

A KASYLE MARRIAGE.

The Ceremony Is Complicated and Wild Up With an Exciting Incident.

The wedding ceremony among the Kabyles is interesting because of its comparative resemblance to the customs of the old Greeks and Romans and even to those which still prevail in sequestered parts of France. Here it is the girl's father who exacts a wedding portion, a sum of about £8, for which the bridegroom has generally to rely upon the advances of his friends. Often, too, the young man has not a house for his bride, in which case his friends set to work and build one, no very difficult matter.

On the wedding day the bride is led through the villages in the neighborhood, mounted on a mule and escorted by friends and relations, who shout and fire guns again and again. The various householders hasten forth to offer her a sieveful of beans, nuts or dried figs. Of these she takes a handful, which she kisses and then replaces in the sieve. All the offerings are collected in sacks by the old women of the procession as contributions to the young people's larder.

At the bridegroom's house the girl's hands are washed with liquid butter. Then they give her some fresh eggs, which she breaks on the mule's head and inside the unhappy animal's ears, thereby, it is believed, counteracting any evil designs against her and her husband's happiness. Before entering the house she drinks milk, fresh and sour, and also water, and scatters over her shoulder a handful of barley, wheat and salt for the good of the family.

The husband then approaches her and fires a pistol above her head to signify that thenceforward he has the power of life and death over her. Not infrequently he makes the symbol even more emphatic by firing into her headdress and setting her aflame. This done, little remains except for the youth to lift the lady in his arms and carry her bodily into his house.—All the Year Round.

A Maid of All Work Adjective.

I inquired of the head mistress of a girls' school why she so frequently made use of the adjective "nice." She replied, "Because it is such a useful maid of all work adjective and saves one the trouble of thinking!" "Then you teach your girls to be inaccurate?" "I don't think it is being inaccurate. The word in most cases expresses my meaning better than any other." A relative of mine reproved one of her nieces for her liberal use of "awfully jolly." The young lady replied: "Oh aunt, do not deprive me of that awfully jolly expression. If I were deprived of it, I shouldn't know what to say."

The frequent use of the expletive "you know" was justified to me on the ground that it keeps the listener's attention awake.

The fashionable novel presses into its service these flowers of speech. In Mr. Norris' "Countess Radna" a young gentleman thus addresses a young lady, "I'm so awfully sorry that you are going to desert us." "I'm awfully sorry to have to go," replied the girl composedly, "and my parents will be awfully sorry to see me."

Of this young lady's two lovers the author himself declares in the same chapter (24) that one was much "nicer" than the other. In chapter 37 the nicer one, in declining an invitation, says, "Thanks awfully, but I'm afraid I can't."—Notes and Queries.

Killing Crocodiles.

"There are two ways of killing crocodiles," writes an ex-resident of India. "One is by shooting with a rifle, but the most satisfactory way of dealing with them, besides being far the most sporting, is to bait a good large hook with a bird or small animal and fasten it by a chain to a good long rope, the end of which is firmly picketed, the rope being coiled and the bait laid in shallow water. There must be lots of slack line, as the crocodile does not swallow anything at once, but seizes it and takes it into deep water to gorge. A number of lines may be laid and looked up in the morning or cool of the evening. When hooked, it will take a good many men to haul a crocodile out, and as he resents the operation and can use his tail as well as his jaws one or two sportsmen will find considerable entertainment in dispatching him with spears. Some crocodiles grow to an enormous size, and their maws always contain round white stones, and often trinkets, the relics of inside passengers. The writer assisted at the death of a not extraordinarily large 'snubnose' which had six women's rings in her."—Badminton Library.

A Danger Signal.

"I found a queer specimen today," said the policeman to the reporter. The interrogation points popped into the reporter's eyes.

"Old fellow drunk in the alley," continued the officer. "I noticed him go in and watched him. He found a comfortable place and laid down on it, then took a placard out from under his coat and hung it around his neck."

