

## THE COLONEL'S BRIDE.

"Mother!" The word was wailed rather than spoken, and Elsie Dinsmore's beautiful eyes were lifted to the face of her mother, who stood before the mirror, giving the last touch to a toilet already unexceptionable. Mrs. Dinsmore turned to her daughter, sharply, and with a frown, awaited whatever else she might have to say. Elsie continued:

"I'm tired and sick of all this folly. Heartily tired and sick of it; and now the excitement of travel has worn off, I desire nothing so much as to go home."

"Elsie," returned the showily dressed woman, "I am provoked with you—thoroughly provoked. Here I have wasted half of the summer and nearly five hundred dollars to place and keep you where your beauty of face and form would attract the notice of some rich man who wants a wife, and just as we are likely to succeed, you try to balk me. It is enough to provoke any woman to have a daughter act so."

"But mother dear, I did not know that you would expect me to sell myself to pay the expenses of our summer tour when I begged you to take me to a fashionable summer resort. I thought it must be splendid to live in a place like this during the warm August days; and when you consented to leave home and come here with me, I was perfectly happy. I should be happy now, mother, if you would not forever sound in my ears that horrid 'matrimony!'"

"But you mean to marry some time, Elsie?"

"I don't know! Yes, I suppose I shall marry if ever I meet a man who is near enough to my ideal to make me love him more than I love myself, or my own presence, or anything—except God," she answered reverently.

Mrs. Dinsmore laughed a hard, unsympathetic laugh, and replied:

"That is a strange word to use in a fashionable hotel by the sea, Elsie; and all the more strange when you speak of loving God. People who come here, or in fact who go to any of the fashionable resorts, think less of God than of their own selfish pleasure."

Elsie sighed wearily, and began to dress for dinner.

There was a number of new arrivals and more than one strange face expressed admiration as Elsie Dinsmore glided across the dining-hall to her accustomed place at table.

Directly opposite Mrs. Dinsmore and Elsie sat a stranger, and naturally glancing up as the two ladies sat down opposite to him, he allowed his eyes to rest for an instant on Elsie Dinsmore's lovely face. A glance of recognition shot from his eyes, to which hers responded, but only by the rapidly deepening color upon her cheeks did she betray any emotion.

"It must be the very same," murmured the gentleman, as he sat upon the piazza of the hotel, smoking a cigar, after dinner.

Miss Dinsmore paced down the steps at that moment, and the eyes of the stranger followed her—he became more than ever convinced of her identity.

"Did you observe how that distinguished-looking gentleman watched you, as we passed?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore, when they were beyond the hearing of the stranger.

"I did not look at the gentleman as we passed," was the reply.

"But you must have observed how his eyes could not keep themselves off you at the table," continued Mrs. Dinsmore.

Elsie's blush was answer enough to the remark, and the scheming mother walked in silence beside the daughter, whose matrimonial market she was determined to secure.

But thought was busy.

The next evening Mrs. Dinsmore began to instruct Elsie as to her future course, while they were dressing to go down to the parlors.

"I was talking with Dr. Lessing this afternoon," she said, "and he told me that the distinguished-looking man who came yesterday was no less a person than Col. Augustine Witherell. He is very rich, and of a noble family. You intend to follow up your advantages there, I suppose, Elsie?"

"Mother!" exclaimed Elsie, letting the spray of green leaves which she was twining in her hair fall to the carpet, "if you really wish it, I will yield to your pleasure in attempting to win this man for my husband; and, more than that, if you say, honestly and frankly, that you desire to see me the wife of the gentleman who sat opposite us at dinner yesterday, I will give you my word that I will refer him to you within a week's time."

From that moment there was, seemingly, no lighter-hearted maiden in the whole world than this same Elsie.

While she is dressing for the gay scenes in the hotel parlors, let us briefly glance at the history of the Dinsmores.

Mrs. Dinsmore was a widow with a moderate income, and only this one child—beautiful Elsie.

They lived in good style and were greatly respected by all their acquaintances, among which Elsie might have married well had she so chosen. But the secret of Elsie's indifference was, that she had loved and had been disappointed.

Three summers before we met her at the beach, she had been to visit a relative in the country, and while there a young stranger in the village had won her love with her.

She returned his affection, and they

became engaged. But just before his leaving for home, this lover of hers confessed that he had no wealth to offer her.

"Only a true heart and unsullied name, Elsie, darling," he said.

