I think I may fairly claim to know most people for I have known him all my life.

Therefore, when he told me one afternoon that he was going to be married, I felt in a position to pity the girl from the bottom of my heart, "Monty," by the way, is a contraction of "Monument," a name I specially invented, as summing up nearly both his physical and mental aspect.

He was tall and extremely handsome, after the style of the later and more degenerate Greek gods bearing on every feature and in every movement the stamp of languor and of laziness.

He is Indolence personified, and, indeed, if you take that away, there remains little or nothing but Obstinacy (with a big O). This combination blended together by a thick solution of self-complacency, produces, metaphorically speaking, a stone wall.

You cannot argue with him; he will neither be convinced himself nor be at the trouble of convincing you. You cannot interest him against his will, and he seldom wishes to be interested. Finally, you cannot even have the satisfaction of quarreling with him, for he will not be roused, and looks on your supremest efforts to anger him with the easy tolerance of a victorious Perseus watching Medusa's snaky locks entwine themselves around his fingers, and strive to make him relax his hold.

At one moment of our lives he would have had me believe in his lordly way that he was not unwilling to link my destiny with him. But, strange to relate, I remained unmoved by the golden prospect of his companionship, protracted indefinitely-perhaps eternally -and his tentative hints lapsed into oblivion. To return to the afternoon in question. Being aware of his artistic temperment, I naturally jumped at the conclusion that his choice had fallen on a "daughter of the gods." "Oh, no," he said in his slow way, "a

beautiful woman is delightful to look at, but not to marry. She would be impossible to manage."

'Then is she young?" I asked, although my curiosity was somewhat

"Just 17," he observed, thoughtfully, know." and was surprised at my exclamation.

ousness were to be the hourly accompaniment of my married life I should be afraid of the consequences. It is Jemima. Now, you may say (and with more of Monty's peculiarities than perfect truth) that "Mimmie" is not particularly melodious, but at least you will admit that nothing can be weese than Jemima, and anything might be

"By the way," said Monty, after a pause, "I believe there was a time when I had a fancy for you, Mimmie, and thought you might not make me a bad wife."

"There may have been," I answered calmly, "for I can distinctly remember a time when I decided that certainly you would make me a bad husband."

And Monty bestowed upon me one of those all-forgiving, albeit sad, glances that are so abnormally irritating when one is trying one's best to snub him.

After Monty's casual remark I was surprised to find Effie a nice looking girl, though with, of course, no preiensions to the Junoesque that Monty demands of his ideal woman. She was young, indeed, but had an old fashioned way with her that was infinitely attractive. I had guessed intuitively that she had neither father nor mother, although many people might say that this was judging my cousin too harshly. Her guardians were an elderly uncle and aunt, who didn't mind what she did as long as she didn't worry them, so I was glad to help her with her trousseau, and see as much of her as

I soon discovered that Monty objected to her having so many friends. "Lancelot," as she was made to call him, thought "gadding about" showed

'empty headedness." "But, my dear child," I exclaimed, he surely doesn't expect you to drop your friends just because you are going to marry him? Why, you will want them

more than ever. What do you suppose you'll do when he's at work all day?' "Then he hasn't told you he's going to resign the partnership?" said Effle

My heart froze and the fact must have been clearly evident to her, for she hastened to add: "You don't think he spoils me too much, do you, in giving it up for my sake?"

And the recording angel should put it to my credit that I only answered. "Effie, if he ever spoils you let me

Yesterday I tackled him.



MAN AND WOMAN WITH GLOW-ING FACES.

A Remarkable Phenomenon Discovered in California-The People Shunned the Man as They Would an Evil Spirit-Was Dying of Consumption.

"A friend has just told me of a singular experience," said a Los Angeles physician. "He has a considerable practice in the mining camps in Sonora, being employed by a large company to attend the miners. A Mexican went to him one day and said that there was a man starving to death on the outskirts of town. The physician went to the place indicated, but he had some difficulty in locating the man, as no one would go with him, all, especially the women, being frightened at what they called the fire man. Finally he found the shanty, in which lay a man in an advanced state of consumption. He was evidently in need of food and was quite alone.

'Is there anything curious about me?' the man immediately asked the doctor. 'The people all shun me as they would the evil one, and say I am the fire man. Shut the door and look at me.'

