

THE DAISIES KNEW.

One afternoon we sat on the little farmhouse veranda, looking down the road, as city boarders will, as though expecting something to come along and relieve its monotony, when something did come. Over the hill in the late sunshine of 5 o'clock came Pink and Harry, walking and talking, he hatless and smiling, she grave; both desperately interested. Pink held a daisy in her hand.

Within ten yards of the house they seated themselves upon a rock, Pink still twirling the daisy.

I saw that Pink was pulling it to pieces, and that Harry's face grew by turns hopeful and sad. "Not!" I heard him exclaim once, then he reached out and got another flower, which Pink pulled to pieces. "Not!" again, he echoed, as Pink parted her pretty lips and shook her head. "It is all nonsense, anyway," he added. But I could see by Pink's face that she did not agree with him.

"I'll leave it to a mutual friend," said Harry at last, as Pink continued to shake her head. "Come down," calling to me, "and settle the dispute—and my fate," I heard him add.

On a big rock sat Pink with Harry beside her, the daisy petals scattered around her. There was an awkward pause as I stood at the rock. Pink looked at Harry pleadingly, but found no mercy. "It's this way, you see," said Harry, nervously. "I know it isn't—well—you see—the fact is that I have asked Miss Pink to marry me and she has—"

"Asked the daisies," put in Pink, softly.

"And they said," ventured I. "That he loved me not," almost whispered Pink.

And then the whole plot dawned upon me. These two silly young per-

And from their happy faces, when I saw them walking together in the evening on the veranda, I knew that Pink thought so, too.—New York Evening World.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

Horses as a rule are particularly docile, and so it is not surprising to find instances of friendship between them and smaller animals, though occasionally the choice of their companions is not a little strange. Many are the cases of mutual affection existing between horses and cats, the most famous being that between Godolphin Arab and a black cat, which on the death of his equine friend refused to leave the body, and on being driven away retired to a hayloft, refused food and died of a broken heart.

More strange, however, was a case, the truth of which is vouched for, in which a horse struck up an acquaintance with a hen and displayed immense satisfaction whenever she came into his stall and rubbed against his legs, clucking greeting to her friend.

Dogs and horses generally get on well together, but the following story from Manchester proves that in some cases the friendship is something more than a mere toleration of each other. A carriage horse, accompanied by his stable companion, a retriever dog, to which he was exceedingly attached, was drinking at a trough near the exchange. While the dog was waiting for his friend to finish his draught a large mastiff picked a quarrel with him which ended in a fight. The mastiff, as may be supposed, had the better of the battle, and the retriever was severely bitten. The horse, from the moment he heard his friend's cry, broke from the man who was holding him, hurried to the rescue, and after

KILLARNEY LAKES FOR SALE.

Beautiful and world famous, the Lakes of Killarney, with their surrounding woods, meadows, hills and valleys, are for sale, and in peril of becoming private property, says the New York Herald. This fact has sent a thrill of fear to the heart of every loyal Irish-American citizen, especially those who have visited the historic chain of waters, and who have lived in the hope that beautiful and romantic

strongly favoring the movement, and the consensus of opinion was that there would be no difficulty in raising enough money to purchase the property and insure its preservation as a national Irish park.

It is stated that that portion of the beautiful lake offered for sale embraces about 13,000 acres, which can be bought for \$150,000.

One gentleman said: "I will sub-

ings in their original condition. Let every true lover of his mother country put his shoulder to the wheel and make Killarney Park, Ireland, a lasting monument of his remembrance. I am heartily in favor of such a plan, and I am ready to contribute whatever amount is considered to be my share to insure its success, whether it is \$1,000 or more."

sentenced him to fifteen days' imprisonment.

Sardonic Humor.

From the Sing Sing Prison Paper. Star of Hope: The state takes under its special protection none but those who merit it by their character. It is certainly remarkable how well we endure our confinement, considering how everybody in the world that we were



HE LOVES ME.

sons had been trusting their future happiness to the petals of a daisy.

"I plucked them off, one by one," said Pink, gathering courage, "and I said: 'He loves me, he loves me not,' and it came out, 'He loves me not.'"

"Try again," I ventured. "I did try—three times," said Pink. "And so she has refused me," said Harry, lifting an injured face from the rock on which he was leaning.

There was nothing more to be said, for before I could put in a word Pink sprang up and ran toward the house as fast as she could go and we did not see her again until evening. Then she appeared in a long pink cloak, desperately becoming to her, and walked the veranda for half an hour alone.