And Elsie had only nestled more closely to his true heart, and promised him that it should make no difference with her love for him whether he was rich or poor. She would love him always the same.

And so they parted—he to go to his distant home, and she to return to her mother.

Arriving at home, Elsie was met with grave reproaches for allowing herself to become interested in a young man who had no wealth to recommend him.

The relative with whom Elsie had been staying had treacherously informed Mrs. Dinsmore, by letter, that her daughter was encouraging the attentions of a penniless adventurer, and the consequence was the recall of Elsie to her home.

Elsie met her mother's upbraidings by a full confession of her love for the young man, and ended by telling her of their engagement.

Mrs. Dinsmore was terribly enraged, and, after venting a torrent of abuse upon poor Elsie, she retired to her room and wrote a scathing letter to the unknown lover, which letter she took at once to Elsie, and made her add a postscript, saying that she endorsed the sentiments therein expressed by her mother.

Elsie refused to do this; but at last, weary of the scene, and utterly exhausted, wrote at the close of her mother's letter these words:

"She is my mother—I must obey—signed her name, and wrote the address upon the envelope.

No answer was ever returned to this unkind letter, and Elsie grew sad and given to fits of melancholy.

One day Mrs. Dinsmore asked her what would please her more than all else, and she said:

"Take me to some place by the sea, where I can forget my sorrows and be gay."

Busy with her own plans, Mrs. Dinsmore readily consented, and Elsie was taken to the seaside. Her heart rebounded with the change, and for a while after leaving home and mingling with new scenes, she seemed the gayest of the gay. But her mother's determination to have her married recalled all the bitter disappointment past, and she grew sad again, and begged to go home.

But that night, when she had promised her mother to be gracious to Col. Witherell, she seemed to have regained her lost spirits, and when Col. Witherell was presented to her, she looked into his eyes, and smiled with all her old winsome way.

"May I ask Miss Dinsmore to promise upon the beach?" he asked of Mrs. Dinsmore, rather than of Elsie.

"Certainly, Col. Witherell. The night is splendid, and Elsie, dear, if you will wait one moment, I will send for your hat and scarf."

"I will go for them," she answered, and in a few moments returned with a light scarf thrown over her fair hair and across her shoulders.

Col. Witherell and Mrs. Dinsmore awaited her in the hall, and without speaking, he drew the soft little arm of Elsie's within his own, and they went into the moonlight together.

There were people walking back and forth along the beach, and others standing still, gazing upon the restless, foaming billows, tossing so black and then so white under the moon; but, avoiding all these, Col. Witherell led Elsie to a lonely spot, apart, before he spoke.

Then, as they stood together beside a huge rock, he took both her hands in his, and turning her face to the moonlight, looked into it for a moment.

"You have changed, Elsie; but you must tell me truly. Do you care for me still?" he asked, gravely. The little hands he held were cold as ice, and trembled, but she answered:

"Oh, Augustine, if you only knew how much I have suffered!"

And that was all—for he drew her close to his heart, and within the shelter of his strong arms she listened while he told her of his battle with fate for wealth enough to enable him to claim her at the hands of her worldly mother.

Mrs. Dinsmore met them as they returned to the hotel.

"Have you enjoyed the ramble upon the beach?" she asked, smilingly.

They were standing a little apart from the others, and Col. Witherell replied in a lowly tone:

"Yes, indeed, madam, I have enjoyed every precious moment; and you will admit that I have improved the time when I made love to your daughter, proposed, been accepted, and the happy wedding-day fixed since we left you."

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Dinsmore, with a start of glad surprise. "And may I ask how soon this joyful event will transpire?" she continued.

"To-morrow morning," he answered briefly, and Elsie looked more charming than ever, in her blushes.

"But," objected Mrs. Dinsmore, for the first time remembering that she had not been consulted—"but, will not people say that the engagement was unfashionably short?"

People were gathering about them now, and Col. Witherell replied in a tone intended to reach the ears of the listeners,

"Miss Elsie and myself have been engaged more than three years."

The look of astonishment upon Mrs. Dinsmore's face may possibly be imagined—it can not be described, and not until they had retired for the night did the truth dawn upon her mind.

"Augustine St. Witherell, my old lover, and Col. Witherell of to-night are one and the same," said Elsie.

And Mrs. Dinsmore was obliged to swallow her chagrin as best she could and prepare for the ceremony of the morning.

