

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wunder what she done, That all her sisters kep' a-gittin' married one by one.

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say, and more and more I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens 'at she bore.

The Blue Moonstone.

It WAS in the midst of preparations for leaving Manila for a trip to Japan, so there was plenty for me to do.

As I seated myself at the favorable, little Tom Macon, of the artillery, rushed up. "My! Mrs. Crane, you do look stunning to-night!

Tommy was a nice boy, and if I had been married only five years earlier, might have been my son. Such outspoken admiration on his part was rather a surprise.

"But, Tommy," I said, "I'll dance, of course, if I'm needed, but I have no partner, besides I came to give out favors."

"There are plenty of downers here to do that," he said. The high official was approaching. I knew him slightly. He was a very pompous person, and I had always found him rather hard to talk to.

"I have been tied by these young people," he said, with a wave of his hand toward a group of cotillion managers. "that I am expected to renew my youth to-night. I have not danced the german for many years. May I have the pleasure of dancing it with the belle of the ball?"

"If by that sounding title you mean myself," I answered, immensely flattered, "I shall be most happy, and we took our seats in two empty chairs in the cotillion circle, just as the music began for the first figure.

The high official danced abominably, but I did not find him hard to talk to that evening. He was not at all the kind of man I had supposed him to be. He was jocular—indeed, flirtatious, and he whispered stilted compliments in my ear all the time we sat together.

I must confess that this time was rather limited, for I was constantly on the floor. This was a surprise. I had always enjoyed a good dance, and was rather a favorite chaperon with the young people; but such attention as I received this evening had been unprecedented for years. I was past my first youth, and there were many young and pretty girls present; but, I noted it with astonishment, I was the belle of the ball.

Before the evening was half over I was laden down with favors. Young naval ensigns, whom I scarcely knew by sight, gave me paper hats and Japanese toys, and then bore me off in the waltz with an unmistakable air of triumph. Haughty officers in the division staff, who always wore such a preoccupied air when I met them on the Luneta, that I almost hesitated to bow and disturb their weighty cogitations, came to me with offerings of fans and wooden shoes. The general and the admiral hovered about my chair until the high official became quite grumpy. When Tom came in later in the evening, he stood watching me with a surprise which I could not help but feel was unflattering.

At the conclusion of the cotillion, my partner escorted me to the dressing-room door, where he expressed the wish to "wait upon" me soon (he never made calls). He bade me good-by with an almost fatuous smile as he pressed—nay, squeezed my hand.

him; for, happy as we were, with us those things were more often understood than mentioned.

As I was preparing for my needed repose that night, I took off my rings as usual to lock them away in my jewel-case, and dropped one, which looked off into some dark corner. I looked for it for a moment, but being very sleepy and seeing that only the little moonstone ring was missing, I postponed the search until morning. I then informed Portuna of the loss.

She told me later that, after looking thoroughly, she had been unable to find the ring. I was almost sure that it had rolled underneath the wash-stand, but when we moved that piece of furniture and it was not there, I dismissed the thing from my mind, as the article was really of no intrinsic value.

That evening as my carriage stopped by the bandstand on the Luneta, and as I exchanged greetings with my friends, I saw many of my partners of the previous evening. A few of them stopped for a word or two, but many of them passed on with merely a bow. I was rather amused to see that staff officer who had nearly shed tears the evening before, when a previous engagement had prevented my accepting from him a tin trumpet be decked with ribbon, pass me by with a stony stare. He never saw me at all.

Indeed, I could not but remark that the fervor of my admirers of the night before had waned perceptibly. Upon reaching home that evening, I found an unpleasant episode in progress. As we drove through the front door, into the stable, which occupies the ground floor of most Manila houses, a large group of servants, children, and chickens stood watching a fight between Domingo, the stable-boy, and Juan, the cook's assistant.

As Domingo was belaboring his antagonist about the head with a brass candlestick, the consequences threatened to become serious, but the cocher, descending from his box, lay about him with his whip until finally the combatants separated.

I stopped to inquire into the causes of the affray. When a Filipino is angry he is very incoherent, and the mixture of Spanish and Tagalog which the two culprits poured forth was quite unintelligible to me. From the cocher I gathered that somebody had promised to marry them both, and that each was determined to murder the other in consequence. After threatening them both with the calaboose (jail), I ascended the stairs, and there received Portuna perched on the newel-post, her bare feet tucked up under her red skirt, her hair freshly anointed with coconut oil, and her eyes dancing with an unholly joy. I could not help feeling that she was at the bottom of the whole affair.

