

THE SPITFIRE.

We were not a bit alike, and had few tastes in common, but, some way, Myra Seymour and I had been rather intimate since childhood. She was small, dark, vivacious, I, tall, fair, quiet. I was the younger by two years, but she liked to have people think me ever so much older than she, and I never took the trouble to say I wasn't. She was one of my bridesmaids, and kept up her habit of running in at all hours to see me. Karl often said it was a great nuisance, and, that evening—six months after our wedding day—I did wish that she had stayed away. I had a new book that I wanted Karl to read to me, and was terribly put out when he said, as Myra finally arose to go:

"Wait a moment, Miss Myra. I am going downtown and will take you home, if you really can't stay a while longer with Jeanne. That is, if Tom Benton's not coming for you."

Myra giggled and pretended to blush behind her muff.

"What a tease you are, Mr. Ramsay. Why should Mr. Benton come for me? Jeanne, you naughty old married woman, what have you been telling your husband? Sorry I can't stay"—as Karl left the room—but Tom said he would come in about 8, and I'm not sure that anybody knows where I am."

"Of course, in that case I cannot ask you to remain," I said, lightly, and went into the hall, where my husband was putting on his overcoat.

"Don't go, Karl," I whispered in the shelter of his arms. "I'm not at all well, and I do want you to read to me."

"I am sorry, sweetheart, but I promised to meet a man at the Ebbitt. I won't be gone long. You know I'd rather much stay with my precious wife."

"I know nothing of the kind"—more crossly than I had ever before spoken to him—and went back to Myra, only turning my cheek when he tried to kiss me at the door. When they were gone I flew up to my room, and, throwing myself on the lounge, gave way to my pent-up tears.

"I do wish that Myra had stayed at home for once!" I sobbed. "I might have coaxed Karl to stay if she had



PRETENDED TO BLUSH.

not been here, but I was afraid I'd cry before her. Eight o'clock! I wonder how long he will be gone! I wish I had kissed him!"

Presently, springing up, I cried:

"Why did Myra look at Karl that way? And why was he so anxious to take her home? I'll follow them. They cannot have gone far," and, throwing a large cloak over my light gown, and never thinking of my slipped feet, I went out into the winter night. It was cloudy, and there was a hint of snow in the air, but I did not mind it as I hurried on across the avenue into the Smithsonian grounds, where something told me I would find them. I saw no one until, after a long, long time, I caught sight of Myra and my husband walking slowly, absorbed in each other and never looking back. I crept up until I could have touched them.

"We managed nicely, didn't we, Karl?" laughed Myra. "Jeanne, the cold, proper creature, suspects nothing, and mother thinks I'm with Jeanne many a time when I'm with you. It's mighty hard sometimes to pretend indifference, and you'd better quit kissing Jeanne before me. I'll tell the whole thing out if you try me too far. I'm not the iceberg that Jeanne is!"

"You are a dear little spitfire!" he said, drawing her to a seat and taking her in his arms to rain kisses on her face. I leaned against a tree behind them and bit my lip almost through to keep from screaming. "It is too bad," he went on, "that we never thought of falling in love with each other until it was too late, but our love is all the sweeter for being stolen. It is well enough for you to be engaged to Tom Benton—it keeps people from suspecting us—but don't marry him. Something may happen, you know, to set us free, and then—with another rapturous embrace—"my spitfire will know how I love her."

Chilled to the heart by his cruel words, I turned away. Where could I go? What could I do? The world was at an end for me, and I felt that I was indeed dying, as I sank to the ground, with the snow falling softly over me. A voice—far away—called to me:

"Jeanne, Jeanne my darling, what is the matter? Wake up."

I looked around bewildered. I was in my husband's arms, in my own pretty sitting-room, and my eyes falling upon the clock say that it was just seven minutes past 8.

"I couldn't bear to stay away when you felt so badly about it," said Karl, smoothing my hair, "so, when we met Tom coming after Myra, I turned her over to him and hurried back. Wish they'd marry! Maybe she would have less time to come bothering us."—Boston Post.

HOUSEKEEPING ON STEAMSHIP.

Amount of Food Eaten by Passengers on an Ocean Liner.

