

SHE SWEETLY SMILED

The Saturday afternoon train at Point Tiburon was crowded as usual and people were streaming through the cars in the hurried search for vacant seats.

Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, who was just setting out on his two days' vacation, knew there would be this rush, and so was among the first to scamper off the boat, clamber into the nearest coach, and preempt the best middle seat on the shady side of the car.

His exercise of selfishness accomplished, he drew an evening paper from his pocket and pretended to be absorbed in the base ball reports.

As he read, however, he could not help being conscious of a persistent shadow that fell upon the sheet. Other shadows went forward and backward like jostling silhouettes, but this one stayed.

Glancing out of the corner of his right eye he saw a small black-gloved hand resting upon the top of the seat just where his overcoat lay, and then, curiosity leading him further afield, he glanced still more, and found that the hand belonged to one of the most charming women it had ever been his undesired good fortune to see.

Her face was rather pale, almost allow, indeed, but lit up by a pair of great black eyes that were as lustrous as a child's and as gentle as a dove's.

The nose was short, straight, but rather too stout; the mouth was full and red, with a provoking little droop to the lower lip, and the chin was round and slightly double.

The eyebrows were heavy and the hair was black, with a coppery tint at the edges. The dress was black, relieved by three great damask roses at the bosom, and was so draped as to show, with some degree of accuracy, a little but well-rounded figure.

It may be repeated that little Mr. Tom N. Oddy felt that he had never before seen so bewitching a creature, and when she looked at him in a pleading, timorous way and asked in a low voice if "this seat was engaged," he swept his thoughts out of the way with a single movement, and declared himself delighted to be able to say it was not.

"Is it, really, now?" she asked, with ready interest. How does it work? But perhaps it is not right to display it here.

"I don't know but what you're right," assented little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, "especially as that fellow across the way has done nothing but stare at us ever since the train started. I must say he's exceedingly impertinent to go looking like that at people he don't know."

"Ah, but that's not all," said she; "would you believe it, that man has followed me ever since I left my house, got on the same boat, and now here he is on the same train. Oh, if I only— But there, don't let's notice him. Tell me about how you would use your knife if you saw a bear going to hug me."

Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy was trying hard to remember the most exciting bear adventure he had ever heard of, when the engine gave a shrill toot.

"Oh, my!" cried she, laying her hand on little Mr. Tom N. Oddy's arm. "I do believe we are going through a tunnel."

There was no doubt about it, and with another toot the engine plunged into the long, black hole. A wild, wicked hope leaped up in little Mr. Tom N. Oddy's little mind, but it only lived a moment, for there, directly over the next seat, was hung a lighted lamp. It only burned dimly, and the light it gave out in the blackness of the tunnel was very faint but it was quite enough to stay little Mr. Tom N. Oddy from doing the desperate thing he had contemplated.

He could see the pale outline of her face and two lustrous spots, which showed where her eyes were gleaming; but, so, too, he could see the oval of that fellow's face across the way, and was very sure that in the upper half of that oval, just where it was cut by the dark line of the hat brim, there were two other eyes which were fixed persistently in his direction.

There was no way trying to talk against the roar of the tunnel, but when they were clear of it and in the light once more little Mr. Tom N. Oddy gave vent to his feelings by saying: "Confound that lamp!"

"Why? Does it smoke she asked, with gentle solicitude in both her look and tone.

"No," he said; "but if it had not been lit the car would have been dark in the tunnel, and then—"

"Then, what?"

"Well, one is so much bolder in the dark," he replied, with Machiavellian evasiveness.

"Don't you think you are bold enough in the light?" she asked, with captivating archness.

"Sometimes," he answered. There was a short silence, during which little Mr. Tom N. Oddy brought his diamond ring into better view, and attempted to find out whether her feet were on the floor or on the rest bar.

"That is the only tunnel on this part of the road, is it not?" she asked.

"Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy gave a start. "No, indeed," he said; there are three more between this and San Rafael."

"She sat quietly again, looking pensively at her folded hands.

