

HER OLD

Fossil.



THERE was so much talk about Prof. Chesney before he arrived that Larry declared herself sick of the subject.

Larry was the only one of the family who had not met him, and with her usual perversity made up her mind not to like him. He was learned in mathematics, which only scored against him in her eyes.

"The calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities," she quoted, her small nose in the air. "There is something wrong about a man whom everybody likes. My prophetic soul tells me I shall not take to him, at least."

The Wednesday professor was expected Larry went for a long walk. She met Ned Erskine and Harry Winthrop, two young artists with whom she was good friends, and enjoyed herself very much, getting in barely in time to dress for dinner.

They were all assembled round the table when she slipped into her place, and there was a reproach in her mother's voice as she said: "My third daughter, Larinda, Prof. Chesney."

If there was anything that her third daughter hated it was being addressed by her baptismal name. With a pout of her red underlip she bowed hastily, and it was not until she had disposed of her soup that she looked at her opposite neighbor.

A tall, thin man with brown hair and a short, brown beard and mustache thickly streaked with gray, a large, dome-like forehead and near-sighted gray eyes that looked kindly at her through his spectacles.

He was a little surprised at the hostile expression in the brilliant brown eyes, which surprise deepened into astonishment when, in answer to a low-toned remark, the young lady replied also in a low tone, but so distinctly that he heard every word: "I think he is an old fossil!"

Several of her friends came in during the evening, and she devoted herself to their entertainment, completely ignoring the professor. When she kept up this behavior for nearly a week it attracted the attention of her family as well as that of the visitor, and when gentle hints were scorned Larry was severely reprimanded.

"You are positively unattractive," said Mrs. Austin, "and I insist on at least civility. He must think you an ill-mannered child."

"I dare say I do seem a child to his advanced years," saucily answered Larry.

A little ashamed and wholly angry Larry whisked out of the room almost to the professor's arms, with such force as to almost stagger him.

With a hasty "Excuse me!" she sped along the corridor and up the stairs, while the "estimable gentleman" stood and looked after her.

"An old fossil!" he murmured, with a slight smile, stroking his beard.

Shortly after this, to the surprise of all, Larry suddenly changed her tactics, and at dinner one day addressed the professor. He answered courteously, and very readily joined in the argument between herself and Jim. Her remarks were bright and amusing, if somewhat crude, and the brown eyes and changeable face were very attractive. In the evening she played and sang for him, and was as bright and bewitching as the heart of man could desire, much to the surprise of some and the annoyance of others of her family.

"She means mischief," thought Jim uneasily. "Are you beginning to succumb to the professor's charms?" he whispered. "You know, I gave you a week."

"I am thinking of getting up a collection of fossils," she answered, with a mocking laugh, "and this is too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you dare interfere!"

Unable to account for the change in Larry's manner, the professor nevertheless found her very agreeable, and, though never neglecting anyone else, it soon became evident that she was the attraction. The other two reluctantly gave way to her, and it was she who went with him to picture galleries and lectures and concerts, who was the life of theater and opera parties—saucy, willful, charming.

With all his gravity and erudition it was plain that he admired this ill-regulated young woman. He had never before been thrown closely into companionship with such a creature. He admired her beauty, her dainty costumes; even her girlish extravagance of speech and saucy disregard of his opinion pleased him better than Augusta's unvarying politeness or Gertrude's cleverness. His eyes followed her every movement, a wistful light in them sometimes that touched Jim.

Larry was curled up in a deep window sill, overlooking the park, basking in the sun, for she was a veritable Persian in her love of sunlight, when Prof. Chesney came into the room. He leaned against the side of the window, looking at the picture she made in her quaint puffed and furbelowed gown, the sunlight falling on her brown head.

Larry looked up, nodded with a smile that showed her small white teeth and settled back in her original position, waiting for him to speak. And so he did after awhile, but not as she expected.

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Larry," he said. "My pleasant visit has come to an end all too soon."

"To-morrow!" echoed the girl, sitting up straight. "I am very sorry you are going."

"And, much to her own surprise, she realized that the remark was perfectly sincere.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the professor, trying to keep his voice steady. "It makes it a little easier to say something that is in my heart."

Then he told his story in warm, eager words, very unlike his usual calm ones—words that stirred Larry strangely. There was a queer expression on her pale face as she stood before him.

