

THE FALL OF MINERVA.

By A. Constance Smedley.

"BUT, darling, I must be at the office to-morrow morning. I can't lose all my clients!"

"I've told you're not to go back to-night."

"But I must, dear. Really?"

The speaker's voice verged on the plaintive.

"You can go in the morning. I don't mind you leaving me so much when the sun's shining and it's bright and cheerful."

"I shan't get in till afternoon then, and that means another whole day wasted. I must catch my train to-night."

"Then you'll have to turn right round the second we get up to my hotel and walk all these five dreary miles back to the station; and on this bitter night, without your dinner! You can't travel hundreds of miles without anything to eat. Don't be ridiculous!"

"I'll get something at the station."

Miss Dennison conveyed by her expression that she considered the resources of the station inadequate.

"You are not going to-night, dear?"

"I must, pet."

"You are going to stay and eat a good dinner beside a blazing fire, and have a real nice, cozy evening. Just think how dull I'll be if you go and leave me all alone to listen to the howling of the hateful wind!"

"I'd give anything to stay, my own darling little girl. You know that as well as I do. I'll be down again for the week-end."

"Then you don't love me, and you never loved me."

"Oh, my darling, don't begin all this! I've got to catch that train to-night, and nothing you can say or do will make me miss it."

"I'll never speak to you again if you go by it; I swear I won't."

"For God's sake, don't let's have another scene! I'm getting perfectly sick of it all!"

"Then why don't you turn right round and leave me? Why do you walk on beside me? Why do you stay engaged to me?"

"Because I'm a fool!"

As Miss Dennison could not consistently contradict the assertion, she confined herself to a dignified toss of her head, and continued to walk along the road in haughty silence.

A row of telegraph poles stretched desolately before them, and the wind swept across the marsh and hummed mournfully along the wires. Far away the sea boomed, and the sharp, white sand flew up from the road in stinging showers, so that Miss Dennison put her muff before her face as she battled onward. The man at her side strode on with downcast head, and hands rammed deep into the pockets of his overcoat. His cap, pulled low down over his frowning eyes, partly protected his face from the onslaught of the gale. He was a strong, thick-set man, and his expression resembled that of a well-beaten but desperately goaded dog.

"A fat and cheery gust of wind sent the girl's bonnet flying around her hat and the man caught it just in time. As three miles had still to be traversed before they reached the hotel where Miss Dennison's people were staying, and Miss Dennison was of a chatty disposition, she welcomed this opportunity to break the silence.

"If I were a man I should be perfectly ashamed to let a girl insult me and trample on me so! I don't know what sort of a husband you think you'll make!"

The man preserved a discreet silence.

"I always wished to marry a man I could look up to. Why, you can't have any self-respect at all!"

"You've done your best to kill it, haven't you?"

It is policy for the owner of the dog to maintain a firm hold if it resent chastisement. Miss Dennison tilted up her chin and assumed an air of intense and injured indignation.

"I have done my best to wake it up. If there is an insult which has power to rouse you it is my misfortune, and not my fault, that I do not know it."

Miss Dennison's happy and fortunate betrothed looked down on her with patience that was tightly strained.

"Is there any object in quarreling at this particular moment? The wind makes conversation rather an exertion; and, though I assume the proper course for me to take is to turn on my heel and stride away forever, I can't leave you to go home alone, you see."

"Why not?"

"The road's too lonely."

"Solitude is more companionable than you."

The more than happy object of Miss Dennison's affections hesitated; then decided not to answer.

A whirl of sand came hurtling to them up from the ground. Miss Dennison stopped dead. A boarding stood on one side of the road, behind the iron railings. Tattered bills and posters fluttered from it miserably.

"Do come along, dear!" said the man. Miss Dennison pressed her hands in to her muff and began an exhaustive study of the contents of the boarding. The man took a few steps forward. He was of chivalrous disposition, but had been engaged six months to Miss Dennison.

"It will be dark in a few minutes,"

Miss Dennison continued to peruse the bills, pensive interest in every line of her arrested pose.

The man stood a few steps off, with a look on his face akin to that on the face of a nurse who waits for a more than usually spoiled child.

"Do you know I'm beginning to think I've gone the wrong way about managing you?"

An involuntary dimple flashed and disappeared in Miss Dennison's carefully averted face. Her betrothed, however, saw only a still abstracted back.

"Suppose I were to take you at your word and leave you to walk home alone?"

"You are quite unmanly enough to do so!"

"Unmanly!"

"Is it mainly to wait round after me, at my heels, like a little dog?"

"What, in Heaven's name do you want of me? If I rebel you have hysterics and call me a brute!"

