

A SECOND LOVE

How dull you are," said Molly. "Say lazy," said Jack, as he took the pipe from his mouth with a smile that proved his words. It was a lovely morning—clear and fresh, the sun just strong enough to give a comfortable sense of warmth. The birds chirped merrily, the bees buzzed, and the boat floated smoothly along with the tide. Jack with his pipe, the scenery, and the prettiest picture of all to watch at the other end of the boat, was peacefully content, especially with the pleasant reflection of being idle while other men were busy. But Molly pouted. "To think," she said, "that I have given up a tennis tournament with Mr. Staines for this." "Perhaps the day was rather too warm for tennis," drawled Jack. "Or, no doubt you preferred the calm peacefulness of the river and my society even to a tete-a-tete with the tennis champion. He is something of a bore." "He's nothing of the sort," retorted Molly, warmly. "He's nice and kind, and—"

"And wealthy," put in Jack. "Don't forget that, Miss Molly Merton." "Well, that's something," said Molly, thoughtfully, dipping her hand in the water and letting the drops run through her fingers. "And he certainly is attentive. Fancy being Mrs. Staines. No worry about money—all the dresses and jewels, and pretty things you want, plenty of servants to wait upon you, carriages to ride in, and everybody crushing and crowding to know you."

"It certainly does sound inviting," said Jack, nonchalantly. "Why don't you manage it, Molly? You might succeed."

"Might," said Molly, contemptuously. "His intentions are only too apparent." "Then I may shortly have the pleasure of congratulating you," said Jack.



JACK TOOK UP THE OARS AGAIN.

coolly, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "I'm sorry I said he was a fool, Molly. Perhaps it is only his manner and appearance. He certainly has good taste." Molly bit her lips and watched the self-possessed young man with curiosity not unmingled with mortification. Her coquetry had no effect on him this morning. A short time ago he would have raved at the mere suggestion of her marrying any one else; only six months back he was at her feet himself suffering the agony of a first refusal and declaring that life was henceforward a blank without her. It was strange, certainly, and just a little aggravating. Molly was not used to indifference. "You see, Molly; you would never do for a poor man's wife," went on Jack, in a practical voice. "You have extravagant tastes, and are of a nature that requires little affection. The adoration of one would not suffice you. You want admirers by the score." Molly's surprised eyes fell, and there was a little reproach in her voice when she next spoke. "How long have you been of this opinion?" she said, thinking of that wonderful evening six months ago, when the stolid young man in front of her was transfused with love and desperate in his attempts to win her. "O, for some time," Jack answered thoughtfully, then his eyes traveled to the pretty face underneath the shady hat. "I hope you have forgotten all that nonsense six months ago, Molly. I have been ashamed of it ever since. I think I was mad!" "O!" said Molly. There was silence for a moment. Molly took her hand from the water and dried it slowly, and Jack took up the oars again to help him out of an awkward predicament. "You see, Molly," he began again, splashing the oars in desperation; "most fellows have a failure in love, and it's a splendid thing for them. After one rebuff they are more chary of bestowing their affection, and when they do it is generally a different thing altogether—the real thing." "O!" said Molly again, without looking up. Encouraged by the downcast eyes, Jack burst desperately into his confession. "I expect you can guess what I want to say, Molly," he began. "A fellow isn't worth his salt if he spoils his life because one woman won't have him. Molly, I'm going to be married."

