

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

BETTY RAWLINS had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles removed from Fort Sherman, a big garrison with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of a company had they been forced to drop the sword and shoulder the Krag-Jorgensen. Betty loved the military—what girl doesn't?—and if the truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the soldiery, but she had made up her mind secretly that she couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and when she thought of it she sighed, for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regulars were all so dreadfully old, and Betty was only 19, mind you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was mighty good looking, Betty admitted this to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was only a captain, and nothing but a colonel would do. Captain Lanyard, to get into the middle of things at once, was just as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind can be. He didn't care a rap about Betty's



CAPT. ROY LANYARD LOOKED ON AND WAS MISERABLE.

bank account; in fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now Betty had another failing, not uncommon among American girls not old enough thoroughly to understand that Yankee husbands are the best in the world, and that was a firm belief that the ideal condition in married life would be that which would come from a husband who was a combination of Englishman and English army officer. "The colonels are younger over there," said Betty to herself, "and they are all of aristocratic family, and, oh well, Englishmen are just too lovely for anything."

The summer colony at Lowland Glen was unusually large that season. There were bunches of swell doings, as the slangy Yale cousin of Betty would put it. The army officers from Fort Sherman were much in evidence, and one young captain in particular was very much in evidence in the vicinity of Miss Betty Rawlins. Betty saw the evidence clearly, and how she did wish that the president would retire some few hundreds of superior officers so that Roy Lanyard could take the abbreviation "Col." to the front part of his name.

One day there was excitement at Lowland Glen. Mrs. Calmer had invited two Englishmen, one of them an army officer, to spend the month with them at their summer home. The news reached Betty the morning after the arrival of the Calmer's two guests. Twenty young women had told her about it. Let the girls alone for spreading news of this kind. "And Betty," said one of her informants, "one of the Englishmen is a colonel in his majesty's service, and young and good looking at that."

Betty's heart gave a thump. "At last," she murmured to herself.

The next afternoon Betty met the Englishmen at the Dexter Country Club. Her heart fluttered a little as the younger of the two men—the other was old and out of the running—was introduced to her. Colonel Reginald Southcote was his name. It fairly rang of aristocracy and militarism. Betty knew that he was a simon-pure Englishman all right enough because of his name, his accent and his clothes—which didn't fit.

For the next week Colonel Reginald Southcote was Betty Rawlins's shadow. Captain Roy Lanyard looked on and was miserable. Betty gave him two dances and about three words during the entire week.

"No show for one of Uncle Sam's best artillerymen when there's one of King Edward's men with a drawl and a 'mash' about," sighed poor Captain Roy.

Colonel Reginald Southcote was not long in finding out that Betty Rawlins had a lot of money and that she was a military. Betty asked him

Betty had heard tales about Englishmen pretending to be what they were not, but the colonel looked honest enough, and the girl was half ashamed of herself when she went to a library in the city and took down a British military gazette from the shelf and looked for Royal Yorkshshire Regiment. She found it all right, and with the name of Reginald Southcote set down as colonel thereof.

From that time Betty was very cordial to the colonel. She turned the conversation occasionally on the Boer war, expecting to hear some deeds of daring modestly told, but the colonel was strangely silent on the subject of field service, and Betty put it down to a brave man's reticence when it came to speaking of his own acts on the field of battle. Betty might not have liked it had she known that when she was looking up the colonel's regiment he was making inquiries in certain financial circles about the extent of her bank account. The report seemed to please him, and he proceeded to make hay while the sun shone, and it was a particularly cloudless month at Lowland Glen.

Betty knew with a girl's intuition that an offer was not far away. She felt a pang, however, every time she saw Captain Lanyard and saw how miserable he looked, though he tried to put a brave face on the matter. If the truth be told, Betty cried a little in the privacy of her room when she looked at the glorious old flag floating in the fort beyond, and sighed and sighed again.

One day Lawyer Coke, who looked after Betty Rawlins's estate, heard from a close friend that a certain Englishman had been inquiring about Betty's financial standing. "Fortune hunter if not a fraud," said old Coke to himself, and then, as luck would have it, he happened to pick up a copy of the Broad Arrow, the Journal of the united services of Great Britain. Lawyer Coke looked at it. His eyes fell on a paragraph and he chuckled. He folded the paper up, put it in his pocket and took the first train for Lowland Glen. He marked the paragraph in the paper and put it where he knew Betty would be sure to pick it up, and from the nature of the publication he knew she would be sure to read it from start to finish.

