

THE OLD STORY.

They stood beside the fence that ran
Between their fathers' farms.
He leaned upon the topmost rail
His strong and brawny arms.
Her shoulder just came up to them.
A slender maid was she,
Yet that she ruled that stalwart youth
Was very plain to see.

Ah, earnestly he spoke to her.
The burning words he said
She seemed to hear and heed, and yet
She lifted not her head,
For on some daisies in her hand
Her eyes were fixed, and these
She plucked to pieces one by one
And cast upon the breeze.

As the last leaf she plucked and flung
It on the wind, she turned
Her eyes to his and saw the love
Within their depths that burned,
And then at last she seemed to cast
All doubt, all fear aside.
Her love she did confess and gave
Her truth to be his bride.

Over the fence he lightly leaped
And clasped her to his breast,
And to her cheek, that brightly burned,
His glowing lips he pressed.
Then, as the sunset's rosy glow
Brightened the peaceful land,
With happy hearts toward her home
They wandered hand in hand.

Her father in the doorway stood
As they came up the walk,
Indifferent to all around,
Absorbed in sweetest talk.
He knew what suit his neighbor's son
Would make to him and smiled,
For ever had he wished that he
Should wed his darling child.

And when the young man, stammering,
asked
If he might wed the maid
The old man in her lover's hand
His daughter's gently laid.
The kindly words he uttered filled
With joy the lover's heart,
And to each other pledged two lives
That only death could part.
—New York Ledger.

THE SELECT'S FALL.

"I do hope, my dear, that she is not one of those dreadful new women."

"I trust not, indeed."

The dean of Chirchester peppered his chop with a thoughtful air, and Mrs. Carberry poured out his tea with a hand which absolutely shook with apprehension. Chirchester was a cathedral town which had not traveled apace with the rest of the world. It disapproved even of tennis, except when played mildly on private grounds, and had played croquet steadily when croquet was dead, with a lordly disregard for the guests' amusement. Now that it had come in again they played it joyfully, but still with the old light mallets and wide hoops of their youth. The mothers of Chirchester read the new library books with horror-stricken looks and little trickles of guilty enjoyment. Cricket hunting and the new "biking" were things their daughters might not do. Riding gently along the roads was ladylike and permissible, but the archdeacon's wife actually blushed when a thoughtless person asked her what safety habit her daughter wore, for Louisa Holroyd's pretty figure was hidden in an ample garment made by the local tailor, the skirt of which came well below her deepest grievance, her tiny buttoned boots. The archdeacon's wife was the sternest and most unyielding of the "select," as the country people dubbed the church circle.

The bishop and his fat, merry wife had no children and were given to laughing leniently at the vagaries of the new woman. So it fell on the archdeacon and the dean to keep the select circle together, and, though there was a twinkle in the handsome dean's eye and a swing of his broad shoulders which hinted he had sometimes played brighter games than croquet, that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, was "another story," and, so far, he and the archdeacon had been equal to their task.

Today the dean was disturbed as he looked at an open letter on the table. The letter was from a cousin who was obliged to go abroad for an indefinite time on business and had written asking the dean if he would give his only daughter a home during his absence. "A bright, pleasant girl; I feel sure you would like her as a companion to your own girl," and if the dean consented she was to come in a week. How could he say no? He was to be liberally paid for his guest, and her father was an old friend; he must write to say he should be delighted.

"I am glad," said Mrs. Carberry fervently, "that Cissie is away; my glad. More tea, dear?" And in her absence of mind she watered a teapot from the hot milk jug and handed a cup of the strange liquid to the dean, who looked at it signedly and rose, for he was an unobtainably temperamental man.

"Yes," he said, "it is an excellent thing, for then, if the girl is at all advanced, there will be time to get us into our ways before Cissie returns."

A week later. The dean and Mrs. Carberry stepped nervously forward the mail thundered in from London and discharged its living freight on a platform; then their eyes lit on a girl clad in the quietest evening costumes, who was Mrs. Helen Adair.

