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NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

The wheat harvest in some parts of Fillmore county, especially the north and south, will be heavy. The potato crop is fine and corn is looking well.

The Modern Woodmen of America lodge is preparing for a grand picnic to be held at Geneva July 23, for which about $400 has been collected.

Articles of incorporation of the Stockville State bank of Stockville, Furnas county, were recorded in the banking department and a charter issued.

The old settlers' picnic of Dixon county will be held at Allen, Tuesday, August 26. This is the first time Allen has had the big festival and it is going to make the day a big one.

Rev. J. C. Redding of York has left for California, where he intends to locate. His family will follow as soon as they can dispose of their residence. Mr. Redding and family have many friends in York, who are sorry to have them leave.

The famous Arabian stallion Linden Tree, presented to General Grant by the sultan of Turkey, is sick, and will probably die. The animal was born in 1879 and was brought to this country in 1883. The horse is owned by General L. W. Colby of Beatrice.

A report from Brownlee says that the son and daughter of William Steadman, aged 6 and 8 years, were accidentally shot. One of the hired men was handling a shotgun when it was discharged, part of the load entering the boy's scalp and part in the girl's side. Both are seriously hurt.

Notwithstanding the recent heavy rains, a number of wells in Gage county are going dry. In Midland township a well on the Sallenberger farm and another on the Ramsey place have dried up completely. Both wells were deep ones and had furnished an abundant supply of water for years. There is much speculation as to the cause of this phenomenon, but no satisfactory solution has yet been offered.

N. S. Short has begun suit in the district court to recover $10,000 from the Fremont Tribune for alleged libel. A few months ago that paper published an article concerning a business man whom it said left town suddenly to avoid a criminal prosecution. Although no names were given, the plaintiff alleges that he was plainly described as the man and that because of the publication of the article he has been damaged in the sum of $10,000.

Governor Savage and his military staff will attend the laying of the keel of the battleship Nebraska at Seattle, in spite of the protests of labor organizations of that city, Omaha and other places. The governor at first was inclined to take sides with the union men, but after investigating the trouble concluded that the fact that non-union men were employed in the construction of the battleship was no reason why he should join the boycott.

Deputy Labor Commissioner Watson is receiving reports which show that in nearly all wheat-growing counties the wheat acreage is larger than ever before in the history of the state. In Lincoln county the winter wheat acreage last years was 476, while this year it is 2,442. Jefferson county shows an increase from 31,937 to 43,508. Furnas' acreage has increased from 29,597 to 63,508. The Cass county report shows a jump from 5,000 to 16,000, and that for Dodge county of from 3,000 to 6,000.

The hearing of habeas corpus proceedings in the case of the village of Osmond against Fairfield Colson was heard before Judge Williams. Colson was arrested for selling milk separators in Osmond without paying an ocupation tax. He was tried before Justice Leedom and convicted and fined, and upon refusing to pay the fine was placed in jail. He was refused bail, pending an appeal and habeas corpus proceedings were instituted. Judge Williams decided to release the prisoner, as refusing bail in a case of this kind was a violation of the constitution.

Niobrara witnessed the event for which it has been waiting for thirty years—the advent of a railroad. The first rails on the Elkhorn extension were laid in the city limits last week. The event was the occasion of the most enthusiastic demonstration ever held in the town. While the rails have been laid into the town, the sidetracks and other facilities for operating the line are not completed and the road will not be turned over to the operating department for some little time. From Niobrara the line is to cross the mouth of the Niobrara river, hugging the chalk rock bluffs along the Missouri river for two miles, when the valley of Ponca creek is reached and followed nearly to its source, in Gregory county, South Dakota. The 960-foot bridge across the Niobrara is rapidly approaching completion sufficiently to permit the construction train to cross.

Bernard Eddvathe, the 7-year-old son of Albert Eddvathe of Fremont, dropped a lighted match into a can of powder and looked in to see if it would burn. An explosion followed and the boy's face, neck and chest are badly burned, and it is doubtful whether his eyesight will be saved.