"What was on the placard?" asked the reporter as the officer stopped with the evident intention of having him ask the question so he could spring the answer on him. "Handle this with care. It is loaded." And the officer laughed as if a policeman's lot were sometimes a happy one.—Detroit Free Press.

Ugliness.

Many a man has risen to eminence under the powerful reaction of his mind against the scorn of the unworthy, daily evoked by his personal defects, who, with a handsome person, would have sunk into the luxury of a careless life under the tranquilizing smiles of continual admiration.—De Quincey.

Harsh.

Lovell—Ah, I should be delighted, don'tcherknow, to—er—call upon you, Miss Ethel, but—er—you must say "may" first!

Ethel—Oh, do make it April first!

Truth.

THE CROCUS.

In sheltered corners and shady places
The waiting snows of the winter lie,
But there is a token of coming roses
In the tender pink of the sunset sky.
Above the dusk of the windy forest
The young March moon is silvery cold.
Come, love, and lean on the gate beside me,
And I will tell you a legend old.

A jealous wizard with whitened tresses
Beheld a maiden with yellow hair,
And seized her form in his frosty fingers,
And bore her far to his icy lair.
He bound her fast in a sleep enchanted,
And hid her deep in a grave of gloom,
Till over the purple seas came sailing
A slender prince, with a pale green plume.

From the withered grass and earth above
He brushed the wreaths of the snow aside
And slew the wizard, whose name was Winter,
And she rose from the tomb to be his bride.
Look! There she stands by the broken trellis,
Where budding sprays of the ivy cling,
For the captive maid was the golden crocus:
Her gallant lover, the prince, is Spring!
—Mina Irving in Worthington's Magazine.

Venetian Mirrors.

The beauty and almost absolute perfection characterizing the mirrors produced in the manufactories of Venice are mainly due, it is said, to the peculiar solution applied to the surface. Preliminary to this application the glass is thoroughly cleaned with wet whiting, then washed with distilled water and prepared for the silver with a sensitizing solution of tin, which is well rinsed off immediately before its removal to the silvering table, and the latter being raised to the proper temperature the glass is laid and the silvering solution at once poured over it before the heat of the table has time to dry any part of the surface of the glass. The solution used is prepared as follows: In one-half liter of distilled water 100 grains of nitrate of silver are dissolved, to this being added 62 grains of liquid ammonia of 0.88 specific gravity. The mixture is filtered and made up to eight liters with distilled water, and 7-10 grams of tartaric acid dissolved in 30 grams of water are mixed with the solution. About 2-10 liters are poured over the glass meter to be silvered, the metal immediately commencing to deposit on the glass, which is maintained at about 104 degrees F., and in a little more than a half hour a continuous coating of silver is formed. After careful wiping with chamois the surface is treated a second time with a solution like the first, but containing a double quantity of tartaric acid.—New York Sun.

The Oldest Grapevine.

The oldest grapevine in the country was indeed interesting. One growing near this, which was known to be more than 80 years old, died finally of good old age and was purchased and transported in its entirety to the Chicago fair. This one is 47 to 50 years of age and hale and hearty yet. At the base it is 52 inches in circumference. It grows straight up for about 3 feet, then divides into six branches, and at this point is 5 feet in circumference. At a height of perhaps 7 feet it spreads itself in all directions over an immense arbor covering a space by actual measurement of 75 by 66 feet. It bears in one season 6,500 pounds of the purple mission grape, of which no use is made except as it is eaten and given away by its owner to any one who will take it.—Santa Barbara Cor. Troy Times.

One of the Delights of Life.

When old Kaiser Wilhelm was still Prince of Prussia, he had one day at Babelsberg, near Potsdam, his beautiful and ever favorite residence, a visit from that prince among landscape gardeners, Furst Hermann von Puckler-Muskau, who somewhat bluntly expressed his disappointment at the slow rate of progress in certain improvements in the grounds—improvements which he had himself suggested on the occasion of a previous visit. The future emperor pleaded his limited means. "But does your royal highness never borrow money?" queried Prince Puckler, evidently much amazed. "Never, my dear prince," was the smiling reply. "Then your royal highness has never tasted life's greatest delight—to wit, the pleasure of finding yourself able to pay your debts, after all!"—Chicago Tribune.

