

JOAN'S INEXPERIENCE.

"Ruth, Ruth, it's important; I want you—"

I had resolved to devote the morning to study, but, mother being on the continent, I felt a certain responsibility for my beautiful younger sister. The "important" decided me.

"What is it?" I asked, as she entered the room.

"You'll never guess, Lord Avonmouth has proposed."

"But you haven't accepted him?" I asked, fearful that inexperienced Joan should trust her life to the man with the worst reputation in the county.

"Why not?"

"You don't know anything about him?"

"Don't! He's the most charming man I ever met, and I certainly said 'yes.'"

"What will mother say?" I asked, as Joan, not at all discomfited at my cool reception of her news, left the room, humming the refrain of a song.

Perplexed with the situation that had suddenly arisen, I went down stairs to find our old friend and neighbor, Jack Villiers, of whose presence the exigencies of the diplomatic service, to which he belonged, would soon deprive us. I told him of my trouble, and ended by asking his advice.

Ten minutes later he said:

"This is my idea. Joan is impressionable. I have an old friend in town who has a rare knack of fascinating girls; I'll get him down for a week's shoot. If he devotes his time to Joan it may destroy her inclination for Avonmouth."

The plan seemed feasible. I prayed that Joan's affections would be diverted from their objectionable object.

Two days later I received a note from Jack saying that his friend had accepted the invitation and was coming today.

When I descended about luncheon time, Jack and his friend were the only occupants of the drawing room.

"Let me introduce you to my old friend, Claud Blackwood," said Jack.

I gave my hand mechanically. My thoughts were concerned with Joan's future.

Later I noticed that he had fine eyes and there was plenty of him, but all the same I was disappointed. Perhaps I expected too much.

Soon Lord Avonmouth and Joan strolled in from the garden, and, after the usual commonplace, we went in to luncheon. Before half an hour had passed I discovered that Capt. Blackwood fascinated me, and to such an extent that I almost forgot my fears with regard to Joan. She, too, seemed interested. Her white muslin dress,



decorated with a red rose at her waist, showed off to advantage her rich, young beauty.

After lunch, while Joan and I waited the men in the rose garden, I was strangely silent. I had only thought for Jack's friend.

When the men had been with us some few minutes Jack maneuvered so that Capt. Blackwood and Joan strolled off to inspect some ruins at the farther end of the park.

"Well contrived," whispered Jack, as they disappeared from our sight.

"Well contrived!" I echoed absently.

The next morning we assembled for a ride previously arranged. Jack again managed that Capt. Blackwood accompanied Joan.

Though the knowledge that he left my side reluctantly gave me intense secret pleasure, I found myself surrendering to a desire for isolation; and soon I was alone with the softly whispering trees. Their sadness had never seemed so attuned to my mood before.

Horses' hoofs, a beating of my heart, and Jack's friend drew rein beside me. The whispering of the trees was so beautiful I wondered I had not noticed it before.

He did not speak. I summoned courage to glance at his face—only for a moment.

"I think we had better find the others," I said. "I want to speak to Jack."

"Have I offended you?"

He never knew the effort it cost me to curb his ardor when he reminded me of my self-imposed duty to Joan.

Ten minutes later Jack was beside me.

"Blackwood said you wanted me."

"I want him to give all his time to Joan. Have you forgotten our compact?"

He was so confused that I said to him: "What's the matter?" Then as he did not answer, "Surely you can tell me," I said.

"I love Joan, have always loved her, and you know it's hopeless, hopeless, hopeless."

I did not contradict him.

A week passed, and Capt. Blackwood happily was still among us. Our scheme, as far as Joan was concerned, had answered admirably. She had been so distant to Lord Avonmouth that he had taken himself to Paris. But he had saved Joan by compromising my life's happiness. I loved Captain Blackwood, and I feared with a great fear the day on which he would take his imminent departure.

While he was near I could be almost happy. But I knew the blackness

that would supervene when he had gone.

At last the moment of the dreaded day arrived when we were to say good-by.

He stood before me. I could not look at him.

"Ruth!"

"Good-by!" I whispered.

"Not good-by. Never good-by."

"Why?" I timidly whispered.

"I love you, I love you." Then, after a pause, "Have you no word for me?"

Duty to Joan alone restrained me from throwing my arms about his neck.

