A Romantic Affair.

"Yes, my dear, it's a case, a decided one. Heart, or whatever stands in its place, very much affected: but, let us hope, not incurably so," said Kate Gordon, shaking her head with mock gravity to her cousin Lillian, who turned from the window, out of which she had been gazing, and looked inquiringly at the speaker.

"I saw him over your shoulder," continued Kate, "as he walked slowly away up the street, and I also saw the blush that instantly crimsoned your pretty face(how do you manage to have that blush come at your call?)andthe light that sprang toyour lovely eyes. Again you're in love, or fancying yourself in love, Lilian,having already forgotten the young artist that sailed for home only a month ago; and this time it is with a poor professor of music in a great city, where there are sufficient of his kind to convert a great country into a musical Bedlam."

"Why, Kate!"

"I'm sure I don't know why," said Kate, pretending to take the exclamation for an interrogation, "unless it is because he has large, dark eyes,a fine form,an aristocratic face, a refined air generally, and last, but not least, appears to be highly sensible of your fascinations. And, then, you've always been ready to fall in love with any interesting person that came in your way ever since your first teen, especially when distance lent enchantment to the view.' "

"What a romance, or semblance of a romance, to adopt your own mode of speaking, you are making out of nothing, Kate," says the younger girl, with a toss of her chestnut braids.

"Out of nothing!" repeats the other. "Given a pretty, a very pretty girl, watching at her window, half-hidden, in the regular poetical style, by its lace curtains, at nine in the morning and four in the afternoon a handsome, a very handsome young man, coming out at the door of a dwelling opposite punctually at the first hour and going in punctually at the last, each time casting profoundly respectful but unmistakably tender glances at the watcher in the window. A pink rosebud in her light brown hair in the morning is duplicated in his buttonhole in the evening. She stops one wintry day at the corner of the street to buy a bunch of violets, and, unconscious, of course, that she is observed, presses them to her lips. That same night a mysterious messenger leaves an exquisite basket filled with the fragrant things at her door. No doubt the poor young professor went without his lunch for a week to buy them, for hothouse violets and exquisite baskets—"

"Kate! How can you?"

"Because I can," answers Kate coolly, "and what's more, I can ask how is it all to end? I know it is nothing but romance on your part, but it may be reality on his, and allow me if your delicate sensibility will admit of it, to recall to your mind the fable of the boys and the rogs, where what was fun on one side was death on the other, and to kindly suggest that you find some new occupation at the hours of nine and four."

Kate I was never more deeply impressed in all my life, that is, never as deeply impressed—that is—oh, pshaw! you know what I mean. Don't you believe me?"

Disregarding the question, Kate went on: "And granting that you are in earnest this time, which I don't grant, by the by, nothing good could come of it. Your positions in life are far apart, that is, society decrees that they are, and being a well-bred foreigner, he no doubt accepts such a decree as inevitable, and unless you meet him half way (you have already taken the first step), he will never go beyond the tender glance and the basket of flowers. And besides all that, you will remember that Clare de Vere did not monopolize all the pride. The yeoman had his share, and the better part, to my way of thinking. And, if I'm not mistaken, your handsome professor is just a proud."

"Kate, how do you know all this?" asks Lillian, rising and coming to stand before her. "You say 'no doubt' and 'if I'm not mistaken,' but the tone of your voice says you know."

"Because, my dear, while you have been dreaming I have been acting. I felt a sorrowful interest in the poor fellow as soon as I discovered that you had made up your mind to look at him, and so I went to work and found out all about him."

Down on the floor beside her sank pretty Lillian, saying as she seized one hand: "Go on, Kate; that's a darling."

"A darling?" How long will it be before I'm a hateful old thing, one of your favorite names for me, though I am but two years older than yourself. But I'll go on if you'll take your sweet self off the train of my new wrapper. It's too young to be wrinkled.

