

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you'll find it not; 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song, No banner to gleam and wave! But oh, these battles they last so long— From babyhood to the grave!

Joquin Miller.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

"Why have you so persistently avoided me ever since—well, ever since Lady Barkston's garden party?" I inquired of Miss Windram, so soon as I succeeded in elbowing my way through the dead wall of Mrs. Bennett Wyse's guests who stood between us.

The result of a brief calculation, entered on the next morning, was to convince me that, during the six minutes it took me playing the part of a pick, in order to reach Miss Windram, I made as many enemies as I had made during the thirty years of my life preceding Mrs. Bennett Wyse's "At Home."

"Have I avoided you, Mr. Glyn?" she asked, opening her eyes very wide and—this was doubtful—very innocently.

"The question is not if you have done it, but why you have done it," I said with some measure of severity.

"Suppose I deny that that is the question?" she suggested rather pleasantly, though without quite such a show of innocence as had been associated with her previous inquiry. It is quite possible to speak pleasantly without any particular exuberance of innocence.

"Suppose you deny it? Well, in that case you will have—have denied it," said I. "But it so happens that you won't deny it, Miss Windram."

"I'm not so sure of that. If any one would make it worth my while I might."

"No one will make it worth your while. There is nothing left for you but to speak the truth."

"Great heavens! It is come to that?"

"Why have you avoided me? We were good friends up to that day—I have put a blue mark opposite that day in my diary."

"Yes, we were good friends; good friends are those who have a sound quarrel every time they meet, I suppose?"

"Precisely; friends whose friendship is strong enough to survive a quarrel."

"Did we quarrel that day?"

"We certainly did not. Where would society be if a man and young woman quarreled because, when he asked her—"

"Is there any need for you to tell every one in this stifling room what one problematically foolish young man asked a certainly idiotic young woman?"

I felt that there was something in her question. I had not, however, been speaking louder than usual; it only seemed so because of a sudden diminution in the volume of sound proceeding from the two hundred guests of Mrs. Bennett Wyse, who had all been speaking at the same moment. I tried to explain this to her; and then she asked me what I thought of Signora Duse as an interpreter of emotion as compared with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and if I held that an actress who was an admirable exponent of the strongest emotions might be depended on to interpret the most powerful passions.

"It's a nice question," I felt bound to say. "Let us clear out from this ruck, and I think I'll be able to tell you all that I know regarding the higher emotions. These people are not to be depended on; one minute they are talking fortissimo; they next they are pianissimo."

"Would you have them rehearsed, Mr. Glyn?"

"Well, a good deal might be done by judicious stage management."

"And a conductor with an ivory baton? There is something in that, I admit. Your idea is that they should become forte when you are speaking, so as to afford a sort of background for your wisdom?"

"Wisdom? What man with the least pretence to wisdom would come into a crowd like this for the sake of talking to a girl who has persistently avoided him for the past year and a month?"

"What man, indeed?"

"And this brings us back to the original question. Why have you so persistently avoided me?"

I could see that she was a trifle put out by my persistence in returning to the topic which had originated with me. She had apparently found some imperfection in the feather tips of her fan and thought that it would be unwise to neglect the opportunity of pulling off all the uneven stuffs. Some of them settled upon my waistcoat, and a few made a bee line for the cadaverous nostrils of our neighbor, General Firebrace. He sneezed with much force of character.

"Well, you see, so many things have happened since May third last year, Mr. Glyn," said Miss Windram, when she had satisfied herself by the repeated opening and closing of her fan that she had remedied the defect in its construction.

"What things—in addition to your avoidance of me?" I asked.

"Well, you have published a book to begin with. Isn't that something?"

"If we avoid all the people who have published a book our circle of acquaintance would become appreciably nar-

rowed, Miss Windram. Anything else?"

"Hasn't it gone into six editions?" she cried in a tone of accusation. "I don't deserve the blame for that."

I said, in a way that was meant to show her that I felt the injustice of her accusation. "Blame the public, if you wish. The public are invariably idiotic, the editor of the Universe announced in connection with that book of mine. He was right, though the fact that the public steadily refused to buy the Universe points in the other direction."

