



CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
"To judge her now would be cruel," said Nestorius gravely. "Her idea of her father's existence is a consoling hallucination. As she grows older and knows more of the world, doubt will arise and then certainty that they two can never meet on earth. Poor Boldwood! I can see him now rushing along Holywell in his rag of a gown. A tall, Herculean form, a face like a Titan's ugliness and power curiously combined. He had fine eyes, I remember, but not her eyes. They are Southern."

"The legacy of the Gitanos, no doubt. By the by, I found something among my brother's books that may interest you—Boldwood's relics—only a miniature and some charred papers utterly unreadable."

"Who knows whether we might not get them read; experts contrive to decipher even a charred manuscript nowadays. I should like to examine Boldwood's relics."

"How keen you are. Upon my word, you have all the eagerness of a boy. Lashmar rose and went to a Chippendale cabinet, one of the gems of the library. It was the place in which his brother had kept all his private letters, and Lashmar had explored it six months after he came into his inheritance, curiously, sadly. The tin case was opened and the packet of papers laid on the table.

"These can be deciphered, I believe," said Nestorius; "they are only scorched and blackened by smoke, not charred. I am going up to London on business tomorrow; will you allow me to take these with me and place them in the hands of an expert for transcription?"

"If you really think it worth while. They may be papers of no importance—letters from duns, perhaps."

"Boldwood would hardly have kept them in that tin case unless they were of some consequence. They may throw a light upon his life abroad—upon his marriage."

"And on Stella's birth. I understand! It is your interest in her which makes you eager to find out all you can about her father."

"Naturally. My interest is in the living, not in the dead."

He opened the case and looked at the miniature. "Stella's eyes," he said, "and the outline of Stella's cheek and chin. This must have been her grandfather."

Mr. Nestorius was absent three days, during which interval everybody missed him, the women sorely.

Stella welcomed him with a happy smile, when they met unexpectedly in the park on the gray October afternoon that witnessed his return.

"I was going to Verner's cottage," he said, looking down at her with a smile she interpreted as paternal and protecting, but in which shrewd Mrs. Mulcher would have seen some touch of deeper feeling.

"I thought I should find you there. I gave your story to one of the keenest publishers in town—told him to make his reader give an opinion upon it instantly. He was to sit up all night to read it if need be, for I wanted the manuscript sent to the printer forthwith. The reader did sit up for the best part of the night, Stella. He declares that the story is the finest thing he has read in the way of fiction for the past five years; full of power—fresh, young power—untrained, of course; but the style is incomparable. 'Where did the writer get his style?' he asked. 'It is so simple, yet so strong; scholarly, and yet so original!'"

"I am so glad," gasped Stella, dizzy with delight; "and so very glad he thought the writer was a man!"

The statesman was delighted at her girlish rapture. When a man of mature years stoops to admire a clever girl of nineteen, his admiration has a gentle protecting air, which is very sweet to the recipient, and from such a man as Nestorius, kindness was like the notice of a god. Stella felt as if she were living in a new atmosphere, balmy, reposeful. She felt herself lifted out of the region of slavery and humiliation.

Were but this little book successful her bondage would be at an end forever. She wanted so little for freedom. She could live upon so little, she who had never had any money or known what it was to have her wishes gratified since she was a child. One feeble ray of success would be light enough for her obscure path. Only to get out of this great, grand, beautiful house, in which she felt herself ever so much lower than a servant, a dependant, an incubation. Only to get away from the possibility of encountering those proud eyes and scornful lips which always stirred spirit to rebellion. She had schooled herself to endure her ladyship's tyranny; but never could she so school herself as to look without angry feeling upon the man who had ordered her out of the library as if she had been a dog. Yes, he had driven her like a dog from that familiar room in which she had lived so happily through the sunny years of her childhood.

