Mystery of Mont Cenis.

from Turin to Paris, and congratulated myself upon having found a traveling companion who seemed congenial. I did not know his name, but, curiously enough, I had come across him two or three times in the course of my traveling in Italy-once in Venice, once in Florence, and in a little village on the Italian Riviera, where we had lunched together on macaroni and risotto, wita a bottle of rough, red Italian wine between us.

I greeted him, therefore, almost like an old friend, and bestowed myself and my belongings in the compartments where I saw that he had already established himself,

For our other companions we had a French abbo and a little meagre looking English lady travelling alone; and we four and our luggage filled up the carriage so completely that we did our best to keep out any other travelecs.

I had occasion to lift his suit case out of my way, and saw that it was marked "Edmund Justican, N. Y."

I called him, my friend, but of course I knew absolutely nothing about him, except that he seemed to have lessure and a fair amount of money at his dis posal. He was a shy and silent man, with refined and scholarly tastes; but he seemed oppressed by a kind of melancholy, as though something lay heavily upon his mind. Yet he was only a young man, not 30, should think, with a decidely pleasant appearance. He was of middle height and good figure. well and suitably dressed; and his face, although a little thin and grave, was a striking one with fine features and the soft beautiful eves of the born dreamer. His hands, too, betrayed the artistic temperament. They were long, narrow, with thin white fingers, pointed at the finger tips.

A long hot day drew to its close, and I was sorroy to observe that we should soon be able to see very little of the exquisite scenery through which we were passing. The lovely valleys down which the rushing torrents leaped, the distant mountain tops, the pine, covered hills, would soon be lost in the darkness of night. What I also regretted was that as there was no full moon we might possibly see very little of the entrance to the great Mont Cenis tunnel, which we should approach most probably about 11 o'clock at night.

During the evening a good many of the passengers had hung about the corridor windows, walking up and down gazing at the scenery, but as night came on one by one they dropped back into their seats, and in most cases began to partake of the evening meal, which, if wise, they had brought with them. But Mr. Justican seemed to have made no provision for eating; he had neither sandwich nor fruit, and he declined a share of mine or of the red wine which I offered him.

"Thank you very much," he said to me. But I believe we come to a station goon where there is a buffet at which I can get everything I need.

"Monsieur is mistaken," said the abbe, in the corner, "At least I know of no station where we stop for any length of time until 3 or 4 in the morn-

"I think I shall be able to get some thing before then," replied Mr. Justi can with a polite bow to the abbe.

And shortly after this he, too, went into the corridor and began to pace up and down, as though he wished to stretch his cramped limbs after so in a railroad carriage. ure pass and repass the window, but at last I saw it no more and conject tured that he was either chatting to the conductor or smoking at the further end of the corridor.

By this time it had grown quite dark, the train was moving at a snail's pace, for we were mounting a very steep incline, and prepared myself for my night's rest though wondering a little at the continued absence of my vis-a-

However, I soon dropped into a fairly sound slumber, and did not wake until the gray dawn, when I became con scious that an official had entered the carriage and was trying to arouse me. The abbe and the French lady seemed to be wide awake, but the corner op site my seat was stil vacant,

"Monsieur is a friend of the gentleman who sat there?" the blue coated man demand with a somewhat anxious expression of countenance.

"Not a friend. I have seen him two or three times before, but I cannot be said to know him. Where is he, by the

The man looked at us silently. learned afterward that he had already made the tour of the carriages, but it was not all at once that the state of things made itself clear to us. The gentleman whose luggage was labelled Edmund Justican was apparently no which had been searched in vain, He was gone-absolutely gone-and only the grips remained behind, with the exception, as we now noticed, of a black bag which he seemed to have carried in his hand

Of course there was quite an uproar when this fact became known. It was suggested that Justican had committed ide, or again, that he had had a uarrel with some one and had been ung out of the carriage. In any case seemed terribly certain that his body found near the valls at some we had traversed since 11 o'clock, for if there was one thing of which the officials assured themselves

...... I had chosen the Mont Cenis route | line was explored, the tunnels were searched and the embankments carefuly surveyed, but there was no trace to be found of any accident. No dead body, no stain of blood, no shred of ciothing could be discovered to tell its own tale, Edmund Justican, if that were his name, seemed to have van ished as completely as if he had been a denizen of another world.

