

Milly Jane's Romance

MILLY JANE'S head was full of semi-sensational thoughts, notwithstanding the fact that she was engaged in the unsentimental occupation of washing dishes. The contrast between what she was doing and thinking struck her in a somewhat amusing light, and she couldn't help laughing over it a little. It did seem absurd to be sentimental at such a time. She felt as if the mood she was in ought to invest her occupation with a kind of poetical glamour; it would have done so in stories; but somehow it failed to do so in real life. In her case, at any rate, and Milly Jane began to have misgivings about herself, because of it, the more she thought about it. Perhaps there isn't enough sentiment in her makeup; perhaps her ideas about love weren't what they ought to be. Anyway, she couldn't get rid of the idea that dish-washing was destructive of sentiment, or that sentiment wasn't strong enough to invest the daily task with a romantic halo.

Milly Jane's semi-sentimental thoughts were about their boarder, who was a young artist from the city. He had come to the country to make studies of pretty bits of scenery among the Berkshire hills, from which to work up pictures which he hoped would bring him fame as well as money, he told Milly Jane, in that charming, confidential way which goes straight to a girl's heart when it comes from some one whom she considers her social superior. She had an innate love of the beautiful, he knew. He could read it in her face. She could tell him where to find material for the sketches he was to make. He should expect her to show him all the points of interest about the neighborhood, and help him with suggestions which he knew she was able to make, notwithstanding she was as ignorant as she professed to be about art in the professional sense of the word. "A person may be an artist at heart without knowing the first thing about painting," he told her. "And you are one, I feel sure," he added, and he said it in such a genuine way that Milly Jane couldn't help believing that he meant it, and straightway began to feel her ideas of the beautiful expand, and to wish she might live in a more congenial atmosphere, by and by, if these ideas kept on expanding.

"I never dreamed I had so much sentiment in me until Max Fielding discovered it, and told me about it," Milly Jane said to herself, as she washed the milkpans, and washed them well, too, let me do her the credit of saying. It wasn't her way to shrink a prosaic task, even if it happened to be a trifle distasteful. She was too honest and womanly to let sentiment make her neglectful of her daily duties, as many girls would be under similar circumstances.

"I used to think I could be perfectly happy with John Clarke," Milly Jane said to herself, as she scrubbed the milkpan till it shone like silver. "But now I don't feel quite so sure of it. John's one of the best fellows in the world. He's too good for me, in lots of ways, but he hasn't that—that—well, I don't know what to call it, but, anyway, he isn't like Max Fielding. I don't think I could be happy with him after knowing a man with a soul of an artist and the mind of a poet."

Milly Jane wasn't responsible for this winding up of her sentence. It was a quotation from Fielding. Now, Milly Jane, notwithstanding her recently discovered vein of sentiment, had a vein of practical common sense in her which "cropped out" every now and then, and the idea came close to the heels of the one just recorded that perhaps John Clarke's good sense and practical ideas about matters and things might "wear better" after all, and prove more satisfactory in the long run, than the more sentimental and poetic ones of the artist. "But I don't know as I ought to think of things in that way," said Milly Jane. "There's such a thing as being too matter-of-fact. One may starve the mind and cripple the soul in that way." This was another quotation from Fielding.

Milly Jane heard a whistle just then, out in the road, and it brought a fresh glow to her cheeks. It was John Clarke's whistle, and there was a blithe and cheery ring in it that she had always liked to listen to. She hadn't heard it very much since Fielding came to board with them. The fact was, she had almost, if not quite, snubbed her old lover since the advent of the artist, whom she was coming to consider as a new lover very rapidly. She felt a little disappointed because John did not seem to take her conduct a little more to heart. But then—it was better this way. She had too strong a friendship for John to want him to be miserable on her account, and yet she was too much of a woman to feel perfectly satisfied to have him seem so indifferent about it. Perhaps he hadn't cared as much for her as she had supposed he did, but she failed to get much satisfaction out of that aspect of the case.

She looked out of the window and saw John ride by. He looked almost handsome in his blue and white shirt and brown overalls, and

broad-brimmed straw hat. He saw her, and gave her a friendly little nod, and sang out "Good morning," but didn't offer to stop.

"That young fellow would work in to a picture well," said a voice behind Milly Jane, and she turned to see Max Fielding at her side. "I must get him to let me sketch him. Do you think he would consent?"

"I guess so," answered Milly, with a little extra color coming into her face beneath the admiring glance of the artist.