"Have you no word for me?"

I could not speak. I only shook my head.

When I next had a consciousness of him he was gone.

"Where's Ruth?" cried a voice.

It was Joan's. I dried my eyes and summoned the ghost of a smile.

"Here she is!" cried Jack's voice.

They entered together.

"Why didn't you come with us to the station?" Capt. Blackwood was in such a bad temper we left him before the train started, said Joan.

"A good job, too," from Jack.

"Jack!" from Joan.

"It is. Joan and I are engaged. I should never have asked if we hadn't found ourselves alone on the way—"

"What?" I gasped.

For answer Joan took Jack's hand in hers.

"What about Lord Avonmouth?" I asked, when a few moments later Joan and I were alone together.

"I hate him. I always loved Jack, and I knew he loved me, but he wouldn't speak. I pretended to care for Lord Avonmouth, as Jack was going away, and—what is the matter, Ruth?"

I had no time and less inclination to explain. I seized a hat and hurried toward the station.

Half way there I paused for breath. The warning whistle of a train seemed to stab my heart.

"Come back, come back, my love!" I cried.

For answer a cloud of white smoke told me of the departure of the man I loved. All the same I pressed on. Arrived at the station I almost fell into the arms of the stationmaster, who prided himself on the flowers that decorated his station.

"What's happened, miss?"

"I want a gentleman, but he's gone."

"There's a lunatic here, if that's his name."

My attention was drawn to a knot of officials who were watching a tall, well-built man who was viciously striking the heads from the flowers with a walking cane.

"A lunatic," I gasped.

"Well, miss, he drove for a certain train, but didn't go by it. Ever since he's been spoiling my flowers, and he looks so savage none of us liked to interfere."

At that moment the lunatic caught my eyes.

He approached.

It was the man I loved.

"You!"

"Yes, dear."

Our eyes said all that was left unspoken.—Mainly About People.

SPEAKER REED'S RETORT.

Told a Westerner How He Would Deny An Assertion.

Growing tired of his chair one afternoon, Speaker Reed surrendered it to another member and sat down beside a western democrat. "My, what a large hand you have!" remarked Mr. Reed, looking intently at the enormous paw of his Democratic friend, who was writing a letter. "Yes, sir," said the member, "and I am proud of it. I worked on a farm for so many years that my hands grew large, as you see them." The speaker held up his small and shapely right hand, smooth and white as a woman's, and said: "Well, I thank the Lord I never worked on a farm." The member replied: "You are probably going to run for the presidency some time, Mr. Reed, and if you do I'll placard that statement all over the country—and what could you do about it?" The big fellow mused a while and said: "Nothing—except to brand you as an infernal liar!"

Culture of Basket Willows.

The long thin stems of the basket willow are called osiers, and the osier willow is the same as the basket willow. Really there are two kinds of osier willows, but there is only a little difference between them that only a botanist could discover it. Generally these willows are grown on damp ground on the banks of streams or ponds, but they will grow as easily on quicker growth and stronger twigs. The best locality for growing them as a farm crop is near a large town or city where many baskets or other willow goods are made. Large quantities of osiers are used for making chairs, children's carriages and other work besides baskets. There is a constantly increasing demand for them.

Hens Stay at Home Now.

Elgin (Ill.) correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean: An Elgin man who was greatly annoyed by his neighbor's hens straggling his garden, bit upon a novel and efficacious remedy. He took a packing case, covered the bottom with straw, cut a hole large enough to admit a hen, and placed the case in a quiet part of his garden. In a few mornings the neighbor complained that some one was stealing eggs, but when the case owner showed 12 eggs as a result of one morning's harvest he took the hint and the fowls were kept at home.

Whistler Matched Him.

A Colorado millionaire, who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio, in the Rue du Bac. He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—"sympathies" in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green. "How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines. "Four millions," said Whistler. "What?" "My posthumous prices." And the painter added, "Good morning."—Paris Letter in Saturday Evening Post.

FOODS OF OTHER DAYS

EVOLUTION OF DINING AN INTERESTING ONE.

Sumptuous Banquets of the Greeks—A Great Display of Pies in One of Which Four Living Birds Were Cooked.