The words came as a shock to poor Molly, although Jack had led up to it so skillfully, and she was quite prepared. How could Jack like any other girl after once liking her? Jack, who had been her slave and lover since boy-

hood, who would have cut off his hand to serve her, who promised to be a bachelor all his life for her sake. She could not believe it, and yet there he sat—her Jack—talking quite amiably about her marrying a detestable man, whilst he consoled himself with another girl. O, it was like a horrible dream. It couldn't be true. She was convinced of the painful reality of things by Jack pleading for her congratulations. "I want you to be such friends, Molly," he said. "That is, if Mrs. Staines will condescend to be acquainted with Mrs. Marriott." "Don't!" said Molly, hurriedly. Then she recovered herself with a forced laugh. "What is this wonderful divinity like, Jack?" "Like?" said Jack. "O, you've no idea. It isn't that she's beautiful, although she is very, but she's such a dear, and so good. O, Molly, you've no idea how I love her." "You have an accommodating heart," said Molly, bitterly. "You said the same to me six months ago." "Ah, but this is so different," said Jack. "You see she loves me, and that is everything. Why, she might pick and choose among a dozen, some of them rich, too, but she prefers me—with \$1,500 a year and little prospect. Isn't it glorious?" "It's extraordinary, at any rate," said Molly, tartly. "But there's no accounting for tastes. And now please row me back and put me on shore. I am tired." "I have wearied you talking about my happiness," said Jack. "Poor old Molly! I expect you are dying to tell me all about Staines." "Don't talk nonsense," said Molly, sharply. "I make no confidants and never have. Please turn back." Jack did so obediently, and appeared to be surprised at Molly's change of manner. Her eyes were clouded, her lips compressed, and her cheeks decidedly paler than usual. Jack watched her furtively, and when they at length reached the bank he held out his hand to help her across with a desperate courage. "Molly," he whispered. "Won't you give me one kiss for the sake of old times?" Molly looked up shocked, surprised, and indignant. "No, I won't," she said. "How dare you?" "For the last time," he urged. "Please, Molly, just one." "O, how can you?" cried Molly. "O, Jack, no! Please let me go." For at the first sign of wavering Jack had caught her in his arms. "Molly! Molly! My own!" he whispered, and Molly—the future Mrs. Staines—clung to him with little sobs of self-pity and love. But only for a moment. With a sudden return of memory she disengaged herself and drew back from him quietly. "O! I had forgotten her," she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands. "O, Jack, how can you? How dare you when you love some one else?" "She wouldn't mind," said Jack, coolly. "Wouldn't mind?" echoed Molly. "O, Jack!" "No, she wouldn't, really. She's a good, sensible sort, and would understand," urged Jack. Molly's face suddenly flamed. "You are a mean, faithless, despicable fellow," she said, trembling with passion. "And I wish Miss What-s-her-name good of her bargain. O, Jack, I'm so disappointed in you. I thought you were a gentleman. I thought I loved you, but I don't! Let me pass!" "No, you don't," said Jack, grimly. "You've got to hear me out first. Will you be disappointed in me if I tell you that the girl I love now is the same girl I loved six months ago, with this difference: that I thought her mercenary when she wasn't, and that she loves me now when she didn't before? Her name is Molly—the dearest, sweetest, prettiest, and most forgiving girl in the whole world. Molly darling! You do forgive me, don't you?" Who could withstand Jack? Jack with his lovable, handsome face, and sparkling triumphant eyes? Certainly not Molly, for with one little cry of surprise and relief and another of happiness, she ran straight into his arms again. "Why, my future Mrs. Staines," cried Jack. "What are you doing in my arms and what will his nibs say?" "O, Jack," said Molly, looking up with a blush and a smile. "I never envied his money a bit. I should be miserable as Mrs. Staines."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Many Women Smokers.
The stationmaster at the Richmond, Va., union station posted orders recently forbidding women to smoke in their waiting-room. The maid had been frequently sent out to the cigar stand for packages of cigarettes, and the practice had grown so rapidly in the luxurious apartments provided for the comfort of women passengers that the railroad authorities took this unusual action.

Children Ride Free.
In some German towns children are allowed to travel free on the local tramway cars if they are under a certain height, which is marked on the doors of the vehicle.

Every baldheaded man has lots of hair around the sides of his head.

CELLINI'S DOG.

Ungrateful Thief Brought to Book by His Sense and Courage.

