

An Exchange

I HATE everything in the world," asserted the girl, sweetly and defiantly, "everything and everybody except, of course, you, Aunt Hester."

"Kitty, dear, don't talk so wickedly," replied a voice so feeble and tired, though sweet, that there was no need to be told Aunt Hester was ill.

"It's quite true," repeated Kitty: "I do hate everything. I hate never having any money and living in these two poky little rooms, and not being able to take you abroad, which the doctor says would very likely make you well again, and having to slave day after day teaching those horrid children who never seem to learn anything. I loathe it all! I can't help not being patient like you, Auntie, and if it is wicked to hate things, why then I must be wicked!"

The girl stopped, completely out of breath, and the older woman sighed but said nothing. She knew how hard the poverty of their lives was to the pretty girl of eighteen, who had youth's natural desire for pleasure and pretty things. She understood how irksome it was to Kitty to teach three dull children for five hours daily for the meagre sum of £14 a year, which money, with the addition of a very small amount of hers, was all they had to live on. She knew, too, better than her niece, better even than the doctor, that so far as she was concerned, it would soon be over; that not even the visit to Switzerland, so easily advised, so impossible to obtain, would make very much difference or very materially lengthen the days before Kitty would be left to fight the battle of life alone.

"Only £50," she went on bitterly. "I have worked it all out. For £50 we could both go to Lausanne for ten weeks. You know that pension where Lizbie stayed; they would take the two of us for £3 a week; that would leave plenty for the journey. Fifty pounds! less than heaps of women spend on one dress! I call it hateful—horrible—unfair. Why should we have nothing and others so much?"

She made for the park, and as she was walking along one of its most deserted paths her foot knocked against a stone, which she kicked impatiently away. The softness of the stone struck her, and she looked down to find she was kicking a purse. She picked it up and examined it carefully. It was nearly new, of green leather, curiously worked with black, and the monogram, "A. K." stamped in gold in the corner.

"It is so light there can be nothing in it," she said to herself, and opened it. A shilling and four pennies fell into her hand, and then some pieces of folded paper, five Bank of England notes for £10 each. There was no one near. Kitty's head swam, her eyes grew misty, she felt sick and faint as the temptation unfolded itself to her. Here was the exact sum needed to restore Aunt Hester to health; there was no name in the purse, no clue to the owner; surely, since it had come to her at that moment when she so much needed £50, it must have been sent by Providence. Surely it would be only right for her to keep it. Thus she reasoned, knowing the weakness of her arguments, realising, but refusing to consider, that she contemplated committing a theft. And after the theft, lies would be necessary, for if Aunt Hester had the faintest idea of how the money was obtained, she would certainly refuse to even touch it, and would insist on making every effort to find its owner.

If Miss Ormond had not been the most simple-minded and unsuspecting of women she would never have believed that Mrs. Harper, the by no means rich mother of her niece's pupils, would give her a present of £50, for this was the very feeble lie by which Kitty accounted for her possession of the money. Miss Ormond was anxious to write and thank the lady, but Kitty averred that Mrs. Harper had made a condition she should receive no thanks for her gift, and Miss Ormond, into whose gullestible mind no shadow of suspicion entered, obeyed, though a little unwillingly. "Such a magnificent, such a princely gift," she kept on murmuring gently. "It seems rude and ungrateful for me not to thank her, but of course we must do as she wishes. I hope, Kitty, you said how deeply grateful we both are."

A week later and the dingy lodgings were left and aunt and niece started for Switzerland. Aunt Hester bore the journey very well, and they were soon installed in a comfortable pension overlooking the azure waters of Lake Lemano, on the other side of which in snow-cind majesty the peaked Alps keep guard.

Then suddenly one day when they had been in Lausanne for six weeks, and Kitty congratulated herself that her aunt was so much better she had not slumbered in vain, the end came. Aunt Hester returned from a walk, felt tired, and went to lie down. In two hours the suave little Swiss doctor had secured the aim of frantic Kitty and nothing could save Miss Ormond. For all your famous London doctors had been here, Mademoiselle, they could have done nothing. Her heart was shattered, if sympathy mean anything.

