

MILLIE OF THE RIBBONS.

Back in Two Rivers Millie Duncan had a pleasant home and the expectation that her lines would fall in pleasant places. But a bolt came out of the blue. Millie's father died suddenly, and just at the wrong time, not only for himself, but for his family. She faced the necessity for earning her own living, and leaving the younger children and her mother to depend upon the small income that remained to them, she made a bold entrance into Chicago—which cared nothing about her boldness, but only bellowed at her like an angry bull. If Millie was frightened she did not show it. She found an ugly little room, made it as attractive as she could, cooked her own coffee mornings, contented herself with 10-cent meals only at dinner time. For this function—for such it was to Millie—she made a careful toilet and entered the dining room of the rather fashionable boarding house with the air of a princess who was amusing herself by an experience among the common people. This was her one luxury—it was in this fashion that she kept a hold upon her pride. This gave her cheer for her work and sustained her vivacity. It amounted in fact to a necessity.

Now one of the greatest afflictions that had come to her at a time when afflictions seemed to be pouring thick and fast upon her was leaving the vicinity where Allen Darrow lived. They were not sweethearts; they had not seen much of each other. But it had been his presence that had made a party seem really festive to her. It was the last meeting with him casually on the quiet streets of Two Rivers that had caused her heart to leap. It was he she thought of when she put on a new gown. Or, if she did anything unworthy of her best self, it was he she thought of when she put on a new gown. Or, if she had anything unworthy of her best self, it was he she remembered, blushing at her own business. If she was generous or courageous in any unusual way she turned to thoughts of him with joy, thinking that he would be pleased if he knew.

She had not said good-by to him when she left home. She had not the desire to burden him with the details of her misfortune. How could he understand, who had always lived an easy, luxurious life, what responsibilities she had been called upon to face? How could he appreciate the sinking of the heart which she felt in leaving the refined, easy life, the books, the lazy hours at the piano, the charming circle of friends, for the work and friendliness that a poor girl must know in Chicago?

She put her dreams bravely behind her, therefore, and left without a word of farewell. She was rather glad when she found that her work in the great dry goods house, where the influence of friends had secured her a position, was to be among the ribbons. She rided in the color about her, and making up her mind that anything that was worth doing at all was worth doing well, she not only studied to be most assiduous in her service to those who came to purchase, but she took the greatest pride in arranging her stock attractively. So original were the fashions in which she set forth the bolts of gleaming satin ribbons that it was much noticed. A gruff floor-walker ventured to compliment her; other girls at the ribbon counters were profuse in their praise. And Millie began to know the satisfaction that comes from work well done, though the task be insignificant. She began to look at life from a different point of view and to rejoice that she was among the workers and that work was a pleasure to her. In short, being a wholesome young woman, she put regret behind her and rose to meet the emergency with all the gallantry in her nature.

One day she was putting her patience to its full test with a trying customer, who could not be snited, and who would not go away, when a young man and woman entered and took chairs side by side and began looking at white satin ribbon. "They want it for a wedding, I'll wager," thought Millie to herself, looking behind the nodding plumes of the fretful customer to where the two sat and laughed together. "I suppose they mean it to run up the aisles of the church. I wish this tiresome old thing would go and let me wait on them."

But the tiresome old thing would not go. She stayed on, asking for things she did not want, and Millie, with a politeness which continually grew more frigid, continued to supply her demands. But, meantime, she kept glancing in the direction of the laughing pair, and feasting her eyes on the gay attire and the happy face of the girl who sat partly facing her. Golden hair and blue eyes, a brilliant golf cap and a nonchalant little turban, made up a pleasing whole. Millie hoped the young man was as good looking, and made up her mind that she would get a glimpse of his face before he left. Just then he turned, and looked at her, and she perceived with a poignant blending of pain and delight, that it was Allen Darrow.

She had no desire then to wait upon the pretty girl or her laughing companion. Her one thought was to get away. But Allen Darrow had recognized her, and with a word of apology to the girl by his side he hastened to Millie, holding out his hand for a hearty greeting. "Will you not let me introduce Miss Ferguson?" he inquired. Millie consented, and the two girls chatted together with every outward appearance of cordiality—a cordiality which was no doubt genuine with Miss Ferguson.

