

THE FLOWER MAIDEN.

They could not find a mortal wife,
And made him one of flowers;
Her eyes they made of violets,
Wet with their morning showers.

THE AVENGING SPIRIT OF PALL.

A YOUNG Englishman stood on the deck of a sailing vessel coming into the harbor of Honolulu.

The vessel was several days overdue, and his brow clouded when he was told that the American ship which transferred the Australian passengers had sailed the day before.

He passed the day on the veranda of the quaint little hotel, inhaling the fragrance of the vines and flowers.

That night there was a ball in the hotel, given in honor of a British man-of-war lying in the harbor.

But, somehow, gaiety seemed out of harmony with the soft voluptuousness of a jasmine flower, linked with the low notes of mellow laughter.

An elderly man, with a slight, girlish figure clinging lightly to his arm, stopped at his side.

"Pardon me," the man said, in good English, as he lightly brushed something from the young man's shoulder.

The young man bowed his thanks. He was startled, not at the thought of the insect, but at the beauty of the girl.

"It seems there are still disagreeable things in the Garden of Eden," he replied, his eyes upon the fair creature looking up at him with innocent curiosity.

"Everything here is so beautiful," he continued, hurriedly, to hide his boldness. "You see, I am a stranger among you. My name is Crampton."

The other extended his hand. "My name is Brickwood. Mr. Crampton, my daughter, Emaline."

A soft, musical voice acknowledged the introduction, while dark, velvety eyes looked shyly into his.

The two men lighted cigars and talked. Crampton told enough of his affairs to win Brickwood's confidence.

He had accepted an invitation from her father to dine at their cottage next day, and he longed for the morrow that he might see her again.

Long after the dancers had departed, Crampton sat on the veranda, puffing clouds of smoke into the feathery moonlight, and thinking of a beautiful girl with bronze skin, gowned in soft silk and ermine.

He had accepted an invitation from her father to dine at their cottage next day, and he longed for the morrow that he might see her again.

But when her mother came into the room he felt a sudden shock, as though he had fallen from a height.

One of these songs, a wild, weird chant, moved the Englishman so that

he asked for an interpretation of it. She told him it was the spirit song of the Pall.

Many years ago there were several tribes on the island. They were continually at war with each other.

The struggle was long and bloody. Many thousands were slain. At last Kamehameha defeated the followers of Oahua and drove them up the Newauna Valley to the top of the crater of Pall.

On this mountain the last battle was fought and the Oahua and all his followers were driven or thrown over the cliff.

After the great slaughter a mist arose and began to fall like tears on the dead. It had never ceased. And in this mist the spirit of Pall, the protecting spirit of the natives, has her home.

When any one wrongs a descendant of a chieftain's line the spirit arises out of the mist and wreaks speedy vengeance.

While she recounted this legend the woman seemed to be inspired. Her immense body swayed back and forth in time to her words, her half-closed eyes burned with deep fires.

Crampton felt his blood chill in his veins. The story seemed to have some personal equation, to be in some subtle manner linked with his own future.

Time braided the days into ropes of flowers for Crampton. The languor of the climate stole into his blood and lulled him to sweet security.

The picture of the blue-eyed Saxon girl in the back of his watch was forgotten. England, with its turgid civilization, seemed far away, unreal.

It was as if he had always lived in this idyllic dream life. They walked and rode and swam together.

But to her light heart the tragic tale held no charms. She was like a fawn that loves to play in the sunlight, without thought of the past or future. He was sufficient for her.

Sometimes they wandered to the summit of Pall and watched the misty tears falling into the depths where slept the heroes of an almost forgotten race.

But to her light heart the tragic tale held no charms. She was like a fawn that loves to play in the sunlight, without thought of the past or future. He was sufficient for her.

His Saxon blood rebelled at a future so cheap, so unimportant. It was a struggle, but his decision was made.

It was late in the afternoon. Crampton and Emaline had wandered far over the island, lingering in the flowery nooks that companionship had made dear to them.

The sun, a chariot of fire, was rolling down toward the far-stretched line of the blue Pacific.

He told her as they stood there—told her with the calm, steel-like tones of the Anglo-Saxon when he has to overcome himself, his face was drawn and white, but with no tremor in his voice.

"Aloha noe loa oel," she murmured. "We are one. I live not in you; you are my life. I love you."

He would have answered her, but two words came to him. Like two statues of grief they stood in the soft sunlight.

Then suddenly from above they heard a hissing sound. Out of the great mouth of Pall came a breath of steam that spread over their heads like a great fan.

"The spirit! The spirit of Pall!" cried the girl, sinking to the ground and hiding her face from the light.