When the day with whom she had an enemy for the family girl

that she always asked her to join any little entertainment that took place. Kitty never accepted these kindly meant invitations. She was so unhappy that she had no heart for anything of the kind. One evening, however, she relented. A small musical party was to be given and one of the pupils, a girl of whom Kitty had become very fond, begged her to accept Mrs. Allen's invitation to join it.

"My brother, who is staying at Lausanne now, is coming," she said proudly. "He sings splendidly, and you play accompaniments so well that I want you to play his. I told Mrs. Allen I would improve you to come. Do, there's a darling. You needn't stay downstairs all the evening if you are tired, only I do want you to hear Arthur sing and see him, too; he is just perfect!" For Jamie thought there was no one in the world fit to compare with her eldest brother.

Kitty accepted to the earnest request, though when she found herself in the drawing-room that evening she was almost sorry she had given in. There was no help for it then, however, and she bowed gracefully to the tall, dark young man who was immediately introduced to her by his enthusiastic sister.

"Miss Ormond is going to play your accompaniments, Arthur," she said impudently. "She plays beautifully, and I have told her all about your wonderful singing."

The man smiled. "I am afraid my little sister talks too much," he said. "She is so proud of my singing that she expects every one to be equally enthusiastic!"

During the evening he asked his sister why Miss Ormond looked so unhappy, and she told him that Miss Ormond had brought her aunt out to Lausanne hoping thereby to restore her health, and how she had died suddenly. "The poor thing is quite alone in the world, and very poor," Jamie continued, "so Mrs. Allen asked her to live with her. She must have loved that aunt awfully, because it is more than two years since she died, and Miss Ormond always has that sad expression." The young man found that Jamie had by no means exaggerated Miss Ormond's playing powers, and although not at all impressionable, he could not help feeling interested in the beautiful, sad, and apparently friendless girl. He stayed in Lausanne for some time, and very often saw his sister, and always managed to see Miss Ormond at the same time.

"Kitty, dear," he said tenderly, "why are you so much astonished? You must have known I loved you. My poor little girl, all alone in the world, Jamie has told me all about your troubles, and now I am going to make you happy again. You are too young and pretty to have that sad face always." But the girl shrank from him. "I can't," she murmured brokenly. "I love you, oh, yes, I love you, but I can never marry you nor any other man!"

The anguish in her voice and face was so intense that the man looked at her in astonishment. "What is it, my darling? Why do you talk so strangely? Why, if you love me, can't you marry me? You speak as if you had committed a crime!"

"So I have," she answered, and it was his turn to start back and exclaim. "Kitty, what do you mean?"

"Listen," she said miserably, and then she tells her story.

Her eyes were on the ground, and she did not see the curious light in his.

"It is odd there was exactly the £50 you wanted, no more, no less," he observed quietly, to her astonishment.

"There was something else," she answered, "a—"

But he interrupted her:

"A shilling and four pennies were in it as well; the purse was green worked with black, and A. K. was stamped in gold in one corner."

"A. K.," she cried. "Arthur King! It was your purse. Oh, let me go. Let me go, let me never see you again!"

He held her firmly.

"My darling, the money is nothing to me in comparison with what you have suffered. I am glad you had the money, glad that through me you were able to give your aunt a little happiness at the end. And for yourself, Kitty, you must be happy again now. After all, you used my money, and it is only fair you should give me something in exchange."

"I have nothing to give, at least hardly anything. I have only been able to save £10. Oh, Arthur, how you must hate me!"

"I don't want money, Kitty. You can give me the only thing in the world that I want, and that is—" She looked at him in wonderment. "Yourself," he finished, and she said no more.—New York News.

American Cigarettes in India. It is now said that the cigarette trade of India—an enormous and growing one, for every native smokes—has been captured by America. It is the old story over again—surplus stock sold at ruinous prices. Ten American cigarettes, done up in a box, can be bought to-day in any Indian bazaar for half a penny.

Natural headaches are set in it with the acquired kind.

NURSES OF THE ARMY.

