

THE ARTIST'S STORY.



"Tell me, indeed," declared handsome and cynical William Robeley, the artist, "a fortune teller showed me the image of my wife two years before I ever saw her in the flesh and thousands of miles from the place I first met her."

"You are the last man in the world whose mind I would think obscured by the clouds of mysticism," replied the rich Mrs. Austyn, his friend and patron.

"I must insist upon my veracity in this instance," smiled the artist. "Now, don't stop to argue, mamma," urged the elder of the Austyn girls.

"There is a story in this, and after Mr. Robeley has told it you can reclaim him from the darkness of his superstitions and air your theories. Now do tell us all about it," and three pretty sisters sighed their curiosity in chorus.

"Just so you don't ask me to explain," said the artist with a quizzical look. "I shall give you the remarkable facts and leave you to wrestle with them. Eight years ago I was in Paris, pursuing my studies, and lived the life of a Bohemian from choice rather than from necessity."

"Then as now I occasionally broke entirely away from my usual surroundings and was one day sauntering alone through Rue de Boulogne. As I passed one of the most pretentious houses I was startled by a scream for help and dashed through the open doorway to find a woman battling with flames that with great leaps and flashes were consuming the white draperies of what struck me as a consecrated altar of place."

At the edge of a wooded precipice overlooking a charming spread of landscape. The velvet carpeting of grass and moss had failed to warn me of approaching footsteps, and when I turned it was the startled movement caused by a half-suppressed scream.

"What can be the matter, daughter? You have always been so strong and so vigorous."

"Is your name Henry Morton?" asked the younger of me, without heeding the mother's question.

"It is Wilton Robeley," I responded quickly. At that instant it flashed upon me that in a desire to conceal my identity I had given the name of Henry Morton to the fortune teller.

"My immediate reward was a revival of strength and spirits on the part of the young lady. The mother introduced herself as Mrs. Gibson, her daughter as Miss Gibson, and then said, 'Lucky, we had best get back to the hotel.'"

"Lucy Gibson?" and yet it was her presence that had been conjured up as my bride to be. She was the girl of my sketch and my dreams. The next day I called at the hotel to inquire after her. I called often. We walked, dined, painted and hunted together. I came to know through the intuition of love that she was not indifferent to me.

"It is perfect," I answered though dumfounded. A shadow of anger crossed her face, and she was about to tear the picture to pieces when I caught her hands and suddenly showed the reproduction of herself that I had made in Paris. It was her turn to be surprised, and when I told her of my experience at the fortune teller's on Rue de Boulogne, giving her the date, she quickly exclaimed:

"Before we roved home it was all explained, and the sequel of our strange experience was a happy marriage. The dusky prophetess who had confused the name of the two girls was a cultivated fraud. It was all a trick of the mirrors, ladies."

A delicate odor, heliotrope, is obtained in small quantities from the heliotrope hedges of the Riviera by the process of maceration—a quantity of very pure lard being placed in a copper vessel with the flowers and melted over a slow fire. The flowers are then strained away, a process repeated till the fat is sufficiently flower scented, when the liquid fat is poured through a sieve, and the greasy flower paste subjected to hydraulic pressure. Since heliotrope blossoms must be used as soon as they are gathered, and the melted grease carefully kept at the lowest temperature that will maintain it in the liquid state, the perfume accepts as a substitute heliotropine, the white light crystalline powder obtained from the ground pepper. Even if these difficulties of manufacture were avoided by the nitrogen or enfleurage system, pure heliotrope essence could never become a popular perfume. Heat injures it. The direct action of sunlight destroys it. Artifice replaces it with a mixture of the spirituous extracts of vanilla, ambergris, rose and orange flower, to which are added a few drops of essential oil of almonds.—Chambers' Journal.

She was a college girl of lofty ideas and superior attainments, such as college girls have in their early days. When she left her family to rest in the mountains for awhile, she said haughtily:

"No! I'll not take an evening gown. And please don't put any of that paper-covered literature into my trunk. I have come philosophy to read and I don't intend to mix with the hotel people. Nature, my work and serge frocks are enough for me."

MEPHISTO, THE FOX.

A Just Vengeance That Was Not Executed.

Here comes old Mephisto himself! Look at him, grinning as he trots along and leaning red against the white of the snow, says Longman's Magazine. It is Reynard, following in poor, old, crazy Mr. Hare's tracks and tracing every deviation made by that amiably eccentric individual at a slow but steady trot. This will bring him close to our ambush unless he detects our presence there. He certainly looks very handsome, though extremely wicked without. That grin of his is a most diabolical grin. It says as plain as words: "I shall have this foot of a hare to-day. He's getting so cracked on my make 'em, and he is close in front of me at this moment and when I've got him I shall give him what-for, because he has led me many a dance for nothing. Ha, ha! Just a little extra nip and a bit of worry—won't he yell?"

