

THE ARTIST'S STORY.



"Tell me, India," declared handsome and cynical William Robeley, the artist, "a fortune teller showed me the image of my wife two years before I ever saw her in the flesh and thousands of miles from the place I first met her."

"You are the last man in the world whose mind I would think obscured by the clouds of mysticism," replied the rich Mrs. Austyn, his friend and patron. "You have never shown any patience with the charlatans who pretended to expose and expound the secrets that a wise Providence has ordained we should not fathom. And yet you are taxing our credulity with a statement that would be marvelous, if true."

"I must insist upon my veracity in this instance," smiled the artist. "Now, don't stop to argue, mamma," urged the elder of the Austyn girls. "There is a story in this, and after Mr. Robeley has told it you can reclaim him from the darkness of his superstitions and air your theories. Now do tell us all about it," and three pretty sisters sighed their curiosity in chorus.

"Just so you don't ask me to explain," said the artist with a quizzical look. "I shall give you the remarkable facts and leave you to wrestle with them. Eight years ago I was in Paris, pursuing my studies, and lived the life of a Bohemian from choice rather than from necessity. We fellows held the responsibilities of life very lightly and laughed at all human phenomena that would not yield to the test of materialism. I was chief among the scoffers, and found bare-faced fraud in everything from embryology to the piercing of the future through the medium of tea grounds."

"Then as now I occasionally broke entirely away from my usual surroundings and was one day sauntering alone through Rue de Boulogne. As I passed one of the most pretentious houses I was startled by a scream for help and dashed through the open doorway to find a woman battling with flames that with great leaps and flashes were consuming the white draperies of what struck me as a consecrated altar out of place. Our combined efforts soon mastered the incipient conflagration. As the woman anointed my hands with some soothing lotion I saw that she was as dark as a gypsy. Her hair rippled back from her forehead in waves of blue black, her eyes were brilliant in the same deep coloring, and her strong, even teeth suggested polished ivory. She was an amazon in size, yet the sweeping curves of beauty were such as to fascinate the artist while her motions were as supple and graceful as those of a tiger."

"You are a gentleman, and there is but one way in which I can offer return for your services," she said as I



WOMAN BATTLING WITH THE FLAMES.

turned to leave. Her voice was soft as the notes of a lute and her accent gave unsuspected charms to my mother tongue. "I was born of royal blood in India. Through study of the sacred Vedas and the pure doctrine of Karma I attained the power of divination. Your people would classify me among fortune tellers; but I am poles apart from the vulgar humbugs that trade upon ignorance and superstition. Promise you will come to-morrow, for I am upset by this accident. Then I will be both your historian and your prophet. I shall count on you, m'sieur."

"Though I mentally sneered at the woman's pretensions and lay awake half the night assuring myself that I would never seek her out, I was at her door ten minutes before the appointed time next day. She had either assumed her professional air or was under the spell of her supernatural attainments. I will not describe the 'Inner Temple of Mysteries' to which she conducted me, but in the weird effect of its hangings, mirrors, grotesque carvings and mythical symbols it challenged the most hardened skepticism. Throwing the white light of a golden lamp upon my face with a powerful reflector, she generalized upon my past life as any shrewd judge of human nature might do. Then suddenly knitting her brows and leaning closer she slowly spelled out 'Marcia Arnold.'"

"That is the name of the girl you will marry," she announced in a dreamy voice, "and there you see her."

"With that the lights faded to the dimness of deep twilight, and there followed the darkness of a dungeon. Opposite me as if in life was the image of the sweet and beautiful woman you know as Mrs. Robeley. Never before had I been dominated by the tender passion, but there I was fathoms deep in love with what might have been an enchanting illusion or a superb painting. So deeply was I impressed that after leaving in a bewilderment of doubt I sketched the magnificent creature so indelibly impressed upon my memory."

"Eighteen months later I was in southern California enjoying the medicinal virtues of the climate, and finding subjects in some of the delightful scenery. One morning I had my easel

at the edge of a wooded precipice overlooking a charming spread of landscape. The velvet carpeting of grass and moss had failed to warn me of approaching footsteps, and when I turned it was the startled movement caused by a half-suppressed scream. There were two ladies, the elder anxiously supporting the younger, whose face was blanched and whose eyes were fastened upon me as though I were a terrifying apparition. It was the girl the fortune teller had shown me in Paris; but what did she know of me? As she sank down under the weight of her emotions I hastened to a nearby spring for water, and when I returned her eyes were upon me in that same fixed and troubled look.

