

HER OWN WORK.

Kitty looked at me with a pained, indignant expression—great, brown eyes with a golden light in their depths which made the small, colorless face at times positively radiant.

We were sitting on the stairs at Mrs. Crampton's last ball. There was always a crush at the Crampton mansion, and Kitty and I had made our way out of the whirling vortex of dancers at imminent risk of life and limb, and had gladly sought this last refuge. Every other corner, every room, every niche seemed overflowing with gaily dressed people in groups, but more often in pairs, laughing, chatting, flirting. And sitting here, just behind the marble statue of Psyche, I had accused Kitty Hathaway of being a flirt.

Well, it looked like it, I must confess, for she was always surrounded by an admiring group, upon whom she lavished impartial sweetness, looking all the time so demure and innocent as to almost deceive me. I, Alan Gordon, aged twenty-five, had never been in love in my life. If I were one of the cavaliers who knelt at sweet Kitty Hathaway's feet it was only because she was so altogether bewitching that I had no choice in the matter. Tonight her flirtations had exceeded their usual limit.

"Miss Kitty"—I assumed my most magisterial expression—"don't you know that it is flirt?"

"Is it?" with a swift glance, quickly withdrawn. "Who—who flirts? Oh, yes, I know. You are referring to Annie Merton. I must confess she does, or rather tries, to flirt successfully; but I don't believe she understands the art."

"Annie Merton, indeed!" I feel myself getting indignant. "An old maid of forty at least! You know perfectly well that I am referring to a certain brown-eyed maiden surnamed Hathaway. Miss Kitty, it is a shame for you to break all these loving hearts."

She laughed a clear, ringing laugh. "Bah! Nonsense! You men have no hearts to break. Your hearts are petrified, ossified, fossilized, and all the rest of it. You do not know what it is to love a woman truly steadfastly."

"Kitty, stop! You are wrong, and you know it. You know that I am not a foolish, flirting fellow. You know—or you ought to know—that I love"—

"Miss Kitty! I beg ten thousand pardons, Gordon, but this is my dance. The Manola. Miss Kitty; and you did promise it to me."

I felt like annihilating the tall young man who had made his way with difficulty to our secluded corner. But there was no hope; she must go. She rose, and I fancied a regretful look in the lovely brown eyes as she turned to me and deposited her bouquet—a magnificent collection of orchids—in my hand.

"Keep it until I return," she whispered. "If I survive this waltz I will be back here; so don't go away."

My eyes met hers; I smiled and nodded—and then she was gone. And all at once it occurred to me how dark and dreary the place had grown—what a dull affair the Crampton ball had become and how I missed Kitty Hathaway.

And then something else occurred to me also—something that came crashing down upon me with sudden force, nearly depriving me of my senses. I awoke all at once to the fact that I loved her—

I, Alan Gordon, who had long looked upon love and marriage as a remote contingency—an accident which must befall me some time, but not now, Oh, no!

I was my own master; a fortune of half a million had fallen to me a year ago, and I was quite alone in the world save for my mother. She had given up the hope of my falling in love for not the slightest fancy had ever troubled the peaceful waters of my existence. But I was awake at last to the knowledge that while I had been dreaming love had stolen in at the door of my heart, and I awoke myself to a realization of the truth when it was too late to bar the intruder out.

While I sat there, with Kitty's orchids in my hand, my eyes dreamily watching the floating white-robed figure—she was all in white, a fleecy, gauzy, diaphanous material striped with silver threads—and occasionally intercepting a sly glance from the merry brown eyes from over her partner's shoulder, Mrs. Crampton, with her daughter Clara in tow, made her way with difficulty to my side.

"Dear me, Alan, what a place to sit, to be sure!" Mrs. Crampton had known me all my life, and always addressed me by my given name. "You have not met Clara since her return from school. My dear," with a swift glance into Miss Clara's face, "this is your old schoolmate and playfellow, Alan Gordon. You are five years her senior, Alan. Now I am going to leave you two to renew old friendship, while I go to Mrs. Marcy yonder. I declare, the old lady is looking faint and ill!"

"No wonder; the atmosphere is stifling. I thought, as I made way for Miss Clara, who sunk into the seat at my side which Kitty had vacated.

A slender, painfully slender, young lady was Miss Clara Crampton, with pale blue eyes and pale yellow hair, and an air of languor.

"Just see Kitty Hathaway!" ejaculated that young lady: "how overdressed

she is, and she dances all the time! See, she is flirting with young Granger!"