For some time I continued to take an interest in the strange disappear ance of the traveller, as did the rest of the world, for the papers were full of the mystery. Other sensations presented themselves, however, and the Justican disappearance was forgotten

I made up my mind at last that I should never know the sequel of the stranger's story and that his disappearance was one of the mysteries of life which are never explained.

When I was next in the south of France, some three years later, I had almost forgotten the occurrence, and I was only reminded of it by means of the evil chance which caused me to miss a train and have to wait for a few hours at Culoz.

Well, as this place is known by don't think that it has many foreign visitors, and, as I had some hours to wait, I strolled through the village, admiring the quaint green pottery which I saw in the little shops, and wondering whether I had time to attain the heights on which the great chateau was built or to explore the recesses of its park.

As I strolled past the house and up one of the green lanes, which were suggestive of England rather than of southern France, I came across a pret-

ty little scene of domestic felicity. There was a tiny red house built in French fashion, with its back to the view, surrounded by a garden full of roses and other sweet smelling flowers, with a pot of herbs behind and a little enclosure of land, evidently well tilled. Everything about the place breathed of humble prosperity.

There were great boehives in a corner of the garden, and a dovecote on the side of the wall, and on the porch sat a pretty, dark-eyed young woman in peasant dress, who was at that very moment lifting up a black eyed child of about two years old, in its queer blue blouse and black cap, to be kissed by a man who wore the sabots and blue blouse of a French laborer; but who, as I noted immediately had curiously fair hair, and looked very unlike the ordinary Frenchman.

There was a stil smaller child in a wooden cradle at the door, and the young woman pointed to it reproachfully, as much as to say that her husband had not given sufficient attention to the little one, whereupon with a laugh the man stooped over the cradle and at that moment I caught sight of his face.

I held my breath and stared in blank amaze, for the fair haired man in the peasant dress was none other than Edmund Justican.

I stood outside the hedge still staring, when the woman at the door caught sight of me and said something to her husband. He looked around at me and paled suddenly. Then he put his finger to his lips as if to beg me to keep silence, transferred the child to its mother's arms, and walked slowly down the garden path to the gate, looking steadily at me all the time.

"Monsieur wants something?" he of the district, which is generally difficult for an Englishman to acquire. I was too much taken aback to answer in anything but English.

"Is it you, after all?" I said, "Don't you remember me? I was an old acquaintance of yours!

"I have no acquaintance with mon sieur," said the man, looking me quite calmly in the face. But the more I observed him the certain I became

that he was the vanished Justican. "Perhaps you don't know me by name," I went on bluntly, "but you must remember that we lunched together at Venice, that we visited the Pitti Palace in Florence together, and that we were traveling in the same compartment on the journey from Turin, when you so mysteriously disap-peared? I do not come as an enemy, Mr. Edmund Justican, and I have no wish to inquire into your secrets, but you must allow me to express my pleasure in seeing you alive and well." I noticed that the color came back to his face as I spoke, and at the end he smiled slightly and lifted his cap.

"If you will promise me not to be tray my secret," he said, speaking English-how well I remembered his refined and languid accents-"I will not refuse myself the pleasure of conversing a few moments with a countryman of my own. You are the first American I have spoken to for three years, but I shall be glad of your kind assurance that you will give no account of your discovery to the newspapers, or to the authorities. Not that I have any occasion to fear them," ho said, "I am not a criminal, but the revelation of my true name and identity with the men who disappeared from the train in which you were travelling would cause me considerable inconvenience and perhaps endanger the happiness of my

"I will keep your secret faithfully," I said, "But in return will you tell me how and why you are here?"

"Certainly," he said. "And I give you my permission to tell it to the world ofter my death, or if you care to do so in twenty years from this time. There will be no difficulty then about letting the truth be known. The fact is, I have from my boyhood been placed in un-

congenial circumstances. I do not know whether I can express the loathing with which the life of civilization of modern cities fill me, and has always filled me since I came to years of maturity. I suppose I have the soul of a recluse—a hermit, though not, as you see, of a celibate. My wife and children are the greatest joys of my present life, but in order to gain this haven of peace I was obliged to cut myself adrift from the world and all my earlier associations.