"What can be the matter, daughter? You have always been so strong and so vigorous."

"Is your name Henry Morton?" asked the younger of me, without heeding the mother's question.

"It is Wilton Robeley," I responded quietly. At that instant it flashed upon me that in a desire to conceal my identity I had given the name of Henry Morton to the fortune teller. Then with the inspiration of an anxious lover I added: "But I have a cousin of that name who bears a striking resemblance to me."

"My immediate reward was a revival of strength and spirits on the part of the young lady. The mother introduced herself as Mrs. Gibson, her daughter as Miss Gibson, and then said, 'Lucky, we had best get back to the hotel.'"

"Lucy Gibson?" and yet it was her presence that had been conjured up as my bride to be. She was the girl of my sketch and my dreams. The next day I called at the hotel to inquire after her. I called often. We walked, dined, painted and hunted together. I came to know through the intuition of love that she was not indifferent to me. One evening as we drifted lazily through the water lilies she handed me a sketch of herself and asked: "Is that a picture of Henry Morton?"

"It's perfect," I answered though dumfounded. A shadow of anger crossed her face, and she was about to tear the picture to pieces when I caught her hands and suddenly showed the reproduction of herself that I had made in Paris. It was her turn to be surprised, and when I told her of my experience at the fortune teller's on Rue de Boulogne, giving her the date, she quickly exclaimed:

"Why, I was there with Marcia Arnold. Mamma and I did Europe that season, and we two girls visited that Indian princess just for a lark. That was where I saw Henry Morton, whom I was told fate had decreed as my future husband."

"Before we roved home it was all explained, and the sequel of our strange experience was a happy marriage. The dusky prophetess who had confused the name of the two girls was a cultivated fraud. It was all a trick of the mirrors, ladies."

Heliotrope Perfume.

A delicate odor, heliotrope, is obtained in small quantities from the heliotrope hedges of the Riviera by the process of maceration—a quantity of very pure lard being placed in a copper vessel with the flowers and melted over a slow fire. The flowers are then strained away, a process repeated till the fat is sufficiently flower scented, when the liquid fat is poured through a sieve, and the greasy flower paste subjected to hydraulic pressure. Since heliotrope blossoms must be used as soon as they are gathered, and the melted grease carefully kept at the lowest temperature that will maintain it in the liquid state, the perfume accepts as a substitute heliotropine, the white light crystalline powder obtained from the ground pepper. Even if these difficulties of manufacture were avoided by the nitrogen or enfleurage system, pure heliotrope essence could never become a popular perfume. Heat injures it. The direct action of sunlight destroys it. Artifice replaces it with a mixture of the spirituous extracts of vanilla, ambergris, rose and orange flower, to which are added a few drops of essential oil of almonds.—Chambers' Journal.

A College Girl, Too.

She was a college girl of lofty ideas and superior attainments, such as college girls have in their early days. When she left her family to rest in the mountains for awhile, she said haughtily:

"No; I'll not take an evening gown. And please don't put any of that paper-covered literature into my trunk. I have come philosophy to read and I don't intend to mix with the hotel people. Nature, my work and serge frocks are enough for me."

Then she departed. At the end of four days her mother was startled by a telegram. It read:

"Send two party frocks, a hammock and some reliable face powder at once."

So easily are love of nature and love of labor overcome.—Exchange.

A Dissenter.

"The voice of the people," said the man who was aching to talk about the coming election, "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

"Rats!" said the man he had cornered.

"Beg pardon?"

"Rats, I said; rats—rats. Just wait until you have been compelled to decide a home player out at third a few times and then you will know how much I see the voice of the people cuts. Yes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Thoughtful Provision.

Hojack—Li Hung Chang always carries his coffin with him when he travels.

Tomdick—What did you say was the name of the umpire?—New York World.

MEPHISTO, THE FOX.

A Just Vengeance That Was Not Executed.

Here comes old Mephisto himself! Look at him, grinning as he trots along and leaning red against the white of the snow, says Longman's Magazine. It is Reynard, following in poor, old, crazy Mr. Hare's tracks and tracing every deviation made by that amiably eccentric individual at a slow but steady trot. This will bring him close to our ambush unless he detects our presence there. He certainly looks very handsome, though extremely wicked without. That grin of his is a most diabolical grin. It says as plain as words: "I shall have this foot of a hare to-day. He's getting so cracked on my make 'em, and he is close in front of me at this moment and when I've got him I shall give him what-for, because he has led me many a dance for nothing. Ha, ha! Just a little extra nip and a bit of worry—won't he yell?"