"Is your sword-stick hollow?" she asked, with curious interest, considering the apparent irrelevancy of the question.

reading his paper, was the stalwart young man of the opposite seat. "How—dare"—little Mr. Tom N. Oddy began, with a fierce pant, when the young man turned slowly on him and said, in a ponderous bass voice: "Please accept my thanks for your kind attentions to my wife."

"Your wife!" gasped little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, and, glancing wildly across the aisle, he saw the lovely creature sitting demurely in the young man's seat. Demurely only for a moment, however, for then a merry, wicked light sprang into those ravishing eyes, and—

The lady smiled.—(Thomas J. Nivian in the Argonaut.

The Art of Prolonging Life.

Somewhat different advice must be given with regard to bodily exercises in their reference to longevity. Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration. The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin, and the aeration of the blood, are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body.

In youth, the vigor of the system is often so great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age, the task can not be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action can not be performed without mischief.

Hence the importance of maintaining, as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit.

Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength.—Dr. Robson Ross, in the Popular Science Monthly for October.

She Was Hungry.

They were sitting on the piazza of the hotel at the beach, watching the moon as it slowly rose out of the slumbering sea. Silence was around them, naught being heard save occasionally the faint clatter of dishes in the adjacent restaurant or the musical hum of an aristocratic mosquito that was making as vain a search for a blue-blooded person as Diogenes did for an honest man.

It was the hour for loves—sweet, pure, delicious love. The youth felt it in his soul as he sat there by the side of the beautiful maiden, whose silken hair almost touched his shoulder. Suddenly she spoke in low, but thrilling and passionate tones. "To the poetic temperament, to the soul that is capable of feeling the tenderest emotions, that throbs in unison with the harmony of nature, and is susceptible to the influences of the beautiful, there is a peculiar fascination in a scene like this.

LOVE AND BEARS.

A Strange Marriage.

"I'm obliged to a bear," said old Ben Hunter, "for gettin' me my wife Peggy here," pointing to his old wife in the corner.

"Ye see, she had old Squire Speckles for a guardian after her folks died, and he wouldn't hear of me marryin' her; not him. He had a mighty poor opinion o' me had the squire. Well, of course, we wanted the old man's consent to the match, but we wasn't goin' to separate if we couldn't get it."

"One day I was walkin' through the woods to the next settlement when I heard an almighty loud hollerin'." By follerin' the sound I cum to a gulch with a roarin' stream runnin' through it. On the other side was a tree with Speckles astraddle of the limb and a bear lickin' his chops at the foot.

"Why don't you come over an' help me," he roars out; "for I thought I should just die of laffin'. I straightened out my face an' says: "What kin I do for you, Squire? You see I've got no gun."

"There's a young tree over there," says he, "leanin' over the gulch from your side. You kin climb up into it, an' let yourself drop over here. My gun's but a little ways back yonder, an' I kin throw you my powder-horn an' bullet-pouch, an' you kin load up an' shoot the bear with no trouble at all."

"An' what'll the bear be doin' all the while?" says I. "He's a lookin' at me from the tail of his eye this mornin', I'm afeared I'd drop over here it'll plump into his jaws. There's only one thing to do," says I, "an' that's to go an' fetch my rifle an' shoot the varment from over here."

"I guess that's so," says he; "but don't be gone long. The desp'rit brute's made two or three attempts to shin up here a'ready, an' there's no knowin' how soon he may succeed."

"There's one thing I'd like to mention afore goin', Squire," says I. "I've had it on my mind for some time."

"What's that?" says he. "Your ward Peggy White?" "Well?" says he, cockin' up one eye.

"I want your consent to her'n me gettin' married," says I, speakin' squar' out.

"He giv' a look at me'n then one at the bear. It was more'n a minit afore he spoke. I seed there was a powerful in'ard struggle goin' on. Ev'body knowed Josh way Speckle'd set his heart on Peggy marryin' a nephew of his'n, so's to keep her money in the family; an' I've no doubt he was debat' just then, whether to tell me to go to old Scratch, takin' his own chances of tirin' out the bear's patience, or to buy my help with fair promises. Now Josh way was a prudent man, an' a strict believer in the doctrine of self-preservation. So't last says he: "Mr. Hunter, I've long had my eye on you as a suitable match for Peggy."