The intelligence of dogs is no new subject, but it is one which never ceases to be interesting. Benvenuto Cellini, the sixteenth century goldsmith, whose work is still one of the riches of Italy, records in his "Memoirs" an anecdote which shows that the dogs of that day were as faithful and as intelligent as are those of to-day. He speaks of the animal as a "fine large shock-dog."

It happened one night, says the author, that a thief, who had been at my house pretending to be a goldsmith, and had laid a plan to rob me, watched his opportunity and broke into my shop, where he was prying open the caskets when the dog flew at him. The thief found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword.

The faithful animal ran several times about the house, entered the journeyman's rooms, which were open, as it was then summer time; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bedclothes, and pulling the men by the arms forcibly awakened them; then barking very loud he showed the way to the thief, and went on before. But the men would not follow him. They were angered at his noise, and drove him out of the room.

The dog, having lost all hope of assistance, undertook the task alone, and ran downstairs. He could not find the villain in the shop, but came up with him in the street, and tearing off his cloak would certainly have treated him according to his deserts if the fellow had not called for assistance. With great difficulty the dog was driven away.

Some days later, as I was passing the square of Navona with my dog, he barked very loudly and flew at a young man, and made such efforts to tear this young man to pieces that he roused the city guards. The guards told me that if I did not keep off my dog, they would kill him. I called off the dog with some difficulty, and as the young man was retiring certain little paper bundles fell from under the cape of his cloak, which Donnio immediately discovered to belong to him.

Among them I perceived a little ring which I knew to be my property, whereupon I said, "This is the villain that broke open my shop, and my dog knows him again."

I therefore let the dog loose, and he once more seized the thief, who then implored my mercy, and told me he would restore whatever he had of mine. On this I again called off my dog, and the fellow returned me all the gold, silver and rings that he had robbed me of, and gave me five and twenty crowns over, imploring my forgiveness. I bade him pray for the divine mercy, as I, for my part, did not intend to do him either harm or good.

PLAN TO CHECK PROFANITY.
An anti-profanity league has been formed at Bertha, Neb., which is quite unique as an organization. The constitution provides that the membership shall be limited to young women, and that the chief object of the league shall be to stop the swearing habit among young men.

The members of the order are to discourage attentions from any young man who indulges in swearing. Twenty-six young women have signed the membership roll thus far. One enthusiastic member proposed that the members be prohibited from speaking to young men who swear, but this radical idea was not adopted. The first president of the Anti-profanity League is Miss Florence Kessler, daughter of the proprietor of a department store at Bertha. The secretary is Miss Birdie Carbon.

An Ancient Fire Engine.
One of the old-time fire engines of England was recently discovered at Stowmarket, and proves an interesting relic of the past. It did duty in the town for many years, and, as shown by the sign on the engine, was presented to the town by Nathaniel Gordon, Esq., in 1734. Despite the many years that it was laid away unused, it is in an excellent state of preservation, considering its age.

The engine is composed of a wooden well, six feet long by five inches wide, and lined with copper. At either end are openings for the purpose of receiving water, which was fed to it by buckets. The pump itself is at one end and is worked by ordinary hand brakes. Four small solid wooden wheels support the body of the engine. There are none of the leather buckets left that were used to feed the water well, but the delivery pipe, which is six feet long, can still be attached. The engine is painted the usual red color, and on the front of the pump are printed instructions for properly working it.

One of the suggestions for keeping the pump in order reads: "The petzel of the long iron spindil" should be "drest with sallet oil and tallow." After using the hose the men are told that it should be liquored with neats-foot oil, bees wax and tallow and oiled up." Over the instructions says the Municipal Journal and Engineer, was originally a covering of horn to protect them from injury, but of the horn covering only a small portion now remains.

How contemptuously a loafer refers to an industrious man as a miser!

HER BOY DID IT.

Mother's Courage as Great as That of the Boy.