CHAPTER XV.
The return of Mr. Nestorius enlivened the tea meeting in the spacious library, where deepening shadows softened the dazzle of gold and color into a harmonious blending of many tints, just as half a dozen faces photographed rapidly, one upon the other, produce a combination far of greater beauty than the handsomest of the six. Mr. Nestorius was not a man who overwhelmed either the house or the salon with floods of talk, but he talked well, and his voice and conversation together had a rare and potent charm for feminine hearers.

It was half-past eleven when Nestorius and Lashmar went to the library—the former carrying a little portfolio with the papers he had brought from London. The evening had been livelier than usual, and Lashmar had hardly left Lady

Carminow's side—to the delight of his mother, who watched the two from her arm-chair by the fireplace, where she sat in a kind of semi-royal state, with Mrs. Mulcher for her lady in waiting.

Mr. Nestorius seated himself near a reading lamp, and opened his portfolio. "First, let me restore the original papers," he said, handing Lashmar a packet. "They are there, unreadable to the ordinary eye. You will keep them in trust for Stella. Here are the copies. Four are love letters, pure and simple, written by the future Mrs. Boldwood to her husband. The fifth and last is from Mrs. Boldwood's father, and it dated two years after the date of the other four, and was written, as I understand it, just before Stella's birth. It is a letter that may have helped to bring around the mother's untimely death."

"Will you be good enough to read them to me?" asked Lashmar, hating himself for never having learned Spanish.

"N—y—u—m, n—y—u—m, n—y—u—m," began the statesman, murmuring gibberish, as he ran his eye over the page. "Perhaps it is hardly worth your while to hear the love letters. Such things are always alike."

"I will have every word," answered Lashmar. "If you don't read them I shall think you don't know Spanish."

"That is a challenge," said Nestorius, "so here goes."

He cleared his throat and began: "Alas! dear one, I know not where or when I can hope to meet you again. Not in the church, or on the way to the church. It is too dangerous. Nita never leaves me—and I had hard work to prevent her telling my father of our last meeting. I will be in the garden between seven and nine o'clock every evening. If there might be a chance that way it would be so sweet to see you again, just for a few minutes by the little door, while Nita has gone into the house on some errand. You know how watchful she is, and how she always brings her sewing out into the garden to sit with me. There is so little for her to do in the house of an evening. My father is almost always out of doors at his club or with his friends."

"How can you talk of your shabby coat, dearest? Do you think I value people for their coats? And if you are ever so poor now, you, who are so clever, are sure to be rich some day. Or, if you are always poor, it will make no difference to me. Nita says my father has a large fortune, but I have never seen any signs of riches in our house. We have no fine furniture, or plate, or jewels—only the things that my great-grandfather had before the Peninsular war. We have all we want, but no more. If you could only see my father and talk to him and get his consent to our marriage I should be the happiest girl in Madrid. Yours everlastingly,

"INEZ."

The next letter was more impassioned and glanced at past meetings, at vows interchanged. The next, again, was a still wilder outpouring of a girl's all-confiding love. No more talk of the father's consent. All was surrendered to the lover. "Whatever may be your fate I will share it. I will go with you to the end of the world!" A second suitor had appeared, of noble family, wealthy, middle-aged, favored by the father. The girl shrank from him with loathing, flung herself into the arms of her out-at-elbows English man. "Take me away from them, dearest," she pleaded, "or my father will make me marry that man. He raged with anger when I told him that there was some one else I cared for. He swore he would lock me up till my wedding day. Take me away, Juan; make me safely your wife before he can lock me up. No, dearest, I am not afraid of poverty with you."

The last of the four letters was the briefest, arranging a rendezvous which was to end in an elopement.

