

Two Runaways

YES—this is really good-by. The picture is finished, and you are satisfied. "I am quite satisfied, so is Aunt Janet."

"And yet I have barely done you justice."

The speaker looked at the lovely girl before him, half-critically, tenderly altogether. She was well worth looking at. Rather tall and slight of figure; her mass of fair hair with glints of gold; her large and soft brown eyes—short-sighted, as such eyes often are, and obliging the use of a pince-nez, which did not detract from her clearness—but most, the low, sweet voice, with the merriest laugh possible—made a bright and fascinating figure, which appealed to the artist as well as to the man. Louise Maynard was an orphan, whose mother died at her birth, her father falling in India some years later. He fell in action as a soldier, and left her to her aunt, Lady Janet Berkeley, on whom she was entirely dependent, to bring up, Bernard Ross, by her part, was a young and rising artist and a distant cousin of Lady Janet, who wished to give him a helping hand by letting him paint her beautiful niece for his Academy picture. She had given up her small boudoir for the purpose of the sittings, so that she could keep the young people under her own eye.

The girl looked up at Bernard for a moment. "It has been a happy time for us, hasn't it? I'm sorry the picture is finished."

"So am I," answered Bernard. "And when I am away I shall look back to this as the happiest time of my life."

"Where are you going, and when?" asked Louise, in a frightened voice.

"Do you really care to know?" Louise nodded. "I mean to leave London tomorrow. For where, I don't know yet. My pictures for the Academy are finished, and I'm free to go where I wish."

"To-morrow! As soon as that?" And Louise leaned back in her chair looking very white.

He was at her side in a moment. "Is it possible that you care—really care—whether I go or stay?"

The girl struggled for composure. "Of course I care. We have been such good friends."

"I know. But nothing more, I suppose? What would you say if I told you that I have learned to love you with all my heart, and that is why I go? I am too poor to ask you to be my wife, and your aunt wouldn't listen to it for a moment."

"But I'm poor, too," the girl answered. "And I have often thought that I, too, should work for my living. But Aunt Janet is kindness itself, and wouldn't hear of it. But please don't leave London on my account," she added, looking up with a pathetic smile. "It would be so much pleasanter if you stayed. Besides, I am thinking of leaving London myself. I have a long-standing invitation to pay a visit to some relations who live far away from England."

"Oh, Louise, how can I let you go?"

"You see, you went on, 'you have your work to do. And it is wiser for you to be in London when your pictures are sent in for the Academy. So I think it would be better for us to say good-by now than have a formal parting before Aunt Janet.'"

"But Louise, how can we part like this?" said Bernard impetuously.

"Have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing but good-by."

Then she held out her hand, and the young man took it in both his own. They both thrilled at the contact, and their eyes met. Each read the secret of the other, the love that does not die. But still Bernard could not persuade himself to speak out, and while he was still hesitating the girl turned away quickly and left the room.

"She loves me! I am sure she loves me!" he said to himself in an exulting tone. "I saw it in her look. I must go away. I cannot remain in England. I cannot be near her without asking her to be my wife, and that, in defiance of her aunt, I know she will never do."

He crossed the room to the portrait, and looked at it lovingly. The face seemed to return the look from the canvas.

While he stood there the door was softly opened, and Lady Janet Berkeley came in. She crossed the room quietly, and coming behind the young man, she looked at the picture over his shoulder, on which she gently laid her hand. "It is very beautiful, Bernard. And this picture should bring you fame and fortune when it is exhibited in the Academy, as it is sure to be."

"It was a labor of love, Cousin Janet."

"I wish I were rich enough to be able to afford to buy it," Lady Janet added. He touched the picture lovingly with his hands, and said "I will never sell it."

"But, my dear boy, how can you expect you are going to make your fortune if you won't sell your first big picture? You won't you. And a curious expression came into her eyes as she looked keenly at the young man.

"Because I love Louise," he answered frankly. "And as she will never be my wife I shall keep it in remembrance of these happy days. You see that I am quite open with you, Cousin Janet."