"One tidy little refrigerator about six feet wide and twice that depth is the buttermilk stall in this market under the sea," writes Helen C. Candee, in an exchange. "Little tubs of butter are arranged on shelves to the amount of 5,000 pounds, and in company with these are 20,000 eggs. Twenty-five hundred quarts of milk and cream are stored in a separate room, all having been sterilized. This market has a room especially for salt meats, and here are hams, bacon and tongues to the amount of 4,000 pounds. There are some articles of food without which the epicure would be unhappy, and which must be alive when cooked. Chief among these are oysters, of which 16,000 are carried to meet the wants of the passengers. Clams are only provided to the number of 1,500. Lobsters are not abundantly supplied; 700 pounds is all the storeroom shelters. This market in the bottom of the ship contains, besides the things mentioned, fruits, green vegetables and an enormous stock of groceries. The latter is only limited by space, for groceries are not perishable goods and will keep for one voyage until another until used. Tea and coffee are used in large amounts—about thirty-three pounds a day of tea and fifty pounds of coffee. Perishable supplies are taken on board in proportion to the number of passengers booked, and anything of this kind which is left over when the ship reaches port is eaten by the crew.

"Away down in the bottom of the ship the chief steward has a market of his own, one which he has stocked and from which he draws, thus serving in the double capacity of merchant and customer. Here is an enormous refrigerator, and is presided over by a steward who is responsible for every pound of meat within it. Before the ship slips from the dock this room is stocked, for a full ship, with 20,000 pounds of beef, 2,000 pounds of veal and 3,000 pounds of mutton. From hooks along the walls and ceiling of another refrigerator hang bunches of birds, very much as dried corn and peppers hang from the rafters of old farmhouses. As many chickens as can be tied together are hung until 4,000 pounds are stored away. Ducks are not as popular as chickens, therefore 700 pounds only are provided—about 100 pounds' allowance for each day. Turkeys are liked, and 1,000 pounds must be provided for the demands of the cook. Pigeons, squabs and other small birds, these are reckoned in pieces, and it is calculated that the family which floats across the ocean will devour 1,600 birds."

MAGNIFICENT LAZINESS.

A New Orleans Tramp Holds the Record for Ease.

At about noon a fat and healthy-looking, but phenomenally tattered, tramp sat furtively dozing on a bench in Lafayette square, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The near-by tablet of the geodetic survey announced that he was in exactly latitude 29 degrees 56 minutes 59 seconds and longitude 90 degrees 4 minutes 9 seconds, but the fact disturbed him not. Leaning back luxuriously, he appeared to be bursting from every seam of his dilapidated attire, and as he passed in and out of cat naps he nodded solemnly, like a porcelain mandarin. His legs were crossed and his suspended foot was in a shoe from which most of the forward portion of the sole was missing, exposing his bare and dirty toes from below. It was held to his foot by a string tied around his instep; in fact, he was literally "on his uppers," a circumstance which bothered him as little as the geodetic tablet. Presently, in one of his waking intervals, he espied a half-smoked cigar stump lying on the pavement about a yard from the bench. For a moment he surveyed it calmly, dispassionately, almost judicially. Then he executed a remarkable strategic movement. Without stirring the upper portion of his body, he slowly uncrossed his legs, lowered his foot accurately and deliberately over the treasure trove, gripped it in a convulsive clutch of his toes, reversed the motion, raised his foot, carrying with it the stump, crossed his legs, languidly stretched forth his hand and secured his prize. A gouty clubman, who was out for a constitutional and who had watched the proceeding from another bench, was lost in admiration. "Why the man is a wonder!" he exclaimed to a friend. "There is something magnificent, almost supernatural in such laziness as that! He has elevated it to an art, to a—hold, it would be a thousand pities if he were disturbed for a match. I must offer him one!" The gouty clubman arose with difficulty, hobbled down the walk, and, drawing a silver match-case from his pocket, extended it with a polite bow. The tramp manifested no surprise, but slowly extracted a match and ignited the stump. "Tanks," he murmured, and closed his eyes. "He is superb!" said the clubman when he rejoined his friend; "he is a record-breaker! He is the laziest man in the world!"

Innocent Amusement.