Then, after an interval of two years, came the father's letter—curt, icy, incisive:

"You choose your own path in defiance of me. You may keep it. Whether it lead you to the gutter or the grave is of no matter to me. You disobeyed and you deceived me for the sake of an English adventurer. You have your recompense in your adventurer's love. You say that he is still devoted and that by the labor of his hands he earns your daily bread. You are better off than you have any right to be—you, the disobedient, deceitful daughter. You tell me that a child will soon be born to you and that you would win my forgiveness for yourself and bespeak my love for that unborn child. I answer you that I have plucked you out of my heart, that you are for me neither loved nor hated, but non-existent. As for your unborn child, there is no beggar's brat about to be spawned in the alleys of this city whose birth will be more indifferent to me. X. O."

These initials were the only signature. The only address was Madrid. Difficult to trace the writer by such indications.

"Are the language and orthography those of an educated person?" asked Lashmar.

"Undoubtedly."

"And the date would agree with that of Stella's birth. Then we may dismiss the idea of a gypsy origin."

"I think so. This 'X. O.' may have belonged to the professional or the commercial classes. There is nothing in the girl's letters to imply that her people were noble; and, indeed, her father's eagerness to marry her to a suitor of good birth indicates that such a marriage would have been promotion."

"And this vindictive father is perhaps the original of the miniature."

"Most likely," answered Nestorius, closing his portfolio. "The costume is that of five and twenty to thirty years ago. A Spanish girl's elopement with an Englishman must have occasioned some talk at

the time, even in so large a place as Madrid, and by careful inquiry one might find out all about the business. I take it."

"Very likely, but the game is not worth the candle. This vindictive old wretch has positively renounced his granddaughter—nothing would be gained by unearthing him."

"Who knows? Nineteen years may have made a considerable difference in his feelings. If he is still alive—a lonely, miserable old man—he might be very glad to acknowledge the granddaughter of whom he wrote in such brutal terms."

"My dear Nestorius, it is like you to see the thing in that rosy light. You have but to take up an idea—to be interested in a question—and that fiery spirit of yours breathes around it and wraps it in a luminous atmosphere in which all outline is lost. How much more likely that the old brute is dead; or, if alive, so much the more of a brute by the passage of those nineteen years! Anyhow I shall not turn sleuth-hound and hunt him. What are you going to do with those copies?"

"Keep them."

"They can have no interest for you."

"They can have none for you, as they are in a language you don't understand."

"I am on the point of taking up Spanish. It has always been a reproach to me that I am not able to read Don Quixote in the original."

"I'll give you a translation of these letters, and keep the Spanish for my pains."

"Upon my soul one would think you were smitten by that girl of my brother's."

"I am not smitten by her, but I am deeply interested in her fate. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Lashmar, moodily.

CHAPTER XVI.
After that evening Lashmar yielded himself to the allurements of Greece, in the person of Lady Carminow, with less reserve than he had hitherto shown, and in proportion as his attentions grew more marked, Charlie became more enchanting.

By this time Lashmar had decided that destiny meant him to be Lady Carminow's husband. He had escaped the doom once, he had plucked himself out of the web; but this time he felt that he was caught.

He could account for his tepid emotions by no other theory than that nature had made him colder than other men. He fancied that he had even an aversion for women, and that he would have ended his days a bachelor, were it not that self-interest and his mother's incessant prompting urged him to marriage. He had had everything to gain from a union with Lady Carminow, and it was sheer wantonness in him to hang back; and yet he put off from day to day the utterance of those few words which would seal him as a sinner forever.

He had promised to drive to Brumm with Charlie and Mrs. Mulcher that afternoon, to go over the great Danebrook iron works, of which Lady Carminow was sole proprietor. Her name was on the carts and wagons. "Charlie, Marchioness of Carminow," Lashmar had never been over these mighty works, and he hated seeing works of any description—hated the thud of the engines, the smell of the furnaces, the grime and dust upon every thing, and was not very fond even of the operatives, though a humanitarian age insisted that he should adore them.

Brumm and the outskirts of Brumm looked a little more desolate than usual to Lord Lashmar that October afternoon, although Lady Carminow was sitting opposite him, clad in ruddy brown velvet and sable tails, with a little sable bonnet that harmonized deliciously with her rich gold-brown hair. If the beauty of a woman or the luxury of a barouche could have sufficed him, he might have been happy; but on this particular afternoon he beheld even Lady Carminow's perfection with a jaundiced eye.

