

The reckless balloonist is apt to take one drop too much.

It is a sign of spring when the gun clubs put forth their shoots.

Every man has a right to his own jaw, but he has no right to give it to other people.

A man may be a good judge of cloth, yet when he buys a suit of clothes he generally gets worsted.

A great deal of our modern poetry seems to have been written by persons addicted to the cigarette habit.

A New York woman aimed a pistol at a dog and shot a man. She is now eligible for a position on the police force.

There would not be so much objection to the gold enthusiast if he would but direct his conversation to some other crank on the subject.

The red-headed residents of Trenton, N. J., have organized a club. Perhaps they felt that they should do something to offset the production of trusts.

England has a new copyright law to protect news. The latter article is such a rare thing in English papers that parliament evidently thought it ought to be protected.

The theosophist who used to think he would like to come back to us in the shape of a horse has changed his mind, and now prefers the automobile style of reincarnation.

Haiti is in sore financial distress, the efforts to form some basis of compromising its debts having failed. In this dilemma the people are considering the advisability of seeking a protectorate from the United States. As the republic has a debt of \$15,500,000 and expenditures more than the revenues, the prospect is not an inviting one.

Blaz Patrie is a strange-looking name to American eyes, but heroism like his is understood in any tongue. This poor Slav, a recent immigrant from Hungary, doing section work on a Cleveland railway, saw a woman, a few weeks ago, endangered by an approaching train. Springing to save her, he gave his life in the vain endeavor. The evils of immigration are evident enough, and our country wisely rejects many applicants to our shore; but in accepting this necessary duty let us pause, now and then, to take off our hats to such brave and worthy immigrants as poor Blaz Patrie.

A scientific writer affirms that tobacco owes its fragrance to the presence of malignant microbes. "Just so," quoth the smoker, "and the safest way is to burn them out." But the chewer and snuff-taker can give themselves no such plausible consolation. One fact at least is evident, however much the toxic qualities of "the weed" may be disputed, that of all stimulants in human use tobacco is the filthiest. A ruthless commentator of King James' time remarked that if nature had meant man to smoke, snuff and chew, she would have built his skull like a chimney, inverted his nose for a dust-bucket, and deepened his jaw for a cess-pool.

Stamp-lickers' tongue is the name recently applied by an English physician to a form of sore mouth occurring in clerks who have many letters to stamp and seal, and who moisten the adhesive surface with the ever-ready tongue. It is said in an English medical journal that the gum on postage stamps is simply the dried blood-serum of the horse, and although that is probably as clean a substance as anything else that could be used, the thought of licking it is not pleasant. If one must use the tongue as a moistener, it is better to lick the envelope and apply the stamp to the wet surface, but better far than that is to press the stamp against a moist sponge before attaching it to the envelope.

The cat has served to teach mankind an all-important lesson concerning the working of the stomach. The X-rays directed upon a cat's stomach have demonstrated that any irritation or disagreeable nervous excitement arrests the process of digestion. Dr. Fritz Lange of Munich, who makes a special study of the stomach, performed a series of experiments, which resulted in this interesting discovery. After the cat had eaten, the X rays were turned on, and Dr. Lange watched the animal's stomach through a fluorescent screen. Then he irritated the cat by placing a live mouse just beyond its reach. Dr. Lange was able to observe that digestion was absolutely interrupted by the irritation of "the animal. Briefly stated, the lesson for man is: Don't let anything bother or interrupt your dinner.

Our great and good friend the sultan of Sulu has been studying the American at close range and apparently to good purpose. He sensibly tells his subjects the Americans have come among them as friends, not to interfere with their rights or government, and warns them not to molest or disturb them, as "the Americans are like a box of matches—strike one and they all blaze up." Evidently the sultan has been watching Aguinaldo's experiment with "los Americanos" to some purpose and seems to have arrived at a sensible decision.

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of 'BOONNY'S LOVERS'

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
The Rector was the only person excepting myself cognizant of Mr. Widdrington's failure and discoveries. I felt very small in the worthy person's presence. I had for the second time been outwitted by a woman, and it was on account of my careless blundering that the whole work had to begin over again.

