

SOME WHITE HYACINTHS.

Go to my sweet for me, flowers, and repeat for me...

INTERRUPTED.

At about 9 in the evening a man turned the corner of Madison avenue and Sixty-third street...

After an instant's pause the man did so, threw a comprehensive glance about him and said, "I promised to deliver this plant to Mrs. Courtland herself..."

"Well, he might have waited," she muttered, throwing the card into the silver salver, and the man, who paused in the hall above, heard her descend into the basement.

He smiled, listened, stepped into the dimly lighted library, passed through two dressing rooms into the bedroom beyond...

He touched nothing until he caught sight of a gray coat thrown carelessly over a chair. This he seized, thrust his hand into the inside pocket and drew forth with evident satisfaction a letter...

The owners of the house had returned. A pause. Footsteps on the stairs. Double portieres draped the doors. He slipped between them.

Mrs. Courtland entered, turned up the light and with negligent grace threw off a long opera wrap, revealing that she was a beautiful woman in full evening dress, tall, slight, blond.

"Tired, Gertrude?" Mr. Courtland asked kindly. "No." "Sick?" "No." "What then?" "Bored; so bored."

"Where is that letter?" "What letter?" asked his wife, startled by the sharp tone of his voice.

Mr. Courtland, seizing his wife's arms, forced her down before him. "Give it up," he spoke thickly.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Courtland. The man hesitated, then answered simply, "I'm a waiter."

"What are you doing here?" she asked. "Well," he replied respectfully, "I'd as lief not say."

"Yes, Richard, what made you so angry?" "Gertrude," answered her husband. "I expected to find no letter. I was giving a lesson in realism. It was a pretense—a little bit of acting to cure my wife's ennui."

"Then you was acting, sir," said Jonas doubtfully. "I'm thinking it'll be for our mutual advantage to say nothing of all this. Good evening, ma'am, and with a polite little bow Jonas Crano walked down stairs, and they heard him shut the front door softly behind him.

"Well, Gertrude," said Mr. Courtland hopefully, "was the end of your evening successful? If it pleases you, tomorrow I'll try something in the comic line—do a little dance, dally with the scenic or dip into melodrama."

His wife, rousing herself, gave a regretful sigh. "It was very interesting, Richard, very, but"—looking up to him with a shadow in the lovely eyes—"I wish I had read that letter."—Anne Nettleton in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bacteria in Tobacco. There seems to be no end to the discoveries that await us concerning bacteria, and the relations of those microscopic organisms to the well being of man.

He has examined tobacco from all parts of the world which had been cured and has found in it an abundance of micro-organisms, and upon cultivating the bacteria from a particular kind of tobacco and then inoculating another kind with this culture he has produced in it the taste and aroma of the original.

This discovery has led to the suggestion that the quality of tobacco grown in any country may be improved by simply inoculating it with bacteria from some finer flavored leaf growing elsewhere. Wines have already been improved by a similar process.—Youth's Companion.

Trouble With a Sword. A Lewiston young man who was in Portland Saturday night found some antique Turkish swords in a window on Congress street, and having a love for art bought one for ornamental purposes and asked that the clerk do it up in paper. Before he had gone half a block the paper came off. The young man was waiting for the Boston boat to start. He carried the sword about the streets till people began to comment upon it. Then he hid it under his ulster and was standing on the corner talking when it slipped down, striking on his toe with the sharp point. He picked it up again and hid it under his coat.

When he got into the theater, he was about to be seated when he thought of the sword under his coat. He could not sit down until that sword came out, so unbuttoning the coat he held the sword in his lap all the evening. At midnight when he went on board the boat one of the officers saw the sword and said, "You may leave your valuables with the pursers."—Bangor Commercial.

SELECTIONS

CARTER HARRISON'S BAD FRENCH.

He Wanted Mushrooms, but the Waiter Brought Him an Umbrella. Some other Americans and myself had been in the habit of dropping into the Cafe Francaise after leaving the Grand Opera House.

None of our party spoke French, and the head waiter was the only one in the cafe who spoke English. He had long, flowing, red mutton chop whiskers. As soon as we would take our seats we would be approached by a waiter, whereupon we would begin pulling our own phantom mutton chops to make him understand that we wanted the head waiter.

"Oui, oui," he would say, and in a few moments our bewildered friend, of whom Major Handy is a prototype, would be bowing and smiling and working graciously for a tip.

We met Carter Harrison. He went to the theater with our party, and afterward we took him to the Cafe Francaise. Carter Harrison was then, and may be now, very fond of mushrooms. Before going into the restaurant he inquired the French name for them. He was told that they were called "champignons."

We soon were seated at our usual table and one of the waiters came to us. We worked our imaginary mutton chops, but were given to understand that the head waiter was absent. Harrison tried to pronounce "champignon," but could not. He thought he had it perfectly, but his pronunciation was no more like the French of it than my English is like the Hindostanee. He couldn't make the waiter understand, until an inspiration came to him. He seized his pencil and drew the picture of a mushroom.