"You were looking at the white satin ribbon," ventured Millie at length, with a sort of obstinate pride in her vocation. "Did you wish to purchase some?"

A covert smile flattered about the young man's lips, and then Millie blushed at the knowledge of the transparency of her own motives. As usual,

Allen Darrow understood her perfectly. Formerly this had been a pleasure; now she would have preferred to indulge in reserve.

"Yes," Miss Ferguson replied to Millie's question. "We want some white satin ribbon for a wedding. Don't we, Mr. Darrow?"

"Indeed, we do," he responded laughingly. "A wedding in which one of the other of us is much interested, I won't say which one."

"I should hope both of us were interested in it," cried Miss Ferguson, naively.

They got the ribbon and went away, and after they had gone the sense of her poverty and loneliness and need for monotonous work rushed over Millie, and swallowed up all her cheer and youth for the time being, as a cold storm of the night seems suddenly to extinguish the summer, and to leave only brown leaves and dead fields behind it. That night she could not bring herself to dress for dinner, and to indulge in her usual little dissipation in the way of conversation with the young men she met at the boarding house. She got a dismal little meal on her oil stove, and went to bed early, to toss till dawn and so, arising late, was behindhand at the store. The work had never before seemed so repulsive. She fancied herself getting horrid little tricks of manner like those of some of the old clerks, and imagined that she was already growing plain and dull.

In the midst of this deep depression, when all the store looked gray and confusing, and the words of her fellow-workers sounded strange and foreign to her ear, she heard someone inquiring for her. It was an American District Telegraph boy, with a package. A sudden shaft of anticipation pierced Millie's leaden heart. She signed the book with trembling fingers, and broke open the strings on the box. Within were exposed to view the most glorious American Beauty roses she had ever seen. They were not like other roses. They were glorified flowers, and in the midst of their little white note.

"My dear Miss Duncan," it read. "Am I not to have the great pleasure of calling upon you? I confess I have not tried to find where you were because I was really hurt and offend when you left Two Rivers without saying good-by to me, or letting me know that you were going away. But now that I have seen you I can feel no offense. I think I can understand the motives that led you to do as you did. I do not know how to be sufficiently thankful that I went with Miss Ferguson to buy those wedding wands. I am to be best man at her wedding, which is to occur next Saturday. She is to marry one of my best friends, and I am fond of her and glad that you two met. But how am I running out? You see I was so much to talk with you that I came late. Kindly let me know when and when I may call, and I will be glad and confess that my call is not of the ordinary importance to myself, but will be the most important visit ever made to anyone. I am filled with anticipation and dread, but I will not let the dread get uppermost. I insist that my heart shall insist that my fate is to be fortunate, and that after the visit I shall be even happier than I am now—and I am happy, for I have found you again. Yours, always, 'Allen Darrow.'"

When Millie looked up from reading the letter the store was no longer gray. A sort of golden glory rested over everything, and she turned with eagerness to a customer. "Burnt orange ribbon No. 5? Yes, ma'am, we have a fine piece I should like to show you."—Chicago Tribune

East African Poisoned Arrows.
Professor Robert Koch, a German scientist, recently brought from East Africa some poisoned arrows, which he handed over to Professor Brieger, the director of the Berlin Institute for Infectious Diseases, so that he might make a thorough examination of them. The arrows have bamboo shafts and are tipped with iron. It is in these iron tips that the poison lies.

Professor Brieger extracted a quantity of this drug, and after a careful analysis discovered that it acts almost wholly on the heart. He says that if it is administered to a cold-blooded or anemic person it will cause the heart beats to become very sluggish, whereas if it enters the system of a warm blooded person it will produce many of the ordinary symptoms of poisoning, such as difficulty in breathing, cramps and finally death.

The drug is apparently of a crystalline nature, and it is so powerful that a very small quantity is sufficient to kill a strong man in a very few minutes. German physicians are of the opinion that medical science may be greatly benefited by a knowledge of this new drug for the reason that though poisonous in itself, it may prove useful, just as other poisonous drugs have done. Its peculiar action on the heart has especially interested them, and they are hoping that some way may be found of rendering it serviceable as a tonic.