Now, I am going to shoot this fox for several reasons. The first is, that I shall not be hanged for it in this country; indeed, no one will think the worse of me for the act, but rather the better. Then he is the evil genius of many worthy forest people besides the silly, old Mr. Hare. It is difficult to believe such things of any one, but I have it on the best of authority that this miscreant is in the habit of murdering that heroic lady, the Grey Hen (wife of Lord Blackcock) as she sits upon the nest which is shortly to be filled with the little honorables, her sons and daughters. She will not fly in order to escape his fangs, but prefers to stand by her eggs until her nest is actually pierced, and when self-preservation at length asserts itself—not as the first but as a subordinate law of nature—and she tries to escape it is too late. It is also true that this detestable ogre of the woods has fattened his red carcass upon the helpless, toothless little ones of the willow grouse, the wild duck and even though I scarcely dare to breathe the dreadful words upon the august little persons of the young capercaillie princelings! Surely all this is evidence enough for the death warrant of such an arch traitor and rogue! He shall die in his sins and many lives shall be saved thereby during this coming springtime. Wait a minute. Let him advance just a little nearer and then we will speak to him in the voice of doom. Now then! up with our guns and let them execute sentence upon the culprit! But the culprit is an exceedingly wily culprit and the glint of the sunlight upon the barrels has informed him in an instant of his danger. During that one instant he has turned and is now a streak of lightning, fleeing red pigment, dancing in and out among the pine trees—an escaping convict!

Tea at \$175 a Pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking and nothing but the bright, golden-tipped tips taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking. The annual output is 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,190,000. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the world's fair. A rich lady residing at New York wrote to Mr. Marr, the agent of the Ceylon tea growers for America at Chicago, and asked him to try to procure for her, if possible, five pounds of this remarkable and expensive tea. Mr. Marr was successful in securing six pounds of the precious article. The New York lady gave a check for \$1,000 for her five pounds.—New York Letter.

Probably. She—What would you have done, Harry, if I'd not married you? Harry—Gone bankrupt.—Judge.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is a lake? A hole in the taylor's kettle.

What ruler waits on his people? The King of Servia.

When is a girl not a girl? When she is a little sulky.

Why is the letter e like death? It is at the end of life.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

Why is a cat's tail like the earth? It is fur to the end.

What is a waist of time? The middle of an hour glass.

Why is a doctor never seasick? He's used to see sickness.

What kin is the door mat to the door? A step-father.

Why does an old maid wear mittens? To keep off the chaps.

When is a hat not a hat? When it becomes a pretty lady.

What is the Board of Education? The schoolmaster's shingle.

Why is the letter k like a pig's tail? It is at the end of pork.

When is a cow not a cow? When it is turned into a pasture.

Why did the man call his rooster Robinson? Because it Crusoe.

When were Napoleon's clothes ragged? When he was out at Elbe.

Why is Westminster Abbey like a fire-place? It contains the ashes of the great.

When should we read the Book of Nature? When autumn turns the leaves.

Why is a stick of candy like a race-horse? The more you lick it the faster it goes.

What is that will give a cold, cure a cold and pay the doctor's bill? A draught.

A TRAINED WHALE.

EDUCATED TO TOW A BOAT FOR ITS CAPTORS.

It Was Caught While Only a Calf and Carefully Brought Up on a Monster Bait—Now It Works Very Tightly in a Harness Rig.



OL. F. W. BLANCH, of the customs department at San Francisco, reported that a young group of islands off the Alaska Peninsula, is authority for a remarkable story of a captive whale, which, if the plans have not miscarried, is now being driven to San Francisco, harnessed to a boat and driven by its captors down the coast through the waters of the ocean.

The whale, named Bulshoy, an Alaskan word for immense, was captured in the spring of 1891, when a calf of some 15 or 20 months old. It was then about 15 or 16 feet long, and, though so young and small, was possessed of considerable strength.

During a chase for whales by whites and Indians, it was driven into Pirate Cove, the entrance to which is not over 500 feet wide, though it is fully twenty fathoms deep. John C. Whitley, storekeeper at the island, immediately stretched across the mouth of the cove a strong wire net. Shortly afterward Whitley and his native servant attempted to feed the animal, and were successful. Whitley rigged up a walrus bladder, to which was attached six or seven feet of rubber tube. About half a gallon of cow's milk was put in this improvised nursing bottle, and Whitley and Eitka put it in a bidarka, or canoe, and paddled alongside the pup, which by this time would allow them to come alongside him with their boats. After several hours of patient coaxing the Indian succeeded in getting Bulshoy to drink from the rubber tube. When the bidarka turned for the shore Bulshoy followed close behind it. More

milk was obtained, and this time Bulshoy needed no coaxing to drink it.

