Human Hair's Growth.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and a half inches per annum. A man's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five or thirty inches.

The American steamship line has it as an invariable rule that no captain or other officer, sailor or other employe, shall use intoxicating liquor as a drink.

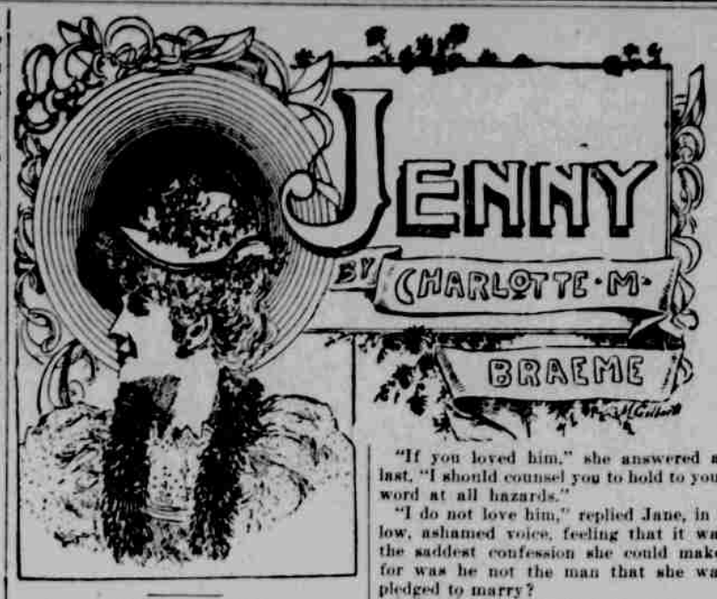
The conductors of the Northwestern railway are not allowed to enter a saloon, much less to use intoxicating drinks, whether on or off duty.

The devil has a fish on his hook every time some man says: "I can drink, or I can let it alone."—Ram's Horn.

Every moderate drinker is helping the devil to put the mark on an army of boys.—Ram's Horn.

The poorest man in the world is the one who gets rich by selling whisky.—Ram's Horn.

N. N. U. No. 364--49. York Neb.



CHAPTER XVII.

The next day brought the news of Captain Dene's death, and as she wept in sorrow for her friend's sudden bereavement, Jane could, without suspicion, indulge her own heart's grief.

The funeral, in accordance with the wish that had been generally expressed, took place at Alipore; and Jane, standing at the window, watched the procession pass, through a mist of sympathetic tears.

Jane had written a few lines to Mrs. Dene, not attempting to condole with her, but only to tell her how she felt for her sorrow; and a few days after the funeral she received a note begging her to go and see her.

The meeting was naturally a painful one, both remembering how and where they had been last together, but the widow was the more composed of the two, and could but see that something else was grieving Jane beside simple grief for her.

"You have been in trouble yourself, Jane; can't you tell me what it is?"

And only too glad to pour out all her woes into such a sympathetic ear, Jane told the whole story.

"But, Jenny," Mrs. Dene said, tenderly, "you knew of this when we were at Cawnpore together, yet it did not seem to grieve you then."

"I scarcely realized it," sobbed Jane.

"And something since has opened your eyes to what it is you stand committed to?"

Jane bowed her head.

"May I guess what it is?" whispered Mrs. Dene. "You love some one now, and know what you are giving up—am I right, Jenny?"

Again Jane bowed her head—this time to hide the vivid blushes which suffused her face.

"And does he love you?"

"Perhaps; I thought so, and yet—yet——"

She broke down in utter confusion. She could not explain what she thought even to the friend she loved so well.

Mrs. Dene remained for awhile in puzzled silence; she wanted to help the girl, but could not tell how.

"I do not wish to force your confidence," she said at length; "but something was told me once, and I was wondering whether I ought to tell it to you."

"Not anything against Jacob Lynn?" sharply.

"My dear, how should I know anything about him?" with a little gentle scorn that showed Jane perhaps more clearly than anything else could what a gulf would divide her from all her new friends should she marry the man to whom she was betrothed.

"I beg your pardon," she said, humbly.

Mrs. Dene went on as though nothing had occurred to interrupt.

"I certainly should have let it reach you through—through the proper channel, only that now the knowledge of it might influence your decision, and otherwise it might come too late; I don't know if you are ambitious, Jane, but, if you liked, you might some day be Lady Larronmore!"

"Lady Larronmore!" echoed the girl, surprised, for the name conveyed nothing to her mind.

