

THE TELEGRAM.

The scene opens at Boulogne-on-the-Sea. If you know the coast there is no need for me to describe to you the sweet, old-fashioned view, which stretches to the right towards the entrance of the harbor. Along the edge of the green downs, from which one catches the gleam of the waves on the blue of the sky, a winding path climbs and steps at the foot of an old gray mansion. If you have never been to Boulogne, picture to yourself the background of one of the old masters, of Perugino, of Hans Memling, the delight and boast of Bruges, and you will have a good idea of this lovely landscape, which one can see half way from England.

All the hotels were filled with English people, some of whom were charming, some intolerable, some coldly polite, and others who, in the matter of politeness, had not advanced one step since William the Conqueror. To my deep disgust, I could not obtain, on my arrival, a room which looked out on the sea. However, the assurance that I should be gratified in the near future afforded me some sort of comfort.

After dinner I was in the habit of going out and sitting on the circular bench at the end of the pier, before the sky grew dark, and the sea sank to its cavernous depths. One evening I found that my usual seat was occupied by an English couple. The man, a fine-looking fellow of 30 years or thereabouts, was seen in a profile, while the woman, slender and waving, bending towards the water, one arm leaning on the end of the railing, hid litterally her head in the depths of her cape.

I yielded to the ecstasy which seizes me when I look upon the destroying responding sea. Away with those who see there nothing but gas, salts and vaporous condensations, and that, too, in spite of everything! Soon the gentleman began to question me with reference to the position of a certain place on the coast. While I replied to the question his companion kept her face turned away. He seemed to take a lively interest in my explanations and prolonged the conversation as long as he could, until the lady, whose face I was eager to see, deigned to come out of her contemplative study, and, without turning her head, said a few words in a tone so kind and so winning that my heart leaped for joy as if a mine of sympathy had exploded at my side. These sympathetic shudders were awakened in me by the sight and the voice of an English woman. I remember that at one time in my life—I was young then—I was the victim of unspeakable emotions whenever I saw white shores, and to the end of my life I shall carry with me the sweet but cruel memory of a walk at Richmond under a bright sky. On my caressing arm rested the head of the lovely Rose and as she leaned her little head—ah! well.

I could never have grown tired of the charm of this interview in the dim twilight beside the sea, but everything has an end. I was the first to return over the road which led to the hotel. I was alone, and I dreamed of the pose of that noble creature whom I was beginning to idealize. I felt myself vibrating to the tones of that musical and expressive voice. I had the presentment of a mystery, of an adventure in which destiny would give me a part to play; and yet I was not too eager to rush into it, but was content to await the call of the divinity. There is an inspiration, a prophetic trivet in love even as in poetry and in oracles.

After eight hours of sound sleep I awoke with an indistinct recollection of the conditions of the evening before. It was raining, and, as I could not go out, I remained in my room for three hours, reading and writing letters. When I had finished I went down to the reading-room, where five or six English people of both sexes, stretched on the seats around the room, were busy reading different parts of the last number of the London Times. My encounter of the previous evening on the pier was very soon forgotten, when I happened to see a young woman, of wonderful gracefulness, sitting by herself and writing with a pencil in a small note-book. For those who love her, Beauty is a country, a home. I asked of myself, to which of the Englishmen, who were sitting there, reading or sleeping, this beautiful creature belonged. She rose to go to the window to see if it were yet raining, and as soon as her back was turned the others in the room stopped their reading and gazed at her with an ironical perseverance, or with looks still worse. This delightful situation was ended by the entrance of a waiter, who handed the strange lady a telegram and informed me with a certain air of mystery that room No. 18, which looked out on the sea, being vacant, my luggage had been transferred thither. Meanwhile the English woman had left the room, and we were not slow in following her example in response to the bell which was ringing for the table d'hôte dinner, at which she did not appear.

After dinner I went to take a turn around the harbor, then I returned to the hotel all eager over the fine view which I should have from No. 18. Room 18 is on the second story, in the

middle of a large corridor. I turned the key. My imagination began to soar. I had heard, before opening the door, a sound like a groan. As the door opened I perceive the smoke and smell of burning paper. I hardly had time to catch a glimpse of the figure of a woman sitting near the secretary; hardly had the sounds of anguish reached my ears, and hardly had I time to recognize the lady of the reading room, when I was clasped by two despairing arms and a quivering, highly-perfumed head rested on my heart, while a voice which I should have recognized among a thousand as that which I had heard the evening before on the pier murmured, "Is it you, dear William? Oh, why did you say that you must leave?"

