

THE WORLD IS ROUND.

White in the moon the long road lies, The moon stands blank above, White in the moon the long road lies That leads me from my love.

The world is round, so travelers tell, And straight though reach the track, Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well, The way will guide one back.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust, Still, still the shadows stay, My feet upon the moonlit dust Pursue the ceaseless way.

But ere the circle homeward lies, Far, far must it remove, White in the moon the long road lies That leads me from my love.

-From "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman.

A Freak of Fate.

BY PAULINE MONTAGUE.

At 6 o'clock of a March night, bleak and blustering outside, with streets filled with flying dust, Mrs. Sylvester leaned back in her chair with a sigh of selfish comfort as she held, as if in a vise, between her delicate face and the ardent fire.

And in that full belief, he rushed off for his mother's family physician, to find Dr. Callender also not available. And then, to stand disconsolately on a street corner, wondering what on earth would become of Miss Theo, just as a doctor's carriage passed him—evidently a doctor's, and a well-to-do one, too, as witness the footman with folded arms, the proud stepping horse, the handsome robe.

And this evening she was in her most positive, imperious mood, as she sat there making her decision about Theo. Vincent. Then she rang for lights, and by the servant sent a message for Miss Vincent to wait upon her as soon as Master Garnier and Miss Giralda could dispense with her services.

And sure enough, when Tim reached home, there stood the doctor's carriage at the door, an object of envious admiration for a score of unwhims, while Dr. Pennington was sitting in Aunt Abby's snug parlor explaining the cause of his appearance and listening to her account of Theo's illness.

It was ten minutes later when Theo obeyed the summons and came into Mrs. Sylvester's presence—a slender, pale-faced girl of sixteen or seventeen, with lovely brown eyes, soft as velvet, and a great mass of brown hair—a delicate, refined, thoughtful looking girl, who bore indisputable traces of having worked almost beyond her strength.

And Theo, her face expressive of surprise, listened, then replied: "I think I do not at all understand you, Mrs. Sylvester. You have evidently undertaken some commission for your son, but what, might I inquire?"

"Of course it is not true," she said, as he sat down beside the pure white cot. "I never flirted with Mr. Harry Sylvester or Dr. Pennington either. It wasn't fair of her to turn me off without a character, was it? And Aunt Abby and I are so poor!"

"Your delicacy certainly does you credit. I cannot express how delightfully charming I find it, my dear Miss Vincent. Yes, I am commissioned by my son to make you an offer of his hand, his name, his position, his affections, and Miss Vincent, if you will charitably permit me, I cordially endorse whatever will conduce to Harold's happiness."

"Mrs. Sylvester, you—" "She attempted to stop her protest, but the cold, relentless voice resolutely brushed her.

"And for the first time in her life Mrs. Sylvester realized that she had eaten humble pie. A curious look swept over Theo's face.

"Denials are more than useless, Miss Vincent. It is a notorious fact that you, a mere servant, a common nursery governess and a seamstress, boldly attempted to engross Dr. Pennington's attention last night, and one or two evenings last week when you were ordered to attend the children in the drawing room. Again, upon more than one occasion you have inveigled my son into conversation with you—whom his mother hires as a servant."

"Will you tell Mr. Sylvester, for me, please, that in the society in which I move it is not customary for gentlemen to do their proposals of marriage by proxy. Will you also be kind enough to tell him that under any circumstances I could not possibly consider his offer? And will you inform him that I have been engaged to Dr. Clyde Pennington for the past three months? And, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer's carriage is waiting, and I have an engagement at half-past 5 o'clock, be so good as to excuse me, Mrs. Sylvester."

"And her lips curled—a feature which did not escape Mrs. Sylvester's eyes. "We will not discuss the subject further. You have acted in this matter disgracefully, and in justice to my little innocent children I have decided to remove you from their care over them. You are discharged from to-night, and in place of a month's notice you can have a month's wages—as is my custom with all my servants. As to a character," and the cold eyes took a malicious look at the pale, trembling girl, "of course that is out of the question. You are excused, Miss Vincent."

