



CHAPTER III.

The boys, as Dulce irreverently terms them, are coming slowly across the grass, trampling the patient daisies. The sun has "dropped down" and the "day is dead," and twilight, coming up, is covering all the land. A sort of subtle sadness lies on every thing, except "the boys"; they are evidently full of the enjoyment of some joke, and are gay with smiles.

CHAPTER IV.

Past the roses, past the fragrant magnolia tree, the moon's soft radiance rendering still more fair the whiteness of their rounded arms. Dulce, plucking some pale blossom, lifts it to her lips, and kisses it lightly. Portia, drawing a deep breath of intense satisfaction, stands quite still, and, letting her clasped hands fall loosely before her, contemplates the perfect scene in mute delight.

"I was cold, I always am. Dulceina saw me shiver, I think, and ran to get a shawl or some covering for me. That is all." Voices in the distance. Roger and Dulce high in argument; a faint perfume of cigarettes; Dicky Browne places a shawl round Portia's shoulders.

CHAPTER V.

In a low rocking chair, clad in the very latest of garments permitted by civilization, sits Mrs. Mark Gore. Her arrival at the court only yesterday, in a perfect torrent of passionate rain, and was accused on all sides of having brought ill weather in the train; but to-day having asserted itself, and dawned fairly, and later on having burst into matchless beauty, and heat of the most intense, he is enabled to turn the tables upon his accusers, who look small and rather crushed.

CHAPTER VI.

Harper's Young People tells a story of an old gentleman who rushed upstairs to thank himself for serenading himself. It is amusing, but it also illustrates the power of a ruling passion to overlook incongruities while gratifying itself.



The number of stars pictured on the latest English and German photographic atlases is about 68,000,000.

Terra-cotta sleepers are in use on Japanese railroads. The increased cost is compensated for by the greater resistance to decay.

A slight layer of sand in the saucers under plants prevents them from drying quickly. Plants will be found to thrive better, and require less attention in watering.

In the last publication of the Berlin Academy of Sciences Prof. Röntgen has an article in which he confirms the observation of Dr. Brandes that it is possible to make the X rays visible to the eye.

The new invention for reducing noise of trains on elevated railroads is called Iron felt. It is placed between the rails and sleepers and not only deadens sounds and reduces shocks, but materially diminishes the wear and tear.

Cyclists, tourists and others, particularly ladies, are often troubled with dust getting into their eyes, and a transparent visor or eye-screen has been devised. It consists in a curving frame of steel with a clear pane of mica or gelatine which can be fixed on the rim of the hat, and being very light, protects the eyes without inconvenience to the wearer.

Col. Young, acting superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, reports that coyotes and black bears have multiplied so rapidly in the park, under the protection afforded them against hunters, that they have become a source of annoyance. He advises that some of the coyotes be killed, and that specimens of the bears be captured and presented to zoological museums.

It has recently been suggested that apparatus designed for saving life at sea should be constructed in part of India rubber receptacles containing calcium carbide. According to an inventor, on immersion in water, acetylene would be instantly given off, and the whole become powerfully buoyant.

Evaporation is proportional to the velocity and dryness of the wind. Scientific experimentation demonstrates that when the temperature of the air is at 80 degrees Fahrenheit, with a relative humidity of 50 per cent, the evaporation, with the wind blowing five miles an hour, is 2.2 greater than at calm; at ten miles, 3.8; at fifteen miles, 4.9; at twenty miles, 5.7; at twenty-five miles, 6.1; at thirty miles, 6.3 times as much as a calm atmosphere of the same temperature and humidity.

Some idea of the importance of a song in making a performer popular may be got from the fact that a young woman who was married the other day in Europe was mentioned for the first time in about five years, although she at one time had a large part of New York singing or whistling "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow." After New York had heard enough of that ballad it bade adieu firmly but gently to the young woman, says the New York Sun, and it soon became evident that beyond the bow-wow there was nothing about her that New York especially cared for.

So she returned to her native shores, and it was not until the news of her marriage came to this country that her existence was again recalled, with the necessary reminder of the song she had sung. The large sums said to be paid to song writers for successful work may be exaggerated, and it is, indeed, certain that none of them out of their first efforts ever grows very rich, and it takes the record of at least one triumph to gain a recognition for them. But some of them are well paid, and from the difficulties of their work appear to deserve it. There is a young girl unknown who sings some verses which make very little impression, and a vain effort has been made to get in place of them something a little more suited to New York taste. Already four writers have tried, but none of them has produced anything better than the present material. The verses have been sung and proved as flat as the others, and in view of the unsuccessful attempts made by well-known men, there will be no further efforts wasted on what seems a hopeless task. It happens that in this particular case the works of the writers have received all the assistance possible from the singer, who has done with the verses as much as anybody could.

Our Smaller Colleges. "There are a few striking facts about the small American college," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One striking fact is that 90 per cent of the brightest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own States."

It is a fact also that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the smaller colleges and have been adopted later by the larger ones. "Because a college happens to be unknown two hundred miles from the

place of its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute.

"The fact cannot be disputed that the most direct teaching and necessarily the teaching most productive of good results is being done in the small or American colleges.

