

# 

CHAPTER XIX. ow on his brow, or a wavering in the tones of his voice, had asked her to accept it as a token of the esteem he should he did, or that your sorrow was naught compared to his.

Slowly the hours of night wore away. and as the moon rose higher and higher them in a voice they dare not disobey to in the heavens, her rays fell upon the bowed form of Ross, who, with clasped heard that nothing but violent and con-hands and bloodless cheeks, sat praying, tinual perspiration had as yet been of weeping, thinking, and praying again, until at last there came over her troubled spirit a calm which ere long resolved itself into a fixed, destrmination. "She would tell him all-how she loved Richard Delafield, and how, though that love were hopeless, she could not call an-other her husband." And he would release her she knew he would.

It was strange how calm this resolu-tion made her. Rising up from the crouching posture she had assumed in the first abandonment of her grief, she walked to the open window, where she stood gazing out upon the starry sky, until at last; sick and faint with the sweet perfume of the night air, she turned away, and shuddering, she knew not why, sought her pillow. It was now clime the air was always hot, sultry and laden with disease. For two weeks a the bride of another." fearful epidemic, whose nature the oldest physicians did not understand, had been raging in the towns adjoining, and many who in the morning rose up full of life and vigor, were in the evening no longer numbered among the living, so rapid was the work of death. In great nlarm the terrified inhabitants had fled from place to place, but the destroyed was on their track, and the "brain fever," as it was termed, claimed them for its victims.

As yet there had been no cases in Chester, but the people were in daily dread of its arrival. Mrs. Lansing, on the contrary, though usually alarmed, even at the mention of a contagious disease, expressed no fear, and went on not afraid to die." with the preparations for the party, unconscious of the dark cloud hovering near. But when on the morning succeeding the night of which we have spoken, fever had broken out there the night beshe heard, in passing Rosa's door, the fore, and that in one family two were sound of some one talking incoherently, already dead, while a third was thought while at the same time a negro girl came to be dying. In the utmost dismay, Mrs. rushing out, exclaiming: "Young miss Lansing now announced her intention of the brain fever an r got rone ravin' mad!" she fled in wild alarm to safety to her brother's plantation, which the furthest extremity of the building, was distant about twelve miles. and gathering her frightened children together, with Ada, ground her, she called mother!" said Jessie, beginning to cry to the terrified servants from the win- at the unfeeling desertion. dow, bidding them go for her brother But Mrs. Lansing was determined. and tell him as he valued his life not "She couldn't help her at all if she to venture near the infected room, but to hasten with all speed to her. And women would do all that was necessary; there, trembling, weeping, and wringing it wasn't like leaving her alone with her hands in fear, the selfish, cold-heart- Dr. Clayton, for there were a dozen ableed woman stayed, while, parched with bodied females in the house to wait upon fever and thirst, the suffering girl lay her." moaning in her pain; now asking for water to cool her burning brain, and but her mother would not hear to reason, again clasping her thin white hands con- and urged on by Ada, who was no less vulsively upon her brow, as if to still its frightened than herself, she ordered out agonized throbbings. But one, there was who did not forget. In her excitement Mrs. Lansing failed to motice the absence of little Jessie, who going fearlessly to the bedside of her less to propose it. Still, she would see beloved teacher, gently bathed the aching him before she went, and her waiting head, and administered the cooling maid was sent to bring him. draught, while with childish love she "I'll go. Let me go," said Jessie; and kissed the ashen lips, and smoothed back ere her mother could detain her, she was the long tresses which floated over the half way there. pillow. In the hall below there was | Entering the room on tiptoe, she gave too, had heard of the strange disease, and were faded, one would be safely in the girl, who knew him not, for the light of still waters of the better land. reason was obscured and darkness was upon her vision. help?" he exclaimed wildly; and little tears burst forth afresh, for not till then Jessie, awed by his grief, answered, as had he thought how he must leave her she laid her soft, white hand on Rosa's alone in that far South land-many miles forehead. "God can help her, and maybe away from her native hills, and that to Uncle Dick can. I mean to go for him;" and gliding noiselessly from the room, ing over her early grave. she was soon on her way to Magaolia Grove, looking, with her golden curls floating over her bare white shoulders, as if she were indeed an angel of mercy. Alone in his library sat Richard Dela- ing in town, and as several other famifield, his arms resting upon the table, and his face buried in his hands. All low their example-then bidding him the night long he had sat there thus, musing sadly of the future when she would dead, she entered her carriage and was be gone and he should be alope. Why had she crossed his path-that little. humble girl? and why had he been permitted to love her so madly, or to dream ed to Richard, he still experienced a senof a time when he could call her "his own, his Rosa, his wife?" Again and family, and thinking they would probaagain he repeated those words to himself. and then as he thought whose she would Grove, he returned to the chamber above, be when another sun should have set, where Rosa still lay, in the same death he groaned aloud, and in despairing tones like unconsciousness, perfectly still save cried out, "How can I give her up?" The sun had risen, and, struggling moan told how she suffered. through the richly curtained window, fell The clock in the hall struck the hour upon need it. He was sleeping at last, and in the sick girl withdrew her hand from his dreams another than Dr. Clayton beneath the covering, and when the stern Death, and without a tear he laid her in back an exclamation of joy, for it was her coffin, and buried her where the soft moist with perspiration.

