

Many people do not know the derivation of the word "fad." F. A. D. means for a day.

There are 71,000 more women than men in the state of Massachusetts, and this excess is all in persons over fourteen.

The Berlin town council has decided to appoint a municipal "hydrologist," whose duty it shall be to supervise the water supply of the city.

In a sermon at Salina, Kan., on a recent Sunday, Rev. J. H. Lockwood said: "Let us give a man a little more taffy when living, and not so much epitaph when he is dead."

A physician has invented a combination of the vitascope and the microscope that reveals the presence of deadly microbes or bacilli in the blood and will assist the prevention of disease.

German capitalists are said to be taking advantage of the willingness of Cuban property holders to dispose of their estates at a sacrifice, and are making large purchases of sugar, tobacco and coffee lands.

Verestchagin, the Russian battle painter, will be the first recipient of the Nobel prize, given for "the propagation of pacific ideas," it is said, as his pictures have brought out the true horrors of war. Kaiser Wilhelm calls them "the best assurance against war."

The advocates of municipal ownership of railroad franchises are pointing with approval to the fact that street railroads are owned and operated by thirty-three cities of England and Scotland, by some cities of Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and of the Australian colonies; by Toronto and in a measure by New Orleans.

During the last few years nearly 150,000 Hebrews have entered Jerusalem, and the arrival of another host is said to be imminent. Already the railways are opening the country between the coast and Jerusalem and Damascus, and a Hebrew migration on a large scale may cause Syria to become once more of vast importance in the East.

The state supreme court of California has affirmed the judgment of guilty of murder in the first degree against J. E. Banks, who killed Mrs. Harriet Stiles and J. B. Borden at Ocean Side, San Diego county, on September 6, 1895. The case was appealed on the grounds that the evidence was circumstantial and that the lower court erred in refusing to allow a hypnotist, B. A. Stevens, to testify that he hypnotized the defendant after the murder and that the latter denied the crime when under the hypnotic spell. Commissioner Searles, whose opinion was affirmed by the court, said that the law did not recognize hypnotism. In passing on the case the supreme court agreed, but Justice McFarland took occasion to say that he did not quite agree as to the attitude of the law toward hypnotism. It could not be considered in this case, he said, though it might be in others.

The New York Times says: The tremendous speed of the little Welsh wheelman, Michael, lends some confirmation to the theory that the combination of light weight and a strong pair of legs ought to produce a fast rider. Michael weighs 100 pounds, and his leg muscles are like steel. He rides easily, but his great speed is made easier by his trick of riding close up to the quartet that "paces" him. A big machine with four riders necessarily overcomes the resistance of the air, and riding at their heels the little racer has something like a vacuum in front of him and air in swift, eddying, and favorable motion on both sides. His thirty miles in 59 minutes and 44 seconds is good railroad speed, while his feat of making thirty-two miles, every one of which was ridden in less than two minutes, leaves the trotting horse forever outclassed. The dynamics of high speed with the wheel are only just coming within the comprehension of the racing cyclists, as is proved by the quick shifting of the honors of the record mile. Recently Gardner rode a mile in 1.39 2-5 at Philadelphia. McDuffee, at the Charles River track August 14, made the mile in 1.38 1-5, which was the world's record until the 19th, when Platt-Betta rode a mile in 1.37 3-5 at the Crystal Palace track, London. Already the bicycle mile record is within a trifle over two seconds of Salvador's running mile in 1.35 1-2. That record will surely be beaten. It will then be a demonstrated possibility for man to transport himself by his own power faster than the swiftest horse can carry him.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

The maples seem to murmur, the lilies seem to sigh,
For summer says good-by,
For summer says good-by,
And the dew upon the daisies, like a tear-drop from the sky,
For the summer says good-by—
Good-by!

The sunflower fain would follow, the lily whispers, "Stay!"
When summer says good-by,
When summer says good-by,
In all the crimson closes the roses weep:
"Delay!"
When summer says good-by—
Good-by!

But she calls her children round her 'neath the sorrow of the sky,
And kisses them good-by,
And kisses them good-by,
Then passes from their presence, while the echo of a sigh
Drifts heavenward with "Good-by—
Good-by!"
—F. L. Stanton.