"And you are Mrs. Carberry's girl held out her hand, radiating the affectionate smile of an elder lady would

have bestowed on her. She was a tall, slim girl, with big, mischievous gray eyes and peculiarly dainty hands and feet.

"Would you see to my things for me, Mr. Dean? Here is the list." And she vanished in the crowd. The dean made his way to the luggage compartment and had just finished his task when Helen's voice sounded sweet and low at his elbow.

"Everything's there, I see. Would you get a special messenger to wheel this up, or shall I ride it?" She had her hand on a smart bicycle, which she was rolling tenderly through the crowd.

If the box next to him had not been a wicker one, the dean would have sat on it and gasped. As it was he gasped standing.

"My dear, a bicycle!" he said weakly. A bicycle in the innermost circle of the select!

Helen Adair caught the stony despair in Mrs. Carberry's eyes and saw the dean's flushed cheeks, and her eyes danced suddenly as she took in the situation.

"Don't you ride one, either of you!" she said sweetly. "Perhaps I'd better ride it up. I'm very proud of it."

A girl on a bicycle following the deanery carriage! The dean gasped again and gave some hasty orders to a porter, and Helen was bundled into the wagonette, her eyes looking somewhat anxiously back at her precious wheel.

Between her natural kindness and her horror at receiving a new woman into her home Mrs. Carberry spent a restless evening, for they soon gathered that Helen hunted and fished and shot, and yet she spoke of none of those things, but drew the dean into an animated discussion on the Transvaal question at dinner and told Mrs. Carberry of the latest things in chiffons afterward. The dean could not help thinking he had not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time, and Mrs. Carberry would have agreed with him had it not been for the metal steed reposing in the front hall. As it was she thought of the austere archdeacon and his wife, of Mrs. Green, the doctor's wife and others, and she sighed occasionally.

Mrs. Holroyd hastened to call next day and came in with heightened color, having passed the wheel-er monster in the hall.

"You must put your foot down," she said sternly, drowning some weak defense of Mrs. Carberry as to every one riding now. "Remember, my dear, no half measures. She must not use it here."

Then Helen came in, and matters might have run smoothly had they not begun to discuss with bated breath one of the newest books, and Helen joined in carelessly. "It's rather clever," she said.

Mrs. Holroyd dropped her glasses with a clatter. You—have—read—that—book?" she said, dropping each word out slowly.

"Oh, yes!" Helen smiled. "It is a very ordinary book, you know. I rather agree with the authoress."

Mrs. Holroyd rose slowly. She could only show how shocked she was by withdrawing her stately presence. "No, thank you, Mrs. Carberry," she said, "I cannot stay for tea this evening. Good afternoon, Miss Adair. I cannot understand what your father must have been thinking of to allow you even to hear that book's name." And, not without an inkling that her last sentence was slightly overdrawn, she withdrew, leaving Helen to laugh greatly at her antiquated ideas. And cowardly Mrs. Carberry forgot to defend her.

There gradually came a rift from that time among the select; the girls murmured openly because they were not allowed to ride bicycles; they groaned enviously when they saw Helen's numerous tennis prizes. And Louisa Holroyd was said to have wept bitterly when she saw Helen riding in a smart covert coating habit and caught a glimpse of the neat "tops" which just showed below the skirt. The elders, to quell the rebellion, were stricter even than usual to their daughters and prided themselves more than ever on their customs not being as other men's.

Mrs. Carberry was "at home" to the surrounding country and town; croquet was being played on the trimly kept lawn, archery, bowls, even Aunt Sally in a faraway corner, where shouts of unseemly laughter were smothered by surrounding shrubs. Every one had come, the day was cloudless, and Mrs. Carberry felt it was all a tremendous success.

Nearly every one had gone in to tea, only Helen and two flannel-clad young men were on the croquet lawn, aimlessly hitting the balls about. They had voted the teatime too hot to bear.

