

A CALIFORNIA GIRL.

A Continued Story.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens up with Sir Roydon Garth, a young mining expert, in California, where he had been sent by an English syndicate to develop mining property. In the discharge of his duties at Deadman's Gulch he had the misfortune to break his leg, and during his illness he was carried for in a rough squatter's cabin by Seth Marvel and his son Lance. Liliac, the old man's niece, is also a member of the old man's family. Sir Roy, impressed by her beauty and gentleness, falls in love with her and proposes, but she, realizing the difference in their positions, refuses his offer. After his recovery he foolishly exhibits a large sum of money which he carried in his belt. This aroused Lance's suspicion and he drugs Sir Roy with the intention of robbing him. Liliac overhears Lance's plans and succeeds in arousing Sir Roy from his stupor, help him mount his horse and accompanies him along the trail. She finally yields to his persuasion to marry him upon his return from a proposed prospecting trip to Nevada. Arriving in San Francisco he places her in the care of Major Emmott and his daughter, English people traveling in the west, and arrangements are made that she shall accompany them to England to make the acquaintance of Sir Roy's aristocratic mother during his enforced absence.

CHAPTER XXII.

Although Liliac had stated to Evangeline, who was naturally horrified and indignant, her intention of becoming Mark Mowbray's wife, and also mentioned it in the letter she had left for Sir Roy himself, informing him that his cousin loved him and would make him a better wife than she ever could, she had no such purpose in view as that of seeking the author or of asking him to redeem the promise that he had made her on board the Gemint. She had been compelled to tell a falsehood in order to set the baronet's mind at rest with regard to her fate, and save him from any scruples that his undoubted sense of honor would cause him to feel if he discovered or guessed that she still loved him. Her only idea when she left the hall was to take passage back to California, and throw herself once more upon the hospitality of her uncle.

She was quite sure that the old man would be glad to have her once more with him at the ranch, and she hoped that by this time Lance's passion and resentment would have cooled a little. Whether that was the case or not, to return to Deadman's Gulch seemed the only course open to her, and she anxiously counted the money still left in her purse, wondering whether it would be sufficient to secure her a passage.

Her eyes were blinded with tears when she reached Liverpool in the evening, and she wiped them away hurriedly, as, on getting out of a third-class apartment, she heard her name spoken in a very familiar voice. A tall, showily dressed man, with black hair and little black eyes, had been standing on the platform at the precise spot where her carriage stopped, and he lurched forward, with his little eyes opened wide with astonishment and a pleased ring in his whining tones as he said:

"Hallo, Lili! I knew that I should find you!"

It was her cousin, Lance, but looking so different in his soft slouch hat and Inverness cape, open to reveal a white waistcoat, from which a showy dog watch chain dangled, that Liliac felt she would not have recognized him if it had not been for his voice, which she remembered only too well.

Her first feeling was one of shrinking fear, and she glanced round as if meditating escape; but the friendly way in which he grasped her hand reminded her that his power to do her an injury, even if he wished it, would be very small in England. She was in so lonely and miserable a frame of mind, however, that there was something cheering in the sound of his familiar voice, and the girl did not feel so utterly alone as she had done when she found his great hand clasp her own. After all, he was her cousin, and traveling alone for the first time in her life, Liliac turned to him with a sense of protection.

"Got any luggage?" he asked. And, when Liliac pointed to her modest Gladstone bag, which was all she had brought away with her, and which she had retained with her in the railway carriage, her cousin secured it at once for her.

"Say, Lili, are you all alone?" He asked, as she began to walk by his side down the platform.

Liliac nodded.

"He has not left you, has he?"

"Nobody has left me," she said. "I am going back home of my own free will."

"Home?"

"Yes—to uncle Seth, at the ranch." Lance burst into a harsh, unmusical laugh.

"Uncle Seth will be glad to see me back, whatever you think," the girl said, her eyes filling with tears—at which her companion laughed all the louder.

"Maybe he would be," he explained, "if he wasn't dead and the ranch sold. That is how I can afford to come over here and dress like a gentleman. But I suppose you are so used to swell no that you did not notice my fixings." As he spoke he glanced down admiringly at his white waistcoat and seemed surprised that Liliac was not equally interested in his finery.

"Uncle Seth dead?" Liliac gasped, turning pale.

"Yes; the old skinflint died the week after you left. Sylvester had been trying to get him to sell the ranch, and, as soon as it was mine to sell, I let him have it for a very tidy price, and came over to enjoy myself and look you up. I did not think I should be so lucky, and that darned baronet out of the way, too! Why, there is nothing to prevent our getting married at once!"