I looked; how could I help it? Had I not been looking at every opportunity while the dancers danced and the sweet waltz music surged upon the perfumed air? Yes, it looked like flirting, for Kitty's eyes were uplifted to Granger's handsome face, and the very manner of the little witch convinced me that there was mischief brewing. Ah, well! she was not mine. I had no right to dictate or interfere.

"And you know"—Miss Clara's voice floated across my reverie like a chill east wind—"that the Hathaways are in reduced circumstances, and Kitty is bound to marry a rich man. Dear me! she told me so, Mr. Gordon. She declares that she must marry a fortune. What is the matter?"

I had started up with an involuntary exclamation which I could not repress. Did the girl know—or care—that she was driving me mad? And just at that instant, with a broken wail, the music died into silence. I arose to my feet.

Miss Clara bowed, but there was a look of displeasure upon her thin face.

I made my way slowly from the secluded niche back to the ballroom, to Kitty Hathaway's side. I laid the orchids in her hand.

"They are too valuable to lose," I suggested.

"They are hideous!" she cried, tossing them upon a table near. "I never could understand the beauty of an orchid any more than I can appreciate the beauty of a mushroom. But Mr. Granger sent them, and I"—

I bowed.

"I understand. He is the last favored suitor," I cut it, harshly.

Kitty lifted her eyes to my face again with that same indignant glance but full of pathos too.

"Will you get my cloak?" she asked softly—"and please find mamma. I think I shall go home."

With secret satisfaction I obeyed her, and when the carriage had driven away I went back to bid the hostess good night, and took my departure also.

I had made up my mind to ask Kitty Hathaway to be my wife.

I loved her. Good heavens! of what had I been thinking all these months, not to have found out the truth before?

I rang the bell at the pretty little home of the Hathaways the next evening. Kitty and her mother lived in a retired street, in a neat cottage which, with a small income, constituted their entire wealth.

She came into the cozy parlor where I awaited her. She was all in black, and her face was very pale. I arose and took her hand in mine at once. I would make no preliminary preparation but would go directly to the point.

"Kitty," I whispered, "I have come to ask you to be my wife. I think I have always loved you. Kitty, Kitty, what is your answer?"

The sweet pale face, dropped.

"I—I am sorry," she murmured faintly, "but I—I cannot." All my pride was up in arms in a moment.

"You refuse me, then?" I cried bitterly. "And oh, how I love you, Kitty!"

She was trembling like a leaf, but she turned away with calm composure. I snatched up my hat and turned to the door, angry, hurt, my pride stung.

"Goodby!" I cried wildly. "I hope I may never see you again! You are a flirt and not worthy of a good man's love!" and then I dashed out of the house like a madman, and went home to my own rooms and locked myself in alone with my dreary thoughts.

The next day I started on a journey, deciding to make a tour of the far west—visit California, Colorado and explore the Rocky mountains. Time passed and I found myself so occupied and interested with the strange sights and the new scenes whither my unquiet spirit led me that the wound in my heart began to heal. In the meantime I had kept up a correspondence with Clara Crampton. How I had drifted into it I can hardly say, but I found her a pleasant, chatty writer, and was glad to receive her letters. I had just replied to a long epistle, when news connected with some real estate of mine at home made me decide to return, and I started upon the very next train for the east.

I found my mother well, and having attended to my business turned my steps in the direction of the Crampton mansion. I rang the bell and was ushered into a small reception room, which was separated from Miss Clara's boudoir by heavy azure velvet portiers. I seated myself to await Miss Clara's coming. I learned afterward that the servant was new and untrained and having shown me into the reception room straightway forgot to announce my arrival to the ladies. And sitting there, my presence unsuspected I heard these words:

"Mamma"—it was Clara Crampton's voice—"do you think that he will ever propose? Alan Gordon I mean of course. Whom else have I been angling for ever since that night when I told him that Kitty Hathaway had determined to marry a fortune? And then, you know, I made Kit believe that he had told me—didn't I ever tell you about it, mamma—that he would never marry a girl without a fortune, and above all a girl who loves to flirt. In short I made her believe that he was only amusing himself with her, and Kit is horribly proud, you know, so that accounts for Gordon going away suddenly. I am determined to be—Mrs. Alan Gordon myself, for he is worth a half million or more."

I started to my feet in utter consternation, and then the strangest thing occurred. Out from the embrasure of the long window at the other end of the room, where she had sat, hidden from my view by the heavy window curtains, came Kitty Hathaway. She had also been a victim to the blundering servant and we two caged there together had heard our own story with all the wrong set right.

I put out both hands with a swift glance toward the portiers—a glance which Kitty interpreted to mean silence. She laid her white hands in mine and without a word I stooped and kissed her.