"That he is a professor of music you discovered yourself at the Luttrells', where the dull-haired and enviously-complexioned Miss Gertrude condescends to be taught by him. To me belongs the credit, if it be a credit, of finding out all the rest, and at the risk of shocking you, you are such a 'mimosa sensitive,' my dear. I will proceed to tell you how I did it. I made friends, at the confectioner's one day, with his landlady, that funny little Frenchwoman with the corkscrew curls and the very much uptilted nose, and I told her—" Lillian made a gesture of impatience. "Well, I'll skip that and come to what she told me. Now, what should you guess his name was? His first name, of course, for it couldn't be expected that you could guess his last."

"Walter, Hubert, Reginald, Roderick, Sebastian."

"Wrong, every one. Its Robert, not a bad name, as names go, that is if they don't shorten it to Bob, and it harmonizes very well with his last name, which is Lear. And he's poor, as I said before, so poor that he and the traditional church mouse might shake hands, and call each other 'brother,' if the mouse happened to be that kind of a mouse—is part French, part German; goes nowhere but where duty calls; sings in the solitude of his own shabby room, 'Ach! wars t du nur mein eigen,' and songs of that ilk, as you have heard, and is fast falling head over heels in love with my gentle cousin Lillian, an exceptionally pretty girl, who really don't and never would care two straws about him, being at the core of her heart devoted to the purple and fine linen of life, and only unmarried as yet because, as she herself has confided to me, none of her admirers could offer a million."

"Stuff and nonsense," says the "gentle" cousin in no gentle voice, as she rises from her lowly position, and leaning her elbow on the mantle and her head upon her hand, looks down where she has been looking up. "You know nothing about it, Kate. I never, never, never was so attracted toward any one as I am towards Robert—why couldn't it have been Rudolph or Reginald so much more poetical, you know—towards Robert Lear. He's just like some one out of a poem, Sir Lancelot, for instance, so handsome, so melancholy, so graceful."

"Lillan, what would your father and mother and sisters and brothers say if they heard you? They are Vere de Verish to the last extreme. I beg your pardon for smilling, my dear; but to me the Vere de Vere business as done in America is inexpressibly comic. I know I don't deserve to belong to the family, for I can't for the life of me forget that our great-grandparents sold tobacco retail! However your immediate kin would act as though they owned half-a-dozen coronets among them, and drive the musical upstart whose grandmother actually wore one to suicide or worse. As for you, my dear, they'd shut you up in your own room and give you nothing but beefstake and fried potatoes for a month. Think of that! What a dreadful punishment for one who is as fond of broiled birds, roast turkey and cocoanut tarts as you are."

"You may laugh as much as you please, Kate," says Lillian with a frown. "You always were a matter-of-fact creature, with not a bit of sentiment about you. You cannot understand the feeling that sprang up in my heart the very first moment I beheld him. Had I your fortune—"

"It's only a few thousand, my dear," interrupted Kate, "and you know your own is a million. But, to be serious, if you had it you'd be looking for two millions instead of one. There, there, don't burst into tears. I will, I vow I will be serious this time. And I ask you, granting that you are willing to admit him into the favored circle that pays you homage, how is that admittance to be managed without your overstepping the bounds of maidenly propriety? To be frank with you, he believes as I know—you needn't shrug your shoulders—as I know, I say, that your interest in him is only a girlish fancy, and the little Frenchwoman tells me—she is in his confidence, being an old friend—think of that, a woman who takes boarders, that in a month or so, to break the fetters your witchery has thrown around him, he returns to his own country."

"Kate, have yo no feeling? Do you want to break my heart? Yes, break my heart. You need not look at me in that incredulous way. When you speak of his going away forever I feel as though all the light and beauty were faded out of my life. And if at this moment he and a millionaire stood—"

"No rash vows, Lillian," interrupted Kate.

"I must and will bid hope. I must and will, I say. Kate, how shall I do it!"

"Faith, I don't know," says her cousin, with a delicious mimicry of the brogue and an air of meek resignation, "unless, me dear, you send him a valentine."

On the evening of the 15th of February there was a large and fashionable party at the Luttrell's. And "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls" was pretty Lillian Creighton.

So thought, though not precisely in those words, for he read no verses with the exception of comic ones. Allen Ingram, owner of the yacht Farewell, the fast horse Neverbeat, a town-house unrivaled in magnificence, a country house unequaled in splendor, and thousands of his banker's and elsewhere.