Betty Rawlins felt that the hour was coming when she would have to answer a question put to her by Colonel Reginald Southcote. She was thinking of this when she picked up the Broad Arrow. She knew what the paper was, for she had heard of it. She read it eagerly. The date of the paper was three months back. The marked paragraph caught her eye. She read this:

"General Powell-Baden inspected the Royal Yorkshshire Regiment last Thursday. It was the first training day of this militia organization for a year. The new men were in poor trim, and Colonel Reginald Southcote, who has seen no foreign service and very little at home, had hard work to give commands and to sit his horse properly. The regiment will need overhauling to bring it up to even militia standards."

The paper dropped from Betty's fingers. "Millitiaman; never saw a day's real service; couldn't sit on his horse," and then Betty gasped. Her thoughts turned to another paragraph that she had read in an American journal. It told how one Captain Roy Lanyard had received the Congressional medal of honor for personal gallantry in the saving of the life of a comrade under fierce fire in the Philippine Islands.

Betty knew that night at the ball at the hotel that Colonel Reginald Southcote was seeking her out, but she avoided him. Captain Roy Lanyard met her and she smiled on him, and there was a look in her eyes that made the young soldier's heart leap. "Won't you go for a walk with me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered softly.

As they passed down the hotel steps the moonlight fell full upon them, and Lawyer Coke, who was standing on the veranda, smiled, and, being a bit of a wag, he turned to a friend who had been watching the course of events for a month past and said:

"Alas! Poor Yorkshshire."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gladstone's Statue.

A statue to Gladstone has recently been placed in Westminster Abbey on the spot marked for it years ago by Dean Stanley. It occupies the last vacant space for a standing figure in the north transept. The London Times describes the statue.

It was made by Mr. Brook of the Royal Academy, and is a marble figure on a marble pedestal, which at present contains no inscription. On one side is the statue of Sir Robert Peel, on the other, that of Lord Beaconsfield. The aisle is called the "Statesmen's Aisle," and is near the pulpit.

Gladstone stands in the robes of a doctor of civil law of Oxford, with his face turned slightly to the left. The likeness is good.

There is no ceremony of unveiling monuments which, like this, are erected by the authority of Parliament. No display is necessary to call attention to the honor which the nation pays its great men.

A woman usually follows fashions in dressing her hair till the second baby comes, when she hasn't time to experiment, and clings to the style prevalent then all her days.

PLEA FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

He as Well as the Bride Is Deserving of Consideration.

Rhapsodies on the bride are bountiful. The dear creature, of course, is worthy of all the good things said about her. She is the loveliest, sweetest, most charming and altogether most delightful thing that ever came down the pike or the central aisle of the church. Her very presence is a benediction and a suggestion of the spiced isles, and her dresses—ah, they are dreams! If you don't believe it just get into the company of any of her girl friends; you won't have the trouble of asking about it. The bride is "it." She is always "top of column next to reading matter," which being interpreted means that she gets choice position, where she and her beauty and her gown would positively demand attention if it were not given freely, gladly and voluntarily. She deserves, and has, the admiration of all creation.

And yet we make bold to put in a little plea on behalf of the bridegroom, that he is not forgotten. Ordinarily he cuts mighty little figure in the proceedings. He is regarded rather in the light of a piece of the stage settings, or a foil to show off the radiant beauty of the bride-elect. That he is a very necessary adjunct to the function which brings the bride all ablaze into the public eye will be admitted. But who notices how he is dressed? Not even the bride herself. She and the others have a hazy picture of a man with something black on his body and something white on his hands, and some of the spectators may observe a scared look on his face. But that is about all. Nobody says, "Wasn't he handsome?" "How perfectly his costume sets off his splendid figure?" "Wasn't he just too sweet for anything?" Comments and compliments of this kind are reserved for the bride. The bridegroom doesn't get them. And, to tell the truth, he is glad of it. He is well content for "her" to be the recipient of all the attentions while he stands meekly in the background. It's less embarrassing and less bothersome.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has wound that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will not notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossips will have nothing to say about it. But when he has made her a happy home the bride will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, and most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her own bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

QUEER STORIES

Further experience of the recent storms of dust is told by the African mail steamship Borneo, which, before reaching Tenerife, ran through a terrific sandstorm for thirty hours.

The record of voracity belongs of right to a stout recently caught at Pennyhill, Pa. During the night the bloodthirsty little creature had killed eleven turkeys, thirty ducks and twenty chickens.