"I bad made Finette's acquaintance some time before you met me in Italy and was convinced that my only chance of happiness lay in marrying her. Unfortunately I had a relative, an uncle, who was a severe, uncompromis ing man, with a Calvinistic turn and a conviction that a man would be eternally lost if he did not apply himself to business. I hated him, but at the same time I acknowledged that he and a complete mastery over me when ever I was in his presence. He even contrived that I should engage myself to his daughter, a woman ten years lder than myself, as hard and dry as her father, and quite expable of suing me for breach of fromise of marriage if I dared to terminate the engage ment. Under these circumstances took refuge in flight. But flight was useles. I received letters from time to time showing that my whereabouts was known, and finally I was told that my uncle and his daughter had re solved to follow me to Italy, and insist that the marriage should take place immediately. I was forced upon desper ate courses, and you yourself knew

"Upon my word I don't!" I interpolated hastily. "I suppose you mean you gave them the slip. But how did you leave the train?"

"My dear sir." said Edmund Justi can, "don't you remember the snail's pace at which the train was crawling up the hill? I simply opened the door and stepped out. I made my way from the railway line to a place where I was not known, concealed myself for some days among the peasents, and adopted as far as I could their dress and habits Finally I made my way to Finett's na tive village and persuaded her to cast in her lot with mine. You may have observed that I took my handbag with me, which contained a very fair pro portion of my fortune in a portabl form. We married, bought this little homestead and here we live with ou children, our garden and our animals as happy as the day is long. Thank

God, I shall never see a city again!" I stared at the man, for such an expression of feeling seemed to me ex traodinarily bizarre. But I could detect no sign of insanity in Edmund Justican's tone.

"And do you never regret your friends?" I said. "Surely the relatives of whom you speak must have suffered

some anxiety on your account?" took a very simple precaution, said Edmund Justican, smiling, with the air of a man who bad triumphed over fate. "I wrote to them beforehand telling them of my intention to commit suicide. That is probably why they made no search for me, and concluded that I had carried out my threat. They had no affection for me, but they envied me my money, and I had compunction for the deception I practiced. All that I ask is that you will not let them know."

"I will most certainly not let them know," I answered. "But I am glad that I have met you and solved a mys tery, which often tormented me."

"I am serry for the trouble I may have given," said Edmund Justican with a glimmer of a smile in his dreamy eyes. "But I have achieved my end. Will you not come back to my cottage and let my wife offer you her simple hospitality? She is quite a child of nature, and sweet and loving as an angle!"

"I should be charmed," I answered with real regret. "But I am afraid my time is too short, I shall have to run to the station if I mean to catch my train. I hope we may meet again."

"Au revoir, then, and not goodby," said my old acquaintance with a smile. We shook hands and I saw him turn back with an eager face to the wife and children whom it was evident he so tenderly loved. I hoped that I might one day return and make their acquaintance. But fate has not led me to southern France again, and that is the last I ever saw of Edmund Justican, the story of whose strange disappearance I am now, after a lapse of twenty years, at liberty to give to the world. can only hope that he has never tired of his paradise.-Kansas City Independent

After a year's absence, John Kelly returned home recently from Japan, disappointed in his heart, and hundreds of cheap watches in his trufiks. He had gone to Japan with a little private cargo of watches of low price, expecting to sell them at a handsome profit to the natives. But he found, in Tokio, in Yokohama and the other towns he visited, that the natives had factories wherein they made large quantities of timepieces as good as his own in quality and much lower in price. These factories were owned by wealthy Japanese, but their foremen were Americans who had been brought out, at big salaries, to run the plants. Mr. Kelley was not long in learning that it was useless for him to try to compete with the native watchmakers of Japan. He repacked his trunks, therefore, and returned home hurridly .- Philadelphia Record.

"There's the most ignorant men I ever met. He thinks that Julius Caesar was Emperor of Germany." What a charming historical novel could write."—San Francisco Town MINDING THE BABY.

The Ordeni Which a Portly Bachelo Uncle Had to Undergo.

Mrs. Ludders, leaving. "He's on the Dick-will you mind haby for a see I'm going, and Norah has step ped out."

Voice of Dick-her portly bachelor "All right." brother. Mrs. Ludders, leaving. "He's on the floor in the sitting room. He won't

need much-just a look now and

Door shuts. Silence for a few me ments.