She sat in the grand stand, waiting for her first football game to begin. Her boy had played it ever since she could remember, and now he had made his varsity team, which was her 'varsity, too—Cornell.

Two of his fraternity "brothers" sat on either side as a bodyguard to her gray hairs and as a bureau of information. They were happier than they would have been with the prettiest girl they knew.

She smiled with motherly pride when she picked him out of the squad of red-sweated "huskies" which at length trotted out on the field. She wiped away a tear when a Columbia man fell across the line for a touchdown.

Then she surprised her bodyguard by muttering under her breath: "Hold em hard, fellows!" "Twist their necks!" "Push! Push!"

She explained her knowledge of these strenuous technical details by saying that her boy called out like that when playing dream games in his sleep.

She did not faint when he tackled too hard and failed to rise, although his white face, with a streak of red blood across the forehead, was staring up at her.

"You can't hurt my boy," she said with confidence. "He's just doing that to get wind."

So it proved.

He was up and at it harder than ever within the time limit. The Titans gained five through tackle, and lost as many more yards trying to pound the end. Then something happened.

A sturdy youngster shot out of the angled eleven and dashed down the field toward the goal of the blue and white. He crossed the line after line of whitewash, and finally was over the last one, the whole pack at his heels.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" cried the crowd.

"My boy did it," said the mother, and then she cried.—New York Tribune.

MARIA MITCHELL'S ADVICE.
"In the Mitchell family the children were not ashamed to say, 'I can't afford it,' and were taught that nothing was cheap that they could not pay for—a lesson that has been valuable to them all their lives," writes Mrs. Kendall, in her life of her sister, Maria Mitchell, the astronomer.

Miss Mitchell, who was a young woman, was librarian at the Athenaeum Library at Nantucket, received but a small salary for her services, yet small as it was she laid by a little every year. She dressed simply and spent as little as possible on herself, and this was also true of her later years. She took a little journey every year, and could always have little presents ready for the birthdays and Christmas, and for the necessary books which could not be found in the Athenaeum Library, and which she felt that she ought to own herself. All this on a salary which was ordinary school girl in these days would think too meager to supply her with dress alone.

Years after, when she was an instructor at Vassar, she wrote in her journal: "When I came to Vassar I regretted that Mr. Vassar did not give full scholarships. By degrees I learned to think his plan of giving half-scholarships better, and to-day I am ready to say, 'Give no scholarships at all.'"

"I find a helping hand lifts the girl as crutches do; she learns to like the help which is not self-help."

"Better give a young girl who is poor a common-school education, a little lift, and tell her to work out her own career. If she has a distaste for the homely routine of life, leave her the opportunity to try any other career, but let her understand that she stands or falls by herself."

A Remarkable City.
One of the most remarkable cities in the world is Kelburg, near Cracow, Poland, for, besides being situated underground, it is excavated entirely in rock salt. The inhabitants, to the number of over 3,000, are of course workers in the famous salt mines, and all the streets and houses are of the purest white imaginable. One of the most famous features of the city is the cathedral, carved in salt and lit with electric light, and when the late Czar Alexander visited it eleven years ago he was so fascinated with the magnificent effect of the light upon the crystal walls that he presented the cathedral with a jeweled altar cross. Such a thing as infectious disease is unknown in Kelburg—in fact, the majority of the inhabitants die of old age.

Certified the Check.
Sir Hiram Maxim tells a story of Lady Maxim's ingenuity. Sir Hiram and Lady Maxim were staying at a southern watering place. When the time came to pay the bill, on leaving, the landlord of the hotel looked askance at the proffered check. He knew the name, but had no evidence that the signer was the owner of it. Sir Hiram had not enough cash in his pocket to meet the case. Then Lady Maxim invited the proprietor to go down to the pier, put in a penny in a certain slot, and look. He did so, and he saw a "living picture" of Sir Hiram firing a Maxim gun in the presence of the Shah of Persia. That was conclusive and the check was accepted.—Montreal Star.