"Most people are aware," says the Scientific American, "of the power of egg-shells to resist external pressure on the ends, but not many would credit the results of tests recently made. Eight different hen's eggs were submitted to pressure applied externally all over the surface of the shell, and the breaking pressures varied between 400 pounds and 675 pounds per square inch. With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs, these gave way at pressures varying being thirty-two and sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was thirteen-thousandth inch."

The idea that alcohol or any other stimulant can ever impart strength must be abandoned, says a writer in The Hospital. A stimulant has a certain effect on the circulation, and this may enable the person who takes it to exert more strength temporarily; but the energy that he uses comes not from the stimulant, but from his own blood and tissue. A similar mistake is made in the administration of a stimulant to relieve a feeling of depression or sinking. An injurious reaction always follows. Alcohol is harmful also in diseases of the kidneys or of the liver, but it seems to be good for disease of the lungs, and its effect on appetite and digestion may be good when properly employed. When "stimulants" put one to sleep and quiet agitation, they are doing good; when, on the contrary, they raise the pulse-rate, and cause excitement and wakefulness, they are doing harm.

An Opinion.

"Do you think that betting is wrong?"

"It depends on circumstances," answered the town oracle. "If you can't afford to lose, it's wrong; if you can, it's merely silly."—Washington Star.

A man's strength develops when he has something to do; not when he is idle.

Science AND Invention

It has been noted that vessels may float down stream faster than the water. The explanation is that both the water and the floating object are being pulled down the hill by gravity, but the water is much more retarded by friction.

Pointing out the need of protecting egrets, or white herons, an English naturalist calls attention to the possibilities of egret farming. This has been successfully established at Tunis, and as egret plumes are worth more than their weight in gold, the profits from cutting the feathers from the birds should be large.

Meteorology owes its origin to Italy, which, as Dr. H. C. Bolton notes, produced every one of the fundamental instruments now used in weather observations. The hygrometer was invented about 1450, by Nicolas de Cusa; anemometer, 1578, by Egnatius Dante; thermometer, 1585, by Galileo; rain-gauge, 1639, by Cartell; barometer, 1643, by Torricelli.

The new patent wood of Joseph Hemmeling of Dresden takes a high polish, and is thirty-three to fifty per cent cheaper than oak. It is especially recommended for panels, parquet flooring and ceilings. The material is produced by adding to the wet peat some binding material up to five per cent of its total weight, then forming into cylinders under high pressure, and finally drying at a high temperature for four or five days.

An effort to determine from geysers the upper temperature limit of life has led Prof. W. A. Satchell to conclude that no animals exist in strictly thermal waters, or those heated above 43 degrees or 45 degrees C. (109 degrees or 113 degrees F.). A filamentous plant, one of the bacteria, was found at 89 degrees C., and a few other simple forms were found at 77 degrees and below. How the protoplasm of these organisms is made to resist the coagulation that usually destroys life at a little above 40 degrees C. is not clear.

By means of cross-breeding Mr. Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, California, has developed a variety of blackberries which are perfectly white, as bright as snow in the sunshine, and so transparent that the seeds can be seen inside the ripe fruit. The seeds are said to be unusually small, and the berries are as sweet and meltingly tender as the finest of the black varieties. "The familiar Lawton berry is described as the great-grand-parent of the new white variety, to which has been given the name of 'Iceberg.' The white berries are as large as the Lawtons.

There has been some talk in England lately of endeavoring to shorten the voyage across the Atlantic by developing the harbor of Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, and connecting it by swift steamers with St. John's in Newfoundland. The distance from Galway to St. John's is 1,816 miles; that from Liverpool to New York is 3,116 miles, and from Southampton 3,095 miles. It is assumed that transit between New York and St. John's, nearly all by land, could be performed so rapidly that the time from London to New York would be cut down a whole day below the present fastest records.

Many naturalists believe that animals possess senses unknown to human beings, something not included in our fivefold range of seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling. Insects especially give evidence of possessing powers of perception peculiar to themselves. The wasp Bembe, says J. Carter Beard, makes her nest in sandbanks that are sometimes acres in extent. On leaving she covers it up so carefully that it is indistinguishable from the surrounding surface, and yet on her return she flies direct to it without hesitation. Another wasp, as if possessed of a kind of X-ray sense, unerringly locates the hidden eggs of the mason-bee under a thick layer of unbaked clay, and deposits her own eggs in the same cells.