VELAZZIO'S DAUGHTER.

"There's something wrong—or why this secrecy, and this hunted expression? Jefferson look here! Masters, my old college chum and the dearest friend I had in the world, had gripped my shoulder, and whispered that impressive warning only a week before. 'There's a man named Velazzio, and you've got to cut yourself free from him—or don't be astonished if you're presently asked to resign your club membership. It's being talked about, understand me? The fellow knows you are hot-headed and have money. He may be fascinating, but if he isn't one of the gang of Italian Anarchists conducted to the frontier last year—well, good-night, Jeff!'"

Yes, there was a sword hanging over me—I could almost see it, but it was too late to think of that. Velazzio himself, with his indescribable fascination, I could have shaken off by one determined effort—but there was Nina, his daughter! Masters could look pale and stern; but he had never seen Nina. In my place I was certain he would have acted precisely the same.

How had the deadly thing begun? I hardly knew. Three months before the man had happened to sit near me at a debate of a local Socialistic society, and from the first I had been greatly struck by his face—of a waxy whiteness, with big, shining eyes, and a curling black beard. At one minute his expression was eager and wistful as a child's; at the next it would be sneering and almost tigerish. Possibly the attraction had been mutual. At any rate, as I stopped to light a cigar, half-way home, a man overtook me. It was the Italian, and he paused as if he had known me for years. He volunteered to accompany me home, and by the time my door was reached, I was positively fascinated; but the strangest part of it was that for the next few days I seemed to run across him wherever I went. Soon I found myself unconsciously shunning old friends and associations to be in his company.

One day—whether it was part of a plan or not I never knew—Velazzio went a step farther. He invited me to his house. Quite casually; besides, somehow or other, up to the moment when he turned the key in his door—a dingy house in a street turning off the Strand—I had been thinking of Velazzio as a single man, who lived alone with his dreams—as a woman-hater. The truth did not strike me even when I heard a girl's voice singing—not until he walked into the room with the calm remark:

"Mr. Jefferson, my daughter Nina—all I have in this world to love!"

I am certain I stood with my mouth open for a moment. His daughter Nina! She had been sitting at the window, over some bead-work. When she turned and smiled, with a carmine spot springing to both cheeks, I knew only one thing—that I had never seen such a woman as Velazzio's daughter. Why, with those wonderful dark eyes, shining as changeable as his own; red lips, wax-white skin, and mass of black hair—well, she looked as if she had stepped out of an Italian picture. If Velazzio had asked me, as I left his house that night, to become a member of his secret society, forswearing my honor and previous ties for his daughter's sake, I do not think I should have paused to reflect.

He was too subtle for that. A month went by—a never-forgotten month; at the end of it I was hopelessly in love with Nina and ready to go any length to win her. Velazzio appeared unconscious. It was not until he asked me in a whisper one evening to take charge of some incriminating documents, as they would run less risk of detection in my hands than in his own, that I began to realize how far I had allowed myself to drift into his power.

"Will I?" I repeated, hardly knowing what I said. "You know I would go farther than that, if you wish to try me. Velazzio, you surely must understand—"

"Velazzio is certain enough," he puts in, "but the others—they are afraid, without a stronger proof than you might care to give." A pause. He looked me full in the eyes; thinking of my money, perhaps, although it did not strike me then. "Yes, matters will soon come to a head now. Meanwhile," he whispered, "love does not always go hand-in-hand with loyalty."

I walked home that night in a sort of fever. Give up Nina, I felt I could not, and yet I had an indescribable dread of the price I might have to pay—of the true character of Velazzio and his associates. There was a full light in my sitting-room. Entering carefully, I tiptoed upstairs. Yes, the door was half open; my heart jumped again at sight of a man sitting at the table—Masters, resting his chin

gloomily in both hands. I had avoided him for a week—had seemed to drit out of his world altogether. And those documents bulging out of my vest—I must creep by and hide them in the bedroom. Holding my breath, I was attempting it, when he took three strides and stood in the doorway, his eyes wide, his lips twitching. "Oh! it has come to this, has it?" he said, huskily. A strained pause. I could not look at him. Then: "Jeff, I can't stand it longer. What does it mean? I wait here an hour to see you, and you slink past me like a thief. Not a word! Come in here, you shall speak! Now, you mad fool, what are you mixed up in? I'll know before I leave this house—before I put the police on the fellow."

