

A Little Hair Ribbon

By SOPHIE HAMMOND.
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A garden in old Annapolis, crowded with blooms and fragrance; a child upon a rustic bench, with a lapful of flowers and a busy, serious face; a boy on the wall above, morosely watching her—these are what the June sun shone down upon, long ago.

The child's eager fingers had deftly put the flowers together, and one hand dragged the pink ribbon from her hair. With an effort of generosity she selected a sprig of heliotropes from the rest.

"You may have that, Tom," she said, tossing it upon the wall.

The ribbon tied about the stems, and the arrangement held out for a moment's anxious inspection, she sprang to her feet, and running down the path and up the steps of the veranda, pushed open the green-shuttered door of the hall.

At the farther end her father was taking leave of a two-days' guest—a young man in a scarlet uniform and much gold lace, whose horses and servant stood at the steps. The little girl went forward swiftly and held out the flowers to the visitor, looking shyly up into his face.

The young soldier took them gallantly. "This is indeed an honor," he said, with a quick smile—"a posey from the fairest lady in all this fair province! Mistress Betty may be sure they shall be among my treasured possessions—that I shall keep them always."

The child drew back, and ran to the big window to watch the departure, straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of the red coat as it disappeared through the trees, a spot of excitement burning on each cheek. He had been pleased—a real soldier, who had fought the Indians—he was going to keep her flowers forever!

"La, child, you have worked yourself into a very fever!" the voice of her governess exclaimed. "Go out for a walk with your cousin, do, and cool your cheeks. And be sure you don't turn back until you reach the gate."

Betty got her hat obediently. Tom was cross—he didn't like her hero; but nothing could mar the beauty of the day for that proud, happy little heart.

The grass was checked with shade and sunshine all down the avenue. Near the end, the blue bay, with its dots of white sails, came in view. They had reached the great stone gate posts—and between them lay her flowers, in the dust!

The boy picked up the soiled ribbon. "Never mind, Betty," he said, though his eyes were full of anger. "He's not worth crying for."

The little teeth shut down sharply on the red lip. "I'm not crying," she said.

crossed the hall to his uncle's study; but before his hand had touched the knob the door opened and their visitor came out and passed him, his usually bland face wearing so black a look that the younger man stopped to glance curiously after him. Then he pushed open the door.

A girl sitting by a little sewing table lifted her face as he entered—a face not beautiful, but which had worked untold mischief in its short career.

"What is the matter with Peyton, Betty?" he asked abruptly.

"We had a discussion," said the girl, with a laugh, "and I told him the story of a certain little bunch of flowers as a moral—which ruffled his temper."

Her cousin came nearer, and looked down at her sternly.

"You have danced with him, and ridden with him, and led him on, until the whole town couples your names together; and for a childish grudge—"

Betty gave a little shrug. "He spoiled one day for me," she said;



Looked down at her sternly.

"one of the happiest of my life. I am not likely to let him spoil another." Then her whole manner changed. "Now, Tom," she said, impressively, "prepare to be sufficiently grateful; I'm going to give you my colors to wear to the war."

But the young man flushed darkly. "No, you will not," he said, through his teeth. "You have had all the amusement at my expense that you are likely to have, madam. You spend your whole time making fools of men; you are not worth—"

A pair of brown eyes had been raised mockingly to his, and kept there. For a moment or two he held out, then the old charm proved too strong, and he put his arms around her.

Betty settled her head, with a faint laugh, against his shoulder. "You always were a bear, Tom, you know," she said softly. Then she flashed another glance into the intense face above her. "Do you want to know what made me tell him about those flowers?" she asked, very low. "I helped Chloe pack your boxes yesterday—and I found that old hair ribbon in your desk."

POPE DID NOT WANT NEW GOWNS

Leo's Disinclination to Spend Money for His Own Use.

This story is told to illustrate the pope's dislike of spending money on himself: The other day Pio Contra, his old and tried personal attendant, opened the discussion while dressing him in the morning, by remarking that his gown was not as new as it might be. "I suppose I have your holiness' permission to order your gowns for the jubilee?" he added.

"What gowns for the jubilee?" replied Leo XIII. sharply. "I have three sets already, and certainly require no more. Why should I spend good money for what I do not want?"

"But, holy father," protested Contra, who knows his master's weakness, "supposing some one of the great personages who are received by your holiness should notice a defect such as this (pointing to an invisible spot on one sleeve)? He might think you had put on your old clothes, not considering him worthy of the best."