Liliac had only a dim idea of what he was saying. The news of her uncle's

death had come as a great shock to her, not only because she had been fond of the hard-grained old man, as far as he would let her, but because the fact of his death and the sale of the ranch left her without a home of any kind. When the money in her purse was gone she would be entirely destitute.

When she spoke her question sounded a mercenary one:

"Did uncle Seth make any provision for me?" she asked. "He used to say that he would."

Lance flushed and laughed uneasily.

"He asked me, just as he was going off—he caught a chill, you know, and went out like a candle—to look after you and see you did not want. So it is all right, Lili. You marry me, and I will make a lady of you. I was surprised to find what a lot the old skinflint had put by! Why, we can live like fighting cocks!"

"But I cannot marry you, Lance," said Liliac, with her eyes full of tears as she thought of the poor old man, who had derived so little enjoyment from his money while he lived and gained so little gratitude for it when he was gone.

"Can't marry me? Why it is just the thing! Of course it's kind of me, I know," drawled Lance, after the way you have been carrying on with that high-frown Britisher, but I always meant to marry you and I won't draw back just because I have a little dust! Come round here, where there are not so many people, and let us talk it over."

Liliac followed her cousin obediently to a side-platform, which was quite deserted, except for the presence of one man on a seat, hidden behind a newspaper, in which he seemed too deeply interested to notice any one passing by.

"But I cannot marry you, Lance, because I do not love you," said Liliac pathetically, sad to have to anger the only friend that she seemed to have left to her.

Lance was very angry indeed.

"Come, Lili," he said, his voice changing—"that was all very well when there was another man in the way; but you say yourself that you have got tired of him and were going back to the ranch. It is lucky for him that you did tire of him, because I should not have let him stand in the way."

"I have not tired of Sir Roydon Garth," said Liliac quietly, thinking it best to speak quite plainly to her cousin so that he might dismiss all thought of marriage with her. "If I do not marry him, it is only for his sake; and I shall love him as long as I live."

Her companion's face grew white with passion.

"You love the skunk still, and, after all, he won't marry you? By heaven, I will kill him for you!"

The girl was alarmed at the savagery in his voice and did her best to explain. Her cousin's voice changed when he heard that the lovers had not been together since Liliac left San Francisco.

"You are a sensible girl, Lili," he said, "not to marry one of those high-frown British aristocrats. You would never be happy. Why don't you forget all about him and marry me?"

"I cannot, Lance. You must not ask me," she said, frightened by his earnestness.

"But I love you," Lance cried fiercely. "I have never cared for anybody but you and never shall. And look here, Lili—I swear that, if you do not marry me, you shall marry nobody else! I'll kill you first!"

They had reached the farther end of the deserted platform, and the hulking Californian put down the bag he was carrying, as if intending to take the girl's hands. In stepping back to avoid him, Liliac would have fallen over the edge of the platform if he had not caught her. He drew her back to a position of safety, but did not release his grasp of her arm.

"Do you know that I could kill you here, and nobody would be the wiser?" he said, savagely. "See those red lights? That is a train coming in. What is to prevent my pushing you over in front of it, and saying that you fell by accident? Now tell me whether you will marry me or not?"

As he spoke he pushed her back almost to the edge of the platform, and there was a savage light in his little black eyes which terrified her.

"Don't Lance—don't!" she cried, in alarm. "You will let me fall without meaning to do so."

"Then say that you will marry me!"

"I cannot, Lance."

He pushed her farther back, so that she retained her footing on the platform only with difficulty. The approaching train was coming nearer, but he was so excited and so maddened by her persistent refusal to marry him, just as he had been assuring himself that the obstacle he had been fearing in the person of Sir Roydon Garth no longer stood in his path, that Liliac's position was a sufficiently dangerous one. She tried to scream, but the cry died in her throat through sheer terror.

"Say you will marry me!" hissed the bully once more, but as he uttered the words, his voice was strangled by the drawing tight of his collar, as a strong hand seized him from behind and flung him backwards, reeling, across the platform.

Owing to his hold of her arm, Liliac was drawn forward a few steps, clear of the incoming train. The man who had been engaged in his newspaper had put it down in time to notice her danger and come to her assistance. He stood now with his face turned towards Lance Marvel, so that Liliac did not see his face at once.

"You great, hulking brute," he said fiercely to the bully, who hung back

afraid now that he had a man to deal with instead of a helpless girl, "you ruffianly coward, what are you doing?"