Baby protests, "Ya-a-a-a! Ya-a-a Ah-a-a-a-a-a-Mr. Wiere, hastily springs from the

hair and bolts into the sitting room. Whet is it halv? Nice haby, "Sh shahah. Daby, seemingly incensed. "Ah-a-s

Grasps watch-chain as Wiere kneels in front of him, and abruptly cease

his cries. Wiere, with cheerful celerity unfas tening chain, and surrendering watch and all. "There, baby. Tick, tick, tick-pitty itty sing. Baby listen!" Baby, violently throwing away time plece. 'Ab-a-a-a-a-a-a-

Wiere, nonplussed, yet eager to be of service. "Poor baby. Naughty mamma gone-all gone. But unkle here. Yes, I know-baby want to write jus' like unkle. There!" Carefully draws pen from pen-hold er, and extends latter to child. Also

finds watch and chain and keys and places them in child's lap. Baby, "Ah-n-a-a-a-a-a-Wiere, in apology. "Of tourse! Baby mus' have paper. Tan't wite wiv-out paper. Bad unkle, to for-det.

at expense of sundry puffs and grunts,

Paper distracts baby, who clumsily ssays to cat it.

Wiere, fearfully. "By Jove! One would think his ancestors were goats instead of apes!" Baby, despite paper. "Ya-a-a-a! Ya--A-A-A-A-A-

Wiere, whirling in chair, with mant cet choler. "Good heavens! I wist knew whether you were old enough to lick. If you were my child-but you aren't, thank the Lord!"

Rises and tours the room, plucking various articles of shiny and jingly nature from the mantel, bookcase, ta ble, bracket, desk, etc. Dumps them upon the baby, and round about him. "There! Now play-chew and break and anything else, but allow me

five minutes' peace. I'm busy." Baby, rapidly dispersing the collection thrust upon him. "Ah-a-a-a-a-a-

Baby, in continuous performance Ah-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-

Wiere, savagely. "Shut up!" At this instant door opens, and Mrs. Ludders rushes in, distraught, indignant, gathers up child, kisses him with ostentatious sympathy, talks through him for the benefit of her "Poor darling! Poor pre cious! There-don't cry. Mamma's tum, an' ol' unkie sha'nt 'buse him any more-that he sha'n't! Cruel unide Yes-letting him have all these things that might have choked him, or hurt him dreadfully; and sitting there yelling-fairly velling at him in an awful

voice to 'shut up!' The idea! Wiere at bay. "Well you told m mind him, and I minded him! That's the trouble; he's been minded too much. If he was my child, by gad, he'd mind me.

Stalks into study, and slams door. -Elwin L. Sabin, in The Criterion.

Bravery at a Discount.

There are times when bravery is at a discount. It is all very well to insist upon it when the small boy is afraid to stay alone in the dark, but when he gets to being brave on his own account there may be trouble That is what Joel's papa thought when he took his small son down to one of the beaches as a special treat because it was his third birthday. Papa does not usually navigate the young man aione, and when he came home after the visit to the beach he solemnly deciared he would never attempt it again. He was going on business himself, and as there was a long stretch of shallow water near shore it occurred to him, remembering the time when he was a boy himself, that Joel would undoubtedly like to wade while he was gone. He removed the youth's shoes and stockings somewhat clumsily, not being accustomed to the task, and left him wetting his small pink toes and with an expression of rapture on his face. It would be all right and the boy would be happy, and he turned to leave him when he was recalled by a shout:

"Oh, papa, papa, look, look!" Joel, not a bit afraid, had thrown limself on his small stomach in the water, with the little waves rippling happily around him as they were around another small boy in the water, but one who was wearing a bathing suit.

History does not relate what papa said .- New York Times.

Heirs Apparent and Presumptive.

Mose people have got the techniqu

of things dynastic at their fingers' ends this season. Nevertheless, our old friend the heir presumptive has again made his incorrect appearance, this time in the current number of the leading illustrated paper. The eldest son of the Prince of Wales is thus called in the underline of a first page illustration. The prince in question is nobody's heir presumptive; if his heredity is to be mentioned at all he must be called the heir apparent of the heir apparent. An heir presumptive is heir pending the possible birth of an heir in the direct line.—London

MEN WHO ARE EMPLOYED TO WATCH EMPLOYES OF BANKS.

