

## AN AMBITION OF EVA.

Eva Norrington inserted her latch key into the keyhole of a Bedford Square boarding house, and entered. It was a dismal, windy, rainy November evening, and ever since lunch she had been paddling about London, climbing grimy stairs of newspaper offices, and talking to people who did not seem especially pleased to see her. Her skirts were wet, and a wisp of damp hair was tumbling over her eyes. On the hall table, disclosed by the flickering gas-jet, were some letters.

"A year ago today!" said Eva to herself as she closed the door against the wind. "Has he written, or has he forgotten?"

He had not forgotten. Eva picked up the letter from the hall table, looked quickly round at the closed hall door, at the closed dining-room door, and at the bayside door that led to the kitchen stairs—and kissed it. Then she went upstairs to her bed-sitting-room with the letter in her hand, and joy in her heart.

"Hateful little room!" she murmured to herself, as she struck a match and lit the gas. "But it's the last time, thank God!"

The room was not really bad; a bed in the corner, a wash-stand, a wardrobe, here and there a picture on the walls, and a table by the window, rather rickety, on which lay a heap of manuscript—a half-finished story.

"I will burn that before I go to bed to-night," said Eva, as she caught sight of it.

Then she took off her hat and cloak, drew the only easy chair under the gas-jet and sat down; fingering the letter—she did not open it at once. Now that happiness stretched in front of her it was pleasant to linger on the confines of misery, to look back on the life she was to leave.

"It is not every one," said Eva reflectively, "who can make experiments in life—without expense."

Eva Norrington had been the pride of the provincial town which gave her birth. At the High School no girl could stand against her. Her form-governess, who now and then asked her favorite pupils to tea, even said she might be a head-mistress one day. To Eva this seemed absurd. But when, at the age of twenty, she gained a guinea prize for a story in a weekly paper, she began to think that at least she might be a great novelist. At any rate she felt sure that somewhere ahead of her stretched a career; and as her twenty-first birthday approached she announced to her startled parents her intention of going to London in search of it. Thereupon ensued a series of domestic scenes such as have been common of late in the homes of England wherein the parents play the part of the apprehensive hen, the daughter that of the adventurous duckling. The duckling invariably gains its point; and so it was with Eva Norrington.

Eva was almost happy; for she had the hopefulness of youth and beauty, and all the exhilaration of taking her life into her hands and fashioning it as she would, with none to raise objections to the process. She would have been quite happy but for Allan Craig. For Allan Craig, whenever he heard that Eva was bent on going to London to make a name for herself, promptly offered her his own for a substitute. It was a good enough name, and at the foot of a check it was generally respected, as Allan Craig had lately stepped into his father's business as estate agent and was prospering. Eva was disturbed, but she turned not aside from her project. Eva had mapped out her life and Allan Craig was not included in the scheme.

As she sat fingering her letter in her bedroom, she went over the parting scene in her mind. The details of it would only increase the delight of the letter. They were sitting out a dance together, for Eva was not disposed to think unkindly of Allan, though she might resent his intrusion into her scheme of life. She remembered how there had been silence between them for some moments, how Allan had leaned his elbows on his knees and dug the heel of his dancing-shoe into the carpet.

"And so you are quite determined to leave us?" said Allan.

"Of course," replied Eva. "My boxes are all packed."

"Full of manuscript novels and other things?"

"One novel and several stories." "I cannot understand why you want to go when—"

"I want to—well—to live a larger life."

"You mean you want to live in a bigger place?"

"Well, not exactly. I don't think you quite understand."

"I quite understand that there is not enough scope for you here, and that I am a selfish brute for trying to keep you from your ambition. Look here, Eva, can you honestly say that you don't love me a little bit?"

Allan had risen and was standing over her. Eva looked up at him. She could see him standing there now—big, comely, with something in his eyes that thrilled her, half with fear and half with pleasure. She rose and faced him.

"I shall be sorry to leave you—very sorry."

"Then why—"

"Can't you see, Allan? I know I have it in me to do good work and I must be where good work is wanted. Here I am hampered; in London—"

"You may fall," said Allan, with a note of hope in his voice. Then Eva spoke:

"I shall succeed—I know I shall."