Victor R. McLucas, superintendent of the Superior schools, has resigned. Mr. McLucas has bought a drug business in an Iowa county seat and has quit the school room for good.

CHILDHOOD'S LOST BELIEFS.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees;
I knew what thrived in yonder glen;
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where the checkerberries could be found—
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the peaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth;
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet there's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know.
To think I once was wise as he!—
But that was very long ago.

I know 'tis folly to complain
Of whatso'er the fates decree,
Yet were not wishes all in vain
I tell you what my wish would be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

THE COWBOY'S JOYOUS LIFE.

Happiest Moment When a Trainload of Tenderfeet is in Town.

Anaconda Standard: There is joy in the hearts of the cowboys who are gathered for the winter in the little cow towns along the line of the Great Northern railway in northern Montana. The railway company has announced its indignation at the actions of the boys and they are gleeful in consequence. To stir up the wrath of a great railway corporation is a luxury not often given to the boys who punch cows.

The management of the railway takes exception to the habit the boys have formed of letting off revolvers with apparent recklessness during the passage of passenger trains through the town. It is an amusement dear to the soul of the cowboy. Just now he has more money than he has at any other time of the year, and also more ammunition. The presence of a passenger train at the station, with its load of curious outlanders, moves him to show off his badness. He whoops and yells and fires his revolver until the train has pulled away, then he relapses into his everyday self, satisfied that he has scared the passengers to a frazzle. But Mr. Hill says this is reprehensible, and must stop. Will it stop? Well.

After all, the boys do not do any great amount of damage. They enjoy their innocent amusement of shooting holes in the sky and trying to impress the tenderfeet passengers. The boys have simply carried into manhoood that very human juvenile desire to show off, and when they let out a fusillade of shots and a series of yells calculated to straighten out the kinks in a sleeping car porter's hair they are only trying to put some color and romance into their very romantic and practical lives. The only harm is to the nerves of the passengers, but just think what a lot the experience gives the passengers to write about! What lurid letters can they send home of their adventures in the wild and woolly! What delicious thrills of excitement and terror can be felt in those few moments at the cow town depot! Why, it's a real slice of real life drama, better than a bushel of Hamlin Garland's stories. It is an open question whether the passengers secretly do not like the thing, for all the protests they may make to the railroad people. But it will be interesting to observe the attempts to stop the cowboys.

Wireless Telegraphy and Storms.

Washington Star: The other day a dispatch came up from Texas to the effect that the president of one of the large trunk railroad lines in that state proposed to adopt wireless telegraphy in the operation of the signal system of that road. The result of this trial would have been interesting to the public in any event, but it is of special importance just at this present juncture, when a storm has partially paralyzed the whole Eastern seaboard of the country. Today's reports, struggling in over crippled telegraph lines, indicate that the railroads are demoralized by the breaking of the signal wires here and there along the lines, in consequence of the sleet and wind. City service in all branches of electrical communication is bad. In those towns where the overhead trolley prevails the transportation business during the past few years has been suffering from a heavy handicap.

The perfection of the wireless system and its application to the land service would sweep away the overhead conductors and render the users of electricity for communication independent of storms. The conduit system, which should be required by every city within its own boundaries, is virtually impossible in the open country. It is there that the wireless process would be of the greatest help. Incidentally a question arises whether by this method communication can be maintained satisfactorily between a moving train and the established telegraph stations. The heavy jar of the train might interfere with the transmission of messages somewhat. If it did not and the service could be reliably maintained, a great aid to the safe transportation of passengers would be found, permitting constant communication between the train crew and those in charge of the lines, and reducing the danger of collisions.

The trustees of Wesleyan university, Middletown, Ct., the oldest Methodist college in the country, have given their official sanction to a bicentennial celebration of the birth of John Wesley, to be held in June, 1903.

Gari Meichers, of the Royal academy of Berlin, and one of the greatest of the great painters of modern times, is in Chicago. He has consented, for four weeks, to instruct the advanced life class at the Chicago Art Institute.