He held the doorway, and he meant something. The mere sight of his face, working with mingled incredulity and indignation—the mere recollection of all the dear old times together—was enough to break down the miserable barrier; but there was Nina—Nina's glorious face between us that night. I turned my head doggedly.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's too late," was my answer. I knew Masters; only the truth would silence him. "Anything that happens to him now, happens to me. Is that enough?"

"Good heavens!" He stood staring. "Jeff, Jeff! do you know what you have said—that you are doing?"

"Yes; too well!" I spun round then, both hands out, unable to keep it back come what might. "Jack, cut me dead, every one of you, but don't ask me questions, for I can't answer them. He does belong to a secret society—I admit to you, and not an hour ago I asked him to initiate me as a member—to put me to any test. There! no, I'm not mad; but—but I hope to marry his daughter, the dearest and most innocent girl on God's earth? Now you know—Jack!"

He had gone—picked up his hat like a man dazed! and gone! I heard him feeling his way down the stairs as if his sight had failed him—Masters, my lifelong chum! Myself, I could not move for a time. Call him back?—no, I could not! It was too late. If he meant Nina on the one hand and salvation on the other—I must choose Nina!

"For your life do not come near. The house is watched by police. A false move now, and the work of months goes—poof! We want friends immediately—friends with money and devotion. You—you may have a double incentive! Say nothing of it, but go quietly to 4 Rupert street, Soho, at seven this evening. There is an emergency meeting, and there may be an order from which you need not shrink. Knock twice and say, 'The Cause.'"

VELAZZIO.

That was it in a double envelope, dropped into my letter box early two days later. "For your life do not come near!" I read it incredulously through over and over again, thrilled almost into cowardice by the pregnancy of the message. My Nina in a house watched by the police! An ordeal! I spent that day in a perfect fever of misgiving. Quite a dozen times I started up with the determination of seeing Velazzio and learning at any cost what had happened since yesterday, but each time something held me back. When 6 o'clock came I was in no condition to reflect. I set out mechanically to find 4 Rupert street.

At seven I was standing outside it—a dull-gray house in an obscure thoroughfare. Barely a second of irresolution, and then I knocked twice; and almost instantly the door was opened by a beady-eyed foreigner. "The Cause," I whispered. Next moment I was groping along the gloomiest, stillest passage imaginable. The man—where was he? Where was the meeting? I was conscious of a burning heat breaking out over me.

"Quick, this way, friend!" It came, a muffled sound, from the end of the passage. Holding my breath, I walked forward, seeing nothing, till suddenly my arm was grasped by a man who, I take it, had been standing behind a curve in the wall. I was swung round, and heard a door creak at my back. Then—a thick, husky voice was close at my ear.

"Why we should trust an Englishman, I know not, but Velazzio insists. So listen! We have one test only, and it is usually enough. In the darkened room behind you, twenty feet by eighteen, waits a man, chosen by lot, and armed with a knife precisely like this." I was just faintly conscious that my fingers had closed over a handle, and no more. "He is preparing to risk his life for the safety of the cause, and you yours. Courage! It need not be a duel to the death, nor even to a wound; should you cry out, 'Enough!' you may go as you came, on a condition which Velazzio says you fully understand. In each case, the door will be opened in five minutes. But remember your opponent will strike if he can!"

To my dying day I could never forget my sensation while that astonishing proposal burning itself into my brain. But before I could properly realize, much less resist, a push—and I staggered into the horrible room, and I heard a lock click behind. Simultaneously I caught a movement close by me. I could have screamed, but the sound would not come; instead, I gave a convulsive twist aside, touched a wall, and stood panting and trembling against it, both hands waving madly. Not a sound; not a glimmer in the blackness. In that first moment every hair on my head seemed to be an erect, red-hot wire. Let any man conceive a more painful position, if he can.