Caller—"Isn't your little boy rather young to take so much interest in the newspaper?" Chicago Mother—"Yes, he is only 4 years old, but he has the keenest sense of humor I ever saw. He spends nearly all his time reading the editorials in the St. Louis daily papers."

The Boston City hospital took care of 19,000 persons last year.

FUR AND FEATHERS.

Fairly Flew During a Fight Between Ostrich and Kangaroo.

Chicago Chronicle: It was evident from the opening of the new animal reservation in Lincoln park that there was bad blood between the lone ostrich and the scarcely less consoled kangaroo, but Keeper De Vry, knowing their peculiarities, thought that the entente cordial might be restored after a few months' sojourn in a foreign land. The long-eared animal with the muzzle of a rabbit and the legs of a grasshopper, seemed disposed to make overtures, but the bird was obdurate and manifested his unfeigned dislike for the antipodean. From the date of the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries contest in the east the ostrich treated his neighbor with disregard, which the kangaroo fruitlessly sought to correct in physical encounter. Twice up to yesterday the two disagreeable members of the colony came to blows, but the meeting was indecisive. While the Sunday crowd was surging around the great inclosure near the lake the ostrich took the kangaroo's tail in his bill and pulled it savagely. Now, a kangaroo is peculiarly tender about that section of his anatomy and "Bob," no matter how indispensed he might be on ordinary occasions, could not afford from ordinary self-respect to let such an insult pass unnoticed. There was a clean break-away, another grapple and fur and feathers went flying. The ostrich had the right ear of the beast in his powerful bill and seemed to be rapidly disengaging it from the rest of his body. "Bob," on the other hand, had grasped the bird in bear fashion about the midships and appeared to have the better of the argument. Mr. De Vry overheard the fuss and, rushing into the reservation, disengaged the principals, with the aid of half a dozen assistants. Kangaroo and ostrich were wended like genuine prize-fighters and had to be carried away. Hereafter they will occupy separate and widely removed quarters.

ARTOMOBILE REGULATIONS IN FRANCE.

In view of the ban put upon the use of these vehicles on the Chicago boulevards and in the city parks by the park commissioners, the following statement of regulations adopted in France, which has been transmitted by Consul General Gowdy from Paris, is of interest:

Every type of vehicle employed must offer complete conditions of security in its mechanism, its steering gear, and its brakes. The constructors of automobiles must have the specifications of each type of machine verified by the service des mines. After a certificate of such verification has been granted by the service des mines, the constructor is at liberty to manufacture an unlimited number of vehicles.

Each vehicle must bear the following indications: (1) The name of the constructor, the indication of the type of machine, and the number of the vehicle in that type; (2) the name and domicile of its owner. No one may drive an automobile who is not the holder of a certificate of capacity delivered by the prefect of the department in which he resides, granted with the consent of the service des mines. A certificate of special capacity will be granted for conductors of motorcycles of a weight inferior to 150 kilograms (330 pounds).

Every proprietor of an automobile should, before using it on the public streets, address a declaration to the prefect, who will acknowledge receipt of such declaration.

The conductor of an automobile must always have the regulation of the speed well in hand. He will slow down or, if necessary, will stop each time the vehicle may be the cause of an accident, of disorder, or of an interruption of the traffic.

In narrow or crowded thoroughfares, the speed must be reduced to walking pace. In no case may the speed exceed 30 kilometers (18.6 miles) an hour in the open country, or 20 kilometers (12.4 miles) an hour when passing houses.

Racing is allowed, provided that authorization be obtained from the prefect and that the mayors be warned. In racing, the speed of 30 kilometers an hour may be exceeded in the open country, but when passing houses the maximum of 20 kilometers must not be exceeded.

The approach of an automobile must, if necessary, be signaled by means of a trumpet. Each automobile must be provided with two lamps—one white, the other green.

Queen Victoria's Eyesight.

The British Medical Journal declares that the recently revived reports of the queen's blindness were "erroneous and misleading." Her eyesight, it declares, has been somewhat impaired on account of advancing years. "But," it adds, "we are glad to be in a position to say that the deterioration has ceased to be progressive, and that the queen's eyesight has in no respect become worse during the last few years. All reports to the contrary, as well as the rumor of any impending or even contemplated operation, are, therefore, pure invention."

