

THE FAMILY STORY



THE CONQUERING HERO.

It was a pretty scene! The trees had the abundance of verdant foliage that belongs to happy June; the grass seemed more than usually rich and green and the wild flowers more abundant than ever before—there was a rural bridge over a deep, rushing stream that fed a mill dam some distance beyond; and roses clambered over the broken rails of the bridge and twined their wild tendrils about an old tree near by, against which was a rustic seat. On the rustic seat was another rose—a very sweet and fresh and lovely rose in white muslin, with a Marie Antoinette fichu across her breast and knotted at the waist, and a wide leg-horn hat on her head that shaded her eyes so cleverly that no beholder could guess that tears were rising there from time to time and dropping on the white mull kerchief. And this had happened so often that the rose might very well be said to be washed in dew.

Her name was Kate, and she was very angry with herself because the tears would fall despite all the indignant things she was saying to herself in the effort to stop their flow, till at last she started to her feet in a dreadful pet and began to walk up and down, crushing the wild flowers under her feet. But that could not continue, for she was a very sweet little woman and could not even hurt a flower without regretting it; and presently she bent her graceful figure and pulled the wild anemones and the few late violets, and, having reached the rustic seat, she added a rose or two and sat down.

"It's a perfectly lovely morning!" she murmured, and pinned the flowers among the folds of the mull kerchief. "I wonder where she has taken the child, because—"

She stopped and looked anxiously about till she saw, in the distance, the maid and the little boy rambling among the trees and apparently absorbed in gathering wild flowers and chasing butterflies; and the music of the child's laughter was borne to her on the soft, perfumed summer breeze. It was a heavenly sound—a sound to gladden any mother's heart; but Kate Selden sighed and drew from her belt a closely-crumpled piece of paper, which she had thrust there in fierce impatience; and as she looked at it the tears, which had not retreated very far, again rose to her eyes.

"Oh, I'm just a dreadful fool!" she thought; "a silly, silly little simpleton! And I'm glad he is late, for I wouldn't have him know, for anything in this world, that I cared enough to cry—"

And, smoothing out the crumpled paper, she began to read the written words once more, though she already knew them by heart:

"If you will see me on Wednesday we can talk the matter over. I have spoken with my lawyer, and he has consulted with yours, and a separation can be arranged without any public scandal—at least, I hope so. I would call at the house, but I know your mother hates me worse than ever now, and it would only cause a scene. So, if you will come to the old rustic seat close by the bridge—you know where we used to meet in the old, happy days—ah, Kate, if you would only let me tell you everything you would find that I am not so very much to blame—but I won't speak of that. Because, of course, I know you wish to leave me, and I will make no defense. Yes, you shall keep the boy, though I believe the law would give him to me if I chose to fight for my



right. But I don't care to call it my right—no, in that I yield to you entirely. I believe a child belongs to his mother first and before all others. Therefore, I give him to you without asking what the law might say about it. But I do ask that you will let me see him as often as I may wish, for I love him, dear—yes, though you may not believe it, Kate, I love him next to his mother, who is still the dearest on earth to me. There, I didn't mean to say that; but it is written, and let it stay so. I will not offend you again; but be that as it will, any day

before noon. I won't be later than 11, and we can arrange all the business details—the lawyers will do the rest."

And by this time the tears were brimming over, but she wiped them softly away, and, instead of crushing the paper as before, she folded it very smoothly and slipped it inside her corsage, where she could feel it rise and fall beneath the hurried beating of her heart.

"I'm glad he's late," she repeated; "I'm very glad he's late." And then she looked at her watch and found it was not quite 10.30. "O, he isn't late, after all—I must have been very early—I will go and find Annette and the child." And as she rose there was the crackling of a twig under a hasty footstep and Kate Selden stood face to face with her husband. He was very pale, and his lips looked pallid and drawn with the effort to keep from trembling. She



"COURAGE, MA'AM, COURAGE."

had flushed deeply when their eyes met, but now the color ebbed away from her girlish face and she said confusedly:

"I am so glad!—I mean not to keep you waiting. You see I am here first."

"You are very good," he said; "but you are always good. You got my letter?"

"O, yes, or I wouldn't have known you were coming here." She moved backward a step and was very glad to drop into the old rustic seat. "It is very generous of you, Sidney, to agree to everything, and particularly about baby."

"It is all I can do, now—to try and please you," he answered, weakly; and the perspiration was like dew on his brow. He took off his hat and stammered something about its being "awfully hot."