After a pause Leo XIII. said with a sigh: "Well, perhaps you are right. Order them—but only one, mind you; and my poor people will have to go without so much bread. How dreadful to be obliged to spend so much money on one's clothes."

When Lord Raglan Speaks.

The idiosyncrasies of orators provide an almost inexhaustible study, says the London Leader. One of the strangest habits of a speaker is assuredly that possessed by Lord Raglan. The habit is only observable at post-prandial functions, at which the moment the son of the famous field marshal rises to speak he arranges on the table in front of him everything within his reach, just as if he were playing an intricate war game.

Bottles of every size and shape, glasses, salt cellars, knives and forks and even the very table decorations themselves are pressed into the service, and by the time the noble lord resumes his seat the disposition of his imaginary troops, which is productive of no little amusement to those around him, is complete.

Fortunate is the man upon whose face nature has written a letter of credit.

THE VOLCANOES OF KAMCHATKA

Lava Flows and Earthquakes Disturb Land and Sea.

Kamchatka has many volcanoes, the only ones in Russian territory that are still active. They are unusually impressive. Their summits are always smoking and often glow with molten lava, though they are clad in eternal snow and are covered with glaciers.

The volcanic eruptions are very grand, but being witnessed only by a few natives or Russian officials they awaken but little attention in the west. About forty of the mountains are of volcanic origin, but of these not more than twelve are still active.

One of these remarkable eruptions occurred last fall at the Avacha volcano, 8,210 feet high, on the southeast coast of Kamchatka. The eruptions were accompanied by subterranean rumblings that were audible for sixty miles. These phenomena are often attended by violent earthquakes which sometimes raise the waves to a great height, flooding the coast and sweeping away the tents of the natives. This was the case during the recent eruption.

The accounts that have been sent to St. Petersburg of this eruption say that a more magnificent and awful spectacle was probably never presented. Lava flowed in deep streams down the sides of the mountains. The streams looked like wide, molten rivers. From fissures in the earth noxious gases escaped, destroying animal and vegetable life near the mountain. Even fish were killed by thousands in the neighboring streams.

The volcanic eruptions in Kamchatka probably surpass those of any other part of the world in violence and duration. An eruption mentioned by Krasheninnikov lasted four years, from 1727 to 1731, and that of 1737, which was far more violent, discharged vast lava streams, melting the glaciers and sweeping avalanches of ice and water into the surrounding valleys.

One of the most interesting things in the educational world is a seagoing academy, which will be launched during the summer. The plan under consideration is to take a class of boys on a four years' cruise around the world, and the course will include a curriculum that prepares for college or business; physical development and discipline incident to sea life under United States naval regulations; travel and observation in all the principal countries of the world; studies of foreign commerce by direct contact with the commercial methods and needs of all purchasing nations. For the study of science and natural history collectors' outfits will be provided with deep sea dredges and all necessary appliances.

"Some day," says Santos-Dumont, "we shall see monarchs and Princes of the blood having not only their ordinary balloons, but aerial state coaches."

Already Princes are turning to the sport. One, the Archduke Leopold Salvator of Austria-Hungary, recently made a remarkable journey across the Alps in his balloon, the Meteor. Not content with making trips on his own account in one or another of the three large balloons which he had made, he has commenced taking his wife and children with him.

There are many members of the other reigning houses who have made aerial trips, notably the King of Italy's two cousins, the Count of Turin and the Duke of Abruzzi. The Duke of Abruzzi, in particular, made a number of ballooning trips before starting on his arctic expedition with the object of ascertaining to what extent he could utilize this mode of conveyance in the polar regions. Apparently, he was not satisfied with the practical results of his experiments, as he did not take a balloon with him in the Polar Star. The widowed Duchess of Aosta and the young Duchess of Genoa, while these trials were in progress at Turin, took advantage of the opportunity to make several ascents, but were ultimately forbidden to do so again by the late King Humbert, who was alarmed for their safety, and insisted, in spite of all that was urged to the contrary, that they were risking their lives.

The Emperor of Germany and his eldest sister, Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, have both been up in a balloon. It was, however, a captive one, and their ascent took place at Paris during the International Exposition of 1878, when, it may be remembered, the most gigantic balloon ever produced used to ascend daily from the Place de la Tuileries to a height so great as to almost disappear from sight, then to be drawn back to earth by means of a couple of powerful stationary steam engines. The present Kaiser was at the time in Paris incognito, intrusted to the care not of the German Ambassador, but of Lord Lyons, the English Ambassador, as a grandson of Queen Victoria, and the party who made the ascent in the balloon on that occasion was restricted to Prince William, as the Kaiser was then called; to his sister, Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen; the latter's husband, Prince Bernhard; Count Seckendorff, Grand Master of the Household to Emperor Frederick; and two or three others.

