on her she was dreaming that, more fortunate than her mother, she was being waited to a magnificent throne, and that an imperial crown had descended on her head. William did not mean to disturb the sleeping beauty, but, as usual, he was in uniform, and the dragging of his sword on the asphalt of the summer house and the clanking of his spurs betrayed him. She awoke and saw a pair of eyes that looked love at hers and then she rushed away toward the residence. Presently her governess came to tell her that the Crown Prince of Prussia was there. Her mother, the Duchess dowager, being ill, it devolved on Augusta Victoria to do the honors. She hastened to welcome the illustrious visitor. He lost no time in declaring himself her lover, and they were engaged before he left the house.—London Truth.