Lawrence Daniels' Choice

By Andrew Dexter

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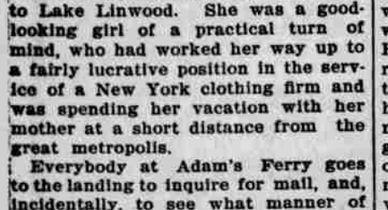
It was purely a question of caste from the beginning. The lines of social standing were very severly drawn at Adam's Ferry, as Pearl Amboyne discovered very soon after her first visit to Lake Linwood. She was a good-looking girl of a practical turn of mind, who had worked her way up to a fairly lucrative position in the service of a New York clothing firm and was spending her vacation with her mother at a short distance from the great metropolis.

Everybody at Adam's Ferry goes to the landing to inquire for mail, and, incidentally, to see what manner of people are going up the lake. Lawrence Daniels was holding a parasol over his aunt's august head, when he saw Pearl Amboyne hastening over the gang plank. Before he could beat a retreat the girl had nodded to him, and he was compelled to acknowledge her salutation with a perfunctory dip of his hat.

"I was not aware," said Miss Eva Joliffe, sister of Lawrence Daniel's mother, recently deceased, "that you had an acquaintance among the hotel people."

"Well," returned the young man, nervously, "a man who is a reporter on a big newspaper, as I am, is bound to meet a few persons who are not eligible to the select set at Adam's Ferry."

"I trust, nephew," said Miss Joliffe, "that you remember that it is improper to mingle your social and business acquaintances. She is rather handsome, too, and has her mother



His Foot Caught Upon a Root and He Lurched Forward.

with her. Evidently she makes some pretense to respectability."

"Aunt Eva," said Daniels, "the young lady in question is of irreproachable character. She is a working girl, but none the less to be respected on that account."

From that day Lawrence Daniels had no peace of mind at Lake Linwood. He was at Adam's Ferry principally because his aunt had told him to come, and, as she was wealthy and favorably inclined toward him, her request was not to be disregarded. He thought rather sorrowfully of the evenings when he had called on Pearl Amboyne, and of the talks they had upon literature, art and other things. They had read the same books and spent many pleasant afternoons at the picture galleries. That was in the days when he was struggling for bare existence.

Then somebody discovered that he could write, and he found himself upon a paper where his salary ran into large figures, and he was hailed by that proudest of journalistic titles —"a good man!" Then he fell into the good graces of Aunt Eva. That meant receptions and afternoon teas and an introduction into one of the "smart sets" of New York. Pearl Amboyne saw him once or twice after his rise in fortune. It was very easy for him to tell her that he could find little time to call upon her, for men who obey the commands of a city editor have little time they may call their own. She saw him for the first time in months at the landing at Adam's Ferry.

Pearl Amboyne and her mother were permitted to go their own way at the ferry. They did not seem to be aware that they had been socially ostracised. They cared little about the Traver's set or the other "select" guests of the hotel. Pearl spent her days rowing her mother about among the islands of the lake. There is an amiable tradition that in this body of water there are 365 islands, one for every day in the year. In leap year, so the story goes, an additional island appears, which is lost to view on the last day of December. There were islands enough for everybody, and the mother and daughter managed to steer clear of the Adam's Ferry aristocracy. Lawrence Daniels saw the two occasionally, and greeted them in a somewhat embarrassed fashion.

"You needn't trouble yourself to speak to me any longer," said the girl to him one day. "I can adapt myself to the present situation. I suppose that if I had belonged to the Traver's set you would have treated me with ordinary civility."

In her heart she said: "I can hardly blame him. He has a career before him. If I had loved him less, I would have married him when he asked me two years ago."

There was one day in the calendar when all differences of social standing were forgotten. That was Beetle Rock day. On that day the great rock which rose from the middle of the bay near Adam's Ferry was piled high with driftwood, it was the funeral pyre of the season which was gone. Lawrence Daniels was master of ceremonies that year, directing the movements of the army of transports which all day long was busy conveying logs and packing boxes to the rock. In the center of the pile were trunks of giant trees, placed on end and held in place by small logs. In the midst of all was a pocket filled with light kindling wood, covered with pitch and tar. This was the mine from which was to ascend a tongue of flame.