The compulsory adoption of the metric system in England has been advocated by 172 members of parliament.

"THE JOLLY DUNGEON."

One of the Latest Fads of the Smart Set in New York.

Philadelphia Press: "The Jolly Dungeon" has been a factor of New York Bohemian life for about three years, but it did not become a fashionable fad until this winter. Nowadays, if you would be thoroughly up to date in New York life you must partake of its pleasures. Many clubs and private organizations have imitated the "Dungeon" functions and give beefsteak dinners of their own on much the same plan, but they lack the peculiar charm of those held in the West Twenty-Fourth street cellar.

"Benny" Singer—he of the infectious smile and genial personality—originated the idea. "Benny," ex-hotel keeper, stage manager, and formerly associated with the late playwright, Hoyt, is widely known to theatrical people. They have been his chief patrons. Lillian Russell and May Irwin have each given jolly dinners to stage folk there recently.

Young "Joe" Leiter was the first man in the public eye to patronize the "Dungeon." The favors he distributed on that occasion cost $4,000. Since then all kinds of people—professional, commercial, theatrical and artistic—have fallen victims to the fad, so that now it is necessary to engage a night several weeks in advance, so great is the demand.

The "Dungeon" is reached down a flight of steps from the pavement and along a dark hall. Weird music comes from the distance. There is a clanking of chains and a rattling of padlocks as the barred doors swing open.

Then the light go up; the colored singers break into "rag time," and the guests are swathed in long white aprons. Each takes a seat behind a box on the bench that runs around the room.

First sherry is served as an appetizer. Then comes the steaks, each one six inches thick and the best that can be had. "Benny" broils them over charcoal in sight of the diners. They are cut in delicate slices and passed around piping hot. It's wonderful what an amount of steak one can eat in this way on thin pieces of toast.

When the appetities for steaks have been satiated, big English mutton chops are served the same way.

There's no hurry about it. Songs and stories lengthen the meal to hours. Nothing else is served except celery and beer, which is ever on tap.

Then the guests amuse themselves as they please. The place is theirs for the night. They doff the aprons, and everybody is discovered to be in evening dress. It's a novel sight. Beautiful women in elaborate toilets and flashings gems cavorting in a cakewalk in a dingy cellar!

But it's lots of fun.

So far New York has a monopoly of this queer kind of dinner party, but it will doubtless spread to Philadelphia and other cities soon.

CREATEST CARGO OF GOLD.

The Swatara Once Carried $11,000,000 in Bullion.

Washington Star: "I notice that the newspapers have recently spoken of the carrying of $7,000,000 of bullion to a foreign country by one of the ocean liners as the greatest amount ever transported," said a man who has been with the navy for years to a Star reporter. "t is entirely wrong. In 1885 there was brought from the mint in New Orleans to the treasury in Washington $11,000,000,and it was brought in a steamer.

"The government decided to transport $15,000,000 from New Orleans. It was first thought best to bring it by rail, but this was assuming a great risk. The cabinet discussed the matter carefully, and it was finally decided that the safest way would be by water. The members of the cabinet saw that there was a chance for a hold-up if the money was brought by train.

"The United States ship Swatara was first designated to carry the money, but it was found that she would be inadequate to transport the whole amount, so the wooden sailing steamer Yantic was pressed into service to help out. We removed from the Swatara her magazines. The shells from the shellroom were removed, as were also the sails from the sailroom, so that all available space was utilized for packing the coin. The only weapon of defense was a Gatling gun.

"The money was removed from the mint to the vessels in wagons. A squad of secret service officers watched the work. The two vessels were in tow, and the trip from New Orleans to the Washington navy-yard occupied a little more than four days. Considerable wind was encountered off Hatteras, but otherwise the trip was without incident. The money was carried from the navy-yard to the treasury by an express company.

"The money was in boxes of $2,000 each and in bags. My recollection is that the money was in silver dollars, or the greater part of it, for, while unloading at the navy yard, one of the bags, rotten from being in storage so long, gave way and a large number of silver dollars were scattered about the wharf.