Cheap Locomotion.

Dutoguard has been informed that cabs are going to be fitted with automatic distance counters, and that the fare for the first kilometer is to be 75 cents, and 25 cents for each succeeding kilometer.

"Capital!" he said, tapping his forehead, as if inspired with a happy thought. "Next time I have to go any distance I shall walk the first kilometer and take a cab for the rest of the journey."—Journal de Vienne.

A complaint comes from Russia of the scarcity of physicians throughout the empire. The number of medical men is only one in 6,000 of the entire population. These are mostly in the large cities. The village population has only one in 30,000, while the remote provinces have only one doctor to 120,000 people.

Handel and Bach were contemporaries. Born about the same time, in houses almost in sight of each other, devoted to the same branch of the same art, and each famous, and justly so, in his profession, these two great men never met.

Frederick the Great was ambitious to be thought a composer of music. Over 120 of his pieces have been found and are now in the Imperial library of Berlin. They are, if possible, worse than his poetry.

During the most of the sixteenth century the English people called the Bible the Bibliotheca, or the library, the word being limited in its application to the Scriptural writings.

There is a well at Scarpa, a village near Tivoli, Italy, which is 1,700 feet deep, all but 26 feet being cut in solid rock.

SOWING AND REAPING.

For bloom we sow one sort of seed,
Another answers hunger's need.
Weeds only propagate their kind,
But leave abundant seed behind,
Which, if you scatter heedless, know,
You're sure to reap just what you sow.

A youth, industrious and pure,
With noble aims, is promise sure
Of proud achievement's heritage.
Of worthy manhood, honored age,
And, doth the harvest ripen slow,
You're sure to reap just what you sow.

Alas! youth often is too blind
To see the needs of heart or mind.
A wilderness of tares appears—
Sure fruitage of the wasted years.
From evil seed good will not grow.
You're sure to reap just what you sow.
—Helen A. Woods in Good Housekeeping.

MY SUICIDE.

Yes, I have wished to die.
It was just after receiving the assurance that Amelie was false to me.
Was it indeed Amelie—this perfidious coquette? Only think of it. She held my life in her little hand, and I am not now even sure of her name. Young men, this may astonish you, but you will learn better in time.

I was young then—quite young, and I no sooner learned of my misfortune than I determined to end my life. My first intention was to shoot myself on her stairway, but I bethought me of the crowds that would see me there and of how Henriette—was not that her name?—would ridicule me, so my amour propre came to my rescue.

"No," I said to myself, "there must be no excitement, no noise. The wounded bird conceals himself behind a tuft of grass. Thus I wish to die—in some corner—isolated, lost, forgotten."

In this elegant frame of mind I took the 5:30 train for Melun. It deposited me at dusk, about 100 steps from the Golden Lion—a well kept hotel, with airy rooms, good beds and an excellent table.

"What does monsieur wish?" asked a little waitress, whom I have since found to be very pretty.

"Nothing."

I was not hungry. I went to bed. My sleep was fitful, and every instant I thought I saw Victorine—I believe her name was Victorine—pass by on the arm of my rival.

Then I struck out with my fist against the wall, the iron bedstead or the marble top table.

I was much bruised next morning, but what mattered it, since I was so soon to die?

I went in quest of a rope. I had believed formerly that, when one wished to hang oneself, nothing could be easier than to find a rope. A sad mistake. In my search I traversed the entire hotel to no purpose. The little waitress—the one whom I have since found is so pretty—demanded of me:

"But what does monsieur wish to do with a rope?"

At last, with a length of hemp in my pocket, I left the hotel and made my way to a spot in the woods where I had often been before. I found here, behind an inextricable tangle of foliage, the same inviting retreat where I had once lingered to dream. There could certainly exist no more appropriate spot for the deed I now contemplated.