Women Are Regularly Employed, Usually with Marked Success.

A brief account by Dr. McGee of the nurse corps of the army as it exists now has recently been published in the Journal of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States. A previous article described the conditions attending the appointment of trained women nurses for army duty, which began in May, 1898, and culminated in September, when about 1,200 were employed. Between then and the present time they have served in the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, and even in the Chinese campaign, according to American Medicine. The number is now fixed at 100 on active duty, with a small body of "reserves" who have seen active service and are ready to answer future calls.

Trained nurses are permanently stationed at the army hospital at San Francisco, at the one for tuberculosis at Fort Bayard, N. M., and at the largest hospitals in the Philippines. They are temporarily sent to any post where they may be needed. They serve under a section of the army reorganization law framed in 1900, which provided that the medical department should consist of specified medical officers, of the enlisted men of the hospital corps, and of the nurse corps (female).

A superintendent is stationed in the Surgeon General's office and a chief nurse is at each of the hospitals where nurses are serving. Recent regulations provide for an examination in nursing, cooking and allied subjects before promotion from the grade of nurse to that of chief nurse. Women are employed with marked success as teachers of nursing and cooking in the two schools maintained to give brief preliminary instruction to the hospital corps recruits. Dr. McGee urges that in the future the nurse corps be more largely utilized in giving systematic ward training to fit the hospital corps men for their duties in the smaller hospitals where they have no trained supervision. She also recommends the gradual formation of a large corps of reserves who have received some post graduate military training.

TWAIN'S ROAST CHICKENS.

Cooked in a Peculiar Way that Made Them Delicious.

Recently Major John B. Downing, of Middleport, Ohio, was discussing army chicken stealing and the various ways the boys had of preparing them to be served. The Major was a Mississippi river pilot in his young days, and stood at the wheel as a cub under the watchful eye of "Sam" Clemens, the Mark Twain of the present day.

"Speaking of chicken-stealing," said the Major, who is now gray and remissive, "we had great times on the Mississippi when Mark Twain, Jake Estep and myself were together. Jake would have made a typical soldier. He could locate a fat pullet in a whole coop of half-breeds."

"In those days we carried a great deal of freight from points along the Mississippi river to New Orleans, particularly during the holiday season. At many places the coops were four and five deep on the levee when we landed. Estep always had an eye out for a particularly promising coop, and usually kept in mind the place where it had been stored away."

"Shortly before midnight he would go on deck and extract several plump fowls from the coops he had 'pre-empted.' The chickens were dispatched without a protesting squawk, the entrails removed, but the feathers left intact. Seasonings were then inserted, and the fowls inclosed in a heavy casing of soft clay to the thickness of two inches. They were then cast among the hot embers in the ash pan and permitted to roast to the queen's taste. When thoroughly cooked, they were removed, and the clay casing broken from about them. The feathers came away with the clay, leaving clean, smoking hot fowls ready for the dish of hot butter awaiting them upstairs. Estep with a fork stripped the flesh from the bones into the melted butter, while the rest of us stood about and smacked our lips in anticipation. Dear, dear, but they were good. In cooking them in that way all the rich flavors were retained—I can almost taste them now, and I wish I could as a matter of fact."

According to His Folly.

A young Japanese compositor employed on a Japanese journal hardly a stone's throw from the Mail and Express building was riding downtown in a City Hall train the other morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper and paid little attention to the other passengers. But a fresh-looking young man who sat next to him, and who had been eyeing him all along, suddenly said:

"What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway? A Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little Jap was not caught napping. Quick as a wink he replied:

"What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway? a monkey, a donkey or a Yankee?"

The fresh young man had no more to say, and left the train quickly when City Hall station was reached.—New York Mail and Express.

She Can't Do It.

Mamma—Johnny, I shall have to tell your father what a naughty boy you have been.

Johnny—I guess dad's right when he says a woman can't keep a thing to herself.—Boston Transcript.

Shipping California Oranges.

A commercial agent of the Japanese government is in California to make an experiment of shipping California oranges to Japan.