A minute, and the tremble had perforce passed. My nerves at a tension bordering upon insanity, my eyes

straining through the darkness, I waited for the other to move again. Only to know his whereabouts! Stir myself I dared not, could not; there was the door close by, and there was the chance of ending it all by one shout, but I must have forgotten both in the sudden horror.

I expected every moment to feel his grip, to close with him, to feel the probe of his blade.

Five minutes—surely that number had passed!—and that blow had not come. Involuntarily I took two strides out into the room, and there stood on toe tips, turning as on a pivot to clutch at something warm.

Nothing! But to stand still now, having once moved, was impossible. The cunning of sheer desperation took me. The floor seemed to be thickly carpeted, and gave back no sound. Two more stealthy strides—another; now I must be close to the opposite wall. I would reach out and touch it, and then make two rushes at different angles—clutch him with arms and legs, and hold him powerless. But—what was that? His breathing, just there, where the wall should be? I could bear it no longer; I threw out both arms in a frenzy, and my left palm touched a smooth, bald head. Back I went shuddering. It was a real man, stooping to avoid me, contemplating some trick—and the horror of that first contact brought the reaction. The light! the light! Nina must go—everything must go.

"Enough!" I shouted, madly; and simultaneously two arms closed about my waist. Ah! in an abandonment of fear, then, I gripped at his throat, bent him back and struck—twice, three times—at his chest, I think—and up to the very hilt each time, and then—

Some one was plucking me back and out into the passage. I sank on a stair and lay there, while the ground seemed to be rocking under me. I knew nothing that passed until a glass was put to my lips.

"Drink this! You have killed him. I think—but you cried 'Enough!'" that first husky voice was whispering. "You must go straight away, in case it is discovered. Listen! a cab waits outside, and I have put money in your pockets. Go at once to Brighton—Brighton, do you hear?—and stay there until you hear from us that it is safe. Ask each day at the postoffice for a letter. No questions now; go, and all will be well!"

The rest seems like a part of a dream. I groped obediently out, half blinded by the sudden light, and into a hansom that waited outside. An hour later, without knowing how I had got there, I was in a train whirling south. "Killed him! Killed him!" sang in and out of my brain. I had killed a man! That was all; of Nina I never once thought. But, no—it was all some nightmare. I would credit nothing until I received that letter.

And one mornin', when I put the usual hoarse inquiry, an envelope was handed to me. One nervous glance, then an incredulous gasp. The handwriting upon it was—Masters! Ten minutes later, I was trying hard to take in a stupefying revelation, sob after sob of relief shaking me. A revelation—yes, indeed!

"DEAR OLD JEFF—I am only praying that this reaches you all right. Heaven knows I have longed to put you out of your misery, but it was not safe. But now, however, Velazzio and his daughter should be well out of the country, and probably I have succeeded in preventing you making the mistake of your life.

"Jeff, it was all a clever trick of mine. That night, after what you told me, I saw you were on the edge of a precipice, and I took one of the fellows into my confidence. We hired the house in Soho, got the Italian to write that letter, and concocted an ordeal. When you stabbed so murderously at your opponent in the dark room you were stabbing at your old chum, Masters. Thank heaven, we had provided you with that 'property' knife, with the vanishing blade, that we bought for last year's theatricals.

"Disguised, I saw you safe off to Brighton, and then I put a real detective on Velazzio's track, and gave him his chance to clear out. Results show that he was only too glad to take it. And so it is all over, and you will live to thank me for it.

"Yours ever, JACK MASTERS."
—Tit-Bits.

The Largest Floating Dry Dock.

A new floating dry dock has just been completed at Hamburg, Germany, in connection with the shipyard and machine shops of Messrs. Blohm & Voos. The American consul, Robertson, who reports the fact, says that it is "the largest of its kind in existence." It has a carrying capacity of 17,500 tons. Its length, with the pontoons, is 624 feet 4 inches, and its width 118 feet 1 inch. It will raise the largest merchant vessels that have thus far been built, and even the heaviest men-of-war. Owing to its peculiar construction, the dock, in time of war, or in case of other emergency, could be taken down the river like a boat. The dock will take vessels with a draught of 29 feet 6 1-2 inches. No vessel with a greater draught than 27 1-2 feet has ever succeeded in reaching Hamburg.