"Will you write to me?"

Eva hesitated. She was half inclined to give in to that extent. Allan had mistaken her hesitation.

"No," he said. "There shall be no selfishness in my love for you. I will wait a year from to-night, and then, if London is no go, you know there will always be me. You can't expect me to pray for your success, can you?"

Eva, placed on her mettle, looked him in the face.

"I am bound to succeed," she said, and turned to go. The waltz had ceased in the room below, and a rustle of skirts and a ripple of tongues had taken its place.

"Eva—once—the last time, perhaps." She turned again laughing.

"Quick," she said, "some one will come."

A woman may forget many things, but no woman ever forgets the first time a lover's arm was round her waist and a lover's lips upon her own. And as Eva sat in the corner of a third-class carriage in the London train next morning, looking forward to the career before her, the remembrance of the support of Allan's arm persisted in obtruding itself. Having got what she wanted she already began to doubt if she wanted what she had got. For a career, after all, is rather a lonesome sort of thing.

Such small success as may come to the inexperienced girl upon her first incursion into literature came to Eva. She lived sparingly, worked hard, and never made the mistake of refusing invitations on the ground of work. She stayed up a little later or got up a little earlier instead. A weekly column on "Health and Beauty" placed at her disposal by the youthful editor of a new woman's paper, who had met her at the Writer's Club and thought her pretty, paid her weekly bill at the boarding house. Her stories found frequent acceptance, and occasional welcome in the minor periodicals, and a happy meeting with an editor at a dinner party paved the way to her appearance in a widely-read magazine. By the end of the year Eva Norrington had got so far towards the realization of her ambition that when people heard her name mentioned, they wrinkled their brows and tried to remember where they had heard it before.

All this time Eva was lonely. And the most fair thing about the whole business was that, while success was almost within her grasp, success was not what she wanted. There is no fun in living your own life when that is precisely the life you do not want to lead.

It was not as though Allan Craig had never kissed Eva Norrington.

She opened the letter—cutting the envelope with her nail-scissors. She felt like one who has held his breath to feel what suffocation is like. The letter was long. Eva read quickly at first, then slowly, knitting her brows as she turned the pages, and came at last to the signature, "Ever your true friend, Allan Craig."

The letter lay for some minutes in Eva's lap, while she looked vaguely round her room.

"He is afraid of spoiling my career—my success has put an insuperable barrier between us," she murmured. The phrases of the letter had burned themselves into her brain. "O, Allan! I wish I could tell you—or do you want to hear?"

When the dinner-bell rang an hour afterwards Eva rose wearily from her writing table, where she had been toiling over her half-finished manuscript. She had not burned it.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig, and then the meeting was unexpected—at the exit of the theatre where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife, to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan, in answer to Eva's polite question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Eva—my wife's name, curiously enough."

He stood by the hansom as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the address, he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—you owe it all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes; I owe it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron closed upon her, and the attendant constable grew impatient. "Come and see me—Tuesdays."

"I can't think why I should be so silly," said Eva to herself, as she stuffed her handkerchief back into her pocket and felt for her latch-key, when the cab drew up before the hall door of her flat in Kensington.—Black and White.

### Paper Drinking Cups.

A paper manufacturer of Elberfeld, Germany, has recently patented quite a novelty which has a great future, particularly for advertising purposes. It is a substitute for a drinking glass and may best be styled a cup made of paper. The idea is well executed. The drinking cup is so small that it may be carried in the pocketbook, and it enables the traveller on foot or on a wheel to always have his own clean drinking glass. It is so cheap that it may be thrown away after having been used but once, or when it has served its purpose. These paper drinking cups are of a strong yellow paper, provided with a leather-like surface, and are absolutely water-tight. The outer surface many, of course, be used for advertisements, and while advertisements given away in this shape will probably be of much value, the cost is little more than for the same advertisement had been printed on plain paper. The new cup is also made square and with a cover to admit the selling of ice cream, etc., the boxes being folded away into a minimal space until used.—Philadelphia Record.