Science AND Invention

A unique institution is the Pathological Museum at Berlin. This was established by Professor Virchow, and contains 23,000 preparations of a pathological kind, with elaborate arrangements for preserving, mounting and studying the specimens.

Electrical reactions have been found by Dr. A. D. Waller, of the University of London, to serve as a test of life in both animal and vegetable tissues. In this way he has just shown that bits of human skin for grafting preserve their vitality at least two days, often ten days, and probably sometimes much longer. As confirming this conclusion, it is mentioned that carefully preserved skin has been used after six months, sixteen transplantations out of twenty-two proving successful.

Some bacteria, large fungi and rotten wood are known to glow in the dark, but shrubs and flowering plants are not usually credited with the property of phosphorescence. Dr. H. Beckurts, however, has lately discovered an old record of phosphorescence, in an Indian grass known to the Brahmins as "dhotishmati." The account is of much interest to botanists, but, while the plant has not been identified with certainty, it is concluded that the observer was led into error by phosphorescent bacteria on the grass.

If a flower-pot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed, and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth. Recently Francis Darwin, in England, has succeeded in accelerating the tendency of a plant to curve upward when placed horizontally by subjecting it to the vibrations of a tuning-fork. He thinks the shock of the vibrations affects the movements of the starch grains.

When Mr. Marconi started his great power-station at Poldhu, in England, for the purpose of transmitting wireless messages across the Atlantic, many feared that the electric waves from this station would interfere with those of shorter range, used in communicating between ships and between shore and ship. Recently Professor Fleming has experimented with the Poldhu apparatus, and reports that his experiments appear to him to afford "a complete demonstration of the truth of Mr. Marconi's statement that the waves sent out from his power-stations do not and will not interfere with the reception of messages from his apparatus as placed on board ship."

The railway across the Andes, between Chile and the Argentine Republic, which was projected twenty years ago, is at last to be completed, the Chilean congress having recently passed a bill for the purpose. The loftiest part of the pass, which lies not far south of the great Andean giant, Aconcagua, and which has an elevation of 13,000 feet, is to be penetrated by a tunnel, which will serve both to avoid snowdrifts and to decrease the maximum elevation of the road. The terminals of the railway on each side of the pass are now within one day's travel by mule caravan from one another. This will be the first rail line to cross the South American continent.

THIS NEWSY A HERO

Only a Child, Yet Cared for a Deserted Baby Five Days.

Few stories of the streets of Greater New York are more pathetic than that of a little shaver of a newsboy who "found in" a 4-months-old baby girl at a Brooklyn police station the other day. The newsboy had been lugging the deserted infant about and caring for it for five days before he felt impelled to pass up the burden that had been thrust upon his little shoulders.

On a raw and rainy afternoon the boy was selling his papers at his accustomed corner of Atlantic avenue, in Brooklyn, when a young man and woman, the latter carrying an infant, approached him.

"Hold this baby for a few minutes," said the man, taking the baby from the arms of the woman, who was weeping, "and I'll give you a quarter."

"Sure 't'ing," said the newsboy, who really wasn't much more than a baby himself, although, as he afterwards put it, he'd been "hustlin' f'm me grub" for several years.

The man deposited the infant in the newsboy's arms, and then the couple hurried around the corner, the woman still weeping. They didn't come back. The newsboy, holding the baby on one arm and his papers on the other, waited for them for hours. Then, as he subsequently explained, "I got wise dat dey had done me, but I wasn't goin' t' shake de kid."

for infants of the size of the one he was packing around. Out of his earnings he bought a baby's milk bottle and filled it with warm milk that he got at a little restaurant. The bottle and the milk made a hit with the baby girl, and she quieted down.

The newsboy was in the habit of sleeping in hallways, car sheds and unused cars, power houses, and old place that afforded warmth and concealment, but he felt that, with his new responsibility, "campin' out," as he expressed it, was out of the question.

"A feller couldn't carry de babies wit' such a little kid as dat," he added.

So he chartered a bunk for himself and the baby in an eight-cent Brooklyn lodging house. He tucked the young one under the quilts, warmed up more milk for it on the following morning and carried for it generally and then set out to sell papers, with the baby on one arm and his papers on the other.