Liliac had not recognized his figure in the obscure light any more than he had recognized hers, but the moment that he spoke she knew the voice at once, and sprang forward with a little cry of pleasure at finding a friend.

"Mr. Mowbray!" she cried; and the author turned in utter astonishment just as two porters came up to meet the incoming train and put an end to any further chance of violence on Lance's part, if he had the courage to meditate any.

Mark ignored him entirely in the delight of meeting his "ideal woman" when he so little expected it.

"My dear Miss Marvel," he said, his musical voice full of pleasure as he took her hand; and then he stopped suddenly and caught her slight form in his arms, for, overcome by all that she had passed through, this last surprise had been too much for the girl's nerves, and she had fainted.

Till now Liliac had been keenly on the alert for her own safety. Now that the presence of her author friend relieved her from any such necessity she collapsed suddenly, and if Mark had not caught her quickly in his arms, she would have fallen upon the platform.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in a waiting room, alone with her rescuer, who bent over her with a glass of brandy in his hand which an obliging porter had brought him.

"Where is Lance?" she asked, when she opened her eyes.

"Who is that—the man who tried to kill you, or pretended to be about to do so?"

"Yes—he is my cousin, Lance Marvel, from Deadman's Gulch," explained Liliac, sitting up. "How have you got rid of him?"

She was still full of terror, and the author hastened to reassure her.

"Your precious cousin is in custody," he said. "I had him locked up for attempting your life; but we need not proceed against him unless you wish it. I shall not give him a chance of bullying you again. Try to drink a little of this brandy—it will make you feel stronger—and then rest a bit. You need not be afraid; I will take good care of you, now that we have met again."

Liliac obeyed, with a pleasant sense of being cared for.

"You will be wondering what I am doing in Liverpool," she said, after a little while; but Mark showed no curiosity.

"There will be plenty of time to talk about that when you are feeling better. You were not waiting for anybody, were you?"

"No; I was alone. I do not know where I shall go next."

"Then I will tell you. As soon as you feel strong enough, we will get into a cab and drive to my mother's. She has heard a great deal about you, and will be delighted to welcome you."

"But were you not at the station?"

"I was waiting for a friend who was traveling by the train which arrived as you fainted. He did not expect me to meet him, however, so it does not matter. It is lucky, though, that I thought of coming to meet him, and got here a little before the train was due. You must have passed me with your worthy cousin when I was deep in my newspaper. It was a scathing attack on my last book, and I found it very interesting. Do you think that with my help you could now walk to a cab?"

Liliac stood up at once.

"I am quite strong," she said. "I do not know what made me so foolish as to faint; but—she hesitated—but I have no claim upon you that you should take such an interest in me, Mr. Mowbray."

"I thought that we were friends," he said, in his most matter-of-fact tones; "and my mother, I need hardly say, will be really pleased to see you, even if you are unwilling to do more than pay her a complimentary visit."

Liliac glanced up at him gratefully.

"Besides, I am very anxious to hear all about you—what brings you to Liverpool, and what you have been doing since we parted; and it will be pleasant to talk at home than here, where we may be disturbed at any moment. I wonder that we have had the room to ourselves for so long."

As he spoke he offered her his arm; and poor Liliac felt too utterly friendless, now that the chance of returning to her uncle's roof was lost, to make any further protest against his kindness. In five minutes more they were seated in a cab and driving rapidly through the streets on their way to the author's home.

The girl felt as if she were in a dream, from which must come an awakening that it terrified her to think of. She dared not consider the future. What chance would she have, without training or accomplishments of any sort, to support herself in a world of strangers? When the few pounds in her purse were spent, she would be utterly destitute. For, although she knew that Mr. Mowbray would offer her the hospitality of his home as long as she cared to accept it, Liliac was much too proud to think of accepting it when she could give nothing in return.

She knew well enough what return Mark was hoping she would give, but her love was not hers to bestow. Much as she liked the kindly young author, her love was all Roy's. She felt that she must tell her companion as soon as possible the true facts of the case, and prevent him from building upon her acceptance of his hospitality, hopes that were not destined to be fulfilled. She seized the first opportunity.

"Well," said Mark, almost as soon as the drive had begun—"have you found me a true prophet? Finding you alone here makes me think that you have."

