"Carl, I don't believe you truly love

Mildred Reynolds looked at her lover half archly, as If she defied him to say he did not love her, half-pleadingly, as if she longed for him to contradict him warmly.

Carl Langiois teddened under her gaze. "What nonsense, Mildred; of course I love you. Why else would I come a hundred miles to spend an evening with you?" he replied, a trifle impotiently.

"Then why," Mildred began bravely, but she in turn colored and looked emlonged to ask him way he had twice postponed their marriage, and on this visit, when she had expected him to ask her to set the day for the ceremony, he had not done so. True, he had brought her a beautiful bracelet and had seemed affectionate and loving; yet somehow Mildred felt that there was something lacking in his caresses, and that the fact that he did not broach the subject which she had hoped he would settle on this visit vaguely alarmed her. For she loved

Carl deeply and was unhappy in the home of a relative upon she was part- paled into insignificance and he took ly dependent and longed to have a the next train in pursuit of Mildred, home of her own. Carl had said, the last time he had

visited her, that they would arrange their plans for the future when he next came, but when Mildred had made the remark that she did not believe he really loved her he was on the verge of departure, and still had not asked her to name the day which would make them husband and wife. He must have known what the question was she wished to ask, yet he did her blue eyes wide. not help her out, and so the question died unasked upon her lips. Instead he turned suddenly to the clock, "I'll have just time to make my train," he said, hurriedly, "so goodby, my sweetheart. Give me a kiss, and take good care of yourself, for my sake," so ten- your heart is not broken," she added, derly that for a time all doubts as to | mockingly, for rumors of the true state his fidelity were dismissed from Mil- of affairs had reached her ears. dred's heart. Only for a time, however, for while his farewell kiss was game, my friend, especially if there is



still warm on her lips the question returned to her mind:

"Why does not Carl.if he really loves me and wants me to be his wife, claim me for his own? Perhaps he is growing to love some one else. I believe I am strong enough to bear it if true that he no longer loves me as he did I will release him. But if I have wronged him by my doubts, I will atone by giving him added love and affection."

Carl's mother had often sent her kind messages, and had also sent by Carl some very beautiful table linen Mildred to embroider for use after her marriage. She knew that Mrs. Langlois was her friend, although they had I never met, and determined to go to see her and discover whether Carl had confided in her any change in his desire to marry Mildred. She shrank from the trial, yet felt it must be made for the sake of her future happiness. Accordingly a few days after Carl's visit she took a trip to his home, arriving there, as she had planned, when Carl was absent at his business. When she introduced herself to Mrs. Langlois she was warmly greeted, but when she told the object of her visit her host was visibly surprised and disconcerted.

"My dear child," she exclaimed. "there must be a mistake somewhere Carl assured me only yesterday that you kept putting him off whenever he mentioned your marriage. I cannot understand it."

proudly. "Your son has grown tired of by all the porters at the stations. As me and is seeking in some way to free he used a "season," he very seldom himself. But, thank heaven, his fet- carried his ticket. One day an inters are not yet riveted, and are easily spector who was new to the district, broken. I will release him from an | was examining all tickets. Going up engagement which is no longer a pleas- to the old gentleman, he said: "Tickure to him."

mother, "do not speak so bitterly. I inspector, baring a brawny arm, "my The process of making big lenses has am sure there is some misunderstand- orders are to punch all tickets."-

Mildred had turned very pale, and an overwhelming conviction that Carl was false to her came upon her with crushing force, but she summoned up courage to face the truth.

"We must find out," 'she said, very gently, for the mother's distress was also very great, "whether he is attentive to some one else. Have you ever noticed his taking pleasure in the society of any girl here?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Langlois replied, hastily; but suddenly her face changed. "Surely," she said, as if to herself, "he cannot care for Marion Reed? And yet, now that my mind is drawn to it. I have noticed him often with her. But Marion is such a gay little flirt, and Four blocks down and two doors to then she knew of Carl's engage- yer right .- Judge.