"But as a year afterward, Mrs. Dr. Pennington, sitting in her luxurious parlor on Fifth avenue, read aloud to Aunt Abby the notice of Harold Sylvester's marriage, it was self-evident he did not commit the suicide he threatened—unless, rushing into marriage with a pretty girl after a month's acquaintance be considered as such—Saturday Night.

"It's a shame—a burning shame!" Aunt Abby said, indignantly. "It seems to me that nowadays the rich do nothing but grind the poor. You poor child, you—don't cry any more about it! That Sylvester woman isn't any very great shakes herself, you take my word for it, or she'd not be thinking such things about you. Don't cry, Theo. Chirk up, and we'll go out for a walk to Central Park this afternoon, eh?"

"The Sense of Smell in the Horse. Evidently the sense of smell, the scent, in the horse is not as well known or appreciated as it should be by their owners and drivers.

"But Theo could not 'chirk' up, nor did she go with dear old Aunt Abby for a walk to Central Park. Instead she had cried and worried herself into a hot fever that defied all home remedies—a fever that ran higher and hotter, until even Aunt Abby thought it was best to send for a doctor, and a doctor was sent for by little Tim Maguffin, next floor above.

"This is not praising the horse too highly, though it is quite probable that what thus appears is due quite as much to the splendid eyes of the noble animal as it is to the quality named—Home and Farm.

CAUSES OF STRANGE FIRES.

Chemicals and Other Combinations Which Produce Conflagrations—Some Pointers For Housekeepers and Others.

It is not generally known that a combination of indigo and linseed oil is a prolific source of destructive fires. Fabrics dyed with indigo and finished with a preparation of linseed oil will, if stored in a confined place, take fire of themselves. It was only a few years ago that a dry goods house was nearly destroyed because the proprietor did not know the destructive qualities of oil and Indian dye.

are often the cause of disastrous fires. Frequently a spark from a cigar finds a resting place in a cotton bale, where it smolders for weeks. One of the most prolific causes of tenement house fires is the dark hall. Frequently persons come in after night and strike matches in order to find their way. In many cases their senses are befuddled with drink, and the burning match sticks are thrown upon the floor.

In a fancy goods house a large iron vault was blown open by some force generated within and there issued a sheet of flame. Nobody had been in the vault for at least twelve hours. The steel box was filled with paper dolls, between each pair of which there was a film of celluloid. A three-inch steam pipe was placed against the rear of the vault, and the heat it gave out had raised the temperature to such a degree that the celluloid had taken fire.

Frequent recommendations have been made by the chiefs of city fire departments that the swinging gas bracket be abolished by law. Whenever the authorities get a chance they order such brackets to be removed or made stationary. Hundreds of fires have been caused by the carelessness of persons who left these swinging brackets in such a position that the flame could come in contact with lace curtains.

The overwhelming fondness of mice for sulphur has been the cause of many fires. A fireman told the writer that he had in several cases seen nests of matches which the rats and the mice had made between the floors of buildings. It is no unusual thing to find that rodents have lined their abodes with the brimstone anointed sticks.

One of the most active causes of fires is the mantel decoration. In many homes a silken scarf is hung from the mantel itself. Whenever there is a fire in the grate there is danger of the flimsy scarf taking fire. In tenement houses small stoves are often placed before the mantel. The mantel shelves are none the less duly decorated with yards of embroidered and tinsel cloth; in many cases this decoration has caught fire from the stove, fallen to the floor and ignited fat soaked carpet or matting.

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In the storage of all kinds of materials too much care cannot be exercised. The fact must be taken into consideration that where air does not circulate the chances of fire are greatly increased. The observance of the simple rules laid down by fire departments would frequently obviate the necessity of investigating the origin of mysterious fires. Investigation shows that less than one per cent. of "suspicious" fires are the result of deliberate attempts to destroy property.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is a mysterious property in dust which, under certain conditions, produces violent explosions. There have been instances in postoffices where the dust of the mail bags suspended in the rear of a close room exploded with terrific force. Dust explosions are of frequent occurrence in flour and drug mills.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of France, held at Paris, M. Henri Moissan presented a paper concerning the preparation and characteristics of a new carbon compound containing molybdenum. This compound is obtained by heating charcoal with melted molybdenum and aluminum in an electric furnace. The resultant metallic mass is treated with a concentrated solution of potash, and needles of well defined crystals of the new carbon compound are obtained.