"Oh, it's all very well to try and throw the blame on the public," said Miss Windram with a shrug, "but is that quite generous of you, Mr. Glyn?"

"Perhaps it isn't. Was it on account of the book you avoided me so carefully?"

"Oh, there were other things. The Geographical Society gave you a gold medal, didn't they?"

"They were right there. They couldn't get out of it."

"I dare say. That may be all very well, but people who get gold medals conferred on them can't expect to be treated as ordinary people."

"That's quite a side-issue. I decline to discuss it."

"And that's all?"

"All? all? Heavens! what did you expect?"

"Sense—that is, a moderate amount of sense; reason—that is, a modicum of reason; frankness—that is, a soupçon of frankness. Supper? Oh, let them go to—supper."

And she let them.

We were left practically alone.

"Are you engaged to any man for supper?" I asked of Miss Windram.

"Yes," she replied.

I believe that I detected a mournful tone. If I had not detected that note I would have left her side. I did not leave her side.

"And I am engaged to some woman. Let us get to some place together," said I.

The reasonableness of the suggestion—that is, the modicum of reasonableness—seemed to strike her.

We reached one of the conservatories without having to tell a single lie, but that was probably because we met no one en route; every one was at supper. I steered her to a seat under a palm. The light was very dim. A fountain flashed under the electric lamp in the distance.

"Tell me all," I said.

That was how it commenced. I saw that she was very pale; and I had felt her hand trembling as it rested on my sleeve a moment before. I perceived that she fancied I had led her hither to tell her something, and I was anxious to reassure her. It was I who wanted to be told something.

"All?" said she.

"All," said I.

"It was mamma," she said quite meekly.

"I guessed as much. And that is all?"

"Isn't it enough? You're a man. You know her."

"Ah—now."

"Now, I said now."

"But a year ago—"

"And a month?"

"And a month. If you hadn't remembered the exact date I should probably be at supper now. A year and a month ago she was my one enemy. She knew that I loved you—yes, a year and a month ago I loved you in a sort of way—not the way I do now; and she knew that you loved me—in a sort of way. She commanded you to keep me at a distance. Your mother is not a woman of genius, but upon occasions she can be quite as disagreeable as though she were. She prefers, however, being disagreeable by deputy. You were her deputy a year ago—and a month."

Miss Windram got up from beside me and took a few steps to the side of the conservatory, up which a splendid rose was clambering. She had her eyes fixed on a spray. It would have been out of the reach of most girls, but she was very tall, and she managed to break it off the parent stem.

She returned to her seat.

"Well?" she said.

"Then my poor uncle—"

"Poor?"

She gave a laugh.

"My poor rich uncle died, leaving his money to me, and your mother told you that you were to draw me on. I could swear that those were her exact words. Did you pluck those roses only to tear off their petals?"

One rose lay wrecked at her feet; the other dropped from her hand and lay complete among the crimson flakes. She put her hands before her face.

"But instead of drawing me on you persistently avoided me, and, in fact, did everything that was in your power to make me believe that you were sincere when you told me, at the command of your mother, that you had never heard anything more ridiculous than my suggestion that we should love each other; and that you hoped I would not think it necessary to repeat anything so absurd. You have failed in your aim, Rosamond; you did not make me believe in your sincerity. Was I right?"

I am certain she gave a sob; but she did not take her hands down from her face.

"Look at your feet," I said suddenly. She was startled, and glanced down quickly. Her gloves I perceived, were ruined. "Look at your feet. Which is to be my future—our future, Rosamond? Which? The wrecked rose or the other?"

She picked up the complete rose and handed it to me.

I kissed it, and then—

"Then a man came up and said that we would do well to hurry into the supper-room if we wanted a bite of anything."

DREAM OF WEALTH TRUE.

Mrs. Law Found Near Cripple Creek the Gold Mine She Saw in Visions.

In these days of psychical wisdom and occult speculation it is no longer the fashion to scoff at dreams, at least not such as have been dreamed by Mrs. George Law, of Kansas City.