Morning came, and Elsie, dressed in a costly robe of snowy whiteness, which had been sent home only the day before, was the envy of all the young ladies at the "Union," even as the noble-looking Col. Witherell was envied of the men who would gladly have exchanged places with him, if fate had willed them his lovely bride.

In a beautiful Southern home there is love and luxury to-day, and beautiful Elsie Witherell, the Colonel's bride is mistress of it all.

### Taking The Census

"Towle" writes to the Boston Traveler that the government printing office is now engaged in filling one of the largest orders in its history. This is for 18,000,000 blanks for the use of the 40,000 enumerators of the eleventh census who will begin work in May. It will take 15,000 reams of paper, and twenty presses will have to be worked twenty-two hours each day for six weeks before the order will have been completed. Here are the twenty-nine questions in order:

"Christian name in full?" "Surname?"

"Whether a soldier, sailor or marine (United States or confederate), or widow of such person?" "Relationship to head of family?" "Whether white, black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese or Indian?" "Sex?" "Age at nearest birthday. If under 1 year give age in months?" "Whether single, married, widowed or divorced?" "Whether married during census year, June 1, 1880, to May 31, 1890?" "Mother of how many children, and number of these children living?" "Place of birth?"

"Place of birth of father?" "Place of birth of mother?" "Number of years in the United States?" "Whether naturalized?" "Whether naturalization papers have been taken out?" "Profession, trade or occupation?" "Months unemployed during the census year?" "Attendance at school during the census year?" "Able to read?" "Able to write?" "Able to speak English. If not, the language or dialect spoken?"

"Whether suffering from acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted?" "Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or whether crippled, maimed or deformed, with name of defect?" "Whether prisoner, convict, homeless child or pauper?" "Is the home you live in hired, or is it owned by the head or by a member of the family?" "If owned by head or member of family, is the home free from mortgage incumbrance?" "If the head of family is a farmer, is the farm which he cultivates hired, or is it owned by him or by a member of his family?" "If owned by head or member of family, is the farm free from mortgage incumbrance?"

If the home or farm is owned by head or member of family, and mortgaged, give postoffice address of owner."

It may strike some people that several of these questions are impertinent, but they will have to be answered, and will be asked of every person in the United States, from the president to peasant.

### Small Negroes.

The fact now seems clearly demonstrated that at various spots across the great African continent, within a few degrees north and south of the equator, extending from the Atlantic coast to near the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and perhaps even farther to the east, are scattered communities of these small negroes, all much resembling each other in size, appearance and habits, and dwelling mostly apart from their larger neighbors, by whom they are everywhere surrounded. Our information about them is still scanty, and to obtain more, the London Times thinks, would be a worthy object of ambition for the scientific traveler.

In many parts, especially at the West, they are obviously holding their own with difficulty, if not actually disappearing, and there is much about their condition of civilization and the situations in which they are found to induce us to look upon them, like the bushmen of South Africa and the equally diminutive negroes of the Indo-Malayan regions, as the remains of a population which occurred the land before the coming of the present dominant races. If the account of the Nasamoniens be accepted as historical the river they came to flowing from west to east must have been the Niger and the northward range of the dwarfish people far more extensive twenty-three centuries ago than it is at the present time.

### In Grammar

Binghamton Republican: Teacher—What's the past tense of see? Pupil—Seed.

"What's your authority for that form?" "A sign in the grocery store."

"What does it say?" "Timothy seed."

### A Well Bridged Town.

Pittsburg Post: No city in the world presents such a variety of bridge architecture as Pittsburg. Within the two limits fourteen bridges span the Monongahela—seven over the Monongahela and seven over the Allegheny. There are three more in prospect, already chartered. Of these the Monongahela will get two and the Allegheny one. The former river will be crossed by a new bridge at Ross street and another at South Twenty-seventh street. The new Sixth street bridge will be the crowning glory of the river.

### A Scientist's Investigation.

From an article by Prof. Tyndall: My first little investigation was on a subject of extreme simplicity, but by no means devoid of scientific interest—phenomena of a water jet. Among other things I noticed that the musical sound of cascades and rippling streams, as well as the sibilant voice of the ocean, was mainly heard, if not wholly, due to the breaking of air bubbles entangled in the water. There is so rippling sound of water unaccompanied by bubbles of air.