At that very moment Miss Clara swept aside the portiers, falling back with a stifled shriek as her eyes fell upon the scene.

"Miss Kitty is my promised wife, Miss Crampton," I said "quietly," and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for having set right the wrong that your own hands have wrought."

Kitty has been my dear wife for many a long day, but we will neither of us ever forget the look of defeat, the horror, the consternation which rested upon Clara Crampton's face. But it was all her own work, and it was right that she should bear the penalty.—Toronto Mail.

A Diagram Needed.
Not long ago a prominent young society lady of a neighboring city was stopping with friends in this city at one of the leading hotels. There is nothing particularly strange in this, except the fact that she was here led to an extremely unusual and amusing incident. Stopping at the same hotel was a society gentleman of large acquaintance. Not long ago it happened that two wedding receptions both in high society occurred on the same evening. At evening, as he left the dining room of the hotel, the gentleman who figures in this story met the young lady above referred to and after an exchange of courtesies asked her if she was to attend the wedding reception. She replied that such was her intention. He then asked if he should call for her and received an affirmative answer.

Promptly at 9 o'clock a carriage rolled up to the hotel entrance, a young man alighted, and was whisked up to the first floor parlors in the elevator and in a few minutes came down with the young lady, attired in a bewitching costume, upon his arm. The carriage then sped away to the northward and in a very short time halted before a large residence in a fashionable part of the city, from the windows of which many lights streamed.

The young lady and her escort were at once shown up stairs rooms, where they could divest themselves of their outer wraps before descending to the parlors. While the gentleman was waiting in the hall for the young lady she suddenly appeared with a scared look on her face, and motioning him out of hearing of every one excitedly exclaimed in a stage whisper: "Do you know where we are?"

"Why yes said the gentleman, with a questioning look on his face. "We are at Mr.—'s."

"Well I was not invited here," said the young lady, with growing alarm. "I thought we were going to the reception at Mr.—'s. I knew nothing about this reception."

"I knew nothing about that reception," said the gentleman. "I was not invited there, I supposed you were invited to this one."

"And just to think," exclaimed the young lady, almost on the border of tears, "my sister expects me at M—'s! What shall we do?"

The situation was so funny that both laughed. The young man had been invited to one reception and the young lady to another, and neither knew that there were to be two receptions on the same night.

"I'll take you over to M—'s," said he. At first the young lady thought she would go, but changed her mind and both returned to the hotel to await the coming home of the former's sister. A consultation was held and it was decided to keep the affair secret, but the story was so good that first one and then another were "put on."

The young man has registered an eternal vow that the next time he invites a young lady to attend a reception with him he will furnish a diagram showing the name of the family and the number of the house.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Tiny Timepiece.
M. Morquet, a friar of the Florentine order in Paris, has constructed a perfect watch only a quarter of an inch in diameter. Besides the two hands seen on all watches it has a third which marks the seconds, besides a microscopic dial which indicates the days, weeks, months and years. It also contains an alarm, and on its front lid is an ingeniously cut figure of St. Francis. On the back cover, by aid of a powerful glass, you can distinctly read two verses of the "Te Deum"—Philadelphia Press.

Holland's Little Queen.

Her serene majesty Wilhelmina Helene Pauline Marie, queen of the Netherlands, who was the center of attraction in Europe recently, is a winning little girl of twelve years and playful and child-like in her ways when not oppressed and strained into unnaturalness by the pomp and circumstance of royal display, although some persons might suppose that a twelve-year-old girl would be unlike other children of that age because she happened to be a queen.

She came into public notice a short time ago through her visit to the emperor of Germany, at Potsdam, and the elaborate entertainments and displays in her honor in Germany. There was of course a political significance attached to her visit, and it was common report that the purpose was to arrange the preliminaries for her marriage, Emperor William would like to see Holland and the rich Dutch colonies a part of the German empire. The Dutch ports would be of especial advantage to Germany, and the marriage of Queen Wilhelmina to the crown prince, now ten years of age, and who will be emperor some day, if he lives, would be the best way to accomplish the desirable end. The children received every opportunity of becoming acquainted, and they played just like children, of course.

Queen Wilhelmina was born on Aug. 31, 1880. Her father, William III, died on Nov. 23, 1890. The little queen studies hard and plays a great deal, and her chief delight is to work and play in her garden, pet her tame pigeons and ride her pet pony. It is said that she is a very good girl and not willful, as she might be said as the young king of Spain is.