## LOST FOR 1,000 YEARS.

### A Great Find of the Highly Prized Thessalian Marble.

The quarries from which the ancients obtained their highly-prized Thessalian or verd marble have been discovered, and are again being worked by an English company. The quarries, which have been lost for more than 1,000 years, are in the neighborhood of Larissa, in Thessaly, Greece. The ancient workings are very extensive, there being no fewer than ten quarries, each producing a somewhat different description of marble, proving without a doubt that every variety of this marble found in the ruined palaces and churches of Rome and Constantinople, and likewise in all the mosques and museums of the world, came originally from these quarries. In fact, the very quarry from which the famous monoliths of St. Sophia, Constantinople, were obtained can be identified with absolute certainty by the matrices from which they were extracted.

In modern times verd antio marble has only been obtainable by the destruction of some ancient work, and it has, naturally, commanded extraordinarily high prices. As a consequence, a number of ordinary modern greens of Greek, French, Italian and American origin have been described and sold as verd antique marble. No one, however, who is really acquainted with the distinctive character of the genuine material could be deceived by these inferior marbles. Thessalian green is easily distinguished from any other green marble by the following characteristics: It is a "breccia" of angular fragments of light and dark green, with pure statuary white, the whole being cemented together with a brighter green, while the snow white patches usually have their edges tinted off with a delicate fibrous green, radiating to the center of the white. The cementing material is also of the same fibrous structure.—Philadelphia Record.

## Russian Monks Walled Up Alive.

The stories of self-torture inflicted by religious fanatics in India and the similar tales which come down to us from the Middle Ages are all eclipsed by actual occurrences in our own day and in close touch with nineteenth century European civilization.

The monks of the Greek Church are noted for their insane practices in this respect, but a recent affair has eclipsed anything heretofore made known of their cruelties to themselves and each other in their efforts to gain the crown of martyrdom.

A St. Petersburg dispatch to the London Daily News cabled to New York tells the story, and the Russian Consul-General in New York, as well as the pastor of the Greek Orthodox Church here, see nothing in the alleged facts which they regard as incredible in the light of their knowledge concerning the practices of certain of the Greek Church monks.

The story simply is that seventeen monks in a hermitage at Tirespol, in the province of Kherson, deliberately decided to cause themselves to be walled up in the monastery that they might earn martyrdom by this horrible death. They presented the scheme to a brother monk, and so far from being shocked at the horrible proposition, he applauded it as a meritorious act of piety and self-punishment. He volunteered, moreover, to act as mason in walling in his brethren in their living tomb, and they accepted his services.

It was not until their mysterious disappearance began to excite comment that an investigation was made. It was at first thought they had emigrated, but when the remaining monks were closely questioned one of them confessed that he had helped them to commit suicide in the manner above described.

There was a descent upon the monastery by the police, and when the wall was torn away at the point indicated, the horrible truth of the story which had seemed beyond belief was revealed.

## Indian Medicine Men.

Major A. E. Woodson, agent of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians of Oklahoma, says that the reign of the medicine men is one of the greatest outrages of the present day, and as a direct result of their practice one-third of the children born of Indian parents die every year.

Two of Black Coyote's children were taken sick, and, instead of taking them to the Government hospital, he sent for the medicine man, who blew a green powder into the lungs, ears and the nostrils of one of the little patients. The medicine failing, the medicine man made an incision with his knife under the tongue of the child, with the result that death soon followed. When the green powder failed to restore the child to health the medicine man declared that there was a ghost under the child's tongue, and to kill the ghost he made the incision.

The medicine man then adopted heroic measures in order to save the other child. He took it into a tent, stripped it naked, and laid it on a cot. He then heated a big pile of rock in the tent, and when they were hot he threw water on them, filling the tent with steam and causing the child to sweat copiously. When the child was covered with perspiration he took it out in the cold air and sent it home, without having taken any precaution to keep it from getting cold. Next morning the child was dead. This is only one of the hundreds of such outrages against the health and life of innocent people. The big medicine man of the Cheyennes is Little Man, who lives near Cantonment. He makes his medicines every year and distributes them to the other medicine men.—Boston Transcript.

## WO TING FANG, AMBASSADOR.

### A Lawyer and a Graduate from an English University.

The appointment of Wo Ting Fang as Ambassador from China to the United States is a departure in the choice of diplomats sent to this country from the big Asiatic Empire.