"Don't tell the ladies," advised the Rector; "keep it from them as long as you can. Miss Elmisle is the very best of good little souls as she is, and, as we have just proved, a man's foes are those of his own household; the very walls have ears, and a bird of the air shall carry the matter!" continued Mr. Heathcote, losing all control of himself in the heat of quotation, "If Widdrington is to recover the trail we must be silent as mice."

"His groom get-up was capital," I remarked; "it completely took me in."
"Yes," said the Rector complacently, "I think we did that rather well. But I did not expect to blind you. When I found you had not recognized Widdrington as soon as you arrived I kept up the joke, you know."

"It is hardly fair, is it," I demurred, "to keep Miss Branscombe in the dark? I believe she would be discreet."
"Of course you do!" laughed Mr. Heathcote. "You would be a sorry lawyer if you did not believe that and everything else that is good of her."

"It may be necessary to put her on her guard against the lady's maid," I suggested.
"Yes, it may. I hardly know what course to adopt with regard to the woman," said the Rector thoughtfully, "or how Widdrington has left matters with her. It seems to me important to retain her; she may help us if she will. Well, with regard to Nona, you must use your own discretion. For; I can-

and her eyes gleamed with anger. She rested one hand upon the table, clenching and unclenching the other as she spoke.

"I have a few questions to ask you, sir," she commenced, in a significant, quiet tone—"questions I should like answered."

"I am at your service," Miss Woodward, I responded, putting my papers together with an airy assumption quite at variance with my real feelings.

"I want to know," she went on, "if you think it is the action of a gentleman to set a spy upon a respectable young woman, to deceive her by false promises and lies and shameful, double-faced ways and tricks, to get out of her all he wants to know—all for your information, sir?"—she was becoming somewhat involved—"and for your pay. I suppose? Is this a gentleman's action, I ask you?"

"If you mean," I began.
"I mean," she interrupted, "that I have always heard you lawyers are as cunning as Satan himself. But I never could have believed that a gentleman like you, so pleasant-spoken and straightforward as you seemed, could have been guilty of such a trick!"

"As what?" I asked. "I am not aware of any conduct on my part of which you have a right to complain, Miss Woodward. I rather thought, do you know, that things were the other way about—that I had some cause of complaint against you."

"That fellow, 'Tillot'—or whatever his name is," she said, with bitter contempt—"was your spy, was he not? Didn't you send him down to hunt out your business?"

"I did not know of his being here until last night," I answered truthfully, "a little evasively."
"But he was your spy," she persisted, "and you didn't care how he



"I HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU, SIR."

not advise. Perhaps we may hear something from Widdrington to-day or to-morrow. He has left us in a terrible mess at present; but no doubt he couldn't help it. The failure must have been a blow to him. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, you know."

CHAPTER XIV.
Before I left the rectory I had to endure an interview, quite unsought, and—I think I may add—quite undeserved on my part, painful and embarrassing as it was to me.

Woodward—Widdrington's deserted and betrayed lady-love—her face pale, her eyes lurid with suppressed fury, entered the rector's study, where I had established myself in order to write letters for the afternoon post, and demanded a hearing.

I must here confess to a weakness to which I have always been, and am still, a prey—I am morally afraid of an angry woman. I can face any number of furious men, my spirits indeed rising at the prospect of a fray, but before an angry woman I am an arrant coward.

My feelings therefore can be imagined when the lady's maid advanced upon me. There was no mistaking the expression of her whole person as she closed the door and approached me. At the first glance I thought of the words—"Earth holds no demon like a woman scorned."

Innocent factor as I was in the "scorning" of this particular woman, why should I have to bear the brunt of her demoniacal fury? This was the question which shook my craven soul as I braced myself up as well as I could for the encounter.

Miss Woodward planted herself on the opposite side of the writing-table, facing me. I was glad that at that moment of the intervening breadth of leather-covered mahogany. She was a little woman of a dark complexion. Her thick well-marked brows met on her forehead, giving a look of determination—a sinister look, I thought at that moment—to her thin, sharp-featured face. Her face was always somewhat colorless, but it was lividly pale now,

got at what you wanted to know so long as he did get at it. You didn't care if he lied and deceived, and made a poor woman ashamed to hold up her head again. It was all for your money."

"My good girl," I remonstrated, "I am really very sorry; but I am not responsible for Mr. Tillot's conduct."