"The Swatara was an historic craft. John Surratt was brought back from Malta in the Swatara. The prince of Wales, now King Edward, paid her a visit once when she was with the American squadron at Villefranche, in the Mediterranean. She was then the flagship. The prince, when he saw her, asked:

"'Is this a yacht or a man-of-war?'

"The Swatara is now in 'rotton row' in the navy yard at San Francisco, waiting to be surveyed. The $11,000,000 carried by the Swatara from New Orleans to Washington was the greatest amount of money ever carried by a single craft."

Dr. A. Berger, of Sorbonne, suggested in a lecture delivered before a number of scientists at Paris the other day that on international monument should be raised to the memory of the late Lieutenant Matthew F. Maury, of the United States, a pioneer of modern meteorology and hydrography.

The recent Chicago exhibition of paintings by the Russian artist Verestchagin was visited by 62,000 visitors during the month or six weeks it was open. The receipts were $4,600, of which sum the Chicago Art Institute received half. Verestchagin sold three of the pictures for a total of $6,500.

An Advantage.

The king he rideth in state,
And the assembled thousands wait
To see him pass; and some will say,
In tones exceeding loud "Hooray."

The ordinary citizen
Doth board a street car now and then
The only words he hears are these,
Repeated oft, "Step lively, please!"

But we who do not ride in state
Ourselves may much congratulate,
Since no one lingers 'round about
With bombs to decorate the route.

—Washington Star.

A FAMILY PARTY.

BY EVA WILLIAMS MALONE.

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"THERE they go."

"There who goes," Mrs. Le Grand raised her eyes rather languidly from her Battenburg and vouchsafed a non-chalant glance in the direction indicated by her friend's bejeweled digit.

"Who goes?" 'the Family Party,' of course! It's perfectly sickening to see Alfred Ralston prancing around with those two infants. Wonder if it's his latest device for renewing his youth!"

This from Miss Harcourt who, at twenty-six, had just given a "turning out party," to renew hers! Ralston, the ancient, had "rushed" her during the entire last season; and his antics with the "infants" proved less diverting to Miss Harcourt than, judging by appearances, they were either to himself or the infants.

Mrs. LeGrande, fresh and enticing at thirty in her widows 'weeds, smiled serenely upon her unwedded friend and said in that provocative way some women affect:

"Why, Alfred Ralston is not such a relic of antiquity as you would have us suppose. He was barely on his primeval legs when you gave that first (with acute emphasis on the word) debut party of yours! That would make him—let me see—he can't be much over thirty-five. A man's just in the glory of perfected manhood at that age. A man's always young, so long as he isn't married—it's different with a woman you know; the more she isn't married the older she is! It's frightful how the momentum of a woman's years does increase after she passes twenty-five; unless she writes her name with a Mrs. prefixed. In that case, she can smile at Time. She has demonstrated the fact that she could, and she did, and the rest doesn't matter."

While this edifying conversation went on within the serene little widow's Fifth Avenue—but not New York—home, the incongruous party that had provked it, passed out of sight. "The Family Party," as they had come to be called, never hovered long over the same flower-patch. When they went abroad, they went in search of honey; and, if one blossom refused to yield it, there were always plenty of others, you know—if only one does not mind the necessary flight. And, to "The Family Party," the flights seemed the very best part of the fun. They smiled upon each other in the most freshening manner—the two girls upon the one man, the one man upon the two girls. He tossed pretty verbal bouquets back and forth with the finished grace of a past grand master in the art.

"Lucky dog is Ralston!" commented one of his friends as the trio entered an uptown cafe and formed a triangular group around a table—"look at him now! Tete-a-tete with the two very prettiest girls that have come out this season. I'll venture he's making desperate love to them at this very moment—right in the hearing of the other, too! And, instead of resenting it, as women generally do, a divided homage, the sweet creatures actually seem to enjoy the play. I never could quite fathom that sort of a game. I tried it once; and, bless me! if both the girls didn't give me and each other, too, the G. B. in less than a week! But Ralston! by Jove! that fellow ought to go to Salt Lake City! Wouldn't he rush things out there—provided the Mormons didn't expel him from pure jealousy."

