

THE INADVERTENCE OF MISS PERKINS.

BY WARREN OLARKE.

It was a queer little house, with sharp pointed gables and wide perpendicular weather boarding, that seemed entirely out of place on busy Summer street, with its strutting music and hurried air of importance. But the house was a relic of other days, when the now thriving town was simply a village, and the old residents, who had long since died or moved to quieter and more fashionable quarters, had considered Summer street the most desirable place of residence in the county. The Honorable Peter Perkins had built the house, and there he had lived for years, nominally practicing law, but in reality cultivating that unproductive field, so dear to the heart of every true patriot, the field of Political Preference; and being uniformly unsuccessful, at length, after a particularly disappointing campaign, had died, leaving only his daughter, Martha—Miss Perkins—and his little old-fashioned house.

Westfield, with all its miniature metropolitan ways, had not outgrown the habits of everybody's knowing about everybody else's business, and after the Honorable Peter Perkins was laid in his final resting place, there was not a household in Westfield in which the probable doings of Miss Perkins were not more or less discussed. But Miss Perkins, being what her neighbors called "a strong-minded person," did not leave her friends long in uncertainty, for the very day after her father's funeral she announced her intention of opening "a flower store," a new venture for Westfield, but one that she felt sure the growing refinement of the people, as they got more money and were brought more and more in touch with city ways, would warrant.

Accordingly, in a few days there appeared a neat sign over the front door: "Miss Perkins, Flowers." And into the little front parlor there came a counter and a refrigerator, while the window was filled with fragrant blossoms—roses, carnations and violets predominating. The cut flowers came from a florist in a nearby city, but it was not long before a small green house in the back yard did much to supply the demand.

At first the young men of Westfield seemed in a fair way to bankrupt themselves at Miss Perkins' counter, but gradually they grew accustomed to the novelty, and the volume of trade reduced to proportions that could be relied upon.

And so Miss Perkins' store became a permanent institution, and Westfield wondered how the town had ever gotten along without it. It was such a convenient stopping place, too; the ladies made it a sort of rendezvous, and drop in when you might, you were almost sure to find some one to tell you what was going on or coming off in Westfield society. Indeed, the young society reporter of the Westfield Weekly Watchman depended upon Miss Perkins' store almost entirely for the social gossip that made up her weekly "society" letter. It is true that in this way she always printed what every one already knew, but the Watchman was a conservative paper and did not feel called upon to assume the responsibility of printing news before it had been discussed and confirmed by the whole town.

Miss Perkins was busy behind the counter one morning, arranging a freshly cut supply of flowers, when two young ladies arrived at the door at the same instant, and came bustling in together.

"Why, good morning, Miss Clemans," exclaimed Miss Perkins, looking up in surprise. "Good morning, Miss Elwell; aren't you chicks out a little early this morning?"

"Oh, not at all," replied Miss Clemans with a laugh. "You know, we're early birds at our house; I've been to market already."

"Well, dear me!" exclaimed Miss Elwell, who was a rather languid creature. "I'm sure you are an early one. Now nothing in the world would usually get me out this early, but I have a very important piece of news, and I could hardly wait to get down town to tell it."

Miss Elwell stopped and looked at Miss Clemans to see that she was duly impressed, while Miss Perkins went on arranging her flowers.

"Well, now that you are here," said Miss Clemans, "let's have the news. What is the wonderful piece of information that has gotten Miss Lazybones out of bed before ten o'clock?"

"I never was more surprised in my life," said Miss Elwell, "and I know everybody will be completely upset over it. Can't you guess what it is?"

"Why, of course I can't! How provoking you are! Without a hint of any kind except that it's the most surprising thing that ever happened!"

Miss Elwell seemed to enjoy her friend's curiosity. Finally Miss Clemans said:

"The most surprising thing that ever happened? You must be going to get married!"

"Now, see here, girls," exclaimed Miss Perkins from behind the counter, "that's the way young ladies talk, I believe, in the comic papers, but it isn't the kind of wit that is considered good form in good society; so Rose, if you have any news to tell, let us have it, and, Blanche, stop your chaffing."