fever, and there is nobody to help her." It was the night before the one ap- With a firm step and composed manner pointed for the bridal, and in the solitude he went with Jessie to Cedar Grove, of her chamber a young girl wept in the going immediately to Rosa's chamber. utter hopelessness of despair. At the where, for a moment, he stood appulled morrow's early dawn he would be there at the scene before him. She had fearto claim her as his bride, and though he fully changed since last he saw her, for was noble and goed, there was in her the disease had advanced with rapid heart no answaring chord of love, and strides, and now utterly insensible, and she knew that without such love their white as the wintry snow, she lay with union would be unholy. On the table at her head thrown back, and her lips apart, brain. Very carefully and tenderly they watched her, and had not Mr. Delafield her side lay her bridal dress, the gift of while her hands nervously picked at the Richard Delafield, who, without a shad- bedclothes around her! Many a time had Dr. Clayton heard that this was a sure omen of death, and though he had more readily she took things from him than from Dr. Clayton, following him ever laughed at it as an old woman's ever feel for her. Alas! poor Roun, as whim, he shuddered now as he saw it in with her eves whenever he moved away. your tears fell like rain upon the orange her, and bowing his head upon the pillow and seeming much more quiet when he was at her side. By the close of the wreath which seemed to mock your woe, he wept like a child. For a moment how little did you dream of the angulus Richard Delafield stood gazing upon the third day she was nearly free from the brain fever, but much fear was felt by it cost the donor to say to you the words apparently dying girl and the weaping Dr. Clayton lest it should assume the man, who seemed wholly incapable of action; then rousing himself, he want in typhoid form, which it did ere long, and quest of the black women, commanding then for three weeks she raved in wild delirium, driving Richard Delafield from her presence, shuddering when he came

come at once to the sick room. He had any avail in such extreme cases, and calmly giving orders to that effect, he himself assisted while the hemlock and the bottles of hot water were applied, then, administering a powerful tonic, he bld Jessie go to her mother, while he took his station at the bedside to watch the result.

Quieted in a measure by the cool demeanor of his companion, Dr. Clayton; too, arose, and after hurriedly pacing the room, those two men, the one with his fair, handsome face stained with tears, praying earnestly that she might live; while the other, with dark, lowering countenance and wrinkled brow, stood with folded arms and firmly compressed lips, struggling to subdue the evil pas-sion which whispered, "Let her die! the first of June, and in that Southern There will be a comfort in weeping over her grave, and knowing that she is not