When I regained my self-possession I saw her fleeing with such a look of distress on her face that tears came to my eyes. On the secretary beside several half-burned letters she had left the following telegram in English: Adieu dear Lucy. I must leave you. Be reasonable. I am going out to India. I shall always adore you. Our letters are in the secretary of No. 18. WILLIAM.

I concluded that, without doubt, it was another "romance" in the life of a libertine, such as one reads in the pages of Richardson—a wealthy young nobleman, unscrupulous and heartless—a sweet young "miss," poorly protected and off her guard.

Lucy left Boulogne next day. A feeling of shame—which some may lay to my credit—prevented my seeking her out, but as the months rolled on that feeling vanished and gave place to the sadness which ever holds me in the very depths of my soul whenever it happens that I call up in my present wretchedness that which I once found beautiful, and that which I could have loved, for a long time the image of that handsome young woman, in her loveliness and desertion, followed me with the haunting sensation of a nightmare.

Two years later I went down to Yorkshire to spend a fortnight with a gentleman farmer who had promised to procure for me a pair of good horses. Before returning to France I stopped at Scarborough, that bright and fashionable spot, a watering place the mineral springs of which have in the words of the guides "a little bitter taste, dontcherknow, sir?" My first visit was to the castle in the neighborhood that was built on the top of a cliff. While walking through this castle with a captain of the English army I was struck by an air of resemblance between the pretty and fashionable woman who was leaning on his arm and the woman who had awayed my thoughts for two years. She was dressed in a fresh summer costume, and a little coquettish veil, which she used as a protection against the dust, without hiding the rosy tint of her cheeks and the bright gleam of her eyes, was enough to prevent my being assured of the identity. The captain, strongly built and of a remarkable calmness of manner, had the power—'tis true it was one purely of monosyllables—of provoking shrieks of laughter from his fair companion, and there shrieks brought to my mind the sobs of two years ago. Sadness and joy are expressed by the same action of the muscles of the face. Who knows but what the same phenomenon may extend to the sounds which issue from our lips? It matters not, I could not be deceived. It was indeed, she.

That evening there was a concert in the hall, to which I went twenty minutes before the opening, to choose my seat, and in one of the chairs in the first row I saw her. She was alone and was looking right at the door when I entered. A kind bow gave me leave to approach her. She took my hand with charming ease, and informed me that she was at Scarborough with her husband, Capt. Lewis, who was then smoking a cigar in the garden of the Casino.

"I have seen him, madam," I said; "a splendid-looking man and a soldier."

She gazed fixedly on me and without a smile calmly said: "He killed William."—Le Petit Parisien.

The other day a person dropped down in an apoplectic fit immediately in front of a police station and was carried inside. A moment after a woman forced her way in through the crowd gathered around the door exclaiming: "My husband! My poor husband! Clear the way and let in the air."

She then busied herself by taking off the man's cravat and performing other little offices till a surgeon arrived, and the patient gradually recovered his senses. On this the sergeant in charge observed that it was a happy relief for his distressed wife as well as for himself.

"My wife!" exclaimed the man; "why, I am a bachelor."

On seeking for the woman it was found that she had disappeared, and with her the watch and purse of the patient, which she had audaciously abstracted under the very eyes of the police.—London Tit-Bits.

Antiquity of Gloves.

The antiquity of gloves is very great. They doubtless antedate history, for the earliest literature alludes to them. They have been known and worn from the remote ages of the world. Homer, in the Odyssey, describes Laertes, the farmer king, the father of Ulysses, in his retirement: "While gloves secured his hands to shield them from the corns." Xenophon jeers at the Persians for wearing gloves as a protection from the cold. "Not only did they have umbrellas borne over them in the summer," he says, "but in winter is not sufficient for them to clothe their heads and their bodies and their feet, but they have covering made of hair for their hands and their fingers." The Romans scorned such effeminacy at that time, but we are told that at about the time of Christ the amanuensis of Pliny, the historian, wore gloves to keep his fingers nimble in cold weather.—St. Louis Republic.

Uses of Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the dipsomaniac from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong newly made coffee without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound, to one pint of boiling water makes a first class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. It is asserted that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a hot cup of coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals coffee is a disinfectant for a sick room, and by some of the best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.—Chicago Herald.

Where Artists Come From.

