

A Declaration of Independence.

TIME: Later afternoon of Dec. 23, 1900.
Scene: A first-class carriage of train just moving out of the Great Midshire terminus.

The only occupant is a pretty girl of about three and twenty, who is busily arranging her rug and other belongings about her, when the door is opened, and a bag is thrown in. Its owner, a tall, soldierly-looking man of about thirty, dashes after it, stumbling and knocking a book off the girl's knee.

He—I beg ten thousand pardons; did I hurt your foot? If that clumsy fool of a porter—Why, Violet?

She (stiffly)—Please do not apologize. You did not touch my foot.

He—Still, I am really awfully sorry. (He hesitates, as if uncertain how further conversation will be received.) Is it possible that Uncle Gilbert has sent for you, too?

She—He has, or (jelly) I can assure you I should not be going to Hassleton. (After a moment's pause.) I understood you were at the front.

He—So I was till two months ago, but (dryly) you see you want both arms to be much good out there.

(She looks at him queerly, and for the first time notices the empty sleeve across his breast.)

She—O, I am sorry—very, very sorry!

(He bows an acknowledgment of her condolences, and as if to put an end to further discussion, opens a paper.)

He—And I am sorry that I have inflicted myself on you in this manner. As the train does not stop for three-quarters of an hour, you will understand that, being here, I am, however, unwillingly, compelled to stay.

She (resuming an air of polite indifference)—O, please don't think you

have made it most convincingly clear that the mere mention of such a thing would be most distasteful to you, which, after all, is natural enough, particularly now (with a glance at the empty sleeve). As the only way I can see to save you from unpleasantness is to absent myself, I shall wait at Boythorne for the next up train and return to town without going near Hassleton.

She (dumbly)—It certainly seems the best plan to adopt. I—I'm sorry I said what I did.

He returns to his end of the carriage, and both resume their study of the outer darkness.

She (suddenly turning and speaking in an excited voice)—But you are Uncle Gilbert's heir. You must not offend him again!

He—I his heir? You are quite mistaken. The estate is not entailed; and surely in these advanced days the fact of my being his only male relative does not give me such a great advantage over you, who are his only surviving female relation?

She—Then if he chooses to make a will leaving the court away from you, he can do so?

He (shortly)—Certainly. He probably will.

She—Yes, because he will be furious with you, after he has offered to make friends again, for wiring to say you were coming—you did wire, I suppose? (He nods assent—and then not turning up.) That settles it. I shall go back to town from Boythorne!

He (calmly)—There happens not to be another train to town from Boythorne to-night. That train that passed us a few minutes ago is the last train "up" of the day.

She (after a moment's pause)—At any rate, then, you must go to Hassleton, too!

He (with elaborate politeness)—You misunderstand me. The train service is not suspended indefinitely. I see that there is a train which leaves at the enticing hour of 2 a. m. Till then I have the choice between a bench in the waiting room and a bed at the station hotel. I prefer either to the "personal inconvenience" to which you have referred.

She (tapping the ground angrily with her foot, but trying to speak calmly)—You can rest assured that I shall tell uncle everything that has happened the moment I get in and I shall leave Hassleton to-morrow. If you are determined to disinherit yourself, I am equally determined not to profit by your folly. Uncle Gilbert can turn the court into an orphanage, or a home for lost cats, or anything he likes. (Her voice breaks, and she turns away, dabbing her eyes with a little lace handkerchief.)

He (gravely)—Listen to me, Violet. Dearly as I love the old court, and fond as I am of our cranky old uncle, he was awfully good to me when I was a youngster, I hold that one can pay too dearly for anything. To go to Hassleton and subject you to the annoyance which my presence would cause you, apart from Uncle Gilbert's probable interference in your private affairs, is to pay too high a price for any benefit I might afterwards derive from doing so. You must see there are some things a man cannot do. (A moment's pause.) Believe me, mine is the only way out of the difficulty. At any rate, as we shall be in Boythorne in two minutes, there is no time to fix on a better.

