

WHEN SUE GLANCED AT ME.

The world can boast of many things not known of long ago.
When earth seemed troubled with the gout, and science and art were slow;
Now everything conspires to bring but luxury and ease,
And progress has, some say, improved on nature by degrees;
But naught can give its substitute—as naught has yet improved—
The genuine, old-fashioned thrill that comes of being loved,
Such as I own I felt of old in eminent degree,
When Sue behind the window blinds once shyly glanced at me!

She was a little lass I knew away back in my youth,
And, if not up to date, the fact awakes in me no ruth.
To-day's affected love of art for art's sake would have been
To her old-fashioned views of things but a little short of sin;
She never dreamed that paltering would strike the tempter dumb,
And Zealism furnished not her mental pabulum;
And all this purity was there, I could but clearly see,
When Sue behind the window blinds glanced shyly out at me.

It ill becomes the heart of age to overflow with sighs—
If gone the roses, says the poet, their ashes must suffice;
When white hairs tell the time to leave off cakes and ale is here,
We ought to turn our thoughts upon a more enduring sphere;
But somehow there's a pleasure yet in calling up the way
That one bright pair of eyes could make of night the fairest day;
For on my sight there glowed the light we'er seen on land or sea
When Sue, behind the window blinds, glanced shyly out at me!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

"AS A MAN SOWS."

HEN Dick Tremayne, Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twentieth Queen's Own Royal Bovers, went down to Stretton on leave, he was about the unlikeliest man possible, in the opinion of his friends, to fall in love at first sight.

The unexpected, however, always happens, and in accordance with this trite but true saying the gallant soldier fell an easy victim.

The whole affair was absurd, he knew. The mere idea that he, Dick Tremayne, heir to his brother's title and an acknowledged eligible in the matrimonial market, should ever give a serious thought to his sister-in-law's pretty governess was, in itself, ridiculous. Nevertheless, it was a very pleasant pastime, in the dusky evenings out on the moonlit terrace, to saunter along with the prettiest girl he had ever met. The few days of his leave fled by swiftly, and to Joyce Carew they were laden with sweet memories, while Dick himself was really, unfeignedly sorry as the time drew near for his departure to join his regiment, which was going out to India.

One evening, when the scent of the roses filled the cool air with fragrance and the night breeze sighed in the poplars on the lawn, he came very near to destruction.

They were on the terrace, looking down into the somber darkness of the plantation, where shafts of silver moonlight pierced the black shadows and threw fantastic shapes on the lawn beyond.

They were silent, and Dick looked furtively at his companion's sweet face, spiritualized by the mystic moonlight: her blue eyes shone darkly in her pale face, and the hair, which was the envy of many, dusky auburn in color and curling distractingly over her shapely head, made a picturesque framing to her delicate loveliness.

Presently, he spoke suddenly and with vehemence. Taking her hand in his, intoxicated by her loveliness and the strange influence of the stillness, he murmured words which brought a bright flood of color to her cheeks and a glad light into her eyes.

"Joyce! Are you there?"
Lady Tremayne's voice broke the magic spell, and he dropped her hand; they turned to the house and Joyce went in.

"Can you write those few notes for me?" said Lady Tremayne, not noticing the girl's brilliant eyes and the unusual color in her soft cheeks, and Joyce, writing at the table in the library, her heart beating fast and the light still in her sweet eyes, lived over again those few dangerously sweet moments.

Presently voices on the terrace caused her to start; it was his voice and the other? Roger Temple, her ladyship's cousin.

The two men were sauntering up and down in the dusky coolness.
"Pretty! I should think so, indeed!" said Temple's voice. "Are you cutting in at the last moment, old fellow?"

"Not I," said Dick's voice, with a laugh; "though I nearly did for myself just now; she looked so confoundingly pretty, don't you know, and goodness only knows what I was saying—what I might have said—if Grace hadn't come out just in the nick of time. Uncommon name. Joyce, isn't it? After all, one must amuse one's self in a place like this, and in a p-tite does charmingly pour passer le temps. Let us go in."