Lake Tuna Bed.

Lake Murat, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years, owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants, which are not known in any other lake in the world. In France and Belgium elections are always held on Sundays.

DESTINY OF MEXICO.

WILL FINALLY BE A PART OF UNITED STATES.

Steady, Peaceful Invasion—Introduction of American Capital and Products—The Mexicans Do Not Appear to Realize the Extent of Their Progress.

Ten years' living in Mexico has convinced one man that the future of that country is apparent. There is no alternative; American capital is making great strides, and the conclusion reached by this man, who is a prominent merchant of the City of Mexico, is that Americans, continuing as they now are doing in building railroads, working and taking possession of the mines, which are vastly wealthy, taking hold of the agricultural lands and cultivating them, introducing American machinery, etc., little by little will see their emigration to that country increase proportionately with the capital they are investing. They are bound, in course of time, he says, to become so numerous that the number of intelligent and progressive men they will have in that country will be large enough to justify the idea that they will be a moral power, helping to the progress of the country and giving them the right not only to express their opinions, but also to influence the political future of Mexico.

Everything is gradually framing itself to have the country under the control of Americans. How long it will take until, by their numbers, they will amount equal, if not surpass, the number of good thinking Mexicans, according to this merchant, it is difficult to say, but surely in fifty years at most the influence of Americans will be so great that they will naturally be the masters of the country. And this will have been accomplished, he says, without having had to shed a drop of blood.

That country, he says, is bound at some time to be included within the boundaries of the United States. There is no great enmity between the two countries, neither is there any great sympathy. The evolution will not come as a result of conflict, nor will it come by right of purchase. But it will come as a matter predestined, the possible boundaries of the United States are not fixed, and as the country has widened out from the thirteen original states, broadening its influence and power, taking within its scope the surrounding territories, so eventually must Mexico be taken in, says this man from Mexico.

Ten years ago, or just after Mexico had taken its initial steps toward making the wonderful progress for which today it has world-wide fame, it was something remarkable to see an American in the City of Mexico. But this cannot be said of the present day. The fact of the matter is, at present one cannot walk a square in the principal streets of the capital city without meeting at least half a dozen Americans. This element in that city is now so numerous that, stepping from the doorway of the Hotel Iturbide, which is patronized generally by Americans, and going up to the Alameda, one of the principal public parks, it may be observed that Americans gradually are taking an upper hand.

In the principal street, as well as in a number of streets in the north, south and west portions of the city, the greater portion of the stores are occupied by American agents. In addition to this, in a number of the residences along these thoroughfares offices are being established by American manufacturers and agents for American goods. These agencies represent all kinds of American machinery, bicycles, photo supplies, furniture, safes, etc. There are shoe stores run by Americans, and there are American newspapers. All are progressing rapidly where ten years ago there could be found nothing American making any headway.

The scope of the business gradually coming under the control of the Americans is widening it. They are taking up the industries of the natives. Already several ore-buying establishments are under the management of Americans. One of these, probably the largest in the country, is La Gran Fundicion Nacional Mexicana, owned by Messrs. Guggenheim, and still another of great magnitude is owned by the Consolidated Kansas City Smelting and Refining company. There are several others, but these two are especially worthy of note.

Almost all the railroads of Mexico have been built and are managed by Americans, and the number of Americans employed on these roads in different capacities is so large that near the central station of the City of Mexico there has been established a colony which is almost exclusively American. The hotels and boarding-houses, the restaurants and other places, all are managed with a view of affording comfort and convenience for the foreigners.

The wealth of Mexico, so far as the undeveloped mines are concerned, cannot be realized, says this merchant. In variety and quality the products of the mines are far superior to that of any other country in the world. Up to a few years ago, before the American element became so large in the country, most of the mines were worked after the old Spanish system. Since the great influx of Americans, with new ideas, a large percentage of the mines are equipped with the most modern machinery, as well for the mining as for the treatment of the ores. Among the mining districts there are

several, and especially one, where the American element is so large that the Mexicans working in the mines under them are obliged by circumstances to learn to speak the English language, it being easier for them than it is for the Americans to learn to speak Spanish. And then it sometimes is necessary for them to do so in order to obtain employment.