(He gets up and begins somewhat clumsily packing his papers, cap, etc., into his bag. The train stops at a sleepy little country station.)

He—Well, good bye. I hope you will find the old man better. I shall wish him that I was prevented from coming at the last moment.

She (sentimentally)—That will have a tranquillizing effect.

He (laughing)—Well, we must hope so, though I don't fancy it will. But I must be off. There doesn't seem to be a porter to be had! Good bye! Won't you shake hands, Violet? After two years, surely we might accord each other the ordinary civilities of life without fear of misconception?

She (desperately, seizing his hand in both hers)—O, Dick, you must not go! There is another way, if only—if—O, Dick, can't you help me?

He (eagerly)—Violet, you don't mean—but no, I must not let you mean that—now. (Sadly.)

She (burying her face on his shoulder)—If you don't, Dick, I—I shall get Uncle Gilbert to make you!

(A whistle shrieks and the train moves out of the station.)

Hats Off in the Rule.
In Russia no man may enter a government establishment without removing his hat, a rule which has caused some trouble, it appears, since the establishment of the government spirit shops. There have been disputes between the officials behind the bars and the customers as to the removal of the headgear, with the result that the question was submitted to the minister of finance. That official has caused no notice to be issued warning the public against any disrespectful demeanor while in the State public houses, frequented of which must in future remove their hats.

In those days of telephone and rural free delivery, a town girl has to travel fully fifty miles into the country before she can start anything new.

WAS HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

He Missed the Explosion, but Isn't Sure It Was for the Best.

"I was never an atheist," said a northern Michiganander who was loafing about a Detroit hotel the other day, "but it used to make me smile to hear people tell about Providence doing this or that. I'll tell you why I quit smiling."

"I had an interest in an oil well in Pennsylvania, and one morning I planned to get up at an early hour and ride across country for eight miles with a teamster. I was up at the hour named, but found that the fellow had started off fifteen minutes ahead of the time set. My only recourse was to hire a buckboard, and while a man was looking around for me and I was eating breakfast there came a rumble and a crash, and I fled from the hotel, believing that an earthquake was on."

"Others thought so, too, but in the course of half an hour we got word that 400 pounds of nitroglycerin which was being hauled over the hill on a wagon had exploded. More than that, it was the same wagon I had missed getting a ride on. I went out with others to view the spot, or rather the hole. What they found of driver, horses and wagon you could have loaded on a wheelbarrow. The hole made in the highway was forty feet long, thirty wide and twenty deep, and men, horses and cattle for half a mile around were knocked silly."

"And you had your escape to Providence, of course?" was asked.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure about that," was the reply, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I told you I ceased to smile after that when anything was mentioned about Providence, but I was never quite satisfied that a mistake wasn't made."

"What sort of a mistake?"

"Why, it wasn't three days after that when our well played out, the company went into bankruptcy and I've hardly been able to raise enough to pay my street-car fare since. Sometimes it seems to me that Providence stepped in to save my life, and again it seems as if she missed me on the explosion and dropped the bottom out of that well to get even. It's about an even thing, I guess, but if you've got another cigar about you'll tip the scale a little bit in favor of Providence and help me to believe that I was saved for some useful purpose."

SARAH'S SHOES.

Lady Presented Them Without Hurting Girl's Feelings.

Mrs. Anna Lyman, wife of Judge Joseph Lyman, was a fine type of the New England woman of fifty years ago. As wife of a judge she was called upon to do much entertaining, and her parties were famous in Northampton. Her daughter, Susan Lesley, in her memoirs of Mrs. Lyman, writes that no one ever declined going to Mrs. Lyman's parties.

One day, as she was preparing for an evening entertainment, she happened to look out of the window and saw a young girl, whom she liked for her talents and good heart, but who, from poverty, was not always able to go out into society.

"O Sarah," called Mrs. Lyman, "I am going to have a party this evening, and all the judges are to be here! I want you to come, my dear."