"The doctor closed the door and windows, so that the room became perfectly dark, and then he saw that about the man's face was a pronounced aureole of light. His face gave out light, and the doctor told the sick man

'Shall I burn up?' asked the man. "'Oh, no,' replied the doctor. 'It is something very rare, and the people think you are a ghost.' The man died soon after.

"I remember that Carpenter somewhere cites a similar case-that of a man who emitted a faint light that caused him to be deserted by every one. There was an instance of a woman who was luminous in Florence, Italy, and created no little excitement; but in this case the cause was electricity, as the light was not visible except when she was rubbed, when her entire body glowed with a rich light. By rubbing her cheeks at night she could produce the light, and she so terrified the people, especially the ignorant peasantry, that the authorities had to interfere. Dr. Phipson, an accurate observer, states that he has seen a phosphorescent gleam in the eyes of a monkey in complete darkness, and a South American naturalist confirms this. He was traveling at night and had taken refuge in a tree during a heavy storm. The darkness was intense, not a gleam of light appearing anywhere, when suddenly he saw near him two flery lights. Thinking it might be a panther, he raised the gun which he carried and fired point-blank and heard some heavy body fall into the brush. The next a large monkey, the luminous objects having been its eyes."

HE FORCED A COMPROMISE.

With His Antagonist in a Well, the Storekeeper Had the Advantage.

From the Kansas City Journal: Charley Sheldon tells a funny story on H. D. Shepard, who is well known as president of the Burlingame bank. In the early days of Osage county Shepard kept a little store and tried to farm, and on one occasion he dug a well on his farm with the assistance of Joe Richards, a neighbor. One day Richards was working down in the well and Shepard was handling the windlass at the top, when a rancher came along and wanted something out of the store. Shepard shouted down the well to Richards that he would be gone only a minute and then went with the rancher to the store. White at the store another rancher came along and wanted to trade Shepard some cattle. Shepard, being the most absent-minded man that ever lived, went with the rancher into the coun-"And why not?" he said, "Isn't a try. Returning at night, he went to bed, still forgetting the man down in "Most emphatically no," I rejoined, the well. But about 4 o'clock in the to a realization of the situation. Has-"My dear Mimmie," he begged pite- tily dressing, he went out to the well word and Shepard knew that he would "And," I interrupted, "what do you keep a promise, so he sat down by the wellside and opened negotiations. A Monty actually gasped. Then he re- man who had been down in a well 22 is not in condition to conduct a very "She will want to be what I make extended debate and Shepard soon extracted a promise from Joe that he wouldn't show fight when he got to the surface. Then the rope was low-

ared and the prisoner set free.

Peatiferous Higher Criticism. New York Post: The Home Magazine recalls a good story which Dr. Newman Hall used to tell on the lecture platform. An illiterate negro preacher said to his congregation: 'My brethren, when de fust man. Adam, was made, he was made oh wet clay, and set up agin de palings to dry." "Do you say," said one of the congregation, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay, an' set up agin de palings to dry?" "Yes, sar, I do." "Who made the palings?" "Sit down, sar," said the preacher sternly; "such questions as dat would upset any system of the-

ology. Costly Liquid Air. you? Jagge-Because I was leaded.

MAN-EATING LIONS. Tricks of the Savage Beasts in Thek

Native Jungles. When lions become man-eaters thes inert and treacherous brutes take ne unnecessary trouble to catch men, and while human beings are plentiful, none of them undertake perilous enterprises or proceed on any haphazard expeditions. They know what to do and where to go that prey may be procured with the least amount of risk or exertion. Such a lion is well aware of who tills this cornfield or that mealie patch. He has informed himself of herds, where any outlying camps are situated, and how they are guarded proceed or traffic is carried on that such animals have not studied with refsent natural difficulties the lion not only considers how these can be overplements for offense stands little in large masses. On the other hand, those precautions taken by a murderous lion might not seem to comport per attributed to this species. But such a discrepancy has no real existence; it sideration. This animal's intelligence, developed in man-eaters to its ... nest point, together with an organic stealthiness of nature and strategems, fully accounts for everything a lion does in the way of guarding against failure

GIVES FREELY TO CHARITY.

Portugal's Queen Devotes Her Time and Money to Doing Good.

