

THE RESCUE OF URSULA MEIGS.

And How a Church Window Helped on a Love Affair Last Thanksgiving. By FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER.

Miss Flint, who had made and married more matches than any one in the village, was quite right when she remarked on the very first Sunday he preached in Alynaton that Rev. William Vane took an unusual interest in Ursula Meigs.

Ursula's father, Mr. Sam Meigs, owned the high stock farm just outside of Alynaton. He was a silent, kindly man who interested himself exclusively in his daughter and his farm and let the affairs of the village pass very alone.

From the first he took a kindly interest in the young clergyman, who was many years after his own heart, he said, and knew a well-bred horse or a good cow when he saw either.

broken window. "Betty," she called to the old woman, "wait here and don't be afraid. I'm going to jump out and go after the key of the church."

The Thanksgiving service was over in the little meeting house and Rev. Mr. Vane walked up the road toward the Meigs farm. It was snowing fast, but he had forgotten to open his umbrella or button his overcoat and trudged on with his brows knit in deep thought.

"It shall be settled today," he said half aloud and emitting the ground hard with the end of his umbrella, "one way or the other it shall be settled. What can have kept her away today? She told me once she could never remember missing a Thanksgiving service.

And every one says I'd make you a most unsuitable— The minister laughed. And I think he must quickly have solved these vexed problems to Ursula's and his own satisfaction.

Leviathan on Wheels, Built for the Carnegie Company. A Leviathan on wheels has just been introduced on the system operated in connection with the various works of the Carnegie Steel company.

Some Swear-Off Stories. The Moral of Which is That While Many Swear Off But Few Stick. "I once swore off smoking," says the clubman in the Mobile Register.



VANE ASKED GRAVELY BUT WITH THE GHOST OF A SMILE WHETHER URSULAR WOULD NOT LIKE TO BE HELPED DOWN.

a strong contrast to her surroundings and contemporaries in Alynaton. Miss Smith would have said so, doubtless. She was an independent, self-reliant young creature, and Ursula, and chafed against restraint in any form, absolutely refusing to belong to the church societies in which St. Luke's abounded.

long cloth ulster, pinned her big black hat on her bright hair and sallied forth to church that wintry Thanksgiving morning. November roses bloomed in her cheeks as she walked into the churchyard from the quiet road which she had traversed from the farm.

the ground. Her hair was covered with snow and a big black hat with many plumes lay on the ground below her. "Why—what! Ursula! Miss Meigs!" exclaimed the young man hurrying toward her.

Now Ursula may have been coquetting with the minister, after the manner of her kind, but deep in her heart was a growing regard for him, against which she struggled manfully—or maidly—lest it should one day lead her, against what she considered her better judgment, into the thrall of those societies for which she cherished so profound an objection.

"I didn't hear nothink about it; I want here a Sunday. It was that bad with rheumatism; but I come today, thinkin' I'd like to give thanks for my blessings." The girl looked down at the wizened, feeble old woman with a wistful pity in her bright eyes.

"Yes; let her o-out and leave me to— And without further warning Ursula burst into tears. "It was so dreadful in the church," she sobbed. "I've been hanging here, calling for h-help, O, ever so long!"

If any one had asked Ursula why she stayed at home from church that morning she would doubtless have replied that it was on account of the cold; and because she thought her father needed her company. But in reality her defection from duty was caused by a foolish speech of Miss Flint's, who had asked when she "might expect an invitation," and whether the "paragon was to be newly papered and furnished,"

"I think," said Ursula, after a long silence, "that they must be having service in the Sunday school room; perhaps they thought it was too cold here. Suppose we walk down and try to get in there in time for some of it."

"I can't wait. I love you, dear. Will you marry me?" Ursula gasped. "O, but—the sewing circle and the Society for the Promotion of Piety Among the Children—and—all the others! How could I ever join them? How could you marry any one who didn't?



FRENCH GOWN OF SILK AND WOOL FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

Bolero and Eton jackets in various modifications, as a part of the costume, are in equally good style as the long coats among the French models. A little jacket, the shortest possible under the arm, is of novelty silk and wool cloth in olive green and brown.

Very odd is the "tulipe" sleeve, one of the latest Paris models. This sleeve is made in two sections, separated slightly along the outside of the arm, disclosing an undersleeve. The top of the sleeve within also appears in a puff effect from which the top rolls back.

producing capacity of its boiler the most powerful locomotives ever constructed. An indication of the power of the locomotive is furnished by the character of the work demanded of it. About four miles of the line upon which it is operated has a grade of seventy feet a mile, and on one stretch of about 2,000 feet, up across the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad and reaching to the foot of a seven-foot hill, has a grade of 2.4 per cent.

for a smoke. While he meditated over the matter, however, he thought of a scheme to save himself on the hat. He went to the hatter's and bought a \$10 hat and had it charged to the other fellow. Then he called on the other fellow, and pointing to the hat, said: "See that hat, old boy? It is one I have just had charged to you on that swear-off contract. The other fellow cried out: 'How the dickens did you find out I had been smoking?' 'Never mind,' said the other. 'A little bird told me.'"

"Thank you," she said, plaintively. "What would have become of me if you hadn't come?" "It may have been merely extreme gratitude that made her blush and glance away shyly as she spoke, but her look made her suggested something more to Vane, for he caught her hand and asked, eagerly: "And what is to become of me, now I am here?"

"Now mark what happened. About a month after I had stopped smoking I began to have periodical indigestion, followed by cramps, which came on at a certain hour of the evening, each day and grew worse and worse until they were quite serious. I tried all kinds of diet, and even starved myself, but without relief. At last, on the night of a strikers' ball, I was actually unable to go out, although I had made a

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FISHES NEED AIR TO LIVE. Ponds in which they may be sealed up by ice die for want of it.

over in winter; they exhaust the air contained in the water and not enough more can get in to sustain life.

It is a familiar fact, says the New York Sun, that fishes cannot live without air, of which all sweet water contains more or less, and in cold climates fishes sometimes die for want of air in ponds that are frozen

the frozen-over waters in which fish don't get air enough to support life are likely to be smaller ponds with a gravel border all around where the ice can form unbroken clear to the edge, making a complete covering over the water and practically sealing it up. If there is vegetation around the pond at the edge of it, shrubbery or trees or branches dipping in the water, such vegetation is likely to supply some aid, for as the ice settles it cracks and breaks about the stalks of this vegetation and thus leaves places where air can get in.

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Sometimes in small sluggish bodies of water such as park ponds, holes are cut in the ice to give the fishes breath air.

Reckless Man. Chicago Post: "Yes," he said with a sigh and a solemn shake of his head, "I have given up trying to collect that little bill from Billings. You see, he is a pretty big, husky fellow and he used to throw my collectors out; didn't you employ a woman collector? He couldn't do that to a woman."

"That's what I thought, so I got one and sent her around, but she never came back."