"It was you who tempted him," she persisted—"who set him on me! Oh, it was the meanest, barest thing! He was to have married me—our names are up at the registry-office in Ilminster. I can have the law of him for false statement, and that's what I mean to do! Tell me his address—it's the least you can do for a woman you have helped to insult and mislead."

"Who put up the names?" I asked, beginning to feel that Mr. Widdrington had gone to unwarrantable lengths, indeed.

"I did," she answered, "a fortnight ago—the time would be out next week. He wouldn't let me give notice to Miss Branscombe, and we were to have been married on the sly, because his friends in London were such grand people, and he would tell them afterwards, he pretended—the false traitor!"

"Then, if you gave the names, I am afraid you cannot make Mr. Tillot responsible for any statement you have yourself made at the office," I said.

"It is a vile, shameful trick!" she panted.
"Yes, it is too bad," I assented, sympathetically. "But how did it happen that you, with all your experience, allowed yourself to be so taken in?"

"I never suspected him for a minute," she replied, softening under my sympathy. "I never supposed that men could be so wicked. And I don't believe now that he would if he hadn't been put up to it. I found his letter to you, telling you how your schemes had all succeeded, and then I knew how a gentleman could demean himself!"—with renewed contempt.

"You found a letter?" I asked.
"Yes."
"And you read it?"
"Yes"—shortly and sharply. "Why

not? It was in his handwriting, and we were almost man and wife; I had a right to read his letters. And it's well I did! What have you to say to that, sir?"

"Nothing," I answered. "Only the law might have something to say, you know, to your taking possession of a letter addressed to another person." I was gaining courage as her reckless temper placed her in my power. I should advise you to be a little more prudent, Miss Woodward."

"I don't care that for the law," she cried violently, snapping her fingers in my face. "The law says nothing to a woman being deceived and insulted, and cheated with false promises."

"Oh, yes it does!" I said. "There is such a thing as breach of promise—only I am afraid you are hardly in a position to avail yourself of the law." My spirits had so far revived that I was able to try a little intimidation now. "You see, by your own confession, you have made yourself amenable to the law in one—if not in two instances."

"I tell you I don't care," she cried; "and I'm glad of what I did. I had my revenge. I upset all your fine plans—and his. You were neither of you a match for a woman from beginning to end."

"That is quite true," I assented, humbly; "you were very clever, Miss Woodward. I don't think I ever heard of a cleverer trick. I give you great credit for your splendid management, and, if you will allow me to say so, I think your talents are quite wasted in your present position as a lady's maid. I should really advise you to turn your attention to, say, the female detective line. I think I can perhaps be of use to you in that sort of a career if you decide on it."

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CHAPTER XV.
I was determined that she should not remain in her present post about Nona, and deemed it advisable to manage her resignation as quietly as possible. A designing, vindictive woman, burning with a sense of injury, and capable of the elaborate dissimulation she had already practiced, was certainly not fit for attendance on my gulleable, tender Nona. Miss Woodward must leave the Rectory before my own departure.

"The authorities at Scotland Yard," I suggested, "will, I think, most probably be glad of your assistance. I can perhaps arrange the matter."

"Do you think that I will be beholden to you for anything?" she burst out. "Do you think I will let you lay another trap for me? No, I'm not sunk so low as that comes to!"

"It might be worth your while," I said carelessly, "to think over my offer. I am afraid—after what has passed—the Rectory will not be either a pleasant or a safe home for you"—meaningly.

"And do you think," she cried, "that I'm going to take my warning to leave from you? You are not my master. I was not engaged by you, and it's not for you to dismiss me."

"All that is quite true," I assented, "nevertheless it may be as well for you to think over what I have said, Miss Woodward. Miss Branscombe will, I know, be as anxious as I am myself to avoid any unnecessary scandal or exposure before the other servants. And she has been a kind mistress; you would not, I am sure, wish to give her unnecessary pain or distress."

"Miss Branscombe is a thousand times too good for—for those who have got her," announced Miss Woodward. "As sweet a young lady as ever trod the earth, she is, and above all the mean tricks that stem all right to lawyers, no doubt. And if things had gone as they should have gone we might have seen her in her own proper place, with as real a gentleman as she is a lady."