"Yes, perhaps you have walked fast—it is very warm and you look tired. Won't you sit down?" She moved a little further away to make room for him, and he dropped into the place beside her.

"We used to say there was just room enough for two," he added with a smile, and she turned her head away—perhaps to pluck a rose, for she snipped one off short and then threw it away.

"Am I to see baby to-day?" he asked after a few minutes of awkward silence. "I haven't seen him, you know, since—"

"Oh, yes," she answered hurriedly, and, looking about, "there they are, he and Annette, yonder in the woods; they are coming this way; oh, Sidney," she cried, suddenly turning toward him, "how could you? I can never never forgive you."

"I could never dare to ask you." They were almost the very words of Pauline and Claude. She remembered in a moment that it had been the first play Sidney had taken her to see after they had married; and how often they had laughed at that pair of lovers, each dying to forgive and be forgiven, and neither daring to say the right word. She used to think she could never be so foolish as that, and now—it was getting very awkward, for this was a far more serious matter, and she knew that she could never, never forgive. What woman could?

And then she heard the laughter and shouts of little Sidney, who had just caught sight of his father and was now running wildly to welcome him. It was a fortunate interruption to a scene that was nearing a painful climax, and she was very glad to take a step or two towards the laughing boy, who was already flying across the bridge, followed by his nurse; then there was a crash, a shriek; the side of the bridge was gaping outward; the maid stood wringing her hands; the golden curls that had floated a moment above the running waters, were gone.

It was so sudden, so inexplicable that the frantic mother could not realize at first what had happened. When she did, the air resounded with her agonized cries, and it was the nurse girl who was the first to see that Sidney had already reached his child just in time.

whispered, while she supported her mistress. "See—he is safe! His father has him—look, look! The darling has his arms about the master's neck, and he's huggin' an' kissing of him just as if nothing had happened at all!"

The girl assisted her mistress back to the little rustic seat, and when the father and child had reached the young mother, little Sidney was already laughing with delight; and as he put one dripping arm about her neck, he drew her close till her face touched her husband's face.

"Kate," whispered Sidney, "Kate, may I beg forgiveness now?"

"O, Sidney! I have been so proud and heartless! I was jealous and vain—and—and—selfish and unfair! I wouldn't listen to you, and all the time I knew you never cared for that woman! Can you forgive me, too?"

"Just give me a chance, that's all," and then two pairs of arms met and clasped each other close about the conquering hero, who seemed to find himself quite suddenly an object of secondary importance.

It then occurred to Annette that Master Sidney would have a dreadful cold unless his dripping garments were changed immediately; so she carried him off in pursuit of dry clothing.—Popular Monthly.

RAT-KILLING ROOSTER.

Gamecock that Makes Deadly War Upon Rodents.

William Gray, a farmer living near here, has a game cock that makes war upon rats. Rats had for a long time been destroying eggs and even killing fowls in Gray's hennery. The other day the farmer bought a game cock for stock purposes. On the second day after his purchases Mr. Gray saw the rooster with a rat in its bill. It had nabbed the rat by the back of the neck in such a way that it was powerless for either offense or defense.

After reaching the yard the rooster swung the rat forcibly against the frozen ground until it was stunned, and then tossed it into the air. As it came down the rooster gave it a vicious dig with its spurs that started the blood. Before the rat could recover itself it was tossed into the air again and again the spurs did bloody work. Soon the rat was dead.

The rooster has since killed at least a dozen rats. Mr. Gray's son, who has kept watch to see how it is done, says that the rooster watches by a hole and nabs the rats by the neck as they come out. It seems to delight in killing them, and after it has disposed of one struts about and crows lustily as if to call attention to itself as the only rat-killing rooster in Southern New York.—Middletown (N. Y.) special New York World.

The Kaiser's Stenographer.

It is not generally known that under the present Emperor a new office has been created, that of personal stenographer to his majesty. William I, but rarely delivered a speech, and when he did, the text was always dictated on beforehand, in consultation with Prince Bismarck, and the monarch either learned the speech by heart or read it from a manuscript. He knew that he possessed no gift of language and had no confidence in his ability to improvise in public. William II, soon after he came to the throne, gave orders that a stenographer should always be present during his speeches, whether at home or on travel. This duty is fulfilled in Germany by one of the official stenographers of the reichstag, who took down the speeches of the Emperor and Prince Henry at Kiel. The Emperor himself supervised the shorthand writer's transcript before it was transmitted to Wolf's telegraph bureau—the German Reuter. The speeches of the Emperor, sent over the official wire, are therefore ipssissima verba. A different shorthand writer accompanies the Emperor abroad, where the speeches are, for the most part, delivered in a foreign language, and could not, therefore, be noted down by a German stenographer.—Pall Mall Gazette.