Now, I am going to shoot this fox for several reasons. The first is, that I shall not be hanged for it in this country; indeed, no one will think the worse of me for the act, but rather the better. Then he is the evil genius of many worthy forest people besides the silly, old Mr. Hare. It is difficult to believe such things of any one, but I have it on the best of authority that this miscreant is in the habit of murdering that heroic lady, the Grey Hen (wife of Lord Blackcock) as she sits upon the nest which is shortly to be filled with the little honorables, her sons and daughters. She will not fly in order to escape his fangs, but prefers to stand by her eggs until her nest is actually pierced, and when self-preservation at length asserts itself—not as the first but as a subordinate law of nature—and she tries to escape it is too late. It is also true that this detestable ogre of the woods has fattened his red carcass upon the helpless, toothless little ones of the willow grouse, the wild duck and even though I scarcely dare to breathe the dreadful words upon the august little persons of the young capercaillie princelings! Surely all this is evidence enough for the death warrant of such an arch traitor and rogue! He shall die in his sins and many lives shall be saved thereby during this coming springtime. Wait a minute. Let him advance just a little nearer and then we will speak to him in the voice of doom. Now then! up with our guns and let them execute sentence upon the culprit! But the culprit is an exceedingly wily culprit and the glint of the sunlight upon the barrels has informed him in an instant of his danger. During that one instant he has turned and is now a streak of lightning, fleeing red pigment, dancing in and out among the pine trees—an escaping convict!

Tea at \$175 a Pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking and nothing but the bright, golden-hued tip taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking. The annual output is 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,199,999. But five pounds of this tea have ever been known to have reached the United States, excepting a few pounds placed on exhibition at the world's fair. A rich lady residing at New York wrote to Mr. Marr, the agent of the Ceylon tea growers for America at Chicago, and asked him to try to procure for her, if possible, five pounds of this remarkable and expensive tea. Mr. Marr was successful in securing six pounds of the precious article. The New York lady gave a check for \$1,099 for her five pounds.—New York Letter.

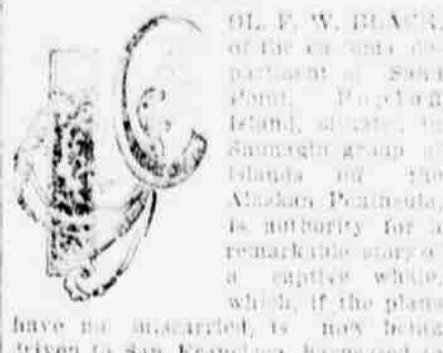
Probably. She—What would you have done, Harry, if I'd not married you? Harry—Gone bankrupt.—Judge.

CONUNDRUMS. What is a lake? A hole in the taylor's kettle. What ruler waits on his people? The King of Servia. When is a girl not a girl? When she is a little sulky. Why is the letter e like death? It is at the end of life. Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets. Why is a cat's tail like the earth? It is fur to the end. What is a waist of time? The middle of an hour glass. Why is a doctor never seasick? He's used to see sickness. What kin is the door mat to the door? A step-father. Why does an old maid wear mittens? To keep off the chaps. When is a hat not a hat? When it becomes a pretty lady. What is the Board of Education? The schoolmaster's shingle. Why is the letter k like a pig's tail? It is at the end of pork. When is a cow not a cow? When it is turned into a pasture. Why did the man call his rooster Robinson? Because it Crusoe. When were Napoleon's clothes ragged? When he was out at Elbe. Why is Westminster Abbey like a fire-place? It contains the ashes of the great. When should we read the Book of Nature? When autumn turns the leaves. Why is a stick of candy like a race-horse? The more you lick it the faster it goes. What is that will give a cold, cure a cold and pay the doctor's bill? A draught.

A TRAINED WHALE.

EDUCATED TO TOW A BOAT FOR ITS CAPTORS.

It Was Caught While Only a Calf and Carefully Brought Up on a Monster Bait—Now It Works Very Tightly in a Harness Rig.



OL. F. W. BLANCH, of the customs department at San Francisco, reported that a young group of islands off the Alaska Peninsula, is authority for a remarkable story of a captive whale, which, if the plans have not miscarried, is now being driven to San Francisco, harnessed to a boat and driven by its captors down the coast through the waters of the ocean.

The whale, named Bulshoy, an Albatross for instance, was captured in the spring of 1891, when a calf of some 15 or 16 months old. It was then about 15 or 16 feet long, and, though so young and small, was possessed of considerable strength.