During last year Mrs. Law dreamed five or six times the same dream, to the effect that there was a gold mine near Cripple Creek. She went out there and located the mine, according to the data furnished by her dreams, and subsequent search revealed that no magic mining compass could have made a more accurate survey of the rich field thus discovered.

In Mrs. Law's first dream she saw a hard bed of sand between two mountains. She stood upon this bed and scooped up handfuls of the sand in which glistened grains of pure gold. A few nights later she dreamed the same dream, in which every scene of the previous one was duplicated in still more vivid outlines. Three more times the vision came to her and with added clearness at each repetition. Strangest of all, she was impelled to sink a shaft in one of her dreams, and this final suggestion at last remained with her on waking and determined her to investigate the region where her fancies rambled nightly.

It was early in the spring when Mrs. Law and a friend, Mrs. Rhodes, drove into old Cripple Creek on a stage. Not a suggestion of resemblance was there between the land of her dreams and the place before her, and she was at first completely disheartened. But that night she dreamed another dream, in which she saw distinctly the outlines of the town. Impelled by some secret force, she went up to the house of her friend, Mrs. Rhodes, and from her porch looked out upon new Cripple Creek. It was the very vision seen in her dreams. The reader may imagine that Mrs. Law lost no time in making a descent upon the scene already dreamed into familiarity.

To make a long story short, she found that she had, indeed, been making tracks over a gold bed, and with proper despatch she drove in her stake and claimed mining rights.

The mine has been christened The Dream.

The locality in which The Dream is situated is one of the richest in the Cripple Creek district. About two hundred feet from it is the Prince Albert mine, in which ore averaging \$75 per ton is taken at the rate of \$4,000 a week.—New York Journal.

MINT IN TEA.

Prepared Very Carefully and Considered a Great Beverage.

Perhaps the greatest tea drinkers of all are Moors, because to them it is everything. Mohammedans do not drink spirits—which is more than can be said of the Russians—and, therefore, the Mohammedan sips his tea as his one and great consolation. The pomp with which it is made is amazing to a foreign mind.

Every one squats on the floor; the head of the house sits down beside the teapot; with great pomp the servant, who seems invariably to be called Mohammed or Absalom, brings in the boiling urn, and, after the master has rinsed the pot, put in the tea, filled the pot with water, waited a certain number of minutes and skimmed off the frothy substance that has risen to the surface, he packs the precious teapot as full as ever it will go of freshly-grown mint. Nor is this all; he takes as much sugar as the stranger imagines would fill the entire pot, and handful after handful, pokes it into this mint-flavored concoction, lets it stand some minutes, and then pours out a little of the weak but highly flavored tea and drinks it himself, to assure his guests that it is not poisoned.

Then, solemnly, cups are filled for the visitors, and, with the greatest pomp and wonderful salaams, they are handed around—to the men first, of course, as women, even foreign women, count for nothing in Morocco. Three cups of tea is the regulation supply, and it is an offence to leave any Moor's house until one has solemnly managed those three cups, enjoyed with many bows and gracious salutations, and generally accompanied by extraordinary cakes, which the Moors love, but which to the foreign taste—well, one has only to explain they are fried in rancid butter, considered by the Mohammedans a delicacy.—New York Herald.

THE SHOEMAKER'S STORY.

His Phenomenal Memory—Never Necessary to Measure the Foot Again.

Shoemaker Shaw, of Dixon, is possessed of a phenomenal memory. It is at once phenomenally good and phenomenally bad. In the first place, when he measures a customer's foot for a pair of shoes he never puts down a figure of all the numerous measurements, but he has them for all time. It is never necessary for him to measure that foot again. Years afterward he will recall them on an order and make a perfect fit.

That is the only thing Mr. Shaw can remember. A short time ago he was standing at the depot in Dixon talking to a friend. The passenger train pulled out for San Francisco, and still he talked away. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"By George! I was going somewhere on that train. Where in the dickens was I going, anyway?"

He felt in his pockets and found a ticket to Suisun.

"Now, what was I going to Suisun for?"

Again Mr. Shaw searched his pockets, read all the letters he found, and finally came to a subpoena.