The fact that the drug has been used for centuries in East Africa is in their opinion, rather a point in its favor, for they cannot help remembering that quinine was used by natives for a long time before its salutary properties became known to Western physicians.—New York Herald.

Scotch Reliance.

A story illustrating the reliance of the Scots regarding their privations is credited to Ian Maclaren.

A train was at a station when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out:

"Anyone here for Down?" Change for Down! Anyone for Down?"

CLARK'S SECRET WEDDING

There dwelt at the town of San Cristobal, situate in the evening shadow of Pike's Peak, a man whom we cannot do better than to call by the name of Clark. He was a bachelor, perhaps approaching the age of 40, and extremely popular.

But though a man widely known and of many friends, he was singularly averse to publicity. If he bought a new horse, it was usually a month before he could induce himself to drive it, and when he got a new suit of clothes, he never always sent it to a brother in Denver, who would wear it a fortnight to take off the "new" and return it to him.

Naturally, when Clark found himself in a position to contemplate his wedding day, he became somewhat nervous. He had always been rather fond of attending other people's weddings, and it occurred to him that he had never been backward about bestowing such delicate attentions as may be encompassed in a handful of rice; and he shook his head as he remembered that he had once helped strap up a friend's trunk at the railroad station with white satin ribbon. The recollection made him shudder; it brought a vision of his own trunk wearing white satin ribbon and he could almost feel rice rolling gaily off his hat-brim and tumbling down the back to his neck. What made the prospect worse was that, while personally he would gladly have been carried by telephone, he knew as well as anybody the inborn love of a wedding, which abideth in the soul of woman. But he was to be agreeably surprised on this point. When he visited his future bride that evening, he said:

"Dora, what do you say to a very simple wedding, or a—just a sort of getting married, you know—quiet—no display rice. You remember I don't like rice much."

"I know," answered Dora. "I discovered it at Mabel's wedding—by the way you threw it?"

"'Hat' Hat!" said Clark, in a weak attempt at laughter. "That's good; though you threw as much as I did. But that was different you see. Now what do you say?"

"Well, I'm not particular about a wedding," answered the young lady. "Arrange it just to suit yourself, dear."

"We can announce a wedding, you know," went on Clark; "and then the day before we can just get married, and go away, and—leave 'em with the rice on their hands!"

The details were accordingly very craftily arranged later on by Clark. He set the hour at 10 o'clock in the morning.

"It's pretty early," he said; "but it'll have to be at that time so we can catch the 10:30 train. I will call for you, and we'll just drive around to the dominie's and have it over with in five minutes. I'll send my trunk to the station the night before, and give it out that I'm going up to Denver on business; and I can telephone early for an expressman to call for your trunk. We can send back announcement cards from Denver—and I'll just have engraved down in one corner, 'No Rice.'"

But of course the plan of the ingenious Clark got out. This was as inevitable as the rising of the morning sun. It got out, though, to this day no man knows exactly how it got out. But Clark has always sagaciously suspected the hereditary enemy of lovers—the girl's small brother.

The night before the day set for the clandestine marriage, one or two hundred of Clark's friends held a secret meeting downtown in a hall. Mabel's husband presided. Most of those present had the advantage of that experience which goes with youth and early life, and they had all along breathed the exhilarating mountain atmosphere of Colorado. Nothing was forgotten.

The next morning, when Clark, after a hasty toilet, glanced out of the window, he observed two secondarily looking men wearing party clothes who were posting bills with great industry on the fence across the street. He thought he caught his own name printed in big red letters. He snatched up an opera glass and read:

Secret Wedding Of JIM CLARK
: Today at 10 o'clock. You are invited. Bring a basket of rice. : See Small Bills. : 0.

Mr. Clark with difficulty kept from fainting. But he pulled himself together at last, and started out. There seemed to be nothing to do but to see the thing through. A small boy was throwing handbills in all the front yards, and gave one to him. He stopped and read:

them to the station. The crowd followed. All of this time the air remained foggy with rice.