King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the late Duke of Albany, the Duke of Brunsvick and of Cumberland, who at that time bore the title of Crown Prince of Hanover, and likewise the late Prince Jerome Napoleon, all made one or more ascents in this balloon, as did also old Queen Isabella of Spain, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, the King and Queen of Greece, and, of course, King Leopold of Belgium. Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia has been up several times in the military balloon on the Temple Hof maneuver grounds, near Belgium. But when the Kaiser himself wished to accompany his brother-in-law his ministerial and military advisers urged him to abstain from putting his project into execution on the ground that he had no right to risk a life of such vital importance to the empire. The Emperor only yielded to their arguments when they were reinforced by the Empress, for he shares the conviction of Archduke Leopold Salvator of Austria that there is no more danger in ballooning than in driving at the breakneck speed which he invariably affects.

TEARS OF BENEFIT TO THE EYES

One's Sight Is Clearer After a Copious Flow of the Salty Liquid.

Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech, implying the lack of balmy tears that are to the cornea what saline is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The reason some women weep more easily than others, and still more readily than the sterner sex, has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system. The nerve fibers about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—the term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye is therefore protected from shocks. Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's practice.

They were tossing about on the wild and restless ocean in a small, open boat, at least 100 feet from the beach. He was struggling manfully to battle with the surging waves and to pull for the shore; she was sitting in a heap in the stern of the frail barque, holding on like grim death, and mentally vowing that she would never again be tempted by her lover's daring spirit to venture so far from land.

"I know we shall go over," she shrieked, as the boat gave another lurch. "Oh, George, try and snagee it!"

"I will," replied he, firmly. "I could get along splendidly if the waves did not make it go all ways at once. Don't be afraid, Sarah. We're getting nearer, aren't we?"

"A little. Oh, George, what shall we do if the boat is lost?"

"Don't you worry yourself about that, my dear," said George, soothingly. "You mustn't worry yourself about other people's business. It isn't our boat."

And he continued his fight with the cruel, remorseless waves.

Precedent Established.

A beginner in newspaper work in a southern town who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph office he "queried" the telegraph editor: "Column story so and so. Shall I send?" The reply was brief and prompt but to the enthusiast unsatisfactory. "Send 600 words was all it said. 'Can't be told in less than 1,200,' he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it."—New York Post.

Americans in Burke's Peerage.

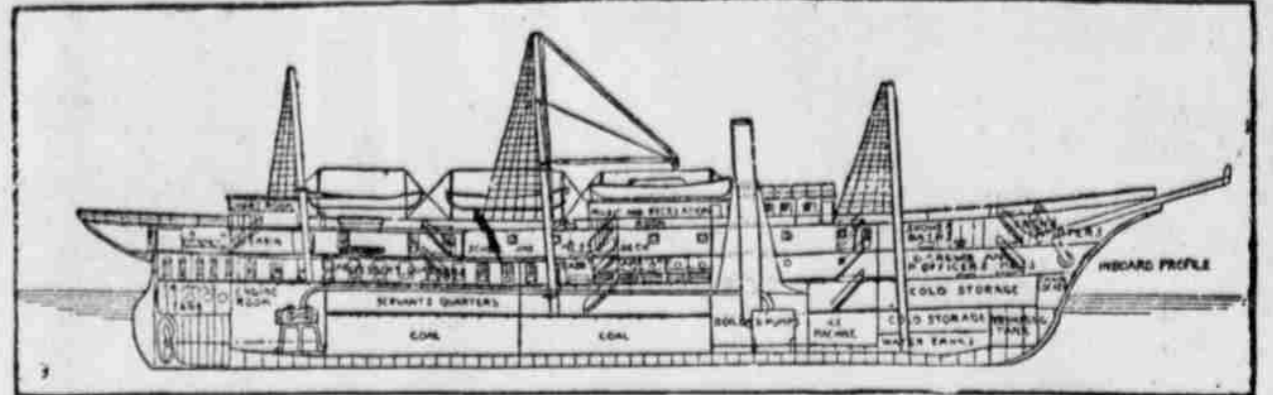
The names of five American naval officers appear in the 1902 edition of Burke's peerage. Admiral Schley's daughter married a brother of the present earl of Warwick, the daughters of Commodore Price and Magruder became respectively duchess of Marlborough and Lady Abinger; Lieutenant H. T. Stockton married a daughter of Sir Matthew Osnow, and Paymaster Rodney married his cousin, a granddaughter of Sir Hugh Owen. Of the naval officers named only Schley and Rodney survive.