ment--" "Ah!" Mildred said quickly, "that is not enough to keep some girls from trying to win away a man's love. It may be that she has drawn him away have recovered their battery of guns." from me. But we must make sure, my dear friend-for I feel that you are my time, dear?" she sweetly asked .- Cleve- fate of his companions, flew down the friend-and if it is true I will willing- land Plain Dealer. ly give him up to her if it is for his

happiness." They arranged it that Mildred's presence in the house should be kept a se- after all. She-O, I am so glad. It's cret from Carl and that his mother at | so much more interesting reading the mealtime should question him in a way lists of killed and wounded when you not to arouse his suspicious; so, as the know some one at the front.-Judy.

two sat alone at dinner, Mrs. Langlois THE carelessly said: "What a charming girl Marion Reed

is, Carl!" "Isn't she, mother?" he cried enthusiastically. "Do you know she quite fascinates me?"

"Carl," his mother said gravely, "that is not the way for a man soon to be married to another woman-"Pshaw, mother!" Carl exclaimed, impatiently, "you know I told you Mildred would never set the day, and we

may never be married at all." "You are right, Mr. Langlois," said Mildred, who had been unable to resist the temptation of listening unseen; "you are right. We never will barrassed. Surely Carl knew that she be married. You are quite welcome to ask the fascinating Miss Reed to be your wife, for I am henceforth a stran-

Before Carl could recover from his astonishment she was gone, and as her train was just ready to depart she was out of his reach, and the passionate protests of affection which he was prepared to make, the promises of future fidelity, were never uttered.

Now that he had lost her, Mildred appeared to Carl as a precious treasure which he would give anything to possess. The attractions of Marion Reed hoping that he could win her back.

But once assured of the flaws of her idol Mildred had cast him out of her heart, and though it was sore it was not broken, because she realized his unworthiness. She refused to see Carl and returned his letters unread. Within a week, mortified at his rejection he had offered himself to Marion Reed "Why, you're going to marry some girl in Lawrence," she replied, opening

"No, I am not," he said, shortly. "! am going to marry you if you will have me."

"Well, I won't," replied the pretty flirt, decidedly. "I was only amusing myself with you, my dear boy. I hope

"Flirting is sometimes a dangerous a jealous sweetheart at the other end of the line," she announced laughingly. And with her mocking laughter ringing in his ears Carl Langlois walked away to repent of his folly, by which he had lost that greatest of gifts-a woman's love.-The Columbian.

F. E. CHURCH'S WORK.

Noted Paintings by Lamented American The death of Frederick Edwin Church, the veteran landscape painter, removed a well-known figure in art ife of this country, better remembered perhaps by a past generation than by the younger set. He was born in Hartford, Conn., May 4, 1826. His talent for art was prominent and in early life he determined to adopt art as a profession and placed himself under the instruction of Thomas Cole, and resided with him in the Catskills. He soon became well known as a landscape painter, and critics awarded him praise for his accuracy of drawing and vivid appreciation of nature. He spent a short time in Switzerland, and in 1853 visited South America to study the picturesque scenery. "The Heart of the Andes," which created a great sensation, was first exhibited in 1859. and was bought by the late William T. Blodgett. Other well-known works painted about the same period are "The Andes of Ecuador," "Cotapaxi,"

now at the Lenox library, "Chinborazo." His "View of Niagara Falls." now in the Corcoran art gallery. Washington, D. C., is recognized as the first satisfactory production by art of this wonderful piece of nature; it won a prize at the French exhibition in 1867. Another painting of "Magra" was painted for A. T. Stewart in 1866. the price paid for it by Mr. Stewart being \$12,000. In 1878 he was again represented at the French capital with two pictures, "Morning in the Tropics" and "The Parthenon." He traveled extensively in this country and abroad. studying nature and giving to the world numerous productions of a high character. A number of his works are owned in England, one of his principal works being "Icebergs," which was purchased by Sir Edward Watson, M.

P., London. His wife died about a survive him.

His Face Not His Fortune. On one of the northern lines there was an old gentleman who had traveled between the same stations for "I can, Mrs. Langlois," said Mildred, years, and was consequently known et, sir, please?" "My face is my tick-"My dear, dear Mildred," begged his et," was the reply. "Well," said the London Answers.