The night was falling when from the point a flotilla of boats swept toward the rock. A single boat shot out from the group and grated upon the edge of Beetle Rock. A gleam of light shone from beneath the shelter of a cap, then the flame from a torch flared high in the air. Lawrence Daniels, his face illuminated by the jet of fire above his head, turned to the crescent of boats and bowed. He hurled the torch into the center of the giant tinder box and turned to go. His foot caught upon a root and he lurched forward. In trying to save himself he half turned, then fell upon the rock.

From the top of the pile of timbers there burst a blinding flood of light. Beneath its glare those who sat in the half circle of boats could see that a thin stream of blood was trickling from the right temple of the man who lay stretched upon the rock. The pile of timber began to settle. A blistering heat compelled the spectators to pull back from the nest of flames. A pine log rolled from the side of the volcano of wood and fell, spouting fire within six inches of Daniel's head.

"Why don't somebody pull out to the rock?" yelled a voice far back in the semi-circle.

"Why don't you do it yourself?" came the response from half a dozen throats.

A light skiff shot out swiftly from the landing near the hotel. In it sat a girl, wrapped in a cloak and rowing with desperate energy. The glow from the flaming pyre revealed the features of Pearl Amboyne. She drew her boat steadily toward the prostrate figure, and as the bow grounded seized the unconscious man with firm hands and dragged him aboard. A wild cheer brust from the spectators as the girl bent to her oars and rowed out of the fire zone to safety.

"I understand," said the night editor of the Clarion to his assistant a few days later, "that Daniels surprised his friends by marrying a Miss Amboyne quite unexpectedly the other night. What was it, a money match?"

"Not at all," rejoined the other man; "they tell me she's just a pretty working girl. Everyone thought he was in the market for a rich marriage, but this seems to have been a sure enough romanctic affair. Miss Amboyne saved his life during his vacation at Lake Linwood, and he evidently made up his mind to dedicate the balance of it to her."

"He did right," said the night editor, emphatically. "It's refreshing to meet with a bit of real romance once in awhile in these prosaic days."

NEW RAT TRAP A SUCCESS

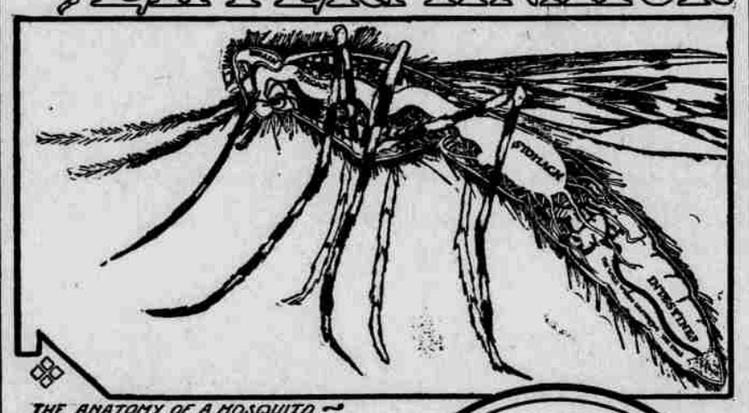
Rodent Caught by Flypaper Frightens Tipplers in a Philadelphia Barroom.

Several men who happen around the thirst-allaying establishment of Edward Carmany, which holds forth its allurements at Marion street and Kaighn avenue, Camden, decided yesterday that it was time to join the teetotalers' ranks. Carmany has had some rats in his place, that is, of the animal kind. There was a hole in the floor by which they made their way to the barroom, much to the annoyance of gentlemen who might be getting on the outside of highball or a large, foamy glass of amber. Carmany had an inspiration the other day. Flypaper catches flies, why not rats? The idea was too good to lay on ice, so he put it to work.

Close to a hole through which the rats came the saloon-keeper laid a sheet of the sticky flypaper and awaited results. They came fast and in a bunch. A man who was enjoying the best effects of a rickey saw something moving across the floor He dropped the glass, jumped to the bar and cried, "Holy Moses!"

The bartender thought the man had fits and laughed, but when he caught sight of the sheet of paper gyrating about the floor in the most uncanny way he threw the bung-starter at it and fled. One or two others gave the room a wide berth, and attracted by the commotion, Carmany ran in. He laughed and said: "The paper worked all right." The rat, which had become so tangled in the sticky mess that it could not see its way to its hole, was killed.—Philadelphia Record.