Mr. Wo is the first such ambassador able to dispense with an interpreter, even for the most delicate international negotiations. An American who has been with Mr. Wo repeatedly on pleasure trips in China says he speaks English more fluently than any of the official Chinese whom he has ever met.

Mr. Wo can never belong to the highest class, because he preferred studying abroad to remaining at home and taking the complicated studies necessary to attain rank. In spite of that he has made a record unparalleled by any of his compatriots. He graduated at an English university and studied law in England. He also took up international relations. On his return to his native land he settled in Hong Kong, and was the first native lawyer to practice there. Mr. Wo attained celebrity in his profession, and was also so fortunate as to acquire a fair amount of money by his law practice.

He was one of the representatives of China who acted with Li Hung Chang in the making of the Chinese-Japanese treaty. He was appointed special ambassador for the episode of its ratification, and now has been sent to this country. Mr. Wo is regarded as a great Asiatic, and the choice of a man of so modern a mind and education is a distinct compliment to this country.

By some it is regarded as the outcome of Prince Li's observations when in this country. From the inside comes information that his appointment had been determined upon before Li even left China, and it is known that the wise old statesman made many inquiries, even mentioning Mr. Wo in such a way as to emphasize the importance of this new appointment. Mr. Wo is said to have a Christian wife.—New York World.

## JESSE JAMES' SON.

### How He Got Work from the Son of Ex-Governor Crittenden.

Ex-Gov. Thomas T. Crittenden, of Missouri, was asked if the story was true that he had employed in his office Jesse James, Jr., whose father, the outlaw, was killed through Mr. Crittenden's instrumentality. The ex-governor replied:

"If I were to build a monument of denials as high as that erected to Washington at the capital, I don't suppose I could effectually stop the continued existence of this story. The facts in the case are that several years ago my son, Thomas T. Crittenden Jr., then a real estate dealer in Kansas City and now County Clerk of Jackson county, in which Kansas City is located, advertised for a boy to work in his office. On the morning following the advertisement a number of boys were on hand and my son resorted to a kind of civil service examination to test their merits. The boy whose papers were best was called forward and asked his name.

"My name is Jesse James, Jr.," he replied.

"My son was more than amazed, and said:

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir; you are Gov. Crittenden's son."

"Well, then, you go home and tell your mother all about this, and if she is willing for you to work for me and at the wages I offer, come back to-morrow morning."

"Very well, sir. I have got to help my mother and sister, and I'll be back."

"And back he was the next morning. At this time Mrs. Jesse James was living in the suburbs of Kansas City. Now let me tell you what became of this boy. He remained with my son for several years, being honest and faithful to a degree. Then my son secured him a place in Armour's packing house in Kansas City, where he is now employed, respected by every one and having a number of men under him. And he is but 20 years of age. This is the whole story."

You have all read of the habit which this eccentric monarch (William) has of appearing unexpectedly at the military barracks around Berlin and other garrisons in the empire at all times of the day and night, and ordering out the troops as if there had been a hostile attack upon his palace. His vigilance and energy and love of excitement are marvellous. He will get up at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, swallow a cup of coffee and ride ten or fifteen miles at a hard gallop to surprise one of his generals or brigade commanders, who are required to order out their troops for drills and manoeuvres on certain mornings of the week. He has been known to appear at a guard house and give the alarm "to arms" in the middle of the night. The commandants of the garrisons and the fortresses never know when to expect him, and have to sleep with one eye open in dread of his appearance.—Chicago Record.

### City Boarder.—To what breed does that peculiar looking hen belong?

Farmer Hornbeak—I don't know exactly, but I call her a Populist hen.

"What in the world makes you call her that?"

"Well, she refuses to eat on anything except door-knobs, and it strikes me that her belief that she is capable of accomplishing a good deal more than she is cut out for is a distinctly Populist characteristic."—New York World.

## MONUMENT JARRED BY AN OWL.

### At Least It Caused the Recorded Swaying of the Washington Pile.

In one of the many glass cases in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is a stuffed owl. This particular owl is the one, in the words of the late President Hayes, "that jarred the Washington Monument," and therein lies the story.