During a chase for whales by whites and Indians, it was driven into Pirate Cove, the entrance to which is not over 500 feet wide, though it is fully twenty fathoms deep. John C. Whitley, storekeeper at the island, immediately stretched across the mouth of the cove a strong wire net. Shortly afterward Whitley and his native servant attempted to feed the animal, and were successful. Whitley rigged up a wadris bladder, to which was attached six or seven feet of rubber tube. About half a gallon of cow's milk was put in this improvised nursing bottle, and Whitley and Eitaka put it in a bidarka, or canoe, and paddled alongside the pup, which by this time would allow them to come alongside him with their boats. After several hours of patient coaxing the Indian succeeded in getting Bulshoy to drink from the rubber tube. When the bidarka turned for the shore Bulshoy followed close behind it. More



THE WHALE AT WORK.

milk was obtained, and this time Bulshoy needed no coaxing to drink it. For the next six weeks Whitley and the Indian fed the pup twice every day. The pup would stick his head out of the water, close to the landing, and look out for his nurses long before the feeding time. It was not until the following spring that the actual training of Bulshoy began to take definite form. Whitley one day said: "I am going to train that pup so that I can drive him to San Francisco."

He and Eitaka were constantly to be seen on the bay playing with Bulshoy, who, by this time, had become so accustomed to his owner and nurse that he would come to them whenever they called him from any part of the bay, and allow them to handle him at their pleasure. While this process of training was going on Whitley had taken the pup's measure for a set of harness, and both he and his native spent the nights for several weeks in making it.

The climax was reached on Friday, September 29, 1895, when, for the first time probably in the history of the world, a four-year-old, twenty-five foot whale was successfully put in harness. When Whitley and Eitaka, after putting on his harness, started for the shore, Bulshoy as usual started after the bidarka, and in doing so made the discovery that everything was not as it should be, and then he reared and plunged around at a lively rate, lashing the quiet waters of the bay into foam in his efforts to free himself of the offending harness. But the harness was well and strongly made and there was no shake-off to it.

Bulshoy kept up his antics for two whole days. Next morning he refused to come to the call of either Whitley or the Aleut. Hunger, however, soon brought him to his senses, and on the morning of the third day, as the native was out on the bay in his bidarka, Bulshoy came meekly alongside and seemed to beg for his breakfast, which was given him. From that day Bulshoy made no trouble.

On October 1 Whitley and the native took the long boat belonging to the station and attaching a tow line to the harness band immediately ahead of the fore flipper, began to cruise around the bay, and in a surprisingly short time, according to Colonel Black, Bulshoy would pull the boat in any desired direction.

ON THE CABLE CAR.

Mrs. Lofter Condescends to Patronize It and Then Wishes She Hada's.

From Scribner's: The car started forward, slowly, but with that rapidly increasing speed so misleading to the upright traveler. Mrs. Lofter leaned deferentially toward her showy vis-à-vis, and laid her hands caressingly upon his shoulders. Then they bounded gracefully toward the door, with a step that was neither a waltz nor a polka, but which was executed in such perfect time that the ordinary observer would have suggested a previous rehearsal. Although differing widely in color and in social standing these two travelers were, for the time being, certainly one in movement. This movement was perhaps more of a gallop than a polka, and although harmoniously executed became a little too hasty at the finish. The exhibition was brought to a close by her partner's back coming in violent contact with the jamb of the door. Although the dance itself was practically over, Mrs. Lofter continued for a moment to press heavily against her dusky partner, and to one unaccustomed to these conveyances her action might appear of questionable taste even if prompted by the warmest affection; but to those familiar with the Broadway cable cars there was nothing unusual in this performance, except, perhaps, the costly attire of the leading lady, and this added a certain novelty and richness to the general effect. As Mrs. Lofter, hot with indignation, released herself and stepped away from the grinning object of her caresses, a seat was offered which she gladly accepted. Once in it she had leisure to look about.

Although inwardly revolting against the sickening episode in which, to her everlasting humiliation, she had just taken so conspicuous a part, her glance swept the row of opposite faces with haughty composure. She bit her lips and there was defiance in her eyes as she noticed a general smile throughout the car. Having no sense of humor herself, this cheerfulness seemed the acme of human insolence.

THE COLD SPONGE BATH. Not Only Delightful but in Every Way Beneficial. Nothing is chiefly for cleanliness, but it should be practiced also for its good effect upon the skin, the circulation and nutrition. It affords an excellent stimulus for the skin, improving the tone of its minute net-work of vessels, increasing the excretion that is carried on by its glands, and thus relieves the kidneys and liver of much of their work.