### Meredith and Young Authors.

Foreign Letter: George Meredith the novelist, looks younger than his years, which are 62. In addition to his novel writing he is a "reader" for a big firm of publishers in London. He is the most indulgent of readers, and often enters into correspondence with the ambitious authors and gives them advice. He is the more disposed to do his by reason of his own sad experience, for when he began his literary career he encountered the most terrible criticisms, being at one time so utterly poor that for two whole months he lived upon oatmeal, being unable to afford and other food.

### The Absorption of New England Farms.

Some fifteen years ago, in the early days of Mount Desert summer travel, I met on the beach at Newport, B. I., a shipwrecked sea captain from Bar Harbor, who talked at an eloquent astonishment of the rapid changes coming over the ownership of real estate in that region. "It does just beat all," he declared. "Folks will come along from New York or Philadelphia and they will under take a fancy to a man's farm. They'll end in giving him more for it than he would ever thought of asking for it, and then they'll pay him more for living on it in winter to take care of it than he ever made off of it."

This duplex good bargain, this gain in both principal and interest at the same time, seemed quite too much for my weather-beaten friend's comprehension. Yet the same process has been going on for years in a manner less conspicuous, along the whole New England coast, and through all the mountain region of the Appalachian range. Side by side with that crowding into the cities in winter, a steady crowding out of cities for summer residence; and this in many cases displacing the original resident of the soil and substituting new ownership.

In the region where I now find myself one may look from the hills over many thousand acres, not one of which now belongs to a permanent resident of the town. Farms have been bought and united, one man owning 600 acres another 700 acres, and so on, in a region where 200 acres was once regarded as a large farm.—Harpers Bazar.

### Beating the Gas Company.

Middletown Mercury: A business man in this city has found a new use for the electric light. After he closes up for the night he takes his books, pen and ink and seating himself on a nail keg under the arc light proceeds to post up his accounts, thus saving the cost of gas and at the same time enjoying the cool breeze out of doors—if there is any.

### A Woman at the Helm.

"I tell you the affair of this country will never be run right until women take a hand in 'em," said a newly married citizen. "The other afternoon a fellow got me into a discussion over the McKinley bill and I went home to supper feeling hot. In the course of the evening my wife remarked, very sweetly and insinuatingly:

"Dear John," she said, "I saw an only too lovely piece of goods today, and I intend to order a dress off of it to-morrow."

"I knew that meant fifty at least, but I said nothing for some time. I had an idea, though, and finally I decided to risk it."

"I wish that chap would stop bothering me with that McKinley bill," I said. "He worries the life out of me with it."

"Oh, pay it, John, dear, pay it!" said my wife. "Don't let it worry you any longer! I'll wait till next month for my dress. Pay it, won't you dear?"

"I promised to pay it the very next day, and I tell you right here that unless we have a woman at the helm pretty soon the ship of state is bound for the rocks."—Chicago Herald.

Mexico is becoming quite immensely or at least voluminously literary. One of her latest book lists mentions 12,000 volumes by 3,000 native Mexican authors.

Late investigations have determined that the majority of deep sea depressions come from other than volcanic origin, and that the coldest waters of the ocean stand in the deep troughs instead of running, as was formerly thought to be the case.

### Statistics of Tornadoes.

The tornado, with hardly an exception, occurs in the afternoon, just after the hottest part of the day. The time of greatest frequency is from 3:30 to 5 o'clock. The tornado season includes March, April, May, June, July, August and September, but storms of this nature may occur in any part of the year. The months of greatest frequency, as determined from a record of 208 years are April, May, June and July. The single month of greatest frequency is May, April following next in order. The state in which the greatest number of tornadoes has occurred is Missouri, followed next in order by Kansas and Georgia.

A record of more than 500 tornadoes and "windfalls" (i.e., paths of tornadoes through the forests) in Wisconsin considerable exceeds the number from any other state, but little weight can be given this comparison owing to the want of thorough investigations of the subject of windfalls in other states. From a careful investigation of the origin of tornadoes and their geographical distribution there is every reason to believe that those storms were as frequent and violent 200 years ago as now. Moreover, there appears to be no cause for my unusual change in the annual frequency of tornadoes for a like period to come.—Lieut. John P. Finly in Forum.

### Royal Fish.

While old and wise heads of the United States and England are carrying on a dignified quarrel over the ownership of the seal in Behring Sea let me tell you something about royal fish.

