

YOUR TRIUMPH IS MY OWN.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
I wish, what I begin,
And all I failed of win.
Sing bells in untraced steeples
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound trumpets far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own!"
—Whittier.

The Actor's Story.

BY JOHN COLEMAN.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.

Good God! It was May 12 that very day. Yes, twelve months to a day, almost to an hour; and now this accursed thing had come to remind him of his humiliation, his degradation, and of the ruffianly outrage of which he had been the victim! Grief, shame, rage, despair filled his heart and fired his brain, and with a wild cry the unfortunate man fell senseless to the ground.

At that moment the manager, who had come around to congratulate him, entered his dressing-room. Mr. C. took stock of the situation at once. "Quick! to my room; bring a bottle of whiskey—sharp's the word!" said he to the dresser.

Sharp was the word, and in a minute the dresser was back with the whiskey. The manager in the interim had unlaced Curly's cravat and bathed his forehead with eau de cologne. Then he administered a glass or two of neat whiskey; the effect was as instantaneous as remarkable. Curly pulled himself together, said something about being overcome with heat and excitement, picked up the letter, put it into his pocket, accepted the manager's congratulations, arranged a boutonniere from the flowers for his last scene, slipped on his dressing-gown, thought he would have another glass of whiskey, and rushed on the stage.

It will be remembered that this is the situation in which Doricourt pretends to go mad. By this time Curly had got the audience in the ball of his hand and could do just what he liked with them. Round followed round of applause, roar followed roar of laughter, and Curly laughed, too—indeed, he laughed louder than any one. Evidently he was enjoying the performance quite as much as the spectators.

When the scene was over he returned to his dressing-room, slipped on his coat, "slipped into" the whiskey, and finished the bottle! Decidedly he was enjoying himself. Yes! he was having a high, fine old time of it!

Back he went to the prompt entrance—he had tied a handkerchief grotesquely over his head—and on he came for his last mad scene. He laughed louder than ever—the audience laughed, the actors laughed—never had a mad scene been acted so naturally before. The house was in convulsions—so was Curly. He had just announced his intention of "sunching on a steak of broiled hippopotamus before he went on a voyage of discovery to the moon," when all at once he appeared to change his mind on the subject. Standing quite still, he glared into the stage-box to his right. It was empty—quite empty. There was no mistake about that. But Doricourt seemed to be under the impression that some one was there, for he began to apostrophize an imaginary object.

"It wasn't my fault, Jarling," he exclaimed. "You know I would have died for your sake; but I had no weapon. If I had! If I had! Don't look at me like that, dear! See, see! the coach is at the door; they are coming to take you away, but they shan't. Take your hands from her, curse you!—take your hands from her! Nay, then—!" And with a wild piercing scream that rang through every corridor and every avenue in the building, the poor wretch leaped into the empty box, a raving mad man.

What signifies the play or the audience now?

When Tragedy casts her sad and solemn shadow over the scene—when the poisoned bowl overflows and the keen dagger is uplifted to strike the fatal blow—Tomfool lays aside his cap and bells, and the graceless muscled Farce and Comedy, retire, and hide their diminished heads. So drop the curtain, Mr. Stage Manager, put out the lights, and send for the doctor!

CHAPTER XII.

Off the Scene.

It so happened on the night of Curly's debut that there was produced at Covent Garden theater a new sensational drama, with a real waterfall, real elephants and real horses.

At the Haymarket there was a new comedy, and as at that time critics were scarce and penny papers were not in being the more debut of a provincial comedian in an old comedy escaped notice and therefore there was no public mention of the scene recorded in the last chapter.

It remains to be explained why Flora sent the paper which had such disastrous results. Poor girl! She had meant it for a peace-offering, believing in her inmost heart that Curly would accept it as a release from a promise which she felt convinced had been as infamously extorted as it had been unwillingly given. She timed the arrival of the parcel to take place on the occasion of his opening in town, hoping in the innocence of her heart to lend additional significance to this token of her forgiveness.

She ordered all the London papers, expecting to see some notice of her lover's first appearance. There was not a line. She showed the papers to Jamieson. He was as disappointed as herself.