At the station they found the train waiting. Their trunks were somewhat conspicuous on the roof of the baggage car, so decorated with bows of white rice.

As they mounted the car platform the engineer sounded a long blast on the whistle, and the crowd gave three cheers for Jim Clark. Then there was a call for a speech. A pint of rice rolled off and simply said:

"I thank you. I will never try it again."

The train moved off, and the rice rattled on the car roofs and against the windows. Clark's quiet little wedding was over.—Hayden Carruth in Harper's Magazine.

RECORDS OF DROUGHT.

Statistics of Rainfall in New England for Each Year Since 1848.

The Springfield Republican publishes some carefully collated drought returns for that city and the western part of the state. An official record is kept at the United States armory there, showing the amount of rainfall in inches for each year since 1848. With the exception of 1894 and 1895, both years of drought, the first ten months of 1899 have had the least rainfall of any year since 1864. The dry weather this year really begun in April. Since that time, up to the first of the present month, the precipitation has been 21.99 inches, against 32.10 inches for the same months in 1898, a decrease of about thirty-five percent. The rainfall to date, including the first two days of November, has been 35.73 inches. The rainfall for the whole of last year was 51.95 inches, and for 1897 it was 55.44 inches.

All this has had its effect upon vegetable growth and manufacturing, though as has been remarked, our food staples have not suffered greatly. The hay crop is short but good, with potatoes, apples and several other fruits and vegetables are much more than sufficient for home supply. The Holyoke Water Power Company furnishes at a liberal estimate, 40,000 horsepower power, used by the mills. Of this, between thirty and forty percent has been cut off by the shutting of the head-gates, which has occurred for eighteen-hour periods, two or three times a week, for several months. This has not crippled the mills as much as the figures might imply, as there are other kinds of power which can be made available when the water is so unusually low.

In southern Berkshire the small mountain brooks vanished some time ago, and the Housatonic River, which depends largely upon these tributaries, is so low that it cannot supply power enough for the factories along its banks. The town of Great Barrington has a triple water supply. A part of this is Green River, immortalized by Bryant. "And they, whose meadows it murmurs through, have tamed the stream from its own bright blue," meaning the green clay bottom which shows up distinctly through the pellucid water. Yet in many places one can now jump across a river. The Mansfield lake, given by Mr. Searles of Great Barrington and Methuen for an additional supply, has become worthless for power purposes. Northern Berkshire is better off, but here, too, rain is greatly needed. Probably this exhibit, with statistics, reflects the general situation over all New England, for which we hope the present month will furnish the much needed relief.—Boston Transcript.

A Filipino Amazon.

A Manila newspaper called Freedom, prints this story as part of an interview with a Spanish prisoner escaped from the Filipino lines:

"One thing not generally known is that a saddle colored Joan of Arc is leading a brigade of the ragtag army. She is described as being about thirty-five years of age, a pure Filipino and very plain looking. She was dressed in trousers, high boots, short khaki jacket, and carried a handsome belt with two revolvers attached.

"She wore one of the United States service hats, and on her shoulders the straps of her rank. The natives gave her every honor and said she was perfectly fearless on the field.

"Her husband, whom she was with when he was killed near Imus, was a major; when he fell she seized his revolvers and tried to re-form the flying groups; but in vain. For this she was commissioned in her husband's place, and has since been promoted for bravery to a brigadier."

What He'd Do.

"They had been talking about the meteors and the probable end of the world.

"Now, Kinney," said Baker, tapping the palm of his left hand with the forefinger of his right, "if you were positive the world was to come to an end tomorrow, am I not right in believing that your first thought would be to do something—to go somewhere?"

Kinney was silent a moment. "Yes," he replied finally, "I guess you are."

"Well, then," pursued Baker, "that point settled, now comes the next: Where would you go; what would you do?"

Kinney was less long in answering. "I go out and have a drink," he said, "then I'd borrow all the money I could get from my friends, and get such a lovely load aboard I wouldn't know when the crash came."

OUR FAMILY OPAL.