"I have found only what I expected," Liliac said slowly. "You were wrong in saying that Sir Roydon Garth would not treat me honorably. He is the soul of honor, and I care for him more than I can ever care for anybody else in the world. I left his home before he returned because I care for him so much. I found as I expected that I should not make a fit wife for him, that I should only stand in the way of the marriage which he ought to make, and so I was going back to California. But when I reached Liverpool I met Lance at the station, and he told me that I no longer a home to go to. Uncle Seth is dead and the ranch sold. I am quite homeless!" Her voice quivered as she spoke, and her eyes filled with tears.

"You must not say that while my mother's house is at your service," he said, in his low, musical voice; and then, suddenly carried away by the sight of the tears in her eyes, he forgot the restraint he had imposed upon himself, and turned towards her, his face glowing with passionate love. "I shall always be your friend, whatever happens, Liliac," he said, speaking rapidly and earnestly. "But won't you let me be something more? You know that I love you. I have loved you every moment from the first day I saw you at sea, and every day since I have thought about you and longed to make you my wife. I do not expect you to love me just yet; but I will win your love, and make you forget this man who is unworthy of you. You are right, perhaps, in thinking that you would not be happy in a crowd of cold, proud aristocrats, who would never forget that you were not one of them; but I am a Bohemian and move in a Bohemian circle, where brains and beauty are everything and the accidents of birth meet with the contempt they deserve. I have wealth to render you happy; and I am sure that I should induce you to care for me because I love you so much."

The tears were now streaming from Liliac's eyes, and she made no attempt to check them; but she shook her head hopelessly.

"You must not ask me," she said. "I would do anything to please you, since you are so good to me; but how could I make you happy if I gave you my hand while my heart was really another's? You must not think of it. It is wrong of me to accept your hospitality when I can never agree to your proposal. I oughtn't to have thought of it. Please let the cab take me to some cheap hotel, where I should have gone if I had not met you."

The earnestness with which she spoke made the man exert all his self-control to restrain his passion.

"You must not talk about going among strangers while you have friends," he said, "I should be a queer friend if I insisted upon your marrying me as the price of a few days' hospitality. Forgive me for having mentioned my love and promise to regard me again only as a friend! You must see my mother, and stay with us at least until we have thought out some plan for your future. I shall think that I have offended you if you do not."

"You cannot think that when you have been so kind."

"Say that you will be our guest, then, for a little time."

"You are too kind to me. Everybody is so much kinder than I deserve; and I feel as though I bring nothing but unhappiness to everybody."

"That is foolish," Mark said, in his matter-of-fact tone. "It is a great happiness to be able to serve you. You will come?"

Liliac bowed her head.

"Thank you very much," she said. "But perhaps your mother will not like me?"

"I suppose Garth's mother did not," the young author observed sagely; "but you will find my mother very different, as you will see for yourself—here we are."

(To be continued.)

Bishop James Duggan, former prelate of the diocese of Chicago, died in an asylum at St. Louis last week, aged 74. He was ordained priest in St. Louis in 1847, became coadjutor of the late Archbishop Kenrick and was consecrated bishop and transferred to Chicago in 1859. As bishop of Chicago he became quite famous for his work in that city. During the civil war he was an ardent advocate of the cause of the union and an active and energetic worker on the plans for relief which were carried on at home for the soldiers at the front. In 1866 his health began to fail and he was sent abroad, but after many months of travel in Europe in search of health he returned in 1869, a mental and physical wreck, and on April 15 of that year was sent to St. Vincent's institution, St. Louis, where he has been confined ever since. Had he lived until the 15th of April he would have been there just thirty years. During the long term of his confinement in the asylum he wasted away physically from the tall, handsome figure once the admiration of all who knew him to a feeble old man, and his mind, once so brilliant and active, also weakened with his physical powers, until all traces of his former character almost completely vanished. Bishop Duggan preached the funeral oration of Stephen A. Douglas.

Shirt waists are losing their plain, masculine finish, and a tucked yoke of white, with the band in the front, also of white, tucked in fine tucks perpendicularly, is to be seen with the lower part and sleeves of gingham or any of the pretty colored materials to be found in shirt waists. The yoke is frequently joined to the body of the gown with a little open-work insertion, and small pearl, ball buttons fasten the waist the full length.

LEAD LONELY LIVES.

Women Who Have Achieved the Art of Being Silent.