"Stupid game, isn't it?" said one of the men, as he missed a hoop and hit the ball away in disgust.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Helen. "And," regretfully, "what a lovely cricket ground it would make! I haven't played for ages—no one does here."

"Oh, lots of the country girls do.

Look here, I came on from a cricket practice. I've bats and a ball stuck in the trees over there. Let's have up these hoops and I'll bowl to you."

Helen was delighted and in a moment walking sticks and an umbrella represented the wickets, and Helen was hitting distinctly easy balls in all directions. The dean's portly figure appeared at the end of the walk. He stood still, amazed.

"Cricket, Helen!" he exclaimed, laughing. "If Mrs. Holroyd saw you! Have you seen a parosol anywhere? Old Lady Damer sent me to look for hers; it's all real lace, and she's anxious about it."

"No, I haven't. I say, Uncle Jos—she had long ago said Mr. Dean was too formal—bowl me a ball. They can't get me out," nodding contemptuously at the two officers. A distinctly ungrateful speech, considering they had only been too grateful to leave her in.

The dean's fingers closed mechanically on the leather covered ball which Captain Elton handed to him. The trim lawn faded away, and he heard again the triumphant yells of his side at Oxford, when, with the victory apparently a certainty for the others, he had bowled three men for three balls and left his side victors by two runs. He stepped carefully up to the walking stick which marked the second wicket, flourished his arm once or twice and bowled. It was a nasty, slow ball, breaking in, and Helen's off stump went down with a crash.

"What a splendid ball!" exclaimed the two men, and Helen clamored for more, "for practice." The dean laughed triumphantly. Then Helen suddenly exclaimed: "Let's have a match, Uncle Jos Church versus State. I'm sure we could beat those two." And before the dean knew where he was they had tossed for going in, and he found himself bowling vigorously at Captain Elton, who, armed with a rake handle, was at the wickets.

"It is very hot," he gasped, and, looking round guiltily, he quickly flung his coat on the grass and flew to catch a ball which Captain Elton had returned to him. Then he stood appalled, for the bishop's voice came to his ears, and, turning, he saw the bishop and his wife standing close behind him. "Cricket!" The bishop's pale, intellectual face was full of laughter as he saw the dean, coatless and breathless, flying for the ball. "I thought this was strictly forbidden."

"Oh, my lord, come and umpire. We want one badly," called out Helen, quite unabashed, and the dean, who had stood still, horror-stricken, picked up the ball again when he saw the lenient expression on the episcopal face, and saw the bishop move in to umpire, while Mrs. Howard sat down on a bench and absolutely shook with merriment. Cricket in the dean's garden! It was too amusing.

By dint of what Helen called poking, the two soldiers had made 15 runs, and then Helen took her place at the wickets. She was really a fair lady cricketer, and, as fielders were scarce, she ran up the score to 11 in a few minutes, retiring with a cry of disgust as Captain Elton caught her out cleverly with his left hand.

"Now, Mr. Dean," the bishop's wife called out impatiently, as the dean stood hesitating. "Go in; there's no one else to see."

And the dean went in. A rake handle is not the best of bats, but the dean made a mighty smite, caught the ball on the half volley, and away it went over all their heads into a clump of bushes. Once, twice, thrice did the dean fly to the stick and back—his breath was gone, his face was scarlet—four times.

"I can't go again," he gasped piteously.

"You must!" Helen had set her heart on winning. "One more and we win; run, Uncle Jos, run!" But the delay was almost fatal, for, as the dean turned to run back, Captain Elton flung in the ball.

"Run on!" cried the bishop's wife.

"Oh! do hurry."

"Out!" cried Mr. Ely, banging down a walking stick.

"Oh, no; in!" said Helen.

The dean had no breath to argue with.