"I'm going to sketch the valley this afternoon from some point on the hill," said Fielding. "I wish you'd go along and show me where the best view can be obtained. You will, won't you, Miss Milly?"

"Perhaps," answered Milly Jane. "Well, then, I'll take that as a promise to go, and I'll give the forenoon to letter writing," said Fielding, as he broke off a cluster of June roses from the bush at the kitchen window and tangled them in Milly Jane's brown hair. "You are charming, just as you look now, and some day I'm going to paint you as a nymph of the woodland, or something like that, and I expect the picture'll make me famous if I do but half justice to the subject."

Milly Jane felt sure that he was going to follow up the compliment with a kiss, and she made an excuse to get away from the sink for a moment to avoid it. She didn't want anyone kissing her before folks, and her mother might happen in at any time.

The artist went upstairs to his room, and Milly Jane went on with her work. By and by a page of note paper came fluttering down from above. It whirled about in the air like a feather, as if uncertain where to settle; then a current of air came along and brought it in at the window and deposited it squarely in Milly Jane's pan of dish-water before she could prevent the catastrophe.

"Perhaps it doesn't amount to anything," thought Milly Jane, as she lifted the paper from its bath. Just then she happened to catch sight of her name on the page, and in a moment her curiosity was aroused. "I presume he threw it out of his window," she said, "and if he did he wouldn't care if I read it."

She did read it, and before she got to the bottom of the page her cheeks were redder than the June roses at the window, and her eyes fairly scintillated fire. "She knew that it was a page from some letter Fielding had been writing. It told about his flirtation with a pretty country girl "with the euphonious name of Milly Jane Potts;" of the impression he had made on her susceptible heart, and prophesied an unlimited amount of pleasure "with the fair country maid who saw in him a hero just stepped out of a novel."

"A hero, indeed!" exclaimed Milly Jane, with scornful emphasis. "A hero! Not a bit of it—rather a contemptible, conceited puppy! Milly Jane Potts, I wonder how you could have been fool enough to take a fancy to that thing! Why, John Clarke's worth a million of him."

Milly Jane finished up her dishes and elaborated a plan by which to "get even" with Mr. Fielding.

When he asked her to accompany him on his sketching trip that afternoon she declined, pleading work that must be done.

"Next time I'll be able to get away, perhaps," she said, with a bewitching smile, and the artist was forced to be content with that.

She went on an errand to a neighbor's that afternoon, and, as luck would have it, she met John Clarke on the road.

"I should think you'd be along with the picture man," said John, with a laugh that sounded as light-hearted as one could wish to have it. "I suppose we'll be likely to lose you before long. Old Mrs. Jones says we're going to, and she's supposed to know."

"Mrs. Jones knows more about it than I do, then," said Milly Jane. "John Clarke, do you think I'm fool enough to let that fellow pull the wool over my eyes? I suppose you gave me credit for more sense than that."

"I had to be governed by what I saw and heard," answered John. "I wouldn't blame you for taking a fancy to him. He's good-looking, and gentle, and comes from the city, and may amount to something, some day. As the wife of Max Fielding, the celebrated artist, you must cut quite a dash in society, and Jean eyes had a merry twinkle in them as he watched the effect of his words on Milly Jane.

"John Clarke, if you ever talk like that again I'll never speak to you," cried Milly Jane. "I hate the fellow! He's conceited, and hypocritical, and—"

"Milly Jane," interrupted John, "I wonder if you'd say that about me if I asked you a question?"

"I don't know," responded Milly Jane. "It would depend on what the question was."

"Well, supposing it was one about your marrying me?" explained John.

"swer, but not before," said Milly Jane.

"Well, then, will you marry me, or won't you?" said John, in a kind of comical desperation.

"I will, if you want me," answered Milly Jane, red as a rose, and then John kissed her, and she forgot to think it might possibly be "before folks."

"I really thought you cared a good deal for the city chap," said John, by and by.

"The idea!" cried this deceitful Milly Jane. "Why, John Clarke, you're worth a thousand Max Fieldings!" and then she gave him a look that made him feel happy all over, and the only way in which he could express his happiness was to kiss her again. Perhaps you think that this little episode between Milly Jane and John would naturally put an end to her flirtation with the artist. But it did not. On the contrary, she made deliberate efforts to be agreeable to him. She exerted herself to the utmost in being as charming as possible, and Mr. Fielding congratulated himself on the influence he had gained over her.

One afternoon Fielding asked Milly Jane to go sketching with him. She went. She felt as if her hour of triumph was near at hand. The "coming event" seemed to "cast its shadow before," and she was in high spirits, consequently more charming than ever. Mr. Fielding thought, as he sat on the knoll at her feet and looked up into her bright face in an admiring way.