The visit to the great Danebrook works did not serve to change his mood, as the workmen were on the eve of striking and received the visitors in a rather surly manner.

It was between six and seven when Lady Carminow and her companions returned to the castle. Afternoon tea was over, and the shooters had retired to the bath-rooms and dressing-rooms, and there was the sound of a piano and a very thin soprano voice from the drawing-room, whereby Lashmar opined that Mrs. Vassour was indulging in a ballad alone or in company. He went to the library, intending to enjoy a quiet half hour with the newspapers before he dressed.

The room was only lighted by the burning logs in one of the two fireplaces and a single lamp on a reading table. The curtains had not been drawn, and as Lashmar crossed the room toward the lamplight he saw two dark figures pacing slowly past the window.

He opened a casement and looked out. A man and woman were standing a little way off in earnest conversation. The woman, black robed, bare headed, tall and straight and slim, was Stella. The man was Nestorius.

He was bending to speak to her, until it seemed to Lashmar that his lips met almost touch her hair. His hand was on her shoulder, as if he had been pleading or arguing with intensest meaning. Suddenly Stella released herself from that detaining grasp, knelt for an instant at his feet and clasped and kissed his hand with quick, passionate gestures, then rose as quickly as she had knelt, and rushed away to the other end of the terrace.

Only Southern blood would have shown its feeling in such impassioned movements. Strange as the act was, it seemed in no wise false or theatrical. All was natural and spontaneous. To Lashmar, who had seen the girl silent, statuesque in her immobility, this new aspect of her character was startling in the extreme.

"Has she gone suddenly out of her wit?" he asked himself, angrily. "Has Nestorius infected her with lunacy, or is she playing a deep game? Yes, that is it, no doubt. She means to hook our enthusiast. He is more impressionable than Ulysses, and she is as crafty as Calypso. Those silent women with lowered eyelids are always shy."

He went out into the gloaming. Autumnal mists were rising all over the park. Night was coming up from the valley and the river like a palpable presence, a mighty winged monster, spreading wide pinions over the earth, curtaining and covering homestead and meadow, man and beast, diffusing a false air of peace and silence and solemnity over all things.

CHAPTER XVII.
There was no peace in Lashmar's breast, which was writhed with anger.

Why he should be angry he never stopped to ask himself.

"The hiss," he muttered; "the awful, incorrigible hiss. This is the kind of woman who leads men to ruin, who subverts class distinctions, who creeps into foolish women's houses and steals a husband's heart from his lawful wife."

He saw her standing alone at the end of the terrace, above that tennis lawn where he and Charlie had played so often in days gone by. Nestorius had gone back to the house. She was leaning wearily against an antique vase, gazing into the night.

He could not command his temper; that white hot fire in his breast must needs have some relief. Silence, calmness, were alike impossible. There is an unreasonable anger which must be satisfied, even at the loss of self-respect, which is surely the heaviest price that any man can pay for self-indulgence. He walked quickly to the spot where Stella was standing, he placed himself by her side, but was not able to see her face, which was turned from him.

"Well," he began, in his harshest voice, "you have taken the measure of our statesman, Miss Boldwood. He is a man peculiarly susceptible to flattery, especially a woman's flattery, and your little bit of melodrama just now must have delighted him."

She turned quickly and faced him, white as death as it seemed to him, in that dim light. Her face gleamed upon him like the face of a ghost. The large dark eyes, wet with tears, alone had a look of life.

"Were you listening and watching us from some corner, Lord Lashmar?" she asked, contemptuously.

(To be continued.)