Disappointment gave way to astonishment when they found Curly's name withdrawn altogether from the advertisements. At this time the electric wire was not in existence. Day succeeded day, yet there was no recognition of her communication—

no letter for Willie! Weeks—months—passed. He wrote again, and yet again, in vain. His letters came back from the dead letter office. His own troubles were as nothing now compared to his anxiety for Curly and Flora. He could not bear to contemplate her sufferings. To-day she was in a fever, to-morrow in an ague; one moment chafing with impatience, the next freezing with the apathy of despair. All at once it occurred to him to write direct to the manager of Drury Lane. The post in these days took a long time 'twixt London and Edinburgh, and a fortnight or more elapsed before he received a reply. It was sympathetic but brief, and related in as few words as possible the tragic story told in the last chapter.

It appears that there were two or three eminent medical men in the theater, who came behind the scenes, and held a hurried consultation. There was no doubt as to Curly's condition. It was dangerous to himself and others for him to remain at large. A certificate to this effect was then and there prepared, and duly attested. Three or four men were detailed to mount guard over him in his dressing-room until the morrow. Early in the day the manager, with the accustomed generosity of his class arranged with the proprietor of a famous private lunatic asylum at Kew to take charge of the poor creature for three months paying the sum stipulated in advance.

At night-fall the keepers came to take him away. When they arrived at Kew the doctor diagnosed the case, and had his wretched patient removed to the dangerous ward, where after a time the ravings of despair gave place to blank oblivion.

Jamieson's difficulty was to break the matter to Flora, but there was no help for it.

She bore the intelligence better than he expected—anything was better than silence and uncertainty. She even found some shadow of consolation in the news. She knew, at any rate, that the silence of her lover was not occasioned by perfidy or neglect. When Willie had finished reading the manager's letter she said abruptly—

"I am going to London to-morrow."

"Alone," he inquired.

"No; Jeannie will accompany me."

"If you could only wait a few days I might get leave of absence to go with you," he said.

"You are very good," she replied; "but my place is by his side. I can not wait a day—an hour. My God! my God!" she cried, "why can't I fly straight to him at once. There! there! I know I am only mad!"

On the morrow Jamieson was at the coach office to see her off. She looked more hopeful than she had done for many a day, and as the coach was about to start she even smiled, and said:

"Don't look so sad, be sure I shall bring him back with me."

"Heaven grant you may," he replied, and so they parted.

Upon her arrival in town she took up quarters at the Bedford hotel. An hour afterward, accompanied by her faithful Jeannie, she was on her way to the asylum at Kew. Upon explaining her business the doctor was most affable, but regretted he could be of no service, her friend having left his charge a week ago.

The news stunned her, she staggered, and must have fallen had not Jeannie caught her in her arms. Gradually she began to recover then she overwhelmed him with questions. She could only, however, elicit that his patient had ceased to be violent, and that there was no occasion for further restraint, that he was merely melancholy and moping, and that his health and appetite had returned. Then, referring to his note-book, he said:

"Yes, my contract was only for three months, and that expired a fortnight ago. I gave a week's grace, expecting to hear further from Mr. C. (the manager), and then of course I had done with the matter. Let me see, the patient left this establishment at nine o'clock in the morning, exactly eight days ago. Do I know where he went? Certainly not! he did not take me into his confidence. So sorry—will you excuse me? Good morning."

Hopeless and despairing, Flora returned to town. Next day she called at Drury Lane and endeavored to see Mr. C. Alas! he had left town, was in Paris, and would not be back until the winter. She had never been in London before, and oh, what a wilderness it is to be alone!

Fortunately she had Jeannie with her, whose attachment was more devoted and profound than ever. Besides she had money, and with money one can do much. She called the manageress of the hotel to her assistance. The old lady was very sympathetic and suggested the employment of a detective. Flora assented, and in half an hour's time a bright, intelligent man, who looked more like a gentleman farmer than a policeman in plain clothes, presented himself. Upon explaining her business the detective took a hopeful view of the subject, especially when carte blanche was allowed him as to expenses.

He commenced operations by going to Kew, where he had a long interview with the doctor, from whom, he could gain no information beyond what Flora had already obtained. He, however, took notes of everything, and obtained a fairly accurate description of Curly's personal appearance, the clothes he wore, etc., before he returned to town. All this he daily reported at the Bedford.