Fishing Use of Rice.

An association of men interested in growing rice and figuring on widening the market for it has opened "rice kitchens" in Washington and in a number of large cities, where free cooking lessons are given at certain hours of the day, and at meal times rice concoctions are sold to the hungry. They have rice cream, rice salad,

There is no love without jealousy.

Academy on Sea-Going Ship.



The school will be conducted on board the Young American, a modern full rigged sailing ship, with auxiliary steam power, built especially for the purpose. The keel of the ship will be laid within a month or two. The number of pupils will be limited to 250 and the faculty to 25. Shore leave will be governed by the department records of the cadets, who will always be under the personal supervision of professors. The organization will be along naval lines, the cadets being formed into companies and the companies divided into sections. Cadet officers will be appointed on the basis of merit. The school will be non-sectarian and there will be ample amusement, including athletics, band con-

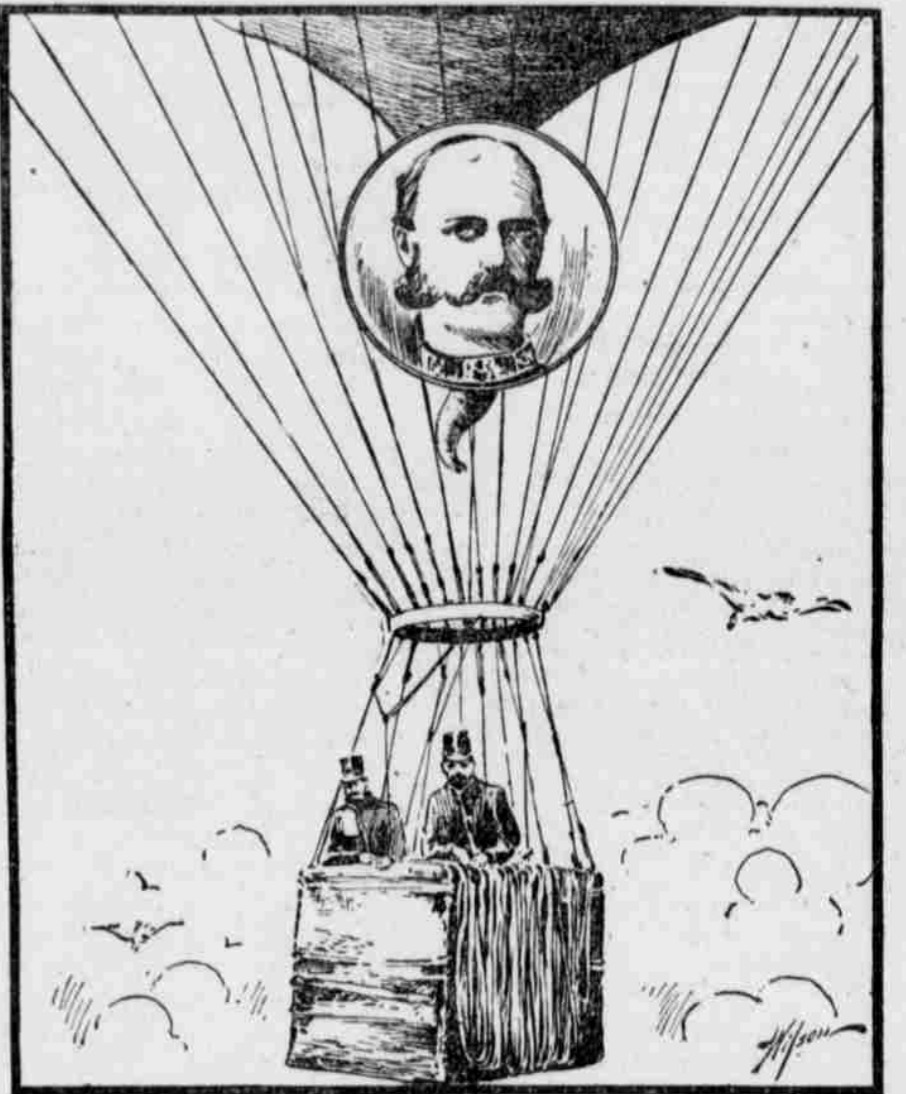
certs, sight seeing, a library, a monthly periodical printed on board the ship and a photographic plant.

Boys between the ages of 14 and 19 years who are not of retarded development or vicious habits will be accepted and the cost per school year will be \$1,280, including tuition, board, clothing, books and other expenses. The first cruise will begin in September, 1903. During the four years the principal ports of the world will be visited.