He Has Ten Fingers.
Charles W. Haines of Cincinnati, who is 24 years old, has five fingers on each of his hands, but no thumbs. In the place of his thumbs are perfectly-formed fingers similar in appearance to an index finger, only a little longer. The remarkable feature of his case is that nature so arranged it that the first phalanx, unlike other fingers, has a ball joint articulating with the first metacarpal in a way that enables him to turn the finger about in any direction, even upon the back of his hand.

Haines is a silk handkerchief weaver, and by the aid of his thumb-fingers he can reach into the loom and catch up broken threads and tie them with one hand, not being compelled to use a hook like other workmen. He says that on account of his hands being so constructed he can save time and do more work in a day than anyone at his shop. Like Miss Sayers, Haines is a musician. He is a good performer on a zither, and when not employed at his work he spends a great deal of time playing upon this difficult instrument. He can pluck the strings more nimbly with what serves him as a thumb than with his other fingers, and he verily believes that nature furnished him with a deformity that has proven a physiological benefit.

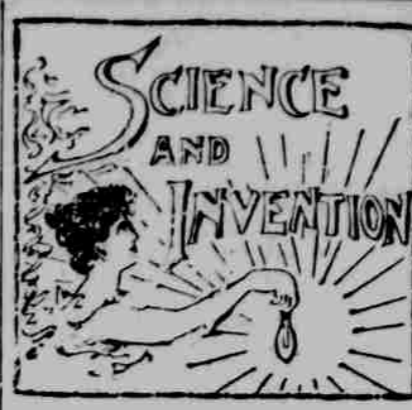
To Replace India Rubber.
The bicycle craze has created such a demand for India rubber that it has set inventors at work to provide a substitute. An Englishman, Charles Grist, claims to have produced a material which will take the place of rubber in many of its uses. He has named it "oxilin," and it appears to be an oxidized oil. Oxidized oil is not new, but the inventor claims that he is the first person who has ever succeeded in completely oxidizing it. In connection with the oil he uses vegetable fibers. It is stated that oxilin will perfectly replace India rubber for a large variety of purposes, such as hydraulic packings, wire insulations, etc., being impervious to mineral oil and standing a temperature of from 200 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit in its natural and vulcanized forms respectively. It will be sold much cheaper than India rubber.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Remembers War of 1812.
"Aunt" Aurella Fuller, the oldest woman on Cape Cod, who was 100 years of age this week, comes of revolutionary stock, and was born within a stone's throw of the house in which she now resides. Part of her present dwelling was constructed of lumber from the old house in which she was born. Her father was a farmer, and Aurella was one of a family of nine children, all of whom are dead except a brother, who is a great many years her junior. When the war of 1812 broke out she heard the news, and remembers the haste with which her father and one of his neighbors left for the scene of battle, which was at the time when the man-of-war Nimrod sailed into Vineyard Sound and bombarded the town of Falmouth.

Exploit Their Own Hobbies.
The Railway and Engineering Review raises the question "whether the present tendency toward heavier track, more powerful locomotives, and larger cars has not reached its practical limit. If, indeed, it has not already exceeded it. The fact that a railroad is primarily designed and operated for the purpose of making money is too often lost sight of, and some officials in charge of the various departments are apparently impressed with the idea that its chief use is for the exploitation of their various hobbies."

The Swedish Policeman.
In Stockholm a policeman's lot is that of a dignitary. He must pass an extensive examination, after which he wears a handsome uniform and occupies quarters provided with fine furniture, hot and cold baths and a piano, with free singing lessons. The Swedish police system of telephones and electric bells is hardly equaled anywhere else in the world.

Isaac Bell's Generosity.
The late Isaac Bell's popularity with all sorts and conditions of men and women was large. In social, political and financial circles he was esteemed and respected by all, but he was beloved by men in the humbler walks of life. He disliked publicity in his charities, but many stories could be told of his generosity. "He had a heart as big as the side of a house, God bless him!" said an elevator man in one of the big Wall street buildings, when he heard of



The difference between a planet and a star is this: A star shines by its own light; a planet by light reflected from another body.