Day after day, was barren of results. As for Flora, she sat daily for hours and hours and watched and waited; then she could endure inactively no longer. Up she would start, and call out:

"Come, Jeannie, lass, let's be moving, or I shall go mad!" and the two forlorn women would tramp down the Strand and Cheapside, and so on to

the Mansion House. Then down Holborn, through Middle Row, by St. Giles's church, into Oxford street, then to Regent street, Leicester Square, and St. Martin's lane, always ending among the flowers in Covent Garden—the sweet, fresh flowers which seemed to breathe something of the odors of the far North, where she had first met him! As for food, she scarce looked at it. To be just to Jeannie, however, she conscientiously endeavored to make amends for the shortcomings of her mistress. At night to bed, but not to rest, nor to sleep—her heart was far away, out in the cold with the poor outcast.

Thus passed away a fortnight, and another, and yet another—still no sign. Then the detective thought of what he should have thought of before, and indeed it was strange the idea had not occurred either to her or to Willie, although she was in constant communication with him. Better late than ever, so advertisements appeared daily in all the London newspapers.

In vain, in vain! It was too late! Jeannie's heart sank within her as she saw the awful change which was taking place daily and hourly before her very eyes. Once or twice she ventured to hint the propriety of returning home, but was met with a curt and stern rebuff.

At last it occurred to her that Jamieson had considerable influence with her mistress, so she wrote him in her homely fashion, acquainting him with the state of affairs; and to Flora's astonishment, one morning he walked into her room at the hotel.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Jamieson! What has brought you here?"

The change in her was so great that for a moment the young man was dazed. He recovered himself, however, rapidly, and replied, "I've come to take you home."

His stronger nature asserted itself and would not be denied, so after interviewing the detective, and arranging with him to communicate with them in the event of his obtaining any information, they decided to leave London on the morrow. Perhaps she was glad to have some one to lean upon, to be near some one who knew and loved the man she loved. Perhaps, too, she felt the shadow darkening—perhaps; who knows?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ACTION OF DUST.

How It Is Forced Into Houses When the Weather Indicator Rises.

When the air around us becomes condensed—shrinks into a smaller volume—it becomes heavier, puts greater pressure on the surface of the mercury and makes it ascend in the tube; then the mercury is said to rise. When the air expands—swells into a larger volume—it becomes lighter, the pressure on the mercury sinks in the tube and the barometer is said to fall. Therefore, every change of height of the quicksilver which we observe is a sign and measure of a change in the volume of air around us. Further, adds the Popular Science Monthly, this change in volume tells us less upon the air inside our cases and cupboards. When the barometer falls the air around it expands into a larger volume, and the air inside the cupboard also expands and forces itself out at every minute crevice. When the barometer rises again the air inside the cupboard, as well as outside, condenses and shrinks and air is forced back into the cupboard to equalize the pressure, and along with the air in goes the dust. The smaller the crevice the stronger the jet of air, the farther goes the dirt. Witness the dirt tracks so often seen in imperfectly framed engravings and photographs. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, whenever you see the barometer rising, that an additional charge of dust is entering your cupboards and drawers.

A Japanese Wedding.

A Japanese wedding must be a very melancholy affair. In Japan it is not good form for the bride to admit that she enjoys the prospect of getting married, and, therefore, when she is told about it three or four days before the event, she is expected to set up a loud bellowing and keep it up day and night until the ceremony comes on. After she has been richly dressed for the occasion, she is expected to hang back and shriek and make a show of resisting her attendant's efforts to lead her to the bridegroom. This hollow farce is kept up by one of the bridesmaids finally throwing a veil over the bride's face, while an old hag takes her on her back and carries her to a sedan chair waiting at the door to take her to the bridegroom's mansion. When she arrives there she is a wife, the simple ride in a flowery chair having the mystic power of transforming her into a married woman. From that time she begins to brighten up.

Safeguards in a Bank.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even as much as one from a pile of one thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE WORST WEEDS THE FARMER MUST FIGHT.