(To be continued.)

DOUBLE EAGLE.
As It Appeared on the Arms of Russia and Austria.

The eagle, as an emblem of authority, is so old that it would be impossible to clearly trace its origin. It is found upon the most ancient sculptures that have yet been discovered, and was no doubt one of the very oldest of the totems, or tribe signs. The early Persian empire appears to be the first which adopted it as an imperial emblem. Among the Greeks the eagle was the emblem of Jove. The Romans also adopted the eagle as their standard, and so it became the token of Roman dominion. When Constantine became emperor he adopted the double-headed eagle as the insignia of his authority over east and west. When the German empire came into being in the twelfth century this emblem was revived as being that of the Holy Roman empire, and Rudolph of Hapsburg adopted it as his imperial arms. It appeared in the Russian imperial arms in the sixteenth century, when Czar Ivan Basilovitch married Princess Sophia, niece of the eleventh Constantine, and the last of the Byzantine emperors.

About Necks.
The array of necks presented for inspection at a theater is various. All sorts and conditions of necks are there, and there is as much variety in them as there is in the faces above them. Scraggy necks should, if surmounting good shoulders, have a discreet ribbon round them; black velvet or white tulle are the most becoming things for the complexion. Pearls on a white throat are really exquisite; for dusky necks the most becoming stones are emeralds or rubies. When the bones at the base of the throat are too intrusive on the attention they may be coerced into submission and concealment by a narrower ribbon tied low with a pendant.

SOAR LIKE EAGLES.

BUT ANSWER HUMAN VOICES WHEN CALLED TO.

The New Zealand Keas—Curiosity of These Strange Birds a Very Queer Trait—Found of Near Acquaintance with Human Beings.

On the Tasman glacier we found keas fairly numerous. A track leads for a good many miles between the ice and the side of the neighboring mountain, says Leisure Hour. The latter is covered for thousands of feet with shrubs and flowering plants. When we had followed this track to an altitude of about 4,000 feet and were fairly among the mountains and glaciers, it being still early in the afternoon, we began to notice the keas soaring like eagles far overhead, and to hear their common cry, "Kilaa! Kilaa!" The flock gradually grew and the birds became more and more anxious to inspect us closely. At length they began to drop down, some upon the slopes of the mountains, others on the moraine, and on the ice of the glacier itself; others among the shrubs in the narrow intervening valley. Our party of five was more or less engaged in the usual arrangements of a camp, lighting a fire, cooking, tubbing, etc., when the birds began to gather close about the Ball hut, which formed our headquarters. All the while they seemed to be talking in their strange tongue to each other from point to point, and gradually closing upon us. Their language became more animated, they mewed like cats, howled like dogs, chattered like monkeys, and made many various sounds, the favorite being a yelping like that of a pleased puppy, but more so. We did our best to imitate these sounds and had no difficulty in getting individual keas to answer us. As evening approached their desire for a nearer acquaintance increased. The notion of fear never at any time seemed to enter into the question. They approached slowly, hopping, flying and walking, not even with caution, but rather with circumspection, as if everything on the road had to be examined. On the high flat, just opposite the house, they were very busy. Here they found meat-tins, old rags, bottles and other camp refuse; these were examined with the greatest care, as they often had been before. A sardine-tin would occupy a bird for half an hour; it had to be turned over and thrown first one way and then another, then up in the air. A glass bottle head was tossed about, apparently because it made a ringing sound; the same bird tossed it up in the air dozens of times. Some of the newer tins contained bits of meat, and this had to be carefully examined, but I could not see that they ate either this or the good meat and bread given them. Pieces of wood of considerable size were bitten into small fragments, apparently in search of grubs, but possibly only as pastime; the operation showed the great strength of their long, hard beaks. All the while they were whistling and chattering in their own fashion. We counted sixteen in all, and this lot, with occasional changes, hung about for the four days we spent there. Gradually they closed up to the hut. As we sat at meals inside they came to the open door, and in turns looked in. They did not enter, as they sometimes do, but stood in the doorway. Then our fire, which was made in a large nail can, with a draught hole, attracted much attention. The fire was carefully examined through the draught hole. Then a bird, overcome with curiosity, put his beak in to feel the fire and got it burned. He hopped away with an air of indignation, but this did not prevent two or three others from making the same mistake. We all voted these proceedings very interesting and decided that it was a shame to kill keas. The opinion was subjected to considerable modification as time went on. It was, however, very interesting to stand among the stones at dusk, and turn from bird to bird as they walked up to us to see what was going on, sometimes hopping and sometimes flying from one boulder to another. One of the party held out a letter in his hand to a bird on the boulder; the kea nibbled the other end of it. This intense curiosity is enough to account for the kea learning to eat sheep; the old rags and socks near the camp were riddled with holes torn by them. No doubt they have explored dead sheep in the same way, and, liking the meat, have thus learned the trick of eating their way into live ones. This extraordinary habit, which has excited to such a degree the interest of naturalists, does not seem to demand any more elaborate explanation.