What She Wears.

The famous woman, Annie S. Peck, who has been noted as, having scaled the Matterhorn and broke the record on Mount Orizaba, going 8,000 feet into the clouds, wore flannel undergarments, a waist of serge, a woolen sweater, knickerbockers and leggings of sage-green duck canvas, which she made herself. She wore the heaviest kind of winter boots, and a shoemaker in Switzerland put an extra piece of heavy leather over the whole lower part of the shoes, toes and heels, and then nearly covered them with nails. In many of her trips she has worn fur-topped gloves, but for the Matterhorn she wore woolen mittens. A substantial canvas hat, tied on with ribbon, and veil, as well as smoked glasses, complete her outfit. She takes the precaution to put cold cream on her face before facing the severe weather.

The Cook Got Even.

A cook here who quarreled with the owner of the restaurant got even in this way: After making the soup he improved it by the introduction of several foreign ingredients, such as a quantity of sand, half a cupful of red pepper, a pound of tacks, a bunch of kindling wood chopped fine and a couple of old kid gloves a la noodles. The feeders sat down as usual last evening, but as soon as they sampled the soup they rose up again en masse and almost mobbed the whole shooting match. According to the evidence produced at the preliminary hearing a more fearful brew than this soup was never concocted, even by Macbeth's weird sisters. The cook is now in the connoisseur.—New York correspondent Pittsburg Dispatch.

We know a man who has enough industry and ability in his line to make a conspicuous success, if his fool ways didn't keep him down.

BRILLIANT SPANISH OFFICER.

Captain Don Luis Cadarso, of the Reina Cristina, killed at Manila. Capt. Don Luis Cadarso, who commanded the cruiser Reina Cristina and was killed at Manila, was one of the most brilliant officers in the Spanish navy. The following description of his personality is given by the London Graphic:

In appearance he resembled rather an Englishman than a Spaniard. His hair was fair, and his eyes blue and piercing, which gave one the impression of restless energy. His activity was proverbial. He had been in com-



mand of the Reina Cristina for the past three years, and his ship was a model of order and of efficiency, his officers and crew practicing frequently. Still, he found time for reading a great deal and for writing much. His signature was well known in papers and colonial matters. A few years ago, when governor of the Caroline islands, he wrote to the Madrid paper, El Imparcial, some letters which greatly displeased the Minister of Marine, and which caused his recall. Capt. Cadarso's worth was, however, so well appreciated that he was soon appointed to another post. During the Philippine rising, a little more than a year ago, Capt. Cadarso was constantly engaged in supporting from the sea the operations of the Spanish army on land. The work was hard, yet every evening he would sit and write two columns descriptive of the doings of the squadron during the day for the editor of the leading Manila paper, El Comercio, who was his friend. Capt. Cadarso, who was about 50 years old, leaves a large family.

SHOT BY A NEPHEW.

Prince Fuad Wounded in an Affray Resulting from a Family Quarrel. Prince Ahmed Fuad, who was shot by his nephew, Prince Safeddin, in Cairo recently, is the youngest son of the Khedive Ismail and uncle of the present Khedive. A sister of Prince



Safeddin is the wife of Prince Fuad. Prince Fuad was at the Khedivial Club when Prince Safeddin came in with a revolver in his hand. Before he could be seized by the servants, he managed to fire three shots at Prince Fuad, who fell badly wounded. The affray was the outcome of a family quarrel.

Evaporation of Bananas.

The American consul at Nicaragua reports that experiments are being made there to develop an industry of evaporating bananas, and that a trial shipment has been made to this country. If successfully established, this industry will be of the utmost importance to many Central American states. The men engaged in the experiment, according to consular reports, have no practical knowledge of the business of drying the fruit, but if it was taken up by machinery and appliances adapted to the evaporation of fruits a modification to suit this case could easily be devised, and there would be an immense demand for such machines immediately. At present there are millions of bananas yearly thrown away or allowed to rot on the ground because they are too small or too ripe for shipment to the United States.

Primitive House Lighting.