"Prof. Chesney," she said, with quivering lips, "I am not worthy the love you have offered me. You'll realize that when I tell you that I have only been pleasant and civil to you all these weeks, not from any liking for you, but to—plague the others."

Thoroughly ashamed, she bent her head, unable to meet his eyes.

"You mean that you have deliberately played a part all these weeks? You whom I thought so frank and true? How could you do it? Then you have not the slightest love for me in your heart—that, I suppose, is out of the question?"

There was a hurt, shocked tone in his voice that touched Larry keenly.

"I don't love you," she answered, "but I shall be very grateful if, after what I have told you, you will let me be your friend."

She put out her hands and moved a step nearer to him, but, to her mortification, her extended hand remained untouched.

"I did not ask for your friendship," he said unsteadily, "and just at present I want only what I ask for. By and by I may be able to appreciate your offer. I shall try, but you've taught me a hard lesson, Larry, one I'm not likely to forget. Perhaps I ought to have known better, but—with a break in his voice—"I'm not used to women. I'm only an old fossil, after all."

And, without another word, he left her.

Up in her room Larry was still more surprised to find a bit of crying necessary. She could not account for the unhappy feeling that took possession of her as she reviewed the past weeks and realized that the kindly, pleasant companionship she had accepted so heedlessly was at an end.

The professor left the next afternoon, while Larry was out.

A box of white roses lay on the table addressed to her, a card attached, on which was written: "From your friend, Roger Chesney." That was all, but she guessed dimly what an effort it cost him to write it.

With trembling fingers she made three parts of the flowers and gave them to her mother and sisters.

Jim noticed that the brilliant eyes were full of tears, and that she took the card away with her.

"It must be a relief to you to have him gone," he said, as they stood for a moment in the hall. "Association with such a serious man must have been a trial to you."

He was unprepared for the way she flamed out at him.

"Such a trial as makes me more willing to accept the statement that man is made after God's own image and possesses some godlike attributes. Now go!"

And he did a lurking smile under his mustache and a most emphatic "By Jove!" upon his lips.

One bright morning early in June Jim opened the door of Mrs. Austin's sitting-room. Larry was there alone. She had an industrious fit on her, and with the sleeves of her blue morning

dress turned back, displaying two prettily-rounded arms, feather duster in hand, she was whisking the dust off some rare pieces of old china.

"Larry, here is an old friend of yours," Jim announced. "Treat him well, for he sails for Egypt to-morrow, never to return. I'll be back in a minute."

He vanished, and there, inside the closed door, stood Prof. Chesney, thinner, grayer, but with the old kindly smile on his lips that she remembered so well. Startled out of her self-possession, Larry stood with her duster suspended over gran'ma's hundred-year-old teapot.

"I sail for Egypt to-morrow," said the professor, taking a few steps into the room, "and I may never return. Won't you wish me godspeed, Larry?"

"Crash went gran'ma's priceless teapot in a dozen pieces on the polished floor, and the next thing Larry knew she was crying.

The professor approached her.

"Are you crying because I am going away or because you have broken the teapot?" asked the visitor.

"Both!" cried Larry, with a convulsive sob, which was smothered in the folds of the professor's coat, as the arms of that "estimable gentleman" closed around her.

"How about your prophetic soul?" Jim asked, later on. "I thought you called him a fossil!"

"So I did," answered the young lady, quite abashed. "but I also said I was getting up a collection of fossils, and recognized the fact that he was too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you remember?"—How Bella.

THE SUGAR TRUST BLUFF.

Contradictory Statements of Conscienceless Republican Beneficiaries.

Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, president of the sugar trust, has renewed his attacks on the new tariff law. He is shutting down refineries, and explains his action by saying that the refining business is suffering from the blight of free trade. He adds that if sugar is put on the free list the business will be ruined entirely.

We are afraid Mr. Havemeyer is putting our republican friends into an embarrassing position. They like to hear people prating of the blight of free trade, and the temptation is strong to agree with them. They like to hear it said that the Gorman tariff is wrecking industries and throwing laborers out of employment. It is their business to encourage such talk, and to give it circulation, even when they have every reason to believe it wholly untrue.