"It is the title to which Major Larron will succeed; and he wishes—I know, for he told me—to win you as his wife."

"Me!" said Jane, opened-eyed and breathless.

"Yes, you," answered Mrs. Dene, with a faint smile that showed how sad the expression of her lips had been before. "You are quite a heroine of romance, Jenny; surely no woman had ever such a choice of positions. You might be a queen of society, or——" She stopped a little awkwardly.

"Or a soldier's wife in barracks," concluded Jane, quietly.

"I have no right to ask you if you care for Major Larron," went on Mrs. Dene. "I only thought you ought to know he cared for you."

"It has made no difference," said Jane; "but I thank you all the same for the intended kindness. No, I don't even like Major Larron; and I dare say he has changed his mind, too, since he spoke to you, for he has never said a word I could construe into anything of the sort."

To Mrs. Dene it was evident that the girl had spoken the truth, yet who could it be that she loved and was thinking about now, if her blushes were to be believed? Not Valentine Graeme surely—he was too young, too frivolous to inspire such a tender passion; nor Colonel Prinsep—why, how blind she had been; of course, it must be he! Lately her thoughts had been so much with herself and her own affairs, that she had forgotten the fancy which Jane had always so artlessly shown for the eligible bachelor colonel. Now it returned to her in full force, and she understood that the fancy had become a love as ardent as it was ill-advised—what she had always feared for her protege had unhappily come to pass, for that Stephen Prinsep returned the girl's affection she could not credit.

"My poor child, it is all very hard on you," she said, presently, thinking that, now she knew all, she could understand the struggle that was going on in Jane's mind between a hopeless love and an engagement that promised to be more hopeless still.

"It is very hard," sighed Jane. "My mother is, of course, against my marrying back into the position which she thought we had left behind us forever; and even my father, I think, is disappointed, though he is so good he will not say so. Yet I know I am right. You think so, too, don't you?" longing for some one to uphold her in her resolution.

Mrs. Dene hesitated, afraid of giving her the wrong advice.

"If you loved him," she answered at last, "I should counsel you to hold to your word at all hazards."

"I do not love him," replied Jane, in a low, ashamed voice, feeling that it was the saddest confession she could make, for was he not the man that she was pledged to marry?

"Then do not marry him, Jenny."

"You forget that he loves me, and though it must have been in momentary madness, I promised of my own free will. If he had been rich or in a good position, I might not have felt so bound; but he is poor and almost friendless. He has nothing but me."

"Perhaps you are right. I only hope it will turn out to be the best; but I shall not be here to see how it ends. I am going away to-morrow."

Then they said "good-by," and Jane was soon on her homeward road, thinking over all that had occurred.

Some one overtook her as she walked, and looking up she saw it was Major Larron.

She gave her hand to him with a somewhat nervous smile, relapsing at once into unnatural gravity as he clasped it closely in his own.

"I am very glad we have met," he said, earnestly. "I began to think it must be decreed we should never meet again."

"That was hardly likely in a small place like Alipore," she answered, brusquely. She felt it incumbent on her to avoid a silence, which might give him the opportunity of saying what she did not wish to hear.

"It is in these small places where one is most likely to miss one's friends. I have been looking for you everywhere for the last week."

"I have not been out much lately. Just now I have been saying good-by to Mrs. Dene."

"She is leaving here?"

"Yes. She goes with her father to Hattiabad to-morrow."

"What, Mr. Molnet? Is he here?"

He looked positively angry when Jane assented. He had not seen Nora Dene's father for more than a year now, and the last time they had met, he had been obliged to listen to plainer truths than he exactly relished; another such meeting was therefore decidedly to be avoided.

Jane, stealing a furtive glance into his face, saw that something had disturbed him, and was relieved that his thoughts were evidently withdrawn from her.

Just then he turned and caught her criticising glance.

"You have been playing cricket?" she stammered, blushing.

"No, tennis. I had the honor of playing with Miss Knollys."

"What is she like?" asked Jane, eagerly, for she, as well as every one in Alipore, was full of curiosity as to the appearance of the commissioner's daughter, who had only arrived from England two days ago.

"I scarcely noticed her; but I believe she is handsome. It is to be hoped so, since, I suppose, she is brought out with the intention of being sold to the highest bidder."

"How can you say such things?" cried Jane, indignantly.

"Is it not true—or is it because of its truth you think it ought to be suppressed?" he questioned, cynically.

"For neither of those reasons."