NEWSBOY PICKPOCKETS

Two Little Experiences with Thieves, with an Interval of Thirty Years.

"One of my earliest experiences in this city," said a New Yorker of now thirty-odd years' standing, "was with a newsboy who tried to pick my pocket; and among my latest experiences has been one precisely similar; this last experience showing, I suppose, that I am getting old and so have come to be regarded as an easy mark again, as I must have been considered when I was young and new in the town.

"The methods employed by the two boys, working thirty years apart, were identically the same, the boy in each case attempting the comparatively easy pocket-picking task of extracting money from the outside change pocket of an overcoat.

"To do this the boy carries his newspapers, to the casual eye, held out in front of him quite in the ordinary way; but he actually holds them with the left hand only, carrying the right hand under the papers out of sight and apparently helping to support them, but wholly free.

"Offering his papers to a customer thus the newsboy pickpocket advances then closer and closer to the customer, with an appearance simply of imparting him to buy, until he gets the papers close to the man's coat and over the change pocket. Under the papers thus advanced he puts

forth quick, out of sight, his right hand, with which to rifle the pocket, if you leave it unprotected, though he may lose a chance by bungling himself, and so give you a chance.

"This last boy that tried me was a novice and a bungler, who did just that; and I felt the pressure of his fingers on the coat plainly before he got into the pocket at all; and I turned on him, but not angrily, nor even threateningly, but with a sort of reproachful and regretful exclamation. Besides being chagrined for myself at being picked out as easy it really seemed a pity that this youngster should deliberately set out, as he seemed to have done, on the wrong road; to follow a way that, in the nature of things, could lead to one end only; and I am sure that the boy knew how I felt.

"I don't mean that he figured it all out as exactly as I have tried to tell it to you, but he certainly did know in a general sort of a way. He started back with a ashamed face, and at the same time with a scared sort of look, as though he thought I might get after him, after all; but when he realized that I was just soft-hearted and sorry, and wasn't going to do anything about it, why, though I stood and gazed at him for a moment, he, after his first momentary look of shamefacedness and alarm, ignored me completely, and simply went on offering his papers to the passers-by as though I had never existed.

"He had had a good shaking up, from his failure with me and my discovery of him, and what with his wonder after that about how it was going to come out; but he was rattled for a moment only. He was a novice but he was coming on.

"The moral of all this is that, while the great bulk of the newspapers are independent, self-reliant, capable little chaps, who are strictly on the level, there are among them, more's the pity, some who will pick a pocket if they get a chance; and when you meet a boy who insists upon working his papers up close against you, over your outside change pocket, why of him you want to fight shy."—New York Sun.

Tale of a Grateful Moose.

The moose and elk liberated in the Adirondacks by the State of New York and William C. Whitney during the last two years have played rather odd pranks in the gardens of the natives and with loads of hay in transit, but it cannot be said that they are ungrateful animals, says a New York Times writer. The home of the moose this winter has been in the vicinity of the Brown's Tract ponds, and there on Saturday evening the crew of a freight train on the Racquette Lake railroad discovered a cow moose in distress. The animal had been walking along the shore of a pond and broke through the ice and plunged about in the hole for some time, unable to help itself.

According to the story told by a trainman, he and his companions looked on with varying emotions, but finally summoning their courage, they went to the animal's assistance and got it out of the water with the aid of boards. Instead of taking to the woods after its rescue the moose followed the trainman about as a pet dog might, ate all of their luncheon that they could spare, warmed itself at the side of the locomotive, got in the way of the train and refused to go even when the train was compelled to move away. Its gratitude was evident.

The elk and moose with which it is hoped to restock the Adirondacks have taken good care of themselves during the winter. The killing of a young bull moose near Newcomb has aroused public feeling considerably.

Had Lost Track of the Case.

The young woman who, when asked if she had read Romeo and Juliet, replied that she had never read Juliet but she thought Romeo was lovely, was of the same temperament as a village postmaster who knew or pretended to know something of all the doings of the world, great and small.

Some wags from a neighboring town who strolled into the postoffice one day thought they would have some sport with the wise man.

"I suppose it's pretty dead up here Mr. Pratt," said one.

"Well, not so dead as you think. I guess there ain't much goes on that we don't hear about, even if it don't happen right here."

"Why, you people don't know the war's over," said another, falling back on the stock phrase.

"Oh, you can't work that dodge on me," replied the postmaster, looking shrewdly over his spectacles. "I guess I followed the negotiations with Kitchener in the papers."