The first and most natural way of lighting the houses of the colonists was found in the fat pitch-pine, which, says the Chautauquan, was plentiful everywhere; but as soon as domestic animals increased candles were made, and the manufacture of the winter supply became the special autumnal duty of the thrifty housewife. Great kettles were hung over the kitchen fire and filled with hot water and melted tallow. At the cooler end of the kitchen two long poles were placed from chair back to chair back. Across these poles, like the rounds of a ladder, were placed shorter sticks, called candle rods. To each candle rod were tied about a dozen straight candle wicks. The wicks were dipped again and again, in regular order, in the melted tallow, the succession of dipplings giving each

candle time to cool. Each grew slowly in size till all were finished. Deer suet was used as well as beef tallow and nuttin tallow. Wax candles were made by pressing bits of half-melted wax around a wick.

PURCHASING ARMY OFFICES.

The System that Prevalled in Great Britain Up to 1871.

Last among the survivals in conflict with the spirit of the age may be noted promotion by purchase in the army—which retarded indefinitely the advancement of efficient officers and conspired to drop all the honors of the service into the laps of wealthy individuals of no special talent, who could afford to pay for them, which only came to an end in 1871. Under the system merit and fitness went for nothing, and so difficult was it for a man without money to get on in the British army that a good officer without the wherewithal to purchase a company might remain a lieutenant for twenty years, to be soured in all probability by seeing brother officers of less standing raised above him by the power of money again and again, and even they only obtain his captaincy by some unlooked-for augmentation in the establishment. Strangely enough, in the navy brains and hard work were given scope to carve out advancement at the same time that in the sister service promotion had to be bought, and that at a price frequently double the official value of the post.

While traffic in commissions was largely affected by the district in which the particular regiment was likely to be quartered for some years ensuing, the price was almost invariably 60 per cent. or more above the nominal value of commissions as given in the Army List, which tariff in 1864 gave the price of commission as lieutenant colonel in the Life Guards or Horse Guards at £7,250, in the Foot Guards at £4,800, and in cavalry and infantry of the line £4,500; while a major in the two former corps had to fork out £5,350 for his commission, in comparison with £3,200 exacted for the same position in the line regiments. Captaincies cost £3,500 in the Life Guards and Horse Guards, £2,050 in the Foot Guards, and £1,800 in the cavalry and infantry of the line, and lieutenantcies might be purchased for £1,785 in the Life Guards, £1,000 in the Horse Guards, £1,200 in the Foot Guards, and the trifle of £700 in the less considered cavalry and infantry of the line.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Stock Raising and Beets.

In all countries where the sugar beet is made a specialty much consideration is given the value of the beets as cattle food; that is, the residuum, after the sugar is extracted. By feeding stock in connection with the growing of the beets for sale to the factory, carrying home the pulp for stock food, the farmers' opportunities from the growing of beets are increased. Experiments have shown that the yields of beets range from ten to fifteen tons per acre, and the average amount of sugar to exceed 12 per cent. The farmer will have to contend with wet and dry seasons, and his profits will be more some years than during others, but it is believed that farmers have neglected the beet as an important food for cattle, independently of its use as a source for procuring sugar, not that the beet is as valuable as grain, but because farmers will find a larger increase in production from cattle by reason of the feeding of succulent food, and although there is some preparation required for all kinds of roots before feeding them to stock, such labor is unnecessary when the beet pulp from the factories is used, the combination of the pulp with grain giving better results than when beets or grain are fed separately.—Philadelphia Record.

More Days to Come.

In Spain the people take no note of time, not even from its loss. Everything is to be done manana, to-morrow. A wealthy Englishman, who had long lived in Spain, had a lawsuit. He pleaded his cause in person, and knowing the customs of the country, won his case. The victory cost him three days of trouble and expense, so that when the judge congratulated him on his success, he replied:

"Yes, that's all right; but it has cost me three days, and time is money. I am a busy man, and these three days are lost forever."

"Oh, you English!" answered the judge; "you are always saying that time is money. How are you to get your three days back? I will tell you. Take them out of next week; surely there are plenty more days to come!"

Feeding Oatmeal to Chickens.

Theoretically, and judging by analysis, oats and oatmeal ought to be the best feed for hens or their chickens. But whole oats have too much chaff to be profitably fed to hens. Their crop is limited in size, and the chaff of the oat, besides being itself innutritious, is soft and interferes with crushing the grain. The same objections apply to feeding oatmeal, either dry or wet, to young chicks. Even if fed without the chaff, the oatmeal is liable to compact in the chick's gizzard. We believe that meal for chicks should always be cooked, and the harder the cakes made from it the better. Crush these cakes into small bits, and fowl will eat them greedily.

English Stamps.

Postage stamps may be reproduced once more in England in stamp albums and catalogues by a recent order of the British Board of Internal Revenue. They must be printed in black and not be like enough to the originals to cause deception. Charity never begins at home while house cleaning is going on.