From Harper's Weekly: We hear less about Portugal than about Spain at any time, and of late have heard less than usual. The queen of Portugal is a sovereign deserving a long mark for her interest in hospitals and hygiene, and also in the welfare of the children of poverty. At Alcantara she founded, in 1893, a dispensary peculiarinvalids, as pleasantly situated as possible, and spaciously planned, combinevery day the queen herself goes to the and again assisting in the surgery Sevorder, a favorite of the queen's, but the whole, be trusted. the eminent Portuguese physician, Dr. Silva Carvalho, heads the staff of medical workers. In one year (1895) there were given to the building 8,559 consultations, 63,704 rations from the diet kitchen, 32,521 bandages, 76,480 prescriptions and 470 vaccinations. The milk and vegetables are furnished gratis by the queen, and the medical supplies are also defrayed by her. Fifteen hundred babies were treated in one twelvemonth. It is said that there is not any royal charity of the sort in Europe so efficiently managed, with the additional active co-operation of the founder.

ROSA BONHEUR'S VANITY.

She Insisted on Having Her Feet in the

Portrait Because of Their Small Size. Nobody who ever saw Rosa Bonheur's picture would believe her guilty of any personal vanity. A blue jeans blouse and breeches are not the dress of a woman who thinks much about her looks. But the painter was proud of her feet. Once an English artist painted her portrait. She was satisfied with it, but noticed one detail with disapproval, "But my feet," she asked, where are they? You must put my boots in because I have such small feet." They were small in reality, but in the general carelessness of the artist's attire they did not come in for much attention. She was as proud of her Legion of Honor medal as of her feet, and it always had an especial value in her eyes, because she got it from the Empress Eugenie's own hand. Most of the women in Paris who have the order are in religious life. One is an actress. This is Marie Laurent, said to be the oldest actress on the French stage. She received the medal, not for her achievements as an actress, but as the head of the Actors' Orphanage, a home for the orphan children of actors left without means,

Couldn't Fool the Old Man.

A young men sent to his father, an old farmer in the country, his photograph, accompanied with a request for aid, as he was poor. The old man looked at the photograph, and then responded: "You can't cheat me, you young dog. You can't be very poor to be livin' among them marble vases, 'nd statues, 'nd flowers, 'nd nice furniture, such as your photygraph shows."

Uge for Shark Oil.

The best watchmakers' oil comes from the jaw of the shark. About haif a pint is found in each fish.

A Parting Shot.

veterate Bookworm. One does not look to the street merchant who vends peanuts and popcorn for a high degree of literary culture, but there is at least one man who follows that occupation who knows enough to acceptably fill a professorship in the big school down by the Midway. He is a native of sunny Italy and he lives in Nashville. Under his display of peanuts Vincente Costello always has a box of books, one of which he reads in every leisure mohow many men accompany the village nient he can snatch from business. But he will rarely talk of books; the shrewd people have a way of getting There is no route by which travelers into a discussion before him, which warms him into exhibiting his learning. He speaks and reads Italian, erence to the facilities for attack they French and English, and has a smatafford and their own bodily powers. It tering of German. He has rare old otherwise good strategic positions pre- chronicles, French and Italian, many editions of Shakespeare, some of them magnificently illustrated and bound. come, but perhaps practices his part He would go in rags if he had not beforehand. At all events, he has money for both books in clothes, said been watched while engaged in exer- his dark-eyed Italian wife, whose cises that can only be explained in great delight is to keep his book case this way. So puny a creature as a man in good condition. He has a dozen Biis when unprovided with effective im- bles, Greek and Latin classics, the works of Boileau, Molier, Rousseau, chance against such a foe-an assailant | Guizot and Victor Hugo complete, volhaving forty times his strength, backed umes written by Dante and Ariosto by marvelous activity and an intense and Italian and English encyclopepassion for carnage. Under these cir- dias. He owns few novels but has a cumstances savages can only shut splendid set of Dickens' works in forthemselves up or assault their enemy ty-four volumes, with the original Cruikshank illustrations, which he bestowed, on her eleventh birthday, upon his daughter, of whom he is makwith that bold and often reckless tem- ing a planist. It would be a liberal education in English to read the English books of this library from the time of only appears when a judgment is made | Chaucer to that of Herbert Spencer. without taking all the facts into con- He is not a mere bookworm, but an intelligent and reflective reader.