I cannot remember how the opal came into the family, because so many conflicting stories have been told by various ancestors concerning this part of its history. But long ago I registered the vow that if it ever should become mine I would either destroy or dispose of it forever, and rid the family of its baleful influence.

My great-grandfather was the first one of the family to become a possessor of the opal. He was then a widower for the third time, and it was the desire of all his connections that he should remain in this state to keep his worldly goods from slipping out of the family.

I suppose the opal must have been aware of all this, because it impudently set about to indulge its proverbial weakness.

At this time, and to the astonishment of all who knew him, he fell in love with one of his old second cousins, whose white hair and corrugated face were sufficient to make such a happening seem altogether impossible. And when she accepted him what did he do but have the opal set for an engagement ring and placed upon the finger of his smiling relative, my old Aunt Cornelia.

After he had given her the opal engagement ring he suddenly rallied from a recent indisposition, and was told by the doctor that he might stop his long walks and resume his pipe and the glass of punch before retiring. When this change took place my great-grandfather was so happy and contented that he wondered why he should ever have engaged himself to Aunt Cornelia, or to anyone else, for that matter. And the more he thought the matter over the more he was puzzled.

It was then that Aunt Cornelia concluded that the old man was cooling off in his attentions, but she didn't blame him; she regarded it all as ill-luck, which she attributed to the opal.

Now, another curious feature of the case was that my great-grandfather's eyes, from looking long and fondly into Aunt Cornelia's, had suddenly acquired a peculiar habit of incessantly whirling—her only infirmity.

A day or two later she noticed that my great-grandfather's were whirling, and thought that he was mimicking her and making light of her optical peculiarity. She would listen to no word of explanation, but broke the engagement on the spot and handed him back the opal ring.

That night he made a mistep on the way upstairs and sprained his ankle, and on the following day a railroad was wrecked, and the stock he held in it dropped from 100 to 60. He then had the opal set in a scarfpin and gave it to one of his nephews for a birthday present.

Suddenly Bill's salary was cut down in the fullness of its bloom. His hair began to fall out, and the doctor, not knowing just what the matter was, ordered a sea voyage on general principles. Fearing shipwreck, Bill gave the opal scarfpin to his brother before sailing. Bill went to sea and returned with a full head of hair and his salary restored.

After Bill had sailed, his brother, who went to the wharf to bid him good-bye, started up the street, when his hat blew off and went spinning along so fast that he could not overtake it, and a street urchin started the cry, "Stop thief!"

Others took up the shout, and finally a crowd followed in hot pursuit, until he was overtaken and arrested. His explanation was laughed at, the police theory being that he had fled from the scene of his crime without his hat.

So Bill's brother was locked up over night, and had the mortification of seeing his name in print in the morning, when he was discharged.

So he gave the opal to Tom, and Tom was glad to have it, and lost no time in sticking it in his scarf. Bill's brother, on the way home, picked up a \$10 bill on the sidewalk, and when he arrived at home found a man waiting to make arrangements to mortgage his property to him for \$5,000 at 6 percent—gold-edged investment, which made him believe that the other man had been presented with an opal.

Tom bought a turkey on the way home, and left it in the train rack when he stepped off. And when he went into the house he was horrified to learn that his wife had been ejected from purchasing \$2 worth of glee-club tickets.

"I am surprised that you should yield to the arguments of those fiends. Indeed, you are a jewel of consistency," he said, with biting sarcasm.

"Talking about jewels," she replied with a vim equal to his own, "I believe that opal you have there has changed our luck. Where did you get it?"

"Cousin Luke gave it to me."

"That explains it; Luke would never give you or anyone else anything of any value to himself. What time did he give it to you?" asked his wife.

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed:

"Oh, Tom, why did you sell me those tickets?"

"I didn't," Tom protested.

"Yes, you did, and no one else did, and—"

She was interrupted by a cry. The cook appeared, frightened out of her wits, and shouted hysterically:

"The boiler's burst, and all the hair is scalded off poor little Fido."

So Tom rushed out and met me. "Here's a beautiful opal scarfpin," he said, "would you like to have it?"