Sir William Thompson.
If ever a peerage is the fit reward for scientific eminence, says the Builder, never was that distinction better bestowed than on Sir William Thompson, President of the Royal Society, on whom the British Queen has just conferred the title. The days are past when a man could say with Bacon: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," nor is it now possible even to take all science, but Sir William Thompson may justly claim to have taken all physical science as his province, and there are few who can rival him in any one branch of it. Go where you will, we find traces of his restless activity. Every telegraph office is stocked with instruments of his invention; a large part of London is lighted by dynamo machines which are modifications of one of his, and in the test-rooms of all the installations in the world the most accurate instruments are his also. We go to sea, and we find the means of taking soundings without stopping the ship designed by Sir William Thompson; we arrived in port and find the height and time of the tides predicted by Sir William Thompson's tidal clock. Perhaps we are interested in questions of speculative science—the age of the earth, the constitution of matter and the size of its ultimate molecules, the origin of life on the earth and its probable duration; none of these questions can be adequately discussed without mention of his name, and on some of them he is the only authority. In collaboration with Prof. Tait he has written what is generally accepted as the text-book on natural philosophy, and some of the most brilliant mathematical investigations we have ever seen are due to him. When the history of science in the nineteenth century comes to be written three names will stand out prominent—those of Faraday, Darwin and Sir William Thompson.

Lost a Valuable Relic.
When the Army of the Potomac, in the spring of 1862, moved into the fortification at Manassas and Centreville, the boys spent much of their time gathering relics from the battlefield of Bull Run to send home to their friends.

One day a gawky member of the Fourth New York brought in an exploded bomb and started to extract the load before sending it away. He should have taken it to an artilleryman, but instead took it to a blacksmith shop and, with a hammer and cold chisel, sat down on the floor, took the bomb between his legs, placed the brass screw at the point and gave it a heavy blow.

The next instant the atmosphere was dense with disintegrated blacksmith shop. A section of the batting roof had business over in another country, and a chunk of the side wall went down to visit the neighboring camp. Pieces of iron and steel that were once tools took an immediate vacation and fled to parts unknown.

When the boys rushed to see what was the matter there the man sat bolt upright in the midst of the debris, with his legs stretched out, a hammer in one hand and a chisel in the other.

"Gooh," he said, as he slowly crawled to his feet, "I guess the folks 't home'll have to get along 'bout that shell."

The only injury that had been done him was the singeing of his hair and whiskers. He wasn't even very much frightened till the next day.—New York Recorder.

Caller.—"I greatly like the tone of that picture."
Mrs. Shoddie—"Oh, I wouldn't buy anything that wasn't high-toned."—New York Weekly.

How Chinamen Gain Access to United States.

Looking at the map one may see that the northwest corner of the State of Washington is torn off, and the space that is left is filled with water, dotted with an archipelago. The island of Vancouver is partially torn out by some gigantic convulsion. The tatters and debris of the rent form the archipelago. Our national interest centered in that corner long ago when that portion of the boundary was in dispute, and the tension of a war feeling was only relieved when a foreign arbitrator settled the boundary, and gave us the island of San Juan, the most important of the group. The city of Victoria confines nearly all the population on that corner of Vancouver Island; the city of Vancouver is the main settlement on the British Columbia shore, and on our borders are such little places as Whatecom, New Dungeness and Port Angeles, in the state of Washington. Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, is the principal American town near by, and the headquarters of the scanty force of customs officials who are supposed to guard against the smuggling, and who are entitled to the presumption that they are doing their best in this direction. Victoria has only 29,000 population, Vancouver fewer still and on the islands only here and there a house. Deer abound upon these islands, which are heavily timbered, and the water ways between them feel the keels of but few vessels—of none at all, except the smallest craft outside the main channels. It would be hard to imagine a more difficult region to police, or a fairer field for smugglers. Old London itself has scarcely a greater tangle of crooked and confusing thoroughfares than this archipelago possesses, and these water ways are so narrow and sheltered that mere oarsmen can safely and easily travel many of them. It is a smuggler's paradise.

Sportsmen Never Get Ill.
As a rule a sportsman may take great liberties with himself without being much the worse. No man was ever harmed by wet feet on a moor, though he comes home and contemplates them for an hour over a gun-room fire; he may be reminded of the malediction: "A deer-stalker has to put up with great exposure and temporary discomfort, but he is rarely the worse for it. He may have to run at the top of his speed for two or three miles along a rough hillside to cut off a stag he has wounded or started, or in some way made a mistake with, and he arrives at his post as hot as a man can be."