"In or out, my lord!" The rivals appealed both together to the bishop, who was holding his sides as he laughed; but, then what a sight met their eyes as they turned. The whole of the dean's large party stood looking on, on the edge of the ground, led by Mrs. Holroyd, and what had they seen as they came up? The dean, their dean, flying, coatless and hatless, up and down, playing cricket in the sacred precincts of the deanery, and the bishop cheering him and laughing. How could the select ever hold up their heads again, and before all the country, too—the country which they had so often lectured on its advanced ways! Mrs. Holroyd looked round in stony despair, words that were too bitter to utter trembled on her lips.

The dean hurriedly picked up his

coat and hid as much of his breathless person inside it as was possible. The bishop had decided he was fairly in, so his triumph enabled him to face without flinching the glare in the eyes of his circle and his wife's piteous face.

"My parosol, Mr. Dean!" said Lady Damer smiling; "you appear to have forgotten it."

"I am so sorry," stammered the dean. "It wasn't here, and I"—

Lady Damer put up her pince nez doubtfully. "I really believe," she said, "yes, indeed—why, you were using it as a wicket," and she fished the middle stump, which was adorned with lace, out of the ground.

Mrs. Carberry groaned audibly. "It was my fault," exclaimed Helen. "I never looked at it."

"Never mind, my dear," said the old lady, laughing, "you must come out and play cricket with my grandchildren. We'll get up a match, Mrs. Carberry, as you don't object to cricket now. Let me see, shall we say next week—Thursday?" and Mrs. Carberry said, "Yes."

The fall of the select was complete, for they picked sides and played more cricket that same afternoon—minus the dean—Mrs. Holroyd accepted her defeat and was silent even when Alicia Holroyd announced openly that she must come up to try a ride on Helen's bicycle. Only Louisa Holroyd sat away and spoke no rebellious words, but she was deciding what color her new habit would be and whether she would buy brown top boots or black.—Sketch.

There Was a Lady Present.

"Never," said an elderly woman, "shall I forget the first time that I was called a 'lady,' which term, in my day, you must remember, was all distinctive. As a very little and very green girl I looked forward to the faraway time when I should attain it as nothing short of an epoch. It came to me, however, much sooner, and in quite a different way than I had expected. I was traveling in the far west and alone. My father had put me on the train, the conductor was to keep an eye on me, and my uncle was to meet me at my destination. The train was crowded with rough western miners. Little as I was I was the only representative of my sex on board. For awhile the journey was uneventful. Then some little altercation expanded into a dispute, and before you could say Jack Robinson we were in the midst of a free fight. At the first loud word I had covered behind a seat, and when the pistols appeared I was nearly dead from fright.

"But before a shot could be fired some one grabbed my shoulder. It was one of the onlookers, who had caught sight of me and who, picking me up bodily, now held me up so all could see. 'Gentlemen!' he cried, 'there are ladies present.' At the magic words the pistols dropped instantaneously. The men turned and saw me, a poor, pale, miserable morsel of femininity, perched upon my champion's shoulder. The humor of it was too much for them. The next minute they were laughing. The fight was over; the day was mine. I'm sure that the good old term of restraint has never been used with more telling effect. For more reasons than one am I not likely to forget the first time that I was referred to as a 'lady.'—New York Sun.

Lost at Sea.

Many a fishing schooner that sails out of Gloucester with her ensign fluttering gayly from the "main truck" comes in by Cape Ann, on her return from the banks, with her colors at half mast. A dory or two lost in the fog or run down in thick weather by an ocean grayhound that no more felt the collision than if it crushed an eggshell—at all events, a couple of men or more for Davy Jones' locker—such is only too often the tale brought back from the fishing grounds to Gloucester, our chief fishing port. Tears at parting, weeks of anxious suspense, and when the ship comes home tears again for a lost husband, son or brother—that story is common enough on Massachusetts bay. And even if neighbors say, "Don't cry, dearie; perhaps some ship has picked him up and he'll come back to you," the hope is short lived. "Lost at sea" is a familiar line in the death columns of the Gloucester papers.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

Herve's Musical Career.

Herve, the French composer, began his musical career as an organist. When a boy, he strolled into a church one day and persuaded the blower to let him try the organ after the service. He then improvised something wonderfully sweet and strange. The priest happened to hear it, strolled in and was amazed. "Where did you learn to play the organ, my boy?" he asked.