Women's Doings.

Insanity Among Women.
Professor Zimmer, of Berlin, who is a very wise man, has been investigating the causes of insanity among women, and has reached the conclusion that with the coming of women in competition with men must follow a tremendous increase of insanity among women. It sounds reasonable. And it hurts.

The man who is a real man feels sorry every time he sees a frail woman patiently doing labor that would tax the strength and endurance of a man. Nature didn't plan it that way. Nature failed to make for her the big bones and strong muscles that are needed. And there is the food question. You see the girl who works hard quietly take a seat in the restaurant and order tea and rolls. She fits her lunch to her purse, not to her needs. She doesn't provide enough fuel for her body, because she cannot; and at 6 o'clock, when the big store closes or the factory wheels are still, she goes home with a raging headache and tortured brain, and worries when she should be sleeping.

Yes, it is easy to see that more women are going into mad-houses, and it is not easy to find a remedy. Business is heartless. It doesn't take much account of sex. It demands more, and always more. It cries for increased efficiency and greater energy—in the school room, office, factory. It is never satisfied.

The world respects the business woman, and recognizes her efficiency. It knows she can do most things as well as a man, and many things better. But the thinking part of it remembers the tired faces of the army that is going home from work; searches almost in vain for smiles, and hopes and prays that the day will come when the need for and the needs of the woman in business will be less keen, and the lot of the mothers of a coming generation be less hard.

Women in Odd Callings.
Women workers are invading every line of employment. The census of 1900 makes returns for 303 separate occupations, and in only eight of these do women workers fail to appear.

None will be surprised that there are no women among the soldiers, sailors and marines of the United States Government, yet there are 153 women employed as "boatmen" and sailors.

Women have not as yet invaded the ranks of the city fire department, still not less than 879 women are returned in the same general class of "watchmen, policemen and detectives."

There are no women street car drivers, though there are two women "motormen" and 13 women conductors.

They have not as yet taken up the employment of telegraph and telephone "linemen," yet 22,556 of them are operators for these companies.

There are no women apprentices and helpers among the roofers and slaters, yet two women are returned as engaged in these employments.

There are 126 women plumbers, 45 plasterers, 167 bricklayers and stone masons, 241 paper hangers, 1,759 painters and glaziers and 545 women carpenters and joiners.

No women are returned as helpers to steam boiler-makers, but eight women work at this industry as full mechanics. There are 193 women blacksmiths, 571 machinists, 3,370 women workers in iron and steel, 899 in brass and 1,775 women workers in tin.

Among other unusual employment for women are 100 workers as "lumbermen and raftsmen," 113 woodchoppers, 373 sawmill employes, 440 bartenders, 2,086 saloonkeepers, 904 "draymen" and teamsters, 323 undertakers, 143 stonecutters, 63 "quarrymen," 65 white-washers, 11 well-borers and 177 stationary engineers and firemen.

Health and Beauty Hints.
It is said that the hands may be quickly whitened by the following process: Rub them well at night, for three nights in succession, with almond oil, and then cover with as much fine chalk as they will take.

Camphor is most useful as a deodorizer for the sick room. Place a lump of it in an old saucer and when required apply to it the tip of a red-hot poker. The fumes which arise will impart to the room a pleasing freshness.

Many women have had their finger nails ruined by bad manicuring. The first advice to be given to these sufferers is, if they cannot find a manicurer who thoroughly understands her business, to leave manicuring severely alone.

In regard to the time required for sleep, eight hours may generally be considered sufficient for the average person. Some, of course, can do with less. In keeping the body in good physical condition sleep is next in importance to food.

If you have not a night light take an ordinary candle and put finely powdered salt round the wick up to the black part. A candle thus treated will burn very slowly and give the dull light which is so often desirable in a sick room at night.