The voices died away into silence as the men joined Lady Tremayne in the drawing-room. Joyce sat sat on still and cold; the pile of finished notes before her. The candle burnt down, and went out with a splutter, and still she sat in the dark, where later on Lady

Tremayne found her, and alarmed at the sight of her pale, tired face and heavy-lidded eyes, he led her down-stairs Dick was inquiring the whereabouts of pretty Miss Carew.

When he left next day he found himself thinking of her with very real regret. If she had not been poor, and if he had not been leaving England, he felt he could have risked it after all; though, by the way, she had bid him good-by with a cold composure, which left him no loophole for a repetition of last night's scene. While she? If he could have guessed the depths of her feelings, even then at the last moment he might have spoken again and saved himself a bitter reaping.

Three years have passed.
Dick Tremayne has received his promotion and is on his way home. During his voyage his thoughts turn again, as they have done many times before, to Joyce, and his long remembered last evening in England. Thinks of her with late remorse, mingled with a pleasanter feeling, for has he not made up his mind to speak to her at last and ask her to make him more happy than he deserves to be?

It is a dull, dreary November afternoon when he arrives at the Manor House, and he feels an agreeable sense of expectancy as he alights at the familiar door. A vapory fog envelopes everything, and the thought of the warmth within and Joyce is very pleasant to him.

"Lady Tremayne is out," says the old butler, "and no intimation of Captain Tremayne's arrival has been received, but Lady Carew is in the drawing-room."

Dick wonders who she may be as he goes into the cozy drawing-room, which is illumined only by the dancing fire light. A delicious perfume of flowers fills the air, and as he enters some one rises from a seat near the fire, a slender figure in white. As she advances out of the shadow a fiery tongue of flame leaps up and lights upon the sweet fair face, and a great joy falls upon the man.

It is Joyce.
He starts forward with outstretched hands, and eager, glad words rise tumultuously to his lips.

"Don't you know me, Joyce?" he cries; and then a look of recognition comes into her eyes, but he does not notice the little frown which wrinkles her forehead for a moment.

"Of course I remember you, Captain Tremayne," she says; and to his ears her voice seems to have become sweeter. He had had no idea that she would have developed in three years into the lovely woman who now stands before him, with a new dignity and sweetness which become her well.

"I am evidently an unexpected guest," he says, laughing, as they sit down in the pleasant glow of the bright fire; "but I do not regret that, as I have met you—first."

A smile crosses her lips, and she looks into the glowing fire.
"You did not expect to see me here still, I dare say. Are you home for long?"

"Yes, I hope so; and then when I go out again I do not intend to go alone."

He is very confident of his position, and not the least glimmer of doubt darkens his present happiness.

"Joyce," he continues, softly, "have you never guessed that I love you, dear? Do you remember that evening we spent in the garden here before I went away? I have never ceased to think of you, and now, ah! Joyce, I love you, I love you. Forgive my long silence and make me happy at last."

The eager words break from his lips in a torrent, and then she looks at him with a smile. Her sweet, clear voice strikes him as almost cruel when she speaks.

"There is nothing to forgive," she says, coldly. "We are both quite aware that that past you speak of was purely a matter of amusement. One must amuse one's self in a place like this, you know. And, after all, it was simply poor passer le temps."

He looks at her uncomprehendingly, till a glimmer of the truth breaks upon him with terrible force. There is no hope.

"Joyce," he cries, desperately, "is this all you say to me after years of devotion?"

His absolute selfishness startles her, and words rise to her lips which might have torn the veil somewhat roughly from his eyes, but she checks them, and rises from her seat.

"What more can I say?" she says, sweetly. "We are all fools at some time of our lives, and we were no exception to that rule. Ah, Ted, is that you?"

The door opens and a man enters. Joyce lays her hand on his arm. He is a tall, fine-looking man, broad-shouldered and stalwart. "Captain Tremayne," she says, turning to Dick, with a smile, "I must introduce my husband, Sir Edward Carew. Ted, this is Sir John's brother."

The two men shake hands, and Dick, reading the absolute trust and love for her husband written in Lady Carew's sweet eyes, mentally curses his folly, and knows that what he has said that surely he has also reaped—and the harvest is bitter.—The Daughter.