> ters His Chance. "Why do you insist on your son's becoming a lawyer," asked a friend. "I've made a will leaving him all my money," was the answer. "It seems to

> me that if he is a lawver himself he

will stand a better chance of getting

some of it."-Washington Star. Such Is Fame. Citizen-Off'sher! can you (hic) tell me where I (hic) live? I'm (hic) Senator Bigboddy, you know. Officer-What's yer cook's name? Citizen-Mary Ann (hic) O'Brady. Officer-

A Woman's Question. "I see," he remarked, as he looked up from his paper, "that the British

Cheering Answer. Lieutenant-I am going to the front.

BOER SOLDIER.

A HIGH TRIBUTE TO THEIR HUMANITY.

English Correspondent's Graceful Appreciation of Their Kindness-Taken Prisoner and Treated in a Christian Manner While in Their Hands.

H. Hales, a correspondent of the London Daily News, who was wounded and taken prisoner by the Boers, pays a high tribute to the humanity and kindness of the latter. Hales and an Australian named Lambie were endeavoring to escape from a Boer patrol when they were fired upon and both were hit. In describing the affair "Suddenly something touched me on

the right temple; it was not like a blow; it was not a shock; for half a second I was conscious. I knew I was hit; knew that the reins had fallen from my nerveless hands; knew that I was lying down upon the horse's back and my head hanging below his throat. Then all the world went out in one mad whirl. Earth and heaven seemed to meet as if by magic. My horse seemed to rise with me, not to fall and then-chaos.

"When next I knew I was still on this planet I found myself in the saddle again, riding between two Boers, who were supporting me in the saddle as I swayed from side to side. There was a halt; a man with a kindly face took my head in the hollow of his arm while another poured water down my throat. Then they carried me to a shady spot beneath some shrubbery and laid me gently down. One man bent over me and washed the blood that had dried on my face and then carefully bound up my wounded temple. I began to see things more plainly-a blue sky above me; a group of rough, hardy men, all armed with rifles, around me. I saw that I was a prisoner, and when I tried to move I soon knew I was dam-

"The same good looking young fellow with the curly beard bent over me again. 'Feel any better now, old fellow?' I stared hard at the speaker.for he spoke like an Englishman and a well-educated fellow. 'Yes, I'm better. I am a prisoner, ain't I?' 'Yes.' 'Are its surroundings the inhabitants are you an Englishman?' I asked. He neither good sailors nor fishermen, but laughed. 'Not I,' he said. 'I'm a Boer given to athletic sports and target born and bred, and I am the man who shooting, says the New York Tribune. you do such a fool's trick as to try and ride from our rifles at that distance?' 'Didn't think I was welcome in these parts.' 'Don't make a jest of it, man,' the Boer said, gravely; 'rather thank God you are a living man this moment. It was His hand that saved you; nothing else could have done so.' He spoke reverently; there was no cant in the sentiment he uttered-his face was too open, too manly, too fearless, for hypocrisy. 'How long is it since I was knocked over?' 'About three hours.' 'Is my comrade dead?" 'Quite dead,' the Boer replied; 'death came instantly to him; he was shot through the brain.' 'Poor beggar,' 1 muttered; 'and he'll have to rot on the open veldt. I suppose?"

"The Boer leader's face flushed angrily. 'Oo you take us for savages?' he ask \ 'Rest easy; your friend will get decent burial. What was his rank?' 'War correspondent.' 'And your own?' 'War correspondent, also. My papers are in my pocket, somewhere.' 'Sir,' said the Boer leader, 'you dress exactly like two British officers; you ride out with a fighting party; you try to ride off at a gallop under the very muzzles of our rifles when we tell you to surrender. You can blame no one but yourselves for this day's work.' 'I blame no man; I played the

game and am paying the penalty." Mr. Hales adds: "I have made it my business to get about among the private soldiers to question them concerning the treatment they have received since the moment the Mauser rifles tumbled them over, and I say emphatically that in every instance our countrymen declare they have been grandly treated. Not by the hospital nurses only; not by the officials alone, but by the very men whom they were