The girls laughed, and Miss Elwell said:

"Miss Perkins' curiosity is getting aroused, so I won't keep you in suspense. Mabel's engagement is broken!"

"What?" cried both her listeners at once. "Mabel Richey?"

"Um-umph," said Miss Elwell, nodding her head in affirmation.

"Oh, you're joking," said Miss Clemans, "she and Harry were just devoted to each other. Why, nothing could ever come between them. Mabel told me so."

"But something did, just the same," replied the bearer of the news, "and that something was Miss Marguerita Daisy De Jones of New York."

Miss Clemans exclaimed, "Well, I never!" and Miss Perkins groaned.

"To think," finally said the elder lady, "that Harry Martin has no more sense than that! What the young men of his day and generation are coming to, I'm sure I can't tell. Here that bold-faced creature with her blonde hair—"

"It's blondine, I know," put in Miss Clemans.

"And her pink cheeks," continued Miss Perkins, "comes to town with nobody to introduce her but the hotel keeper, and sets half the men in town crazy, and they do say that some of her worshippers are not single men either," and Miss Perkins set down the sprinkling can so hard that the noise attracted the attention of people in the street. "It does beat all; Harry Martin was such a nice fellow, too!"

Miss Perkins said, and then suddenly she asked, "When did it happen?"

"Oh, it's been going on for a long time, I guess," said Miss Elwell, bringing some flowers on the counter, "but the break came night before last. Mabel's brother Dick told my brother Tom yesterday, and Tom's been coaxing me to lend him my wheel, so he came straight home last night and told me it was raining too bad for me to get out then, so I had to keep it to myself all night. I guess from what Dick said they must have had an awful time. It seems that Miss Marguerita Daisy De Jones is going to give a supper at the hotel tonight to a lot of young fellows, and Mabel heard that Harry was going, and of course that made trouble. They just had it in the parlor and she gave him back his ring and he left in a great huff. Dick says that Harry never intended going at all, that he wasn't even invited, but when Mabel began to suspect him he got angry and said he'd go if he wanted to. Isn't it awful?"

"Well, I don't believe he was going," said Miss Perkins, "and somebody ought to patch it up between them."

"I don't think anybody will," replied Miss Elwell; "they're both as proud as Lucifer and as stubborn as—I don't know what. Tom says he bets Harry goes away and I suspect he will. Well, I feel sorry for them, but I don't know what we're going to do about it. Say, Miss Perkins, what is that plant over in the corner? I never saw anything like it before."

Miss Perkins told her the name of the plant, and then a commercial traveler, who wanted to sell Miss Perkins some glass that she didn't need for her greenhouse came in, and while Miss Perkins was explaining why she didn't want and couldn't use a thousand panes of glass, even if it was the cheapest ever cast, the young ladies slipped away.

All morning Miss Perkins, who usually did not give much heed to the gossip that went on in her little room, thought of the lovers' quarrel she had heard discussed. Both of the young people were general favorites in town, and their marriage had been deemed an eminently suitable one; it was a shame, thought Miss Perkins, that a frivolous stranger with yellow hair should have the power of working so much mischief.

"I do hope," said Miss Perkins to herself, "that those girls won't chatter about it all over town. I ought to have warned them about talking too much—not that it would have done any good, but it might have eased my conscience a little."

As she spoke a carriage drove up to the door, and Harry Martin sprang to the pavement and came in.

"Good morning, Miss Perkins," he said in his brisk, whole-souled manner. "Some roses this morning? Ah, those are beauties; how many have you? Three dozen, only? Well, I want them all. Here's my card, which you will drop in the box, and send them to—"

And he wrote an address on a tag, taping on the counter.

"This address, I've left mother in the carriage and she's afraid of the horse, so I'll hurry out. Good morning, Miss Perkins."

And Mr. Martin was out and away before Miss Perkins had hardly recovered her breath.

She looked at the address he had left.

"Miss De Jones, Liberty House, City."

And then Miss Perkins lost her temper.

"Why, the impudent puppy!" she cried. "If he thinks I'm going to send those flowers to that creature, he's mistaken! He's crazy, he is. I wonder if his mother knows?"