"That's it. I was subpoenaed as a witness."

He had to hire a team to get to Suisun in time.—San Francisco Post.

MARCELLE BERENGER.

The Most Famous Model of Paris Refuses to Pose for Any but Americans.

Marcelle Berenger, the most beautiful model in Paris, has caused a flutter in the ateliers of the French capital by declaring her intention of posing in the future for none but American artists. She justifies the stand she has taken in a way that is far from flattering to her countrymen.

"They tire me, these French students," she says, with a charming shrug and a smile. "They are coarse and vulgar compared with the American, and so inconsiderate. They think of themselves only, and never of the model, and that surely is not quite fair."

Marcelle Jeanne d'Arc, as the students familiarly call her, though famous for her youth, beauty and personal charm, is quite unspoiled.

In appearance she is a slight, brown haired, blue eyed slip of a girl, with a faultless figure. Perhaps the chief charm of her face lies in its puzzling contrasts, in the dimples that come and go with every breath; in the eyes that never, even in her gayest moments, lose a certain look of appealing sorrow.

To quote a famous critic, "she possesses the eyes of a Mater Dolorosa and the lips of a Bacchante. She is a beautiful sphinx."

Marcelle Jeanne d'Arc lives quietly in a French family, declines all invitations, is never seen at a boulevard cafe, and, in short, when away from the studios spends her time as decorously as the most guarded daughter in France.

To those who look askance on the woman who poses at all and hold in horror the model who sits for the ensemble, this young lady's life will be a wholesome lesson.

Thrown on her own resources at her father's death, she has supported herself since she was eleven years of age—first in her native town, St. Jouin, near Havre; afterward in Paris.

On her mother's side of the house she is of noble family, and one of her uncles, hearing of the girl's wonderful beauty, asked her to visit him at his chateau, in the South of France.

When her stay was over he offered her a sum of money large enough to cover her traveling and incidental expenses.

"But I told him no," Marcelle says, proudly, in repeating the story. "He had refused to help me when a little money might have meant an education and a different life for me. Let him keep it now; it is too late."

And the story is typical of the girl's pride and self-respect. She is without doubt an anomaly—a model who is morally and physically beyond reproach—a female Bayard whether in or out of petticoats.—New York Herald.

Ever Blooming Plants.

The new hardy climbing rose now being introduced under the name of Empress of China seems to be a really valuable novelty. It is readily established, and grows very rapidly; its foliage is dense, graceful, and of rich green color. The plant begins to bloom the first season, and continues to grow and bloom till after the coming of frosts; and what is especially commendable is the fact that it is perfectly hardy.

The Empress of China, like other China roses, is of medium size, but the petals are rather broad and of good substance, and when full blown the form is moderately full, and the fragrance emitted is deliciously sweet. The buds are gracefully pointed, and of a bright carmine rose color. As they develop, however, they change to the beautiful rosy white which is so much admired in the lovely apple bloom.—Woman's Home Companion.

Thirteen a Lucky Number.

It is worth while recording that the crew of the Fram consisted of thirteen men. At the last moment Nansen added Benzen to the original crew of twelve.

"It was 8:30 when he came on board to speak to me, and at 10 o'clock the Fram set sail." These thirteen men, after an absence of three years, all returned safely to their homes in perfect health. Some curious coincidences are recorded with respect to this fateful number. "I inspected Kirk's pups in the afternoon. There were thirteen, a curious coincidence—thirteen pups on December 13, 1893, for thirteen men." Further, Nansen arrived at Vardö in Norway on 13 August, 1896, and on the self-same day the Fram emerged from her long drift on the ice into the open sea.—Notes and Queries.

Hardly Worth Remembering.

A clergyman says that he was one day called down into his parlor to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?" to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride, laconically, "but it was twenty years ago, and he fell off a horse and killed himself when we war married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."—New York Tribune.

His Mourning Custom.

A Swede who recently buried his third wife made such a scene during the interment that friends were finally obliged to restrain him by force and escort him from the cemetery.

A few days later an acquaintance called upon him to offer condolences.