Beats the Yerkes Telescope. Up to the present time Chicago has year ago. . wo sons and a daughter been able to boast the largest telescope in the world-that at the Yerkes observatory at Lake Geneva. But the monster telescope at the Paris exposition, which will bring the moon within thirty-six miles, is three times the length of the Yerkes telescope. It is 197 feet long, 5 feet in diameter and weighs twenty-one tons. The lenses, the largest in existence, measure over forty-nine inches in diameter and weigh 1,320 pounds. It is because of the difficulty in the way of making these monster lenses that the world has waited until the close of the nineteenth century for such an instrument. for nearly two centuries been a most jealously guarded monopoly of Paris. There is only one manufacturer of them in the world. M. Mantois, the direct successor of Guinaux, who, it is claimed, invented the process at the beginning of the present century.

Shrewd Strategy of an Eagle. A strange story comes from Susquehanna county, Pa. According to a veracious correspondent three wildcats at Fiddle Lake attacked a big eagle. which is wintering among the trees in a hemlock grove near the lake. Although attacked from three points, the bird gallantly held its own and slew two of the wildcats. This is the way he did it: Singling out one of the cats the eagle grasped it tightly by the neck, burying his talons deep in the flesh; then, rising almost perpendicularly for about 100 feet, allowed his prisoner to drop on a ledge of rocks, ans, is held, in Citizens' R. Co. vs. Ford Two falls killed the first victim, but three were required to get away with "What was it covered with the first | the second. The survivor, seeing the mountain side .- Pittsburg Dispatch. .

> A Definition. Willie-Pa, what's the difference between "insurance" and "assurance"?

THE WORM TURNED.

Disposition.

"Do you see that woman going out?" said the man in the dry goods house whose business it is to make things "all right" with dissatisfied customers. "She's only one of 'em. I have a score or more every day. She's kicking about a dress. We've altered it twice, and she still thinks it doesn't quite fit her in the back. It's a hard job to look pleasant and be perennially agreeable, and I never knew but one man who could do it. He was the 'complaint man' in a big store—a friend of mine -and he held the place for twenty years. He never failed to say the right thing and was the most perfect 'jolly' that ever was. He knew how to compliment a woman as to form and complexion in a way that never was equaled. His smile was the envy of all the salesmen in the place. It had a winning sweetness about it that was simply irresistible and never failed to vanquish the most desperate kicker. One day an uncle of my friend died and left him \$40,000. A few moments after the news reached my friend an old patron of the store came in-a woman who for years had been noted as a kicker, but whom it had been my friend's duty and pleasure to make satisfled with her purchases. She had a bonnet in her hand and was kicking about the shape, the trimmings and everything in a way that was calculated to carry terror to the stoutest heart. 'So,' said my friend, 'you don't like this bonnet. You don't like anything about it. Well, I don't blame you. It don't suit you in any way, and it can't be made to suit you. Of course it can't. And there's no bonnet on earth that can be made to suit such a pig-faced, disagreeable woman as you

PICTURESQUE CORFU.

more forever."-Ex.

Quaint Legends in the Pretty Ionian

are, anyway.' He had repressed his

natural feeling for twenty years, but

the worm that had been trodden upon

through two decades turned at last. He

then put on his hat, and the place that

had known him so long knew him no

Isle. Corfu is one of the most charming of the Ionian isles. Notwithstanding Superstitions and legends abound and a long rock is always shown to strangers with the explanation that it is the ship of Ulysses turned to stone by Neptune as it was returning from Ithaca. With a climate equal to that of Sicily and much like that of Malta, the town of Corfu is popular as a winter resort. Careless as the natives are about gathering the olives, these still yield a goodly quantity of oil, which, beside salt, is their only export. A traveler marvels to find the most primitive appliances still in use. The ovens are mere domes of brick or clay and on their doors, which are only rough stones, a red cross is painted. This same sign is found on many of the doors of the houses. Oil lamps of brass and silver, or of bronze with open reservoir and in the most fantastic and graceful shapes, are still in common use. Bread is baked and clothes are washed in the fashion of a hundred years ago, yet the former is palatable and the latter are redolent with lemon peel and laurel leaves. A pretty sight is a Corfu fete beneath the pale green olive trees. Men and women in picturesque costumes, with graceful movements, wind in and out of the mazes of their national dances, to the music body is carried to the grave in an open coffin, the face being visible to every passer-by. At the house wailers, some of them gifted at improvising, recite in prose or verse the virtues of the dead and the sorrow of the friends.