"O Mrs. Lyman," said the girl, looking sadly down at her feet, "I wish I could. But I can't, for my shoes are all out at the toes, and this is my only pair."

"Well, Sarah," said Mrs. Lyman, brightly, "at least you'll help me get ready for my party."

"Oh, yes," replied the girl, quickly; and she helped to good advantage, with willing hands and good taste. When the work was done Mrs. Lyman accompanied her home, holding her attention with cheerful talk.

Somehow, the girl hardly knew how they were presently in the best shoe shop in the village, and when they left, Sarah had a beautiful pair of bronze shoes, and ran gaily home to dress for the party.

Their Last Words.

Mr. Rhodes was not given to high flown talk and I suspect the story of his "last words" is a fiction. Sydney Smith observed that it seems a necessity that every distinguished man should die "with some sonorous and quotable saying in his mouth."

Mr. Pitt was supposed to have expired exclaiming, "How do I leave my country?" It was afterward established on conclusive evidence that his real last words were: "I fancy I could eat one of Bellamy's meat pies." Mr. Fox was credited with some becoming observation about public affairs, whereas his last words conveyed a requisite for barley water. Sir Robert Peel was stated to have died after an ejaculation about the blessings of cheap bread. In reality, he awoke for a few minutes, after several hours of sleep, said "God bless you all," and died. Lord Beaconsfield was reported to have exclaimed, "Any news in the Gazette?" with his last breath, whereas he muttered, "I feel overwhelmed."—London Truth.

Women Copying Men's Fashions.
Do women imitate men's fashions, or do men appropriate the ideas of the fair sex? Our opinion is that in the vast majority of cases it is the women who copy the men. For some time past the Englishman's ideal of style in clothing has been the easy-fitting waists and the emphasizing of height. Ladies have now adopted the same idea—the tall, straight figure, without form or shape.—London Tailor and Cutter.

When you meet a woman on the street at any time of the day, month, or year, it is safe to bet that she is either going to, or coming from, a druggist's.

SPLENDID MEMORIAL CHURCH.

One Costing \$500,000 Dedicated Recently at Palo Alto, Cal.

The most magnificent church edifice attached to any college or university in the world is the Memorial Church erected to the late Senator Leland Stanford, of California, and which was dedicated recently at Palo Alto, the seat of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The building is of buff colored sandstone in the Romanesque style of architecture and cost \$500,000. The cross surmounting the belfry is 100 feet above the ground and in the belfry is the most expensive chime of bells on the Pacific coast, being an exact duplicate of the bells in the Parliament buildings, London.

The Stanford University is the most striking example of the liberality which the rich men and women of America have shown to the institution of higher learning. Not long ago deeds of gift were executed to the trustees of the university for property amounting to \$300,000,000. It all came from Mrs. Stanford and was the largest gift to a university that was ever made. The university was founded in 1887 by Senator and Mrs. Stanford, in memory of their son, Leland Stanford, Jr., who died when a youth while traveling abroad. Its doors were opened in 1891, and a host of students were attracted by the present of free tuition. Since



STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH.

that year 1,200 degrees have been conferred. Women were admitted on an equal basis with the men until a year or so ago, when the number of women in the university at one time was limited to 500.

Mrs. Stanford's latest gift includes the Stanford residence on Nob Hill, in San Francisco, real estate in twenty-six counties, and many securities. A few years ago the university was in desperate financial straits and was only kept open by great sacrifice. Mrs. Stanford sold stocks and bonds at a loss and even disposed of some of her jewels. The faculty assisted her, many refusing to draw any salary until the difficulties were bridged over, others drawing only what was necessary for living expenses. While Mrs. Stanford has given the institution the bulk of her fortune, she is by no means poor. She made the gift at this time instead of by will after death, that there might be no doubt about the money reaching the university.

CÆSAR'S EAR.

The One Punishment Which the Fierce Lion Inhaled.