It would be a hopeless matter to attempt to trace the origin of cooking. There is strong evidence that fruit, nuts and flesh composed man's first foods. The latter he could not cook until he learned of the existence and use of fire. Then he dried the meat before using it and cooked it by placing it upon hot embers. This method was not at all satisfactory, for the smoke did much injury to the flavor. Man's inventive power was soon brought into play. He skewered the meat and laid it across piles of stone, under which was a fire, thus protecting it from the smoke. The gridiron thus derived its origin. The early process of cooking was one long series of experiments. It still retains the experimental feature, despite the cook books and cooking schools, to this day. The early Greeks were in the habit of giving wonderful banquets. For instance a dish was served composed of the brains of 500 peacocks. Course dinners were in vogue among the people. At the first course, as an appetizer, were eaten radishes, olives, skirret, eggs, turnips and fish, etc. The second course contained trout, guinea fowl, lionian pheasants, parrot, flesh of young asses, and dogs. The third contained fruit, Anconia cakes, pastry, cheese, and wines. Fortunately the Greeks ate but once a day, this meal taking place in the evening. They deliberated long over their food, eating and drinking many hours. An old Saxon custom provided that those guests who were together about the board must take their seats according to their rank. Should a guest make a mistake and seat himself above his station, he was at once pelted with bones and other refuse. The lady of the house always occupied an exalted position at the end of the table, where she cut and dispensed the bread. It was considered a great honor to wait upon the table. To be lord or lady in waiting to the king or queen is a high position to this day. The men and women occupied opposite sides of the table. Each guest carved for himself, using his own knife, a short, double-edged one which he carried for the purpose. Another curious early custom made a host responsible if a guest who had been entertained three days committed a crime while under his roof. He was compelled either to bring his guest to justice or to answer to the law himself. It was considered a crime to lack hospitality. Even the church frowned upon the offense and called it sin. It was believed that would surely desert one who would turn the stranger from his door. A horn was always blown before meals, so all wayfarers might come in and partake. Sitting at the table began about the time of Charlemagne. This they did in imitation of the Romans, who took their meals lying upon lounges. The dining table appeared about the middle ages. Breakfast was first spoken of in 1463. The dinner hour occurred about 3 o'clock and supper before bed time. Later the quality folk changed the hour for dinner to 11 and supper at 5 o'clock.

Coal Ashes as a Fertilizer.

Coal ashes are never used as a fertilizer, but they are often spread on land to get rid of them as a waste product. They make excellent hard, firm, dry paths around a house or in a garden, and when so used they have been found to greatly encourage the growth of grass and weeds, so that this experience seems to have encouraged the belief that they are useful. But as the ashes of soft coal are worth only forty cents a ton, and those of hard coal sixteen cents, it is evidently not a profitable business to gather them from a distance. The home-made ashes may be used, to get rid of them, and if spread on grass land they have shown that they possess some value beyond what their actual analysis seems to indicate. Ashes certainly do not create weeds for this word means to make something of nothing. They do not encourage them any more than other plants. What will make weeds grow will make useful plants grow equally.

Poison in Potatoes.

"Potatoes contain a poison known as solanin," says the Sanitary Home Farg, N. D. "New potatoes contain comparatively little of this poison unless they grow about the surface of the ground and have a green skin, when they are generally known to be poisonous. It is not, however, generally known that old potatoes contain much more of this poisonous principle—solanin—and many cases of serious poisoning have occurred in late summer, when old potatoes are used. In 1892 and 1893, there was almost wholesale poisoning among the troops of the German army. The symptoms were frontal headache, colic, diarrhoea, vomiting, weakness, and slight stupor, and in some cases dilatation of the pupils. Meyer investigated the case and found in old potatoes, kept in a damp place, and beginning to sprout, twenty-four times as much solanin as in new potatoes. When using old potatoes in June and July, it will be well to keep this fact in mind."

Wireless Telegraphy.

The government seems to have abandoned experiments in wireless telegraphy. A few months ago, when the idea was new, several of the departments actively competed for the honor of developing a practical system of communication without the use of connecting wires. The signal corps of the army, the weather bureau of the agricultural department, the navy and other bureaus in which scientists are employed launched experiments, but the enthusiasm has apparently died out.—Washington Letter.

An Elastic Currency.