"The names of these colleges may not be familiar to the majority of people, but that makes them none the less worthy places of learning. The larger colleges are unquestionably good, but there are smaller colleges just as good and in some respects better. Some of the finest educators we have are attached to the faculties of the smaller institutions of learning. Educated girls or young men who are being educated at one of the smaller colleges need never feel that the fact of the college being a small one places them at a disadvantage in comparison with the friend or companion who has been sent to a larger and better known college. It is not the college, it is the student."

Income of the College Professor. To turn to the material side of things, the assurance of a fixed income is a source of permanent satisfaction, however disproportionate the income to the service that is rendered. To be sure, the salary of a full professor, the country over, is little if at all in excess of \$2,000. In the larger universities it may rise to \$3,000 or something more, but the men who receive above \$4,000 are so few as scarcely to affect the general average. Aside from the bare possibility of a call to a richer institution, the college professor is not likely to be earning more at fifty than at thirty. Unlike most other professions, there is here no gradual increase of income, to give tangible evidence of a man's growth in power. Unless one has taken the Northern Farmer's thrifty advice, and "gone where money lies" when he married, his outlook as he faces old age is not reassuring. Professions are extremely rare; college trustees are forced in most cases to be as ungrateful as republics. The cost of living has steadily risen in college towns, keeping pace with the general increase of luxury throughout the older communities. Here and there, particularly in the West, there are exceptions, but upon the whole the scale of necessary expenditure for a man fulfilling the various social duties required by his position is constantly growing greater. The professor's incidental income from books and lectures is ordinarily insignificant. When he has paid his bills he finds no margin left for champagne and terrapin. If he smokes at all, he invents ingenious reasons for preferring a pipe. He sees the light-hearted tutors sail for Europe every summer, but as for himself he decides annually that it will be wiser to wait just one year more. Once in a while he will yield to the temptation to pick up a first edition or a good print, but Aldines and Rembrandt proofs are things he may not dally with. In short, his tastes are cultivated beyond his income, and his sole comfort is in the Pharisaical reflection that this is better, after all, than to have more income than taste.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Southern Sketch Writers. A casual glance at the magazine and book catalogues of to-day shows that while New England is doing good work in the way of serious productions, such as history, science and a few cases of essays, other sections of the country are outstripping it in a field that for long was regarded as exclusively its own. The south and west have come forward in the last few years as serious competitors in the fields of the short story and the novel, while the few poets of any notable strength that are now writing come from the same localities. The names of John Fox, Jr., James Lane Allen, Miss Murfree, Joel Chandler Harris and Miss Magruder are among the best known of modern American fiction, to say nothing of the meteoric authors of "The Quick or the Dead." Hamlin Garland and Bret Harte probably lead the whole western contingent, which seems to be growing in popularity with each succeeding season.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Soap West Down Hard. A Devonshire woman of mature age went into a chemist's shop and said to the assistant: "I've got a cruel, bad cough, surely, I've heard that my Brown's bronchial troches are good things. Hav'ee got any?" The assistant pointed to a small box on the table and said: "Yes, there they are."

"How much is it?" was the inquiry. The price was paid and the old woman took her departure. At night the assistant missed a box of glycerine soap (three cakes). A couple of days afterward she returned to the shop and said: "I want'ee to take back two of them things I had 'oother day. I took one of 'em. It was mortal hard to chew and awful to swallow, but it cured the cough."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Obit in the Bottle. There has been patented all kinds of schemes devised for the purpose of securing a bottle that cannot be refilled after having once been emptied of its contents. A great deal of fraud is said to be perpetrated by filling the bottle of some standard liquor with an inferior grade, and palming it off as the original bottling. An ingenious Philadelphia proposes to accomplish this by blowing a coin in the body of the glass bottle, and he thinks this will be tempting enough to induce someone to break the bottle as soon as it has been emptied.—Philadelphia Record.

Russia's Shipbuilding Yard. The purchase by the Russian Government of the Sebastopol shipbuilding yard has been completed, the price agreed upon being 1,500,000 roubles.

Had Seen Worse. A story that has never been in print, and is worth handing down to posterity, relates to a reception some years ago at the dwelling of a social magnate in an Eastern city. It was attended by several persons of distinction.

During the evening one of the guests, a gentleman with a poor memory for faces, and a little near-sighted, took the host aside and spoke to him in a confidential whisper. "You see that tall man over there near that vase of flowers?" he said. "Yes," replied the host. "I was talking to him a few minutes ago about the terribly cold weather I had experienced out in Iowa in the winter of 1863, and he yawned in my face."

"Don't you know who he is?" "No." "That's Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer."

Disqualified. Dabsley—Well, I suppose your son will soon begin his last year in college. Parks—No; he isn't going back this fall. Dabsley—Oh, that's too bad. He ought to go through, now that he's got along to the last year. What's the matter?

Parks—Why, didn't you know that he had had a fever and that his hair had all come out?—Cleveland Leader.

The Hitch. "You look worried," said the improvident man's friend. "I am slightly annoyed. I am having difficulty about getting a check cashed."

"Why, that ought to be easy." "It's like a great many other things. It's easy enough when you get started. My trouble is that I can't get anybody to write the check."—Washington Star.

Ransacking Expenses. "I wonder why they call the expenses of a church the running expenses?" said Mrs. Martin. "I suppose it's because the vestrymen are never able to catch up with them," answered her husband.—Harper's Bazar.

The salmon trout in British Columbia exceeds 600/50 cases.