Those That Reach Far Down in the Soil—Preventing Horns—Weaning the Litters—Waste Land Near Cities—Horticultural Hints and Household Helps.

Pestiferous Weeds.

Other things being equal, the worst weeds we have to fight against are those with long roots which extend so far down into the soil that ordinary cultivation does not destroy them. They are generally the ones that thrive season after season, and continue to multiply in spite of all efforts to destroy them. They extend their tap roots down below the depth reached by the plow or hoed, and while they seem to be uprooted by these instruments, they are really only checked in their growth. It is quite essential in fighting the weeds that we should know the difference between the long-rooted kind and those that live on the surface soil. If the long-rooted ones are not destroyed by digging up the whole of their roots, they will progress rapidly, and soon overrun a farm.

Among those long-rooted plants that injure our fields are the well-known dandelions, burdocks, chicory, the wild parsnip, carrot, bugloss, hound's tongue, primrose, teasel, shepherd's purse, mallow and mullein. These long-rooted weeds belong to several families, but they can be grouped together by the peculiarity of their long tap root, and it is this nuisance which makes them of special interest to the farmer.

The wild parsnip is among the largest and coarsest of these weeds, says the American Cultivator, and they readily take possession of waste ground, and gradually extend to cultivated fields, if not checked. It lives, however, only for two years, and if the seed stalks are cut off carefully every year they can easily be exterminated. The common dandelions, however, instead of being destroyed by cutting off the top, seems to increase more rapidly by this disturbance. It produces several heads of leaves when the one is cut off. The whole root should be dug up and destroyed. The common burdock is a disagreeable plant, and it deceives many by its size, and attempts are often made to pull it up. The root invariably breaks off, and leaves enough in the ground to start new plants.

The wild carrot in many parts of the East has become a most determined nuisance, and it seeds abundantly and quickly wherever it has become established. If the flower tops are cut off to prevent seeding, new ones quickly form. It is a biennial plant, however, and if prevented from going to seed its life will be cut short. But to prevent this, eternal vigilance is demanded every week or two all through the flowering season. Mullein is a weed that is good for nothing, for no animal on the farm will eat it, unless occasionally a hungry pig will nibble it. This seeds rapidly and maintains its life under most discouraging circumstances. It must be uprooted, and the plant burnt to make sure work. Nearly all of the other deep-rooted plants mentioned must be treated in some effective way, to check their growth. The common curled dock must be uprooted entirely to destroy it, as cutting off only checks growth.

Preventing Horns.

The department of agriculture says the growth of horns can be prevented by a mixture of fifty parts of caustic soda, twenty-five parts of kerosene oil and twenty-five parts of water. An emulsion is made of the kerosene oil and soda by heating and vigorously stirring, and this is then dissolved in water. The mixture should then be placed in a bottle with a solid rubber cork. In applying, the calf should not be over three weeks old; from five to twenty days being the proper age. With a pair of scissors clip the hair around the embryo horn exposing a spot about the size of a nickel. Hold the calf securely and drop two or three drops of the mixture upon the horn, and with the end of the rubber cork rub it thoroughly over the bare spot. Apply the fluid first to one horn and then the other, until each horn has been gone over three or four times. The rubbing should be continued until the caustic has softened and removed the hair and surface skin immediately around the horn. Care should be taken that the fluid does not spread over a large surface or run down the sides of the face. The mixture must be carefully and thoroughly applied; if used carelessly the embryo horn may not only be killed, but the face of the calf be disfigured. This is less cruel to the animal, gives a well-rounded poll and presents a more slightly appearance than when the saw is used later in life.—Farmers Voice.

Weaning the Litters.

As a rule the litters are allowed to remain with the dams until she sees fit to wean them. This she will do when the flow of milk ceases. Our only exception to the above is when for any reason litters come out of season and it is desirable to mate the dam when the pigs are quite young, so that the entire next crop of pigs will appear together. In instances of this kind the litters are sometimes weaned as young as six weeks, in case the dam fails to come in season while the pigs nurse. It is almost impossible to wean litters and not check growth to some extent. Still the advantage of having the coming litters appear together more than compensates this loss, which is not necessarily great, if the

pigs have been accustomed to eating from the trough prior to weaning and supplied with bran and shorts, scalded and thinned to slop consistency with sweet skim-milk, or better, milk fresh from the cow. The litters that are weaned young must not be expected to hustle for a bite among the older pigs; hence should be provided with separate quarters and given special feed and care; otherwise knock them in the head at once and save feed and trouble.