Crampton stood for a moment transfixed with horror. Again he seemed to see the old woman, the mother of Emaline, as she recited the weird legend.

"When any one wrongs a descendant of a chieftain's line the spirit rises out of the mist to wreak speedy vengeance."

The words rang in his ears like a clarion. He turned away with a shudder. Then the materialism of his race came to his rescue.

Glancing back, he saw the shadow following them. On he plunged, an awful fear taking possession of him. He heard the hissing of a great serpent behind him. Loose stones gave way under his feet and plunged down into the placid waters, cooling softly to the shore.

But he struggled on with his precious burden, fearing not to look behind. At last he reached the shore and plunged into his flesh and retarded his speed.

The girl, revived by the waters, kissed his cheek and murmured, "Aloha." The surf lifted them on its kindly bosom and bore them forward.

Another swell, and yet another, and to one standing upon the sands they would have been but a tiny speck on the distant blue.

Then the mist with the black shadow whirled about, returning to Pall. The spirit was avenged. But, clasped in each other's arms, the lovers drifted into where love is the password to eternal bliss.—Illustrated Bits.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE FOOLED AGAIN.

What He Wanted Was Less Motility in Diet, and When He Got It, Didn't Think It Funny.

The head of the house had partaken of the soup in silence, with the air of one who is unwilling to diminish his standing as an epicure by indiscriminate praise.

"Do you know, my dear," dropping into a plaintive tone, "there are times when beef begins to pall on me?"

"We had lamb yesterday," said his wife, "and on Monday, you know, we had a roast loin of pork."

"Oh, I know! That's just it. Beef, mutton and pork, pork, mutton and beef! One monotonous round, and all taste alike. I sometimes think that the eatable animals were originally one, and were only gradually differentiated by locality."

"You don't care for chicken." "Oh, I get tired of chicken, that's all," with the patient tone of several martyrs.

"I thought you enjoyed that. If you like, I'll have it again to-morrow." "My dear," said the head of the house, almost dropping the carving-knife in his agitation, "I don't see why you imagine because I happen to eat something with a tolerable relish I can stand it for seven days in the week!"

"The last time we had duck you said you never wanted to see another." "The marketman sold you a black duck for a wildgeon," in a pained voice.

"I knew it was overdone," with dignity. Then, as he inserted the point of the carving-knife in a convenient seam, he murmured again, "Beef!"

"If I had known you wouldn't care for it I might have had some fish." "You can't get any fish that has the right flavor after it has been packed and kept on ice."

"The marketman telephoned that he had some fine bear steak. I almost wish I'd got that."

"I like it extremely, but, as you must have heard me say, Mary cannot—simply cannot—cook it."

"It's a pity that some new animal can't be invented for you," said the long-suffering housewife, rebelling at last.

"I was reading the other day that they ate iguanas in South America, and that the Digger Indians considered ants' eggs a delicacy."

"I don't think I am hard to satisfy," said the head of the house, helping himself to a substantial piece of the meat before him.

"Perhaps I had no right to hint that an occasional variety in my diet would be—what is this?" "What is which?" said his wife, as he chewed slowly and analytically.

"This—this meat." "It's venison. The currant jelly is to the right of you."

"I suppose you think that is funny," said the head of the house, trying to look dignified.

"I was a party to a little deception this spring that was a new thing in my line of business," said the proprietor of a silverware store in Harlem.

"A woman who studied abroad for her fairly successful career as a concert singer on this side of the Atlantic came to me to buy a wedding present for her niece. For that she paid cash. Then she proposed to hire various articles in my store for the wedding day, furnishing good security therefor, and paying a fair price for the loan of the goods."

She assured me she had made similar arrangements with a bric-a-brac dealer in Broadway. I read an account of the wedding in the newspapers. The silverware I had rented was duly mentioned among the gifts. I presume there were others. I find that renting out wedding gifts is quite a common occurrence in Paris and London, but I never before heard of it in New York."

The microbe of hurry, hurry, useless hurry, is in the air; so much so, in fact, that it is almost impossible for a city dweller, no matter how well balanced he may be, not to become inoculated with it.

Women and song are not the only influences that go to make up the "pace that kills." The average life of the business man or the society woman hurries people to catastrophe as fast as goes that of the "rounder" or "dissipate."

"Did you ever do anything on this order—rush your meals, rush your play, make a fool of yourself running half a block for a car already crowded to the guards? You plead guilty, do you?"

Then you are going a pace that kills just as surely as the more widely heralded pace.—Kansas City Star.