While walking along I had thought of Berthe—possibly her name was Berthe—and I cursed her with all my soul. Then I looked at my rope. I measured it. It tested its strength. It was not the sort of a rope I wished. It appeared to be too short and too large around. I was vexed. You can scarcely imagine how an annoyance of this sort may influence one's ideas.

And here was another vexation. Upon reaching the chosen spot I was disagreeably surprised to find it occupied by another. A person, with his back turned to me, was engaged in fastening a rope to a branch above his head—the very branch which I had selected for my own.

"What are you doing there?" I demanded of him.

He faced me suddenly.

"What concern of yours is it?" he asked.

"You think perhaps that I do not divine your intention," I cried.

"And if I wish to kill myself that is altogether my affair."

"Kill yourself?"

I looked at him. He seemed to be an amiable young fellow, with an open countenance, sympathetic eyes and an interesting pallor.

"So you wish to kill yourself?" And suspecting him to be the victim of an unhappy love affair, I added, "About some worthless woman?"

"Sir!" he cried.

"Poor idiot!" I thought. "Lovers are all alike—he defends her even yet."

The stranger was silent.

"Will you permit me to give you a bit of advice?" I inquired. "Leave your rope where it is—I had noticed that it was better than mine—go home. You will thank me for this after awhile."

He shook his head.

"I want to die."

"Don't prepare any poignant regrets for the morrow," I continued, with sweet insistence. "Repeat what I have said. After you are buried you will be mourned your precipitancy, and then it will be too late."

"You say this because you do not know what has happened to me."

"But I suspect."

"No, you cannot have even a suspicion. Oh, sir, a woman whom I adored, for whom!"

And he told me his story. Incredible coincidence! It was absolutely my own! This comparison set me thinking. "Your silence shows me your approval," said Charles. I had just learned his name to be Charles.

"Not at all," I cried. I did not wish to appear like a weathercock. "There is nothing in your history which justifies you in having recourse to the end of a rope."

Charles had begun to interest me.

"Listen, my friend, you are out of your reason. Why should you wish to be

treated more kindly than other men whose sweethearts play them false every day?"

"But they are not as grossly deceived as I have been."

"I beg your pardon."

"No, no."

"Oh, yes."

"No."

"I know whereof I speak. And now you are free to make another choice—a much better one. There are plenty of them."

"Better than she? That is not possible."

"Indeed."

"Her equal does not exist."

"But she?"

"Oh, no."

"Ah, well, in the first moments, one may have such ideas, but wait a month and you will see."

My words sounded so replete with wisdom that, little by little, I began to find pleasure in listening to myself. I continued:

"What good would it do you to die? I would like you to tell me how it could advance your interests? The woman who deserted you has or has not a heart. If she has one—"

"Oh, but she has not."

"Naturally she has not. Your death then would only flatter her. She will pose ever afterward as having been the cause of a suicide. Do you wish her to do so? And the world—what kind of funeral oration will it deliver over you? It will ask, 'Was he such a fool as that? Yes, Charles, you will be justly treated as an imbecile.'"

I grew eloquent. It was because I had begun to feel that I was defending my own cause. All that I should have said to myself I said now to Charles—to my friend Charles, for I loved him already, with the same affection that he gave me in return. There was such conviction in my voice that Charles, yielding, fell into my arms.

"Do with me what you will," he cried.

"Very well," I said to him, with a sigh so profound as to reveal the empty void in my stomach, "let us go to breakfast."

I conducted him to the hotel. Our emotions increased, and our appetites were terrible.

The table where we sat, with its snowy linen, its sparkling candles, its dainty viands, only added to our hunger.

When a thick steak with potatoes had enveloped us in its savory odors; when, shared between us, its vermillion juice stained our knives; when, after the first mouthful, feverishly devoured, we had swallowed a cup of coffee, we looked silently at each other, while our eyes said for us:

"Ah, life is sweet."

"But suppose I had not met you?" sighed Charles, his heart filled with gratitude.

And I thought on my own part, "The deuce! If I had not met him!"

"Do you know," began the young man after another mouthful, "it was an unheard of piece of good luck that you should have gone to the very spot in the woods where I chanced to be."