Trials of Realism.

"Sc-prl-zwm-xlkyqg-hbdhbjmrkqzzxmx-pst--- " The author sat at his desk with the perspiration pouring from his brow like the far-famed falls of Lodore. His matted hair slapped round his head at each movement like a hastily wrung dishcloth. He was writing a realistic novel. The day was warm. It was a dreadful and exhaustive job, but being realistic it had to be done to the life. He started again. "Gggge-vvwg@c)tNJ!px\$vgb -unfortunate wretch that I am!" The author could be distinctly seen melting away under the hot fire of the terrific undertaking. He made another supreme effort. "Kt-kt-ktklk-klk-tk-tk-tk!!!" "It'll have to do," he soliloquized under his breath. "It's the best I can do unless compromise with 'Get up!'-but no. never!" He was endeavoring to write on paper the sound made to a horse to accelerate its speed. Such-such are the trials of realism!-Stray Stories.

Smallest Revolver Ever Made. Stephen M. Van Allen of Jamaica, an back. expert shot with rifle or revolver, has received as a gift the smallest revolver ever made. It is only an inch long and is perfect in every detail. It is selfacting and the chambers hold six cartridges. The bullets are about the size of the head of a large pin. The cartridges possess sufficient power to send the bullets through a half-inch pine board. Mr. Van Allen has tested the little weapon and found it accurate. It was given to him by a friend who obtained it abroad.-New York Sun.

Texas Street Car Decision. "riding or driving" on a street "to Press. check up, or even halt, if necessary,' on approaching a crossing, so as not to obstruct, hinder or endanger pedestri-(Tex.), 46 L. R. A. 457, to have no application to a street car operated by electricity.

Perhaps He Saw Double. He-Yes, I know two men I thoroughly admire. She-Indeed! Who's the other one?-Stray Stories.

Pa-Well, the latter is what the of Satan is by prayer to God.-Rev. agent has, and the former is what he | D. A. Blose, Congregationalist, Akron, tries to sell you .- Philadelphia Press. | Ohio.

HUNTING OSTRICHES.

Story of a Man Who Cultivated a Nice EXCITING SFORT ON THE PAM-PAS.

Life and Limb, But Full of Fas-

In South America as in Africa, the the United States. The "rhea," or South African ostrich, however, differs eat and sleep, work and play, live and from the African bird in having its die, undisturbed by the gaze of the head and neck completely featered, in being tailless, and having three toes instead of two. It may be found in large numbers in the Argentine and extending from Bolivia, Paraguay and Brazil as far south as the Straits of Magellan. Its home is on the "pampas," or plains, sometimes on open ground, and more often near cover of grass and stunted undergrowth. Since the birds are wild and wary and their feathers are in demand, methods have been adopted to catch them, and these methods are at the same time a business and the most exciting sort of A powerful horse in condition to

stand hard riding and long abstinence from water is the first consideration in ostrich hunting. The course is both annoying and dangerous, for, though the chase is on level ground, with no fences to fear, the rhea takes at once to the "pajas," or high grass. This is not only a hindrance in itself, but conceals innumerable holes, made by ground hogs and moles, that are a constant menace to life and limb. Yet, on a clear day, in the bracing South American climate, with plenty of game speeding before over a country with an undulation like the ocean, no more exhilarating sport than the chase of the South American ostrich could be asked for. The most effective hunt is that followed by the Indians or Gauchos. They use the "bolas," or balls, three pieces of stone, lead or heavy hardwood, made round and covered with rawhide. These balls are at- | the Art Amateur. One well-known pictached to thongs of the same material | ture dealer informs us that Brussels which are joined together in the cen- and Amsterdam are full of spurious ter. When all is ready the Indians old masters, and he instances the case mount their horses and approach the of a picture sold by him about a year game in a large semi-circle, riding ago which has turned up in the former against the wind, for the ostrich is city bearing a name more famous than keen of scent, and once he suspects that of its author and priced at ten