During the Centennial year Congress resolved to provide the necessary funds for the completion of the monument, which up to that time had been worked at only while the several smaller appropriations lasted. It was discovered, however, that the original foundation was likely to prove incapable of sustaining the enormous weight of marble necessary for carrying the shaft 550 feet above terra firma. A new foundation was therefore needed, and architects thought a solid concrete bed 100 feet square and nearly fourteen feet in thickness would accomplish the strengthening desired.

During the operation of replacing the old foundation it was considered expedient to provide means for noting carefully the slightest vibration of the walls lest the monument might be in danger of collapsing. Accordingly a heavy weight was suspended by a stout thread from the apex to a pan of thick syrup located in the base, so that no chance drafts of air would be likely to sway the weight. An ingenious contrivance was so attached to the weight that the slightest vibration of the shaft would be faithfully recorded, and its insecurity would at once be an established fact.

One morning, a few months after these careful precautions had been taken, there was a great commotion among the workmen. A complete record of numerous perturbations and tremblings had been written on the index, showing conclusively that the mammoth obelisk had jarred, swayed and settled during the night. Scientific heads were dubiously shaken. After much persuasion one of the men finally consented to go to the top and examine into the cause. The astonishing report came into the midst of the anxious throng below that an owl in seeking shelter in the lofty tower, had somehow managed to catch its wings in the thread and was still hanging there, suspended in the interior of the monument, and the innumerable flappings and struggles of his owlship had all been recorded by the index as testimony against the stability of plumb-laid marble blocks and solid concrete.—Philadelphia Record.

## RAISED THE WRONG FLAG.

### It Caused a Great Commotion in the Russian Fleet.

Not so very long ago a crack cruiser of the new navy ploughed its way through the Baltic and dropped anchor off St. Petersburg, according to the Washington Post. There were Russian craft lying all about, and within a quarter of a mile of the Yankee cruiser there was the olive green, high-turreted flagship of the Russian squadron, with half a dozen great guns poking their nose from her barbettes fore, aft and midships. The white cruiser, as custom is, ran up her ensign with a salute of a single gun—that is, she intended to run up her ensign, but what broke out at the yank of the hal-yards was none other than the double-headed eagle of Russia. Nobody on board noticed it for a moment, but what did attract their attention was a puff of smoke from the Russian's forward turret, and almost before the boom of the great gun had rolled to them across the water the starboard turret roared a second greeting. This was an excess of courtesy, but surprise increased when the midship barbettes followed suit and the big bow guns began again in turn.

In casting eyes over heaven and earth to see what in the name of nations was the moving cause in this cannonade, the Yankee bluejacks saw to their surprise the Russian ensign, which all unintentionally floated from their own peak. It was plain that the Russians were saluting their own flag. The salute was good, but the surprise was at so much of it. Of course, the American commander could not haul down the friendly flag while the salute was going on, so he kept it up, while the Russians likewise kept up their cannonade. It lasted for over an hour, and every one had lost count of the shots, but when it did finally cease, to the further astonishment of the visitors, the Russian admiral's barge was lowered away, filled with a miscellaneous load of gold lace and epaulets, and came skimming along across the water. An excited load of Russian officers came swarming over the side, which was courteously manned to receive them, though the object of their coming was a deep and shrouded mystery. They fell on the neck of the American commander and of his officers, swearing eternal friendship and brotherhood in a potpourri of French, Russian and English.

The American crew had to take it all for granted till by a series of diplomatic questions they elicited the fact that it was the Czar's birthday, and the hoisting of the Russian flag had been accepted out of hand as the most delicate sort of an international compliment. The Russians had returned it with the national salute of 100 guns.

The little girl was a member of a large and noisy family. She was visiting the house of a neighbor one day; there the absence of children and perfect quietness of the house impressed her. "Mrs. Blank," she exclaimed at last, "is it always as quiet here? I don't see," drawing a long breath, "I don't see how you can breathe."—New York Times.

## PEBBLES THAT GIVE LIGHT.

### Stones in California Ditches Which Emit a Brilliant Light.

An Italian working in irrigation ditches on a ranch near Stockton, Cal., has made what promises to be a wonderful discovery.