No wonder that the men marveled and rebelled to see one of their number monopolize with such daring grace so affluent a share of youthful charms and beauty. One of the girls, tall and lithe, was the very spirit of willowy grace—with eyes that would have put twin pansies to shame, and a complexion that her dead black costume only rendered more glowing.

The other, fair as the first, but with the brown eyes and golden hair that one rarely sees in harmonious union, save among the daughters of the South. Each one was beautiful in her way, and each sparkled with the dew of life's young May.

"Do you know," said she of the pansy eyes, "that mother declares she doesn't think our Family Party at all proper? She thinks we need a chaperone."

"A chaperone! What an aspersion upon me!" exclaimed Ralston in mock indignation. "Have I lived and suffered the pangs of baldness and bachelordom through all these years to have it now cast in my teeth that I, even I, am not a fit and proper chaperone for two spotless, unshorn lambs? Am I, Alfred Saxton Jerrold Ralston, a wolf in sheep's clothing that I should be thus traduced?"

He was a splendid specimen of manly beauty, and his pretense to decrepitude was the veriest bravado. The lion never feels himself quite so much the king of the forest as when he poses as the humblest of beasts.

"Papa said it couldn't hurt so long as there were three of us," protested Brown Eyes. "He said you wouldn't dare to make love to me while Lavice was around; and you couldn't kiss Lavice while I was looking!"

"Your father is a wise and reverend seignor; and, if he wants my vote for any office in the gift of the people, he has only to ring me up," replied this arch-conspirator, as, with one hand, he filched a flower from Lavice's boutonniere, while his left was giving Edith's just the gentlest sort of pressure beneath the table.

"Don't forget, Dewdrops," he continued, as they prepared to leave the cafe, the girls for their dancing club, and he is for some nebulous "business" of which, upon occasion, he made profert. "Don't forget, Dewdrops, it's to be Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle tonight. The old man's not quite what he was a century or so ago, when I first heard him, but he's Joe Jefferson, nevertheless, and 'The Party' must be there. Tell Pater and Mater, both of you, that we'd be charmed to have them come along. Shall I send them tickets?"

The season was nearly over. Through its entirety "The Family Party" had flitted hither and thither; or, as Miss Harcourt phrased it, "pranced" in the most gossip-defying manner. There was an impartiality and thorough air of comradeship about the whole proceeding that put the sleuth-hounds utterly at bay.

"Which is it?" they asked with bated breath as "The Family Party" appeared at ball, perao, or club dance—always Ralston, debonair, devoted, impartial—always the two girls, fresh, fair, unruffled—smiling upon Ralston and upon each other.

"Which is it—which can it be?" queried society.

"Which is it?" queried Ralston's own inner consciousness. The feeling that it only rested with himself to say which was as much a part of his inner consciousness as the question itself. The child, as it stands poised between two flowers, of which it only can possess one, never doubts that both flowers are alike, waiting to be plucked; that each will yield up its sweetness uncomplainingly. If Ralston had admitted a doubt as to the possibilities of his own prowess, that doubt might have aided in solving the problem that was perplexing him.

"It's time I settled down," Ralston confided to his cigar. "A man can't go all the paces forever. I find that my mind hovers more and more over the domestic idea. Dressing-gown and slippers allure me in a way they did not several years ago. That tiny bald spot don't yield to treatment as I had hoped it would. Heigh, ho, old man! you are getting along in years, and you may as well face the fact. You'd better settle down with a pretty young wife before the lights go out."

This brought him back to the original dilemma: "Which should it be?"

Of course it couldn't be both, and it was hardly possible to maintain the present status much longer. He concluded to take a stroll, wind up at his club, and consider the matter quietly over a bottle of wine.