He was trying to make the money question clear to his wife, and when he said that we need a more elastic currency, the very practical woman answered: "Then why doesn't the government print banknotes on thin sheets of rubber?" And when he saw that she was in dead earnest, he slowly got up and went out of the room.

THEY DIDN'T JUMP.

Crowd Needless Alarmed by a Couple on the Brooklyn Bridge.

As a corollary to the bridge-jumping feat of Marie Dinse on Friday there was a little stir on the bridge yesterday afternoon, says the New York Sun. Some trifling accident on a trolley car on the south roadway about half past 5 caused a blockade, and a man and a woman, becoming weary of sitting still in their car, which was stalled near the Brooklyn tower, stepped off and walked over to the railing. Nothing more sensational was in the man's mind than to point out the spot in the river where Miss Dinse went in, but this fact was not appreciated by several excitable persons, who arose and shouted in wild chorus: "Don't let him jump!" "Hold her!" "They're both going!" "Police!" "Who jumped?" "There they are!" "Is he drowned?" Straightway a few hundred people got off the long line of cars and, rushing to the rail, stared at the water. Most of them were of the opinion that at least two persons had jumped. A few of the more imaginative hoped that it might be the sea serpent. Down beside the two tugs, attracted by the attention of the crowd, hovered about, Bridge Policeman Bohn, who was not far away, came up at the double click and demanded to know who had jumped or was jumping or meditated jumping. Nobody could tell because the couple who had innocently started the excitement had returned to their car. Then Sergeant Hayes came up with a dozen men, having heard the report. The sergeant is a man of experience in bridge matters and knows that for every bridge jumper there are a dozen fakes, so he was not vastly amazed on learning that nothing had happened. He suggested that the passengers return to the cars. They did so and the cars moved on. After waiting half an hour down below for the prospective jumpers to arrive, the two tugs hooked derisively and also moved on.

LEFT BOOK IN THE CAR.

It Was the Nature of the Volume Made the People Smile.

He was very stout and dignified. His glistening broadcloth frock coat, narrow white tie and high hat were all immaculate. He boarded a Clark street cable car at the limits and sat down near the door. After adjusting a heavy pair of gold spectacles he took a paper book from his capacious pocket and quickly became absorbed in it. Soon an almost audible smile passed across the faces of the other passengers, but the old gentleman neither saw nor heard. Never once from the car barns to Monroe street were the gold spectacles raised from the pages before them. People entered and left the car, grinning broadly, but not a smile flickered across the reader's face. Evidently the matter before him was worthy of his most serious consideration. When the cable car jerked around the corner of Dearborn street he started up in sudden excitement. "Stop, stop," he called to the conductor. "Where am I?" He got his bearings in a minute and, catching sight of a clock in a drug store window, he said, half aloud: "Tut, tut, 11 o'clock and I should have been at the conference at that hour." He got off and started toward the Auditorium, forgetting his book, in a brilliant green and yellow cover, on which in large black letters was printed: "Black Jack Duncan; or, a Round-Up in the Rockies."—Chicago Chronicle.

WAR MAKES TROUBLE FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

Hot Work Trying to Find Accommodations for American Delegates.

London Letter.

At present it looks as if two extremely powerful forces, Providence and the British government, were dead against the first world's convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, arranged to open here on July 10. This convention promises to be the greatest on record; 10,000 Americans, the largest delegation that ever crossed the sea in a body, are expected to be present, and with the Endeavorers in the United Kingdom and those from the continent and other foreign countries, the total number here will probably reach 60,000, representing 4,000,000 members.

Naturally, the thought of gathering together such a host in London made the Christian Endeavor leaders in

as they can make by the required time.