Which?
Pingrey—I hardly know whether it is safe to propose to Miss Winkle or not. Sometimes I fear she would refuse me, and then I flatter myself she would jump at the chance.
Fogg—Yes; but which way would she jump?—Boston Transcript.

Avoiding Distinction.
First burglar—I'll have ter get a bike soon.
Second burglar—What for?
First burglar—Well, if I don't I'll soon be known to de police as de only man in de p'resh what don't ride.—Puck.

LITTLE WEATHER PROPHETS.

Bees Seem to Know in Advance What the Weather Will Be.

The question whether various insects and animals have the powers popularly attributed to them of knowing in advance what the weather is going to be, and in particular of predicting the severity of a coming winter, has frequently been discussed. A correspondent of Cosmos, M. P. de Ridder, writes to that journal that he believes the bee to possess this power beyond doubt, and he proceeds to give his reasons for that belief. We translate his letter below. Says M. de Ridder:

"Every one knows that at the approach of winter certain birds leave northern regions and fly southward, seeking under a warmer sky a refuge against the cold and rigors of the north. But every one does not know of the admirable foresight shown by the bee about the time of the earliest cold weather. It also feels the approach of winter; nay, more, the bee seems to understand a long time in advance whether the winter is to be mild or severe. Between the migratory birds and the bee there is this difference: The former are driven away by the cold and the bad weather from the regions where they are; the latter are guided by a special instinct of foresight, an instinct which I make bold to call the bee's meteorology.

"But the bee does not know how to flee before the approach of the winter, and cannot do so; he cannot abandon the store so laboriously laid up during the fine weather; he cannot leave the hive where he has put away the necessities of life for the coming winter.

"Many times have I witnessed the vigilance and foresight of the bee. Forty years ago bee-keepers were still using the old miter-shaped straw hives with two openings or entrances. Well, I noticed that about the beginning of October the bees stopped up these two entrances with wax so as to leave passage for only one bee at a time, thus giving a lesson to the bee-keeper who had neglected to put a board over the entrances to prevent the introduction of cold air.

"Certain persons think that the bee plasters up these openings as the cold increases, but this is an error. The bee knows enough to take his precautionary measures in good time, for when the temperature of the air falls to about 40 degrees Fahrenheit he does not leave the hive, and when the temperature approaches freezing he cannot without exposing himself to paralysis and death separate himself from the mass of individuals, who then form a compact ball.

"There are others who believe that extraordinary precautionary measures taken by the bee are only the result of coincidence, and that chance plays the chief part in them. This hypothesis is not tenable. Besides, the bee-keepers of all countries agree in saying—and their attention must have been often called to the phenomenon—that every time that the bees have taken care to seal hermetically the entrances to the hive, so as to leave but a minute passage for air, the winter has been of extreme rigor. On the other hand, the years when the bees have done nothing to preserve themselves from the cold have been marked by relatively mild winters during which no heavy frosts have occurred.

"Here the question naturally presents itself: How can the bee foresee the weather so far in advance, when man with all his intelligence and his knowledge has not yet succeeded in doing this?

"In truth, I find no satisfactory answer to this question.
"Must we suppose that, toward the end of the summer, a rigorous winter is heralded by drafts of air of exceptional low temperature, that escape our perceptions and our instruments, but are perceived by the bee, and utilized by it as signs that it must take measures, in due time, for protection against the cold?

"However it may be, before this instance of prediction, whose exactness is not open to doubt on the testimony of a large number of bee-keepers, every observer of meteorological phenomena should stand confounded and express his admiration for the mysterious meteorology of the bee."—Literary Digest.

"Woolly" Journalism.
This is the way they write up a cyclone out West: "It turned a well wrong side out in Missouri, it turned a cellar upside down in Wisconsin, moved a township line in Nebraska, blew all the staves out of a whisky barrel in Iowa and left nothing but the bung-hole, killed an honest Indian agent out West, changed the day of the week in Indiana, blew the hair off a bald-headed man in Ohio, killed a truthful lawyer in Illinois, blew the mortgage off a man's farm in Kansas, scared a red-headed woman in Delphi until her hair turned white, blew all the cracks out of a fence in Dakota and took all the wind out of a politician." Pretty hard blow.