"Ah," said the mourning husband, "you tank Ay feel bad now? You should see me at de grave; Ay always raise hal at de grave!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Hustler.

Rozenheimer—How did you come to gif your consent to young Swartz's request for your daughter's hand? He has noddings.

Old Swindlebaum—Ven he asks for her undt I tells him she ish only a schoolgirl, he says: "Yase, but I came early to avoid der rash." Vat could I do but gif her to a young veller rat ish such a hustler ash det!—New York Journal.

RED HAIR A DEFORMITY.

Regarded by Some of the Scotch People With Strong Dislike.

In a sketch of the estimate mankind has put upon yellow and red hair, a writer says that among some of the Highland clans red hair was regarded with so much aversion as to be considered a positive deformity. An amusing instance of this is still kept in memory.

A certain nobleman paid a visit to an old Highlander, and was introduced by him to his family, consisting of six fine, stalwart sons. The nobleman, however, happened to be aware that there were seven, and inquired after the absent member. The old man sorrowfully gave him to understand that an afflictive dispensation of Providence had rendered the seventh unfit to be introduced in company.

"Ah, my poor fellow," said the sympathizing visitor, "I see—some mental infirmity?" "On the contrary," replied the father, "he is by far the cleverest of the family—there is nothing the matter with his mind."

"Oh, then, by all means, let me see him," said the nobleman and while the old man went in quest of the unrepresentable youth, he prepared a kind word for the cripple, whom he expected to be produced. To his astonishment, however, the father returned, followed by a fine, tall, handsome, young fellow, by far the most prepossessing of the family. "Excuse me," stammered the nobleman, "but I—in fact—I see nothing the matter with him."

"Nothing the matter with him!" mournfully exclaimed the afflicted parent; "nothing the matter with him! Look at his hair!"

The nobleman looked; sure enough, his hair was red!

"Ah, that explains," he readily exclaimed to the relief of the youth, "the reason why he is by far the cleverest of the family."

An explanation of the origin of this bitter aversion may be found in some quarrel between the different clans, since there were clans in which red hair predominated.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

LEGAL FEES.

A Lawyer Paid Himself as a Stimulus to Transact His Own Business.

A would-be client once wrote to Parsons, the American advocate, stating a case for his opinion, and inclosing a \$20 note. The other did not reply; whereupon the man wrote a second letter. Then Parsons answered that he had read the case and formed his opinion, but somehow or other "it stuck in his throat." Whereupon, the man, perceiving what was amiss, inclosed a \$100 note, and got the opinion. Nobody does anything well for nothing, and certainly not a lawyer. Lord Mansfield was so sensible of this that when, on one occasion, he had to attend to some professional business of his own, he took some guineas out of his purse and put them into his waistcoat pocket to give him the requisite stimulus. Sir Anthony Malone, an Irish Attorney General, was so imprudent as to omit this precaution, and, as Mr. Cronke James informs us, was grievously punished for it, for he was so inattentive as regards some property he bought for himself that he lost £5,000 a year by it. In future he caused his clerk to make an abstract of the title deeds of any property he bought, and lay it before him with a fee of 5 guineas, properly indorsed, which the clerk was scrupulously to account for, after which Sir Anthony made no more mistakes, as regarded, at least, his own affairs.—London Illustrated News.

How He Proposed.

"The best 'dinner yarn' that I ever heard," observed a woman at a Boston dinner party recently, "was the story of the young man who was much in love with a certain young woman, but hadn't the courage to tell her so. One evening they were dining out together, and it so happened that a hated rival took the girl to dinner. The rival's manner made the bashful lover suspect that the rival intended to propose to the girl that very evening. As the dinner progressed the lover became absolutely sure of this, and, spurred on by necessity, he resolved to put his own fortune to test, and at once. Tearing a leaf from his notebook he accordingly scribbled a line or two, folded it, and gave it to the nearest servant with a 'Hand that to the lady in blue.' (There was fortunately but one such at the table, or matters might have been complicated.) The girl received the note, opened it, and read: 'Will you be my wife?' followed by his name. He had forgotten to send the pencil, however. But the girl was as ready as the man was lacking, and she turning to the servant and said, calmly: 'Just tell the gentleman Yes.'"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mrs. Nansen's Carrier Pigeon.