Harry spoke to her once, but she hung her head and did not answer him, and there were tears on her lashes.

Of course that sort of thing could not be endured long, so next day Harry, after vainly watching and waiting for Pink to put in an appearance—she breakfasted in her room—sauntered down to the rock and seated himself behind it. Soon there was a rustle, and to the self-same place came Pink, flushed as from crying, and not seeing him at all.

Nevertheless, it was to the same rock that they both called me later to hear a new chapter in the daisy story. Harry held the bunch, and I noticed that he carefully selected a daisy, running over the petals with his fingers. "See how this one comes out," said he; and as he spoke I thought I saw him pull out one of the petals.

"Try this one," said he. Pink took it, Harry looking on, but I thought he seemed less nervous about results. Carefully Pink's pretty fingers traveled over the petals, pulling them out as she said: "He loves me; he loves me not!"

kicking the mastiff across the street, returned to the trough and finished his drink.

ANIMALS THAT COUNT.

Wonderful Russian Horse That Knows "Up to Twenty-Five."

Dr. Timovieff, a distinguished Russian physician, has computed the crows can count ten, parrots four, dogs twenty-four and cats six. Dr. Timovieff found one horse belonging to a peasant that, when ploughing, always stopped to rest at the twentieth furrow, no more and no less. He also drove after one horse that had been trained to stop for a feed after every twenty-five versts. On a familiar road this made uniform feeding places.

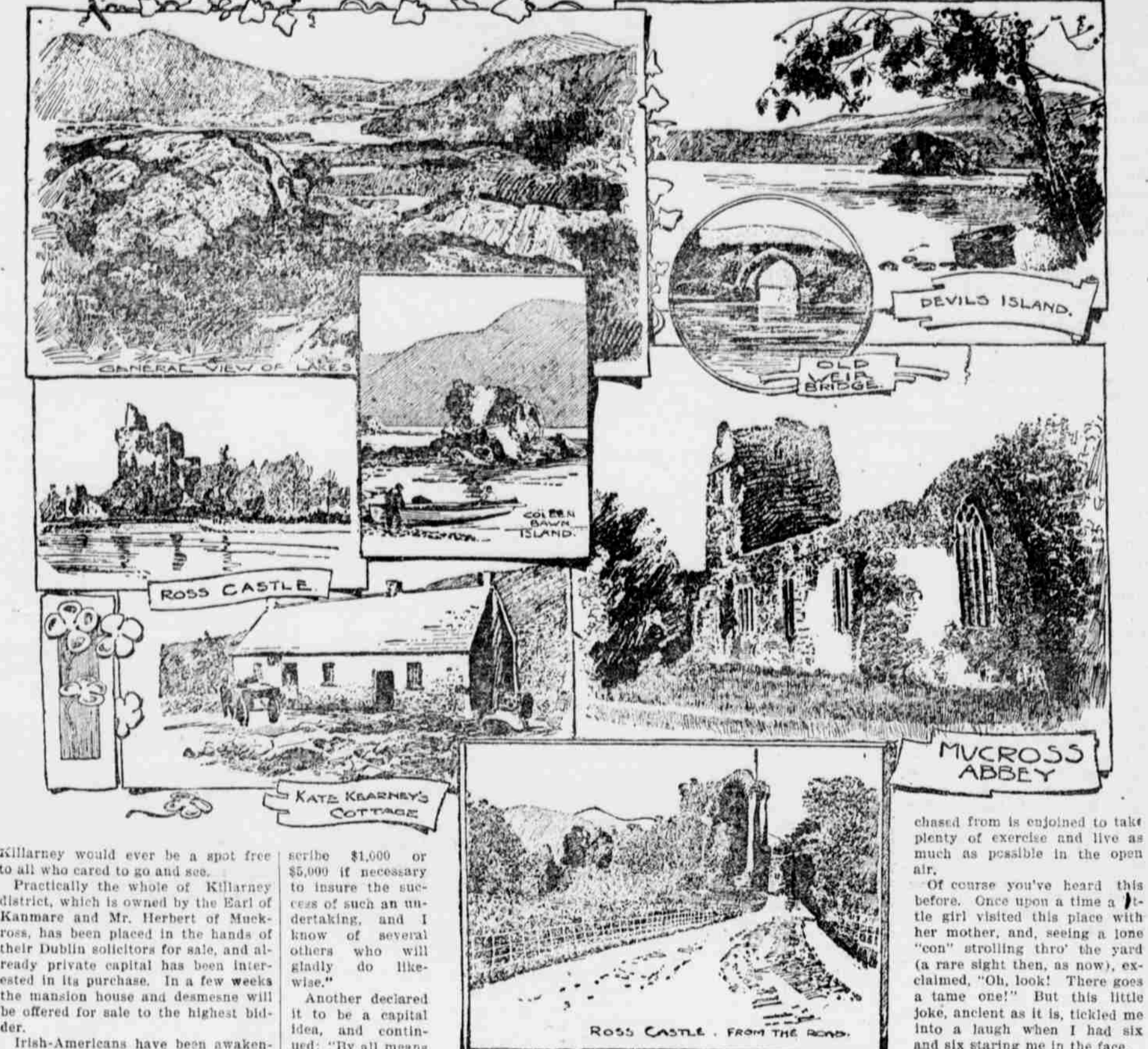
Once, however, on a road this horse had never before traveled, it stopped for food after traveling only twenty-two versts. The doctor watched carefully in returning over the same road, and saw how the horse had made its mistake. In the course of the twenty-two versts, which were all carefully marked by the telegraph company, were three other stones similar to the vest signs. These the horse had seen and counted, being, of course, unable to distinguish them from the others.