As he entered the club-room, Ned Travers, the-fellow-who-knows-it-all, accosted him:

"Hello, Ralston! You must be debating questions of state from that serious mug you have on. So 'The Family Party' is broken up! Well, you carried it through admirably!"

"What do you mean?" queried Ralston, coming to a standstill. "I don't quite catch your drift."

"You don't mean you are not on to the very latest! I thought, being on the inside, you'd have an advance tip, of course."

Ralston's face was as blank as a dead wall.

"Why can't you say what you mean?" he cried, impatiently, "without beating about the bush?"

"Now, Ralston, that's rather overdoing the thing. Go tell it to the marines that you've stood looking over the garden wall while another man's shears were nipping the buds! You are too experienced a gardener to let a thing like that be done under your nose without your knowledge or consent."

"If you insist on talking in riddles, I'll admit that I'm not good at conundrums," and Ralston would have passed on in undisguised vexation; but Travers stood in his way and regarded him blankly.

"What's to pay, old man?" he said. "Your ideas seem rather dense today. You don't mean to say that you had not heard that Edith Westmoreland and Lavice Preston drove out to Neuberg's this afternoon with Charlie Hobart and Van Kirkman and the couples came back—married!"

Ralston ground his heel into the moquette beneath it and ejaculated, as he turned away:

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

The next night, for the first time in two years, he rang the dainty little widow's doorbell.

MERE REMNANTS.

Alaska, it is said, can furnish homesteads of 320 acres each to 200,000 families.

The miners are the wealthiest and the best organized of all French trade unions.

Orders have been issued in India for the return to store of all ammunition containing dum-dum bullets.

Argentina has ordered two ironclads superior in strength to those recently ordered by Chili in England.

Although ordinary wood alcohol is a poison Ohio is the only state which prohibits its sale on that account.

A nugget of pure gold, weighing 64 ounces, has been unearthed by a Chinese digger at Talbot creek, Georgetown, Queensland.

It is a hundred years since King Frederick William III. of Prussia issued an order forbidding officers and men to take off their hats in saluting and ordering the salute to be bringing the hand to the level of the eyes.

Kaiser Wilhelm has become interested in the use of alcohol for fuel on steamships, and has induced the two North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Lines to make experiments on some of their smaller vessels. If distilled spirits were generally used for fuel it is thought that German agriculture would be relieved, for a time at least.

A Javanese Fruit.

"The most delicious of all fruits of Java," writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch, "is the mangosteen. For years an enormous reward has awaited the man who would bring a basket to the Queen of Holland, but unfortunately the fruit is too perishable, and to taste it you must go to the country where it grows. Encased in a hard purple shell, lined with an exquisite pink gauze, are a number of snow white sections something like those of an orange, only each one growing smaller as they round the core. Each section contains one seed encased in a substance like the pulp of the grape. To describe the flavor would be impossible, but if you can imagine a perfect blending of the flavor of the grape, orange, pineapple, and banana, you may have a notion of the delicious flavor of the mangosteen."

HER LITTLE FELLOW YET.

What funny creatures mothers are
I sometimes laugh to see—
For all my bigness and my age—
How mine looks after me.
She wants to warm me when I'm cold,
To dry me when I'm wet;
I do believe she thinks me just
A little fellow yet!

I'm not a schoolboy any more,
With satchel at my back;
It won't be many years before
I don the haversack.
I'm going to join the volunteers—
My father was a "vet."—
And surely then I will not be
A little fellow yet!

Ah, well! the mot[illegible]'s good as gold,
And kind as kind can be;
There's no one else in all the world
That's half as kind to me.
So let her think it if she will,
When I, too, am a "vet"—
It may be I will wish I were
Her little fellow yet!

—W. A. Maitland, in Christian Work.

Almost a Tragedy.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors' Syndicate.)

HE had met her at a dinner party, she a little widow in black with the bluest of eyes and fluffy childish-golden hair. Afterward there had been drives and luncheons and she was dined, wined and feted to her heart's desire during her brief visit to friends of his in the city.