> In the meantime Jessie had been missed, and a servant dispatched to find her. But this the woman failed to do, as she was then at Magnolia Grove, and Mrs. Lansing was about venturing to go in quest of her, when she appeared saying 'she knew Miss Lee was dying, she looked so dreadfully." "Jassie-child!" screamed the affright-

ed Mrs. Lansing, shrinking from the litday, toward the dusk of evening, he was tle girl as if she had been a loathsome surprised by the appearance of Halbert. thing. "Have you been there-in the room?" out at The Pines, and he must come im-

Without any attempt at concealment, Jessie told what she had done, and when her mother exclaimed, "You are a dead child," she answered, fearlessly, "I am

Just then the negro who had been sent to the village for the family physician returned, bringing the news that the leaving the place at once and fleeing fo

Soon, however, castl & this thought aside ure abated in the village, there were as unworthy of him, he said, "Look up, still frequent cases, and she would not Dr. Clarton; she 's better. She may have deemed it safe to return, even if live. So I" and lifting the damp hair typhoid fever, which she feared nearly from her brow, he pointed to the dewy as much, had not been in her own house, drops which stood thickly upon it. "Thank heaven!" was Dr. Clayton's So there was no alternative but to stay

uncomfortable \$ ough she was, for the exclamation, and bending down, he said, weather was int usely hot, and she missed many of the luxuries of her home. 'Ross, my precious Ross! She will live, and you have saved her," he continued, Still, it was healthy there, and this in a advancing toward the dark statue, whose measure reconciled her to remain. Occahand he pressed to his lips. "To you sionally, it is true, she heard rumors of the credit is due, for you worked when the cholera on some distant plantation, despair had rendered me powerless to but it seldom visited the pine regionsdo it; but now I am strong. I am my- it would not come there; she was sure of self again, and if I have any skill it shall be exerted in her behalf." that; and secure in this bellef, she rested in comparative quiet, while each day the

'All that day and night they stood over heat became more and more intense. The her, applying the remedies said to be sun came up red, fiery, and heated like most efficient in cases of the kind, and a furnace; the clouds gave forth no rain; when the next morning came she was the brooks were dried up; the leaves withered upon the trees, while the air was full of humming insects, which at unquestionably better, though still in great danger from a tendency of the disease to the lungs, which, however, was night fed upon their helpless, sleeping less to be feared than its return to the victims.

(To be continued.)

their skill to British markets. WEDDING PASSERS-BY ENJOYEE. been blinded by her supposed love for another, he must have seen how much

Children Cheered as a Bridesmaid Waved Roses in the Air.

000,000 a year, or a little more than A wedding gave great joy one day this week to many who were not direct participants in the affair. The bride's divided into small flats, with smokhome was in a big apartment house ing and dining-rooms in common, not far from Madison square. The ceremony was to take place in a near-by church late in the afternoon. half an hour before the bridal party was ready half a dozen carriages were in Germany has diminished gradually driven up to the apartment house. from 4,267 in 1830, to 2,149, or less One of them was drawn by a team of than half, although the population has smart little piebald nags; the driver doubled since 1830. flourished a whip from which waved a knot of white satin ribbon. As soon as the passers-by saw this emblem of festivity they halted and in almost no \$10; while Kentucky expends only time a lane of peering, smiling women, girls and men formed from the entrance to the curb.

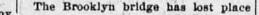
It was through this lane of faces but the drawing's a bit off, isn't it? that the bride passed presently. She The Artist-How's that? 'The Patron was all in white with a long white -Why, the clock says ten past ten, veil, and carried a big bunch of the and the right time now is a quarter customary lilles of the valley. A to four.-Pick-Me-Up. faint murmur of admiration arose from the crowd as she tripped bareless country compared with others, headed across the broad sidewalk and and the importations of goatskins, was assisted into the carriage by a gray-haired man. She was dignified young and old, aggregate \$3,500,000 a year-which represents the slaughter but conscious withal; her escort was of 17,000,000 goats and kids. visibly embarrassed; the two bellboys who kept the lane clear bristled, with importance. When the bride's used to pay half fare on the Vienna tramways, but the rule has been altercarriage had driven away the rest of the wedding party filled the other car ed so that any child above three feet riages and the procession moved to the and one and one-half inches in height church. will in future have to pay the full

But as a concession to the hundreds fare. of smiling people, says the New York Mail and Express, one of the bridesmaids-a roguuish miss yet in her teens-waved a big bunch of roses and appearance, and on which he from the carriage window as she was spends a great deal of time. His whirled away. Their fragrance floatbeard also comes in for a large share ed through the air and there was a of attention. chorus of "Oh's!" and surreptitious cheers from the children. And then the pageant having disappeared, the crowd melted into the dusk.