Couldn't Be Happy If He Did.

She—Do you think, dear, we shall be really and truly happy in our married life? He—How can we help it, darling, when I shall try so hard to be good to you? Why, it was only yesterday that I insured my life for \$5,000 in your favor. Isn't that the best evidence that I am going to make you happy? She (doubtfully)—But suppose you should live?—Spare Moments.

He Filled the Vacancy.

Judge: Mother—"Dear me, Bobby, your teacher tells me you stood at the foot of your class this month." Bobby (blubbering)—"Well, that ain't my fault. They've taken Tommy Tuffnut out and sent him to the reform school."



Killarney would ever be a spot free to all who cared to go and see.

Practically the whole of Killarney district, which is owned by the Earl of Kanmare and Mr. Herbert of Muckross, has been placed in the hands of their Dublin solicitors for sale, and already private capital has been interested in its purchase. In a few weeks the mansion house and demesne will be offered for sale to the highest bidder.

Irish-Americans have been awakened to the meaning of a private sale of Killarney, and it has been suggested that Irishmen by popular subscription purchase that most valuable asset of the kingdom of Ireland—Killarney—maintain it as a national park for the people of Ireland, and thereby perpetuate the world wide interest that has centered about Muckross Abbey, Dinis Island, the Torc waterfall and the Gap.

The plan has met with pronounced approval thus far. Several prominent Irish-Americans who were interviewed on the subject expressed themselves as

scribe \$1,000 or \$5,000 if necessary to insure the success of such an undertaking, and I know of several others who will gladly do likewise."

Another declared it to be a capital idea, and continued: "By all means let the Irish-Americans preserve the historic interest of beautiful Killarney. I will do all in my power to aid a movement to make the place a national park presented to the people of Ireland and maintained by the purchasers of the historic spot. There should be no hesitancy on the part of any Irish-American citizen to help such a grand movement, for many of our younger folk will want to visit this romantic country in years to come, and the only way to make such visits possible is to preserve the lakes and their surround-

Only the Dumb Really Safe.

A sharp watch over the tongue is necessary in Germany nowadays, where a careless remark easily brings the speaker under the heavy hand of the law. Only the other day a workman attending his father's funeral was overcome with grief as he turned away from the grave and sobbed out: "Farewell, we shall never meet again." His words were reported to the magistrate, who summoned the workman for an outrage against public morals by denying the immortality of the soul and

chased from is enjoined to take plenty of exercise and live as much as possible in the open air.

Of course you've heard this before. Once upon a time a little girl visited this place with her mother, and, seeing a jone "con" strolling thro' the yard (a rare sight then, as now), exclaimed, "Oh, look! There goes a tame one!" But this little joke, ancient as it is, tickled me into a laugh when I had six and six staring me in the face.

The authors of "My Excessive Sentence," "A Victim of Mere Circumstance," "Falsely Accused," "The Keeper's Inhumanity," and other pessimistic articles written for the Star of Hope, who have threatened to discontinue their contributions unless the above-mentioned articles are published at once, will no doubt be surprised to learn, using the language of the "con," that "there are others," and we do not believe that in the multiplicity of choice our readers will beg for their tales of woe.

CONVICT NO. 1509.

THE UMBRELLA'S STORY.

It is Thought to Be Thousands of Years Old.