"Then why? Don't all men marry those who can offer the biggest settlements?" he persisted, looking keenly into her face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In spite of the Hon. Barry Larron's somewhat deprecating description, Diana Knoylls was very handsome, and might have been more so had her manner been less in accordance with her appearance.

She was a little above the medium woman's height, and her figure, neither very slim nor girlish, had the graceful languor which characterizes those of Southern birth. Her eyes were large, and of a gray so dark as to be almost black, and all the color in her face seemed centered in her small scarlet-lipped mouth. Her dark hair was gathered high upon her head in a somewhat uncommon fashion that added to her height, and gave a certain queenliness to her presence. Yet it was her haughty demeanor that robbed her beauty of half its charm. She was cold as an icicle, and her voice, though musical and clear, had a metallic ring in it that grated on the ear.

She was just twenty-five, not too young, she thought herself, and determined, pleasant as was her present position, to obtain as soon as possible a more assured one.

Before she came out from England she had studied the army list to see what regiment was stationed at Alipore, and after consulting Burke as well, had come to the conclusion that the Hon. Barry Larron was the most eligible bachelor in the station; and that after him came Colonel Prinsep, who, though he had no title, nor any very probable claim to one, had a large income and a beautiful estate in Herefordshire. Either of these would be a desirable match.

She had been there nearly a week, when she decided that to give eclat to her debut, her father should give a dance to introduce her to his friends; and having settled this in her own mind, she went at once to consult him upon the subject.

Jane did not get an invitation. Indeed, she never expected it, and would have refused it even had it come. But still she felt the slight. She was so young, and her one short glimpse of gayety had been so sweet that she felt it hard to be left out in the cold. And her mother was indignant.

Stephen Prinsep, on the contrary, was glad that Jane was not there. His sole idea was to put away the remembrance of that one sweet hope, which from its very brevity had seemed the dearer. Yet had it been her loss only which he had had to deplore, there would have been nothing to rankle so in his mind. Had she refused his love because she could not love him, he was too manly to have wasted his life in vain regrets; even had she died he would not have sorrowed as one without hope. But to his short dream had come such a bitter, humiliating awaking that no wonder he felt dissatisfied and sad. He loved her so well, perhaps even she loved him; yet neither fact had the power to prevent her marriage with one immensely his inferior, who would, if there was anything in the theory propounded by the author of "Locksley Hall," drag her down to his level.

He was not thinking of that then. He was watching the commissioner's daughter, and acknowledging her good looks—was wondering whether he could not by any means fall in love with her, and so banish from his memory the unwise passion he had contracted for Jane Knox. For the better furtherance of this plan, he had attached himself to Miss Knollys early in the evening, and scarcely left her side, while she, nothing loath, only too graciously accepted his attentions.

It pleased her that people should notice his apparent devotion and draw the inevitable conclusion. Even if she never married him—and she would not if a better match offered—it was a distinction to have such a man as Colonel Prinsep in her train, such a distinguished soldier, such a declaredly eligible parti. Her eyes grew bright with triumph, and she held her head very proudly, when, though the small hours were approaching, and many of the guests were gone, he still lingered at her side.

Out beneath the quiet stars he could think and almost forget that he had a companion, but presently a well-known name falling upon his ear aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen, and he felt the necessity of returning something more than the mechanical assents which he had given to each of her remarks.

"It has been a success, has it not, Colonel Prinsep, in spite of the heat? And only yesterday I was gravely assured that, if I did not ask the quartermaster's daughter, I must expect a failure. They told me she was quite the station belle, and a tremendous favorite in your regiment."

"A favorite in the regiment—is she?" he repeated, awkwardly.

"You mean that she is not," she observed, smiling. "Well, for my part, I think it is quite a mistake to notice people of that sort. It only makes them feel uncomfortable and out of place."

A vision rose before his mind's eye. As plainly as though she were in reality before him, he saw Jane as he had seen her on the night of the ball at Cawnpore. He saw her gauzy garments, all of snowy white save for the fluttering straw-colored ribbons that seemed to have fluttered themselves into his brain and wrought there irremediable confusion. He could almost fancy that the scent of the tea roses she had worn then was wafted now across his face, but looking down at his companion, he saw that she, too, wore some in her belt.

"Don't you think so?" she persisted, as she met his glance.

"I dare say; I am not very well up in these social questions. Have you ever met Miss Knox?"

"I? Oh, no! I have never even seen her."