York City Alone-One of Them Tells of His Methods - The Story of One Fool-ish Young Man-Discharged Employes. In the borough of Manhattan every

day there are somewhere in the neighborhood of 500 persons shadowed, none of whom knows as he goes his way that he is being watched. Nor does he know that the sword hangs over his head suspended by a thread that may be cut at any moment by his shadower. These men whose fate is held in the palm of the hand of a private detective are all employed in banks, national, state and savings There are also other big corporations which employ detectives to follow their employes after hours, "so as to get a line on the life that they lead after hours," a detective employed in this particular line put it to-day, Many bank presidents believe that by em ploying a detective to shadow everyody employed in the institution the chances for a defaulter are reduced to a minimum. And yet the case of Sam uel C. Seeley, employed for eleven years as bookkeeper in the Shoe and Leather National Bank, might be cited to demonstrate that this method of vigilance is not infallible. Through Seeley the bank in eleven years lost \$354,000. He was a model bookkeeper the real kind of a home man. That was shown by the fact that he got for his share in actual cash only \$11,000 and most of this he spent in doctors' bills for his family.

Seeley, like every other employe in the Shoe and Leather Bank, was shadowed; his home life was known; he was reported as a model man. Where the vigilance of the bank's manage ment went astray was in not shadow ing Seeley's accomplice, a lawyer who had many real estate transactions. The accomplice one day overdrew his account. Seeley knew that if he notified the cashler he would be discharged so he called on the lawer and asked him to refund the money (it was only \$100). The lawyer explained that he had a big real estate deal on and he could not put it through in time to save Seeley unless he had more money -\$5,000. That was the beginning of Sceleys' downfall. The model home man consented. When the lawyer on the following day presented a check for \$5,200, the paying teller asked See ley how the account stood. Seeley said that the check was all right and the lawyer got the money.

To cover up his tracks, Seeley de detucted from accounts that never were touched, so that at night his accounts balanced. He never took a vacation, not even a day off in eleven years. To all appearances be was a mo del man. No one knew that he had an accomplice who was drawing any where from \$100 to \$500 a day out of the bank. They might shadow Seeley, but that would not reveal the true state of affairs. He was with his family every night; he was a sunday school superintendent; he never bet on the

And so even will the precautions that are taken by all financial institutions and big corporations to prevent defalcations it is impossible to tell where the next man will get a million or more dishonestly. In the system that the banks have to-day there is a chance to learn where to look for a possible defalcation, no matter how cleverly the man's tracks are covered up, and there is also an opportuniy to out all about employes. who has been at this work in the de tective line for more than twelve years talked about his work the other day

"I am employed," he said, "by the president of about the biggest bank in this city, and that means the biggest bank in the United States. Every day in the year, neither Sundays nor holidays excluded, I shadow comebody in employ of the bank. No one knows about my work except the president. I am not on the bank payroll. I receive my salary in a roundabout way. I have not seen the president in all the

years that I have been in his employ. "On the ordinary work days I begin my labor at 3 o'clock, the time of closing the bank. I have a list of all the employes and I know every one by sight. I select each day the man that am going to shadow. For five years I used to wait for my man, rain or shine, on the street near the bank building, but now I go to an office a cross the street. It's pleasanter, be cause there's no telling when my man will quit work. Take the case of the cashler. He may stay until 7 o'clock sometimes. When he leaves the office must be on his trail. I watch him come out, and from then until he is round asleep I keep on his trail.. If he goes directly home I trail him to the door. Then I wait outside until about 10 o'clock, and if he doesn't come out I at that hour leave. If on the other hand he goes out for a night I record

very carefully everything he does. "I remember about four years ago the president notified me that I hadn't made a report to him on an assistant teller in three months. As a matter of fact, I had been so busy looking after a man who led a model life, but who, was certain, was speculating in the stock market, that I had forgotten the young man. I picked him up one afternoon as he came out of the office, and he did lead me a chase. He met a young woman and drove to the Waldorf, where they had dinner. So did I. From the restaurant they went to the theatre and afterward had a dinner. So far the night had not cost him a cent less than \$20 or \$30. He drove the girl home, stayed a half hour and kept the hansom waiting. From the roung woman's house that man drove