A MOSQUITO EXTERMINATOR



THE ANATOMY OF A MOSQUITO

THE scientists in the service of the United States and the states which are waging war on the mosquito have discovered a new method of exterminating the pest. This method consists in propagating and distributing a parasitic worm which lodges in the body of the mosquito and kills it or checks its egg-laying powers.

It has for several years been recognized that the mosquito is one of the worse public enemies of the American people. Upward of 15,000 deaths occur from malaria, which is spread by the mosquito alone. This figure does not count the vast number of people whose systems are weakened by malaria and thus easily succumb to other diseases. The discomfort caused by the mosquito in many parts of the country is also a grave injury to prosperity. Therefore, anything which tends to exterminate the mosquito is of immense public benefit.

How greatly some regions are in need of relief from mosquitoes has just been shown by the dispatches from Chenier au Tigre, a large and fertile island in the Gulf, off New Orleans. The mosquitoes there have bred in such quantities that the inhabitants have been forced to keep indoors altogether, while the cattle have been killed by the mosquitoes filling up their nostrils and throats and choking them.

The new worm which kill the mosquito is known to science as agomermis culiois—meaning "roundworm of the mosquito"—and is recognized as a destructive parasite of the wicked insect. It is also called the "hairworm" in many places on account of its resemblance to a small hair. It spends at least part of its life in the belly of the mosquito, and, in the case of the female, when it does not kill her, it prevents her from reproducing her species—a result equally satisfactory.

Very little is known of the life history of the worm, or how it spends the early stages of its existence. It is a new discovery. It was first found and identified, only a short time ago, by Dr. John B. Smith, who, as entomologist attached to the New Jersey agricultural experiment station, at New Brunswick, has charge of the mosquito survey of his state, which has a wide-spread reputation for producing a remarkable crop of mosquitoes.

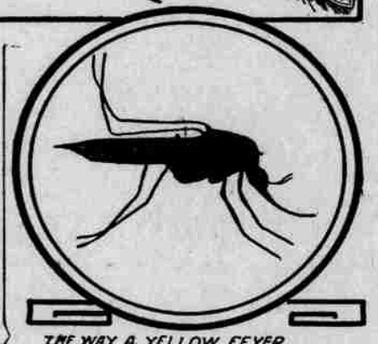
There are, as is well known, many species of mosquitoes in New Jersey. But the worst of them all, so far as ability to annoy goes, is the brute with striped legs. This is the real and original "Jersey mosquito." It breeds in marshes, though it flies thence for great distances, and scientific men know it as "culex solicitans."

Necessarily, this species cuts a very large figure in the problem which Dr. Smith is engaged in tackling. With a view to studying its life history in detail, he has built on a marsh a cage of wire net, with a framework of scantling, big enough for himself to occupy. In this cage he has reared the marsh mosquitoes, watching them through all the stages of their development, in the midst of their natural surroundings. Incidentally, he has subjected many specimens to microscopic examination, to find out how the egg-sacs of the females developed, and other such points.

On a number of occasions, while thus studying the female insects, he noticed that their abdomens seemed abnormally enlarged. Finally, his curiosity being aroused by this phenomenon, he tore open the belly of one of the insects, and found inside of it two-hair-like worms about a third of an inch long, and nothing else. They were something new to him, and so he sent the worms to the government helminthologist — signifying "worm man"—in Washington.

The worm man, Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, promptly identified them as "round worms" of the kind popularly known as "hair worms" or "wire worms." He also gave them the long Latin name already mentioned, and said that they were undoubtedly parasites of the mosquito. But in the meantime Dr. Smith had started in to examine large numbers of marsh mosquitoes for worms. In a lot that was sent in from Barnegat bay he found many infested. In fact, every collection received at the experiment station from Raritan river to Cape May yielded numerous worms.

He thinks it beyond doubt that the parasite shortens the life of the mosquito it infects—though this, of course, is a matter unimportant compared to the prevention of reproduction. Apparently, the worm does not diminish the insect's appetite at all.



THE WAY A YELLOW FEVER MOSQUITO BITES

One afternoon, at Anglesea, Dr. Smith occupied himself for an hour in capturing marsh mosquitoes that came to bite him, and found that fully half of them were infected.

On the other hand the infected insects were noticeably sluggish and easily recognized by their actions and appearances as diseased. Investigation showed that they were least numerous in places where the worms were most common. Evidently, then, the worms are agents of nature for keeping mosquitoes in check to a certain extent. They do the work with great effectiveness. It only remains to be ascertained whether their efficiency in this line can be importantly increased by artificial means.