According to the story he tells to the San Francisco Examiner, he retired early one Monday evening, forgetting to open a certain gate in one of the irrigating ditches. About midnight he awoke, and immediately getting out of bed he donned his working clothes and proceeded to the field. He found that the gate, being closed, had backed the water up in such a volume that it had forced out the restraining dam and overflowed the field.

Upon going to the place where the water had broken through the embankment he says he noticed a peculiar gleam coming from the spot. On closer inspection he observed that the water had bored a hole in the ground about three feet deep and twice as broad, and that in the bottom of the hole, where the water still remained to the depth of a foot or more, there were numerous objects which emitted light. This was so brilliant that the water appeared to be a pool of liquid fire.

The man decided to ascertain the cause and plunged his arm into the water. He brought out a small pebble about the size of a hickory nut. It was white and smooth, and as it reposed in his palm it emitted a light sufficient for him to tell the time by his watch. The stones are declared to be perfectly smooth and as hard as flint. Some of them are to be sent to the science department of the State University with a view of learning their true character.

Professor Max Muller, of Oxford, in a recent lecture, called attention to the largest book in the world, the wonderful Kuth Daw. It consists of 729 parts in the shape of white marble plates, covered with inscriptions, each plate built with a temple of brick. It is found near the old priest city of Mandalay, in Burmah, and this temple city of more than 700 pagodas virtually makes up this monster book—the religious codex of the Buddhists. It is written in Pali. Rather strange to say, it is not an ancient production, but its preparation was promoted by the Buddhist party of this century. It was erected in 1857 by the command of Mindomin, the second of the last kings of Burmah.—Home Journal.

"Hear me out, Glorianna Hyde!" exclaimed the impetuous young man. "It may be that I have spoken too soon. You may not have anticipated such an avowal," from my lips "on so short an acquaintance." Does it seem short to you? To me it seems centuries. Love is an eternity in a second! You may not have given me any tangible encouragement, but in your gracious presence, within the sphere of your attraction, under the spell of your lovely dark eyes, I have seemed to hear a whisper of hope like the soft rustle of an angel's wing—"

"Mr. Blingwell," interrupted the matter-of-fact young woman, yawning slightly, "angels don't have wings. The best authorities all agree on that now."

John Kavanagh, the fiddler of the Klondike, before the year is over will probably be held responsible for the downfall of some scores of musicians, who, tempted by the stories of his good luck, are tracking their way to Alaska, provided only with their instruments and a hopeful disposition. Kavanagh had been employed at Port Costa, but he became possessed of the idea that there was money to be made in the north, so he struck out for Juneau. From that place he moved on to the Klondike region, going afoot over the rough country intervening and carrying with him as his outfit a Winchester rifle and a violin. Once in the diggings he found himself about the only available musician, and the miners paid him \$30 or \$35 a night to play for them at their dances.—Argonaut.

A remarkable instance of animal kindness and sagacity may be seen in Frankford, every day. A gentleman is the owner of two dogs, one of which, Crib by name, is very old and totally blind. The other dog, Carlo, is a much smaller animal, of the spaniel variety. Old Crib roams around the neighborhood, led by Carlo, and whenever the blind dog is about to come up against a fence or the steps of a house, Carlo goes in front and pushes him in the right direction. When Crib wishes to lie down in the shade in the middle of the pavement, which is the greater part of the time, Carlo lies down in front of him, and if several pedestrians are coming along at once nudges his old friend to get up and make way for them.—Philadelphia Record.

"There's one thing about Joslar," said the young man's fond mother; "he does like work."

"He don't seem to get much of it done," said Farmer Cortwoasel.

"That's jest it. He lingers over it an' lingers over it like he was scared to death of losin' it!"—Washington Star.

The Fairmount Park Association, of Philadelphia, has purchased the bronze group of Dickens and Little Nell, which was among the most popular exhibits at the Chicago Fair. The statue is the work of Edwin Elwell, and represents Little Nell leaning upon a pedestal, on which in a chair sits Dickens, looking in a dreamy way at this most fascinating of his creations.