The deer are not in sight, and have to be waited for in the best position for the shot, not for the comfort of the shooter. The place is high up—2,000 feet up, perhaps among lichen and rocks and great patches of snow; it is October, and an east wind blows upon the little company of three which seems to cut into their very hearts; finally a snow shower comes on, as it were a winding sheet. We have spent a couple of hours or more in such a position, teeth chattering, body shaking, fingers numb. If the stag judiciously wait for an hour he is probably missed; the above three phenomena do not promote good rifle shooting. Very likely the stag never comes at all; he was suspicious and uneasy, and preferred to take an unusual pass, and so disappointment is added to the other discomforts. But such a wait has never made us ill, nor have we ever seen a stalker who was the worse for it.—From Macmillan's Magazine.

People Who Pull Out Their Beards.
The Esquimaux have coarse, black hair, some with a tinge of brown. Males have the crown of the head closely cropped, so that reindeer may not see the wavering locks when the hunter creeps behind bunch grass.

They have black eyes and high cheek bones. The bones of the face are better protected from the severity of the climate by a thicker covering of flesh than southern races.

Generally their beards are very scant and most of them devote otherwise, die hours to pulling out the hairs.—Washington Letter.

The Situation Was Urgent.
Representative McClammy of North Carolina and Speaker Reed are as close as peas in a pod. They are called the fat and lean brothers. The speaker will recognize McClammy for almost anything. On Thursday evening, just before the house adjourned McClammy went to Reed and said: "Mr. Speaker, I want you to recognize me this evening."

"What do you want recognition for?" "I want to call up the Fayetteville public building bill. You see, I am in the fix of the fellow who fell off the bridge."

"How's that?" inquired Reed. "Well, the fellow who fell off the bridge prayed God to help him and to help him d-d quick."

"All right, McClammy, I'll help you." And when the Tarheel statesman had obtained recognition and asked unanimous consent to pass his public building bill Mr. Owen of Ohio objected, and the house adjourned.

Undanted by Man.
Emmanuel Beck, of the plucky young fellow, is a little doubt that he is the way in the world. What a brakeman he lost back railway accident. Duncence he practiced holding the elbow joint of the car, he can write legibly and work as a look-out.

An Ingenious Invention.

An automatic machine, fills, weighs and seals, has been invented, and is in use where large quantities of starch, etc., are put up. The while curious, are simple, gear consisting of a series of blocks, receptacles, feeders, and feeders, which produce age smoothly and continuously forming blocks size the afterwards instantly separate them and folded and granulated. The paper sacks are then plunged into receptacles folded on top and sealed, or claims that if the machine to its full capacity it will in 25% days.

Queer Bird.
During a visit to New Frisled, says Gallatin, succeeded in obtaining the quantity and almost a bird. The bird is some ostrich, but only the size has no wings at all, and with for like short wings. Another peculiarity about the fact that its egg is larger than its body. He also bringing home some which are difficult to count of the manner in which they bury their dead. When have been so long in the all the flesh has fallen from ton, they unweath them into the interior of the body, they are deposited into which are very difficult to discovered with one is killed.

The Bill Will Take Away.
Henry Watterson is a poet, and now and then a good thing on the spot. He met in Washington, a house, the celebrated Colonel Dick Winter, who was a gastronomic quack. Mr. Watterson that he had an idea of ordering a fine beefsteak and was skeptical as to whether it could serve a dinner of beefsteak that would last and yet leave no offense to the breath.

"Colonel Dick, I can't do," said Watterson. "What is that?" "Why, go to John Winter order beefsteak and you pay your bill with breath away."

Hoodooed with Music.
The orchestra leader of Philadelphia theater was one night recently and violin and clarinet players. It was by a small who occupied and industriously worked. When the overture had and the soft music was nerves of a large audience net player looked up and and the lemon. His eyes and he tried bravely to keep ing, but it was no use. He watered violently, and ended in a wild shriek. He gazed at his partner in and he saw the boy and the despairing wail ended the fort. The amazed leader and from his exalted position the lad, who calmly suited the fort. The overture was but the boy enjoyed that immensely.

The Luck of American Homes.
What American families yet achieved to any great the conditions of American not to encourage, and homes, from which the go to town for the winter, their principal ties and their expenditures shall very lately the city houses rich American's real men who have retired, to make their homes in the people who now live in town are learn to spend three town and nine in the country of vice-versa; when electric railroads make more accessible, and the country of money makes the rural districts more ing; when a life-time specialty gett ng in Wall street, or ceases to be considered there will be less difficulty just now in providing man's grandson may have of real country life that when it comes his turn to may have something worth Scribner's Magazine.