"But there are some things that aren't in the papers," said another youth. "I don't believe you know when Shakespeare died."

"Well, no," said the postmaster. "I didn't know that he was dead, but I heard last week he was pretty low."

Humanity and Policy.

"Skimper was finding fault because the fire engine horses are driven as recklessly fast."

"I'll bet if his house was on fire he'd favor driving them a good deal faster."

"No, he wouldn't. He's got that old shell of his insured for twice its value."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Manchuria Rivals Oregon.

Manchuria rivals Oregon in fertility timber and climate, and has abundance of gold, silver, iron and coal. It has the area of Texas and three times the population of the State of New York.

LOST IN THE GRASS.

There is surely no country half a world away in which the Occidental traveler expects so much delight and so little adventure as in Japan. Yet Ernest Foxwell has recently related a tale of terrible adventure experienced in Japan by an Englishwoman but a few days after her arrival. She was staying at a little country village among the hills, and had gone out in the morning to gather flowers. The path ran across the uplands, where there is a wild and lonely stretch of country extending for several miles; and the beauty of some wild flowers growing in the tall grass led her to leave the trail unthinkingly, and press farther and farther into the waving tangle. She was a short woman, and it reached above her head.

"If I had been a foot taller," she said, in telling her story, "I should have laughed and been out in a minute or two; but those few inches buried me alive.

"Almost instantly I felt sick as you do at the beginning of an earthquake; for although I must have been quite near the path, yet with the grass all round above my head there was no knowing what would happen. I might be going right away at that very moment, and the possibilities came like a shock. I believe I lost my head at once. I could not think, so I kept moving one way, then another. But merely pushing through this tall, tough grass is very tiring work, even if you are on sloping ground, and can judge where you will come out, and when it is level all round, the heart is taken out of you from the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It was like being drowned."

It was not until sunset, after a whole day in the blazing sun, without food or water, constantly wandering, constantly pushing and treading at stems so stiff and serrated that they quickly make the hands bleed, that she walked suddenly out on to open ground and fell fainting in a heap. When she recovered, stars were shining, and she was alone on an unknown mountainside. She slept from exhaustion, and the next day followed a winding mountain torrent over rocky land, her shoes and then her stockings worn from her feet, only to find, at sundown, that it had led her to a narrow gorge, without one inch of foothold or shore. The stream dashed through in a torrent that hopelessly barred the way.

Light-headed with terror, hunger and weariness, she crouched for a time in despair. Then she suddenly waded into the stream and stood until after dawn waist-deep in water, while a rain-storm pelted upon her from above. Whim or instinct, she believed that by the cool rush and sting of the water her reason and strength were preserved.

The next day she retraced her weary way along the watercourse back to the heights; thence, fixing anew the point to which she must direct her steps, she successfully made her way back to civilization. When at length she reeled into the hut of a kindly Japanese woman, she had been four days without food, and had walked until her feet were so torn and inflamed it was thought she must have them amputated; but she fortunately regained her health unscathed.

Alighted Too Soon.

It had taken considerable persuasion to induce the old lady to trust herself in an automobile; but finally she consented because, says the Automobile Magazine, she was anxious to reach the bedside of her sick grandchild in a village some twenty miles away.

The owner of the big automobile, who was touring through Long Island, had been very kind about it. He chanced to be near the station when the old lady found she had missed her train, and when he overheard her lamentations he insisted that she should accompany him. His route lay through that particular one of the half-dozen Long Island villages named Hampton where the sick grandchild lay.

They started at last, and everything went well until, in attempting to pass a wagon which occupied most of the road, the flying automobile went unexpectedly into the ditch, and rather violently deposited its occupants in an adjoining field.

Recovering from the shock, although somewhat confused from the rather unusual method of alighting, the old lady asked of the chagrined chauffeur: "Is this a-a-a Hampton?"

"No, ma'am," he managed to gasp; "this is an accident."

"O dear!" said the old lady. "Then I hadn't oughter have got out here, had I?"

A Hanging Railroad.

A hanging overhead electric railroad for London, similar to that in use in Elberfeld, Germany, is projected by a group of German, American and English financiers. A parliamentary concession will be asked to rive the single track required over the Thames from its south end for eight miles.

Consumption of Iron in Germany. In Germany the annual consumption of iron per capita is 168 pounds and the production just double that amount.

After an angel reaches thirty-five and wears an old wrapper across the alley to borrow butter from a neighbor, she looks pretty tough.

After all, the greatest aid to health is regulating the diet.