"Oh! Does Louise know of this?"

"Yes, I told her I loved her."

"What did she say?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Did you ask her to marry you?"

"Oh, no. How could I do that, cousin, when I knew of your views of her?"

"Oh, you thought I had other views. Why didn't you ask me?"

"Because you told me one day that you hoped she would marry Lord Claydon. And I thought it was quite settled."

"Then I may go as far as to say," Lady Janet answered, "that Lord Claydon has asked her, and I hope she will accept him, though she has not yet done so. I'm very sorry, Bernard, and sorry, too, that I let you paint her portrait."

"Don't say that, Cousin Janet, for the time has been a happy one, and I shall always think of the helping hand you gave me. Good-by. I will come for the picture later, when there is no chance of my meeting Louise." And he held out his hand.

"Good-by, Bernard. I'm sorry. But you have behaved very well."

As Lady Janet turned from the door, she thought to herself, "What could the boy mean by falling in love with Louise? It will spoil everything. I wonder what answer she will give to Lord Claydon now. If I were her age I know which I should choose."

Her thoughts were interrupted by Louise's voice at the door. "Aunt Janet, are you there?" And Louise rushed impetuously in. "Oh, Aunt, has he gone?"

"What he?" asked Aunt Janet.

"Why, Bernard, of course. Oh, aunt, I am so unhappy." And the girl sank into a chair and began to cry.

Lady Janet flew to her side. "What is the matter, dear? And why are you unhappy?"

"Bernard is going away from England—and all on account of me."

"I understood something of this from the boy. I have just seen him. He told me that he asked you to be his wife, and that you gave him no answer."

"But that's just it. He didn't ask me. So how could I answer him?"

"Listen to me for a minute. What answer are you going to make Lord Claydon? He can give you home, name and position. And I have very little to give you."

"Oh, Aunt Janet, but I don't love him. I cannot be his wife. And I do love Bernard, though he is so stupid. And I can be his wife, if he asks me. And now he'll go away, and never know."

"Aunt Janet, will you let me go and stay with my cousins in South Africa? I want to go away, so that Bernard will remain in England."

"Perhaps it is better that you should," answered her aunt. "I'm sorry you can't marry Lord Claydon, but I won't stand in your way if Bernard should ask you."

"He will never ask me now," said the girl.

"You needn't be afraid of that, my dear. He is sure to do it sooner or later. And when he does, tell him that I have no plans, except for your happiness. I love the boy, if for nothing else, for his father's sake."

She stooped and kissed the girl, and then went quietly out of the room.

Louise sat upright in her chair, her face flushed and her hair slightly disheveled, but looking very pretty withal. "Was there ever such a complication? Here is Bernard, whom I love, marching out of England because I won't be his wife as he hasn't asked me; and here am I, whom Bernard loves, marching out of England because he won't ask me." And she went again to look at the picture on the easel. "It's very like me, but much more beautiful than I could be."

As she was thinking this, Bernard came back into the room. Louise looked at him from behind the easel. "Oh, is that you?" she said in a lame kind of way.

"I have come for the picture," he answered.

"I have seen Aunt Janet, and you needn't leave England, because I'm going to do so."

"Oh, really? I'm glad. Of course, I don't mean that. But I'm the right person to go."

"Oh, no. I only came to look at the picture. It's very nice."

"Oh, yes. And I came to take it away."

"Then we can only say good-by again. Good-by, Bernard."

"Oh, good-by." They clasped hands, so nervously that they didn't know what they were saying or doing.

"Good-by, God bless you. His arms were open. She sank against his side, and he kissed her. In another moment they were separated, as they thought, forever.

One week later, and there was a great bustle at the London Docks, for one of the royal mail steamers was leaving for South Africa. Among the passengers was Louise Maynard, who had gone on board in the company of her Aunt Janet. That lady wished to see the last of her much-loved niece before leaving her in the care of an old friend, a Mrs. Robinson, who was going out to South Africa to join her husband, and was delighted to have so charming a companion on the voyage. Louise had not gone to her cabin to arrange her things, as she wished to spend her last minutes in England with her aunt. The poor girl felt very alone as she clung to her and

the first bell sounded for the passengers to go ashore.