"When you are staying at Biarritz, mind you walk out one day and visit the humble retreat of the self-sacrificing Bernardines, or, to put it more plainly, the sisters of silence. They live close by the convent of Notre Dame du Refuge, among the sands and the dunes, and scattered fir trees of the wild coast of the Bay of Biscay, half way between Biarritz and Bayonne. You will doubtless be staying at the Hotel du Palais, which, as you know, was once the summer residence of the Empress Eugenie, when her now saddened life was all sunshine and happiness; and you may take it from me, for I happen to know, that her majesty the Empress of the French, took no greater interest in any religious order than in her favorite penitents, who are bound to mortify the tongue and eye, who never speak and who never look into a human face."

"LA SOLITUDE."

All this was whispered in my ear by an old friend before I left London for my winter holiday, which was to be spent under the shadow of the Pyrenees close by the border line between Spain and France. I confess that I had never before heard of the Bernardines or knew that there was any religious order of women which observed the laws of silence and abasement. Of course I know the Trappist monks, who never speak, and who dig their own graves, and I have seen them at their dumb and isolated work in more than one country; but I had yet to become acquainted with "La Solitude," near Biarritz, where, under the very hardest and strictest conditions of life, women rescued from the world—as in the case of the penitents of the Good Shepherd at Mill Hill—seek pardon in self-denial and good works.

But do not believe for a moment that, however bitter their task, however humble their dwelling in the lonely dunes, however lowly and unadorned their chapel, their refectory and their "cellules"—which almost resemble a prisoner's cell, with nothing but sand for the floor—these solitary and silent women are never idle. They till the barren soil and make it fertile; they cultivate flowers and grow vegetables in abundance, which are freely sold in the markets of France as well as of Spain; they make lace, they make shoes, they paint cards with exquisite taste—all of which produce is sold for the benefit of the Convent of the Refuge, with its sister and adjacent home, "La Solitude." All they cannot do, by the rules of the severe order to which they have voluntarily bound themselves for life, is to speak or to life up their eyes to look into a human face. Speechless and with ever downcast eyes, they meditate hour by hour and day after day on the life that is past and the life that is to come, tolling, working, praying, and doubtless reflecting on the motto which hangs on the convent wall:

Il en route de Bien Vivre, mais Qu'il sera doux de Bien Mourir.

So, one bright, sunny morning I set forth from the famous hotel facing the blue Bay of Biscay, once the palace of a luckless empress, and naturally, her favorite home, being so near to her native and beloved Spain, to discover the convent of the Bernardines or Sisters of Solitude. There was little silence as I walked along. The birds in the air were singing bells jangled on the collars of the horses and the oxen; the steam cars puffing away on the road from Biarritz to Bayonne; they were all laughing merrily on the golf links by the sea, and in the club house adjoining, where the English residents and visitors seem to spend the best part of the day between meals, all as golf-mad out here as we are in England. The blue sea dashed upon the rocks flinging a torrent of white spray into the air, and one felt in this glorious atmosphere bracing as a tonic, the full exhilaration and joy of existence. This was the exact contrast that was required before visiting the retreat in the pine woods—the home of solitude and silence. I was evidently nearing the spot that was to end my little pilgrimage. As I passed along the pasture and the fields, instead of rough patients and laborers I saw silent women in the somber habit of black and white, hooded in black, and with large white crosses on the tabard-like mantles, hoeing the turnips, tilling the soil, gathering the fir cones, guiding the cattle, all speechless, all with eyes cast down on the ground. Suddenly a bell rang out of the convent. Down went these silent workers on their knees; they had taught the cattle to do the same, or, at any rate, to humbly stoop when the good sisters indulged in a few seconds of silent prayer. At every quarter of each hour, day and night, this bell on the convent clock strikes out its ominous message, bringing a moment's meditation to those sad women, who, we may hope, after their grievous trouble, are at last at peace with all the world.

You approach the lowly solitude by a sandy lane, with small hedges on either side starred with camellias, cacti, and flowering laurustinus. It is nearing the sunset hour and frost is expected, so the Bernardines are surrounding the tender plants and vegetables with matting, and are busy at the top of the glass conservatory neatly rolling down preserving mats of plaited straw. For them in their humble, sanded refectory at nightfall will be a piece of dry bread and a jug of cold water; a prayer on bended knees, abased in the sand; every quarter of an hour a silent meditation in the lowly chapel, bare, white-washed and sanded, unadorned save for the statue on the high altar of "Notre Dame de la Solitude"—miraculous gift. And then a few hours' sleep in the plainest cell, comfortable, but spotlessly clean, scarcely protected from the bitter, piercing air outside. Believe me,

the cattle of the Convent of the Solitude in their warm, cosy sheds, are better tended.