WORK OF THE SHADOW, straight to Dick Canfield's gambling on behind his hansom. When he went into Canfield's I was up against a stone wall at first, but I finally got hold of the bald-headed man who usually looks after everything when he is not in the chair watching the dealer. I explained my mission to him and he let me in, having had his conscience greased

with a \$50 bill "I found my man at the crazy wheel, playing hard and fast. It did not take him long to get rid of \$300-I forgot to say that it was the day before payday, a time when most workers are broke. Well, from Canfields' my quarry went to the tenderloin, and there blew in \$100. I dropped him at his home at 5:30 A. M. He was discharged immediately after my report was re-

"Now there was a foolish young man as I afterward found out. He was not short in his accounts. He had plenty of money of his own, but he was discharged just because of his high roller tendency. However, the president would take no chances with him. I suppose that in all the while that I have been in the bank's employ fifteen or twenty men have been discharged be cause of my reports on their lives outside the bank."-New York Sun.

GUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. moth wants to whistle it strikes these ribs with its antennal, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a lovecall from the male to the female.

The Hungarian minister of the interior has braged a decree ordaining that all waitresses in cafes, restaurants, ten shops and so forth must be at least 40 years of age. The decree came into force on Sept. 1. and threw many young women out of employment.

Indge Henry Redwine the other day took to Phoenix. Ariz., a story of an active volcano in a smoking take 21 miles from Texica at the base of the mountains across the Mexican line. The Indians who formerly lived in the neighborhood have moved away since the lake legan spouting columns of mud and fire. The white settlers are scriously considering the same course.

The lake is 14 miles long and three miles broad. The water is almost constantly boiling and at times gigantic columns are thrown up amid which fire plays.

Hogs have a strange habit which those who have noticed them at night are acquainted with. If you pass a tog bed on the side of the road or in an old covered bridge, sometimes one will follow or trail you for miles. It Post. coes not seem victous, but just keeps near. Perhaps it is a lingering instinct of its wild nature, following as a kind of sentinel to see that the other hogs are not threatened, just as the wild horses in South America, when a foc appears, will wheel into a semi-circle and present to their enemy ar 'mbroken phalanx of heels,

One of the novelties of design in a Chicago power station is the white enameling of all the motive power coutpment. The engine room is finished with a white enamel wainscoting, and with the white engines, switchboard, generators and motors it makes a very striking and unusual picture. The piping is necessarily covered with asbes tos, so that the whole room presents a clean and pleasant aspect. The only pure white are those in direct contact etc., which are painted with aluminum Lronze.

A London physician of large practice asserts that owing to his extreme ly sensitive sense of smell, he can foretell the coming of death 48 hours. He says that when a patient comes within two days of death a peculiar earthy smell is emitted from the body. When the fatal disease is slow in its progress the odor makes its appearance as much as three days beforehand; but when the disease is of the galloping kind the doctor says he receives much shorter warning. He attributes the smell to mortification which begins within the body before life is extinct. Dogs are thought to have this sense, for hunting hounds have been observed to begin a mournfu! baying a day or two before their masters died.

go, simply to "amuse" themselves. They far surpass the limits of childish "make believe" and device in stenuous efforts to pass the time. For instance, at some of the seaside places in France this year those stopping there in quest of health or pleasure con ceived the idea of some unique bicycle games. One consisted in the arrangement of large numbers of empty flower pois in all sorts of zizzag figures, among which bicyclists of both sexes were to wheel, throwing a potato into each pot, without losing balance or smashing crockery. It was said to be intensely exciting, and • had great vogue for a time. Then there were the hurdle races for bicyclists-the hurdles consisting of sawdust filled sacks-zigzag wheel runs between rows of tennis balls, and glove and parasol contests, in which prizes were given for the most rapid pulling on and off

of gloves and opening and closing of

paragols Besides these was the "mu-

sical chair" game, where the players

ride around the rows of waiting chairs

while the music continued, and on its

sudden cessation they made a rush for

seats, repeating this either until all the

chairs were occupied or all the wheels smashed.—New York Tribune.

To what infinite pains people often

REVIVAL OF THE CAMELLIA.