Two days before I left for Japan, Portuna came to me and said that she was unable to go with us. She informed me that nothing but the fact that she was to be a matron would have induced her to leave the children and myself.

"Whom are you going to marry, Portuna?" I asked, wondering whether Juan or Domingo were to carry off the prize. "A man muy rico, senora," she declared, proudly. "He gave me beautiful jewels and fine cars. You see him often on the Luneta—Simon Sebastiano."

I gave a start of surprise. Sebastiano was one of the most influential Filipinos in Manila. I simply could not believe that ugly, undersized Portuna could have captured his fancy. He was good looking, too; there was a strain of the best Spanish blood in his veins; he had been well educated, and was high in the ranks of the Federal party. It was as much of a misalliance for him to marry Portuna as for the son of an aristocratic New York family to seek in marriage a Bowery factory-girl of the most humble antecedents. The more I thought of it, the most unlikely it seemed; and when she informed me that she had been brought up in his house as the daughter of his cocher, the news was more incomprehensible than ever, knowing as I did the class distinctions of these people.

For the next two months the children and I revelled in the beauties of Japan. By October we returned to the head of the family, who was hard at work in Manila.

I was greeted with the pleasing news that orders were on the way for us to go home. So I determined to enjoy as fully as possible the last weeks of our sojourn in the East. When we were bidden, then, by one of the various political parties to a great banquet, I decided to go, as it was to be nearly the last of my Filipino entertainments.

All the American civil officials and many officers of the army and navy were there. I felt quite lost among so many personages of rank. I was taken out to the repast by a nice infantry major, and we sat far down below the notables.

Some distance from where I sat, I saw my late cotillion partner talking to a Filipino woman; on looking more closely I perceived that he was engaged in an animated conversation with—could it be? Yes, it certainly was—Portuna! Portuna, quite as un beautiful as ever, but gorgeously arrayed; her camisa stiff with embroidery, a spray of diamond roses four inches long in her hair, and about her neck a string of pearls for which I would have given ten years of my existence. She seemed to find the remarks of the high official interesting; indeed, she laughed in a coquettish manner; and as for him, he did not seem to find the banquet the perfunctory bore these affairs usually are to men of his kind—he really appeared to be enjoying himself.

When the banquet was over, Portuna came up and greeted me with effusion. She was not proud. She asked about the children, with tears in her eyes, and promised to come and see them. She introduced her husband, who regarded her with adoring eyes. I found him to be very intelligent, and we talked together of the traffic question and of the future of the Malay race while we were sitting out a dance I sat out several that evening.

The high official rushed up to us. Not having seen him for two months, I supposed that he had come to pay his respects. He barely nodded to me.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs.—Crane." Then, "Where is that attractive little wife of yours, Sebastiano? I want to see if she will dance the Rigodon with me."

With that he darted off, and I soon saw him standing, with Portuna as a partner.

The next time I saw Portuna was on the transport Sheridan. We left for home on very short notice, and in some way she heard of it, and appeared just before the vessel sailed, bearing gifts of pian and just and Centon linen for me and the children. She was the very same Portuna, but the accident affliction she had for me had awakened quite a warm feeling for her in my heart, so I submitted to her embrace, while the children clung to her with tears.

The last gong had sounded, and when half way down the gangway Portuna turned and waved her hand. The sun fell upon her costly rings, and among the diamonds and pearls, I noticed upon her little finger the glint of a blue moonstone.

Leaning over the side of the ship, Tom and I saw her enter a comfortable little private launch, and steam off in state.

"What a promotion for Portuna," I remarked. "How do you suppose it ever happened?"

"It is rather remarkable," said my better-half, as he lazily flicked the ashes from a Germinal cigar, "but then you know, for a Filipino, Portuna is really a very pretty woman."

—San Francisco Argonaut.

HISTORY MUST BE REVISED.

If All that Reads Unfavorably Should Be Stricken Out.

Since 1825, when the great and general court declared Roger Williams to be unfit for fellowship and banished him from the state, there have been seven different petitions to have the edict revoked. All have received the indorsement of religious as well as political leaders, yet there has never been a sufficiently vigorous expression of public sentiment to bring it about.