With a world of admiration in his very light blue eyes he followed the "queen rose" about, happy to play, for the time being, the part of her slave.

Mr. Ingram was small and ignoble in person but his fortune was grand. His eyes were faded, but the diamonds that awaited his bride were bright. His brain and voice were weak but his family was strong. Only for a few moments that evening did he leave the enchantress, and then it was to seek the supper-room and toast her in sparkling champagne.

At that time Robert Lear left his seat at the piano. Lillian's companions were clustered together before a picture at the other end of the room and she stood alone, and with his proud face all aglow he sought her side, and in a deep, rich voice he said, "Blessed forever be the good St. Valentine. He brought me your precious message this morning, and my heart has danced in my breast ever since I read these words:

> Nay, fly not from the spell of love
> Lest I should pine in vain regret,
> But stay and con this lesson o'er
> Faint heart ne'er won fair lady yet.

It was a verse from a valentine, a violet scented valentine, that he had received that day.

Lillian Creighton looked at him with haughty surprise in her face, wrapped her white satin cloak about her as though she felt a sudden chill in the air, and turned away.

Back to his place, the place he was paid to occupy, the young man went, while all the brightness faded from his face, and the beautiful dream that he had been dreaming so long died out in utter darkness.

"Could I have been mistaken?" he murmured.

"Not about the valentine," said a low, sweet voice, and looking up he met Kate Gordon's lovely, pitying brown eyes, "not about the valentine, but about everything else. What to you has been so serious, to her has only counted as one of her many romantic affairs. The reality of her life will be Mr. Allen Ingram or one very like him."

As she ceased speaking and turned away, Robert Lear flung back the long hair from his brow, and striking with firm powerful touch some grand, full chords, burst into a triumphant march, a march that said to at least two listeners: "Slight was the wound that I feared would be so deep, for feeble, most feeble, was the hand that struck it. And though for one short moment I faltered, I lost no strength, but strong in heart and spirit as ever, I again take my place in the grand army of the battle of life."

And fitting reward awaited so true a soldier, for the very next 14th of February he held a beautiful, brown-eyed woman in his arms, close to his heart, and whispered, "Many a grief is a joy in disguise. Had it not been for false Lillian's false valentine, I should never have won true Kate for my wife."—Margaret Eytinge.

Yawning

From the London Globe.

It is now some years since Mr. Alfred Collier wrote his yawning song—an invitation to drowsiness not less potent than the best after-dinner speech of a magistrate or the good old three-decker sermon, Yawning has generally been associated with comedy. There have ever been coarse wags who, in reference to the well-known "catching" power of yawning' have evolved the proverb "What is mine is yawn"—a confusion of "meum" and "tuum" only defensible in the case of a sleep-walker. But reports from Cambridge City, in Indiana, put a tragic color upon this institution. In that town one Mr. Lacky, having indulged in a large yawn, ruptured some of the cords in the vertebræ, and "remains at present in a critical condition." This regrettable incident should be a warning to all lazy folk. Yawning is a vice which is of all vices most sympathetic. The terrible maxims about "examples" apply to it with fatal pertinence. Is there not even the case of the lounger in the British museum who, standing opposite to one of the triumphs of Assyrian sculpture, was provoked by the silence and the attitude of the monster's jaw, into what is believed to have been the most capacious yawn on record? Still, the yawn must be recognized as a valuable social instrument. What is so convenient to get rid of a wearisome intruder as that little motion of the hand to the mouth, which, like a chorus lady's costume, suggests what it does not reveal. It is a standing maxim in the hand books of "Etiquette for the drawing-room" that yawning must on no account be permitted. As an offense it is ranked with the kindred offenses of eating soup hastily or shovelling peas into the mouth with a knife. But not all the maxims of hand books will ever ostracize that most convenient form of dismissal which intimates by a yawn what words cannot express.

A Dime Museum Trick.

Electrical Review.

An energetic, business-like man entered the factory of the C. & C. Motor company, New York, recently, and in an off-hand manner that nearly paralyzed the manager, remarked. "I desire to purchase an electric motor to run my perpetual motion machine. I am the the proprietor of a dime museum in this city." The contract was made, and the visitors to a prominent dime museum in this city are now treated to a view of the one and only perpetual motion machine in which the concealed power is furnished by an electric motor run by storage batteries.