And then out of pure vexation she set down in a back room and had a good cry.

A few moments later she came out

and calmly put the roses in a box. Popped Mr. Martin's card among them, tore into little bits the tag he had addressed, and with a firm hand wrote a new one, which she placed in the box; then put it with a half dozen smaller packages, which Nero, the factotum of her establishment, would deliver. Then Miss Perkins regained her habitual smile and gentle self-possession, and went about humming little snatches of happy songs and seemed as one conscious of having done a good deed.

Harry Martin was not a happy man. Indeed he had been miserable for thirty-six hours, for he was, or had been deeply in love with Mabel Richey, and in reality had never been introduced to the golden-haired girl with the three-sectioned hair, until since the quarrel with his sweetheart. But since that tempestuous interview, he had sought, and easily obtained an introduction, and had decided to send her roses for the decoration of her table at the supper that was making several Westfield sweethearts jealous and unhappy.

And Mabel Richey was not a happy woman. She had wept all night after the quarrel and gotten up the next morning fully resolved to tie rather than untie the knot which had bound her. And she had gotten through the preceding day fairly well; the only thing that she manifested any unusual feeling being when the name of Miss Marguerita Daisy De Jones was mentioned in her presence.

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Pluck and Adventure.

A LIFE FULL OF THRILLS.

R. S. EMMA GARNER

Shelling, who owns half of the Garner Westfall cattle ranch in Navajo County, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, has seen more tragedy than one man in 20,000. She is fifty-five years old, and has been a participant in enough excitement to fill volumes of a newspaper.

She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and went to Colorado with her parents when a girl fifteen years old. It was at a time of Pike's Peak gold excitement, when desperate characters flocked to the new diggings from every part of the border. One night in camp, near where the town of La Junta, Col., has since grown up, when the snow was falling and the weather was bitterly cold, men came hurrying into camp with the news that the Kiowas were coming to massacre the whole camp. Mrs. Garner and her parents hitched the mules on the wagon and drove madly away, while the whole camp scattered in the snow storm. As they fled they lost their packs and the excitement of the night was forgotten. The wind blew a hurricane, and the family almost died of cold and their intense fright at the attack by the Indians and the murder of their friends and companions. The next day the family reached Trinidad, and there the news of the Indian attack was given, and fifty Mexicans went back to gather up the dead and to inform the troops.

Mrs. Garner was married when she was but seventeen, and removed to Santa Fe, N. M. Four years after her marriage her husband went on a mining expedition among the friendly Navajos and never came back. She and five Mexicans went back to gather up the dead and to inform the troops.

For two years the young widow cooked in a mining camp at Esmeralda, N. M. She was one of four women in a party of 400 men. There was a shooting there every week. Once she was pouring coffee for a miner when an enemy popped his head in the door and shot the man dead before he could pick up his tin cup of coffee. Afterward the shooter felt so disgraced that he should have killed his man while endeavoring the life of the widow that he gave her \$200 in gold and offered his heart and hand. At another time the widow's boarders got in a row about a domino game, and while the little woman hastened in to calm the troubled waters each man fell with a hole in his chest.

At the age of twenty-four Mrs. Garner married a Mr. Snelling. The couple went to the Salt Lake in October, hoping to get through the snow, were blown to sea in the Rocky Mountains. There were fourteen men and two women and Mrs. Snelling's little girl in the party that set out for Utah. On the way down the western slope of the Rockies the miners visited places that are now found in every rich dirt to wash. Men and women were packed together with pigs, getting out \$1 and \$5 each in gold every day. The Navajos came around and warned the campers that if they remained all winter they would be buried in snow. The men were making a lot of money and did not heed the warning. The first intimation of trouble was the falling of the last pack train to arrive in November, and they began to go short on rations. Some of the miners became alarmed and returned to Santa Fe, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Snelling and their little girl and eight men in camp.