"Vivvella!" read Miss Dennison aloud. "What ridiculous waltz girls have on fashion plates! Have you noticed?"

The man suppressed an exclamation. "But that's rather a sweet blouse she's wearing. I wonder if I could remember it. I must make mental notes."

Miss Dennison rested her elbows on the railing and buried her chin in her muff, reflectively.

"If you think you are going to make me miss that train by dawdling in this insensate fashion, you are mistaken."

"Sweet sleeve!" murmured Miss Dennison. "I like the cuff so!"

"I shall simply leave you here, you know."

"But I can't see how it's put on. Oh it's cut all in one with the sleeve!" said Miss Dennison, with a sudden burst of illumination. "No, I must learn that!"

Miss Dennison redoubled the fixity of her gaze.

"I know perfectly well you hear everything I'm saying. Are you coming or aren't you?"

"I believe it's arranged with a guest!" announced Miss Dennison.

The man opened his mouth, then suddenly turned on his heel and swung down the road. He had cut the Gordian knot. Miss Dennison must make her deliberate way home alone. He had gone back to the station and his city-bound train.

Miss Dennison found herself left staring at the boarding in an attitude of mind that can only be described as one of stunned amazement. Then the dimples reappeared, and Miss Dennison smiled into her muff with an air of happy power.

"The further he goes, the further he'll have to come back, so I won't look around," said the astute and experienced Miss Dennison; "and the slower he is coming back, the surer he'll be of missing his train. If he thinks he's going to catch it to-night, when I want him to stay here, he is very much mistaken, the ridiculous old thing!"

Miss Dennison began to reprove the boarding; it sheltered her pleasantly from the wind.

"A hundred pounds reward!"

An assuming little notice caught her eyes. "Vivvella" as a subject is capable of exhaustion. Miss Dennison welcomed a change in literature with alacrity.

As she read Miss Dennison's face portrayed a curious panorama of expression; her cheeks paled gradually. The little notice bore a crown, and was couched in terse and simple language; it was an earnest invitation to a one-eyed gentleman to return to his sorrowing friends and guardians at the convict prison across the marshes. It concluded with a thoughtful warning to lonely and unprotected travelers as to the gentleman's unimpeachable appearance and playful disposition.

Miss Dennison reread the bill with interest no longer histrionic. The seamist was rising on the marshes. The autumn dusk was closing in. The charms of meditation in the lonely landscape seemed suddenly to have lost their savour. Miss Dennison looked up and down the road; her despised betrothed had vanished into the mist. The lights of the station glimmered vaguely far on the horizon. On the other side three miles of deserted road lay between her and her hotel. In the direction of the station lay nearer safety—but humiliation; for well did Miss Dennison know that her strength lay in her invulnerability. Let her once lay down her sceptre and her reign of tyranny was over for ever. For six months she had enjoyed despotism; was she now to eat humble-pie and cry out for protection? With Napoleonic resolution Miss Dennison turned in the direction of the hotel.

She took five steps; then, far away on the distant marshland, she saw a moving shadow. For the first moment she assured herself it was but a fantasy of her imagination. Then the shadow came nearer and resolved itself into a human figure—a shuffling, clumsy, furtive figure, creeping with bent head along the wall which separated the barren pastures. Miss Dennison stood, arrested. The wind roared and whistled round the boarding, but she heard it not. Her eyes were fixed on the strange figure ad-

vancing from the mists. Presently it hesitated and stopped short. Had it seen her? Suddenly, with cat-like swiftness, the figure left the shelter of the wall, and, still with downcast head, struck out into the open field. With curious, swift strides, it was covering the intervening ground; in a few minutes it would strike the open road beside her.

Miss Dennison cast one wild glance along the road in vain. Then, with a sudden shriek, she was beating a retreat toward the station as fast as fear and the kindly wind could carry her.

Somewhere behind her a hoarse voice shouted; somewhere behind her heavy footsteps hastened. With blind eyes, Miss Dennison fled on. Now the lights of the station twinkled in the distance; now the downward hill was gained which led there. Now—oh, rapture!—a tall, broad-shouldered and despised betrothed turned and stood amazed in the roadway, to see Minerva fallen from her pedestal and running after him!

"Save me!" said Miss Dennison, and lunged herself, penitent, submissive, breathless, in his arms.

"For God's sake, darling, here's someone coming past! Wait a second till he's passed us!"

Miss Dennison's betrothed, though a lover, was an Englishman.

Miss Dennison opened her eyes faintly.

"He's got your bonnet. See he's coming up to you."