How Mr. White Settled.

From the New York Sun.

After explaining that his son John was threatened with a breach of promise suit, and that the girl in the case lived only half a mile away and willing to be talked to, the old man asked me to go over with him and witness his efforts to effect a settlement. We found the girl at home, also her father and mother. They were all shelling corn in the kitchen, and Betty, as the girl was named, looked anything but broken-hearted. She was twenty-three years old, weighing 165 pounds, and was inclined to sentiment. After greetings and a general introduction, my friend, whose name was Jeremiah White, led off with:

"Now, then, thar ain't no use in chasing rabbits all over the woods to find one in a trap. Betty, you and John hev busted up."

"Yaas, but it hain't my fault," she replied.

"No, indeed," added the mother. "He busted of his own accord."

"Reckon he did," put in Betty's father, as he laid down a half-shelled ear to light his pipe.

"When folks is courtin' they often bust up," observed Jerry as he got comfortably seated. "They git jealous. They get sick of each other. They git outer sorts. Mebbe one has a bad breath."

"Yaas, Jerry, I'm follerin' ye," said Betty's father.

"And when they bust up the best way is to be sensible. John don't want no row with Betty, and Betty don't want to row with John."

"No more, I don't," murmured the fair one.

"John isn't fitten for you, Bet. He's all for mewls, and whisky, and tobacco, and fighting; and you is all for poetry, and stars, and clouds, and flowers. You is too high-souled for John."

"Shuck my hide if that hain't so!" exclaimed Betty's father, as he whacked the edge of the tub with a big ear of corn.

Betty simpered and giggled, and the mother looked pleased.

"That's why you busted," softly explained my friend. "Had to come. Couldn't help it. When one is too good for 'tother a bust always comes. Say, Betty, I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of that verse you wrote for my old woman when she was sick last year. I'll bet I repeated it over a thousand times."

"Oh, la! Mr. White!" giggled Betty.

"Yaas, it run in my head till I couldn't sleep. I kept saying:

> "Old Mrs. White is very sick,
> And mebbe she will die;
> Although to save her from the
> The doctor hard will try."

"Ah, Betty, if I could write such poetry as that I wouldn't be sloshing around here no great while, and you kin jigger to that!"

"Honest Injun?" she asked, holding an ear of corn in either hand.

"Dead sure. And now, Betty, being as you w'ar to good for John, and being as you've busted up, I'm going to send you over them two black hogs and geese as a present."

"Is it for her wounded feelins?" asked Betty's father.

"Kinder that way, and kinder because she's so good."

"Bet's cried a heap, and she's lost lots of time," put in her mother, and you'd better throw in that ar' peacock."

"Durned if I don't, Hanner! He's the nicest bird in the country, and a peddler offered me $10 for him, but chuck my hide if I don't throw him in!"

"Then I won't sue," said Betty.

"No, she won't," added the father.

"Then it's all settled befo' this gent, who is the witness," continued Mr. White. "I'm glad on't. It's the proper way. When folks love and bust up, as they sometimes will, thar's a proper way to settle damages. We've settled, and I'll send the stuff right over, and Bet will be free to make up to that feller who is selling fanning mills up at the corners, and who'll be down this way tomorrow."

Resuscitation After Death.

Baltimore American.

