

HER HERO.

BY ROBERT HAVEL LOCKWOOD. (Copyright, 1903, by the Author.)



W HILE Dudley was engaged in conversation with the mother, there was a rustle of silk, and Violet Hadley swept into the room, her great beauty being enhanced by the deep rose-tint which dyed her cheeks and the animated smile which played about her lips, showing her pleasure at meeting him again.

Soon after this, her mother was called away, and the young people were left gaily chatting in each other's company.

"Miss Violet," he said, "do you recall those walks we used to take through the woods by the brook?"

"Yes, indeed! The chickens you used to throw stones at, and never could hit! And the funny old farmer?" she answered, with her rippling laugh, which reminded him of the brook he had just spoken of.

"I have been thinking of the last walk we took together over that route, and what you said to me. You remember, I told you I cared for you and you only in this wide world—and—and you answered that we should always be friends, Violet. I now ask you, as I did then, to be more—to be my wife."

The young lady did not answer at once. A great change had come over her. All the rose-pink had departed from her cheeks, and her face seemed almost haggard. At last she spoke, in so low a tone that he could scarcely hear her.

"No, Mr. Dudley—not. Can't we remain as friends? I like you very much, but—but—" and then out came the confession, as if wrung from her: "But the

dividing waters with a huge band of steel, and the work was rapidly pushed to completion. On the 24th of May, 1888, amid great pomp and circumstance, the New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge—the greatest single span in the world—had been opened to the public.

Naturally, then, only six days after the opening, this wonderful feat of engineering triumph was a great source of interest to Violet Hadley, and she determined to take the opportunity thus offered of crossing the structure, instead of going her usual route via Fulton ferry. Accordingly, she passed through the toll-gate and up the footway. The promenade is in the middle of the bridge, on either side of which are the cable car tracks, and the roadways for vehicles on the extreme right and left.

Slowly sauntering along, she came to where the promenade is raised by a series of steps above the level of the railroad tracks. Here she first noticed that the crowd was becoming more dense; but thinking nothing of it she passed on.

Suddenly her way seemed blocked. The crowd swayed and paused, and thinking she could go no further she turned to go back. But it was too late, for in an instant she found herself surrounded by a howling, shrieking, cursing mob, fighting madly for life and breath. She was lifted, crushed against the broad iron railing, and drawn along, as if by some mighty current, toward New York.

What had happened? No one knew. Like a flock of frightened sheep, the people on the bridge were flying from her, they knew not what. It was afterward charged that some one—the poor

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LANGUAGE MADE BY WOMEN.

Their Influence Much Greater Than Is Ordinarily Thought.

Says Max Muller in Science of Language. The influence of women on the language of each generation is much greater than that of men.

We very properly call our language in Germany our mother tongue, with all its peculiarities, faults, idioms, accents. Cicero said:

"It makes a great difference whom we hear at home every day and with whom we speak as boys and how our fathers, our tutors and our mothers speak. We read the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, and it is clear from them that her accents were brought up not in the lap, but so to say, in the very breath and speech of their mother."

But this is not all. Dante ascribes the first attempts at using the vulgar tongue in Italy for literary compositions to the silent influence of ladies who did not understand the Latin language.

Now this vulgar Italian, before it became the literary language of Italy, held very much the same position there as the so-called Prakrit dialects in India; and these Prakrit dialects first assumed a literary position in the Sanskrit plays where female characters, both high and low, are introduced as Prakrit, instead of the Sanskrit employed by kings, noblemen and priests.

Here, then, we see the language of women, or, if not of women exclusively, at all events of women and domestic servants, gradually entering into the literary idiom, and in later times even supplanting it altogether; for it is from the Prakrit, and not from the literary Sanskrit, that the modern vernaculars of India branched off in course of time.

Through a thousand smaller channels the idioms of women everywhere find admission into the domestic conversation of the whole family and into the public speeches of their assemblies. The greater the ascendancy of the female element in society the greater the influence of their language on the language of a family or a clan, a village or a town.