TREASURE TROVE.

The Innocence of One of the Prisoners Saved Him.

In 1863 a man named Thomas Butcher, a laborer in the employment of a farmer at Mountfield in Sussex, was plowing a field one fine day when his plowshare threw up a long piece of metal like brass, with a trumpet at each end, and doubled up like a coil of string, says Chambers' Journal. There were several other similar pieces in the same furrow, the whole weighing altogether eleven pounds. Butcher, who had very little imagination, thought nothing of the find, and allowed the metal to lie at the bottom of the field till evening, when he carried it home, thinking it to be the discarded ornaments of some gentleman's hall or parlor. Subsequently he mentioned the matter casually to an acquaintance named Thomas, who, after taking a look at the so-called brass, and consulting with his brother-in-law, Willett, went to Butcher's house with a pair of scales and a great show of honesty, and bought the metal at the rate of sixpence a pound—five and sixpence for the lot. The plowman heard nothing more of the transaction until his acquaintances began to annoy him by inquiring jestingly if he had found any more old brass lately, and then it leaked out that Thomas and Willett had sold the "brass" to a firm of gold refiners in Cheapside for £529 13s 7d. The crown took the matter up, an inquest was held by the coroner, and Thomas and Willett were at once arrested. Butcher, whose simplicity had saved him from temptation, was an innocent finder; but the prisoners, who, knowing how the metal had been found, had bought it as brass and sold it for their own benefit as gold, were convicted on the evidence and punished severely.

Where Was St. Patrick Born?

The question of where was St. Patrick born often crops up, and it would seem as if there were as many claimants for the honor of his birth as there were for that of Homer. The Rev. Edward O'Brien, of Lismavady, Ireland, starts a new theory in a late issue of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record. The patron saint of Erin has generally gotten the credit of hailing from Scotland, but Mr. O'Brien claims Spain as the land of his nativity. He (Mr. O'Brien) holds that St. Patrick was either born at Emporia or was living there when a very young child. Emporia is on the Clyde (not the Scottish river of that name, but the Clodenus) which falls in the Gulf of Rosas (Rhoda), a gulf of the Thyrene sea, the Mare Internum of the Romans. The saint's grandfather was a presbyter, or member of the supreme council, and his father was a deacon. The city of which he was deacon was Vicus, an episcopal see. It was on the River Alba Fluvia, in the territory of Tiburne. The arguments for this theory are most logical, and are certain to lead to an interesting discussion amongst archaeologists and historians.

A Brilliant Investment.

Probably one of the prettiest pieces of financial foresight, as well as keen statecraft, on record was the acquisition of the shares which Great Britain holds in the Suez canal. Condemned by the short-sighted at the time, events have since proved the wisdom of the policy. As a mere investment, the purchase of these shares was a splendid stroke of business. The sum of 4,080,000 pounds was originally paid for them, and their market value at the present day is close upon 25,000,000 pounds. Moreover, the original purchase price has been more than returned in dividends, so that Great Britain stands in the position that she is the holder of 25,000,000 pounds of capital which has not cost her a half-penny to acquire, and which produces an annual income of some three-quarters of a million, while also bestowing on her an enormous political influence.

Accounted For.

Mr. Crude (to his wife, at breakfast table)—"Our neighbor, Mr. Lens, the astronomer, tells me that they have discovered more spots on the sun."
Crude, Jr.—"That's right, pop. I put them there in a little scrap he and I had yesterday."—Richmond Times.