Peasant Life of an Artist.

Rosa Bonheur, the famous artist, leads the life of a peasant, rising early and going to bed late. Every morning on getting up, she takes a walk in her garden, invariably accompanied by her dog. From 9 o'clock until half past 11 she works in her studio. Then she has breakfast. At 1 o'clock work is resumed until 5, when Mlle. Bonheur goes for an excursion in the forest near her home. She finishes her day by reading.

Children's Column



A Quarrel in the Oven.

O, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,
They had a quarrel one day,
Together they sat on the oven shelf,
The piecrust fad and the gingerbread elf,
And the quarrel commenced this way:

Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl,
"I'll wager my new brown hat,
That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned,
Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand—
But what is the good of that?"

Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up
In a most provoking way,
"Oh, maybe you're brown, but you're poor
As can be,
You do not know lard from a round green pea!

Is there aught that you do know, pray?"
Oh, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly
With scorn
As he looked at the flaky piecrust,
"Just watch how I rise in the world!" cried he;

"Just see how I'm bound to grow light,"
cried she;
"While you stay the color of rust!"

So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,
They each of them swelled with pride,
Till a noise was heard in a room without,
A cry of delight, then a very glad shout;
And the oven was opened wide.

Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
Could have screamed and wept with pain,
For a rosy-cheeked lass and a small bright-eyed lad
Took a bite of each—yes, this tale's very sad—
So they'll now never quarrel again.

—Atlanta Journal.

The Bumblebees.

In early spring, when the meadows first take on a tinge of green, and the apple trees put forth their rosy buds, we may often see a single large bumblebee flying low and swiftly back and forth across the lawns or pastures.

These great bees are the queens who have just awakened from their long winter's sleep, and are now seeking some favored spot wherein to commence housekeeping and found a colony, for these insects, like their cousins, the honey bees, live in colonies, consisting of three classes or castes, "drones," or males, "queens," or females, and "workers." When our big queen has at last discovered a satisfactory building, usually a deserted mouse hole, she cleans it of all rubbish and litter, and places within it a ball of pollen, in which she lays her eggs. The young grubs hatch out possessed with enormous appetites, and, feeding on the pollen, eat into it in all directions. At last when fully grown and their craving for food is satisfied, they spin cocoons of silk in the remains of the pollen, and change to pupa. While her family is thus sleeping quietly within their silken cells, the old queen is constantly at work, building up and strengthening the cocoons with wax.

Finally, their sleep being over, the pupa cases burst, and the young bees come forth in all their glory of black-and-golden livery and gauzy wings.

The first brood consists entirely of workers, who immediately fall to and relieve their mother queen of all work and duties, with the exception of laying eggs. They fly hither and thither, always busy and industrious, now plunging into the centre of a gorgeous hollyhock or a sunny dandelion, or buzzing about among the modest daisies, or diving head first into some sweet-scented, aristocratic lily or rose, always emerging from their quest for honey covered with the golden dust of pollen. The honey and the pollen thus gathered are stored away, and the eggs laid in the waxen cells from which the workers issued, and the next brood composed of drones and young queens fed upon this store of nectar.

Boys Catching Turtles.

The small boy seems to have more ingenious ways of making money for the family while the hard times are on than his father, and he is putting them to good use, at least in this section, where the numerous big ponds and rivers offer him an opportunity. Not only does he go frog-hunting every night, selling his catch for a good round sum per dozen, but he has discovered that there is a good market for turtles, both snappers and soft-shell, and that it costs him hardly anything beyond his trouble and a good broiling in the hot sun, which he does not mind, to catch enough in a day to discount the wages of the stoniest workmen.

The News correspondent noticed a number of little fellows in a butcher shop two days ago, trying to obtain some tainted meat. They explained that they used it in catching snappers. They go to any creek, or to the ponds, or to the Ohio, where the water is not too deep and the bottom muddy, which is the favorite resort of the snapping turtle. The hooks are baited with the meat, and it is seldom long until one of these creatures is caught. The boys have to be careful not to allow their catch to bite them, but beyond that and the occasional loss of a hook, there is no risk.