JUSTIFIED IN LYING. Defence of the Prevaricating Sleeping Car Porter. "A sleeping car porter," he said bitterly, as he sat in the office of a little country hotel waiting for breakfast, "is a born liar."

"Oh, not all of them," protested his companion. "Well," he said, thoughtfully, "possibly some of them are not, but those who are not born liars acquire the habit."

"Oh, no. I've known truthful porters." "You have?" "Certainly I have." "I'll bet you the cigars you haven't." "I'll take that. But who'll decide?" "You."

"I'm prejudiced." "Oh, no, you're not. You're just thoughtless. You're thinking about some of the ordinary things that some porters lie about but others do not. Did you ever get into a small town about 5 o'clock in the morning?" "Certainly."

"And tell the porter the night before to call you in time to get off there?" "Yes." "And he called you?" "Of course he did." "And didn't lie about it?" "No." "Didn't he tell you you'd be there in five minutes?" "Um—ah—yes; I believe he did."

"And watch you frantically wrestle with your shoes and rush for the wash-room?" "I believe I do recall something of that sort."

LANGUAGE OF STONES.

MARCH claims the bloodstone, which means courage.

APRIL claims the moonstone, which is said to bring conjugal fidelity. JUNE claims for her children the pearl, the meaning of which is purity.

TO those who are born in September the sapphire brings success and prevents evil. FEBRUARY claims the purple amethyst, which is said to bring the virtue of contentment.

THE stone associated with the first month of the year is the garnet, which means constancy. Those who were born in July must wear a ruby, which brings to its children nobility of mind.

Those who are born in April must wear a changeable dazzling diamond, the meaning of which is innocence. MAY is represented by the emerald, which is supposed to bring success in love to those who wear it by right of their birth month.

THE opal, supposed by many to be unlucky, belongs to October, and to those who are born in that month it is said to bring happiness and hope. NOVEMBER is represented by the topaz, which means that those who wear it rightfully by reason of their birth may claim fidelity and friendship.

INTERESTING FIGURES. THE public and private indebtedness of the world is estimated to be \$100,000,000,000. THE Merrimac river is said to move more machinery than any other stream in the world.

AT the present rate of increase there will be 190,000,000 people in the United States in fifty years. IN the construction of the Suez canal 80,000,000 cubic yards of material were excavated by 30,000 laborers.

POTATOES first appear in history in 1503. IN 1892 the United States raised 201,000,000 bushels. IN 1884 the world raised 79,000,000 tons.

ACCORDING to the last census there are over 3,000,000 bachelors in the United States—that is, 3,000,000 men over thirty years old who have never been married.

CHISAGO is the enterprising potato county of Minnesota. Three million bushels were raised last year, three thousand car-loads shipped and the rest used in the large starch factories.

IT is estimated that the richest of civilized peoples is the English, with \$1,236 per capita. IN France the average is said to be \$1,102, in the United States \$1,029, while by the sale of their lands to the United States government some of the Indian tribes are worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per capita, man, woman and child.

ARMY AND NAVY. NINETY per cent. of the crew of the United States cruiser New York are Americans. A NEW substitute for powder is used in a firearm just invented in England. IT is compressed gas.

A CANADIAN has made a collection of the buttons of officers of every regiment and department of the British army. BICYCLES for military couriers and big dogs for serious and ambulance services are curious features of the tented field.

POOR LADY JANE GREY.

A Doll Whose Sad Fate Brought Tears to Her Mistress' Eyes.

When I was a child I had a great collection of dolls. No matter how old or battered they became, I carefully treasured all that were given me, and I possessed an extensive wardrobe of clothes for each. Why now, in a little box stowed away in the lumber room, would be found a pile of little garments belonging to "Katie," the best doll, I think, I ever owned.

But of all my doll children I do not believe any was more dear to me than "Lady Jane Grey." Lady Jane was a rag doll, and I made her myself; she was very pretty, for a clever artist friend of the family had painted her face. She had a lovely head of black hair, too, made from a theatrical wig given me.