The Indians were right, for the snow fell as it had never before fallen in that region. A certain mail carrier lost his way and wandered around in drifts until his feet were frozen. He was found unconscious by one of the men. The man's feet and legs were frozen so badly that amputation was necessary. The victim lingered on for a few days and died. Another miner, in going down the narrow trail upon a pole used to guide himself with and ran it almost through him, so another death was added to the camp. Then a veteran miner and an old friend of Snelling's was laid low with scurvy, and Snelling was frozen to death. By that time provisions had run so low that absolute starvation stared them in the face, and Mrs. Snelling made up her mind that perishing on the divide was better than starving to death in a cabin covered with twelve feet of snow. She therefore announced that she would take her girl and start for Santa Fe. The miners said they would go also, and the mail carrier, who had not yet died, and the old man with the scurvy, and one or two others who were too ill to travel, were left to die in the cabin.

The party started on January 2, 1859 for Santa Fe, leaving almost all the food, including a little dog, with the wretches in the hut. The snow was twenty feet deep and more was falling. The first night was spent in the gulch trying to keep from freezing. The next day a fresh start was made without food. Mrs. Snelling's luggage consisted of two blankets, a change of clothing for herself and child and a dog. There was enough flour in the party to keep them from starvation. After untold suffering the men reached a cabin at the bottom of the range. Here they made a fire in one corner and fled Mrs. Snelling and her little girl as comfortably as possible. The women and child were left in the party. There was enough flour in the party to keep them from starvation. After untold suffering the men reached a cabin at the bottom of the range. Here they made a fire in one corner and fled Mrs. Snelling and her little girl as comfortably as possible. The women and child were left in the party.

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attempt to board a great "liner" and appreciate the dangers that attend deep-sea rescue. This sort of work is sometimes done far off Hatteras, and in these waters is exceedingly hazardous. The lifemen must know every foot of water for miles out, because the sea is studded with rocks whose ugly heads lurk close to the surface, and a high roller might at any moment lift up their frail boat and break its back across one of these jagged tussocks. The British steamship Virginia stranded on the Outer Diamond shoals, the most dreaded point of that dreaded Hatteras. The steamer broke into three pieces, which were held together by the tough steel framework. One of the boats containing seven men capsized before it could be cleared from the ship's side, and its occupants were drowned. Then the large lifeboat manned by fifteen men reached the water in safety, and made for the open sea, being picked up later on. The only parts of the steamer now out of water were the bridge and the bow, with the sea flowing between them. The captain, first mate and three sailors remained huddled together on the bridge all night, watching and hoping against hope for assistance. The next day the captain swam from the bridge, and dove into the fore-castle for oil and turpentine which was stored there, and when night came on the desperate watchers made a feeble fire, hoping to attract attention from the mainland.

Hope and despair were their lot, and when morning brought a gale from the northward the poor fellows wall-high gave up, for they knew that few boats could live in such a sea. However, by 9 o'clock they were astonished to behold the gleaming sails of two surf-boats. The Creeds still had come to within a fourth of a mile of the wreck, and lay to for the Hatteras boat. Then a conference was held. A tremendous sea was running over the shoals, and to approach the vessel in any other way would involve the greatest peril. Finally it was decided that they were to run to the southeast of the Outer Diamond, and then proceed under easy. One boat was to take the crew from the bridge, and the other the captain and mate from the bow, where, marooned by the intervening sea, they had burned their signals through the night. Although the task was exceedingly hazardous, and involved patience as well as daring, both Creeds were masters of seamanship, and soon had their men safely aboard—Women's Home Companion.

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SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRY

The manufacture of anhydrous paper, which forms the best casing for underground telephone cables, became an important industry in England, but the business is now transferred to American factories because of the comparative dryness of our climate.

The microscope method of investigation is being practically applied to engineering purposes. This beautiful principle is the same as that well known in connection with the zoetrope and similar toys, in which a succession of moving objects, viewed through slits in a rotating drum or disk, appear to have the movements of life. By examining a rapidly moving piece of mechanism with closely succeeding flashes of light, the parts may be caused to appear as standing still, and any desired stage or phase of operation may be studied minutely under all the actual conditions of rapid movement.