THE FACE AND THE COLLAR.

who do not want 1

draining one-third of the area of the Easy Means by Which a Stout Man United States May Make Himself Look Thin.



slasm than any one would over have suspected her of having stored away in her anaemic-looking body. "Ain's you glad we're goin' to get it?" she went on. 'Just think, \$3,000, George, and it'll all be our own." George grunted.

"Ain't it grand, \$3,000?" she repeated.

"I can fix up the barber shop a little now, I guess, and you can get a diamond if you want it," the husband said, as he shifted the sleeping babe from one arm to the other.

"No, we don't fix up no barber shops and we don't wear no diamonds. We're going to hang on to that \$3,000 like it was all the money in the world."

"I know, but I could make a lot more money if the shop had a few of those factory fixin's. Fixin's draws Flower growers in the South of trade."

"Yes, but George, you don't get any fixin's with my money. It was my pa that died, and he didn't leave no \$3,-000 for barber fixin's, and I'll be thinkin' a long time afore I say buy any fixin's with my \$3,000. I'm goin' to buy us a home, and there won't be any fancy fixin's. I want just a plain little home."

"Ain't you even goin' to buy a diamond ?" asked the husband in astonishment.

"No, I ain't a goin' to buy no diamond."

"Well, you're the funniest woman I ever saw. Now that we're rich you, don't want to do a thing with the money. I wish your pa had never died and left us anything."

The wife said something as the two go off the car. It was something about diamonds, but she said it in a way to let those who heard her know that she didn't hanker much after any of Kimberly's gems. - Chicago Inter Ocean.

### It Was True, After All.

The penalties of being "too smart" are sure and always unpleasant. Stray Storles gives a new instance. The clever young man was wandering up and down the platform of an English, railway station, intent on finding an empty carriage in the express which was almost due to start.

His search was in vain. An idea, which he considered very clever, occurred to him, and assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage and cried in a stentorian voice, "All change here! This carriage is not going!"

There were exclamations, low but deep, from the occupants of the crowded compartments; but nevertheless they scurried out of the carriage, and packed themselves away in other parts of the train.

The smile on the face of the young man was childlike and bland as he settled himself comfortably in a corner of the empty carriage and lighted a cigar.

"Ah." he murmured, "it's a good thing for me that I was born clever! supplies from twenty-eight States, I wish they'd hurry up and start." Presently the station-master put his

head in at the window and said:

"I s'pose you're the smart young fellow who told the people this carriage wasn't going?" "Yes," said the clever one. And he smiled. "Well," said the station master, with a grin, "you were right; it isn't going. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."

91814 22

ooke of her brother's Oh.

"And leave Miss Lee alone?

stayed," she said. "And the colored

"And if she dies?" suggested Jessie; the traveling carringe, which soon stood before the door.

She would fain have had her brother accompany her, but she knew it was use-

the sound of footsteps, and the bride- her uncle her mother's message, and groom's voice was heard, asking for his then stealing up to Rosa, wound her bride, but his cheek blanched to a mar- arms round her neck, and laying her ble whitenes when told that she was dy- soft, warm cheek caressingly against the the sick girl they had left behind, and ing in the chamber above. In a moment white, thin fact of the teacher, wept her he had her in his arms-his precious last adieu. They would never, never Rosa-dying-dying-he believed, for he, meet again, for ere the summer flowers he thought there was no hope. With a bosom of the Good Shepherd, who would hitter cry he bent over the unconscious lead her in green pastures, and beside the "Bury her under the tall maguolia,

a little ways from father." was Jessie's "Can nothing be done? Is there no last injunction to Dr. Clayton, whose him would be denied the solace of weep-