Two embarrassed young people stood still while a still more embarrassed policeman approached them sheepishly.

"I called to the young lady, but you didn't seem to hear, Miss. You dropped it just by hoarding. I was coming across marsh and I see the wind take it, and I caught it as it flew across the railings yonder."

Miss Dennison smiled whitely; Miss Dennison's betrothed thanked the policeman more substantially. The policeman continued to the station with contentment in his head.

"Now, darling," said Miss Dennison's betrothed.

"Oh, don't be angry!" said a suddenly abject despot. "I'll never be horrid again. I'll always do exactly what you tell me. Only, darling, darling, darling, don't leave me to go home along that dreadful, dreadful road alone!"

"My poor, frightened little girl! What a brute I've been!"

"You have rather," confessed Miss Dennison.

Along the lonely road two lovers loitered. The wind swept merrily above them and around them, all unheeded. Miss Dennison's face was screened from the rough blast, her head was hidden penitently against a sheltering arm.

And, as they walked along, Miss Dennison's betrothed concluded a kind and decisive conversation in which Miss Dennison played an astonishingly contrite and secondary part.

"And you understand, dear, there are to be no more of these ridiculous quarrels."

"No, darling. I'll do whatever you wish."

"The man must always be the head. I've been foolish to give into you so weakly. It's been as much my fault as yours."

"Yes, dear; it has."

"But you have been very inconsiderate."

"A woman is always more in love than a man."

"A man has duties which he must fulfill."

"Yes, darling; and it's very wonderful and beautiful of him to neglect them for a woman's sake—a silly, cowardly, selfish, unattractive girl!"

Miss Dennison's betrothed refuted such an appreciation of her character with warmth.

"Please!" said Miss Dennison. "The hotel people will see us."

The brilliant facade of the hotel shone out suddenly behind the hill. Miss Dennison and her betrothed walked decorously up the drive, where her anxious people welcomed them from the piazza. Miss Dennison conducted her betrothed in triumph into the hall.

Late that evening Miss Dennison and her betrothed concluded another conversation of a similar nature.

"And you'll be down at half-past 7 in the morning to give me my breakfast?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"And you'll take me to the station?"

"Yes, darling."

"And always do exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes, my own."

Miss Dennison hesitated. Then she ascended the stair pensively, while her betrothed stood at the bottom and watched adoringly. At the turn of the baluster she paused, candle in hand. The light shone on her sweet and saint-like profile.

"But, all the same," said Miss Dennison, "you must admit you did not catch the train."—The Sketch.

The Mysterious Ring.

This story is being told in Paris concerning a well-known public man who recently was presented by a Soudanese potentate with a Labaksi-Tapo order of merit. The recipient, anxious to display the decoration at the earliest opportunity, applied at once to the Ministry for permission to wear it. While readily granting the permission the Ministry inquired with a ghost of a smile: "Do you know what the order is like?" "Certainly," replied the delighted applicant. "It is a beautiful gold ring, and hanging from it a small red enamel pipe of peace. I should like to wear it." "Of course you may wear it, but according to law you have to wear it as it is worn by the natives of Africa." "And how might that be?" "Why, with the ring through the nose." The new knight of the Labaksi-Tapo order has not been heard of since.—Westminster Gazette.

IGNORANCE OF BIRDS.

More Noticeable in Some Varieties Than in Others.

Birds, with all their acuteness, often fail to move out of their accustomed groove. The chirping sparrow has persisted in building their nests in the roof gutters of the next house, ignoring the fact that rain is not unknown in this climate, and that a heavy shower will flood their tenements and drown their offspring. Not only this, but next year and the year after they will do the same, failing to learn by experience how to accommodate themselves to British weather. Jackdaws, when untainted by civilization, dwell in holes in the rocks, but quickly adapt themselves to new circumstances. The writer has been almost smothered by smoke caused by a nest which completely blocked his chimney, ten feet from the top. As the chimney had only been built a few months, it is obvious that as a site it must have been unfamiliar to the troublesome birds. Now, that time is far distant when first chimneys were invented and the first jackdaws descended their blackened depths; yet a long experience, while it has shown the birds the convenience of chimneys for holding their abominable sticks, has not taught them that their premises cannot be insured against fire. Perhaps, after all, the brains of jackdaws are sharper than is supposed. The nests are placed in the chimneys just when the fires are being given up for the summer, so that the jackdaws enjoy the use of the chimneys more than the man who pays for their erection.—Bird Lore.

WISE WORDS.