In various other ways is the American element gradually regulating the industrial side of Mexico. In Architectural work, in civil engineering and in many other directions the Mexican government appears to be imitating the North American ideas of civilization more than the European. And with all these advances toward becoming Americanized the people of the country apparently are not aware of the inevitable future of the country. They have no special hatred for the Americans who have invaded their domains, nor do they appear to think of what will come of the rapid development of the American ideas. They are said to figure only from a commercial viewpoint. For example, it is thought that for every dollar taken out of the mines by the Americans double that amount is put into it in the way of improvements in conducting the work. So it is along other lines.

COAL OF THE WORLD.

The coal production and consumption of the world during the last fifteen years are presented in some tables just prepared by the treasury bureau of statistics. These show that while the United Kingdom is still the largest coal producer of the world, the United States is a close second, and if the present rate of gain is continued, will soon become the leading coal-producing country of the world, says the Scientific American. The coal production of the United Kingdom in 1897 was 202,000,000 tons; that of the United States, 179,000,000 tons; Germany, 91,000,000; France, 30,000,000; Belgium, 22,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 12,000,000; Russia, nearly 10,000,000; Australasia, nearly 5,000,000; Japan, over 5,000,000; British India, 4,000,000; Canada, nearly 4,000,000, and Spain, 2,000,000, while no other country reached 1,000,000 tons in production.

As an exporter of coal the United States takes low rank in proportion to its production, and stands fourth in the list of coal-exporting countries. In 1897 the exportations of coal from the United Kingdom were 48,000,000 tons; from Germany, 12,000,000 tons; from Belgium, over 6,000,000, and from the United States, a little less than 4,000,000, though in 1898 the quantity exported was slightly above 4,000,000 tons. Australasia comes next to the United States as a coal-exporting country, her exports amounting to nearly 3,000,000 tons, while France exported about 2,500,000, Japan 2,000,000 and Canada about 1,250,000 tons in 1897.

France is the largest coal-importing country, her importations in 1897 being nearly 12,000,000 tons, while Germany imported 6,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 5,600,000; Italy, 4,250,000; Canada, nearly 4,000,000; Belgium, nearly 3,000,000; Russia, 2,500,000; Sweden, over 2,500,000; the United States, nearly 1,500,000; Australasia, 1,000,000 tons, while no other country imported as much as 1,000,000 tons.

Great Britain is the largest consumer of coal in proportion to population, her coal consumption in 1897 being 3.87 tons per capita, that of Belgium 2.70 tons, the United States 2.42, Germany, 1.58, Canada, 1.25, France, 0.98, Australasia 0.97, Sweden 0.50, Austria-Hungary 0.37, Spain 0.19, Italy 0.13, Russia 0.09 and Japan 0.07 of a ton per capita.

YOUNG INVENTOR.

Horace Greeley's Grandnephew Is a Prodigy.

There are not many boys of 16 who can construct electric motors, induction coils, a pocket telegraph and make apparatus by which the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy can be separated.

Edwin C. Donnell, a little New York lad, who enjoys the distinction of a grandnephewship to Horace Greeley, has mastered all these electrical mysteries, and bids fair to be the twentieth century Edison.

Young Donnell is regarded as an electrical wonder by his family and friends. He has always been a thoughtful and studious boy. Three years ago he picked up a weekly publication for boys and girls and read an article on electricity. It aroused his keenest interest. From that day to this he has devoted his spare time to the study of electrical laws, and after many months of solid effort, his reward has been the construction of a wireless telegraph system, based on the ideas of Marconi. His ambition is now to telegraph across the Hudson River, according to the Marconi system.

Her View of It.

"My dear," said Dawson the other evening, looking up from his paper, "here is an article from the pen of an eminent physician, in which he says sleeping in the daytime is very injurious to the health." "Well, that's just like a man," answered Mrs. Dawson. "They are always trying to trump up some excuse for staying away from church."

Proper Thing Now.

"Why do you say he is not up to date?" "He hasn't been through bankruptcy yet."

BULL FIGHTING IN FRANCE.