Under the Razor. One day last week Bert Lynch was shaving a man. He was in a hurry to finish him, as he wanted to go to a show and he threw the latter around rather recklessly.

Some of the soap got in a customer's mouth, and he, of course, registered a mighty kick. Instead of taking umbrage at the man's hot language, the barber told him to keep quiet and be careful not to let the boss hear him, and he wouldn't charge him anything extra.—Free-water (Ore) Times.

Regrets. People are always regretting that they didn't have the sense "then" that they have "now," little realizing that they haven't much "now."—Acheson Globe.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

According to the Express, London had a day of "blaring sunshine" June 14, which "sent the temperature up to sixty-eight degrees."

Sheerness, England, though an important naval station and a town of more than 15,000 inhabitants, does not possess a single telephone.

Rosa Wedsted, the Finnish giantess, of Helsingfors, has now reached the height of seven feet two inches. She is twenty-four years old and is still growing.

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect. The combs are often six feet long and from four to six inches thick.

The Prince of Monaco, a devotee of deep-sea curiosities, has found luminous shrimps living at great depth, where all is dark. When put in an aquarium they lose their light-giving properties.

While a small engine weighing fifteen tons, used by the railway contractors, was crossing the Victoria Falls bridge just after nightfall it ran over something on the line, says South Africa.

The driver pulled up to ascertain the nature of the obstacle, and was considerably surprised to find an enormous leopard lying terribly injured between the rails. The brute expired in a few moments. It measured eight feet in length, and a marvelous feature of the incident is that the engine was not derailed.

In an address delivered before the Section of Anthropology of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. E. L. Blackshear maintains the proposition that the scarcity of islands, peninsulas and bays along most of the coast line of continental Africa has directly exerted a profound influence on the character of the inhabitants of Africa, by isolating them from all the great world movements of history.

Deprived of the stimulus of commercial and maritime influences, they have remained stationary and dormant with regard to the organic life of the human species.

His Sunday at Home. An Atchison man who was compelled to spend yesterday at home because of the rain had neglected to lay in a supply of newspapers, and had to fall back upon his wife's kind of reading matter to kill time.

At 11 o'clock he picked up her favorite. When she called him to dinner at 1 o'clock she noticed a wild glare in his eyes. He ate in silence, putting olive oil in his coffee and sugar on his cucumbers, but still she suspected nothing.

He returned to his reading after dinner, and at 4, when she was sitting in a chair near him reading "The Dreams of Gladys," and thinking how lovely it was to have a rainy Sunday and her husband all to herself, giving him opportunity to read what she liked and to discuss it with her afterward, he suddenly gave a loud yell, threw down the book, grabbed her by the hair and tried to cut her throat with a hairbrush.

The man had read her favorite novel through and had gone mad. It required five neighbor men to hold him all night, but this morning he was some quieter. He has had a violent attack only once to-day, and that was when his eyes, wandering around the room, fell upon some of his wife's favorite literature on the side table. It was necessary upon this occasion to give him morphine.—Atchison Globe.

Street car conductors regard inquisitive women passengers with superstitious dread. The other day a fuse blew out in a Broadway car and that car was hatched on as a trailer to the one ahead. Presently a woman began to ask questions.

"What would happen," she said, "if the fuse were to blow out in that car ahead? What would become of us? Would the car ahead of that be able to drag both these cars?"

"I don't know," said the conductor. "But don't worry. We won't have a chance to find out. A double accident of that kind has never happened to a car of mine yet, and it isn't likely to happen once in a hundred years."

Just then there was an explosion ahead and both cars came to a standstill. The fuse had blown out.

"Confound that woman," growled the conductor. "That is all her fault. This wouldn't have happened if she hadn't asked so many fool questions. She's a Jonah."—New York Press.

Still Useful. "Since you have installed dynamite guns to check tornadoes and whirlwinds," said the Eastern man, "I suppose you have no further use for your cyclone cellar."

"Yes, stranger," drawled the Kansas farmer, "them cyclone cellars is mighty useful sometimes. Here! Here! Look at that cloud on the horizon! Run for th' cellar!"

"Grasping the Eastern man by the arm he whirled him off on the run for that refuge, and battered down the door just as a rumbling sound as of earthquakes filled the air.

"Was that a cyclone?" asked the Easterner, wondering.

"Wuss, far wuss, stranger!" said the Kansan. "That was Cholly de Chumpleigh in his 200 H. P. automobile trying to cut down th' record run between N'Yawk and Frisco to ten days, twenty minutes and four and a half seconds."

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Chesbro still works the "split ball." Freeman is doing some of his old-time stick work.

"Ducky" Holmes (Am.) is battling well for Chicago.