Deaf Smith's Triumph.
At the battle of San Jacinto, when Santa Ana's forces had routed Houston's left wing, a deaf Colonel by the name of Smith did not hear the order to fall back and kept on fighting until his example and success on the right wing caused a general rally, which resulted in the total defeat and capture of the Mexican army. There is a county in Texas named Deaf Smith in honor of the hero.

Population of Orefeld.
The population of Orefeld, Germany, increased from 53,975 in 1867 to 100,000 in 1887, but since that date the increase has been only 8,000.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but there is only one between a man and the sidewalk.

When marriage is not a success divorce is its successor.

JAPAN IS WIDE AWAKE.

Takes Advantage of Whatever Will Increase Her Advancement.

Whatever the popular opinion may be regarding the present attitude of Japan toward the United States and the protest fled through its legation here against the annexation of the Sandwich Islands by this Government, one is forced to admire the cleverness with which this little country has in the last quarter of a century conducted her domestic and foreign affairs, and to wonder at the position to which she has raised herself among the nations of the earth.

Her phenomenal progress dates from that period when she became impressed with her own limitations. As soon as she realized them she set about improving and strengthening herself, and she owes more to the fact that she has laid stress on the education of her people and has aided and encouraged them in their efforts, selecting her functionaries from the cleverest of her students, than to any other cause.

The present minister to Washington, for instance, is a man thoroughly versed in his profession. A long residence in this country, when the opposition party was in power and he practically an exile, has given him an acquaintance with the internal affairs of the United States which has been of incalculable value to him in his diplomatic career, and perhaps no one of his colleagues is better equipped to manage the delicate matter he has at present in hand.

His predecessor, who will be remembered as having been successful in making for his Government a new treaty with the United States, was at one time a student at Harvard, and it is safe to assume that all future ministers from Japan to this country will be selected from those who have had an opportunity of studying the institutions and people of the United States at close range.

It is surely flattering that Japan models so many of her institutions after those of this country. During the last year—for many years past, in fact—Japanese delegations have crossed the Pacific for the purpose of studying various subjects in the United States, from stock breeding to electric railways, and there is hardly a time when some distinguished Japanese are not staying at the capital for the purpose of investigating matters of especial interest to their country.

There is at the present time T. Kochibe, a professor in the Imperial University, and director of the geological survey of Japan, and N. Tsuneto, an agricultural expert, holding a high position in that department, who are on their way to the international geological congress, which will meet in St. Petersburg this summer. Mr. Kochibe and Mr. Tsuneto have been the guests of Prof. Walcott of the geological survey, who has had much pleasure in making them acquainted with the workings of his department.

Japan boasts a thriving geological survey, founded in 1879, whose first director was a German, Dr. Edmund Naumann. It has grown constantly since its organization, and in recognition of its work received gold and silver medals from the Paris exhibition of 1889. From the World's Columbian exposition it also received three medals, awarded for its exhibit of maps, typical specimens of soils, minerals, rocks and fossils.

There is also staying in town Massan Maeda, former minister of agriculture in Japan, and Mr. Furuya, the representative of some Japanese commercial companies, who acts as his secretary and interpreter. Mr. Maeda is here on a strictly private capacity; he has no official mission, and his purpose is to further trade relations between Japan and this country. He believes that a great reciprocal trade could be built up between these two nations and is working enthusiastically for that end.—New York Tribune.

A Peculiar Funeral.

A funeral without a corpse was the queer spectacle which the people of Williamsburg, N. Y., witnessed recently. The way it came to occur was this: Henry Milthack, a resident of that town, sent his wife to Germany for her health, and on Sunday received a cable message to the effect that she was dead and that she would be buried on Tuesday. Of course her husband could not get across the ocean in time for the funeral, so he resolved to have a contemporary funeral in Williamsburg, minus the corpse. An undertaker was engaged, who arranged for the affair in the usual manner. Announcements were put in the papers and friends of the family notified. At the appointed hour the house was filled with mourners, and the minister preached a funeral sermon. Every detail was carried out the same as if it were an ordinary funeral, until it came to going to the cemetery, and there, of course, it had to stop.