Suddenly—

"Milly, do you think you could love me?"

Milly Jane gave a little shriek.

"Why, Mr. Fielding, what on earth do you mean?" she cried, evidently more surprised than ever before in her life. "Do you mean to say that—that you love me?"

"Yes, Milly, I do mean that," answered Fielding, and he said it with such a show of honesty that Milly Jane wondered if he were fibbing after all. "Well, I'm sorry, very sorry," she said. "If I had known about it sooner I might have saved you the pain of a refusal. But the truth is, I'm engaged to John Clarke, and have been for some time. And John's just the best fellow in all the world, I think. Why, I wouldn't give him for a thousand like—like you, and I presume some women might think you a prize. It's all a matter of taste, of course, but my taste goes in John's direction, so I shall have to say 'no' to you, you see. I'm much obliged for the honor, and so forth, all the same."

The look that came over Max Fielding's face afforded Milly Jane a world of satisfaction, as she thought about it afterward.

"Sold," growled the artist, as he turned his back on the beaming face of the country maiden, "and by a girl by the name of Milly Jane Potts."

"I got even with the puppy," thought Milly Jane that night. "How could I have been such a fool as to take a fancy to him, after knowing John Clarke? Why, John's an angel compared with Max Fielding!"—Chaperone Magazine.

CATCHING TROPICAL FISHES.

Captured in Bermuda Waters and Shipped Alive to New York.

Collecting of tropical fishes for various aquariums throughout the world, and especially for the New York aquarium, is now a recognized industry in the Bermudas. It is carried on at all seasons, though for obvious reasons the fish are shipped north only in the summer months. As there are more than 150 varieties of fish in Bermudan waters, and every variety is found in abundance, it is not a difficult problem to secure good specimens. Only a few varieties reach New York, according to the Post of that city, for the reason that tropical fish, as a rule, are unable to stand the trials of transportation. The ones on exhibition are the finest that can be caught.

The native fishermen go far and wide in search of specimens, for the aquarium will pay only for the best. Possibly the most voracious fish they have to deal with are the groupers and morays. The groupers have peculiar habits. During the month of June, which is their spawning or "snapping" season, they gather at two spots on the south coast, known as "grouper grounds," and rarely are caught elsewhere. At this period they are ready to bite at anything, from a bare hook to a live dog.

The home of the spotted moray is among the coral reefs, but the green moray lives in deep water. The latter is exceedingly powerful, with a jaw as strong as a steel trap. To bring a green moray ashore without doing it serious injury is no easy task, for it fights like a box constrictor when taken out of the water. One of the earliest specimens captured for the aquarium bit a large piece from the end of a two-inch board before it was subdued.

Not many tropical fish are as ferocious as the moray, but most of the larger varieties are truly sporting fish. The hogfish, club and beam are particularly game, and always fight to a finish. The fishermen sometimes go far beyond the outer line of reefs to secure the rockfish and red snappers. Their boats are provided with wells for preserving the catch, and the fish, although the confinement weakens them, invariably regain their strength when put into the reserve ponds at the aquarium station.

It costs more to keep a chafing dish than it does to keep a horse and buggy. What numerous lies are told under the title of "previous engagement!"

MAZATLAN, PRETTY MEXICAN CITY, WHERE BUBONIC PLAGUE HAS BROKEN OUT

AS the spot on the western hemisphere where the dreaded bubonic plague has gained foothold, Mazatlan, the softly pronounced name of a picturesque far-away and practically unknown little city on the west coast of Mexico, has suddenly become known in the United States through the press dispatches," said a Washingtonian who has traveled in the tropics, according to the Washington Star.

"Mazatlan, in the Mexican state of Sinaloa, has heretofore been distinctive as being the first stopping place of importance in the Pacific south of San Diego for the Pacific Mail steamers, 1,350 miles south of San Francisco. When I visited Mazatlan a few years ago I little thought it would become a plague spot, and I can fully understand how the inhabitants fled precipitately to the interior, 5,000, it being stated, having left the place. If this dispatch be accurate the best part of the entire population must have decamped.