The poles of Jupiter are fattened almost exactly like those of the earth. The phenomenon can be plainly seen with the telescope.

In the useful report of Dr. Lintner, State entomologist of New York, it is stated that the little red ant, a pest introduced from Europe, has the single redeeming feature that it is an active and efficient enemy of the bedbug.

The Pleiades contain six stars visible to eyes of ordinary keenness, though twelve or fourteen have been counted in this cluster by persons of extraordinary eyesight. A two-inch telescope shows about sixty stars in this cluster.

Mathematical calculations show that an iron ship weighs 27 per cent. less than a wooden one, and will carry 115 tons of cargo for every one hundred tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to the same draught of water.

The most scientific forester in Europe says the oldest trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, and that these are not known to live more than 570 years. Germany's oldest oaks live only a little more than three hundred years.

It has been a source of interest and wonder to arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that grow in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds.

The depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water has been recently determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 553 feet the darkness was, to all intents and purposes, the same as that on a clear but moonless night. Sensitive plates exposed at this depth for considerable length of time gave no evidence of light action.

A case of blindness from teeth crowding has been put on record by Dr. J. E. Gemmel. A boy of eleven went to bed one night with normal vision, but awoke in the morning quite blind. The pupils were dilated, fixed, and not influenced by light. Investigation at last revealed the fact that the teeth were wedged and crowded together, when two permanent and four temporary molars were extracted. Sight returned in a few days without other treatment.

The city of Breslau recently consulted the chemists of the university respecting some old manuscripts of the sixteenth century, which damp and old age had made quite illegible in some parts. A remedy was very easily found. It was ascertained that gall nut ink had been used, as had been expected. When painted with a 1 per cent. alcoholic solution of tannic acid, the characters became at once fairly discernible. Ammonium sulphide brought them out again in full distinctness. This is the well-known cure, which once more has proved reliable.

More people over 100 years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000, only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146; Ireland, 578; and in Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10, and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 people over 100 years of age. Of the 2,500,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 people have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living, whose age has been proven, is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio de Janeiro. He is 159 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived 140 years.

One of the most important factors in the mining of coal to-day is the electric mule. After the electric drill has done its work and the coal is shoveled into cars, they are gathered together with the aid of a mule or electric locomotive and arranged into long trains, which are hauled to the mouth of the mine by powerful electric locomotives. These are made of narrow gauge, of small dimensions, so as to be capable of use in galleries and runs where mules cannot be used without extra cutting. They are controlled by means of a series of parallel controllers now so universally known in connection with the trolley. An electric headlight is provided, which draws its current from the same wires, and is powerful enough to enable the motorman to see any obstruction on the track a long distance ahead. These locomotives are made in sizes from fifty horse-power up to 100.

Its Glory Has Departed.
In the days of its prosperity Bath, Maine, had almost five miles of busy ship yards. The town had never done anything else for a living than to build and sail ships, but it prospered in that. Thirty or more years ago its harbor was always filled with shipping and its streets were busy with trade. But there has been a steady decline since the end of the war, and a vivid exemplification of the decay in American shipping. At present not one wooden vessel is being built in the town, and there is not a vessel intended for the merchant marine on the ways. Old ship owners are selling their vessels properly as fast as they are able to do so, and putting their money into other things that pay better interest, and unless some change is quickly made in the economic conditions of the country affecting shipping, it is evident that Bath and a great many other towns of the same character will be compelled to go out of the business of building ships.—New York Post.

Don't think because a man is always harping on one idea that he is a born musician.

Mr. Bell's death. He then told a few stories of Mr. Bell's kindness to more than one poor man. Years ago Mr. Bell's popularity among the brokers' boys and district messengers in Wall street was assured. It was due to his habit of supplying them with lunches.