In other words, is it practicable to breed the worms artificially and introduce them into mosquito-cursed places? The first thing to be done, obviously, in making such an attempt, is to obtain definite and exact knowledge of the life history of the parasite. Fortunately, although almost nothing is known as yet on this subject, there is a good deal that can be inferred with reasonable certainty. For example, there is hardly any question of the fact that the worms breed in marsh mud.

Dr. Smith has found them not only in the adult mosquitoes, but also in the abdominal cavities of the larvae and pupae—the two forms of mosquito life following the egg, both of which are water-dwellers. It seems evident, then, that infection takes place in the water and nowhere else. That is to say, the worms (themselves water-dwellers) attack the "wrigglers" and the pupae into which these larvae transform themselves, and bore into their bellies.

DISSERTATION ON THE DAWN

Humorous Writer in Lippincott's Makes a Few Remarks of More or Less Value.

The most difficult, exasperating and rantankerous pessimist with which the smiling, festive and irrepressible optimist has to deal is the fellow who takes some stock in the old saying that it is always darkest just before dawn. There is, of course, no argument over the fact that dawn is a joyous occasion, even if it is more pleasant to stay up for it, under proper conditions, than to get up for it, but, says the pessimist, admitting the truth of the adage, one cannot tell when it is darkest, until he actually sees the dawn. He is likely to say, furthermore, that if it's going to bring dawn any sooner, let it get dark as—almost anything, and the sooner and darker, the better.

One positively cannot argue against such logic, for, as aforesaid, dawn is a joyous occasion except to the man who is alseep, and he doesn't count. As for the man who is intoxicated, it is also a question whether many of the beauties of dawn are not lost, because he is already so busy with his own responsibilities that he cannot take on any new joy.

Then there is the man who would stay up all night in a brilliantly lighted room, practicing auto-suggestion by repeating the word "good." Under the glare of artificiality such a man would be prone to claim that there was no darkness outside, but that it was all inside. But, if after settling up, he went out at the first faint blush of dawn, it would look to him like about 30 cents' worth of adulterated tallow candles, and it might require several subsequent sittings with the cards running better to dispel the hallucination.

All these, of course, are exceptions which cannot be considered. Normally, darkness and dawn have to be taken just as they come, and they continue to come with regularity, pessimists and optimists to the contrary notwithstanding.—Lippincott's.

Czar Is Largest Landowner.

The czar of Russia, with 90,000,000 acres, is the biggest landowner in the world.

The Home Department

STARTING THE DAY

DAINTY BREAKFAST TABLE IS IMPORTANT THING.

A Little Care in Appointments Means Much—Proper Preparation of Various Kinds of Appetizing Dishes.

By JESSICA E. BESACK.
(Director Department of Domestic Science and Art National Corn Exposition, Omaha.)

Daintiness should be the keynote of the breakfast table as well as for the table at other times. Some housekeepers may feel that they do not have time to go into the garden and gather a few dew-laden buds for the early morning meal, but those who do not have time, usually have some one about who could do this if they were asked. Not every housekeeper can have hot-house flowers on her table in mid-winter, but there are very few who could not find the time to pot a few ferns or other greenery that is waiting in the woods to be dug up, if they cared to do so. Such a centerpiece will add both daintiness and cheer to a very plain table and will show that some one about the house thinks of other things than mere existence.

Mahogany furniture is not necessary to make a pretty and attractive table, but neatness and care will make the plainest table pretty.

Every woman can iron a tablecloth neatly and lay it straight. Plain white dishes, well washed, are within the reach of all, and are infinitely to be preferred to the gaudy colored ones on the market.

Some people have been educated to take delight in a pretty, well-kept table, and to these people an untidy table, littered with part of the evening meal, filled with dirty catsup and other bottles, crumbs and careless cooking, will take away all desire for food.

A simple breakfast of eggs, toast, coffee and fruit, if daintily served, is good enough for anyone. In making toast there is no reason why the bread should not be trimmed into a neat shape and cut thin and evenly. Heat the bread knife, and you will be surprised to see how easily this is done. The parts cut off can be used otherwise, so there need be no waste. Toast the bread evenly and law it in straight piles on the hot plate and it will all be eaten.