"Now, my dear, try and cheer up," said Aunt Janet, as she clung to her, "good-by! And if you see Bernard, tell him he's very stupid, and how happy I am to be going away."

"Any one for the shore?" called out an imperative voice.

"Yes, yes," said Lady Janet. "This way, madam." And Lady Janet hurried to the gangway and went ashore.

Louise, instead of going to the cabin, watched from the side of the ship till her aunt was on the quay, and waved a last adieu as Lady Janet got into her carriage and drove away. Then the second bell rang for the visitors to go ashore. Louise still remained at the side of the ship, interested in all that was going on about her. She saw a cab, laden with baggage, driven hastily up to the vessel, out of which dashed a young man. He was soon surrounded by helpers, and was quickly on board. There seemed something familiar to her in the figure, and as the young man stepped from the gangway on to the deck she moved toward her cabin, and the two came face to face.

"Louise!" "Bernard!" And they looked at each other with the frank astonishment.

"What are you doing on board this ship?" asked the girl.

"I'm going to South Africa. And you?"

"I'm going to South Africa. I told you I was going away from England to stay with some cousins."

"But you didn't say they were in South Africa, of all places in the world."

"And you didn't say you were going there. You were to stay in England, for the sake of your work."

"You suggested that I should do so, you mean. I never said I would."

"But this is dreadful! We shall be on the ship together for a long voyage unless you go back at once."

"But I can't. My small luggage has gone to my cabin, and I must go and look after it."

And Bernard turned and followed his luggage.

"Any more for the shore?" was still the call.

"Yes, yes!" said Louise. "I am. I shan't be a minute."

"All right, miss. The third bell hasn't gone."

And Louise rushed down to her cabin, where she found Mrs. Robinson quietly arranging her things for the voyage. "Oh, Mrs. Robinson, such a dreadful thing has happened! Bernard Ross has come on board the ship as a passenger, and I can't stay on it with him. And she was hastily putting her things together.

"But, Louise!"

"I can't help it, Mrs. Robinson! You've been awfully kind, but I can't think of going."

"What will your Aunt Janet say if you go back?"

"What would she say if I went on, you mean? You'll be so thankful not to be bothered with a tiresome girl like me. Good-by, Mrs. Robinson. I wish you a happy voyage." And before the astonished lady had time to realize what had happened Louise was out of the cabin and up the stairs, and was crossing the gangway as the last bell rang, leaving her trunks to Providence and Mrs. Robinson. When she reached the quay she engaged the cab that had brought Bernard.

At the same time the men had begun to remove the gangway, and had, in fact, taken away some of the planks, when Bernard rushed across the deck, followed by sailors carrying his luggage, large and small.

"Hold hard there!" called the officer in charge. "One more passenger going ashore." And Bernard, in a few seconds more, was on the land again. He saw the cabman who had brought him, and hailed him at once. "Hi, cabbie! I'm going back with you!"

"So sorry, sir, but I'm engaged."

"Are you?"

"Yes, sir, by a lady."

And upon that Louise appeared from the other side of the cab. Again they looked at each other, and instinctively made a simultaneous move for the big ship, which, however, had already swung out in to the stream.

"Louise, what have you done?"

"I've left the ship, and I'm going home."

"Exactly what I'm doing," he answered. "But why do you run away from me in this way? Why won't you be my wife and stay with me?"

"Because you never asked me, my dear Bernard."

"Didn't I? I thought I did."

"You said something about it, and took it for granted I should say 'No.'"

"What do you say now?"

"Silly boy! I say 'Yes!'"

"What will Aunt Janet say?"

"I think that—she'll be very glad to see us both back again."

"Then hadn't we better share the cab, and go back together?"

And they did.—London World.

A Young Logician.