"I think you will like her when you do meet. She is very sweet, and graceful, and womanly—I don't suppose more than that is required in the very highest circles," said Stephen Prinsep, with the slightest suspicion of sarcasm.

Miss Knollys assented immediately; but to herself decided that Colonel Prinsep was neither so gentlemanly nor so nice as she had at first supposed. She concluded he was getting bored; and knowing that nothing was more fatal to her chances of success, proposed they should go back to the drawing-room.

(To be continued.)

A Russian Story.

Mr. Barry, in his work on Russia in 1870, tells a story of the time when slavery was an institution in the country. A certain ironmaster caused a man who had offended him to be locked up in an iron cage, and kept him confined in it for a length of time. At last, while he was absent on a journey, the case of his wretched prisoner came to the knowledge of the governor of the province. The governor caused the man, cage and all, to be brought to the government town, and invited the tyrannical ironmaster to dinner. After the dinner was over, the governor sent for a quail in a wooden cage, and offered to sell it to his guest for ten thousand roubles. The offer being treated as a joke, the governor said he had a more valuable bird to sell, and told his servants to bring it in. Folding doors flew open, and the iron cage with its miserable captive was set down before the astonished guest. "Now," said the governor, "what do you think of that for a quail? But this is a very expensive bird; I want 20,000 roubles for him." "All right," said the alarmed proprietor, "I will buy this one; send him down to my works without the cage, and your messenger shall bring back the amount." The matter was thus pleasantly settled, and the company adjourned in undisturbed harmony to their papirosses and coffee.

A Book Warning.

Be careful what you write in your books, if you do not want your heirs or administrators to make unkind remarks about you. An old book chaser, just home from Chicago, relates an instance in which trouble was created by a man who thoughtlessly marked his collection of books in a peculiar manner. He owned a large library, and, as he had probably suffered from borrowers and purloiners, he stamped with indelible ink on the one hundredth page of every volume on his shelves: "Stolen from George E. Hord." In due time death and the mutations of fortune brought this library to the hammer and the second-hand shops; but, owing to the accusatory phrase on the one hundredth page of each book, they were sold with difficulty, and brought almost no price whatever.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Language of Insects.

Another learned man has been studying the "language" of insects. He says he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among them. Telepathy is described as a sixth sense, by which the insects are able to communicate ideas to one another at a great distance.

The Baptists had their name from John the Baptist, they claiming to perform the rite of baptism in the manner that he did.

To Keep Ditches from Washing.

If the ditch is in a meadow or pasture round off the banks with a spade or plow and sow heavily with grass seed. They will soon become covered with a good sod, often extending to the bottom of the ditch. If the ditch is in a cultivated field, plow it and sow to grass. If the seeding should fail, it can be sodded, if one chooses to put that much work on it. All this applies more particularly to ravines and ditches used only during floods.

That Cruel Wretch.

A city girl while in the country asked of a farmer, "Why don't you milk that cow?" pointing to one in an adjoining lot.

"Because it is dry, miss."

"Dry?"

"Yes, miss. She's been dry for two weeks."

"You cruel wretch," she exclaimed, "why don't you give her some water?" and the man turned his face toward the cow house and shook with emotions he could not suppress.

As an organization the Brewers' association has more wealth than any other in the country. It has over $80,000 invested in interest-bearing bonds for one thing; besides this, it collects annually $30,000 in dues.

The devil does not require every man who serves him to wears his colors—which explains why a man may drink without carrying a rum blossom on his nose.—Young Men's Era.

Don't Want to Marry.

According to the registrar-general's most recent statistics, there appears to be a serious indisposition on the part of the male population of merry England to take unto themselves wives. During the months of January, February and March of the present year the lowest marriage rate in any quarter on record was observed, representing 10.6 per thousand. The nearest previous approach to this figure was in the early months of 1893 and the next in 1887.

A Famous Paper.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION has become famous because there is hardly a famous man or woman in Great Britian or the United States who does not contribute to the paper each year. The writers engaged for 1896 promise to make the paper more attractive than ever before.

To those who subscribe at once, sending $1.75, the Publishers make an extraordinary offer—to send free a handsome four-page calendar, 7x10 in., lithographed in nine bright colors, retail price of which is 50 cents. THE COMPANION free every week to Jan. 1, 1896, the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and THE COMPANION a full year, 52 weeks, to Jan. 1, 1897. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 199, Columbus Ave., Boston.

It is reported that in twenty-seven places in Minnesota the curfew ordinance is in force.

The man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips first puts a nail through the hand of Christ.