Rather Inconsistent.

Father—Come, young man, get your coat off and come with me.
Tommy—You're not going to lick me, are you, dad?

Father—Certainly. Didn't I tell you this morning that I would settle with you for your bad behavior?
Tommy—Yes, but I thought it was only a joke, like when you told the grocer you was going to settle with him.

Dull in Pumpkinville.

Hodge—Hello, old man, what's goin' on in Pumpkinville?
Fodge—Nuthin'. W'y, it's got jest so blamed dull house rent has stopped an' the interest on what a feller owes has plum quit.—Atlanta Journal.

Training will do much for a man, but it will not teach him to look for the towel before filling his eyes full of soap.

DR. MARCUS WHITMAN.

A Missionary, He Did Not Forget to Be a Zealous American.

To commemorate the massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife on Nov. 29, 1847, a marble shaft has been raised to his memory. The site of the monument is at Whitman Mission, just seven miles from Walla Walla, and here only recently the remains of the victims were disinterred and now lie in a new-made grave on the same spot. It was through the efforts of Dr. Whitman that that portion of our country now comprising Oregon, Washington and Idaho, with portions of Wyoming and Montana, was saved to the Union.

Previous to the final establishment of the boundary line between Canada and the United States by the treaty of 1846, the Hudson Bay Company was in virtual possession of that whole country. It opposed all efforts to civilize the Indians, for the reason that civilization would interfere seriously with their trade.

In 1832 four Indians came from Oregon to St. Louis, a journey of more than 3,000 miles, for the sole purpose of obtaining for their people the "Book from heaven," the white man's Bible. The Methodist Episcopal church sent out the Rev. Jason Lee and his associates in 1834, and in 1835 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions sent the Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman to explore the country.

On the strength of their report the Board Commissioned them to establish a mission among the Nez Percés, and sent two other laborers, the Rev. R. H. Spalding and his young wife to accompany them. Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman were the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains. They reached Vancouver in September, 1836, having journeyed by wagon all the way and having proved it possible to take emigrant trains from the Mississippi to the Pacific coast.

In 1842 there were 322 Indian families which, under their tuition, had begun to cultivate the soil. In September of that year Dr. Whitman met at a dinner table at Walla Walla several of the chief officers of the Hudson Bay Company, and heard what convinced him that effort was being made to stimulate immigration from the British possessions and to raise over the whole Territory the British flag. Excusing his hasty departure, he rode twenty-five miles to his home, and before he had leaped from his saddle announced his purpose: "I am going to ride to Washington, God carrying me through, and bring out an immigration next season which will save this Territory to the United States."

Within twenty-four hours he had started, with one companion, who, worn out with toil and exposure, was obliged to remain at Bent's fort on the Arkansas River until spring. After suffering untold hardship, with his ears, face and hand frozen, Dr. Whitman reached St. Louis in February, 1843, and on March 3 he arrived in Washington, five months from the time of starting.

His first question on reaching civilization was as to the Ashburn treaty. He was told it had been concluded. "How about Oregon?" "Left out of the treaty," was the reply. The whole question of the boundary west of the Rocky Mountains had been reserved for future settlement. Dr. Whitman was able to give such information as to the value and the accessibility of the country as determined American statesmen not lightly to surrender it. Daniel Webster said to him that mountains and deserts made communication with Oregon impossible.

"I took a wagon over the mountains," replied Dr. Whitman, "and have the wagon now." The same summer Dr. Whitman conducted a party of nearly



WHITMAN MEMORIAL.

900 emigrants, with 121 wagons, across the mountains into Oregon and practically settled the question as to which flag should float over the vast domain. Legal effect was given to it by the treaty of 1846.

The hostile influences, however, of the Hudson Bay Company and others continued to work on the minds of the Indians, with the result that on Nov. 29, 1847, he and his wife, with thirteen other persons, were foully massacred by the people they had come to benefit.