Jennie's mother was expecting company, but just before train time a telegram arrived which read, "Missed train. Will start same time to-morrow."

Jennie rushed home from school expecting to see the guest, but instead was shown the message. After reading it laboriously and carefully through, she exclaimed:

"Why, mamma, if she starts at the same time to-morrow she will miss the train again!"—What-To-Eat.

Size of Manchuria and Korea.

Manchuria contains about 304,000 square miles, or nearly seven times as many as the State of New York. Korea contains 148,000 square miles, which makes it about three times as large as New York.



THE REASON WHY.

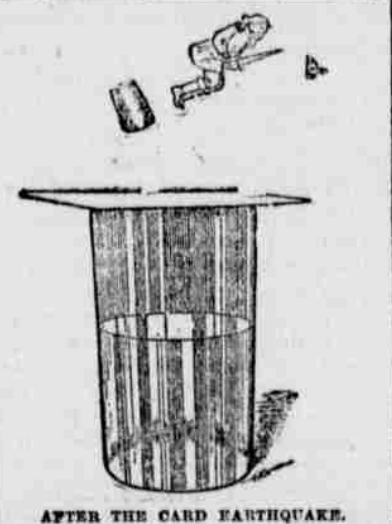
When Bobby was a country boy he had the greatest fun. With naught to do the livelong day, he lived out in the sun. He rolled upon the grass, and he sprawled beneath the trees. His clothes were old, his stockings, too, had extra double knees. He grew as sturdy as could be, his hands and face grew brown. His mother said, "You'll lose your tan when we go back to town."

When Bobby was a city boy he had to go to school. And study, oh! so very hard, when days and nights grew cool. His breakfast he would hurry through, and off to school would race. His mother said, "I believe you haven't taken time to wash your face." And Bobby, growing very red, yet spoke up like a man, "I'm 'fraid to wash my face, mamma, for fear I'll lose my tan!"

A. EARTHQUAKE.

This is a funny little trick that is easy to do, and needs no apparatus. Nearly fill a tumbler with water, wipe the edge dry if you happen to have wet it, lay on it a card which is large enough to project at least half an inch all around and let it stand undisturbed. In half an hour or so you will find that the card has become hollow, like a cup, and has sagged down inside of the glass. This is caused by the vapor rising from the water. The lower face of the card, being moist, has swollen or expanded while the upper face has not and therefore the flat card is warped into the shape of a cup. Take it off and replace it with the damp convex side on top. The rounded card represents the round earth, or a portion of it, and in a minute you will see it quake.

But to make the earthquake more interesting your earth should have inhabitants. You cannot make these



AFTER THE CARD EARTHQUAKE.

small enough to be in the right proportion to your little earth, and if you could they would be too small to see, so you will have to make them as small as you can—say an inch or two high. Make them of paper, stand them carefully on their feet or seat them on bits of cork on your earth before it quakes.

If you can make the figures in pieces, with their bodies gently balanced on their legs and their heads on their bodies, so much the better.

You might also add a house built up of four bits of card for walls, held together only by the weight of a fifth piece laid on top of them for a roof.

All your figures and buildings—there isn't room for many—must be in readiness before you turn the earth—I mean the damp card—over. Set them quickly but carefully on the convex surface and wait for the earthquake. Very soon the "earth" will sink in with a snap, and walls, heads, legs and bodies will go flying through the air. The reason is easy to guess. The upper surface of the card has been drying and contracting while the lower surface has become moist and swollen so that presently the card has to bulge down instead of up.

THE CHIPMUNK.

As the woodchuck sleeps away the bitterness of cold, so in his narrower chamber sleeps the chipmunk—happy little hermit, lover of the sun, mate of the song sparrow and the butterfly. What a goodly and hopeful token of the earth's renewed life is, verifying the promises of his own chalice, the squirrel cups, set in the warmest corners of the woods, with libations of dew and shower drops, of the bluebird's carol, the sparrow's song of spring!