One of the many queer things to be noted in the study of captive life is the fact that each animal requires, or rather dreads—some form of punishment which very likely would have no errors for any other animal. A certain lion fears nothing in the world save a stick held in the trainer's left hand. A frisky young tigress used to be affected only by her trainer's blowing sharply on her nose. Trainers frequently discover by pure accident what it is that an animal dreads, as was the case in an occurrence at Berlin described in Everybody's Magazine. By way of introduction it should be explained that almost the first thing an animal learns when he is performing with other animals is that his blocky chair is his own particular property, where he can retire when his act is over, and where he is sure of not being disturbed by the trainer or by his fellows. A lion finds this out very quickly.

Three lions were concerned in the Berlin affair—Sammy, a very "green" 2-year-old; Caesar, a splendid specimen of his race, but unfortunately subject to sudden fits of rage, which is not easy to quell; and Caesar's mate, Mrs. Grundy. She was the idol of Caesar's heart, and assured of that, she rode over him roughshod.

Upon the night of Sammy's debut things went off all right until after the coosaw-act. Sammy had not yet become fully accustomed to the rocking plank, and he was glad when it was over, and jumped down in a hurry to get to his block.

It came to pass that Mrs. Grundy, who had also been on the seasaw, left just as Sammy did, and either through inadvertence or because she thought she could treat all creation as she treated her indulgent lord and master, leaped coolly up on Sammy's block and settled herself comfortably. She even started to wash her face. So when Sammy came along, he found his place taken.

Now, Sammy knew perfectly well that this was not right; and it must be confessed that he had the law on his side. Mrs. Grundy knew it quite as well, and cared not a fig of her tail for it. Had she not Caesar to

take care of her? Sammy did not offer violence—no lion in his right mind ever bares tooth against a female of his race, unless to save his own life. But he went behind and pushed; and Mrs. Grundy slid off the block to the floor.

Instantly Caesar, who had watched the situation with rising wrath, leaped from his block straight for Sammy's throat. If he had found his grip, the show would then and there have been the loser by several hundred dollars worth of lion. But if gallantry was not in Sammy's line, fighting was; and before the trainer could reach them they were at it nip and tuck. The bone of contention got back on the forbidden block and looked on placidly.

Then a strange thing happened. In the scrimmage Sammy found Caesar's ear in his mouth, and, naturally enough, bit it. Caesar cowered down like a beaten hound, and Sammy, mightily astonished, drew off. The trainer promptly sent all three back to their respective places.

But Sammy had unconsciously given the trainer an idea; and the next time the little premonitory tremor ran along Caesar's knotted muscles, the man grabbed his ear. Again Caesar sunk into submission, and after that the solution of the problem was plain. It is safe to say that with not another lion in a hundred would such a mode of treatment have had the slightest effect.

TROLLEY TOO MUCH FOR HORSE.

Balky Animal Had to Move When the Car Boosted Him.

People passing along the lower end of the Bowersky the other day where one of the cross town lines intersects the 3d avenue tracks were treated to a rare and rather ludicrous spectacle. A white horse attached to a covered van was plodding thoughtfully along in the line of the car tracks. Behind it the motorman was clanging his gong for the passage to be cleared and the driver was urging his horse to move from the track to one side.

Just as the horse reached the point where the lines intersect it stopped and became entirely lost in its train of thought. The driver pleaded, shouted, cursed, but the horse was oblivious alike to threats and entreaties. It stood quiet and patient, like David Harum's famous equine that "stood without hitching."

The cross town car was blocked—so was the 3d avenue car in the rear. The passengers were growing impatient, and some of the irritable ones were beginning to alight, but the horse still maintained its statuesque attitude.

A policeman who appeared tried coaxing, then violently tugged at the bridle, but the horse was calmly superior to being either led or driven. It was the 3d avenue motorman whose mental activities helped to solve the difficulty just as plans were being formulated for blindfolding the beast. He turned on his power and the car slowly began to move; so did the covered van, right up against the horse, pushing him along willy nilly. The horse held to the fight bravely, however, and the Bowersky was treated to the rare sight of seeing an actual demonstration of the superiority of electric over horse power. It was not long before the strain began to tell, says the New York Times. The horse snorted and moved grudgingly to one side. Then the car sped on its way, bearing the triumphant motorman.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

Electricity Invades the Land of the Ancient Pharaohs.