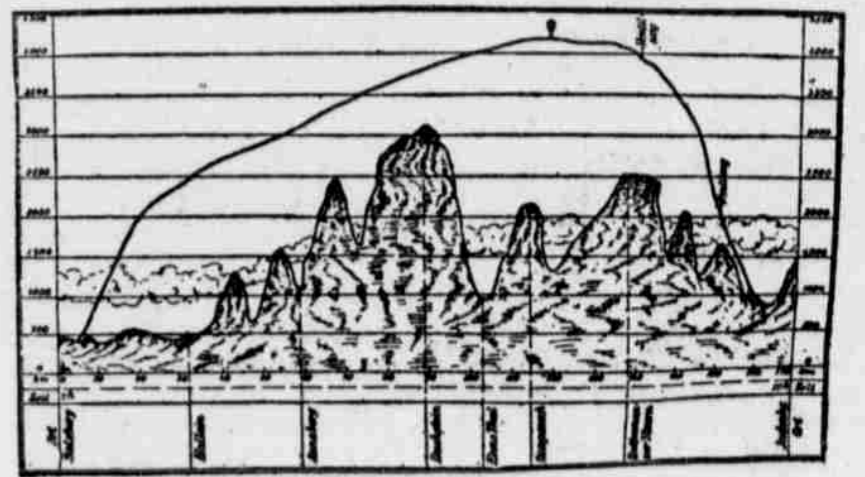
By the recent census the population of New Zealand is fixed at 815,820. London bridge, when widened, will be lighted from the center and not from the sides.

ROYALTY WHO SAIL IN BALLOONS.

ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD SALVATOR'S TRIP ACROSS THE ALPS.



Archduke Leopold Salvator and His Balloon.



Route of the Duke's Flight Across the Alps.

rice cakes, rice gravy, rice pudding, rice pie, and a number of other good things adulterated with rice.

Smokers Will Hardly Believe This.

Some of the clerks in the war department played a joke on a well-known clerk in the telegraph office the other day. They got a cheap cigar, filled it with small pieces of rubber and then gave it to the telegraph man. He is always playing practical jokes on his fellows and they were merely trying to even up. He started in to work as usual and puffed vigorously on the cigar. He must have had a cold in his head, for he didn't seem to notice the foul smell that soon permeated the atmosphere. His associates could hardly stand it, however, but they didn't know about the cigar. The odor finally became overpowering, and the smell of rubber was unmistakable. As there had been some trouble with the telegraphic apparatus the innocent victims concluded from the smell that the insulators had caught fire. An expert electrician was summoned from the Western Union office and spent some time examining the switchboard connections. It was not until after he reported that there was nothing at all the matter with them that the truth dawned upon the operators that it was merely a case of "bad cigar." It was a curious commentary on the smoker's taste that he didn't know he was not smoking tobacco until those around him informed him of the fact.

Traits of the Rhinoceros.

Commander Whitehouse of the British navy writes as follows of his experience with the rhinoceros in Africa: "As a rule they do not interfere with travelers that let them alone. In some cases, of course, they are dangerous, but it was easy to get close to many for photographs. It is often said that a rhinoceros will charge the person that he gets the wind of; such is not my experience. I walked close up to the first I saw by accident—a cow and its calf. They certainly got my wind at a distance of less than twenty yards, but after looking at me for a few seconds, they both bolted. On another occasion, on the Athi plains, one came up toward us and, stopping less than 20 yards away, watched the caravan go by, with the wind blowing straight from us to him. Probably he was used to seeing Masai and other natives, and rhinoceroses in less frequented places might have been more dangerous. Two are allowed to be shot by license. It is very poor sport shooting them, but, like the hippopotamus, they are a cheap present to gain the natives' good will in famine time. One shot at Kin was entirely eaten that day, and the next morning we found some poor starved creatures picking off what flesh was left on the head and eating it raw."

The road that is paved with good intentions generally has a disinterested friend at every corner.



The boy picked up the soiled ribbon, charming; and I confess he seems not to have aged a month since he staid here before, ten years ago. What is your opinion of the match, captain?"

The young man put down his cup. "His manners, as you say, are his strong point," he answered, contemptuously; "but my cousin, of course, will choose to suit herself," and taking up his hat he turned from the room.

The woman sighed, and poured herself another cup of tea. "He is as tactless as ever," she murmured; "though considering the dance Betty has led him all these years he takes it remarkably quiet, poor boy!"

The object of her pity had paused outside the door, and then almost