I said nothing.

"Ah," he exclaimed suddenly, "it must have been some good genius who led you there!"

My face flushed in spite of me.

"You will not believe me," I told him, "but I went there as you did—to hang myself."

"Ah, bah!"

My companion burst out laughing.

"That is too good," he cried.

And we touched glasses.—Translated from the French For Romance.

Private Marks on Our Silver Coin.

The "mint mark" on our silver coinage is so well known that almost any school child can tell you where a piece was coined. The "s" means that it is from the San Francisco mint, "c. c." that it was made at Carson City, and "o" that it is the work of the New Orleans money makers. Besides the above you will find some very small letters occasionally, especially on the standard dollar, the Columbian coins and the 1893 design of the quarters and half dollar pieces. On the standard dollar the letter is a microscopic "m" on the left loop of the ribbon which binds the wreath surrounding the eagle. Another "m" of larger dimensions may also be found on the same coin at the lower edge of the neck of "Liberty," just in the edge of the hair. These miniature letters are private marks of Mason, the man who made the dies.

On the Columbian coin we find a clear cut "B," the initial of Barber, the die sinker.—St. Louis Republic.

The Thirteen Superstition.

The inevitable 13 superstition came up in a company of which I was one the other day. In my own experience that foolish superstition has been knocked out so often that I rather enjoy sitting down to dinner with 13. Once I sat at a table with Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, as host. There were 13 covers, it was the 13th of May, and the occasion was the thirteenth performance of Sullivan and Gilbert's "Iolanthe." Of course nothing came of it. Another time I dined with the Thursday club of Philadelphia at a roadside inn on the Wissahickon. It was discovered that there were 13 at table, and one of the party being superstitious the landlord was asked to come in and make the fourteenth. He did so, and the result was that he and not one of the 13 died before the year was out. This is the nearest I ever came to having a verification of the superstition within my observation.—Major Handy in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Boots and Battles.

Marshal Saxe has left it on record that there was no article of a soldier's dress more important than boots, and that battles were won by legs. The Duke of Wellington, on being asked what was the best requisite for a soldier, replied, "A good pair of shoes." "What next?" "A spare pair of good soles."

"AND YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

One evening as the sun went down
Among the golden hills,
And silent shadows, soft and brown,
Great over vales and hills,
I watched the dusky bats a-wing
Dip down the dusky sea,
Hearkening, heard a maiden sing,
"And you'll remember me."

"When other lips and other hearts"
Came drifting through the trees,
"In language whose excess imparts"
Was borne upon the breeze.
Ah, love is sweet, and hope is strong,
And life's a summer sea!
A woman's soul is in her song,
"And you'll remember me."

Still rippling from the throbbing throat,
With joy akin to pain,
There seemed a tear in every note,
A sob in every strain.
Soft as the twilight shadows creep
Across the listless sea,
The singer sang her love to sleep
With, "You'll remember me."
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

AUNT HERISSON.

Two young men, mounted on valuable steeds, burst into laughter as they left the Vichy road to take the one through the forest.

They certainly lacked generosity, but Cyrille, the maid of Mlle. de Saint-Juirs, made an odd figure, mounted on the stiff old mare Leda, riding behind her mistress. Her silhouette was that of a warlike woman.

The young men rode past her into the forest, laughing and joking.

Mlle. de Saint-Juirs overheard their silly banter. She turned her horse around and waited. She was handsome. The ride, the brisk air and also the indignation had beautified her complexion and given brilliancy to her blue eyes. Her nostrils palpitated like the heart of a wounded bird. She bit her lip and stood up in her stirrup, all trembling with anger.

The young men approached her a little abashed. One of them opened his mouth, but had not time to speak before a young man rode up behind them and gave their horses two vigorous cuts with a whip. Being fine animals, they tore down the road on a gallop, resisting the efforts of their chagrined riders to stop them.

"Now, cousin," said the young man, saluting her, "let us return." And the ride back to the chateau was a happy one, for George de Sernay and his cousin Mlle. de Saint-Juirs were engaged, and neither doubted that the little incident was ended, not knowing how much sadness it would cause them.