You know that kings and queens have many rights and prerogatives. Well, one of these prerogatives of English rulers in olden times relates to royal fish. Royal fish are sturgeon and whale, which are considered the finest of deep sea fish. For this reason, "on account of their superior excellency," whenever one of these fish was thrown ashore or caught near the coast of England it became the property of the king. This seems unjust to those who might secure the whale or sturgeon, for they were compelled to give it up without receiving any pay. However, the king had some grounds for claiming these royal fish as his property, because it was he who guarded and protected the seas from pirates and robbers, and in those days there were many of them.

The most peculiar feature of the custom of royal fish was this—that while the whole of the sturgeon belonged to the king only half of the whale did. For it was prerogative, as it is called, of the queen that the tail of every whale caught in the way I have told you was her property, while the head only was the king's. The reason of this division is given by the old records, as to furnish the queen's wardrobe with whalebone; and this reason is more amusing than the custom is peculiar, for the whalebone lies entirely in the head of the whale. But there are many more as strange and amusing customs recorded in England's early days.

This right to royal fish was considered of great importance, and was carefully guarded for many generations. It was also a prerogative of the kings of Denmark and the dukes of Normandy, and from one of these it was probably derived by the princes of England.—Harpers Young People.

### America's Theatrical Army.

The estimate of the total number of people earning their daily bread from theatrical performances must be some what changed this year. It was said a few years back that these numbered 40,000, but last year nearly 1,500 foreign actors came to America, and this season will bring even a greater number, not counting a perfect flock of variety people from England and the continent who will next season make the United States their happy hunting ground. In the past two years beives of young women have been sent on the stage through the dramatic schools, one of these alone, it is said, furnishing 2.0 new made actresses that actually found employment. During this time, although newcomers are plenty from all sources, but few have comparatively speaking, joined "the great majority" or been retired; so, taking "one consideration with another," the professional family at work in the 4,000 theatres and hall throughout the country when the next season it at its height will number not less than 50,000. It is said that England has a dramatic family nearly 60,000, the number being larger than ours from the reason of the greater number of stock companies and few number of travelling companies sent kiting through the provinces. They know nothing of the 25,000 miles or more of railroading or its expense of any American company en route from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf perhaps in one season.—Stage News.

### THE RIVER OF LIFE

#### A March into Oblivion

Name to a Western Over three centuries before the conquistadors lighted his camp fire on the Mississippi, the Spaniards achieved two settlements of the accident—Santa Fe and Augustine. They had the country which had these points or its inland Kansas City star. As to the dangers and death they from one place to were as blindly ignorant. But this ignorance, however, and full of the summer hour, a military party solved on ad overland St. Augustine. They for they could figure longitude, and the direction by the compass the sum of their knowledge.

The expedition, hundreds of men, left the summer, and remains at the Baton Rouge route of the Santa Fe camped that winter on of Trinidad. The great valley, the game hills, their own stores sending back to Santa Fe and glee maidens there sword with wine, women as gay a season as they. Those old dons were possessed high beams for travel. Before the ward as far as the spread the desert could be met there they their lack of knowledge with an equal amount.

With the melting of the spring sunshine the camp followers returned. The last adios was explorers turned the work in hand down the valley of a river, which flows through the town who were to remain them for miles of the sun on its way. At last they were far down the valley last that was seen.

With the last of it was as if the existence and rivers, perished in or were done to death never told. No sign expedition or its presence found. There was and mysterious in the appearance of this dark in the silence of the superstitious sign of the holy cross.

When that effort of the little muddy stream the little muddy stream called El Rio de San River of Lost soul. Spanish name for the Bent, Carson, & Co. representatives of the company of St. Louis bearing by their infernal name, these translated into the Purge of the bull whacker of the to it in his free called it "the Platte" it ever had still shall will find the little pursuing its glacial sea with as many of the British home.

### New York's Most

Every European visit without seeing anything that is of having a general Union square has abandoned, still the still for the present will be taken in the months yet. In the ket Florists' association is making arrangements market for cut flowers will be opened up. Hitherto the market has been situated at fourth street, East would care to visit and it was unattractive. In Paris it is quite form parties to visit in the early morning.

For obvious reasons kind are not found regular flower market on street and New flower market are not attracting or late at night flowers is more of beauty in the York Mail and

"Why, child, asked a mother was being down water." "Just forage replied the child.—Judge.