For the next six weeks Whitley and the Indian fed the pup twice every day. The pup would stick his head out of the water, close to the landing, and look out for his nurses long before the feeding time. It was not until the following spring that the actual training of Bulshoy began to take definite form. Whitley one day said: "I am going to train that pup so that I can drive him to San Francisco."

He and Eitka were constantly to be seen on the bay playing with Bulshoy, who, by this time, had become so accustomed to his owner and nurse that he would come to them whenever they called him from any part of the bay, and allow them to handle him at their pleasure. While this process of training was going on Whitley had taken the pup's measure for a set of harness, and both he and his native spent the nights for several weeks in making it.

The climax was reached on Friday, September 20, 1895, when, for the first time probably in the history of the world, a four-year-old, twenty-five foot whale was successfully put in harness. When Whitley and Eitka, after putting on his harness, started for the shore, Bulshoy as usual started after the bidarka, and in doing so made the discovery that everything was not as it should be, and then he reared and plunged around at a lively rate, lashing the quiet waters of the bay into foam in his efforts to free himself of the offending harness. But the harness was well and strongly made and there was no shake-off to it.

Bulshoy kept up his antics for two whole days. Next morning he refused to come to the call of either Whitley or the Aleut. Hunger, however, soon brought him to his senses, and on the morning of the third day, as the native was out on the bay in his bidarka, Bulshoy came meekly alongside and seemed to beg for his breakfast, which was given him. From that day Bulshoy made no trouble.

On October 1 Whitley and the native took the long boat belonging to the station and attaching a tow line to the harness band immediately ahead of the fore flipper, began to cruise around the bay, and in a surprisingly short time, according to Colonel Black, Bulshoy would pull the boat in any desired direction.

During the rest of the year the pup was daily exercised. On May 21 of this year Whitley and his Aleut took the net away from the mouth of the cove, and, according to the programme laid out, struck out in deep water for the island of Ongi, 16 miles away. The voyage was made without mishap. They afterward made a voyage from Popoff to Karlok Island.

It is the plan of Whitley and his Aleut, according to Col. Black, to leave for San Francisco, going in easy stages. It will probably be September 1 before they reach San Francisco.

THE COLD SPONGE BATH.

Not Only Delightful but in Every Way Beneficial.

Bathing is chiefly for cleanliness, but it should be practiced also for its good effect upon the skin, the circulation and nutrition.

It affords an excellent stimulus for the skin, improving the tone of its minute net-work of vessels, increasing the excretion that is carried on by its glands, and thus relieves the kidneys and liver of much of their work.

It acts as an additional stimulus to the circulation by causing the blood to flow more thoroughly through all the organs of the body as well as through the minute blood vessels of the skin itself.

It improves nutrition by causing a more rapid removal of the waste products from the system.

One of the most invigorating forms of bathing is the cold sponge bath taken in the morning before breakfast. Persons who do not react readily after such a bath, such as the very young, the very old, or those who are seriously weakened by disease, should not practice it. For a person of average health, however, the cold bath is an excellent tonic.

After a cold sponge bath of short duration there is a feeling of well-being and exhilaration. The whole man is refreshed. The mental faculties are cleared, the muscles seem strengthened and there is a desire for both muscular and mental work. There is also a feeling of warmth due to the dilatation of the blood vessels of the skin after the contraction caused by the cold water.

The exhilaration and warmth of the

ON THE CABLE CAR.

Mrs. Lofter Condescends to Patronize It and Then Wishes She Hada's.

From Scribner's: The car started forward, slowly, but with that rapidly increasing speed so misleading to the upright traveler. Mrs. Lofter leaned deferentially toward her showy vis-à-vis, and laid her hands caressingly upon his shoulders. Then they bounded gracefully toward the door, with a step that was neither a waltz nor a polka, but which was executed in such perfect time that the ordinary observer would have suggested a previous rehearsal. Although differing widely in color and in social standing these two travelers were, for the time being, certainly one in movement. This movement was perhaps more of a gallop than a polka, and although harmoniously executed became a little too hasty at the finish. The exhibition was brought to a close by her partner's back coming in violent contact with the jamb of the door. Although the dance itself was practically over, Mrs. Lofter continued for a moment to press heavily against her dusky partner, and to one unaccustomed to these conveyances her action might appear of questionable taste even if prompted by the warmest affection; but to those familiar with the Broadway cable cars there was nothing unusual in this performance, except, perhaps, the costly attire of the leading lady, and this added a certain novelty and richness to the general effect. As Mrs. Lofter, hot with indignation, released herself and stepped away from the grinning object of her caresses, a seat was offered which she gladly accepted. Once in it she had leisure to look about.