"Then I've your consent," says I, "har'ly darin' to believe my ears."

"You hev," says he. "And no takin' back?" says I. "Honor bright!" says he. "I waited to see no more, but sot off, at full speed, hopin' an' prayin' that my friend, the bear, might not be tempted to desert his post. As I hurried along I'd time to think how little dependence was to be placed on Josh way Speckles' word. Once out o' danger he could easy nough go back on his promise, an' I'd no proof agin' him."

"All at wunst a thought flashed upon me. You'll see what I was presently.

"In a couple of hours I was back with my rifle an' Peggy White besides; an' there sat the bear—bless his honest heart—an' Josh way Speckles, jest as I'd left 'em."

"What's the meenin' o' this?" says Josh way, as soon's he seed Peggy. "You're a Justice o' the Peace," says I.

"Well?" says he. "An' kin marry folks," says I. "What o' that?" says he. "I want you marry me'n Peggy," says I.

"When?" says he. "Right off," says I. "He got so mad he fairly turned green. "Go straight home!" he roared at Peggy.

"So't turned out that I got Peggy, an' Peggy got her money, an' all by the help of our faithful friend, the bear."

New Way of Honning a Tailor.

Markoffski had debts all up and down, and had recourse to every conceivable dodge for giving his creditors the slip. To discover his address became an insoluble problem. One day, however, a tailor, endowed with the fine scent of a professional detective, found the way to his lodgings on the fifth floor of a house in Rue Lepic. He rang the bell.

Markoffski incautiously opened the door in person, and the tailor stepped in, "his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling."

Of course the Pole tried to put him off with a speech. But the tailor took a seat and declared his intention to stay there a week if he was not paid.

"All right!" said Markoffski with a gloomy air. And sitting down to his desk, he began to cut long strips of paper, which he afterwards pasted on the chinks of the door and windows.

The tailor looked on in stupefaction. Markoffski then stopped up the chimney with a bundle of rags the tailor unasily watching him all the while, but without saying anything. The man knew how to maintain the dignity of his craft.

Having finished all these preliminaries, Markoffski dipped a match into the ink and traced in gigantic characters the following inscription on a sheet of paper:

LET NO ONE BE ACHIEVED OF MY MURDER. I AM TIRED OF MY LIFE and, like two brothers, WE PERISH TOGETHER!

Markoffski pasted the placard on the wall and lighted a match to set fire to a brazier full of charcoal.

"Heavens!!!" was the only cry that escaped from the lips of the horrified tailor. Then, bursting open the door, he bounced out of the room, glad to get away from a customer who had such a strange fashion of paying his debts.

Markoffski never heard of him again.

Stunned by an Editor's Generosity.

"I once had another experience," the old editor continued, "not far from the same locality, between 2 and 3 o'clock of the morning, after I had got out from my night's work at the editorial desk. In a solitary and dimly lighted part of Frankfurt street through which I was trudging I became aware, unexpectedly, that somebody stood in the shadow of an old building. I was suddenly confronted by three rough-looking characters, one of whom brought his face close up to mine, and said in a low, harsh voice: "Got any money, mister? "Money!" I replied, while standing as cool as a cucumber. Money! Yes, I've got a pocketful, and I jingled some silver in the pocket of my trousers. "How much do you want?" I asked. "Got a quarter about ye?" he gruffly said, as he stood beside his two pals. "A quarter, you fool!" I replied; "a quarter! take a half-dollar and go away." And you, I said to each of the two others, "here's a half for you, and go away from me!" The men were astounded, took the money, cried "Hurrah for you!" "Thank you," and decamped along a side street. I suppose that if I had not done as I did I would have been knocked down and robbed; but, as it happened, I saved myself from that fate, and am waiting for other adventures after midnight."—New York Sun.