VENDS PEANUTS AND STUDIES

Street Corner Merchant Who Is an In-

A GOOD SIGN.

The Nose of Vast Importance to the Reading of Character.

Though the other features all reveal their special characteristics, it is hopeless to try to read and balance them aright without first carefully examining the nose and allowing for the weakness or strength jundicated by it. The Roman nose is unfailingly and correctly associated with will power and command; the snub variety with self-assertiveness, and the thin, high-bridged, hooked type with avarice. A compressed nostril is not to be wished for, as it indicates suspicion and penuriousness. When the curve is heavy the character is usually correspondingly dull and unly for meeting the demands of childish | interesting; well defined, it points out the well-balanced mind, and perhaps also a passionate disposition easily ing a diet kitchen, consultation rooms, roused and as easily calmed. The litsurgical halls, and much of the depart- tle, pointed, narrow nose proclaims itmental work of a hospital. Almost self as impudent and wanting in reverence, and when it is united to a recedestablishment and takes a personal ing chin and forehead, with eyes close morning he found at the foot of a tree share in the labors of the charity, now to the nose, the wider the berth given waiting in the kitchen distributions, the possessor of such unenviable qualities the better. So there is much, very eral well-known women of her court | much, in physiognomy, and one's conare equally practical. The general stant (not first) impressions, though charge of it is committed to a religious | not always invariably correct, may, on

Why We Use the Right Hand.

Every pugilist, upon entering the ring, takes special pains to protect the region of the heart. All athletes understand that the most vulnerable portion of the body is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill-or at any rate stun-even a strong man. Hence, from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. When weapons of offense and defense superseded the fist it was the right hand that grasped the spear and sword, while the left held over the heart the shield or buckler. From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference in civilized life takes its beginning. At first no doubt the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it prominence and paved the way for its supremacy elsewhere.

Beautiful Marble.

That beautiful transparent stone called Tabriz marble, much used in the burial places of Persia and in their grandest edifices, consists of the petrified water of ponds in certain parts of the country. The petrification may be traced from its commencement to its termination. In one part the water is clear, in a second it appears thicker and stagnant, in a third quite black, and in the last stage it is white like frost. When the operation is complete a stone thrown on its surface makes no impression and one may walk over it without wetting one's shoes. The sui stance thus produced is brittle and transparent, and sometimes richly striped with red, green and copper color. So much is this marble, which may be cut into large slabs, looked upon as a luxury that none but the king, his sons and persons especially privileged are permitted to take it.

Beas-"So Tom had the impudence to siss you last night." Tess-"Yes, but he came around today to explain. sald: 'I'm sorry if I hurt you. I admit I'm only an apology for a man, but I love you, and that was the only way I could tell you." Bere-"The idea! Well?" Teas-"Well, I accepted the apology."-Catholic Standard.

Shakespeare's Lambs.

Shakespeare, among his many alinstone to the aweetness, the innocence, Waggs-Why did the boss discharge and the helplessness of the lamb, only once cites it as an article of food.

The Western Mecca.

Omaka seems to be the objective point of all western pleasure seekers this year, and the season there is now at its heighth. Coupled with the amusement attractions is another of almost as much drawing power,-Hayden Bros., the Big Store. Widely advertised as the greatest of the Trans-Mississippi stores it lives up to its name and carries incredible assortments of goods in over forty different lines. Visitors make the Big Store their headquarters, meet their friends, check their bundles free and write their letters there. A postal card addressed Hayden Bros., Omaha, will bring you prices on any goods you

A North Georgia candidate says: "We want the office because we think we deserve it; and we deserved it because we have lived here ten years and have never had anything except the opportunity of running for it."

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If afflicted with | Thompson's Eye Water.

Since their supply of tobacco was cut down the convicts in the Iowa state penitentiary have been sullen and hard to manage, and some 300 of them have refused to work. Chicago physicians interviewed on the subject say the action of the prison authorities was unwise; that tobacco in moderate quantity does no harm and its quieting effects make prisoners as well as soldiers-as is recognized in the armies of the world-more amenable to discipline and less disposed to mischief.