"The danger of the spread of the plague overland may be said to be quite remote, if strict quarantine regulations should be enforced against Mexico, if it comes to that unfortunate pass, as Mazatlan is unconnected, or was when I visited it, by railroad. Durango, the capital of the state of that name, was, it is my recollection, the nearest railroad city, and Durango is several hundreds of miles to the east on this side of the high range of mountains called the Sierra de Nayarit, whose sharp peaks cut off much of the west coast country of Mexico from the interior. Acapulco, the next principal landing place on the west coast touched by the Pacific Mail steamers, and perhaps 1,000 miles or thereabouts south of Mazatlan, is also cut off from the interior by a high range of mountains. It is well to bear this fact in mind should a report reach us that the plague has broken out in that ancient Mexican city. Traffic with the interior from both cities was maintained by mules over the narrow passes of the mountains.

"Mazatlan lies on a gentle slope on a land-locked bay, with the garrison post on a hill surmounting the city. I recall the hot day I trudged through the narrow streets of the town and up the hill and wondered how the little Mexican soldier in full uniform stood his clothes and carried his rifle without succumbing to the heat as he paced up and down doing guard duty. The principal wealth of the town comes from the rich mines in the interior, their product of crushed ore being shipped on the steamers for reduction elsewhere. A large trade is done in coffee and the American traveler will always remember Mazatlan as the first place where, under the awnings on the steamer's deck in the hot sun of the tropics, swarthy-skinned Mexicans temptingly offered him native cigars at such prices for quality that made him invest heavily in the weed, a good cigar being obtainable for three cents and a fine one for five and six cents.

"Mazatlan and Acapulco rely almost exclusively upon the steamers and coastwise vessels for communication north and south and with the outside world and the greatest danger of the plague entering the United States from any west coast Mexican city would be in its importation in this manner rather than overland. Mazatlan has a large cathedral, custom house, several good-sized hotels, many commercial houses and one portico of the city overlooking the sea where the wealthier classes live is built up with fine houses of Mexican style of architecture. Taken altogether the city, with its picturesque tropical surroundings, would be about the last place one would associate with a plague."

GREAT SUMS PAID HEADS OF SOME NATIONS FOR OFFICIAL DUTIES ACTUALLY PERFORMED

ONE often reads of the extravagant allowances granted the heads of nations by their respective governments and of the almost fabulous sums paid out annually by some of the European powers for the maintenance of royal families, but not until recently has any adequate idea of what they are paid for actual work performed been obtained. By work actually performed is meant that part of the daily routine of the head of the government devoted to his strictly official duties, not to state levees, receptions, reviews and functions at which he must be present.

The actual work of the head of a nation is the review of all parliamentary documents, state papers, treaties, cases against the crown, pardons and commitments of sentences, death warrants, the correspondence of the throne, preparation of papers to be read at certain meetings of the ministry or before parliament and perhaps a score or more of other duties at his desk, and the figures which follow show the approximate amount earned by the respective heads of the government named.

Russia leads in the salary paid its ruler. The czar drawing for every minute of actual work approximately \$81. Austria comes second with Francis Joseph drawing \$35 per minute; Italy third, with \$21 as her king's salary, and Germany following with \$18 per minute for her kaiser. Great Britain gives Edward VII. \$15 per minute; Spain allows Alfonso \$14, and Bavaria and Sweden each gives to its monarch \$8 per minute for his services. Belgium and Denmark allow their rulers respectively \$4 per minute, while the United States pays its president the smallest salary of any nation in Europe, his pay being forty cents per minute for actual work performed.

These figures are reckoned on the annual salary, and placing the daily working hours at six.

It will be seen that the salaries of the heads of the governments are not in proportion to the size, population and wealth of the countries named, and that while the United States is the wealthiest government, the salary of her chief magistrate is insignificantly small compared with that allowed the king of even such a small monarchy as Denmark.

THE SOUTH BEFORE THE WAR.

A Large Proportion of Its People Engaged in Many Professions.

There were in the South (by the census of 1850, in round numbers, 174,500 persons owning from one to five slaves. If these whites represented a family of five persons each on an average—and many Southern families were large—we have no less than 872,500 persons dependent upon five slaves or less to the family for support, when only two in the five were capable of profitable work, their own support to come, at the same time, out of the profits of their own labor. Was a population of 1,745,000 souls ever clothed and fed by the labor of only one-fifth of their number?

However much Southern men may have been accused of idleness and indolence, very many of them—slaveholders and non-slaveholders alike—were compelled to rely upon their own energy and industry for a livelihood. To rely upon the labor of the few slaves they owned signified increasing poverty and embarrassment.

And how were the thousands of families that owned no slaves, and yet composed two-thirds of the white population of the South, to be supported? Here again the United States census for 1850 gives us many interesting and significant facts. The number of white persons engaged in laborious occupations in the South in this year was larger in proportion to population than in the North. The census gives us the number of white persons over 15 years of age engaged in any occupation in each State of the Union. The figures are decidedly to the credit of the South.