The Medical News has an article upon resuscitation after death which, if extensively read by the laity, is sure to occasion doubt and anxiety in the minds of many persons. After showing that two kinds of death—somatic and cellular—take place before life has completely faded from the body to be recalled, the article points out the importance of physicians properly distinguishing between the two and renewing and abandoning their efforts at resuscitation as circumstances direct. Somatic death may be briefly described as the failure of the main organs of the body, the brain, heart, and lungs, to perform their functions, while cellular death is where the cells or tissues of the body die. Both may occur at the same time, but, the writer urges, the former may take place without the latter, and often does, and in all such cases there is a chance of resuscitating the dead person until cellular death supervenes. Authentic instances of such resuscitation are given—among others, the case of a man whose body remained at the bottom of a shallow stream for fully half an hour before it was taken out. He was resuscitated after several hours of unremitting labor. But a more remarkable case was that vouched for by Prof. Armor. A friend of his died from Indian hemp poisoning. The physicians racked his brain for more than an hour for some means of restoring his friend to life while he lay dead in his presence, and at length called to aid a sturdy negro. They worked manfully for four hours. During all that time there was not the slightest sign of life, but at its expiration a slight movement of the lips was detected, and the stethoscope disclosed "an occasional, light, muffled sound over the heart." Their efforts were redoubled with the result that respiration and circulation were very slowly re-established, and consciousness returned after many hours. The man lived for many years afterward—indeed, up to a few years ago, and was a prominent New England banker.

A Woman on Kissing.

It has been the gallant habit of men, from immemorial, to comment unfavorably on the habit which women have of indulging in the useless distribution of kisses among themselves, but it is not often that the animadversion of the erring sex itself is visited on the same theme. A critical young lady, however, was recently heard expatiating vigorously against this senseless custom. "Do, for goodness sake," she remarked, "say something about the silly way that women have of kissing each other every time they get together. If twenty women were to meet in the street every last one of them would have to kiss the other nineteen, and there would be—let me see—380 kisses worse than thrown away, for probably in ten minutes the whole party would separate into squads and go off talking about each other. When you see one of these very violent miscellaneous kiss-everything-within-sight kind of woman, it is safe to set her own down as a fraud, which she generally is. If I had my way, kissing should be confined to family use, and for medicinal purposes. Now don't you put my name to all this or I will kiss you right on Washington street the very first chance I have." Then the talk ran off on other kinds of kissing, and a story was told of a young lady who kissed a baby held in its father's arms; then in a moment of temporary insanity or abstraction she stood on tiptoe and kissed the papa. Realizing instantly what a dreadful thing she had done, she wheeled around and kissed the baby's mamma, who was standing near, and retired in goodorder. Her satirical sister squelched the poor young woman as they left the house by asking her if she dind't want to go back and finish it by kissing the hired girl.—Indianapolis Journal.

Criticism of Science.

Men of science may, as individuals, fall into may errors. They may fail to realize the true dignity of their calling; they may be unduly swayed by party spirit or by personal aims; they may be unworthy ministers of the truths which they deliver. But science, what was it but truth? And what is the scientific spirit but the spirit that bows to truth? To all who are dissatisfied with the present currents of thought we would, therefore, say:

"Criticise men as much as you please. Point out their errors, their failings, intellectual and moral, with all needful severity. Hold up the standard by which you think their lives and thoughts ought to be governed. Criticise theories, too. Let nothing pass unchallenged or unscrutinized that you are not satisfied is true. Let no glamour of great names, no popularity of certain modes of thought, deter you from expressing your dissent from what you do not believe.

But do not put yourselves hopelessly in the wrong by attacking science, or by abusing the scientific spirit. You will gain nothing by it, but will merely darken your understandings, and shut yourselves out from the light that is ready to lighten every man that comes into the world. Science will abide. It has its root in the everlasting rocks and draws its ailment from universal nature. The scentific spirit will abide, admonishing men of their errors, and leading them into all truth. It is wise to be reconciled to such powers as these; even now when you are in the way with them make terms of peace and find rest to your souls."—W. D. Le Suer in Popular Monthly.

Be Kind to the Children.

Wallace says the mind of man is so great that henceforth his "selection" will replace the primæval power of "natural selection," so that it is possible the earth will bear only cultivated plants and tame animals and Frederica Bremer thinks man may possbly create an ennobled race of animals" by the education of a kind gentle treatment. With what potency, then, comes this truth to the education of children. Here, indeed, is the richest reward of kindness. And how is it possible to look on a child without being touched by the pathos of its helplessness? How fearful harshness is, or cold neglect, and how dreadful are angry punishments to these little beings who cling to us like clusters in a vine! It is by our good juices they must be ripened, and if the vine be bad, what hope for them? And, as before, I have said that there is great vanity and conceit in unkindness, so the kindness of the love of parent or teacher will root well in humility. For who can look on a child without awe, or compare its needs and his own attainments without a fear?