Some of the boys do not even resort to hook and line, but use simply

their feet, doing their turtle hunting in the shallow waters of a group of ponds back of this city. They wade into the water, which is hardly knee-deep. At their approach the turtles sink into the bottom mud, and the youngsters, wading along, soon discover their game by stepping on it with their bare feet and bringing it to the surface triumphantly. The turtles sell for a good price, which varies, however, considerably from day to day, and a good turtle catcher can make as much as \$2 a day.

Some of the youngsters give the soft-shell turtles, found on shallow banks in Ohio, the preference, since they can at the same time catch turtles and enjoy a swim. They simply surprise the turtles while on the sand banks. These turtles furnish a jelly which is the delight of the gourmand, —Indianapolis News.

Flower Families.

Do you know that flowers as well as people live in families? Come into the garden and I will show you how. Here is a red rose; the beautiful bright-colored petals are the walls of the house, built in a circle, you see; next come the yellow stamens, standing also in a circle; these are the fathers of the household. They stand around the mother, who lives in the very middle, as if to protect and take care of her. And she is the straight little pistil, standing in the midst of all. The children are seeds, put away for the present in a green cradle at their mother's feet, where they will sleep and grow, as babies should, until by and by they will all have opportunities to come out and build for themselves fine rose-colored houses like that of their parents.

It is in this way that most of the flowers live; some, it is true, quite differently; for the beautiful scarlet maple blossoms, that open so early in the spring, have the fathers on one tree and the mothers on another, and they can only make flying visits to each other when a high wind chooses to give them a ride.

The goldenrod and asters and some of their cousins have yet another way of living, and it is of this I must tell you today.

You know the roadside asters, purple and white, that bloom so plentifully all through the early autumn? Each flower is a circle of little rays, spreading on every side; but if you should pull it to pieces to look for a family like that of the rose, you would be sadly confused about it, for the aster's plan of living is very different from the rose's. Each purple or white ray is a little home in itself, and these are all inhabited by maiden ladies, living each one alone in the one delicately colored room of her house. But in the middle of the aster you will find a dozen or more little families, all packed away together; each one has its own small yellow house, each has the father, mother and one child; they all live here together on the flat circle which is called a disk, and round them are built the houses belonging to the maiden aunts, who watch and protect the whole. This is what we might call living in a community. People do so sometimes. Different families who like to be near each other will take a very large house and inhabit it together, so that in one house there will be many fathers, mothers and children, and very likely maiden aunts, and bachelor uncles besides.

Do you understand now how the asters live in communities? The golden-rod also lives in communities, but yet not exactly after the aster's plan—in smaller houses generally, and these, of course, contain few families: four or five of the maiden aunts live in yellow-walled rooms round the outside, and in the middle live fathers, mothers and children, as they do in the asters; but here is the difference: if the goldenrod has smaller houses, it has more of them together upon one stem. I have never counted them, but you can, now that they are in bloom, and tell me how many.

And have you ever noticed how gracefully these great companies are arranged? For the goldenrods are like elm trees in their forms; some grow in one single tall plume, bending over a little at the top, some in a double or triple plume, so that the nodding heads may bend on each side; but the largest are like the great Etruscan elms, many branches rising gracefully from the main stem and curving over on every side, like those tall glass vases which I dare say you have all seen.

Do not forget, when you are looking at these golden plumes, that each one, as it tosses in the wind, is rocking its hundreds of little dwellings, with the fathers, mothers, babies and all. —Detroit Free Press.

A Boy's Idea.

A lady went not long since to call upon a neighbor in the country and found the five-year-old son of the house playing upon the lawn.

"How do you do, George," she said.

"Is your mamma at home?"

"No, Mrs. Gray," he answered with the most approved politeness.

"I am sorry for that," the caller said. "Will she be gone long?"

"I don't know," the little fellow replied doubtfully. "She's gone to a Christian and devil meeting."

"Gone to what?" the lady exclaimed in astonishment. "To a Christian and devil meeting in the vestry," was the reply.

There was a meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor at the vestry of the church that afternoon. —Bidwell's National Gazette.