When birds are sighted the riders swing the bolas around their heads with great rapidity, their horses all the while going at full gallop, and when within range hurl them at the game, entangling their legs, wings or neck, and tripping it, or stunning it if hit on the head or any sensitive spot. It is wonderful to see the natives rise in their saddles when at full speed. swing the balls and hit the mark, sometimes at a distance of eighty yards. If one bird is brought down the rest seem to become panic stricken and, instead of escaping, remain near their fallen companion. In this way a score of them may be killed on one

To the man who loves hunting, for sake of the chase alone, horses and greyhounds appeal more. It is a sportsmanlike race, where the game has a chance for its life. It is very like fox hunting, except that the ostrich is swifter, if anything, and employes even more dodges than a fox. For instance, where the hunters are pressing close on the game, and it would seem that the dogs were about to capture it, the bird takes advantage of the last breath of air, raises of violins, tambourines and guitars. A one wing slightly, uses it as a sail, and Greek funeral is a grewsome sight. The running slantwise against the breeze, vanishes from sight like a leaf in whirlwind. If by any chance the breeze dies out and the hunters again feel sure of their ostrich, the latter doubles like a fox, and so quickly and so suddenly that the dogs pass beyond, of whom the eldest is 15, the youngest

ficult and exciting. Though game laws have been passed his senses. "For heaven's sake, try to prohibiting the killing of ostriches during the breeding season, little, if any attention is paid to them. It is estimated that from 300,000 to 500,000 birds are slaughtered annually, a number which has not only thinned out the species to a great extent, but promises in time to extinguish it altogether. The only remedy for this in a country where law is ineffective would be to establish ostrich farms, similar to those in Africa and Califor-

Nor is the ostrich hunted for its feathers alone. Its flesh is agreeable, somewhat resembling mutton, and omelet made of the eggs, or rather several omelets made of one egg, possess in one nest, which sometimes holds from tweleve to twenty-five eggs. The cock often hatches the eggs, and if disturbed during the operation beto attack with his legs a man on horse-

Who's Who? the guest diffidently, "who that mod- for their country. est gentleman was you were talking to a moment ago?" "Cert," replied the clerk; "that was the old man." "And who is the old man, pray?" "The owner of the house, of course." "Is that so?" was the astonished remark. suppress the epidemic, it now being the "Well, I never would have thought he rule that whenever a case occurs in was." "Why not?" "Because I was so a frame building (which it is imposdead sure in my mind that you owned | sibl to thoroughly disinfect) it is con-An ordinance requiring any person the whole shebang."-Detroit Free demned with all its contents and burn-

Much Like Demosthenes. "Woman," he said, "really ought to be a better orator than man." "Why so?" she asked. "Because," he replied, "to a certain extent she at least follows the methods of that far-famed orator, Demosthenes." "In what way?" she inquired, still busy with the finishing touches of her toilet. "You remember," he answered, "that Demosthenes used to practice talking with The only way to meet the influence his mouth full of pebbles." She hastily took the pins from out her mouth and informed him that he was a mean old

thing, anyway.-('hicago Post.

QUEER SPOT IN NEW YORK. Bunch of Wooded Shantles Called "Sunken Village."

There are some queer spots in this city, unusual places that one would not dream existed in the metropolis The Chase Is at Times Dangerous to of the western hemisphere. One of them is "Sunken Village," which is cination - Great Agility of the bounded by Sixty-second and Sixtyfirst streets and Central Park West. It consists of eight shanties situated on a track of land about 15 feet below the ostrich is common and yearly great level of the surrounding streets. A quantities of feathers are exported to high board fence incloses the "village" on all sides, and behind it the villagers curious. The shanties were constructed of boards, but they have been patched and thatched till but little of the original material of which they Uruguay republics, and in the country were built remains. Just how long the shanties have been there no one seems to know. In the days of the old Bloomingdale road the "village" was proportionately as far from the city as Mount Vernon is now. In those days the settlement contained inns and resorts of various kinds, and driving parties gathered there to pass a merry evening undisturbed. The city grew apace, and in taking a mighty leap passed over "Sunken Village" and forgot that it had been left behind. The surrounding country was filled and graded, but "Sunken Village" remained at its original level. Many years ago Messrs, I. and S. Wormer purchased the tract of land on which the "viltage" stands and have been holding it till they could sell at the price at which they value it. The price has never yet been offered, and so "Sunken Village" still stands, an alien to the times, an alien to its surroundings.' -New York Times.