One of the great electrical enterprises of the age is nearing its completion. Seven years have been spent at this business. Three thousand miles of wire are in position and 1,200 more will be necessary to carry the telegraph line to its terminus in the land of the Pharaohs. This will cover the entire length of Africa. The cost of the line so far completed has been \$3,000,000 and its completion will add \$1,000,000 more to the total. The work done has been under almost appalling difficulties. Swamps have been bridged, mountain chasms crossed, floods waded, and the barbarian faced frequently to the point of death, and the miseries of an almost unbearable climate endured. The ant made sawdust of the poles and most of the material used had to be carried through primeval forests on the shoulders of aborigines. The copper wire was sometimes made into ballers to shoot down intruders and piles of human bones have been left to rot in the sun, where the cannibal or the beast of prey had gorged on the remains. The cost has been heavy, but the results will in the long run be the transformation of Africa, as the railway will follow the telegraph line and the products of all nations find one of the great markets in the future between the Cape of Good Hope and the Egyptian end of the Nile.

A Difficult Question.

A story of a conversation between a traveler, visiting at a popular resort, and one of the permanent residents, is told by the Ram's Horn:

"I am a stranger here, sir; can you direct me to a first-rate church?"

"Oh, yes, right around the corner."

"What sort of a preacher have they?"

"A very good man."

"Interesting?"

"Intensely so."

"Eloquent?"

"Very."

"The best preaching in town, I suppose?"

"Unquestionably."

"What's his name?"

"Ah, my friend, that is a question which modesty forbids me to answer!"

Probably the most important things in the world are those that never happen.

DISCOVERY OF NERVOCIDINE.

A Powerful Anesthetic Made from an Indian Plant.

A new local anesthetic obtained from an Indian plant called "basu-basu" has recently been submitted to careful examination by some Hungarian dentists. The anesthetic action of this substance was discovered a year ago by a dentist in Flunin—Dr. Dalma—who tried the effect of basu-basu in cases of painful pulpitis, and recommended it as a powerful agent which might replace arsenic in the treatment of that condition. Dr. Dalma also separated the active principles of the plant, which proved to be an alkaloid, and in his later experiments he used the salt obtained by treating the alkaloid with hydrochloric acid.

This salt has been named "nervocidine." In weak solution (1-10 of 1:20 per cent) nervocidine produced a marked local anesthesia of the cornea of warm-blooded animals. Two drops of a 1:20 per cent solution applied to the human conjunctiva produced a burning sensation, accompanied by lachrymation, followed after twenty minutes by anesthesia of the cornea lasting for five hours.

After seven hours the cornea regained its normal condition. A 1:10 per cent solution of nervocidine brushed over the mucous membrane of the cheek caused local anesthesia of the brushed surface and of the tongue, accompanied by loss of the sensation of taste and the perception of heat and cold.

Attempts to produce local anesthesia by subcutaneous injections of nervocidine in animals have not yet been successful, says the Pittsburg Gazette. The general action of nervocidine on the system was that of a poison, producing death by paralysis of the motor centers of the nervous system and of the peripheral nerves. All the experiments proved that nervocidine was a powerful local anesthetic which had the advantage of producing a much more sustained action than cocaine, for the effect of a 1/2 or 1-5 per cent solution might last for two or three days. It is, however, not without its drawbacks, such as the local irritation to which it gives rise, the slow production of the anesthetic state (from ten to twenty minutes being required) and a liability to the occurrence of nausea, vomiting, salivation and other symptoms of general poisoning.

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QUEER STORIES.

In the Bermuda rats often build their nests in trees, like birds and squirrels.

A Mexican carpenter considers hanging one door a big day's work. An American carpenter will easily hang ten doors a day.