"A curious statement," says a London daily, "has recently appeared to the effect that the majority of a nation's painters are born in the country, while the architects spring from the metropolis. At first sight such an assertion seems plausible enough, and quite in accordance with the nature of things: but, as a matter of fact, the exact contrary is the case—so far at least as London and Paris are concerned. We believe we do not overstate the case in saying that in England 60 per cent, and in Paris 75 per cent of the nation's artists were born in the capital, and we are prepared to support our contention with statistics."

The President of Mexico.

President Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, is a portly, dark skinned, Indian eyed man with closely clipped blue-black hair and a drooping mustache. His years are nine-and-fifty, and he is serving his third term as president. Yet you never see him without a smile on his face. He is ironed willed, and when the grant to the American railroad in Mexico was with held by the parliament or congress Diaz was out taking ride. He came up into congress and addressed them, saying:

"Signors, you will either pass this bill or go straight home."

They looked a minute, and raised the cry of "Long live the president!" and passed the bill.—Frank Leslie's

A True Philanthropist.

A philanthropic lady, Mrs. Magnuson, is about to sell her family her-loom for the purpose of opening a high school for girls in Ireland. Some of these articles are 700 years old, and the unique collection comprises belts, clasps, bracelets, brooches, old wood earrings and spoons. This lady has, by the help of some friends in England succeeded in erecting a building on a piece of ground which belonged to her, and it is for the purpose of furnishing the interior, of supplying books, and paying teachers that the lady has determined to part with her cherished heirloom. The great test of a woman's devotion to any purpose seems to have been, from Queen Isabella down, the sale of her jewels to forward its interests, and it is an indisputable fact the comparatively few women can endure this test of her loyalty.—New York Sun.

Photographing Clouds.

A good suggestion has been thrown out for the benefit of those who have not had much experience in making cloud negatives: If the sun is to be included in the picture films or ground glass backed plates should be used. Any lens which will take a good landscape can be used, and its smallest stop should be employed. As a rule the exposure will be about one second on a slow plate, but in the case of red sunrises and sunsets this may often be increased to as much as eight or ten seconds unless isochromatic plates are available. The development must be very carefully watched, and not carried too far.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A passenger elevator to the summit of Mount Blanc is proposed by an American mining engineer. The shaft is to be of eight compartments, each six feet square, intended to carry a ripple decker elevator for twenty-seven passengers.

Courtship.

Hearts cannot always be taken by storm. Wooing may be too hasty and precipitate as well as too slow. A man who offers himself to a woman before he has made sure of her affections is very liable to receive "no" for an answer, when, with a little delay and assiduity combined, he might have made it "yes." There is an instinctive pride in woman which makes her rebel against the idea of being too quickly and too easily won.

She naturally thinks he must hold her love cheap who supposes it may be had by a comparative stranger for the mere asking. Even in the case of mutual love at first sight she does not willingly forego the pleasures of the delightful period of courtship. The wild and woeless his mate with long and mellifluous song, and woman feels it her right to exact homage before marriage.—New York Ledger.

Couldn't Fool the Editor.

I heard such a funny story about a famous poetess of passion, whose poems ought of course to bring tremendous prices, but sometimes are rejected like those of less gifted mortals. A young editor received one from the lady, with a note stating that she would sell it to him for \$10, but that from any other editor she could easily get \$20. When the young editor, who is as wise as a serpent while looking as harmless as a dove, received this note, he waxed sarcastic and laughed with merry scorn for he had chanced to be in various other sanctums where this very poem had been read and rejected.

He realized that his paper was a drier resort, and carefully folding up the poem of emotion he returned it with a polite note to the effect that he couldn't think of taking the poem at such low rates when the author could so easily get double her price elsewhere. The poetry poetess tells all her friends that the editor is no gentleman.—New York Herald.

Rubber Rings His Feed.

For a long time lumps of crude rubber and elastic bands have mysteriously vanished from the counter of Morrissey's "all night" pharmacy in Brooklyn. Nobody was able to throw any light on the enigma until Drug Clerk Bosworth made a discovery.

It was late at night and the store was quiet. Trade had been dull for an hour and Bosworth felt like taking a nap. Just as he was about dropping off to sleep he happened to look up and caught a glimpse of "Doc," a big cat that lives in the pharmacy. He was at a lunch, and was feasting on rubber bands.

One by one he extracted them from their little glass receptacle and munches away with evident relish. Bosworth did not disturb him, but sat still and counted the rings as they vanished down the cat's throat. When forty-three had faded from view "Doc" stopped eating, gave a wide yawn and stretched himself out for an after-dinner nap on top of a showcase.