How to Kill a Bear.

From the New York Sun.

"Yes, I 'spose I've killed more b'ars than any other man in the Catskill mountains," said the old man as he pushed back in his coonskin cap. "The total count is about 50, I believe.

"You must have been in dangerous positions many times?"

"You bet!"

"I suppose that scar on your cheek was made by the claws of a bear?"

"That scar? Oh, no. The old woman hit me thar with a splinter."

"Your left eye is gone. Did a bear do that?"

"Left eye? Oh, no. The old cow hooked that out."

Fifty bears are a good many. Some of them must have been old and fierce?"

"You bet!"

"I notice your right hand is crippled. I suppose a bear got it into his mouth?"

"Right hand? Oh, no, I got that into a corn sheller."

"You walk lame in one leg. Did that come from a tussle with a bear?"

"One leg? Oh, no, I fell off a load of hay and broke my leg."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "that scar over your right eye must have been made by a bear."

"Right eye? Yes, purty near being a ba'r. I run agin a beam in the barn in the dark."

"Then you were never hugged, chawed, nor clawed by a bear?" queried the reporter in disgust."

"By a bear. Oh, no."

"But you have killed fifty?"

"Yes, an even fifty."

"How did it happen that you were never harmed?"

Harmed? Oh, I always shot 'em at least 40 rods off, or first got 'em into a trap and shot 'em ar'terwards. Don't never let a bar come nigh you, young man—they's dangerous"

A Narrow Escape.

New York Sun.

On so tame an errand as that of reporting a dinner aboard a German steamer that had made the almost incredibly slow time of ninety days in crossing from Hamburg, a reporter ran afoul of a most exciting adventure. Someone had called for an American patriotic song. The reporter said he could sing the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner" if anyone else could fall in with the words. This plan worked admirable. The song was sung. The reporter was at the right hand of the head of the table. At the foot of the table sat a man from Charleston. It was nearly ten years after the close of the rebellion. "Now," said the Charleston man. "the gentleman will please sing 'The Flag With the Single Star.'" The reporter replied good-naturedly, that he would willingly sing it but that he did not know it. The Charleston man leaped to his feet with his revolver leveled at the reporter's head.

"Sing it, one," said he, "sing it two. When I count three, I'll shoot. Sing it, thr—"

He never counted the third time. A well-directed bottleful of champagne struck him on the head and he fell to the floor. The nimble German who threw it saved the reporter for more adventures.

White Birch Toothpicks.

A toothpick factory is one of the flourishing wood working establishments at Harbor Springs, Mich., and it is one of the largest factories of the kind in the country. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of the toothpicks, and a bout 7,500,000 of the handy little splinters are turned out daily. The logs are sawed into bolts each twenty-eight inches in length, then thoroughly steamed and cut up into veneer. The veneer is cut into long ribbons, three inches in width, and these ribbons, eight or ten at a time, are run through the tootpick machinery, coming out at the other end, and perfect pieces falling into one basket, the broken pieces and refuse falling into another. The picks are packed into boxes, 1,500 in a box, by girls, mostly comely looking young squaws, and are then packed into cases, and finally into big boxes, ready for shipment to all parts of the world. The white birch toothpicks are very neat and clean in appearance, sweet to the taste, and there is a wide market for them. The goods sell at the factory at $1.90 a case of 150.—Timberman.

He Will Not try That Trick Again.

Howard Chaffin, of New Holland, Ohio, whose domestic relations are not the pleasantest, attempted to frighten his wife by sending her the following note: "When you get this you will be a widow. You will find the body in the stable." Mrs. Chaffin received this startling news with considerable nonchalance, and, it is alleged, got out her husband's best clothes and began to brush them for the funeral. She sent her daughter to the stable, who returned, saying he was not dead, but looked, "awful bad." Hastening to the stable, Mrs. Chaffin found her husband suspended from the rafter. In her efforts to release him she discovered that he had passed the cord under his arm, and that there was not the slightest prospect of death ensuing ing from strangulation. Securing a good, stout stick, she belabored him until he cried for mercy and begged to be released from his awful position