In this case, however, there are some circumstances that render it inconvenient to assent to Mr. Havemeyer's assertions. They have for months been denouncing the new tariff law as a trust bill, and with special reference to the sugar trust. They have affirmed over and over again that the sugar trust dictated the sugar schedule. When it was pointed out that the new law, while conceding too much to the trust, was far less favorable to it than the McKinley bill, they made feeble efforts to deny it or else resorted to silence on that point and to a reiteration of the statement that the Gorman bill was a trust bill. They predicted that sugar would go up, and when it went down they said that the trust was keeping down the price in order to help the democrats.

Now, if our republican friends agree with Mr. Havemeyer that the sugar refining business is feeling the blight of free trade, how will they explain to their readers the miles of labored editorials in which they affirmed that the sugar trust dictated a tariff for its own benefit? If, on the other hand, they refuse to believe what Mr. Havemeyer says of the blight of free trade, they discredit the whole class of their proteges, who insist that the reduced tariff is injuring their business. Mr. Havemeyer is just as credible as the others, and if he is not to be believed, why should we credit similar statements from other sources?

The shutting down of the refineries is timed to take place just as congress reassembles. Congress has before it a bill to put sugar on the free list. While this may not pass, owing to the requirements of the revenue, there is a proposition to amend it by striking out the differential tax of one-eighth of a cent a pound, imposed for the protection of the trust. There is reason to suspect that Mr. Havemeyer desires to impress upon congress the idea that the trust is in hard lines and will be ruined by the removal of the differential tax. This theory is at least a great deal more probable than the assumption that the trust is suffering from the blight of free trade.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SINCE THE ELECTION.

Republicans Growing Lukewarm in Their Support of McKinleyism.

Day by day the wonder grows as to what the republican party was fighting for at the recent election. All through the campaign it was proclaimed that they were battling for McKinleyism; and a good many of the votes which gave the party its phenomenal victory were undoubtedly cast in that belief. Since the election, however, there has been an effort which almost seems to have been concerted to convince the public that there never was any intention of restoring McKinleyism. At first the statements were cautiously made and leaders like Reed and Sherman had to qualify and explain what they said to prevent too strong an impression going abroad that the party had been obtaining votes under false pretenses.

Of late the disguise has been wholly thrown aside and the confession openly made that there was no fight for McKinleyism and that there never will be any fight for it on the part of the republican party.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, one of the ablest organs of the republican party, comes out flatfooted in the matter and says that "whatever the outcome may be the republicans will never frame another McKinley tariff." They may, it thinks, put wool back on the dutiable list and make a few more changes of the same character, but "the general line of duties will never be restored to the 1890 level." And not content with this outline of the party's future policy respecting the tariff this same organ tells its readers that "the McKinley law, which made advances in duties already adequate, was the greatest blunder ever committed by the republican party." It adds:

"The blunder was opposed by many republicans at the time and vigorously denounced by them afterward. It will not be repeated. Reasonable protection—the protection which offsets the lower wages of the old world—is all that republicans ask. If Gov. McKinley himself should be at the head of the ways and means committee in 1897, or be in the white house, he would be an anti-McKinleyite on the tariff. The thing called McKinleyism is so dead that no Gabriel's trumpet will ever sound its resurrection."

Considering what the rank and file of the republican party were led to believe they were fighting for this is a rather remarkable confession; but it is paralleled by one that ex-Secretary Foster made at Cleveland a few days ago when he said:

"The repeal of the force bill by the democrats was one of the best things that could have happened for the republicans. Of course, we could not repeal it, but it is one of the best things that could have happened for us that our opponents did so. Johnny Davenport, of New York, got a good thing, eighty thousand dollars a year, out of it. I think, for a long while, but he was the only one who was benefited by it that I know of. You know they pitched into me a great deal in 1874, after my committee went down there to New Orleans to investigate the matter, for telling some truth about our own fellows at that time. It has turned out a good deal as I said. The elements of disintegration have been in the south for a long time."

No wonder the republicans are casting about to determine how much of a fight can be waged on the financial issue.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PART OF WISDOM.

How the Democracy May Most Speedily Achieve a Retard Victory.