> COUNTERFEITING PICTURES. The Paris Exposition Is Expected to

Bring Plenty of Victims.

There is no doubt that the counterfeiters of paintings by well known artists are hard at work in anticipation of the rush of half-informed picture buyers to the Paris exposition, says sold it. From another source we learn that two of the most famous falsifiers of pictures in Europe, Gatti and Vogli, are rushed with orders for their specialties, among which they now include pictures which are expected to pass for the work of the late Alfred Sisley. The London picture factories are turning out old English paintings by the dozen, and the unscrupulous buyer may obtain Sir Joshuas, Gainsboroughs and Romneys for £10 to £20 apiece. An expert appraiser for the New York custom house tells us that we have every reason to believe that

A Little Hero. The other day Herman Cruts, a 16year-old boy employed at \$1.08 a day to repair frogs and tracks on the Lackawanna railroad tracks at Paterson, N. J., was struck by a switch engine and crushed right arm. His earnings had been the chief support of a widowed mother and four brothers and sisters, making the hunt long drawn out, dif- 3. "We'll have to amputate your arm," said the surgeons when Herman got save it," he begged. "What will mother and the children do if I cannot work for them?" Here was heroism that requires no roll of drum or blare of bugle to stimulate. In the midst of the of the mind predominated. His soliciones at home were first in his thoughts. Here is true bravery, the nobility of heroism, if ever it existed.

Wives of Boer Fighters. The wives of the Boers are playing as important a part in the war in South Africa as did the famous female defenders of Aix-la-Chapelle in the a delicious flavor. Consequently egg | Middle Ages. They die in the trenches hunting is almost as much of a sport beside their husbands, rifle in hand, or as ostrich hunting. Several hens lay fight on when the men have fallen. In the storm and stress of battle, the men have dominated it, almost to the exclusion of a thought of the women, except collectively, which is not the way comes very dangerous, not hesitating to think of women, while the individual men of the Boer army have, by the very force of circumstances, stood conspicuously out. Yet the womanhood of all nations, vibrating emotionally in At last the hotel cierk permitted the sympathy, can attune itself in sympaguest on the far side of the counter to | thetic thought with those sturdy Dutch speak to him. "May I inquire," said dames who are making such a struggle

Fumigation in Honolulu.

The authorities of Honolulu have adopted the most heroic methods to ed to the ground. The consequence of this is that fires occur two or three times a week.

Cincinnati a Sporting City.

It may be said of Cincinnati that it is not only the Queen city, but literally the queen of clubs, having within the corporate limits more than 100 organizations devoted to shooting, fishing air pillows for an entire regiment of and outdoor recreations.

Something Saved. "Are you putting anything by for a rainy day?" "Yes; every bright day I postpone lots of work."-Chicago

Record.

WEDDED WITHOUT A PREACHER Unique Marriage of a Quaker Couple at Pasadena. Cal.

Pasadena (Cal.) special correspondence Chicago Chronicle: William F. Michener and Mrs. Mary V. Miller. both of this city, last week married themselves without the aid of any preacher and without even having previously secured a certificate. Their marriage must be recognized by the law, too. It was the first marriage of the kind which was ever solemnized in the state of California, according to the claim made by the parties. It was under the law of the Quaker church, originated by George Fox, the founder of the Quaker church in England 250 years ago. Several other states of the union, after a strong effort had been made, recognized this form of ceremony, and in 1897, through the efforts of Senator C. M. Simpson, California legalized it. The groom did not have to procure a license. On Saturday, Feb. 17, the bride and groom informed the Quaker church that they contemplated marriage. A committee was appointed to see that there were no obstacles. Thirty days later the committee reported that there was none. The couple then informed the church that they were still in the same mind and another committee was appointed by the congregation to see that the ceremony was properly performed. Half-past 10 in the morning was the time set. At the close of a prayer service the bride and groom stepped before the congregation, facing the groom's brother, Dr. J. C. Michener, a prominent physician, who was the first waiter or groomsman. Prof. and Mrs. I. N. Vail, the nearest relatives of the bride, were her attendants. The couple joined their right hands and the groom said: "Friends, in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly, I take Mary V. Miller to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." The bride repeated this formula and they inscribed their names upon a certificate reading: "William F. Michener and Mary V. Miller of the county of Los Angeles, state of California, having made known their intentions of marriage with each other in a public meeting of Friends held in Pasadena this 21st day of March, in the year of our Lord 1900, declared that in the presence of our Lord they took each other for husband and wife. And as a further confirmation thereof they did then and there in this presence subscribe their names, she, according to the custom and marriage, accepting the name of her husband." The witnesses signed the certificate. There was no ring and no music.