To keep the joints of the hands from getting stiff, after holding hands in water as hot as can be borne, massage them, both the backs and palms, with sweet oil, rubbing it in thoroughly. Then dip the hands in hot water again, using soap, rinse with clear water and rub on a lotion of glycerine one ounce, acetic acid one dram, rose water three ounces. Do this at night and wear gloves.

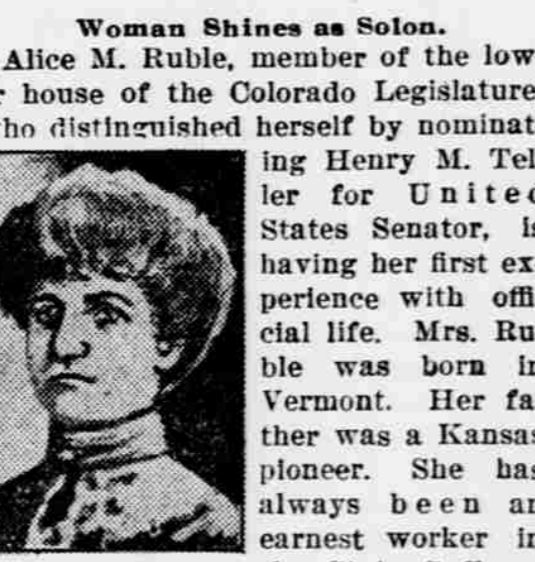
Women as Agriculturists.
American women pride themselves on the advantages they possess in the multiplicity of business opportunities open to them; but, despite America's broadmindedness in this, Russia has had the courage to go a step further and establish an agricultural high school for women. Here opportunity will be given for general courses in agriculture or specialized training, as dairy farming, gardening, bee culture, poultry keeping, cattle and sheep raising, etc. The course of instruction will occupy three years, and an equivalent grammar school education will be required as an entrance qualification. The women who pass through the school successfully will be eligible for filling various posts under the Ministry of Agriculture, and will be further entitled to hold the positions of administrators of the crown domain and of teachers in the intermediate agricultural schools.—Philadelphia Record.

Good-By Summer.
"How old is she?"
"Oh, very, very old. She's quit pulling out her gray hairs."



WITH THE DRESSMAKER.

Dress skirts of white fabrics are cut with seven gorges, are well flared and trimmed with round or diagonal rows of insertion inserted. These skirts are cut with a dip at the back and are inlaid boxplait at the back of the waist. If a partly worn white skirt is remodeled it can be enlarged and lengthened with a deep yoke of open work; where a flounce is used it may then be fitted plainly and need not flare any more than a gored skirt does. Linen skirts, alone, and also with waists to correspond, will be trimmed with bands of hand embroidery done with heavy silk, or mercerized cotton in white or colors.—Ladies' Home Journal.



Woman Shines as Solon.
Alice M. Ruble, member of the lower house of the Colorado Legislature, who distinguished herself by nominating Henry M. Teller for United States Senator, is having her first experience with official life. Mrs. Ruble was born in Vermont. Her father was a Kansas pioneer. She has always been an earnest worker in the State Suffrage Association and has taken a keen interest in politics, although it was not until the last campaign that she consented to stand for an office. She is a devoted mother, and her home is a model of coziness and comfort. She is idolized by her children.

Economics Are Wearing.
Truly this world should soon be able to produce an immense crop of beautiful women, fine cooks and adepts in selecting artistic house furnishings if the "Beauty Hints," "Cooking Lessons" and "Color Schemes" that are continually appearing on the pages of almost every publication are to count for anything—and that they are being read and the various directions religiously followed is evidenced by the numerous letters of inquiry that are published in columns devoted to such matters. Something to change the color of the hair and remove wrinkles seems to be the most desired object of the beauty seekers, and so frequently do these requests occur that one is almost convinced that more than half the women are growing prematurely old and gray trying to concoct appetizing dishes out of the articles that have been judiciously selected by authorities on household economy, who have announced (to the infinite regret of hundreds of housewives) that large families can actually