Now he comes forth from his long night into the fulness of sunlight day, to proclaim his awakening to his summer comrades, a gay recluse, clad in all the motley, a jester, maybe, yet no fool.

His voice, for all its monotony, is inspiring of gladness and contentment, whether he utters his thin, sharp chirp, or full-mouthed cluck, or laughs a chattering mockery as he scurries into his narrow door.

He winds along his crooked pathway of the fence rails and forages for half forgotten nuts in the familiar grounds, brown with strewn leaves or dull with dead grass. Sometimes he ventures to the top rail and climbs to a giddy ten-foot height on a tree, whence he looks

abroad, wondering, on the wide expanse of an acre.

Music has charms for him, and you may entrance him with a softly whistled tune and entice him to frolic with a herds-grass, gently moved before him.

When the fairies have made the white curd of mallow's blossoms into cheeses for the children and the chipmunk, it is a pretty sight to see him gathering his share, handily and toothily stripping off the green covers, filling his cheek pouches with the dainty disks and scurrying away to his cellar with his ungrudging portion.

Alack the day when the sweets of the spring corn tempt him to turn rogue, for then he becomes a banned outlaw, and the sudden thunder of the gun knells his tragic fate. He keeps well the secret of constructing his cunning house, without a show of heaped or scattered soil at its entrance.

Bearing himself honestly, and escaping his enemies—the cat, the hawk and the boy—he lives a long day of happy, inoffensive life. Then, when the filmy curtain of the Indian summer falls upon the year, he bids us a long good-night.—Waverley Magazine.

THE WHITE DOVE.

There was once upon a time a white dove that lived next door to a growly grizzly bear.

The dove had a voice as sweet as music, but the bear had a terrible growl. He was always snarling, growling and quarreling, till the white dove said: "I cannot stand it any longer. I must find a new home."

So, early the next morning, she started out to find the new home. First she went to the creek and dipped her wings in the shining water till they were as white as snow, and then she flew over the hills and the valley.

"Coo, coo! I should like to live with a good child," she said as she flew.

By and by she came to a small white house by the roadside, and there on the doorstep sat a little girl who looked so much like a good child that the white dove lighted on a tree by the gate and called, with her voice as sweet as music: "Coo, coo! May I come in? Coo, coo! May I come in?"

But the little girl did not hear, for just then her mother called from the kitchen: "Little daughter, come in! I want you to rock the baby to sleep."

And before the dove had time to call again the little girl began to cry as loudly as she could: "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo! I don't want to come in! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

"Coo, coo!" called the white dove; but it did no good. So she spread her wings and flew away.

"I would rather live next door to a growly grizzly bear," she said to herself, "than in the house with a child who cries like that."

On and on she flew, over the tree tops and roofs, till she reached a big house that had a great many doors and windows. The windows were open, and, looking in, the white dove saw half a dozen boys and girls playing together.

Oh, what a noise there was! The baby had waked up long before he was through with his nap, and he was crying about it, and the nurse was singing to him, and all the rest were running and screaming and jumping, till altogether there was such a din that the white dove could not make herself heard, although she called many times.

At last, however, bravely she stepped in, and then what a terrible noise she had!

Every child in the room began to push and scramble to get her. "That's mine!" "She's mine!" "I saw her first!" "You didn't!" "I did!" the white dove cried, all talking at once, till the white dove spread her wings and flew away.

"It would be almost as bad as living next door to a growly grizzly bear to live in the house with all that noise," she said as she flew away.

Her white wings were weary, and she began to think that she would have to turn back, when she heard a sound as sweet as her own voice. It came from a brown house near by, and the white dove made haste to the door to find out what the sound was.

When she put her head in at the door, she saw a little girl rocking her baby brother to sleep in his cradle, and it was this little girl who had the voice like music. As she rocked the cradle she sang:

"All the pretty little horses,
White and gray and black and bay;
All the pretty little horses,
You shall see some day, some day—
All the pretty little horses."

"Coo, coo! May I come in?" called the white dove softly at the door; and the little girl looked up.