Last summer our republican contemporaries were giving this advice to the contending democrats in congress: "It is utterly impossible for you to succeed in harmonizing your differences on the tariff, and, therefore, the best thing that you can do is to cease making the attempt, adjourn congress and go home." The democratic party has been disastrously defeated in the recent election, but if it had adopted its own policy so gratuitously recommended to it by its political opponents the defeat that has overtaken it would not be a circumstance compared with that which would have overwhelmed it.

The party has not done all that it should; it is chargeable with sins of commission and sins of omission so far as tariff legislation goes, and yet the gain that has been made by the tariff that has been adopted is one of the assurances of its future success. Take the matter of wool. In less than two years' time this change in the tariff will have demonstrated as signally as any object lesson can the fallacious character of the statements that had been made concerning the effect of a radical change in our tariff laws. One has only to turn back to the files of any of our Boston republican contemporaries or has only to read the speeches of any of the republican orators to find up to a very recent period the statement made over and over again that the placing of wool upon the free list would destroy the entire sheep industry of the United States; that it would no longer be possible to raise wool here; that our manufacturers would be dependent upon the pauper-grown wool of foreign lands, and that just as soon as these shrewd paupers succeeded in driving the American sheep out of existence they would corner the wool market and compel the American woolen and worsted manufacturer to pay them whatever price they wanted for this raw material.

It is probably true that in consequence of the fear which these comments engendered there has been an entirely unnecessary slaughter of woolbearing animals in this country, and it will probably be shown when the next annual sheep census in this country is estimated that the number of sheep has undergone some diminution. But inside of two years there will be a marked improvement in trade and a marked increase in the number of sheep. This we have little hesitation in predicting. More than this, there will be a great improvement in the woolen and worsted industry. In a word, it will be demonstrated that under this new system trade will greatly prosper, while woolen and worsted goods will be sold at lower prices.

We hold that this object lesson will be sufficient to materially affect the vote that is to be cast in November of 1896. The fictitious gain which came from a wool tax was the one sop that was thrown out to the farmers. These were led to believe that the protective tariff was necessary for their continued existence. The object lesson of free wool will show them that they are not, and never have been, true beneficiaries of the protective system, and that instead of supporting this method of trade obstruction it is for their interest to thoroughly oppose it. This was what was gained by passing the much derided present tariff law, and in our opinion it is the one thing that will bring relatively speedy victory to the democratic party, while it will prevent the republican organization from ever going back to the monstrosities of the McKinley law.—Boston Herald.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—With no great statesmen like Blaine to overshadow all rivalry, the new republican national convention is likely to resemble a bear garden. Dozens of communities will project their favorite sons upon it in the hope that presidential lightning may strike them.—Troy Press.

—It is said that Stephen B. Elkins is now virtually without a rival for the West Virginia senatorship. His selection is a foregone conclusion. The only thing that could prevent it would be the awakening of the republican party to the shame and scandal of making the liberality of the purchaser the test of fitness for the United States senate.—N. Y. World.

—Boss Platt's cranial enlargement since the recent election is something alarming. He is not content with dictating the course of republican events in New York, but proposes to extend his jurisdiction over the entire country. He has served notice that McKinley and Harrison are barred from the presidential race in 1896. He will consent to the nomination of either Reed or Allison, provided the other few millions of republicans who make up the party want him to.—Detroit Free Press.

—History teaches that there is such a thing as a political party winning too great a victory. This is particularly true of republican. When it is in a pronounced minority and occupying a recumbent position outside the breastworks it is fairly harmonious. There is nothing substantial for it to quarrel about. But when, as in the present instance, it has been swept into power by a tremendous political reaction, the smoldering embers of factional dislike and distrust are once again fanned into flame.—Rochester Herald.

—During the tariff debate in the senate last summer Senator Sherman declared that sugar can be produced more cheaply in this country than in Europe notwithstanding the difference in the cost of labor here and there; and there is no doubt he was right. It is really because of the higher wages paid here that sugar can be produced cheaper just as iron and other products can, owing to the greater producing power of well-paid operatives. Senator Sherman was not the only republican who took this ground, and he and his associates ought to render valuable assistance in meeting the bluff of the sugar trust.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TED'S INVENTION.

Said little Ted: "When I'm a man— It's very long to wait— But then I'm going to buy a clock Without a half-past eight."

"I'd have such good times right along From breakfast until late. If our big clock went on and on And skipped that half-past eight."