A live whale, sixty-six feet long, has been driven ashore at Juan les Pins, near Antilles, an unprecedented occurrence on that part of the Mediterranean coast.

The worst mosquito-infested neighborhood in the world is the coast of Borneo. At certain seasons, it is said, the streams of that region are unnavigable because of the clouds of mosquitoes.

Among the Boer prisoners at Bermuda is one whose hair now reaches his shoulders. At the beginning of the war he vowed he would not have his locks cut until the Dutch had conquered in South Africa.

The consumption of sugar in Italy has increased enormously during the past two years. The principal refiners, who are Germans and Austrians, have prospered that Italy in a few years will cease her importations of sugar altogether.

The difference in color between green tea and black tea depends on the fact that the first is obtained from leaves dried as soon as they are gathered, while in the case of the black tea the leaves are allowed to ferment before drying. Black tea, therefore, contains much less tannin than green.

Bridal couples have thronged the national capital in such hordes this spring that the doorkeeper of the White House, whose self-imposed task is to keep count of the visiting brides, have lost their reckoning. Seventy-five newly wed pairs were counted in a single day recently, and then the doorman gave up the record as hopeless.

Of the fruits wholly unknown in Japan until introduced from abroad, the apple proved most successful, and it has become the chief product of some districts in the northern islands. The apples are of fine appearance and excellent flavor, and the trees yield a profit very encouraging to the cultivator, so that the area of their production is being increased.

Don't You?

Don't you feel like dreamin' In this droxy weather—say? With the soft winds just a-blowin' All the flies in your way, An' April flingin' blossoms 'Cross the garden wall of May?

Don't you feel like dreamin' Where the meadow daisies stay An' the cattle bells are ringin' Far away—far away— With a green hill for a pillow, An' a rosy bed all day?—Atlanta Constitution.

English Cattle Imports.

The United States sent to England 465,703 head of cattle in 1901—55,494 more than in the previous year; while Canada, with 88,211, sent 16,628 fewer than in 1900.

Should a man tell his wife everything he knows? Most men do it. But is it proper, when you consider that wives always tell other women?



"I SHALL GET UNCLE GILBERT TO MAKE YOU."

will make the least difference to me. One cannot hope at these holiday times to be lucky enough to get a compartment to oneself, do you think? I forgot if you smoke—because if you have no compunction about violating the company's by-laws, I give you full permission to do so.

He—Thanks. I think I shall survive till I reach Boythorne.

(A pause, during which she stares out into the gathering darkness, while he studies it from his.)

He—Does it occur to you that Uncle Gilbert intends opening up that subject which was "closed forever, buried beneath the ashes of a dead past, and hidden forever out of sight"? I hope I quote correctly?

She (flushing angrily)—If you are attempting to quote anything I ever said—

He (sotto voce)—You wrote.

She—Or wrote, I should certainly doubt your memory. As to what you suggest (doffily), even Uncle Gilbert would hardly dare—

He—Ah, there I think you underestimate our worthy uncle's courage. There are few things he would not dare, and if it pleases him he would not hesitate to disinter that buried subject, rake among those ashes, and "make things hum" generally!

She (hotly)—I should consider that he took a great liberty if he did, and one that neither his age, nor his relationship, nor (desperately) anything about him justifies!

He—All the same, I feel convinced that he will take that liberty. He has never ceased to regret that our engagement—I mean that "the buried subject" is so irrevocably, hopelessly, and finally done with.

She (angrily)—If you really think that that was his purpose in sending for us, I consider that you have behaved in the meanest, most dishonorable, most—but (turning away and once more opening her book) I won't discuss the subject with you for another moment.

(He crosses over to her, and gently, but firmly takes the book from her.)

He—Pardon me, you will, for I have a right to make you, and to exact an apology for what you have said. I knew no more than yourself that we were both summoned to Hassleton till I saw you in the train. I told you my surmise about my uncle's possible wish to bring about the renewal of the engagement that once existed between us in order that I might know what steps to take to make your position easier, and to save you from again incurring his displeasure. You (bitingly)

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