Having accidentally solved the mystery, Bosworth resolved to have some fun at "Doc's" expense, so, after the cat had been dozing for an hour, he called him. "Doc" came to the front quickly. In his hand Bosworth held a large elastic band. This he extended toward the cat. "Doc's" eyes seemed to sparkle as he contemplated the luscious morsel, and without hesitation seized it with his teeth.

Bosworth, however, had a good grin on the other end. When the cat pulled Bosworth pulled, too, but the little tug of war did not last long, for the mischievous clerk suddenly relaxed his hold on the band, and as it snapped back it caught the unlucky cat a stinging cut on the end of his nose. He dropped the band as if it were a hot potato, sprang from the counter and out of the store with a cry of distress.

Since then, although Bosworth and his friends to whom he related the incident, have repeatedly tried to induce "Doc" to submit to being hand fed with rubber rings, he steadfastly refuses to indulge. His abdominal appetite has been cured.—New York Herald

Two Words.

People who wish to send home telegrams from abroad commonly arrange a system of cipher in order to make the expense as small as possible. A story is told of one man, however, whose ingenuity supplied the lack of any pre-arranged cipher.

A western man who owned a great farm in Dakota was obliged to cross the water for business purposes. For three months he heard nothing from the man whom he had left in charge of the farm, and at last he became somewhat disturbed. He was an illiterate person, though a capital farmer, and the writing of a telegram was a matter of some difficulty. At last he sent off the following comprehensive message.

"Is things all right at the farm?" Impatiently he awaited the answer. It would be expensive, he felt sure, whether it brought good or bad news, judging by his own experience. But his trusty foreman was a person of few words and strict ideas of economy, and the envelope which his anxious employer received as soon as possible contained simply this message: "Things is."—Youth's Companion.

FARM DEPARTMENT.

Bogus Butter Makers.

For self-protection the Jersey Bulletin advises harmony between the private dairy-man and the honest creamery and factoryman; there is a common interest that ought to make them the closest allies and firmest friends and the speaker or paper that by abusing either or by making insidious comparison between them is no friend of either. There is the most urgent need, at the present time, for the most cordial co-operation, and closest combination between the two in defense of the honest butter maker. It will require all the skill and ingenuity, all the energy and watchfulness of the two combined, to hold in check the shrewd, cunning and unscrupulous oleo-sharps. With fraudulent goods to sell, naturally they will hesitate at no fraud that promises to give them the market. With unlimited capital a marvelous well drilled crops of agents and willing allies in every town and city, it is next to impossible to suppress the villainous trade. The best that can be hoped for until the makers of honest butter are thoroughly united and organized is to keep it somewhat in check. The need for dairy organization is imperative, in the interest alike to the public who are entitled to consume, and dairymen who make, honest butter. All the more blame-worthy, therefore, are these who sow the seeds of dissension and strife between the private dairy and the factory, by exalting the one to the disparagement of the other.

Starting Grape Vines.

A writer in giving his experience with the propagation of grape vines, says that his way is so successful that ninety per cent will grow if followed in an ordinary season. Cut to three and four buds, this to get all the cuttings a uniform length, say eight or ten inches long. Cut one to one and a half inches from bud if possible. Now tie in bunches of fifty buds one way as even as possible. They dig a trench fifteen inches deep in garden out of way of your plowing sufficiently large to hold all of your cuttings. Set in the trench tops down and as even as possible, reaching to within three or four inches of top of surface ground. Do this in February if you can. Now cover cuttings with earth all over two inches deep, adding some coarse manure on top to hold moisture. Add some brush if hens go in the garden. They will have the appearance of boneless codfish when caloused. Now they are ready for setting. Set out in rows eighteen inches apart at an angle of forty-five degrees three inches apart in the rows. Reason for this plan is this: Wood being hard if the setting is set out at once with top up the top bud will throw out a leaf before the roots have time to start, being down in cold part of ground. Leaf starting too soon for the root will exhaust the sap the cutting contains and it must perish. But the other way the cutting has caloused over and is now ready to throw out roots with the top. I often have tops to make two or three feet of growth at one year old.

While liberal feeding is necessary to secure a good growth, poultry should never be so well fed that they will not willingly forage for something to eat. Having a system will save time; have a time for feeding the fowls, for gathering the eggs, for cleaning out the poultry house and for cleaning the roosts.

The cost of feeding a thoroughbred flock is no greater than for scrubs, while such birds give their owner far more pleasure and he can occasionally sell fowls or eggs at a good price.