Carter pronounced the word again and pointed at the picture. There it was, plain as day to us who knew what he wanted—the stem and canopylike top of the vegetable. The waiter gazed at it in profound study for a moment, then the light of comprehension spread over his features.

"Oui, oui," he said, and trotted off. In a few moments he returned, and bowing politely to Mr. Harrison, handed him an umbrella. We looked at the picture of the mushroom, the waiter looked at it, and then Carter, umbrella in hand, looked at it. Then he rose and said something that every American could understand, but which, luckily for him, the waiter did not. Carter ate no mushrooms that night.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Rules for Judging Rubber. An investigation has been conducted by Lieutenant L. Vladimiroff at the St. Petersburg Technical institute with a view to establishing rules or tests whereby the quality of vulcanized india rubber may be efficiently judged. It is a notorious fact that no method of chemical analysis gives a reliable result for this substance. Hence the tests applied were chiefly of a physical nature. From a lengthy series of experiments the following conclusions were deduced:

India rubber should not give the least sign of superficial cracking when bent to an angle of 180 degrees after five hours of exposure in a closed air bath to a temperature of 135 degrees centigrade. The test pieces should be six centimeters thick.

Rubber that does not contain more than half its weight of metallic oxides should stretch to five times its height without breaking. Caoutchouc, free from all foreign matter except the sulphur used in vulcanizing it, should stretch at least seven times its length before rupture.

The extension measured immediately after rupture has taken place should not exceed 12 per cent of the original length of the test piece of rubber. The test piece should be from 3 to 12 millimeters long, 8 centimeters wide and not more than 6 millimeters thick.

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Senator Allen of Nebraska used to manage a baseball club. The late M. Reman's name is to be given to a street in Paris.

The Rev. Mr. Read of Hackensack, N. J., has located heaven on the star Alcyone. Ashiel C. Beckwith, the new Democratic senator from Wyoming, is a Methodist deacon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Quick, of Appleton City, Mo., it is said, have been married 75 years. A county in Wisconsin has been named Vilas, after the senior senator from that state.

Lord Winchelsea is about to found a weekly paper in England, which is to be the organ of the movement for a union of all classes of agriculturists.

General George W. Jones of Florida, James W. Bradbury of Maine and ex-Governor Felch of Michigan are the only living ex-members of the United States senate of 1848.

General Schkopp, of the German army, says, "If his majesty draws his sword, it will never return to its scabbard until his last enemy is crushed, or he, with his people, is overthrown."

General Dabney H. Maury, one of Beauregard's schoolmates and a fellow soldier in the Mexican war, lives in Houston. He is one of the few Confederate major generals of renown who survive, and is still a stout and rugged man.

Rev. Joseph Cook, having been asked at what historic event he would have most wished to be present, replied, "The creation," whereupon the Boston Pilot remarks that had this desire been realized the good parson would probably have wanted to superintend the whole job.

The Austrian Jockey club decided to spend \$125,000 purchasing English thoroughbreds. Every trainer should have an extra pair of shoes ready when his horses go into races, so that if one is thrown and lost it can quickly be replaced.

Lyman Bullard, well known to the turf as a bookmaker and promoter of sporting enterprises, has retired with a fortune to a farm on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Ha'penny, who was generally supposed to have been killed in the collision with Warpath and John Cavanaugh at the Gravesend track last September, is alive and doing well.

The vast interest in trotters and pacers may be judged from the fact that over 1,300 tracks hold certificates of membership in the National and American Trotting associations.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Midcocean. Is there no symbol of the land to be— A floating weed, some broken, struggling?

Nothing to break the solemn round expanse Of this unending, deep blue, awful sea? Brave ship to sail upon the unknown track! Brave souls that dare, brave hearts that long for

Let us go on, with faith o'ertripping fate. How fearful is this scene! Yet many a time In London town I've known an hour more drear Amid starved souls and faces dark with crime;

It was panting for the journey; it was coiled and fully manned, And I had a box the fireman was filling full of sand. It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip

On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip. And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command, And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a heavy grade, And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, If you ever reach the summit of the upper table-land, You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather and discover to your cost That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost, Then some prompt, decided action will be called And you'll slip away to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule soon. If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine, And you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand. If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand,

The Baffled Pessimist. I sat me down to write a rhyme of gloom, All was in tune for it; my temples throbb'd; In semi-darkness was my chamber room, And through the trees the sad breeze sigh'd and sobb'd;

My heart was burning with a fabled woe; Digestion wait'd not on my appetite; My spirits came in dull and sluggish flow; Naught was there in the world that pleased my sight.

My pen itself would not put down the thought— The pessimist thought—that held my mind. Try as I would the fancy flew uncaught, Unratable as any transient wind.

Yet I wrote on, and when the rhyme complete Stared boldly at me from the saffron page I found myself a victim to defeat— I'd written this, a truly happy age!

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