The last petition before the legislature represented all shades of religious feeling. It was signed by descendants of those who had been instrumental in driving Roger Williams to Rhode Island nearly 300 years ago. But tradition is powerful, almost sacred, and what has gone on the statute books stays. The failure to repeal any law that has long been useless is an example of the same kind.

In view of such facts, it is somewhat surprising that there is going on now another movement to have the name of the apostle cleared. In spirit the people of this State respect the memory of Roger Williams as deeply and as sincerely as the citizens of Rhode Island or of any other New England commonwealth. The persons who are determined to have the ban removed appear to be endowed with much of the unquenchable enthusiasm of Williams himself, which enabled him to conquer in spite of all obstacles and persecution. The leaders of the new movement are now circulating a petition at all the watering places in New England, and after signatures have been obtained here it will be sent to St. Louis for the approval of all the New Englanders who visit the World's Fair, and thence to different sections in the West where puritan sentiment is strong. It is hoped to have the names of 1,000 men and women of prominence in this State alone, and many more names from Massachusetts and New England people in other parts of the country.

P. O. DEPARTMENT IS BUSY.

Many Changes Made in Names of Old and Familiar Offices.

The Postoffice Department has been playing havoc with the old familiar names of offices throughout the country. It has been obliged to discontinue the mail service at New York. To be sure, it is not the New York of the Great White Alley whose postal facilities have been cut off, but a town of somewhat smaller size, in the State of Iowa. It has also been the unhappiness of the people of Rock Branch, in the same commonwealth, to lose their postoffice, and the records have been transferred to Correctionville. Ominous name! Let us hope the records are straight.

In Michigan the department has succeeded the name Sault de Ste. Marie into Sault Sainte Marie, and it has established the office of Bay and Rescue. In Minnesota that noble office known for years as Proctorknott has been shorn of its final syllable, and the famous orator is known only by his Christian name upon the mailing lists now. Skog is a new name in Minnesota, and a good one. In Mississippi Chunks Station has been transformed into Chunky. In Oregon Needy has been stricken from the list, and in Pennsylvania Arcadia has been established.

In the Philippines Masbate has been discontinued. Equality has been established in South Carolina and a new Rucker Hill has arisen in Tennessee. Doeville has also sprouted in Tennessee, and there the much-sought John may have his home.

In Texas Hawley has been transformed into Blawing and an Arp has appeared, doubtless a modest tribute to the humorous gentleman of that pseudonym. Virginia has a new Dot, a Pilot and a School, but has lost a Cool Well and a Dell.

Correspondents who have hitherto addressed foreign letters to Baulah, Llandryssell, must now use larger envelopes and write it Boulah, Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthenshire. Likewise Liwyndarfydd, New Quay, Cardiganshire. Why has West Liss, Hants, been complicated into West Liss, East Liss, Hants? And why has Tygerfontein, Cape Colony, been "crased from the list"? Does the change of Victoria West Road to Hutchinson indicate a disloyal tendency in the colony?

The Postoffice Department is always busy changing names, establishing, discontinuing moving offices, reformatting their spelling and generally keeping them in order. For light summer reading try the "United States Official Postal Guide," whose yellow covers appropriately hint at its interesting contents.—New York Sun.

A JAPANESE HERO.

All Japan has been ringing with the name of Takeo Hirose, the first great naval hero of the Japanese-Russian war, who was killed in Admiral Togo's second attempt to block up Port Arthur. Hirose was leader of the volunteers who set out to sink their ships and, if necessary, themselves, in the mouth of the harbor. He was killed by a projectile from a Russian quick-firing gun while seeking to save the life of his friend and subordinate, Petty Officer Sugino. The New York World tells of other deeds of courage performed by Hirose.

He first proved his bravery in the war with China. After that war Lieut. Hirose, who spoke Russian and French well, was sent as naval attaché to the Japanese legation at St. Petersburg. He came into prominence there through an incident which occurred at a banquet. A Russian officer declared that the Japanese, so small of stature, could not, as individuals, hold their own in any war. Hirose smilingly defied any three Russians to overcome him at wrestling. Roars of laughter greeted the challenge, for in those days Japanese Jiu-jitsu was not described in every newspaper.