Second baseman Huggins is playing sensational ball for Cincinnati.

The Washington Club has sold second baseman Mullin to the Baltimore Club.

Pitchee Bernhard is acting manager of the Cleveland Club during Lajoie's disability.

Bransfield has already stolen more bases this season for the Phillies than he did all last year for Pittsburg.

Stomach trouble, a bad ankle and blood poisoning make Lajoie's life a big load of discomfort these days.

Walter Clarkson, it is now announced, will not return to New York until the close of the Eastern League season.

Charley Hickman has strengthened the Washingtons since he joined the team, and fans say that he is well worth the money paid for his release.

George McBride, the young shortstop secured by St. Louis from Pittsburg, handles himself well and looks like a good one. He also bats and throws well.

Malachi Kittredge, of the Washingtons, thinks that Boston has a fine show for the pennant. "They'll come around all right by and bye," says he. "They have the pitchers."

When some of the Boston players learn to hold their bat a little shorter, and also to hurry their swings, their batting might be a little better. At least so Tim Murnane declares.

Tim Murnane says that the erratic work of the New York pitching staff is caused by a desire to use the spit ball. It put Chesbro out of it, and Al Orth has lost his effectiveness while trying to master the new ball.

The Nile dam at Assouan has saved Egypt's cotton crop.

Norway still favors a monarchy, says the President of the Storting.

A Michigan court has decided that a husband is the heir-at-law of his wife.

Within a few years the Steel Corporation will need 20,000,000 tons of ore a year.

Since the first of the year this country has imported \$2,000,000 worth of automobiles.

A Kentucky woman, only thirty-three years old, has just acquired her ninth husband.

Horace C. Silsbury, inventor of the steam fire engine, is dead at his home in Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's extravagance is well known, and her house in Paris shows it in every way.

The telephone and rural free delivery of mail have increased Georgia farm lands from \$10 to \$100 an acre.

The Yaqui Indians, of Sonora, Mexico, tiring of the long, disastrous war against the Government, are now asking peace.

The New York Central Railroad has obtained the State's co-operation in its plans to abolish all grade crossings within fifty miles of New York City.

Of the wounded Russian soldiers treated at Harbin, 1200 were found to have mutilated themselves by cutting off the first fingers of the right hand.

Twenty-six school teachers at Chicago attached a tourist car in which they had traveled to Portland, Ore., claiming they had not been fed as well as agreed upon.

The annual report of Postmaster George H. Hibbard shows a revenue from the Boston district of \$4,508,745 for the fiscal year ended July 1.

The cost of clerk and carrier hire was \$1,026,073, and of the rural free delivery.

The German Crown Prince. A story of the German Crown Prince's student days at Bonn illustrates an admirable trait in his character, his loyalty to a friend once made. It is a point of honor in the student duels which Mark Twain has made famous in English speaking countries that a combatant should not flinch when the part of his cheek which is not protected by copious padding receives a slash from the rapier.

If he does so he is dismissed the corps as devoid of "courage." An otherwise excellent young man, an intimate friend of the Crown Prince, winced on one of these occasions, says the Manchester Guardian, and rendered himself liable to the customary penalty. The Crown Prince declared that if the sentence were carried out he would forthwith leave the corps and ostentatiously frequent the society of his friend the delinquent. He carried his point.—St. James's Gazette.

REMOVING BRASS STAINS. An authority declares that the blackest stains on brass will yield to oxalic acid and a chamois. The acid should be used with the utmost caution, of course, and the bottle, if any acid be left, placed absolutely out of reach of irresponsible members of the family.

Pennsylvania Railroad. In effect May 29, 1904. Main Line. Leave Cresson—Eastward. Sea Shore Express, week days, 6:24 a. m.

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R. R.

(Pennsylvania Division.) Beech Creek District. Condensed Time Table.

Table with columns for Read up, Read down, and various train numbers and destinations like Patton, Westover, Arcadia, Mahaffey, Kerrioor, etc.

Pittsburg, Johnstown, Ebensburg & Eastern R. R.

Table with columns for Leaving Ebensburg, To Philadelphia, To Ramey, and various train numbers and times.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway.

Table with columns for Engines, Trains, and various train numbers and destinations like Philadelphia, Reading, etc.

Huntington & Broad Top Mt. Railroad.

Table with columns for In effect Sept. 7, 1903, and various train numbers and destinations like Huntington, Mt. Dallas.

IRONING HANDKERCHIEFS.

In ironing handkerchiefs it is useful to remember that the middle should be ironed first; to iron the edge first causes the middle to swell out like a balloon, and makes it difficult to iron satisfactorily.