After that she knew that he loved her, although no words of love had ever been spoken between them. A few days after her departure he sent her a box of roses and a book; she had written her thanks on a great square of black-bordered paper; then he wrote to her, and all the summer they had exchanged letters—friendly, chatty sort of epistles. When she sent him a picture of herself, he threw hesitancy to the winds, packed his luggage and boarded a train for her home, resolving to forget the shadow of the dead husband, and ask her to be his wife. He remembered she had spoken of her child, a boy, and she wrote of him often in her letters, but Lucius Stillman was young and strong and he loved her and he would love her child.

He found the house easily. Such a dear little summer cottage, with a lawn as smooth and clean as velvet, and his heart trembled with love and joy as he walked lightly up the glistening white pavement.

The piazza was screened by a network of vines and a little wicker table with a litter of papers and magazines and a gay array of pillows made all look very homelike.

It was all so like her; just what he might have expected her home to be; but his spirits fell when he saw the occupant of the red hammock which swung from post to post. It was a boy But such a boy! A nondescriptive sort of a chap, a veritable rag-bag, with dirty legs and a mop of unkempt hair.

"Does Mrs. Graham live here?" he asked of the bundle of rags.

"Yas," said the boy, as he took another huge bite out of his apple.

"Are—are you her boy?"

A nod was his answer. Poor Stillman, he felt like turning and fleeing away—away anywhere. His face flushed and his heart stood still. "My God, was it possible that a woman so sweet and dainty"—but his love mastered his disappointment and he boldly rang the bell.

Aneat colored maid admitted him, took his card and left him to get his breath. It was very cool and quiet in the charming little room. The curtains were crisp and white. There were quantities of pillows and rugs and pictures and books. The piano was open and a piece of music was on the rack—a piece he had sent her: "I love you, 'tis all that I can say." Ugh, he could not forget that atrocity out there in the hammock!

There was a bowl of roses on a taborette—a little pile of notes lay on the writing desk. (He shuddered—Oh, if he only had not seen that boy—her boy!")

She came in presently, blue eyes, fair hair and all, with a dainty white gown and a bunch of heliotrope at her belt.

"Mr. Stillman! So glad—I could scarcely believe my eyes when the maid brought me your card. How good of you to come all this long way to see me."

He never knew how he got through it; he knew that he tried to smile and to talk pleasantly, but his heart ached and his brain reeled. He had been so happy; he had meant to tell her how he had grown to love her, to ask her to be his wife, and to let him be a father to her little child; but now it was like a hideous nightmare after a sweet, sweet dream. Not the ghostly shadow of a dead husband stood between, but the living presence of a dirty little urchin who looked like a vagabond, a stray cur, and who, alas! was her child.

He rose to go with some commonplace remark, but she stayed him.

"Oh, just a moment, Mr. Stillman—you must see my boy," and she vanished behind the portieres.

Great Scott! he had seen her boy, and he wished him a thousand miles away. He loved her—and yet, oh, that child of hers!

There was a quick little step in the outer room and a vision dashed pell-mell into his arms. A little figure in the whitest of white pique with her eyes and her hair and her smile. His little cap came off in a twinkling and he presented his hand.

"Mrs. Graham—Edith—is this your boy?"

"Why, yes," answered the proud and happy mother.

Stillman almost shouted in his joy. "Then who is the boy in the hammock?"

"Why, that's a friend of mine," said he of the white pique. "He hasn't any home, so I told him mamma would take his for hers, won't you, mamma?" and he raised his two blue eys to his mother's face.

Well, the bunch of rags in the hammock found a good home and blue eyes has a very young and handsome stepfather, who often laughs with his wife over what was "almost a tragedy."

The supreme court of South Dakota has been called upon to decide a case growing out of the ownership of a cat.

In the Soudan horses are shod with camel's skin.

A man is generally at his heaviest in his 40th year.

When reading, a man usually gets through 600 words a minute.