The Chinese of Ninpo are successfully introducing their hand-woven cotton goods in Manchuria. The cloth is made from yarns spun in Chinese mills and from imported yarns. The yarns are colored before being woven and the colors are fast and durable. The cloth is made in pieces twenty yards long and twenty-five inches wide. The price of these goods at Ninpo is \$3 Mexican (\$1.85 United States) per piece. The company furnishes the yarns to the villagers and pays them for the weaving. The work is done on hand looms in the houses by women and children, whose earnings are only a few cents per day.

Many book-buyers must have noticed the remarkable lightness of some of the volumes recently issued, especially from English presses. The paper, although of normal thickness, is singularly lacking in weight. Some American books also begin to show this characteristic. In some cases the relative loss of weight, as compared with older volumes of equal size, amounts to thirty or forty per cent. The cause is the recent adoption for book-work of paper made of esparto-grass fiber. This paper lacks the smooth surface of the older kinds, but the relief afforded by the loss of weight in bulky books is very agreeable.

The great power station now in course of construction for the district railway system of London is remarkable for being the first large electrical power station to be operated entirely by steam turbines. There will be ten turbines, each of 7500 horse-power. Only four field-magnet poles are employed, and the current is produced at 11,000 volts potential. The generators run at 1000 revolutions per minute. In consequence of the rapid revolutions and the small number of poles, the diameter of the dynamo is only nine feet, whereas it would have to be more than thirty feet, with reciprocating engines running at seventy-five revolutions per minute, as at the metropolitan power station in New York.

Why He Wanted to Run.

The late General Alexander McDowell McCook used to tell this story: "Some raw troops were drawn up for their first battle. They were on marshy ground, under fire, and ankle deep in slush. One of the soldiers was noticed to be trembling excessively, and his fear might communicate itself to his comrades. An officer approached him.

"Here, what are you trembling for?" demanded the officer. "Stop it or you will demoralize the company. You are in no more danger than any one else. Don't be afraid."

"I-I-I'm not a-fraid," chattered the soldier. "I-I-I had the ague last year, and—standing still in this slush—so long has brought it on again. W-w-wouldn't-t be a good idea to r-run a little and get warmed up?"—New York Mail and Express.

LUCK AND LABOR.

If the boy who exclaims "Just my luck" were truthful, he would say "Just my laziness" or "Just my inattention."

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the post-man would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with a busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

THE BOOTBLACK'S RETORT.

"Shine! Annabodda want a shine!" The middle-aged Italian bootblack reiterated his question so often that one of the clerks in the office grew angry.

"Get out and stay out," he shouted. "Don't come around here bothering us any more."

"Now, why you say that?" exclaimed the bootblack. "Why not I come in here? I shine shoe. All 'r, I business in here. I good as you. When it rain I stay home. I work when I please. You not come, you lose your job. So there."

And the clerk hadn't a word to say.—New York Press.

HERO ON A DISABLED STEAMER.

Defeated by one of the most terrible storms of the season, the Harry Line steamer Alice Stanford, with 150 passengers, was for twelve hours driven disabled before the gale on Lake Michigan. Blankets, soaked in kerosene, were burned on the deck of the ship in an effort to attract the attention of other craft, but without avail. At noon Captain Stephen Jones of the H. H. Williams risked the safety of his ship in a successful effort to help the Stanford. The disabled vessel was towed to St. Joseph.

The Stanford's danger developed a hero in Robert Munner, assistant engineer of the vessel, who risked his life to prevent the steamer's boilers from exploding when the machinery broke and the safety valves refused to work. Munner ran to the boiler and raked the fires from beneath the boilers. As the last coils fell at his feet he fainted from exhaustion and would have died from the gases had not fellow sailors carried him to the fresh air of the deck. He had severe blisters on the face and arms.

For hours the passengers expected the ship to founder, and the officers found it necessary to keep them locked in the main cabin.

AN INNOVATION.

A lady in New York has had her bulldog's teeth filed by a dentist. The usual practice is to let the dog fill them himself with a tramp.—Toronto Star.

A DEP-SEA RESCUE.
Any one who has seen a pilot boat