I thought of the ill luck it had brought my poor great grandfather and Aunt Cornelia, the antique virgin with the whirling eyes. I was almost afraid to accept the proffered bauble. I did summon up courage and took it, however, determined to dispose of it in such a way that it would not be likely to cause any more trouble in the family.

So I entered a jewelry shop and, tossing the opal carelessly on the velvet pad that lay on the glass case, said: "Will you kindly appraise this so-called precious stone, this opal? You, as a dealer don't share the superstition that possesses me, and will therefore probably purchase it at a fair valuation. It has made trouble enough for me and mine, and I want to rid myself of it at any price."

The dealer examined the stone for a moment, and said with a smile:

"Opal, your grandmother; this is not an opal at all; it's a cat's-eye!"—The Criticon.

LAST OF THE RACE OF PHARAOH.

Mummy of An Egyptian Princess Cannot be Found.

Prof. Groff, the Egyptologist, writes from Ghizeh about Pharaonic mummies at the Ghizeh museum, confirming the tradition that the scenes described in the first chapters of the Book of Exodus took place under the reign of Rameses II and his son, Merneptah. The Pharaoh's daughter of the Bible was Princess Bent Anta, and the great magician of that time, Hamus, another son of Rameses II. The mummies of the latter had been discovered, but it was thought that of Hamus was missing. Mr. Groff now has identified one of the mummies as that of the prince and magician Hamus and verified the writing on the shroud as "Ra-Ha-mus."

"After having opened the case in which the mummy is kept," he says, "and carefully removing the outer cloth covering, there appeared written on the shroud, just over the breast of the mummy, 'His majesty commanded in the seventh year, third month of the season of planting, sixth day, to be put in order the mummy of Prince Hamus.' This proves that the object of my research was correct, that the name is not Rahamus, as heretofore supposed, but Hamus, that of the great magician with whom I had already identified the mummy."

Thus, with one exception, all the mummies of the principal royal persons spoken of in the first chapters of Exodus—Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, Hamus, the great magician, are still extant at Ghizeh. There still lacks the mummy of Princess Bent Anta, Pharaoh's daughter, the foster mother of Moses. Certain indications on her sarcophagus lead one to suppose the mummy had been destroyed, but it is probably in some tomb in the valley near Thebes, hidden with other princesses and queens.

Major Logan and Six Others.

The cabled accounts of the death of Major John A. Logan in the far-off Philippines and the American newspaper comment upon the tragic fate that befell him with his face to the foe, have done full justice to the soldierly fidelity and fearless fighting spirit of this son of a distinguished father. As one correspondent puts it, "Young Logan died a hero, and in his death redeemed his life."

The Free Press would take nothing from the generous eulogy of this example of heroic devotion and daring; but we would suggest that the praiseworthy sentiments which it has inspired might be broadened to take in the unknown and untitled heroes who went down to death with Major Logan in the sharp engagement at San Jacinto—the "six privates killed," as the dispatch from Manila puts it, without hint of the names they bore, the homes they came from or the hearts that will be broken when the casualty lists come.

"We expect the official advices to be particularly terse and unemotional in dealing with the fate of our brave fellows in the ranks; but let us take care that our tributes to the nation's fallen soldiers are not determined by the rank or influence or station of the slain."

Mr. McKinley hastened to wire the bereaved young widow a tender expression of his sympathy. "His splendid qualities as a soldier and high courage on the firing line has given him a place among the heroic men of the war," the president telegraphed, "and it will be some consolation to you to know that he died for his country on the field of honor."

And six others!—Detroit Free Press.

When Kipling Swears.

The action taken by an Indiana church in excluding Kipling's works from the Sunday school library because they contained improper language has led to the compilation and general circulation of the following:

The prim and cultured stripling Will piiously declare:

If Kipling wouldn't swear: Yet while his fancies break red And lurid from his brain, Some hold that Kipling's sacred Although he be profane!

The admirers of Kipling have been more numerous, too, as a result of the attack upon his writings, and one of his newest defenders claims that he only swears when there is positively nothing else to be done.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Prussian army includes nearly 14,000 officers, among them 200 generals.