At last, for the fun of it, the Russian officer sent for three large and sturdy soldiers. The little Japanese threw the Russians, one after another.

Hirose remained in St. Petersburg three years. The daughter of a Russian naval officer fell in love with the gallant young Japanese. Her father, who greatly admired Hirose, let it be known to him that he would not be unwelcome as the young girl's suitor. Hirose, who also cared for the girl, struggled with his affection for three days.

Then he wrote to her father, and pointed to the inevitable war between Russia and Japan. He said: "When my country calls me to duty I shall have to turn to account all the valuable professional hints received from your kind lips and so help to do mortal hurt to your country's navy. Thus I must patriotic duty make me repay all your kindness. With this in my mind and in my heart, how can I presume to sue for your daughter's hand, knowing that after the outbreak of the most likely of wars the hand of fate might destroy the happiness of your daughter in the most ruthless of ways, should I have been so happy as to have won her hand?"

Hirose in his poetic temperament as well as in his dauntless spirit truly represented the old warrior class of Japan, the Samurai.

Strength in Numbers. Singleton—I understand your wife comes of a very old family. Weddler—Well, it isn't so old, but it is awfully numerous. Great goodness! The old-fashioned album is making its reappearance.

Science and Invention

Clothes washing by electricity, with out soap, is the idea of a Hungarian. The stream of electrified water is claimed to remove all spots and dirt and the three hundred garments held by the machine are washed in less than fifteen minutes.

For several years a record has been kept of the wear of locomotive wheels on the Danish state railways. The single drivers are found to run better than six-coupled, and in all cases wear is increased by flimsiness of road.

Extinct pigny elephants and hippotami have been found in several large islands of the Mediterranean, recently discovered, seeming to be those of an elephant hardly three feet high. Dwarving of these animals appears to have come from a restriction of the area over which they could range.

A remarkable luminous meteor trail seen at Madrid has been reported by J. A. Perez. It continued visible from about 10 p. m. until midnight, the shape gradually changing from an almost closed curve with a loop in it to an enlarged loop with a very faint detached portion of the primary curve.

A local study of rural depopulation near Paris has been made by Dr. A. F. Pilgore. He finds that the cause include sanitary ignorance leading to high infant mortality, migration of young people to towns, effects of conscription, and alcoholism. His suggested remedy—one that promises success in Belgium—is improved primary and technical education, with special efforts to cultivate a love of farm life.

Professor Borchers of Aix-la-Chapelle is said to have invented a process of obtaining the metal calcium by the aid of electrolysis at a very low cost, so that it may play an important part as an industrial metal. Calcium is harder than lead and lighter than aluminum. Its specific gravity is only 1.58. It can be hammered into the leaf form, and possesses many characteristics which may render it valuable in the arts, although it oxidizes rapidly.

It is reported in Petermann's Mittheilungen that Lake Shirwa, discovered by Dr. Livingston in 1850, southeast of Lake Nyassa in Central Africa, has entirely disappeared, with the exception of a few small ponds in its bed. In Livingston's day the lake was about thirty miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide. At least it was thus shown on the map. Lake Ngami, also discovered by Livingston, has since disappeared. The cause of the changes appears to be a gradual drying up of bodies of water in Central Africa. It is not a process of silting up of the bottom, like that which has recently affected the shoreline of the Sea of Azof.

Old age is an infectious disease which we may expect soon to be treated by a preventive serum, prolonging life. Such was the view expressed in the late Paris lecture of Dr. Mechnikoff. Scullery, he explained, is produced by certain physiological states which cause the "macrophages," which are a beneficent species of microbes, to increase too rapidly, when they become injurious. These parasites flourish in the large intestine, which is possessed by mammals, but is almost completely lacking in birds. The result was illustrated in the Doctor's own dog and parrot, the former being decrepit at 18, while the latter was hale and lively at 70. While the serum is being awaited, we are advised to eat curdled milk.

GLADSTONE OF JAPAN.

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An Optimist. "Do you think that the standard of popular taste is higher than it used to be?" "Certainly," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "You must remember that people of the previous generations had no opportunity of seeing my interpretations."—Washington Star.

It Happens Frequently. Mrs. Fenders—It's absurd for Henry to think of marrying that Miss Belcher. Why, she's three or four years older than he. Uncle George—Oh, that's all right. It won't be long before he's three or four years older than she.—Boston Transcript.