Viviparous Fish.
A doubt that has troubled scientists for years—whether there exists a viviparous kind of fish, one that gives birth to its young in a living state—was def-

initely settled in the affirmative the other day when the City Hall fountain of the capital of Arizona Territory was cleaned out. In turning the water out of the big cement basin, where a gold-fish variety of the carp family has long disported itself for the edification of the Phoenix nurse girl and the Maricopa County hobo, it was found that many of the fish had given birth to progeny fully formed and ready to dart about in search of food at the moment of coming into their watery world. Others had given birth to tiny creatures that were globular in shape, except for the protruding eyes and a nascent tail fin, that could scarcely be seen without a strong glass. From all evidences, it was clear that the clean-up had been made during the breeding season, yet there was no sign of fish roe or eggs. Many specimens of the strange young fish were collected, and will be shipped to different experts, one lot going to the Smithsonian Institution.—Phoenix (Ariz.) Correspondent St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

M'KINLEY'S FIRST SWEETHEART.

The Story of How He Wooed but Lost Miss Lydia Wadsworth.

Mrs. Lydia McMonig, of Big Rapids, Mich., has at last consented to tell the story of the early romantic love passage between herself and the man who is now President of the United States.

Away back in the days of their blooming youth, when both lived in the village of Poland, Ohio, William wooed Mrs. McMonig, then Miss Lydia



MRS. LYDIA M'OMONIG.

Wadsworth. She was a pretty girl with plenty of admirers, but of them all she favored but one, and that was William McKimley. The energetic lad wooed like a Napoleon, but he met his Waterloo at the hands of the old people. As soon as they discovered that the young couple were contemplating matrimony they interfered. McKimley was poor, and to the shrewd eye of John Wadsworth he did not appear like a man calculated to get on in the world, and for this reason he denied him the hand of his fair daughter. The usual result followed. clandestine meetings and surreptitious correspondence was resorted to. Whispers of a possible elopement were wafted to the old folks' ears. They resolved upon stern measures and the romance was at an end.

There was in Poland a young man named McMonig, who had persistently wooed the fair Lydia. Her parents favored his suit and declared that she must marry him. There was a stormy scene and the girl vowed that she would have the man of her choice or none, but in the end she yielded. She married McMonig, who has been to her all that her parents anticipated. To-day she is living in Big Rapids with her husband and two pretty daughters. Their home is cozy and comfortable, and they have the respect of the community and a substantial part in its social life.

Some Slipshod English.

Carlessness in grammar and rhetoric is not by a means confined to the uneducated.

"I will try and do you no harm," says one of the leading characters in "Marecella." And again, "You will try and make him alter his mind." "I will go and see her soon," is another example of making "and" take the place of "to."

The use of the verb in the plural number after "neither" is a frequent error: "Neither of the girls are going." "Neither of them were really gay."

The adjective "real" is often made to do duty as an adverb by careless speakers: "We had a real nice time." "Oh, that's a real good book."

To say "the mother insisted on May going," instead of "May's going," is as far from right as to say, "they depend on him going." Yet some of our best writers are guilty of this omission of the possessive case.

"Funny," in the sense of singular or peculiar, is a word that is often heard in connection with very serious matters: "It is funny that no notice was given of the funeral." "It is funny that none of them wore crapes."—Harper's Bazar.

British Progress in India.

A railway to India, from Alexandria to Agra and Bombay is proposed by C. E. D. Black, in a paper read before the English Society of Arts. The line, would be 2,400 miles long, from Port Said to Kurrachee and would cross upper Arabia to Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and skirt the north shore of the gulf and the Arabian Sea to Kurrachee, on the border of India. Mr. Black advocates the route for political purposes mainly, though he thinks the revenue would be sufficient to pay a fair interest on its estimated cost of \$75,000,000.

A woman is very apt to regard her friends as so many debts to be cleared fully and promptly met.

The opposite side of the street is one thing that never comes to the man who waits.
What the average Kentuckian needs is a waterproof coat for his stomach.