> It was in vain that Mr. Delafield attempted to dissunde his sister from going. She would not listen, for their lives, she said, were all endangered by remainlies were going to leave, she should folhasten to them the moment Rosa was driven rapidly away, followed by Halbert and two or three negroes on horseback. Unfeeling as this proceeding seemsation of relief at the absence of the bly be safer at The Pines than at Cedar when a movement of the head or a faint

his bowed head; but he did not of eleven, and then, with a feeble moan, had claimed Rosa for his bride, even man took it within his own he forced by near that grave, which they daily sighing cedar and the whispering pine hope, and his first impulse was to tell term the fair young girl who passed so would overshadow her grave. From that the good news to his companion; but the auddenly from their midst. It was 10w dream he was roused by Jessie, who demon, which all the morning he had nearly five weeks since Mrs. Lansing had shricked in his ear, "Wake, Uncle Dick, hugged to his bosom, whispered, "not fied from the pestilence which walked at and come. Miss Lee is dying with the now-let him suffer yet a little longer!" noonday, and though it had in a meas-

A. M. T. STATIST

own-was a large double log building, containing nothing very elegant in the way of furniture, but still presenting an air of neatness and comfort; for Aunt Dinah, who had charge of it, prided herself upon keeping it neat and clean, us her master was likely to come upon her at any time without warning, and she liked to impress him with her rare qualifications as housekeeper. With Mrs. Lansing, however, she was less pleased: but still, as the wister of "Mars'r Richard." she was entitled to consideration, and in high turban and all the dignity of her position, the old lady bustled about from room to room, jingling her keys, kicking the dogs, cuffing the woolly pate of any luckless wight who chanced to be in her way, and occasionally stooping down to kiss little Jessie, who, being of rather a domestic turn, followed her from place to place, herself assisting in spreading the supper table, which, with its snowr cloth, corn cake, iced milk, hot coffee and smoking steaks, soon presented a most inviting aspect.

near, and begging of Dr. Clayton, whom

she called her brother Charlie, "to send

the black man with his ugly face away.'

This state of affairs was amost intol-

erable to Richard, who, if he had loved

Rosa before, felt that she was tenfold

dearer to him now, and so, though he

dared not come in her sight when awake,

he watched by her when she slopt; stand-

ing over her hour after hour, and endur-

ing with almost superhuman strength

the care which Dr. Clayton could hardly

he said to share, so absorbed was he in

grief at the thought of losing her at last.

abated, and she sunk into a state of ap

athy from which nothing could rouse

not even the sight of Richard Delafield,

from whom she no longer sbrank, but for

whom she seemed to have conceived a

kind of pity, asking him sometimes "if

he hated her because she did not love

him, and telling him how hard she had

tried to do so, but could not, and that

he must go away and leave her slone!"

And all this while it never occurred to

him that she fancied he was Dr. Clay-

ton, though he did marvel at her never

mentioning her affianced husband, in

whose arms she would fall asleep, and

whose hands she would kiss, calling him

Charlie, and asking if he had come to

Matters were in this state when one

who said that the cholera had broken

mediately, adding further, that his moth-

er and Ada had both had it; that several

of the blacks were dead; and that the

man who two days before had been sent

to Cedar Grove, had died upon the road.

Greatly alarmed for the safety of his

people. Mr. Delafield started at once for

CHAPTER XX.

her country residence-for she always

The house which Mrs. Lansing termed

carry her home.

The Pines.