Now, the child had often thought that she would rather have a white dove than anything else in the world, and she whispered back: "Dear dove, come in." Then the white dove went in and lived there all the days of her life, and never had to go back to live by the growly grizzly bear any more; for she had found a home with a good child, and that is the best home in the world.—Maud Lindsay, in the Kindergarten Review.

THE MOST DEADLY POISON.

Three Grains of Cyanide Would Kill Many Persons.

A new and most deadly poison has been discovered recently, as noted in a scientific journal, by Mr. Lascelles Scott, an Englishman. The substance is scientifically known as di-methylarsenic cyanide, or more familiarly as cyanide of acrotyl. Three grains of this substance, once diffused in a room full of people would kill at present. It is a white powder melting at thirty-three degrees, and boiling at 140 degrees. When exposed to the air it emits a slight vapor, to inhale which is death. While trying its effect upon animals Mr. Scott experienced the deadly nature of this poison. One-millionth part of cyanide of acrotyl in the atmosphere of an air-tight cage killed a dog almost instantaneously, and then its power was by no means exhausted, for a second, third, and fourth dog placed in the same cage instantaneously died from the effect of that single infinitesimal dose. Although so little of the properties of this poison are known, it was first made many years ago. Cadet, the famous French chemist, by combining acetate of potassium with white arsenic produced a fuming liquid which, although he did not know it, was oxide of acrotyl. The German chemist, Busen, combined this with cyanogen, a radical of prussic acid, and made cyanide of acrotyl.

WISE WORDS.

If you do not love folks you will not be happy.

Most people make their religious bargain days come on Sunday.

"The world has no greatness which it does not owe to self-sacrifice."

The waves of public opinion do not affect the tides of God's purposes.

The warmth of a man's heart cannot be told by the temperature of his head.

The earth is the Lord's, but a man does not show his religion by trying to get it all.

A living character affords the only colors in which God could paint His idea of a man.

There never will be a poor prayer-meeting so long as there is one heart rich with gratitude.

It is not wise to put all your energies into working for old rebels to the neglect of new recruits.

It is better to lose the setting of prosperous circumstances than the jewel of pure character.

We have no right to upbraid men for loving the world unless we are offering them something more lovable.

Nothing is more an enemy to saving knowledge of gospel mysteries than a priding ourselves in head knowledge.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it.—Phillips Brooks.

Get holy principles, and then shalt get the plinions of an angel, which shall bear thee above all clouds and storms of earth, into the sunshine and calm of eternity.—Dr. Thomas.

Women Are Extremists.

Fastened to a beam in the attic of the college and left alone, helpless and exhausted, was the plight of Miss Meyer, a student of Chaddourne Hall, in Madison, Wis., after having been hazed by her sister "co-eds." That is the trouble with women when they try to act manly. They always overdo it. They go to extremes that men wouldn't dream of. When they drive, they crowd their horses; when they gamble, they are reckless plungers; when they smoke, they want to be at it all the time; when they wear men's hats and cravats, they get the loudest they can find. It is the same way with hazing. There are those who will be ready to say that while men are hard on each other, and are often brutal to women, it is in the treatment that women extend to women that the limit of severity is reached. But this borders on abuse, and is wholly beside the question.—Kansas City Star.

New Britain Currency.

Dewarra, a currency of New Britain, is an instance of how the spoils of the chase may be turned to account as the outward and visible sign of wealth.

Dewarra is made by stringing the shells of a dog-walk upon the ribs of palm leaves. These strings may be retailed at so much a fathom—usually the price is equivalent to about three shillings a fathom length—or they may be made into various articles of personal adornment to be worn on great occasions. In New Britain the dewarra hoarded up by a rich man is produced at his funeral and divided among his heirs in much the same kind of way as personal property is divided amongst us.

Chinese Superstition.

Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the numerals three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same oracular prevails at the Ming tombs, and the sacred person of the Emperor when he was in his Pekin home could only be approached, even by the highest officials, after three times three prostrations. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbolism point either to three or its multiples.

Faith in Insurance.