Benewed Interest in the Old-Fashloned

Florists report an extraodinary revival of interest in old-fashioned floworders too large to be filled for verbenas, pansies, marigoids, phlox, and such quaint old favorites. The aster is nearly as popular this year as the chrycanthemum in its palmiest days ever

WHH. The most remarkable revival is that of the waxy white camellia, which reigned supreme in the early '70s. The demand for this flower as a man's buttonhole decoration threatens to send the gardenia into obserurity. The two flowers bear a strong family resem blance to each other, the gardenia be ing the less stiff and waxy, but is also less perfect in symmetry and whitenousnes. The gardenia has a faint perfume distiked by some men.

But the strongest claim the camcilia has to become the flower of fashion is that it is very expensive, and not too easy to obtain at any price. Unlike the gardenia the camellia has no stem. It is necessary to cut the plant itself with the flower. As four er five buds have often to be sacri-Seed to get one perfect flower, and as each bud is worth at least 50 cents, even a boutonniere becomes a taing of price.

The camellia is a sentimental flower, suggestive of crinolines, and hair worn low on the neck but it is undeniably an elegant flower as well, with something of the distinction of the orchid about it. It is dignified. Nobody would ever think of calling it a blossom, or including it in a "nosegay." It cannot be massed for decorative purposes, unless in funeral wreaths, with its own deep green follage. It is best worn singly, a perfect thing by itself, on a man's evening coat, or in the dark braids of a woman's hair. One associates it with dark rather than fair hair. But women are not likely to take much interest in its new vogue. It is not suited to modern feminine dress.

As a greenhouse plant, it is really worthy of esteem. It does not demand great heat, nor much sunshine, and is, therefore, well suited to the ordipart city conservatory. It requires more water than other plants. rreenhouse full of camellias is bloom s uncommonly showy and effective.

We are accustomed to speak of the camedia as white, and the double white variety is admired above all others, but the plant is grown in many colors in Japan and China, where it is native. The pink and red flowers never reach the symetrically imbricated form, and the virgin purity of tone of the white, and have seldom been worn as a decoration.-New York

Geronimo's Little Joke.

Showing the at one time Spanish

secondency, both in the far west and in the far cast, and how the web of life weaves itself out, there is a divinity sometimes shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. Geronimo was the name of the Apache chief fighting against whom General Lawton won his spurs, and strange irony of fate, Geronimo was also the name the Filippino chief one shot band General Lawton dead. The Apache Geronimo is still in the land of the living, 80 years of age, but standing off old Father Time in great style. He is "a ward of the nation," drawing his \$30 a month "regular;" jolly as an old sandboy-no seared and yaller leaf about himparts of the machinery which are not smoking his pipe of peace all day long and dreaming the happy hours away ith not a thought of the past, th the old chap has more scalps to his credit than any big Injun living. Geronimo, moreover, is "a man of infinite jest." What do you think the old joker did the other day? Actually had the nerve to petition Uncle Sam to help hunt the late "lamented" Tracy, but the government had "far-away" visions of "community of self-interest," and the request was respectfully refused. Tracy, per se, was had enough, but Tracy and Geronimo! What a combination!-washington

Rig School District 35.

There are school districts in the west larger than some of the Atlantic states. In counties of Oregon, Wyoming and Idaho it is no uncommon thing for a district to be so large that some of the children live 50 miles trom the schoolhouse.

District 35 in Malheur county, Ore., is larger than the state of Delaware. Delaware, it may be recalled, contains 2380 square miles, is 25 miles by 110, and contains a population of about

District 35 is in the southwestern part of Malheur. It was organized in 1898. The school is on Crooked creek and is 140 miles from the nearest railroad point, Miss Eva Z. Smith of Mosquito has been teacher for the last two terms. The school population is only 76 boys and one girl.

Part of the population of District 3f. has to go 50 miles for its mail. In this remote cattle county a sheriff has been known to ride 150 miles to summon a single juror.-New York Sun.

Salmon Hatcheries.

A determined effort to increase the stock of Chinook salmon in the Columbia river, Oregon, is to be made by the state and United States authorities. Fish warden Van Dusen announces that during the coming year 60,000,000 young salmon will be turned loose from the hatcheries along the Columbia and its tributaries. He estimates that the output of young salmon from hatcheries on the stream flowing into the ocean from the Columbia to Coos bay will be 14.500,000.— San Francisco Call.