Thus he nurtured the waif for five days. Then he "went broke." His little reserve fund of pennies had all been spent in "blowin' de little gesser"—his own words again. He didn't mind the constant gazing of his newsboy companions, but he found that the caring for the baby seriously interfered with his paper-selling business. So he reluctantly carried the baby to a police station.

"Say, sarge," he said to the desk sergeant on duty, "take dis hard-luck tad off me han's, will you? I'm all in 'an' dey ain't nottin' doin' wit' me since I got de kid. It yells so much dat I can't sell me papes. But, say, sarge, you won't give de kid none de woids of it, will you, hey?" he added, with great solicitude, and then he told his story of how he had come into possession of the mite of a girl.

The baby is now in a foundling asylum, and the stout-souled and tender-hearted newsboy is back on his Atlantic avenue corner selling his "papes." He is selling more of them, fourfold than he ever sold before, and hundreds of persons who know the story of how he took care of the deserted baby for five days are telling him to "keep the change" these days.

NO WHET TO THE APPETITE.

Customs at West Virginia Hotel No Conducive to Gormandizing.

There are districts in the West Virginia mountains where the people live in very primitive fashion. They live as did their fathers and do as they please, and says one who has visited them, "don't care a darn, and where they carry guns use them with simple directness." The chief of the camera club has been down in that locality and tells of some interesting experiences: "I stepped into a lunch room at one of the mountain stations to get a cup of coffee."

"By the way, I believe that they've revived the war custom of making coffee out of sweet potatoes and burnt rye. You know the rye used to die that when they couldn't get the real thing. Anyway the lunch counter coffee had a yam flavor. To the right of me was an empty seat. The man who sat there just before had tried pie and did very well. At least there remained only crumbs and a knife covered with cherry juice. The man to the left of me was tackling a hair sandwich and he called for a knife to spread on some mustard. The waiter was a raw-boned mountaineer. He slouched forward and picked up the cherry-stained knife. First I thought he was going to swallow it, but he was really only licking off the stains after which he wiped the knife on his apron—and delivered it to the hair sandwich chap. The latter looked at me and dropped the mustard idea."

"A stranger came in at this moment and called for a dozen oysters on the shell. A moment later I heard the long-geared mountaineer yell to a small boy in a far corner: 'Whar's that air set o' shells? What set o' shells?' grumbled the boy. 'Their air shells that I use for esters.' 'I have 'em at a purp down the hill this mawnin', snuffed the boy. The mountaineer vaulted over the counter, but the boy escaped. The former explained: 'I hadn't a got none o' their air shells to put the esters on. Con-sarn that kid!'—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Wounded Duelist.

At the recent congress of physicians in New Orleans a story about Dr. Lorenz went the rounds.

Dr. Lorenz, some years ago, was summoned suddenly to the bedside of a Frenchman who had been wounded in a duel.

"Come immediately and bring a plenty of surgical appliances," said the summoner, "for you will find your patient in a serious situation."

Accordingly the physician and his assistant loaded into their carriage a great quantity of bandages, and lodo form gauze and absorbent cotton, to gether with probes of every size and shape, anaesthetics and splints. They were equipped to dress the wounds of a small army, and great, therefore was their disgust, upon reaching the Frenchman's house, to find that nothing ailed him but a mere sword scratch in the forearm.

Dr. Lorenz, with a smile, sent his assistant for some warm water, and waited for its arrival to dress the tiny wound. The Frenchman, groaning fearfully, said to him:

"Is my arm hurt serious, sir?"

"Very serious, indeed," replied the physician. "I'm afraid, if my assistant don't hurry it will heal of itself before he gets back."

"Never laugh at a girl with a pug nose; you can't tell what may turn up."

A BIT OF HISTORY.

How the La Plata Provinces Were Lost to England Forever.