Spain Cannot Furnish Better Sport Than That Given to Provincials.

French legislation against bull-fighting is clearly taken as a joke in southern France, says the London Chronicle. At Nimes, as we have often pointed out, there is no difference in the "sport," of which that magnificent Roman remains, the Arenes, is the scene several times a year, and that which one witnesses in Spain, while at Beziers, Bayonne and Perpignan the bulls are killed after a mild protest, savoring of comic opera, by the local authorities. At Marseilles (according to our Paris correspondent) the scene on Ascension day was unusually lively. Two celebrated matadors, Guerita and Coneljito, were specially engaged. Out of the six bulls killed one had been rather unfairly treated. The audience demanded a seventh, but Guerita refused. An affray followed, during which the spectators flung the chairs and footstools at the heads of the bullfighters. In the end the police cleared the area and arrested a handful of rioters. Moreover, there seems very good reason to believe the pleasure caterers for the British visitors at Boulogne intend this summer, with the cooperation of the civic authorities, to conduct that town with bull fights on a full scale. It may be hoped that French opinion, which in the north at least, is, we believe, largely antagonistic to bullfighting, will protest energetically against this proposal.

ARE WOMEN STINGY?

There is a fine old masculine prejudice that women, as a class, are stingy. The whole question hangs closely on to the power of earning money, and the woman who makes her own life and her own living, is rarely guilty of the vice of parsimony. The horrors of a rigid domestic economy are usually practiced by wives to whom a weekly dole for housekeeping is handed out; women who, not possessing a penny of their own and having no pin money settled upon them at marriage, are tempted to pinch and scrape in order to put something by for themselves.

The woman who earns, on the other hand, especially one who earns on a large scale, is more often than not open-handed to a fault. The case of a novelist—the late Mrs. Oliphant—is one in point. This courageous pen woman lived always on the fat of the land, traveled en princesse, sent her sons to Eton and to Oxford and practiced all the amenities of life. Although a good Scotswoman, we are told by a writer in Blackwood that she hated small economies. To travel expensive was her way. She never would travel second-class. She had none of what she calls 'the faculty of economies' in her. She stayed at the very best and most expensive hotels; she dressed in the richest of silks and satins.

Mrs. Oliphant, in short, though a trifle daring in her expenditure, is a good type of the open-handed working woman. There are at least two famous English authoresses today who live—and entirely by their own exertions—like the wives of peers. They have town and country mansions; they go to Italy, to Egypt, to Japan, when the fancy takes them; they drive the most showy horses; they entertain like South African millionaires. To think of them as mean is to imagine an impossibility. They earn large sums and they are at considerable pains to spend them as quickly and as joyously as may be.

It is the same with actresses and singers. The princely hospitalities of a certain diva are world-famous. Your popular actress, as a rule, would like to have four hands with which to throw her money about, and she does it, indeed, to such effect that a monster benefit is usually got up to supply her with the necessaries of life toward the close of her career. It is possible, indeed, that women in this connection, are somewhat akin to gamblers. If they make money with ease—or, at any rate, with not too strenuous toil—they are prone to spend it in the most tolerably light-hearted fashion.

Social Revivals by the Social Engineers.

Social revivals somewhat after the manner of religious revivals, with certain features of questionable utility eliminated, have been begun by the League for Social Service, whose president, Dr. Josiah Strong, and secretary, Dr. W. H. Tolman, call themselves "social engineers." A series of meetings held under their auspices in Trenton recently dealt with such questions as "Improved Housing," "Public Baths," "Municipal Housekeeping," "Picture History of Labor," and "The Problem of the City Child." All classes of people attended these meetings, and similar movements are to be started shortly in other cities.

Wisdom Induced by Experience.

Messenger—"Here's a package for you, sir." Wederly—"What is it?" Messenger—"I'm not sure, sir, but I think it is a birthday present from your wife." Wederly—"Oh, very well. Just leave the bill and I'll send a check for the amount around in the morning."

Appreciation.

Mauve—"This is not my best work. I only painted it to keep the wolf from the door."

His Friend—"Hang it out. It will be a success.—Harper's Bazaar."

The favorite in a horse race is the one that wins when you don't bet on him.