The umbrella is of very ancient origin, says the Woman's Home Companion. It is found in designs on Greek and Etruscan vases, and is traced back to ancient Egypt, the mother of arts. Its first use was undoubtedly to protect from the burning rays of the tropical sun; its Latin derivation is from umbra, a shade. The English got the umbrella from France, and the first man who carried this rain protection

in England was Joseph Hanway, who began the practice when a young man and continued it until his death in 1784. Hanway was famous in his day as a philanthropist, but he is remembered now quite as much for his persistence in carrying an umbrella, and beating down the prejudice against the use of it, as for any of his purely beneficent deeds. When Hanway died, all the people in England were carrying umbrellas, and they have been carrying them ever since. Indeed, nowadays England would not seem England

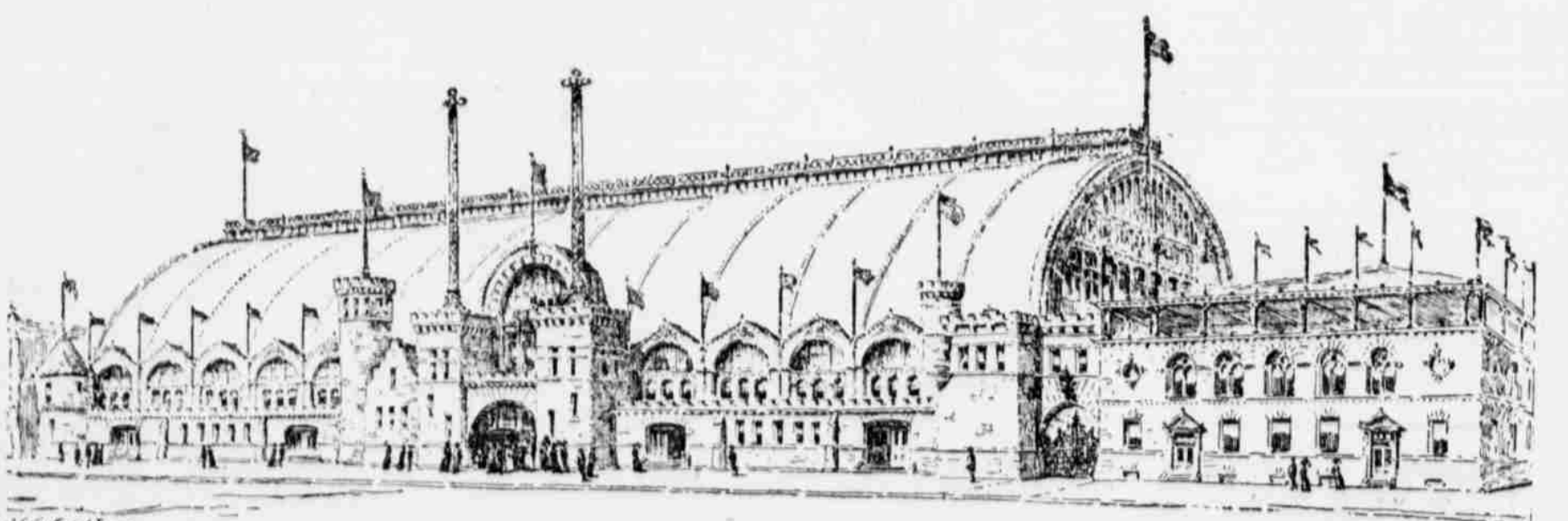
without the ever-present umbrella. Though the umbrella came from the East, reaching first Italy, then Spain and France, and afterward England and Germany, the pendulum now is swinging back again, and late commercial statistics show that the city of Paris is exporting 600,000 umbrellas annually to Turkey, while in England in one year 819,000 umbrellas were manufactured for shipment to Burma.

Indian bats measure six feet across the wings.

Costliest Tomb.

The most magnificent tomb in the world is the Taj Mahal in Agra, Hindoostan. It was erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of his favorite queen. It is octagonal in form, of pure white marble, inlaid with jasper, corneelian, turquoise, agate, amethysts, and sapphires. The work took 22,000 men twenty years to complete, and though there were free gifts and labor was free the cost was \$16,500,000. The average whale yields 2,000 gallons of oil.

LARGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.



The above is a correct picture of the Chicago Coliseum, which is being erected on the site of the old Libby prison. It is 352 feet long and 172 feet in width, or 31 feet longer and 41 feet wider than Madison Square Garden in New York. It is likely that the next national conventions, Democratic and Republican, will be held within the walls of the Chicago building. It will easily seat 50,000 persons.