"This is the first time I have ever played it, father," he replied.

"Well, you had better apply for the post of organist here," said the priest. "There is a vacancy next week."

The boy applied and was accepted.

KENTUCKY'S FIRST DUEL.

An International Encounter, in Which an Englishman Came to Grief.

An old letter, which has just come to light, was written by John Ross of Paris, Ky., under date of Feb. 18, 1812, gives an account of probably the first duel ever fought in Kentucky. If it is not the first, it is at least the most remarkable encounter that has taken place on Kentucky soil. Mr. Ross says:

"On the 1st day of November, 1811, James Allen of Kentucky and the subscriber met with Thomas Fuller, an Englishman, and his company, at a small branch between the United States Saline Salt works and Fort Massack. Making a stop at that place, Messrs. Allen and Fuller entered into a conversation which led to a very serious rencontre. After learning the name, nation and residence of each other, Fuller asked Allen if the Kentuckians were anxious for a war with England. Allen replied they were warm for war. Fuller said they need not be, for one Englishman could drive five Kentuckians. Allen thought one Englishman could not drive one Kentuckian, and was willing, as one of each was present, to have the thing tested. Fuller was willing also, but it must be done in an honorable way. He would fight with pistols, standing about one pace apart, to which Allen was agreed. Fuller, finding Allen in earnest, said he thought it too savagelike to stand so near each other, and proposed that they should choose seconds and take distance ten steps apart. This proposition was agreed to, and the preliminaries settled, but Fuller said he had a wife near Pittsburg, and before they fought he would go aside and write a few lines to her, so that if any accident should happen to him she might know it. He went and returned in a short time ready for action.

"The combatants then took the places assigned them and at the word they both fired, and Fuller fell, having received the ball of his antagonist in his left breast, but not appearing to be much hurt, he proposed another round. They then proceeded to fire again, upon which Fuller fell a second time and declined fighting any more, and was found to have received the second ball in his breast, within an inch of the first.

"Allen was surprised to find that the balls had not taken effect, and suspecting some stratagem, he protested he would kill Fuller on the spot unless he would fight again or acknowledge himself a coward. Fuller, rather than smell powder again, would submit to anything. His jacket was then unbuttoned, and to the astonishment of the beholders a Dutch blanket was discovered in eight folds, and one quire of paper opened at its spread under the blanket, both between his waistcoat and shirt, and upon lifting up the blanket the two balls were found, having penetrated through the eight folds of the blanket and were lodged on the paper. His breast, notwithstanding the fortification, was very much bruised and black, and he appeared considerably injured.

"Allen received no material injury. The first ball struck between his feet and the second grazed the skin on the side of his head. And thus ended a contest which proved the superiority of the Kentuckian, and exposed the boasting, imperious Englishman to eternal contempt and disgrace. And it is highly probable from his own story and conduct that this same Fuller is employed to do business for the British in the western country and among the Indians. The subscriber was the second of Mr. Allen and is willing to attest the truth of the facts above stated. He is now on his way home, which is on Brush creek, in the state of Ohio."—New York Sun.

Mounting Photographs on Glass.

It is frequently the case that one may desire to mount photographs upon glass. This is very easily done, but one or two points should be very carefully observed. Do not attempt to mount a photograph on cheap glass. The effect will not be satisfactory. Select a good plate, clean it thoroughly and place it where it will rest steadily under a considerable pressure. Soak four ounces of gelatin for half an hour in cold water, then place in a glass jar, adding 16 ounces of water. Put the jar in a large dish of warm water and dissolve the gelatin. When dissolved, pour in a shallow tray. Have the prints rolled on a roller, albumen side up. Take the print by the corners and pass rapidly through the gelatin, taking care to avoid air bubbles. Squeeze carefully on to the glass. The better the quality of glass the better the effect.—New York Ledger.

English Butterflies.