I was very proud of Lady Jane, and when she was arrayed in her pink satin dress and white bonnet she looked most stately. I called her Lady Jane Grey at the suggestion of my eldest brother, who was deeply engrossed at that time in learning the history of her hapless namesake.

But, alas! the story of my pet doll is a sad one. From the first her life was full of unfortunate vicissitudes. I had not had her more than a month when she fell one morning from my arms into the bath. I fished her out, and found her looks were somewhat damaged by the wetting, but I dried her carefully, and soon became used to the mixed look her sweet complexion bore. Then one day when I had left her peacefully reposing on a low chair our dog Punch, the most mischievous and villainous of terriers, entered the nursery and saw her.

Poor Lady Jane! There was no one by to aid her. In a moment that wicked dog had dragged her from her seat, and when I came in a little while after I found him growling over her mangled body on the hearthrug.

Well, I rescued her, and oh! what a state she was in; one arm was nearly torn off, her dress was quite spoiled and she was scalded; but I mended her arm, made her a new frock, covered her poor head with a pretty cap, and loved her still. I did hope she would end her days in peace, but it was not to be. One afternoon I went out driving with my mother, leaving my two brothers (for it was holiday time) in full possession of the nursery. When I came home and entered the children's domain again loud shrieks of

laughter fell on my ears, and what a sight greeted my eyes as I opened the door!

My beloved Lady Jane, with her body wrapped in a piece of black stuff, and her eyes bandaged, actually hung suspended from a nail in the fireplace, and was slowly roasting, while those two heartless brothers danced a kind of war dance around her. Oh! what a cry I gave as I rushed forward to save her; but my eldest brother sternly held me back. "If she is Lady Jane Grey she must perish," he declared solemnly. "It says so in 'Little Arthur.'"

This dreadful decree was too much for my childish heart, and tears began to flow fast. Then those boys, who were not so bad after all, cut the string and restored her to my arms. But this time there was no hope of her recovery; the fierce fire had burnt her face out of all recognition, and scorched her badly all over.

The perpetrators of the cruel deed saw I was greatly distressed, and suggested as a consolation that we should give Lady Jane a splendid funeral befitting her rank. And so we did, and a big bush of sweet syringa shadowed the remains of my favorite doll.—Pall Mall Budget.

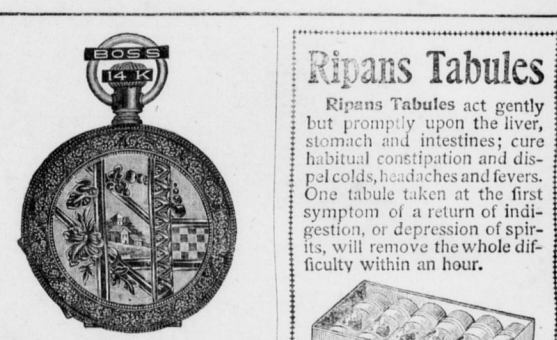
Wished They Were All Blind. Robert Burns' friend, Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, was a licentiate of the church of Scotland, and used to preach occasionally. One Sunday he was supplying a country pulpit. Certain deaf old women, as was the custom in those days, had squatted on the pulpit stairs to be as near the preacher as possible. Like the mass of the Scottish people, they abominated sermons that were read. One of them, as soon as the discourse was begun, said to her neighbor, in a tone that was audible through the whole church: "Is he readin'?"

"Tut, woman! No; he canna read—he's blind." "Blind, is he, eh? That's real fortunate. I wish they were all blind!" Wherein They Differed. A young minister had gone to the home of his boyhood to preach, says an exchange, and of course the villagers were full of curiosity to hear him. At the close of the service one of the deacons engaged the young preacher's wife in conversation. "It was a strange coincidence," he said, "that your husband's text was the one from which his father preached his last sermon in this pulpit."

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Well, that was strange. I hope," she continued, "it wasn't the same sermon." "Oh no," said the deacon, in a deprecatory manner. "His father was a dreadful smart man."



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