It acts as an additional stimulus to the circulation by causing the blood to flow more thoroughly through all the organs of the body as well as through the minute blood vessels of the skin itself. It improves nutrition by causing a more rapid removal of the waste products from the system. One of the most invigorating forms of bathing is the cold sponge bath taken in the morning before breakfast. Persons who do not react readily after such a bath, such as the very young, the very old, or those who are seriously weakened by disease, should not practice it. For a person of average health, however, the cold bath is an excellent tonic.

After a cold sponge bath of short duration there is a feeling of well-being and exhilaration. The whole man is refreshed. The mental faculties are cleared, the muscles seem strengthened and there is a desire for both muscular and mental work. There is also a feeling of warmth due to the dilatation of the blood vessels of the skin after the contraction caused by the cold water. The exhilaration and warmth of the

cold sponge bath may be increased by drying and rubbing the body with a rough towel. Care should always be taken not to have the bath too prolonged, or of a temperature so low as to prevent the reactionary dilatation of the vessels of the skin. If the cold sponge bath be taken regularly the blood vessels of the skin are trained to contract and relax easily, and therefore habitual bathers are comparatively little liable to catch cold. The number of red blood corpuscles and the amount of coloring matter in them is increased by cold baths.

An excellent way of becoming accustomed to the cold sponge bath is to begin with water that is tepid, and gradually reduce its temperature until absolutely cold water may be borne and enjoyed.—Youth's Companion.

A Puzzling Phenomenon. "I'll give it up," said the scientist. "The action of sunlight is too much of a mystery for me to solve." "Have you been trying to account for some of the changes that take place in photography?" "No. That's hard enough to understand. But it's easy compared to the problem that I have undertaken to solve. I've been trying to find out why it is that on Saturday afternoon a man'll sit down under an electric fan with his shirt collar open and say the heat won't let him do a stroke of work, and the next day put on a sweater and ride his bicycle thirty-seven miles between the hours of 10 and 4, and never say a word about the weather."—Washington Star.

A Foolish Question. A gentleman traveling in England some years ago, while walking near a railway, encountered a number of insane people in charge of a keeper. Nodding to one of the lunatics he said: "Where does this railway go to?" With a scornful look the lunatic replied: "It doesn't go anywhere; we keep it here to run trains on."—Philadelphia American.

Much disgust is felt at the demands of the Australian banks for modification of the scheme of compromise entered into by them three years ago with their creditors.

LENGTH OF LIFE.

Comparative Longevity of Men in Different Lines of Business.

Some interesting facts and figures in regard to the comparative length of life of men in different lines of business have been prepared by Dr. George W. Wells, A. M., M. D., one of the best known medical directors for one of the largest life insurance companies in the world, says an exchange. Dr. Wells, who is about to publish in book form the results of his many years' experience as a medical director, has arranged the following table, showing the comparative mortality of men between the ages of 25 and 65 years. The table represents many thousands of deaths which have been tabulated and the percentages are based upon every hundred deaths among clergymen, the longest lived individuals, as a class, of which there is any record. There is twice as good a chance that a tinsmith will reach the age of 65 as that a doctor will.

Clergymen, priests, ministers.....107
Lawyers.....152
Medical men.....203
Farmers.....113
Agricultural laborers.....123
Gardeners.....198
Fishermen.....143
Commercial clerks.....173
Commercial travelers.....171
Ice keepers, liquor dealers.....274
Funeral service.....397
Brewers.....254
Butchers.....211
Bakers.....172
Corn millers.....172
Grocers.....139
Drapers.....153
Shopkeepers generally.....158
Tailors.....180
Shoemakers.....169
Hatters.....192
Printers.....192
Bookbinders.....219

The Wrong Man. Bill the Biffer—What's d' object of dis organization uv yours, mister? Mission Worker—To rescue the fallen, my man. Bill the Biffer—Well, don't talk ter me; I'm no bicyclist.—Roxbury Gazette.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY. Comik writers are allways expected to be phunny when they talk, and, in the effort to be so, are often very silly. Book-learning iz good, but too much of it konkokts knudity, which have been known to sour on the intelektual stummuk.

What little I kno I hav learnt bi mixing with the medium and lower klasses; dimonds and fine gold are oftenest found close to the bed-rock. Mi natur prompts me to make fast advances. I hav often been snubbed krowely for this, but I can't help it, kan I? I shall fite it out on this line. Yu kan't allways judge bi appearances. I hav often known a whole shirt to be composed entirely of a paper collar and a pair of cotton wristbands.

I hav allways noticed that those circles which are the most exclusive hav but little individual strength; mutual admirashun iz the pap that sustains them. I hav generally noticed that the old bachelors who giv themselves up entirely to the service of the ladys are allways ov the niter gender. The wimmin never fall in luv with these phelkews; they are too safe.

The saddest sight in all the world to me iz a broken-hearted man—a proud and robust oak riven bi lightning from Heaven.