Most dams will nurse a litter as long as the supply of milk holds out, and if there is no special cause for removing the litter the support the sow furnishes them between the ages of eight and twelve weeks is just that much in their favor, and if the sow has good keeping from thence on till the next litter is farrowed, the coming litter suffers no injury. If so, in my experience I have never been able to detect it.

In case a necessity arises for a separation of dam and litter, confine the dam and give the litter as much range as possible. The crumbs they pick up over the farm will off-set the loss of dam's milk. The separation should be as complete as possible, out of sight and hearing. Both dam and litter will soon cease to be troublesome. To confine the litters in weaning is simply to add an aggravation at a critical period. Six to eight days are required to make the separation of dam and litter complete. In the summer time, if the dams seem to be flush with milk, allow the litters to draw the milk a few times, which will prevent caking of the udder and congestion of the milk glands, which would render the stock valueless as breeders. Corn in the ear, with clear water, is the best ration to dry up the flow of milk rapidly.—Ohio Farmer.

Horticultural Hints.

The growing of celery is on the increase.

If fruit trees are planted in run-down land, it will be necessary to fertilize.

A solution of carbolic acid is recommended to exterminate bugs at the roots of vines.

For the gooseberry an airy and cool location, with good, moist, but not wet, soil is preferable.

Pinching back the new growth of the berry vines increases the bearing surface, and keeps the bushes low.

Trees ought not to stand so near or so close together as to keep the dwelling-house in continual shade.

Long rows of vegetables and long rows of every other cultivated crop make cultivation more economical.

Some of the most successful of Northern strawberry-growers never fail to protect their plants in winter. Thin out the fruit on the tree instead of propping the limbs. It will increase the size and the quality of the fruit.

M. A. Thayer recommends green clover just out of the blossom as the best summer mulch for raspberries and blackberries.

Household Helps.

All traces of mud can easily be removed from black clothes by rubbing the spots with a raw potato cut in half.

If a bill must be sent through the mail unregistered, fold it neatly around a rather long visiting card and it will escape, it is said, the most careful search of a postal thief.

The chimney of a lamp should never be touched with water. A few drops of alcohol, or even paraffine oil, will remove the dimmed smoky effect and make the chimney as bright as possible when it is polished with a soft flannel or chamois skin.

Strawberry forks are a dainty novelty for the table. They are small, usually three tined, though they may be two, and seem with their short handles to be more bowl than handle, the slender tines being quite two inches long.

People should never go in the early morning to get boots and shoes fitted. In the latter part of the day the feet are at their maximum size. Activity and standing tend to enlarge the feet. If people would remember this rule, there would not be so many complaints of shoes when worn being tight, which when fitted seemed so comfortable.

Thirst in the infant is nearly always mistaken for hunger. Give your crying child a little cool (preferably boiled) water, using cup or spoon, or try tiny pieces of ice tied in a scrap of lawn and see if it does not prove the very thing needed. Six or seven times every day the babies should be offered drink; it regulates the bowels, cleanses the mouth and stomach, and prevents in a measure overfeeding.

The more freely bedding can be exposed to the sun and air the better, but exposure to the sun should not include the pillows or feather beds. The oily quality of the feathers is acted upon by exposure to a hot sun producing a strong, offensive and unhealthy odor—in direct opposition to the results which it is intended to obtain. But there should be frequent exposure to the air, and the more persistently this is carried out the more healthful will be the bed.

The best flavor to add to chocolate is vanilla, next to that cinnamon. Beyond these two things one should use great caution, as it is very easy to spoil the fine natural flavor of the bean. Chocolate absorbs odors readily, therefore it should be kept in a pure, sweet atmosphere. As about eleven per cent of the chocolate bean is starch, chocolate and cocoa are of much finer flavor if boiled for a few minutes. Long boiling, however, ruins their flavor and texture.

THE FATAL BUGGY WHEEL.

How the Young Man Hinted That He Was Very Sorry It Happened.