Let us compare a few Northern with a few Southern States. In Massachusetts the percentage of persons over 15 years of age engaged in work was 45.39; in Rhode Island, 46.71; in New Hampshire, 45.65; in Connecticut, 46.46; in New York, 47.61; in New Jersey, 47.85. Now let us glance at an equal number of States in the South. In Maryland the percentage of white persons over 15 years of age engaged in work was 51.89; in Virginia, 46.54; in Georgia, 47.18; in Florida, 53.04; in



A late British investigation has shown that 13 per cent of manganese makes iron practically non-magnetic. Alloys more magnetic than commercial iron may be produced with nickel, silicon and aluminum.

A recent series of experiments made in Germany on the vibrations set up in gun barrels by the effects of firing, indicates another allowance that the expert marksman should make for the individual peculiarities of his rifle. The shock of firing sets the particles of the gun barrel oscillating in elliptic curves, producing deflections of the barrel. The periods of vibration in different barrels vary between one twenty-fifth and one five-hundredth of a second, and the experiments indicate that a small-bore gun is to be preferred to one of large caliber because the bullet can leave its muzzle before the deflection of the barrel has become considerable.

Among the many interesting discoveries of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia is a singular oscillation in the position of the lake of Kara-koshun, or Lop-nor. This lake seems as restless as some rivers that change their beds, but the cause of its movements is a secular change in the level of the desert, in the midst of which it lies, bordered by vegetation. At present the lake is retreating northward from the place where Prjevalsky found it, and creeping toward its ancient bed, where it is known to have lain in the third century of the Christian era; and as it slowly moves, the vegetation, the animals and the fishermen with their reed huts follow its shores northward. Dr. Hedin believes that after reaching the northern part of the desert the lake returns southward, the period of oscillation being 1,000 years or more.

The precious pearl is produced, at least in many cases, by the presence of a minute parasite in the shell-secreting mantle of the pearl-oyster and other mollusks from which pearls are obtained. A spherical sac forms around the parasite, which becomes a nucleus about which the substance of the gem is gradually built up in concentric layers. Sometimes the parasite remains at the center of the pearl, and sometimes it migrates from the sac before it has become hopelessly imprisoned. Reasoning upon these facts, Dr. H. Lyster Jameson, to whose efforts the discovery of some of them is due, suggests the possibility of the artificial production of marketable pearls by infecting beds of pearl-oysters with the particular species of parasites that are known to attack such mollusks with the effects above described.

In the body changes that take place as we grow old, Metchnikoff and other physiologists suppose that an important part is taken by the phagocytes, or devouring cells. Some years ago it was made to appear that some of these cells are color eaters, and that they whiten the hair by seizing the pigment grains and conveying them into the skin or out of the organism. On further study the theory has been evolved that old age itself is due to phagocytes that destroy the nerve cells. The nerve-eating cells have been found in the brains of many old people and old mammals, as well as in persons suffering from nervous disease, but in no case have they been known to reach such development—or to have so nearly taken the place of the nerve cells—as in the brain of a parrot that died at the great age of eighty-one, after some years of feebleness and senility.

Left in the Nest.

A lady who had moved into a remote district of the West found it almost impossible to keep her "help." One after another, girls came on from her country home in the East, and were married before, as the deserted housewife said, they had time to wash the dinner dishes.

Finally she sent for a severe-looking maiden of advanced years, who had no opinion of masculine blandishments. On the day of the maid's arrival a miner called at the kitchen door for a glass of water. He looked at her, drank the water, expressed his thanks briefly, and then went round to the front of the house, where the mistress herself was sweeping off the steps.

"Well," said he, lazily, taking off his hat, "looks as if you'd got a nest-egg now?"

Where He Fell Down.

"Tell me what people read and I will tell you what they are," said the self-confessed philosopher.

"Well, there's my wife," rejoined the dyspeptic party. "She's forever reading cook books. Now, what is she?"

"Why, a cook of course," replied the philosophy dispenser.

"That's where the spokes rattle in your wheels," said the other. "She only thinks she is."

One on the Custom Office.

The great actress had just returned from abroad.

"Miss," said the custom officer, sternly, "you must tell me what are in those trunks."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the great actress, carelessly.

"But I insist."

"Well, I told you nonsense. They're filled with love letters."

It is the complaint of every old-fashioned woman that when a girl gets on her best dress, she "slops in it" around the house.