Spontaneous combustion covers a multitude of sins of carelessness. The origin of many fires in tailor shops may be traced to the so-called dry cleaning of clothes. A rag dipped in naphtha is frequently used in removing grease spots from garments. The rag soaked with inflammable fluids is thrown upon the floor.

The substance is very hard, is hardly attacked by acids other than nitric, and is not decomposed by water or steam at a temperature below 600 degrees C. It resembles the carburet of tungsten, already known, which is not considered surprising, as the metals tungsten and molybdenum are much alike. It is thought that this new compound may play a role in molybdenum steels.

When the shop is closed up and the air is confined the naphtha soaked material will of itself generate fire. Bales of cotton placed in the hold of a ship

Plants so highly charged with essential oil that fragments of their leaves move about on water in a mysterious fashion, owing to capillary action, due to the spreading of the oil on the surface, are described by M. Virgile Brandicourt.



ONE GIRL'S WISDOM. He asked the maiden for a kiss, But her answer failed to come; She knew that silence gave consent— So she kept on keeping mum. —Chicago News.

HAND HEADED. "He's got a fine head for business." "What business?" "Playing football."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE KNEW. Mrs. Benham—"What are the first signs of insanity?" Benham—"In a man, marriage."—Town Topics.

EARMARKS. "How do you know that they are not married?" "Isn't he carrying all the packages?"—Detroit Free Press.

WISE BOY. Pop—"Bobby, if I were to give you a dog and some one else gave you a cat, what would you have?" Bobby—"Trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

CONSOLING. Miss Slim—"Would you love me more, dear, if I weren't so thin?" Her fiance—"Of course not; the nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat."—Detroit Free Press.

THE RESULT. Johnny—"Papa, what does it mean when you say a man is good at rearing?" "It means he hasn't any friends."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

UP-TO-DATE. "Are you going to send your daughter to boarding school this fall?" "No; she is going of her own accord; we don't presume to dictate to our children."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS INCENTIVE. Friend—"My boy, how can you manage to inject such a note of pure optimism into all your daily writings?" Press Humorist—"Easy. The boss told me he'd fire me if I didn't."

SURE WAY. "How can we keep up at a distance?" screamed the woman in the derby hat. "By wearing, er, er, er," responded the one in the raglan.—Chicago News.

SHE GOT ALL. He—"I hear you won your breach of promise suit. Did you get all the \$10,000?" She—"Sure; I married my lawyer."

LEAP YEAR AT THAT. "She is the stiffest, most unbending summer girl I ever saw." "How is that?" "Why, she won't even stoop to pick up an acquaintance."—Chicago Journal.

OF COURSE. "Do you suppose," murmured the thoughtful Theresa, "that insects have any sense of beauty?" "Why, of course," replied frivolous Fannie, "don't the moths always get into the prettiest clothes?"

THE REQUISITE. Briggs—"Mrs. Pacer is a very bright woman, judging from my interview with her." Griggs—"What did she say?" Briggs—"Nothing much. But she approved of what I said."—Detroit Free Press.

THEY AGREE. Mother—"Oh, you careless boy! Just look at that new suit of yours. There's no use telling you to keep clean." Tommy—"Great minds run in the same channel, mom. A'm been thinking de same thing."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

STRONG. "Young man," whispered the old spellbinder, "there are some things about this campaign that will take your breath away." "You don't say?" responded the young man. "Are you alluding to the campaign cigar?"—Chicago News.

A BUM HERO. "Pa," said little Johnny, "what are you readin' about?" "About a hero named Horatius," my son. "Was he a baseball hero, pa?" "No." "A football hero, then?" "No, my child." "What sort of a hero was he, pa?" "He was a hero," replied the patient father, "who held the enemy at bay and saved his city from destruction." "Oh, shucks."

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