Buenos Aires, meaning "good airs" or "healthful winds," was named by an old Spanish explorer and freebooter, Pedro de Mendoza, who founded the city in the year 1535. The wind blowing in from the pampas was certainly good, but not so the flat, swampy piece of ground that he selected for a town. (et the little settlement grew, despite its surroundings, despite the lack of a harbor, despite a century of Indian wars and over two and a half centuries of Spanish misrule. It grew and prospered until, in 1776—an easy date to remember—it became the capital of the great Spanish viceroyalty of La Plata, which comprised what is now Argentina, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay. Just 100 years ago Buenos Aires' population had reached 50,000, which seems quite remarkable when one considers the vexatious taxes and restrictions imposed on her colonies.

In 1809 occurred the British invasion under Major-General (afterward Viscount) William Carr Beresford, an event that nearly changed the destiny of half a continent. For "the Purple Land that England lost," as a writer styles the La Plata countries, would probably have been British to-day, like Cape Colony, or, at least English-speaking, had Beresford held the city he so easily captured.

England and Spain were at war at his time. Spain being the ally of Napoleon, Beresford, who had been stationed at Cape of Good Hope, thought he would aid his country by seizing a Spanish colony, and impulsively set all for the Rio de la Plata with about 60 men. Arrived at Buenos Aires, he took the city quite by surprise, and captured it easily. The people were not inclined to submit to a mere handful of Englishmen (Englishmen), and after a few weeks' preparation they advanced upon the invaders and soon overwhelmed them. The fighting occurred in the Plaza Mayor, the principal square of the city, where Beresford was entrenched, and this square has ever since been known as the Plaza Victoria, while adjacent streets, such as Defensa (Defense), Reconquista (Reconquest), and a few others, were retained in honor of the victory.

But Great Britain, unwilling to lose such a prize, sent a much larger force, under General Whiteleake, to recapture the city. This expedition, however, ended much more disastrously. Whiteleake, through his incompetence, lost half his men and had to withdraw to his ships; and, to complete his disgrace, he surrendered Montevideo, the city across the river—now the capital of Uruguay—which had been gallantly captured by a separate force. Thus the La Plata provinces were lost to England forever.—St. Nicholas.

AN AUTHORITY ON ASIA.

John Barrett, the New Minister to the Argentine Republic.

The new minister to Argentina, John Barrett of Oregon, who succeeds W. P. Lord, was formerly minister to

Siam and is an authority on matters pertaining to the far east. Since early in 1902 Mr. Barrett has been commissioner general for the St. Louis exposition to Asia and Australia and has but recently returned to this country.

While minister to Siam (1894-98) Mr. Barrett settled the famous claim of Dr. M. A. Cheek, obtaining an award of \$250,000. When the Spanish war broke out he resigned his diplomatic post and went to the Philippines as a war correspondent.

In 1901 he was a delegate to the international conference of American states held in Mexico. Last December he was appointed minister to Japan, but declined in order to complete his work for the St. Louis exposition.

Why Angels Needed a Ladder.

H. H. Vreeland, the president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York, is the son of a clergyman—Rev. A. H. Vreeland—and sometimes he tells the following story of his father, says the Detroit News-Tribune:

"One afternoon my father made an address before a Sunday school. Jacob's ladder was the subject that he chose to talk on, and after he had told that beautiful biblical story he said to the listening children:

"Is there any one here who has any questions to ask about Jacob?"

"There was a silence. Again my father asked:

"Is there no one here who wishes to ask some questions about Jacob, and the ladder, and the angels ascending and descending?"

"This time a little girl said timidly: 'Why was it, sir, since the angels had wings, that they needed a ladder to ascend and descend on?"

"Before a question so intelligent and ingenious my father naturally was at a loss. He could think of nothing to reply, so to gain time he said:

"The question I have been asked is a good one. Can anybody answer it? Come, now—surely some little boy or girl can answer this question. Why did the angels have a ladder when they were endowed with wings?"

"A little boy in the back of the room piped out:

"Maybe they were molting, sir."

Some Women Among Them.

Mrs. Snappe—Oh! all men are fools. Mr. Snappe—Yes? Unfortunately for you, dear, the rule doesn't work both ways.—Philadelphia Press.