English butterflies unluckily command an exceptionally high price in the collectors' market. This is probably one reason why, as Natural Science points out—many important species of British butterflies are disappearing.

A GERMAN HOUSEBOAT.

The Views That Greet a Traveler on the River.

Imagine a broad flat-bottomed boat 100 feet long with a house upon it! In the bow is a good sized saloon or sitting room, with ten windows—five on each side—and a door, half glass, leading to an awning shaded deck. From the saloon one looks down a corridor, so long and so narrow that one almost expects to see ninepins at the far end. The cabins are on each side. In the stern are a pantry and a tiny kitchen. One cabin is devoted to clothes, hanging on hooks and lying folded on the unused berths; in another is a large bathtub, utilized only as a place in which to store wine and soda water bottles. The clear river water on all sides is so enticing to bathe that tubs are not wanted.

The river Havel is full of lovely surprises. It widens out into quiet lakes fringed with rushes, where water birds chirp and whistle, build their nests and rear their young. The shore is thickly wooded with alders, white birches, limes and towering fir trees, whose somber crowns even the sunlight can scarcely brighten, though it reddens their slender boles till at sunset they gleam like copper. The acacias are in full bloom at this season. Their pure white blossoms hang high out of reach and fling such a wealth of fragrance on the air that one thinks of the lemon and orange groves of the south. Flat, sandy Brandenburg has no lovelier spot than the country surrounding Potsdam. The neighborhood is full of palaces—Babelsberg, beloved by the old emperor; the marble palace, where William II lived as crown prince; Sans Souci, on which Frederick the Great lavished so much care and treasure; the new palace, which the same Frederick built to prove that the Seven Years' war had not exhausted his resources; the house on the Pfaueninsel (Peacock island), which Queen Louise loved, and Glienicke, now inhabited by Prince Leopold, the cousin of the emperor, who married the emperor's sister.

Near all these interesting dwellings, on a lakelike expanse in the midst of the charming balsam woods, floats the anchored boathouse, swinging in the breeze, and to the inhabitants it seems as if it had left her moorings and had started on a voyage of exploration. The quiet is broken only by the singing of birds, and the persistent croak of the frogs which hide in the rushes.—Harper's Bazar.

The Many Bibles.

It is estimated that at the beginning of the present century not more than 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 copies of the Scriptures were in existence in the whole world. I have seen no estimate as to the number of copies probably in existence at the present time, but in one year, 1888, alone, the statistics for which happen to be at hand, the number of copies issued considerably exceeded the 6,000,000 which were possibly in existence in the whole world in 1800. In the decade preceding this year, 1878-88, the number published in various languages is given as having been about 34,000,000—some six times the whole number in existence when the century began.

It is certain that the number of copies now existing must be numbered by the hundred millions. From the rooms of the British and Foreign Bible society in London alone are sent forth daily from 5,000 to 7,000 copies, to which must be added the copies issued from all their subordinate depots in various lands, and the issues of the American Bible society, and of several other lesser bodies; so that the recent statement is quite credible which puts the whole number of copies of the Scriptures issued since the century began as over 404,000,000.—Church at Home and Abroad.

The Power of Cannon.

La Nature contains a short note in which the horsepower of a cannon is calculated. An Italian cannon of 100 tons, with a charge of 550 pounds of powder and a shot weighing about 2,000 pounds, will give an initial velocity of 523 meters per second. The length of time during which the power acts is less than one-hundredth of a second, from which it follows that the horsepower developed is about 17,000,000. The writer adds that after about 10 shots the cannon is put out of service, and its total active life is therefore only one second. In large modern cannon the horsepower runs as high as 24,000,000. If the writer had carried out these calculations still further, he would have found that, after all, this 24,000,000 horsepower does not represent a large amount of energy, as it would be just sufficient to run 31 incandescent lamps for only one day.

His Money's Worth.

"What ever induced you to marry such a big man?"

"Well, he married me for my money, so I wanted to get my money's worth."—Detroit Free Press.