Thus the days wore on until her franzy

Relieved of their fears and thinking themselves beyond the reach of danger, Mrs. Lansing and Ada gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour, talking and laughing gayly, without a thought of who that night was to have been a bride. Once, indeed, when after sunset they were assembled upon the rude piazza, Ada spoke of her, wondering if she were dead, and how long it would be ere Dr. Clayton would marry another. Such is the world, to which Ada formed no exception, for how often do we hear the future companion of a broken-hearted man selected even before the wife of his bosom is removed forever from his sight. For a long time Mrs. Lansing sat there with Ada and her children, talking on indifferent subjects and occasionally congratulating herself that they were beyond reach of the fever, unless, indeed, Jessie had contracted it by her foolish careless ness. On her lap rested the little golden head of the child, who was bumming snatches of "The Happy Land," a favorite song which her uncle had taught her, and which she had often sung with her tencher, asking numerous questions concerning the better world. Very naturally now her thoughts re-

verted to her governess, and as she listened to the whispering wind sighing through the trees, she fancied it was the voice of Rosa bidding her "come to the happy land." Sweet little Jessie, it was the voices of angel children which you heard thus calling through the pines; for from their shining ranks one beateous form was missing, and they would fain allure it back to its native sky.

Come I now to the saddest part of my story. Beneath the evergreens of the sunny South is a little mound, over which the shining stars keep watch, and the cypress spreads its long green boughs, while the children of the plantation, dark-browed though they are, tread softstrew with flowers, speaking in low tones There was of "the Angel of The Pines." as they

A dienter fait verse an being the and it inderer reverse.

and a start water and a start maker how and the second start and

fatter in the face than they can help have an easy means of accomplishing their purpose. Not all of them are aware of the effect that may be created by the form of a collar or cravat.

"The stout man who wants to look as thin as he can," said the haberdasher's clerk, "ought to wear a tie of the kind known as a four-in-hand. Preferably it should be dark in color and drawn tight. That carries down the line of the face and lengthens it gentle and affectionate and safe as to a degree that tends to make the face look thinner.

"Another aid to making a man look thin is is the height of his collar. Some stout men who want to look thin should wear high collars and closed ones. Any collar that opens in front makes one look stouter under nearly every circumstance. Such collars are becoming to thin men.

of the that has a horizontal effect. ance-in his face at least.

The broad plastron scarfs, as they are driving alone in an automobile. called, have little effect on a man's looks one way or the other. When he wears them it is the collar that cently brought by his parents before makes the difference.

"He should therefore see that he stouter, an open collar will produce six inches round the chest. that effect for him."-New York Sun.

An Egotistical View.

She (after the stolen kiss)-How dare you! couraged me by puckering up your lips.

She-1 was going to whistle, He-For help? She-N-no; for luck.

He-Well, what better luck could you ask?

Cats Were Electrocuted. The town of Winchester, Mass., is now almost entirely bereft of cats. The superintendent of the state fowl hatchery, finding that the animals wrought great havoc among his poultry, fixed up wires and at night ran a fact that when the rattle becomes powerful electric current through them. During the past two years over 200 cats have been electrocuted.

#### Very Generous.

Father (visiting son at college)-Pretty good cigars you smoke, my boy; can't afford cigars like these. Son-Fill your case, dad; fill your case.-Harvard Lampoon.

Let your boy know that you think he will never amount to anything and he will not disappoint you.

en aller tradie die die die die en

Designation of Wolfer

as one of the wonders of the world since the building of the Williamsburg steel bridge, a mile farther up the East river, and the bridge now building to Blackwell's island will be more wonderful than either. 1.1 1.1

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establish a chair of journalism.

birds

400.

rates.

sinni \$2.06.

their preservation.

The University of Zurich is about to

A flock of ostriches at Phoenix,

Ariz., now numbers more than 1,000

The United States has 78,000 post-

ooffices. Germany is next with 45,-

623, and Great Britain third with 22,-

Golden engles are increasing in the

Scottish highlands, owing to the ef-

forts made by large landowners for

France and other favored climes find

it profitable to send the products of

The navy, which gives England the

supremacy of the seas, costs \$155,-

the United States pays in pensions.

Berlin has now a "bachelors' club"

where single men can live at moderate

The number of theological students

Oregon spends for the education of

children \$12 a year per capita; Col-

orado, \$11: Illinois, \$11: California,

\$3.32; South Carolina, \$1.39; Missis-

The Patron-Your picture isn't bad,

The United States is almost a goat-

Uptil lately children under fourteen

King Leopold of Belgium never

wears gloves. He is very proud of

his hands, which are perfect in shape.