FOWLS ATTACK A LIGHT.

Keepers of Hog Island Light House Kill Many Geese and Ducks.

One of the keepers of the Hog island light on the Virginia coast relates a remarkable experience with wild fowls at that light one night recently. he saw there lately three dozen false | Between 7 and 8:30 p. m., the watch Monticellis and other pictures on the on duty was aroused by the "honking" same day. Everything that will bring of wild geese and brant, accompanied a good price is being counterfeited. A | by the crash of breaking glass. He certain American artist, of somewhat | hastily summoned the other keepers, inflated reputation, is proudly going who responded with shotguns. They about announcing that he is among opened fire on the bewildered birds the victims. This is, of course, a meth- with every gun. The battle lasted for od of self-advertising, like the periodi- an hour and a half. The guns got so cal robberies of actresses' jewels, but | bot that it was dangerous to use them and the shoulders of the men became the painter's claim is true .- Chicago sore from the recoil. The supply of ammunition gave out and the fight ended. In the morning there were sixty-three dead brant, geese, and ducks at the foot of the tower. On the following Saturday morning the tower was again attacked by the birds. There being no stock of cartridges on the island, the guns were useless, but the keepers fought with sticks and caphurled to the earth unconscious, with a tured 150 fowls, when a flock, apparently containing thousands, rushed upon them. They were compelled to seek shelter within the tower. So powerful was the flight of the frightened geese that the wire screens were penetrated, the light in the watch room extinguished, and the panes in three windows destroyed. These fowl had taken wing because of the severe weather prevailing upon their feeding grounds and were blinded by the intense glare of the powerful light in awful agony of physical pain the agony | the top of the tower. Hog island light marks one of the most dangerous tude was not for himself-the loved shoals on the Virginia coast. It is an iron tower and stands 180 feet above mean high water. It is a first class light and can be seen from the bridge of a steamer a distance of twenty-five

Make Way for the Ladies.

"Whenever I meet a wagon or a carriage on the road driven by a woman," said a horse owner to a Washington Star man, "I give an extra grip to the reins, brace my feet, hold my breath and watch her like a hawk. Why? Because there is not in a woman's nature that element that goes to make up a driver, and they are just as likely to pull the right rein as the left. The fair sex have discovered that by pulling at a horse's mouth he can be made to move more rapidly. This is because the short, quick jerks that a w gives, accompanied usually by a sharp 'Get up!' hurt the animal's mouth, and he moves for relief. But most all of them drive that way and always will The only exceptions are those who have been taught by professional drivers in a riding school or on the road."

Miss Gould's Letters.

Miss Helen Gould, in a single week, recently received requests for financial assistance which aggregated \$1,548,000. The requests for loans amounted to \$156,000; requests to raise mortgages, \$77,500; to aid churches to the amount of \$56,900; a plan to equip a colony in Cuba would need \$1,000,000; girls desired money towards their trousseaux, and one asked for a house, then she could marry at once. One poor woman offered to exchange a valuable ring for \$1,200 in cash, and another offered a brooch for \$500; thirty-two requested to have interviews, another wanted soldiers, and eighteen of the letters were evidently from cranks.

The world's births amount to 36,-792,000 every year, 100,800 every day, 4.300 every hour. 70 every minute, or one and a fraction every second.