John K. Cowen, the new president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company, was graduated from Princeton at the head of his class in 1866. He taught school for a time, and then turned his attention to law. Mr. Cowen's connection with the Baltimore & Ohio was due to the late Robert Garrett, one of his predecessors in the presidency of the road and a classmate at Princeton.

A great national movement has been started for the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington on December 14. The Sons of the Revolution and other similar organizations have the matter in hand, and are arranging details of the plan.

Misled .- "I am frank to say," he said, "that I feel you encouraged my attentions." "Perhaps," she replied, but how was I to know whether you wanted to marry me, or only to borrow money from father?"-Philadelphia North American.

The majority of motor cars are now driven by petroleum, but a French engineer recommends the use of alcohol instead of it, and motors are being altered so as to consume it. There is no fear of explosion with alchohol and it is said to be less costly than petroleum.

Religion may say what it will, but there comes a time in every human soul, when it knows that there can be no heaven for it where some one other

human soul is not. Married men, according to a German investigator, live longer than bachelors and are less likely to become insane. Another argument for matrimony is found in the fact that there are thirty-eight criminals among every 1,000 bachelors, while among married men the ratio is only eighteen per

Sea Terms. Stout Party (to bathing master) Got a bathing suit to fit me? Bath Robe Man-(looking over him-I guess so. What's your displacement !- Philadelubia North Amer-



HE WAS NOT A GOOD LOVER.

"But my dear Monty, you are old | enough to be-"

"Excuse me, Mimmie, I would rather she were still younger. Marry a child husband's place at his wife's side?" and you may hope to educate her into the wife you would cherish in your old

"O!" I gasped, "then what is she

"Inclined to be frivolous, but I shall too glad to find a man who is not hunting her for her paltry five or six hundred a year."

That I could readily believe, and in justice to Monty, I must say that money, as mere money, does not in the least appeal to him. Perhaps that is because he has always had enough to be comfortable.

But he was not a good lover! He was even then far more interested in the academy than in his flancee's charms. There were three or four portraits of lovely women that he spoke of in a way that made me glad the originals did not come within his sphere of acquaintance-for the girl's sake.

He did not carry her photo in his pocket. It took him several moments of hard thought to remember her address. and-"when you are intimate enough to call her by her Christian name," he remarked, "please call her Euphemia.

and not Effic." "Why?" I asked, determined on no account to do so.

"Because," he answered impressively "Effe is too insignificant for a married | then called microcosmic sait, with muweman, and I have a strong objection riate of soda and three or four more sa-

to pet names. When," I inquired, steraly, "did you | Culture. ever in the whole course of our lives call me by my baptismal name?" Monty smiled indulgently.

That is different. You are not going to be my wife. I confess I revoted in this consoling thought, for nothing in the world could ever reconcile me to the peculiar atro-

city of my name, and if its full hide-

"What do you mean," I asked "by re- forgot all about poor Richards and tiring from business at your age?"

> with deadly earnestness. "A husband's morning he awoke with a start, his duty is to make money for his wife to subconsciousness having brought him enjoy herself with."

ously, "don't put those sort of ideas and in frightened tones shouted down, soon remedy that. The poor girl is only into Euphemia's head. You are too "Joe, are you still alive?" Joe was frivolously minded to understand that still alive, but he had yelled so long a woman should be a man's handman for help that he could scarcely speak mentally as well as physically, and not and he was able to reply only in a his plaything. I don't want a wife who hoarse and profane whisper. "When requires amusing, or who wishes to I get out of here," he said, "it won't amuse me. If I want relaxation I can be me that they'll get the funeral ready come and see you. I want her to be for." However, Joe was a man of his useful, and domesticated, and-"

think she will want to be?"

covered himself sufficiently to answer hours without anything to eat or drink characteristically:

Poor Effe! And the wedding is to-

morrow!"-Westminster Budget. Analysis of a Lady's Tear.

It is said of James Smithson that happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek he endeavored to catch it in a crystal vessel; that onehalf of the drop escaped, but, having preserved the other half, he submitted it to reagents, and detected what was line substances held in solution."-Self

Amazing Speed of the Otter. The speed of an otter under water is amazing. Fish have no chance against them. In some places in India otters are kept by the natives to fish for them. They are tied up to

stakes like dogs when not working | It cost Prof. Dewar \$3,000 to produce wear plaited collars and seem happy. his first ounce of liquid air.