I am met at the gate by one of the Sisters of Notre Dame du Refuge, who is pained by no laws of silence, and who spends her day at the entrance of the solitary convent. Our first visit is, of course, to the chapel, appallingly plain and bare.

Here is the first instance of the severity of the rules of self-denial. In other convents there is comfort at least in the chapel of the order, where all the religious meet to pray morning, noon and night. Colored statues on the altar, painted windows, and frescoed walls, gaily adorned "stations of the cross," laces, flowers, altar cloths, music, light, and brightness relieve the convent life elsewhere from its dreariness and monotony. Not so at the Solitude. Only one patient figure on the altar of "Our Lady of Loneliness," and so more. Elsewhere, sand for the floor, whitewash for the wall—a barn-like, desolate and deserted place.

THE PRAYER OF AN EMPRESS.

Here, prostrate on the sand, in this very chapel, many long years ago, was found her majesty, the empress of the French, praying with all the earnestness of her beautiful nature, for a special gift from God. The good Abbe Cestac, seeing her attitude of intense devotion, ventured to approach her and whisper words of comfort and hope in her ear. "Madame," said the gentle priest, "I have been praying also, and I have an inner conviction, fortified by my appeal to the Mother of Sorrows, that your prayer will be answered." Nothing more was said. In four months' time, to the joy of the empress, the emperor and France, the prince imperial was born. Shall we wonder, then, that the penitents of the Solitude, the spot, the scene, the history of its foundation, and its work of mercy, appealed directly to the generous heart of our own queen of England? Shall we be surprised to hear that her majesty, with her gentle, tender nature, made her way also to the Convent of Solitude (that was so dear to her well-loved friend, the lonely, widowed and disconsolate Empress Eugenie)? The sister who took me round this home or rest told me that she had had the honor on more than one occasion to escort the Queen of England the Princess Beatrice over the convent, both of whom were deeply touched by the sentiment of the Solitude, and their names are held in veneration by all whose lives are passed in this remarkable refuge.—*Chambers Scott in London Sketches.*

A Feathered Wonder.

Probably the rarest of all feathered creatures is the "takake" bird of New Zealand. Science names it *Notornis Mantelli*. The first one ever seen by white eyes was caught in 1849. A second came to white hands in 1851. Like the first, it was tracked over snow and caught with dogs, fighting stoutly and uttering piercing screams of rage until overmastered. Both became the property of the British museum. After that it was not seen again until 1879. That year's specimen went to the Dresden museum at the cost of \$500. The fourth, which was captured last fall in the fords of Lake Te Anau, in New Zealand, has been offered to the government there for the tidy sum of \$1,250.

Thus it appears that the bird is precious—worth very much more than its weight in gold. The value, of course, comes of rarity. The wise men were beginning to set it down as extinct. Scarcely aside, it must be worth looking at—a gorgeous creature, about the size of a goose, with breast, head and neck of the richest dark blue, growing duller as it reaches the under parts. Back, wings, and tail feathers are olive green, and the plumage throughout has a metallic lustre. The tail is very short, and has underneath it a thick patch of soft, pure white feathers.

Having wings, the takake flies, and the wings are not rudimentary, but the bird makes no attempt to use them. The legs are longish and very stout; the feet not webbed, and furnished with sharp, powerful claws. The oddest feature of all is the bill, an equilateral triangle of hard, pink horn. Along the edge where it joins the head, there is a strip of soft tissue much like the rudimentary comb of a barnyard fowl.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Sidney Webb, an English publicist, calls Salt Lake City the purest municipality in America.

General Lloyd H. Weston, who cleared the Pasig river, entered the service as a sergeant in the Eighth Illinois during the civil war.

The residents of Alva, Okla., have decided to change the name of that town to Capron, in honor of the Rough Rider captain killed at Santiago.

Boston, which is nothing if not modest, has undertaken to teach New York how to conduct an equine exhibition, vulgarly called a horse show.

Speaker Robert McNamee of the Florida legislature was presented at the opening of the session with a gavel made from the keel of the battleship Maine.

The statue of Isabella, former queen of Spain, which stood for years in the Central park of Havana, has been taken down by order of Military Governor Ludlow.

Alleged agents of Rockefeller are so curing large hematite iron ore deposits in Grant County, New Mexico.

Joseph Vidal, the heavy-bearded and long-haired individual who has been writing love letters to Miss Helen Gould, has at last been arrested, charged with being insane. He did not put any stamps on his letters and Miss Gould's secretary paid the postage for them for a long time.