Eggs may be poached in milk for a change and if each egg is broken into a little mold or tiny tin cover, it will keep a pretty shape. They may be slipped into the oven and baked.

A pretty way to fry mush is to cut it into cubes and fry it in hot fat, after rolling each piece in flour. If the hot mush is packed into baking powder cans and allowed to cool, then cut evenly and fried carefully, the slices will keep a nice even shape.

Biscuits are much more attractive if cut with small cutter.

It ought to be unnecessary to say anything about the pouring of coffee, yet we see it poured so carelessly sometimes that it runs down the side of the cup and into the saucer, making a very unattractive looking affair.

The early morning meal is the beginning of a new day, and if one leaves the table with a satisfied feeling, he is fortified against many of the ills of the day, while a poor breakfast may be responsible for evils difficult to account for.

GIRL'S DRESS OF PINK LINEN

Material Is a Favorite of the Season for Costumes of This Description.

Linen this year is made in such lovely soft qualities and colorings that it will be a favorite material for girls' dresses; the one illustrated here is in a pretty pink, trimmed up each side the opening on skirt, with brown buttons and braid loops.

The bodice is trimmed to correspond; the opening of front being lightly braided round, as are the turned-up cuffs which finish the telescope sleeves. The vest and under-sleeves are of tucked spotted muslin. Waist-band of brown silk.

Materials required: Eight yards 42 inches wide, six dozen buttons, one yard muslin 30 inches wide, about eight yards braid.

BOTH PRACTICAL AND SMART

Maternity Gown That Will Make Up Well in Many Kinds of Material.

This is a style that is most practical, as it looks smart and is very comfortable to wear; it may be carried out in cashmere, nun's veiling, or in any sort material not too thick. There is first a deep yoke or empire bodice, to which the skirt is gathered and in which is fixed a chimisette of tucked net or ninon; then over it are zouave

fronts of the material prettily trimmed with braiding and insertion or galloon; holes are made in zouave through which soft ribbon is threaded and knotted on the bust, each of the long ends being knotted further down, and finished with silk ponpons.

The material sleeves are braided and trimmed to match the zouave; the under-sleeves match the chemisette. At the lower edge of skirt is a wide band if braided material, each edge of which is piped with silk.

Materials required: Eight yards 46 inches wide, one and one-half yard tucked net, four yards ribbon.

Beetle Gown.

New gown called the beetle back is so embroidered with beads as to give the wearer the appearance of wearing gorgeously hued wings. Bless their hearts. Want to remind us that they are angels.—New York Herald.

LUSTROUS SILKS LOSE FAVOR

Women of Fashion Turning to the Duller Though Still Supple Materials.

It is predicted by those who are wise concerning materials that crepe weaves will have a great vogue, and this prophecy seems to be borne out by the more beautiful gowns of the year.

It is certain that satin in any case will not be nearly so popular as last year. Lustrous silks have been so much worn that women seem to have tired of them and, for a change, turned to the duller though still supple materials.

Crepe de chine will probably prove the most satisfactory of the handsomer materials, for it is so pliable that it may be used for the many draped effects in vogue and at the same time it is heavy enough to fall prettily and gracefully around the figure. It is also a material that lends itself to hand embroideries, and it combines well with all kinds of lace. A new material also promises to make its appearance during the season to come. This is satin, but without the sheen that this material has heretofore possessed. It is called peach-blow satin, for the surface is not perfectly smooth, but is slightly downy, like the skin of a peach.

To Whiten the Teeth.

Some teeth are of a yellowish tinge naturally and no amount of care can make them glistening white, they can, however, be made a better color by constant brushing with a whitening powder and by occasional bleaching by a dentist who understands his business.

Chewing a twig of althea bush is said to whiten the teeth, but care must be taken that the pulp is not swallowed.

Rubbing the surface occasionally with the inside of a lemon rind is also whitening, nor is it as much of an acid as is usually considered.

The practice of using peroxide of hydrogen on the teeth, as a bleach, should not be indulged in without the advice of your dentist.

In the Sewing Room.

When making buttonholes in material always choose a thread 20 numbers coarser than that which you would naturally use in that material. For instance, if you are sewing a piece of material with No. 80 cotton, you can work the buttonholes with No. 60.

To prevent the thread from knotting when doing hand sewing always make a knot in the end last broken from the spool. This done, stretch the thread by taking the ends and giving several quick pulls.