Mr. Bell would approach one of the itinerant vendors of frankfurters and pies in Broad street and purchase the man's entire stock. He would then cause it to be spread on the sidewalk and gather a crowd of boys about him, the smallest urchin in the front rank. A signal from Mr. Bell the ravenous crew would precipitate itself upon the scene with smiling faces—the frankfurter man, who had done a good day's business at one stroke, and Mr. Bell. His appearance in Broad street was always the signal for excitement among the urchins.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.
In speaking to a church woman, call them "whist" cards, instead of playing cards. As "whist" cards, she doesn't think it wrong to keep them in her Bible.

No bride should complain of a present, if it is real silver. You can get a real silver thimble for ten cents, and a very nice sterling silver button hook for a quarter.

When boys go fishing, and begin throwing rocks into the water, it is a sign that they don't believe they can catch any fish.

If a justly indignant father gave his son a spanking half as hard as the blow he gets in playing foot-ball, how quickly an indignant people would rise up and mob him.

Society dictates that when a man meets a lady on the streets, and is smoking a cigar, he must throw the cigar away, even if costs 20 cents. We refuse to do it; we will give up society first.

Society men who think they are expert "whips" should get up early when a circus comes to town, and see the ragged, unshaven circus men drive eight horses. The circus men hold eight ribbons and drive around sharp curves, up steep grades and down sharp inclines with perfect ease. Sometimes, the driver rips out a string of oaths, but it is never more than five minutes long. If a circus driver should ever break into society, he would create a sensation if he had occasion to handle the ribbons of a tally-ho.

It is a trial for a modest man to visit a dry goods store now, owing to the displays of underwear for women. One Atchison merchant has his best window filled with women's underwear, and a woman's figure is used to show it. There is something majestic about a naked man, if shown in connection with feats of heroism or strength, as is usually the case, but the naked figure of a woman, if shown in connection with underwear, becomes horrible. The more completely a woman is dressed, the better she looks.

The woman who is in it up to her chin will wear a bird's head and at least a dozen wings on her hat this season. The women are so smart. Why don't they help to solve a problem by wearing rabbits' heads in their hats? Rabbits are becoming a great pest, and some inducement must be found for getting them killed. Is there not also some part of the snake that could be made an article of fashion? Snakes and rabbits are a pest, but why should the woman pursue the birds? There are not too many birds in the woods.

Glorification of the Ham.
No man who lives on meat was ever known to kick his wife or ask for a divorce. Adam got into a row, right off, because he had no hog meat, butter or black bass. Napoleon lost Waterloo because the allied forces had bacon for breakfast the morning of the fight. The French had vegetable soup. The South had to give in at Appomattox because they were out of meat! No war can be successfully waged without hog meat. Americans are the most frisky people on earth, because they eat the most hog meat. Ingalls would have gone back to the Senate had he not lived on oatmeal, baked apples and blind robins. A vegetable diet woman is as cold and clammy and unlovable as a turnip. If you wish to put roses in the cheeks of your girls, vitality in their every motion and brains in their heads feed them meat. If you want your boy to get a job and hold it, go to the front and amount to something, give him bacon grease, ham fat or tallow three times a day. The world is full of cranks who are always getting up some new fad about lay soap and corn fodder tea.—El Dorado Republican.

Its Glory Has Departed.
In the days of its prosperity Bath, Maine, had almost five miles of busy ship yards. The town had never done anything else for a living than to build and sail ships, but it prospered in that. Thirty or more years ago its harbor was always filled with shipping and its streets were busy with trade. But there has been a steady decline since the end of the war, and a vivid exemplification of the decay in American shipping. At present not one wooden vessel is being built in the town, and there is not a vessel intended for the merchant marine on the ways. Old ship owners are selling their vessels properly as fast as they are able to do so, and putting their money into other things that pay better interest, and unless some change is quickly made in the economic conditions of the country affecting shipping, it is evident that Bath and a great many other towns of the same character will be compelled to go out of the business of building ships.—New York Post.

Don't think because a man is always harping on one idea that he is a born musician.