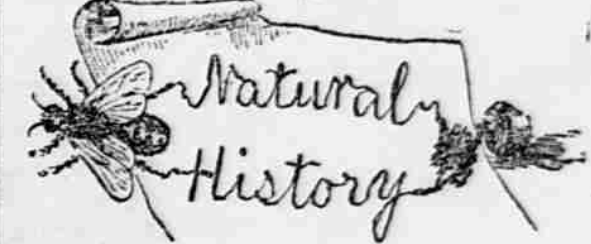
AMERICAN SOIL IN COREA.

Why the Legation Buildings in Seoul Belong to Uncle Sam.

Just outside the new palace of the Korean king, adjoining the royal inclosure and right in the center of the foreign settlement of Seoul, stands the American legation, comprising a number of picturesque one-story structures, surrounded by three acres of garden. This property is one of three owned by the United States occupied as legations in foreign countries, the others being in Japan and Siam. The latter was a gift of the king, while that in Tokio was purchased a year ago. The acquisition of the Korean property came about through the peculiarities of the land system of the Hermit Kingdom, which confronted Gen. Foote, the first American minister, fourteen years ago. He found that the law did not allow anyone to possess more houses than one could occupy, that landlords were wholly unknown, and, therefore, no houses were for rent.

There was nothing left for him to do but to purchase a residence for himself, and there being little demand for real estate he got the old-fashioned native dwelling or group of houses, together with three acres of land, for little more than he expected to pay annually for rent. His purchase was, however, uninhabitable for any but Koreans, and he was compelled to spend a good deal of money in improvements, an example which has been followed by his successors, until the walls of several of the houses, which were once plaster, are now brick; the paper windows are finely glazed, and the United States compound enjoys the distinction of being the most artistic, substantial and comfortable of all the foreign legations in Seoul, with gardens that are one of the sights of the town.

The minister's residence covers a large area, being all on one floor, and is built around a central court. In summer it is a desirable home, but in winter many stoves and tons of coal are required to make it comfortable. The office building is hundreds of years old, but it has been practically made over, preserving the characteristic architecture. Its interior and that of the residence are considered unsurpassed, from an artistic point of view, in all Corea.—New York Tribune.



Naturally History.

A French surgeon at Smyrna, was unable to procure a stork, and finding great difficulty in doing so, on account of the extreme veneration in which these birds are held by the Turks, stole all the eggs out of a nest and replaced them with those of a hen. In course of time the young chickens made their appearance, much to the astonishment of the old stork couple. Soon after the male stork went away; and was not seen for two or three days, when he returned with an immense crowd of his companions, who all assembled in the place, and formed a circle, taking no notice of the numerous spectators which so unusual an occurrence had collected. Mrs. Stork was then enticed forward into the midst of the circle, and after some consultation the whole flock fell upon her and tore her to pieces; after which they immediately dispersed and the nest was abandoned.

A pair of martens, having built in a corner of a window, one of which, from a remarkable white feather in one of its wings, was known to be the same bird which had built there the year before, had no sooner finished their nest than a strange swallow conceived the plan of taking possession of the property and once or twice actually succeeded in driving the owners out. For a week there was constant battling. At length the two rightful owners were observed to be very busily engaged in lessening the entrance into the nest, which, in a short time, was so reduced that it was with difficulty that they could force themselves into it singly. When they had accomplished their object, one or other of them always remained within, with its bill sticking out, ready to receive any sudden attack. The enemy persevered for a week, but at length, finding his prospects hopeless, left the pair to enjoy the fruits of their forethought.

All in Due Time.

It was Mark Twain, if I remember rightly, who pointed out the ingratitude and inconsistency of the human race in neglecting during all these years to put up a memorial to Adam, to whom (under Providence) the whole race practically owes its existence, while erecting monuments to so many worthies of later date, whose services to posterity are comparatively insignificant. We are getting on in that direction, however. King Alfred is to have a commemoration, and it takes it for granted) a statue. Hengist and Horsa will no doubt have their turn next. There is hope for Adam yet. Everything comes to him who waits.—Truth.

England's Oldest Actress.

England's oldest living actress is Mary Anne Keeley, who is now in her ninety-third year. When she was 90, Queen Victoria invited her to visit Buckingham palace, and on being asked afterward if she felt nervous at the first encounter, she replied: "Nervous? Certainly not. Her majesty received me like the great lady she is, and put me at my ease at once."—Kansas City Journal.

The Eye Shows Age.

The eye is the first feature to show the approach of old age in man, by the fading of the cold; at the circumference of the cornea.