Each man make his own foe.
Facts do not depend on feelings.
Public sins need public cure.
Self-denial is the secret of delight.
The truly humble hide their humility.
Secreting our sins will not slay them.
There is no strength without sympathy.
The offense of evil is our best defense against it.
The coming of night should consecrate the day.
There is no power sufficient to make a man out of putty.
To see a purpose in our pain is a step toward finding peace.
Faith in the eternal goodness furnishes the soul's equilibrium.
Envy loses the flavor of its own joys in abusing the form of another's.
Greed and not goodness is the modern world's condition of greatness.
When you are only skim milk in ethics you cannot make up for it by being cream in theoretics.—Ram's Horn.

Reed Equated Him.

After Tom Reed had been Speaker and made himself famous, he was for four years leader of his party, then in the minority, on the floor of the House. During that time he was often in debate with the majority leaders, and there were very warm times. Sometimes when he was making a short speech unimportant men would break in with a question in order to have the record show the fact, and also that they might tell to their wondering friends at home how they "had a tilt with Tom Reed." On one occasion Reed was thundering along at a tremendous rate. He had waved off the Democratic leaders, he had waved off the others of less note. Finally a man of the opposition whom Reed really liked stood up in the middle aisle and attempted an interruption. Reed paused for an instant, scowled down at the member and snarled out: "Must you get in?" The expression, the manner and the position of Reed made it apparent that interruptions were not wanted, and the attempt was not pushed farther.—Washington Post.

Lightning Strikes Up, Not Down.

The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thundercloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over any certain place, the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath also partakes of the last-mentioned influence. If, while the man, animal or other object is in this condition, a discharge takes place from the cloud above, the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent, or, in language that we can all understand, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object, which separates the two currents, if it be an animate thing, will do so with such force as to almost invariably produce instant death. According to the above, which seems a tenable hypothesis, to say the least, a person is really "struck" by the ground current, and not by the forked fury from above.—Boston Budget.

Renaissance of the Banjo.

It is cheering to observe that the banjo, after a long period of neglect and indifference, due in part to the decadence of the negro minstrel's art and in part to the advent of tinkling mandolins and strumming piano appendages, which are much easier to learn, is now entering upon a new era. It may soon resume its old place in the public favor and regain the popularity which it enjoyed when such artists as Schoolcraft and West plucked its strings.—Chicago Tribune.

Trains Built For Safety.

All the new trains on the Central London Railway are to be of fireproof construction, steel and asbestos being largely used. Other precautions for the safety of passengers are being taken.

In the Choosing of Mates.

By Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor All Souls' Church, Chicago.

WISE persons do not marry for culture or for creed. But, young man, as you prize your future happiness, see to it that you go where there is mind; see that the object of your love is possessed of intelligence, of a purpose, and particularly that quality of thought concerning the permanent and superlative concerns of life as promise congeniality, and a companionship in the realms beyond and above, where social accomplishments do not avail, where youth and beauty decline, and where the goods of this world are powerless.

And you, young woman! It behooves you in these days to take a hundred counsels from the prosaic judgments of the head to one from the tinkling bells of romance in the heart. I am not so anxious that you should investigate too closely the income of your escort, for if you are not willing to enter into a humble partnership in a cottage, and if necessary submit to the severest labor in the joint task of home-making with the man who worthily reciprocates true love, you are not worthy such love, and you bless the man whom you would by your refusals.

Young man, discover the belle of the drawing-room in calico, with the perplexities of washing day before her, before you complete your estimate of her. Young woman, watch the movements of your gallant's mind when he is not in full dress or on dress parade. You are pleased when he retrieves your glove or brings early violets. That is well, but note how he greets the unknown child with the dirty face that stumbles under his feet on the street corner. Note what word he has for the patience that prepares his food for him in the kitchen, and what is his greeting to the washerwoman who is neither handsome, well preserved nor well clothed. Aye, note how he treats the horse that is not his own and his neighbor's dog.

It's a Terrible Misfortune to Be Born Rich

By President Eliot, of Harvard.

A N almost sure way to succeed in most labors is to be ready to volunteer to do something beyond one's real duty. Hard work has made nations great. In an individual it is the same. What is good for the nation is good for every one in it, and what is good for every one is good for the nation.

Work is the foundation of all the joy and happiness in the world. I have received many suggestions lately that I take up the work of a miner and see how I like it. I'm a little old now, but in the forty years of my life I should have liked a miner's work. A spice of danger and an element of chance add interest to work. An occupation like that of an engineer, which gives a chance for heroic deeds, is a distinctly desirable occupation. The main satisfaction in life is the sense of achievement.