A Florida Story

From the Starke Telegram. A farmer while cow hunting near Sampson Lake saw a big flock of buzzards, among which, judging from the birds' strange behavior, something of interest must be going on. The buzzards were gathered around a large dead alligator, and one of them had got his foot fastened in the carcass in some way and was unable to free himself. Finally his comrades bit the foot off, which caused its owner to scream piteously, but released him. Upon examination the farmer found that the stomach of the carcass contained a huge alligator turtle, which had been swallowed while the saurian was alive. A hole just big enough for the turtle's head had been made in the 'gator's hide by the birds, by which the turtle had been able to capture its unsuspecting victim. Although crushed out of all shape by the 'gator's teeth, the turtle had lost nothing of the pugnacity peculiar to its kind.

Too Much Nap.

Nobody understands the disadvantages of a habit of going to sleep in the wrong place so well as he who has unsuccessfully tried to hold his eyes open through a sermon, the one who has fought drowsiness through the prolonged call of a tedious evening caller, or a certain Maine woman who went to Boston recently. This woman didn't intend to go to Boston; a voyage from Bangor to Northport was all she had in mind when she started. But in an unlucky moment she asked permission to take a short nap in a berth, and next thing she knew somebody was shouting: "All ready to land, Boston."—Lawiston Journal.

The Food of Man

The lower mammals flourish with comparative ease on a diet of meat; not so with man, whose food not only its actual gross nature, but its preparation, in a word, ent nervous impulses, of digestive processes do properly supplied, it has been shown that a variety of pulses (through the eye palates) reach the nervous system through the arteries, yet not in one another.

Cooking greatly alters the nutritive value of food. Meat in its raw condition would present mechanical obstacles to the digestive fluids permeating the tissue completely; an obstacle, of far greater magnitude than the certain chemical compounds placed by others, which are wholly removed. As a result is not a good form of meat, because it withdraws salts of importance, but the extractions—nitrogenous other. Beef-tea is valued because of these extractions; it also contains a little gelatin, and fats. Salt meat, less nutritious, a large part has been removed by the brining process, all persons at some frequently, and such is less not confirmed to the tract.

Meat, according to the played, may be so cooked to retain the greater part of within it, or the reverse, high temperature (65° to outside in roasting may be hardened as to retain it. From "Digestion and Relations," by WESLEY MILLER, The Popular Science Monthly, October.

Circus Hand Made Wood

Philadelphia Times. "The scheme of making artificial monstrosities for purposes," said the old conversation with me on the day, "originated, like so many clever notions of the show in the teeming brain of P. T. shortly after he had opened museum in New York, in 1850. The story of an alleged who claimed to have been off the Fiji Islands, giving substantial and detailed accounts of the mermaid, had been seen there going the rounds of the attracting general attention."

"Barnum saw that there was a barrel of money in exhibiting only genuine Fiji mermaid sent to the amusement people how to get the mermaid, the question. He mentioned to an ingenious young inventor, who is still living in New York, and the result was a papier mache, rags, wire, bones, the dried eyes of a turtle, the tail of a codfish were transformed into a very realistic dried preparation, which proved a splendid card for and won him his first great as a showman. Their achievement of the mermaid boldened Barnum and his friend to attempt the construction of other monstrosities and the manufacture and sale of them soon a well-established branch of business."

To Soften Wet-Stiffened Shoes

"The women have a new vaseline," observed a Fifteen drug clerk, as he jerked his his right shoulder in the direction of a well-dressed lady who was the store after having made chase of the petroleum compound. "What's that?"

"They are using it on the now."

"On their shoes?" "Yes, and the ladies must credit for having made a discovery. The ingredients of have a wonderful effect on the shoe, and it is fast taking the all the compounds manufactured softening the shoes. Take a shoes that have become stiff, rub them in with a coat of rain and apply a coat of rubbering it in well with a cloth in a short time the leather is soft and pliable as when it came from the shelves of the shoe store. Yes, indeed, this rainy has caused quite a boom in the line trade."—Washington Post.

His Rest Rudely Broken

From the Chicago Times. An express struck an Iowa man who had gone to sleep on the engine and hoisted him twenty feet into the air. The engineer stopped his train and rushed back to pick up the man sitting up on the engine like a pirate because he had been disturbed before breakfast. Either the Iowa farmer very remarkable person or respondent is a beautiful liar.

Advertisement for RU... THE... SUC... MU... TH'S... IA... AND... SO'S... BRE... containing various small text and graphics.