The parents of the young cousin lived in a veritable chateau, but like Cyrille and Leda it had seen better days. The gardens were dilapidated, but the interior of the castle was still very beautiful. Mme. de Saint-Juirs had died when her daughter Marcelle was 3 years old. Her sister Herisson had cared for the child as though she had been her own. Mlle. Herisson had never cared to marry. She was very pious. She was continually in a discussion with M. de Saint-Juirs because years before he fought a duel in the garden behind the chateau, and she looked upon him as a criminal.

When Marcelle was 20, her aunt tried to induce her not to marry, but all influence was useless. Marcelle, after overcoming Aunt Herisson's numerous objections, was affianced to her cousin, George de Sernay, an amiable and brave young gentleman.

The day after the ride George was seated at a table in the Casino of Vichy when two young men approached him.

"Pardon, but were you not yesterday on horseback in the forest?"

"I was, monsieur."

"We were also, my friend and I."

"That does not interest me."

"But it interests us."

"Well, you two converse about it and leave me in peace."

"If I am not mistaken, you were the protector of the stout servant?"

"Whom you insulted. You were the impertinent person who?"

"I do not receive personal lessons, monsieur."

"It is a pity," said George, "for you need them."

"You are an insolent person."

George raised his arm, but controlled himself and said between his teeth:

"Consider yourself challenged, monsieur."

Cards were exchanged, the seconds conferred, swords were chosen and the encounter to be the next day. George demanded that it should not be made public. He spent the night in writing to his parents and his fiancée.

It was his first duel, and he was a little afraid. The next morning at the rendezvous he found the places marked off and the referee holding the swords by the points. He presented them to the duellists, and drawing back quickly said,

"Proceed, gentlemen."

George heard a bird sing joyously near him. He thought of Marcelle and advanced.

His adversary stood still, held his sword out straight and simply warded off each blow George gave without any attempt at retaliation.

George nearly laughed.

"Halt," said the referee. They took the first position again. Three times they went through the little farce until George lost patience and resolved to finish it.

He threw himself on his adversary, whose sword's point cut deep into his hand. For a few minutes it was a fist fight; then some one separated the combatants. Although George was bleeding badly, he wished to continue, but his friends would not allow it. The seconds and his adversary were pale as death, and all the rest except George gave a sigh of relief.

In the evening two days later the family were assembled in the salon of the chateau. Aunt Herisson read the newspaper. M. de Saint-Juirs and his daughter were making out a list for the invitations to the soiree following the betrothal. George was drinking a cup of tea. To explain his wound and his arm being in a sling—Aunt Herisson had already eyed it suspiciously—he

told that he had fallen from the top of a long flight of stone steps. His wound was made the pretext for a thousand little attentions from his gentle fiancée.

Marcelle put the sugar in his tea, stirred it, and I believe had her aunt's back been turned she would have tasted it for him, the rogue!

Suddenly as Aunt Herisson read she became very pale and trembled with emotion. She held the paper close to her lamp and then dashed it on the floor.

"What is it?" asked M. de Saint-Juirs.

"It is, monsieur, that I do not wish an assassin in my house." And turning to George, "Go immediately, never to return!"

M. de Saint-Juirs took up the paper and read aloud the paragraph of yesterday's duel and of George receiving a wound.

Profound silence followed.

Aunt Herisson watched George and said at last angrily:

"Do you deny it, monsieur?"

"No, madame."

"Then I have told you what to do."

Marcelle commenced to sob.

"Marcelle, go to your room!"

"It is not possible," said George in a voice that was choked by tears.

"Go!"

Marcelle went to her lover's side, and with a tranquil courage said in a hollow voice:

"George, we must say goodby. I love you and will never love any one but you. Embrace me."

The aunt was surprised at this audacity—to see an assassin embrace her niece let alone her eyes.

Marcelle threw a last look at her lover and returned to the door as her father's voice called her.

"Stay, Marcelle!" The aunt