"But almost every morning now I hear mamma or Kate Call: 'Ted! It's nearly time for school! Make haste, it's half-past eight.'"

"And in the evening it's the same, Or worse. I know I hate To have papa say: 'Bedtime, Ted. Look there, it's half-past eight.'"

"Now when I get to school to-day First thing I'll take my slate And make a picture of a clock That has no half-past eight."

—N. Y. World.

DARWIN'S EARTHWORMS.

A Great Man's Interesting and Instructive Experiments.

In one of his last essays Richard Jeffries referred with great enthusiasm to Mr. Darwin's book on earthworms, speaking of it as especially valuable to the practical farmer, as well as interesting to the unscientific lover of country life and field laboring.

The book has, moreover, a larger than common measure of the peculiar charm that characterizes all Mr. Darwin's literary work, the charm of homely industry and fascinating research delightfully recorded.

The introduction speaks of the thin layer of mold on the earth's surface, the "dirt," commonly supposed to be much deeper than it is, as being constantly altered and added to by the action of earthworms. Astonishing statistics are given concerning the number of them to the square foot in common soil, and the amount of earth

thrown to the surface in a year by "castings." One is already interested, and then ready to offer respect to the worm, when it is further shown that earthworms possess important "mental qualities."

A diagram showing the structure of the worm is given, but the book deals rather with the psychology than with the anatomy of earthworms. The series of experiments recorded demonstrating that earthworms have power of attention, discrimination and social instincts is delightful, for not only does one see Darwin at home with the flowerpot, containing the worms, at his elbow for daily consideration, month after month, but one becomes personally interested in the earthworms as a colony. It is possible to feel sorry when one of them dies.

But, squirming earthworms brought to the surface by a chance spadeful of soil in the garden seem to be there by chance, mere in-earth dwellers. But Darwin began his work among them by regarding each as an individual of well-developed intelligence and inhabiting a carefully made house of his own; an individual with whims and fancies, even.

The experiments which were to test the earthworm's mental capacities were for the most part very simple and homely, all the household taking part. It is amusing to follow Mr. Darwin up and down the garden walks with his lantern, perhaps crawling cautiously on his hands and knees, surprising the earthworm at his nightly toil—the searcher assisted not infrequently by "my sons." And it is entertaining to picture him with a covered lantern personating the moon, shedding a dim light over the flowerpot where the worm colony were kept to test their sensibility to light.

To see if they objected to change of temperature, he drew near tenderly with the heated poker; only one of the worms "dashed into its burrow," which settled the point of the degree of development of their temperature sense.

They were taken to the parlor to listen to the piano and bassoon, fed with familiar and unfamiliar kinds of food and treated in all ways with the greatest care and consideration.

To demonstrate the existence of sense of touch was less important; everyone knows how ill at ease the earthworm is out of its natural contact with common soil. But Darwin's object was to find out what a practically deaf, blind and dumb individual, such as the earthworm is, would do under unusual conditions to make itself comfortable. That worms rarely do have a choice in the matter of food and even architecture is no longer absurd, in the light of Mr. Darwin's years-long researches.

But with all these facts accepted, we are still unprepared to hear that an earthworm is sometimes ill. It is true that with his one species of parasite he is very low in the scale compared with man excited by his several dozen species. But it is a fact that his one parasite can cause the earthworm so much discomfort that he crawls away from his cherished home to die by the wayside in great despair. There is Darwin's heretic assurance to comfort us that the worm really suffers less, however, than a human would imply.

—Louise Lyndon, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE DOCTOR SKIPPED.

Funny Story of a Rajah and a Lot of Seditious Powders.

An English doctor attached to the court of a rajah made himself almost indispensable to his highness. He had fortunately also made a friend of the prime minister. On one occasion his highness, being slightly indisposed, had taken, by the doctor's advice, a sedlitz powder, with which he had expressed himself delighted. Its tendency to "boil and fizz ready to blow your nose off," seemed to him "scatter coolness," and he appeared so much better after taking it that the doctor felt himself justified in joining a hunting party.

Presently a horseman from the palace, in the confidential employ of the prime minister, galloped to him.

"My master bids me," he said, "to tell you that his highness has broken open your medicine-chest, and taken first all the white powders and then all the blue."