Although inwardly revolting against the sickening episode in which, to her everlasting humiliation, she had just taken so conspicuous a part, her glance swept the row of opposite faces with haughty composure. She bit her lips and there was defiance in her eyes as she noticed a general smile throughout the car. Having no sense of humor herself, this cheerfulness seemed the acme of human insolence.

LENGTH OF LIFE.

Comparative Longevity of Men in Different Lines of Business.

Some interesting facts and figures in regard to the comparative length of life of men in different lines of business have been prepared by Dr. George W. Wells, A. M., M. D., one of the best known medical directors for one of the largest life insurance companies in the world, says an exchange. Dr. Wells, who is about to publish in book form the results of his many years' experience as a medical director, has arranged the following table, showing the comparative mortality of men between the ages of 25 and 65 years. The table represents many thousands of deaths which have been tabulated and the percentages are based upon every hundred deaths among clergymen, the longest lived individuals, as a class, of which there is any record. There is twice as good a chance that a tinsmith will reach the age of 65 as that a doctor will.

Table with 2 columns: Profession and Percentage. Clergymen, priests, ministers...107; Lawyers...152; Medical men...203; Farmers...113; Agricultural laborers...123; Gardeners...198; Fishermen...143; Commercial clerks...173; Commercial travelers...171; Ice keepers, liquor dealers...274; Inn hotel service...397; Brewers...254; Butchers...211; Bakers...172; Corn millers...172; Grocers...139; Drapers...153; Shopkeepers generally...158; Tailors...180; Shoemakers...169; Hatters...192; Printers...192; Bookbinders...219.

The Wrong Man.

Bill the Biffer—What's d' object of dis organization uv yours, mister? Mission Worker—To rescue the fallen, my man. Bill the Biffer—Well, don't talk ter me; I'm no bicyclist.—Roxbury Gazette.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

Comik writers are allways expected to be phunny when they talk, and, in the effort to be so, are often very silly. Book-larnin' iz good, but too much ov it konkokts knudity, which have been known to sour on the intelektual stummuk.

What little I kno I hav larn't bi mix-in'g with the medium and lower klass'es; dimonds and fine gold are oftenest found close to the bed-rock.

My natur prompts me to make fast advances. I hav often been snubbed krowely for this, but I can't help it, fan I? I shall fite it out on this line.

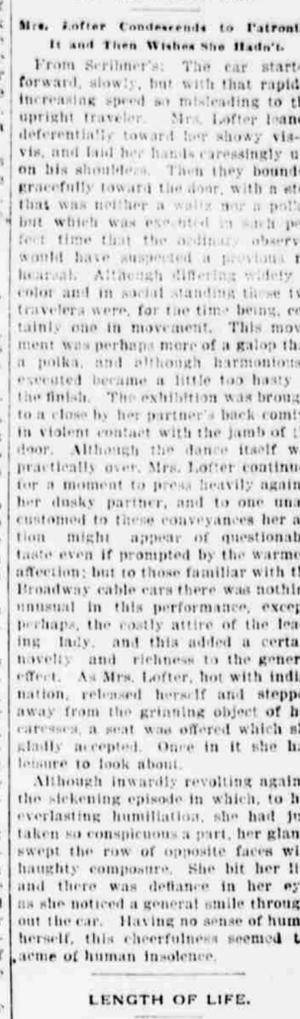
Yu kan't allways judge bi appearances. I hav often known a whole shirt to be compozed entirely ov a paper collar and a pair ov cotton wrist-bands.

I hav allways notised that those circles which are the most exclusive hav but little individual strength; mutual admirashun iz the pap that sustains them.

I hav generally notised that the old bachelors who giv themselves up entirely to the service ov the ladys are allways ov the niter gender. The wimmin never fall in luv with these phel-lows; they are too safe.

The saddest sight in all the world to me iz a broken-hearted man—a proud and robust oak riven bi lightning from Heaven.

THE WHALE AT WORK.



THE WHALE AT WORK.