Mrs. Nansen, wife of the famous Arctic explorer, is the owner of a remarkable carrier pigeon which, after being away from its home for nearly two years, winged its way back over a thousand miles of frozen waste and yet another thousand of ocean and frost and plain. Under its shining white wing it brought a note from Nansen, telling his wife that he was well and the expedition was doing finely.—Tid-Bits.

The Children's Musical.

The children were discussing a possible musical entertainment for charity.

"We can't make it pay," said Jennie. "Why, I heard mamma say these singers get five hundred dollars for an afternoon!"

"Booh! Nonsense!" said Polly. "I know a hand-organ man that'll play for an hour for twenty-five cents, and throw in a monkey!"—Harper's Round Table.

A STRANGE CASE.

A Young Girl, Supposed to Have Died, Returns to Life Totally Blind.

Ethel Gilliam, young girl living in Portland is the subject of close attention on the part of doctors and others as the result of remarkable powers developed since her equally as remarkable resuscitation from supposed death.

Ethel was taken suddenly ill. At the time she was an apparently strong, robust, healthy girl, with every faculty alert. After a long illness she died, so it was thought. The body was cool and clammy and soon became rigid. She was placed in a casket and all arrangements made to consign the remains to the earth.

A glass case was over the face of the child, and about an hour before the services, while the heart-broken mother was taking her last look at the face, she saw the eyes open as if from a deep sleep. The cover was only laid on the casket. The mother removed it and the child at once sat up, and in a pained voice said: "Oh, mamma, I wish you had not recalled me. But why is everything so black? Why do you not light the lamp?"

An examination then showed that the child was totally blind, though every other faculty was perfect. Although blind she seemed endowed with a wonderful power that enabled her to read and see by the sense of touch alone. She told her parents that she had been in heaven and had seen Jesus and the angels and many friends who had gone before.

She can read by passing her fingers over the printed or written page, and can describe persons whose pictures were handed to her. The latter power was first discovered by a photographer. The sick girl was handed a watch, and she told that it was a gold watch and the time of day by passing her fingers over the glass.

To make sure that her power was genuine a paper was held between her face and a photograph, and she described the picture perfectly as that of an old gentleman with gray whiskers, wearing a dark suit and a cravat. She read from books and papers handed to her by the use of her fingers.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Fly and the Scissors.

Many Kentucky people who have seen the wonderful work of Carl G. von Schoeler, the Kuttawa engraver, will testify to the truth of this story, told in The Paducah News, though it will sound much like a pipe dream to the uninitiated: "A house fly went off with a pair of scissors at Kuttawa a few weeks ago. This sounds strange, especially when it is added that the fly was just a common, everyday specimen of that domestic pest. In that respect, however, the fly differed from the shears. The scissors were among the wonderful minute tools intended for the cherry-stone work-basket made by C. G. von Schoeler, the engraver. Although so small that their outline could not be distinguished by the ordinary eye, they were perfect in size and mechanism, it being possible to cut human hair and colobes with their tiny steel blades. It took several days of Mr. von Schoeler's time to produce them, too.

The scissors lay on the carver's work-table. The fly started across the table. His legs became entangled with the scissors, and he took flight. The shears were so light that the insect moved away with ease before Mr. von Schoeler could rescue his precious little prize. The fly has not been seen since. Neither have the scissors. The former owner of the scissors says the fly is at home cutting out a new pair of light trousers for summer use."—Louisville Courier Journal.

How Dead Horses Are Useful.

The body of a dead horse is put to a great variety of uses.

The leg bones, which are very hard and white, are used for handles of pocket and table cutlery.

From the tail and mane are made the horsehair cloth for furniture covers, while the ribs and head are burned to make bone-black, the vapors arising being condensed and forming the chief source of ammonia.

The short hair taken from the hide is used to stuff cushions and horse-collars, and the hide itself furnishes a waterproof leather known to the trade as cordovan, and is used for the manufacture of high-class hunting and wading boots.

The hoofs of the