That low lying territory of the Mis-

sissippi should at times be overflow-

ed is not surprising if one considers

that the "Fathers of Waters" draws

Captivity changes animal's nature. A lion captured when it is full grown will always be treacherous, but lions. tigers, leopards or other carnivorous animals that have been born in captivity can be tamed till they are as

poodle dogs. There are in New York City to-day

1.320 millionaires, as against 294 twenty years ago and twenty-five in 1853. There were no millionaires in the city 100 years ago. The first person to reach that distinction was John Jacob Astor, who became a millionaire about the year 1820.

Breaking away from a wagon at "The fat man should avoid the kind Rheims, France, a horse dashed in s) a passing motor car, and leaped into This will add pounds to his appear- the back seats. The chauffeur was struck by its forelegs and thrown "On the contrary, this cross effect into the road. Passers-by were treatwill make the thin man look stout. ed to the novel spectacle of a horse

The Berlin newspapers tell of a wonderful baby giant which was rethe medical faculty of that city for examination. He is the son of a wears a high one that does not open, baker at Drievers, and, although only if he wants to look as thin as possi- eighteen months old, stands three and ble, whereas if he wants to seem a half feet high. He measures thirty-

The difficulty in damaging a war balloon in midair was recently shown by tests made in Austria. The experimenters anchored a balloon at a He-Now don't get angry. You en- height of 7,000 feet and had gunners, who had not been given the distance, to try to disable it. It required twenty-two shots to find the range, even approximately, and not until the sixty-fourth round was the balloon hlt. That each ring on a rattlesnake's rattle represents a year of the snake's

life is a popular but an erroneous belief. As a matter of fact, a new ring develops every two or three months, and the snake, by the time it died, would have sixty or seventy rings at least, were it not for the unduly long, accident breaks it off, either wholly or in part.

## NO DIAMONDS, NO FIXIN'S.

This Heiress Had no Use for Anything but a Home. They sat crowded into a narrow seat in a Wabash avenue grip car. He was tired-looking man with a babe in his

erms; she was a tired-looking little wo-"Ain't you glad we're goin' to get it,

### Girl Miller of Perkiomen.

On the Perklomen River, near Valley Forge, is a flour mill which has the distinction of being owned and operated personally by the only woman miller in the United States. She is hardly even a "woman miller," for she is only 17. Miss Sallie Freichler, the girl miller, is her own master entirely. makes her own rules, does her own business, keeps her own books and carries on her own correspondence, obeying nobody's orders but those of her customers.

She played in the mill as a child, and as she grew up helped her daddy, and, half unconsciously and half with thought of the future, learned the miller's business thoroughly. When he died there was no one else to carry it on, so Miss Sallie took his place.

For two years now she has operated the mill entirely alone, only calling in assistance when there is a heavy load of rye to be taken in or a large involce of flour to be shipped. She is at work before sunrise in winter and keeps hard at it all day.

And she seems to like the responsibility and the clean dollars her work brings in. She caters to one of the richest farming communities in Pennsylvania and the community likes her and helps her to get along.

Besides being a thoroughly capable miller, Miss Sallie has won another sort of reputation in the last year and a half. The farmers round about, consider her an expert on rye in all its stages, from the seed to the ground product.

#### Friendly Criticism.

Criticus-Say, what was your idea of painting that picture of a fried egg in a hayloft?

De Auber-Why, you idiot, that picture represents a sunset in the Rocky Mountains.

Criticus-Well, I don't think much of the sunset, but the mountains are certainly the rocklest ever.

## An Acquired Habit.

Mrs. Gramercy-Do you think it was an intentional slight on the part of Mrs. Newrich?

Mrs. Park-Why, no, my dear. She hasn't been a lady long enough to know how to be rude .-- Puck.

The blindness of justice should prevent her from winking at her favor George?" she said, with more enthu- ites.