"Gracious goodness!" cried the doctor: "there were twenty-three of each of them!"

"My master adds," continued the messenger, dropping his voice, "that you had better make for the frontier without a moment's delay."

This the doctor did, and very quickly.—Golden Days.

JEPHTHA THE TERRIER.

Once He Ran Away from Home, But Was Glad to Get Back.

There is a little dog in Brooklyn who had a peculiar experience recently—an experience that he will not care to have again. This small bow-wow is called Jephtha, always shortened to Jeppy. He is a silver Skye terrier, and when his hair is nicely brushed out he looks like an animated ball of cotton.

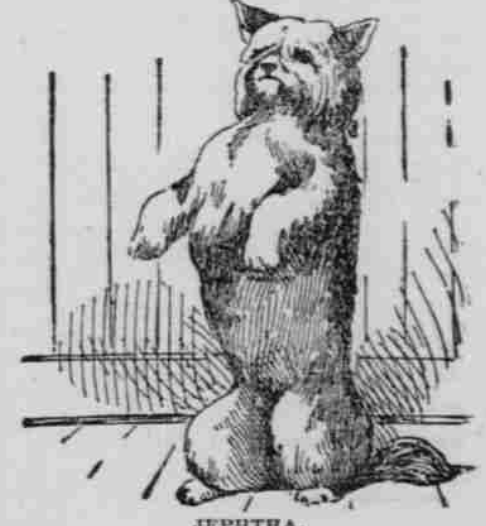
A romp on the street is his chief delight, and he will become friendly to anyone who will open the door wide enough for him to escape from the house.

One day Jeppy's mistress went shopping and when she returned her doggy, like Old Mother Hubbard's, was gone. The favorite hiding places beloved by Jeppy were looked into—under the lounge in the parlor, beneath the tubs in the kitchen, and the sunny window ledge—but he was not to be found. While his mistress was out a messenger had brought a number of parcels from one of the big dry goods stores, and so, when the door was ajar, this naughty cur slipped out to his favorite playground. When the messenger left the house he noticed the frisky little fellow and patted him on his shaggy head. That seemed to assure the dog that all was right and he followed the boy all day.

Jeppy had a jolly good time, but he got very tired. The boy took him home and tied him to a clothes post in the back yard. It was dark and Jeppy was not used to that sort of treatment. He had always slept on the table in the warmth and glow of the evening lamp at home, so he whined in pity of himself. Then the boy's father came out and kicked the shaggy runaway, but he only yelped the louder. Then the neighbors threw lumps of coal and other things at him. The next morning the boys noticed an advertisement for a lost dog, and it talked with Jep. The boy led the dog home, but the tiny canine was not the ball of cotton that he had been the previous morning. He limped on three legs and presented a very dejected appearance. It was several days before he could be coaxed to



MR. DARWIN IN HIS GARDEN.



JEPHTHA.

do any of his tricks, and he is very clever in this way. If his mistress spells O-U-T, he will run to the door and look around to see who is going. He plays dead dog, but comes back to life very quickly at the word of command. He loves a game of hunt the handkerchief, tucking his nose into pockets in his eagerness to find it. He can beg like a blind man's dog and walk forward and backward on his hind paws. Jep is very fond of ice cream. Indeed, he is an intelligent little fellow and has never tried to run away since his experience of a night.

Champion Girl Cyclist.

There have been quite a number of tales told of young boy bicyclists. It seems, however, that there are some little girls who also ride a wheel. Helen Cotter, of Boston, is one of them. Although she is only six years of age she is an excellent cyclist, and is able to keep up with the members of her family when they go out for a spin. All of the members of the Cotter family are cyclists, and Helen, her father, mother and her nine and ten-year-old brothers are often seen wheeling, side by side, along the roads running to Boston's suburbs.

The Dog Was Intelligent.

Mr. Powell, of Hazleton, Pa., while standing in front of his house the other day noticed a dog coming along and admired him on account of his intelligent looks and at once made his acquaintance. When the dog took a bright silver dollar from his pocket and placed it on the dog's nose to find out whether he knew how to toss up the coin, sure enough, up went the dollar, the dog caught it in his mouth, and instantly started off on a full-topped run, holding on to it until he was out of sight. The doctor was not mistaken in regard to the dog's intelligence.