Never work moderately. Work at top speed. Unless you do your best you not only cheat your employer, but you cheat yourself. There is an idea opposed to this advice. I believe a somewhat modern idea which opposes that which I have quoted is a very dangerous one to the modern world of industry. Ten minutes' reading a day in twenty years makes the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man, provided he reads something good.

The cultivation of the mind is the road to increasing happiness. After all is said, the object of human life is to increase happiness and joy. The great satisfaction of life cannot be bought with money. In our country it is dangerous for a boy to inherit riches. Great riches in America make the education of children very difficult. Children of the rich have not the incentive to work, and I consider it a terrible misfortune.

What Constitutes Happiness.

By the Editor of the Atlanta Journal.

HAVE you ever stopped to ask yourself what constitutes real happiness? Pleasure lies in happiness and there is no happiness without contentment, and contentment all depends on the point of view. Some of the unhappiest people in the world are those who have apparently everything to make them happy, and some of those who are frankest in claiming happiness are and some of those who are most unfortunate of physical and financial conditions—sometimes physical anguish. A wish for another's happiness is understood to mean an emphatic desire that your friend shall have all the earthly comfort and satisfaction within reach, shall be the favored child of fortune and prosperity; yet these sufferers are tortured with physical anguish and still report themselves to be happy in the accepted meaning of the term.

Nobody would pray that creature comforts should be taken away from the unhappy persons first mentioned, yet the possession of wealth, fine horses and fine clothes oftentimes fail to make the possessor comfortable in mind and spirit—in a thousand instances.

The first essential for real happiness is to respect one's self and one's motives. Nobody can be either happy or contented where there is hypocrisy and treachery. Be guided by the same motives that actuated you when you were an innocent and artless child. Believe in people, be pleasant in your transactions with others, and throw sunshine around yourself and others by honest dealings. Selfishness is the terrible bane and burden of the world. People who are on the constant lookout for slights are generally apt to encounter them, but when you banish this carking care about yourself and what you think others are due you, you will find the opportunity for real happiness. As said before, contentment, which is only another name for human happiness, depends entirely on your point of view; but this contentment was the outcome of clean eyes, sweet souls and patient loyalty to truth. This, alone, will give us a taste of the wondrous beauty of life.

Habits of Self-Control.

By Winifred Oliver.

B E sure love rules the world, and behind love, sustaining and upholding it, is that greatest power on earth, self-control. It is self-control that has made the great nations of to-day. Let a nation lose its self-control and it is as a little child groping feebly in the dark. Every individual is a small nation in himself. He has his ups and his downs, his warfare and his peace, his seasons of prosperity and his seasons of depression, and if we are to believe the followers of Froebel and Pestalozzi, the development of a human being and of a nation are identically the same.

These wise people maintain that the child from infancy to manhood goes through all the phases of development in exactly the same way as does a nation in the making. The child has his period of aimless existence, his period of savage destructiveness, his period of war with all mankind and his perfect period of civilization. If through all these periods he has self-control he is master of the situation. Beginning from his infancy the child should be taught self-control. Some fortunate persons inherit this best of all qualities; others must drink of the bitter waters of remorse before the lesson is learned.

Having taken upon themselves the responsibility of rearing human beings, parents should see to it that their children grow up properly equipped to fight the battle of life. The proper equipment is self-control; without it, no matter how brave the fighter, he will fall by the wayside. Help your children by teaching them this great lesson while the little minds are plastic. If they are taught to control themselves, through their childish woes, how much better fitted will they be to meet the great joys and sorrows of manhood.

All children like to be compared to soldiers. Many a nervous dose is swallowed bravely when the little sufferer is told to "take it like a soldier." Tell the little would-be "soldiers" that the first and last duty of a soldier is self-control. Children are quick of intuition. They will soon see the value of controlling their emotions, and, once grasped, self-control is too precious a quality to renounce. Do not imagine that you are making a stoic of your child by teaching him to control himself. You are merely teaching him to enjoy life as it should be enjoyed—in moderation; teaching him not to fly off at a tangent every time he meets anything that is in the least degree out of the ordinary. Teach your daughters that if they are to grow up fine, strong, perfect women, they must first of all learn to control their emotions and govern their actions so that they in their turn may be fitly prepared to carry on the human race. Impulsiveness is self-control's greatest enemy. Impressions may sometimes be wisely guided by impulse. Actions should ever be tempered by self-control. The self-controlled person stands on the bridge of life's battleship. He looks his adversary squarely in the face and knows that the key to the situation is his. The successful man is the one who does the right thing and does the right thing first.

Self-control is the key to success. Give your children that key and make them successful men and women.—New York Journal.