The Fancier's Review says that cholera symptoms, in a nutshell are: Intense thirst, debility, prostration, greenish droppings.

An old gobbler or pea fowl will often get very troublesome in fighting the other poultry; when this is the case the quicker they are got rid of the better.

Young chickens will eat wheat or sorghum seed when two weeks old and they will be better than soft feeds.

Sheep or Cattle.

The dry regions of the Western States and territories are so well adapted to sheep that they will doubtless be more popular in the future than cattle by reason of the better profits to be obtained. An Arizona paper says that twenty thousand sheep from Texas are being placed on the Sulphur Spring valley ranges along the foothills of the Chiricohua mountains. Eight thousand have already been unloaded from the cars and driven to their new pasture twelve thousand more are on the way. It is but natural that the people should view with a feeling of alarm this invasion by a force not yet understood as to intention or probable results.

There can be but one question regarding the future of the stock industry of this section of Arizona, and that is whether it is more desirable to give up the ranges to sheep or to cattle. They cannot both exist on the same range, either the cattlemen must go or the sheepman must not come. This question, which as yet has not been considered in a serious light, is before us. It affects every business man as well as

every cattleman in Southern Arizona. Cattlemen are already talking of organization to resist the encroachment of sheep upon their ranges and endeavor by legal process to stop the encroachment before it reaches proportions that will virtually outlaw the seek other ranges in other sections. This is a matter that it would should be regulated by legislative actment, and now that the top live one it will certainly cut an important figure in the next campaign.

Protecting Hive with Corn.

To succeed in any line of business one must study it and act in all promptly and effectually for the results. The little things on the aggregate make the sum of success. A writer in the Country Gentleman, in speaking of the care of bees, says that two years ago he was rather unexpectedly into the position of a swarm of bees. During summer months they took to themselves and gathered honey when the cold weather came he was that they, like everything else, farm needed protection. The on high ground and exposed to force of cold north-west winds consulted books and newspapers the subject and found that the expensive way suggested was to them in his cellar, but his there so he could not adopt the.

After studying on the problem some time he concluded that the hive was surrounded with corn the bees would have sufficient pollen and yet get plenty of placed cornstalks around the hives them at the top so that finished it looked as if he had one of the shocks of stalks in field and set it up in the yard. Spring of 1891 the bees were in condition, but that was a mild year and he did not consider it a failure. Last fall he fixed them in the way. The past Winter passed mild. When he took off the state first of this week, the bees were strong and vigorous as at any during the Summer.

Poultry Pickings.

—Lice always attack the poultry ill-fed chickens first. Coal oil is to be destructive to them but use with caution.

—There are few breeds that will lay well if they are well cared for.

—Stone drinking vessels for poultry are better than tin ones during Summer; water will keep cool longer.

—Set the first laying of old birds and duck eggs under hen's nests and better fowls will be secured.

Slamming the Door.

A suggestive little squib with a al is going the round of the press. Bessie and Willie overhear a conversation between their parents. "What them is getting the worst of it?" Bessie. "I don't know yet." Willie. "I am just waiting by which of them will slam the door out." Willie had found a better more universal test of human nature than he knew. The man whose worst of it usually slams the door. To "get mad" is not only a weakness, it is a sign of defeat.

The successful person can keep his temper and wait for vindicate his course. Some people the door in the newspaper to vicious, ill-tempered articles. Our cause not one whit, but that they have had recourse to a feated man's last resort, in slamming. Others metaphorically slam the church door. They get angry brother member, call him names, voke a quarrel, and perhaps a division results. The man who good cause can afford to be patient. He can meet his enemies' anger if it is worth while, or if he let them go for old Father Time to oblivion. He is not greatly annoyed even by slander. He knows that a barking dog is not pretty near accurately at his tail in this practical world, and the best poltice for the wounds of hard words is silence. Not gained by slamming the door, fingers are not in the crack, and that the sound neither destroys nor destroys his arguments, the pain he has inflicted seems to make the slammer's combat.—Golden Rule.

He Never Lost a Book.

I once heard of a fine old man who had the price put inside of books. When asked to lend a book would look inside it and see with great pleasure. I saw thirty shillings, which will be when the volume is returned. He argued that if the book were lost the money would be cheerfully returned, but he found these occasions never lost any of his books or returned in a dilapidated condition.

Signs of Weariness.

"I am afraid that George is of me."

"Why, dear?"

"He has been telling me that too good a woman is the best such a man as he is."—London Graphic.

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