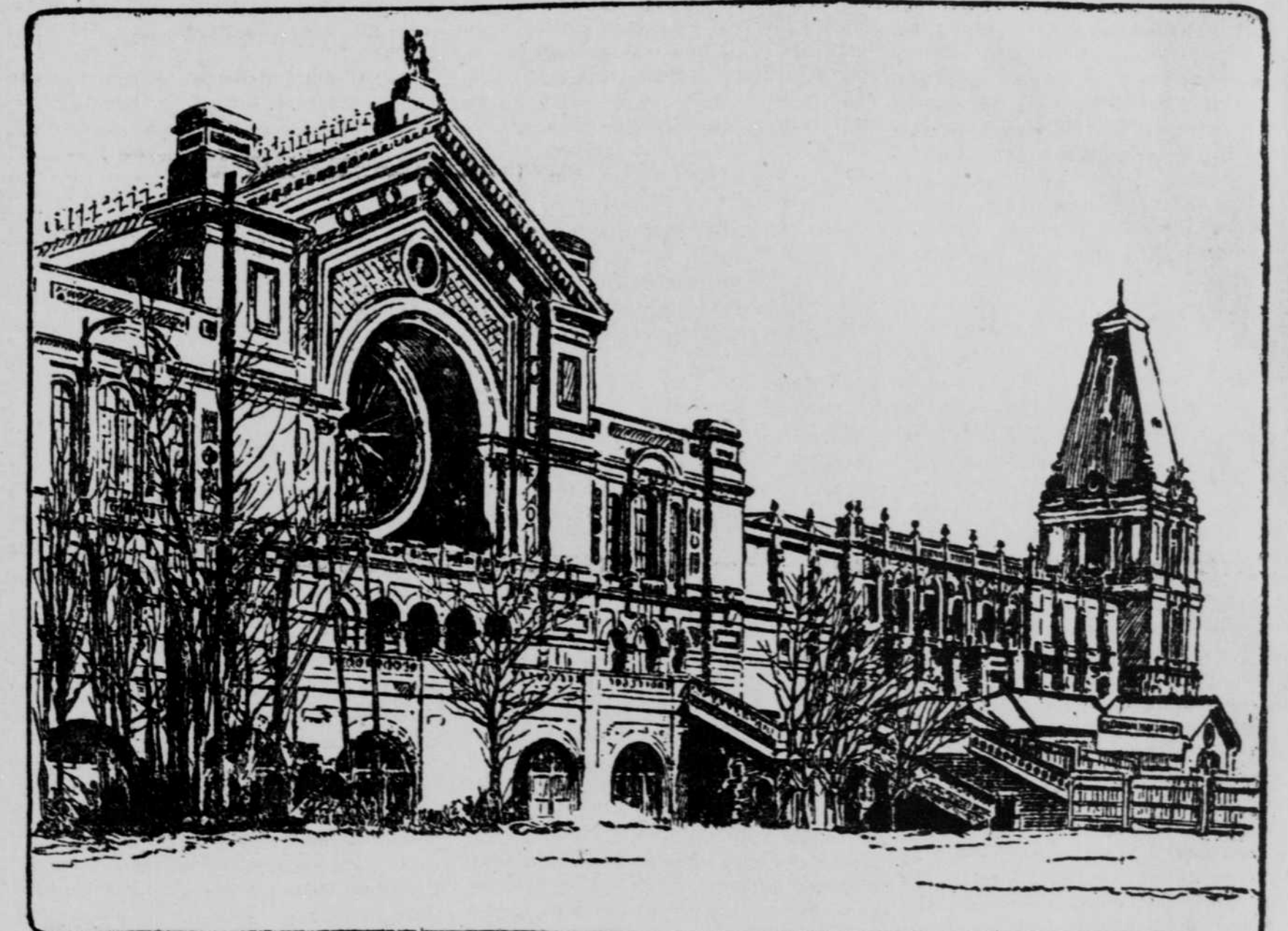
All this ought to have been enough trouble. But there was more yet in store for the Christian Endeavorers. Every year there is in England a great shooting match at Bisley, the winner of which receives a prize, supposedly given by Her Majesty, and becomes known thereafter as the Queen's prizeman for that year. This, of course, necessitates an encampment at Bisley, and the date set for this encampment was the week upon which the Christian Endeavor people had pitched for their convention. Of course that meant still more trouble, for about half the little tentmakers that the Endeavorers approached were busy making ready for Bisley. In consequence

a reception to the American contingent at the Mansion House. Furthermore, it is expected that the bishop of London will make an address of welcome at the Albert hall the day before the convention.

MANY SEE THE FISHES.

Large Attendance at the New York Plestorial Show.

When Colonel James Jones was asked for information about the new arrivals at the Aquarium he called attention to the annual report he had just made to President Clausen of the Park department, and some of the details are interesting. The total attendance during the year reached the astonishing figure of 1,841,330, giving an average of more than 5,000 for every day of the year. During the previous year the attendance was 1,670,085, and almost everybody thought high water mark had been reached, and that the public, tiring of the novelty, would gradually leave off coming. The greatest attendance



ALEXANDRIA PALACE, WHERE THE ENDEAVORS WILL MEET.