I had left the mountains of Cumberland some distance behind me, and was riding along through a fairly good farming country, lying on the banks of the river. Occupying a fine situation overlooking the river bottom was a more pretentious house than one sees often in that locality, and I rode up to it and yelled, "Hello!" as is the custom of the country. A gawky-looking young man of 25 came out.

"Howdy?" he said, rather more as a question than a greeting.

"Do I keep along the main road to reach Parish's saw-mill?" I asked.

"Yes; foller it up an' it'll take you straight thar."

"Fine place you have here. Who owns it?"

"My wife."

"Ah; and does she own that horse and buggy hitched out there by the gate?"

"Yes. She owns everything you see round here, includin' uv me."

He didn't smile and I didn't, declares the Detroit Free Press writer. Evidently it was no joking matter.

"You ought to consider yourself a very lucky man," I said, encouragingly.

"That's what most folks says."

Apparently he was in a communicative spirit and I was curious.

"That ought to make it true," I ventured.

"Mebbe it does."

"How long have you been married?"

"Three years."

"Did you live in this neighborhood before you were married?"

"Yes, and I was porer than Job's turkey, but somehow Marthy, that's my wife, kinder tuck to me, an' I kinder tuck to her, but I had my doubts. Kinder felt some times that money wuzn't everything," he added, rather hastily, as if his previous remark might be misinterpreted.

"I don't want to be inquisitive," I said, "but I'd like to know how you overcame your prejudices."

"Well," he replied, "as he hung over the fence, 'taint a long story, an' ez I'm feelin' kinder talky this mornin' I'll tell you. You see, we used to have a spellin' school every Friday night down at the ford, about two miles from here, and I allus walked. Marthy had axed me to ride down with her in her buggy more'n once, but I was backed about it; and, besides, I hadn't never rid in a buggy, an' wuz about half afeard to try it. Anyhow, I never went with her, but it wuzn't no trouble for her to get a man to go along, and she didn't seem to miss me much. One Friday evenin', though, the feller that wuz to go wuz tuck sick at the last minute, an' Marthy had to go by herself. About half way thar she overtuck me on the way, an', of course, she axed me to git in an' ride, an' thar wuzn't no way uv gittin' out uv it, so I got in the buggy, an' she druv. Well, mister," he continued, with a sense of sentimental delight, "that buggy wuz like a rockin' chair, an' beat walkin' all to flinders, an', somehow, Marthy was different an'—an'—"

He hesitated, as if he were talking too much.

"Go ahead," I said with a smile.

"Well, we didn't git to the spellin' school till it was mighty nigh over," he said, sheepishly.

"And since that time?" I asked, feeling that the story was not quite finished.

He cautiously looked over his shoulder toward the house, and bent over closer to me.

"Well," he whispered, "a good many times since that I've sorter wished I'd a walked."

As I rode on to Parish's mill it occurred to me that a man of much greater refinement could not have put the matter more delicately.

An Ancient Mariner.

Among the many ancient coasters that regularly visit the port of Bangor is a small craft which has the honor of being the oldest merchant vessel in actual service in the United States. There are vessels which are said to be older, but they are not in service nor registered in the record of the bureau of navigation. This is the schooner Good Intent, Captain Watson Wardwell, of Rockland. The Good Intent is twenty-three tons register, and was launched at Braintree, Mass., in 1813, making her eighty years old. She has been repaired and rebuilt, with hundreds of spars and acres of canvas, till, like the Irishman's jackknife, she is the same old original, and her skipper claims that there are still in the hull two or three white oak planks that were in her when she was launched.

A Granite Camel.

One of the most curious rock formations in the world is to be seen in Arizona. It is a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle and stands on a knoll several feet above the surrounding sand hills. It is a most perfect representation of a camel and is formed of one piece of granite. It is about sixty feet high and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they strangely are in the proper place to form features. The only real projection from the surface is exactly placed for an eyebrow. The two humps are plainly to be seen, and the neck is curved beautifully.

Costly Love-Making.

All the suitors for a girl's hand in Borneo are expected to be generous in their presents to her. These presents are never returned. Therefore the wily female defers as long as possible a positive selection of the happy man.