England uncommonly proud, and they went to work light-heartedly, but so far, despite the religious nature of their task, particularly annoying difficulties have cropped up on every hand, and the last of them, the biggest, is not solved yet.

The convention is to be held in the Alexandria Palace, a great Madison-Square Garden sort of a place, just out of London proper, and here it is intended to lodge and board 5,000 of the Endeavorites. There was no other way to do, for hotels, boarding houses and the private homes of Endeavorers had been canvassed and every bed in them engaged for the eventful week, and still 5,000 expected guests would have nowhere to lay their heads, to say nothing of filling their stomachs. But the Alexandria Palace has a great banquet hall, and this large room will be divided off into dormitories, enough of them to hold 1,200 young women.

That left 3,800 young men to be sheltered, and for this army the managers planned to erect a mighty encampment under canvas, like any other army's. They decided to put five men in each tent—soldiers squeeze eleven in, but as the Rev. Knight Chaplin, secretary of the society's British council, remarked to me, "you can't pack Christians away like soldiers"—and they reckoned upon about 800 tents. Feeding the "campers" would be easy enough, for the Alexandria Palace has a huge kitchen in its basement, and 2,500 people can sit down in its dining room and be served at once.

So Mr. Chaplin went to the largest tent manufacturer in England and said he'd like 1,000 tents, please, as soon as they could be got ready. The manager of the company listened to this request, which would have been a mere flea bite at any ordinary time, and told the clergyman that he couldn't have them—not from his company, at any rate—and added that he didn't believe any other company could supply the Christian Endeavorers with any tents at all, let alone 1,000. He explained to Mr. Chaplin that one "Oom Paul" was to blame for this extraordinary state of things.

As everybody knows, when Mr. Kruger thought he was about ready to go to war with England, England wasn't ready at all. She needed a lot of things that she hadn't on hand, and one of the things was unlimited tents to house the braves of Buller, Methuen, White, et al. The first thing she did was to ransack every army barracks, etc., in the United Kingdom and "commandeer" every solitary tent that was lying around loose; the second thing was to place orders for tents galore with nearly every tent man in the country, and the third to tell these tent men that after they got through making the first batch, to turn in and make another to replenish the stock of the various armories, barracks and storehouses that had been depolished. Naturally, the tentmakers set to work tooth and nail. The big factory that Mr. Chaplin visited was working overtime, and so great was the pressure that the business offices of the company had been deserted by the regular clerks and "occupied" by the stitchers and binders.

So, as if the reverend gentleman of the Christian Endeavor Society hadn't already had trouble enough in reserving 25,000 beds in the city of London, they had upon their shoulders the additional job of scraping up 1,000 tents, literally from nowhere. They are doing it by the burdensome means of locating little tentmakers, too small to be pounced upon by the government, and ordering from them as many tents

Ancient Weapons Unearthed.

In excavating the old Roman camp of Carnuntum, near Haimburg, on the Danube, between Vienna and Pressburg, the explorers have come upon an armory and provision house containing 1,037 weapons and pieces of armor and stores of barley, peas, etc. A great many inscriptions were found as well, and the means by which the camp was supplied with water.

The Professor and the Hat.

A college professor went into a crowded restaurant in New York city for luncheon one hot day last summer. The negro in charge of the big corridor took the professor's hat and

LOVE A-WHEEL.



wouldn't begin to take him across, to say nothing of getting back. At least that is the story told by the letters which the British committee have received from the would-be voyagers themselves.

Those committee men say, however, that the minimum number of Americans who will come cannot fall to reach 4,000 anyway. Preparations are being made to give them a famous greeting, too. In fact, the British committee has gone so far as to request that the lord mayor himself give

gave no check for it in return. An hour later, when the professor came out of the dining-room, the negro glanced at him and handed him his hat. The negro's ability to remember to whom each article of clothing belonged struck the professor as being something very wonderful. "How did you know this was my hat?" he asked. "I didn't know it, sah," was the reply. "Then why did you give it to me?" the professor persisted. "Because you gave it to me, sah."