

THE LOVE THAT WAS LOST.

"I fear my engagement was a mistake—a fatal mistake! I do not care for Delancy St. John as I ought, and I doubt I ever shall learn to care for him!"

Idalia Lysle thus meditated as she walked quickly along the shady street of the little seaside village, her big blue umbrella held demurely between her and the pelting rain, her gray storm cloak glistening in the wet like a robe of woven silver.

"When I promised to become St. John's wife I did not know my own heart," she sighed. "He is handsome, polished, fascinating; his ardent devotion charmed me, and I yielded to his eloquent pleading. But now—ah, well, I am bound! I assumed my fetters of my own free will, and I must make the best of it!"

She well knew why she had become so indifferent to Delancy St. John. She knew that the image of another—a form more manly, a face more noble—was before her mental sight too often for her peace of mind.

She knew it was the bonny dark eyes and winsome smile of Paul Maltraver which had lured her from her allegiance to her betrothed husband.

She knew that the feeling so tardily aroused in her soul was Love—Love the Conqueror! Love the Immortal! She was very miserable in those days. There were times when she hated herself for her disloyalty to her affianced, when she felt that she was the most wicked creature on earth, and deserved the severest punishment heaven could inflict upon her.

"St. John worships me, and he trusts in me so entirely! It is a living lie he will lead so proudly to the altar," she would wait to herself, in an agony of remorse.

And then again there were days when her conscience ceased to reproach her, when she was oblivious to everything save a wild exultation in Maltraver's love, when she regretted nothing save the fatality of having loved too late.

"Oh, why did you not come to me before, my king? We could have been so happy, beloved. Oh, love, dear love, how can I live all my years without you?" she would weep in an anguish almost greater than she could endure and still retain her reason.

But it was mostly the remorseful mood which predominated. She would not willingly deceive any person, nor cause pain to any human creature.

And was she not deceiving St. John every moment she permitted him to believe her faithful to her betrothal vows?

And to undecide him would cause him grief, of course! For St. John loved her! Oh, she was certain he loved her!

It was here in this little seaside village a year ago that she met him first.

During that first season he had been attentive to her; but he had not really disclosed any tender partiality for her, although he had apparently parted from her with regret.

She had not seen him again, nor had she heard from him in any way, until she again met him here at the beginning of the present season.

And how rapturously happy he had appeared to be in renewing the old pleasant intercourse!

His seeming delight in her society, his devotion, and his tenderness, had all been very agreeable to her.

For Idalia Lysle, although an heiress, had never possessed many intimate friends, and had never before encouraged suitors.

She was a shy and reserved girl, and with her refined tastes and poetic fancies, only a few people could be really congenial to her.

With her stately, willowy figure, her fair, Madonna face, and silky black hair, her dreamy eyes of pearly blue, and her exquisitely molded lips of a rose-red—she was beautiful as an artist's vision. She might have been a young queen of society had she chosen; but she did not choose. Instead, she lived her own quiet life in her quiet, constant home, and the fashionable world knew her not.

"But we will change all that when you are my wife," Delancy St. John once said to her. "I am rather fond of society myself, and I shall expect you to reign a queen among queens."

St. John was an impatient wooer, and he had persuaded her to appoint an early date for their marriage.

She had never once suspected him of anything selfish or mercenary.

She was certain he loved her truly, adoringly, and for herself alone.

That morning while she was walking down the village street through the pelting rain, St. John was sitting in the smoking room of his hotel, chatting with a couple of chums.

The door which opened upon one of the lower corridors was ajar, and his seat was only a few steps from it.

Presently he heard the tap of dainty heels on the tessellated marble floor, and he glanced around just as there flitted past a tall and willowy figure in a silver gray rain-wrap.

He saw a faded blue silk umbrella; he noted the small and elegantly plain straw bonnet framing a proud, fair face, and a surprised expression appeared on his rather characterless features.

One of his companions noticed his glance and his altered expression.

"Oh, that's Mrs. Walton's secretary or amanuensis. Mrs. Walton came here last night from the Ocean View house, you know. And this young woman reads to her every forenoon," the young man remarked.

St. John stared, and his pale steel-colored eyes glittered with a peculiar anxiety.

"Isn't the girl Miss Lysle? I thought I heard somebody say she is an heiress?" he queried, in a curiously forced and stifled tone.

"Never heard of it, dear boy," drawled the other. "Old Mrs. Walton is immensely wealthy, and perhaps somebody has got things mixed, you know. Such blunders do happen once in a while."

Delancy St. John arose stiffly from his chair, and flung his cigar viciously from him.

His spare, haughty features were vivid as he abruptly stalked out of the room.

Once outside he stationed himself in the shadow of a piazza column.

"It's lucky for me that I've found this out as I have," he muttered, savagely between his grating teeth. "In a few weeks more I should have been bound to her—a young person who

earns her living as an underling! And she made me believe she was an heiress! Egad! she did the trick well, too!"

He waited until Idalia emerged from the hotel, and then he followed her at a little distance, eyeing her wrathfully as he did so.

After leaving Mrs. Walton the girl often strolled down to the beach on her homeward way.

She did so on this occasion, despite the rain which still rattled about her in fitful volleys.

She sought a little mossy nook in the shelter of a low, jutting cliff, and seated herself in a small bench-like hollow which the waves had worn midway of a rocky shelf.

She had scarcely done when St. John's unnatural tones sounded so close, so enraged and so vindictive, that she started again to her feet with a cry of actual alarm.

"I did not intend to frighten you," he began with a sneer. "I only wish to ask a question, which I should like you to answer truthfully—if you can."

A conscious crimson stained her lovely face from brow to throat.

"He has discovered my love for another," she thought miserably, as her pearly-colored eyes drooped before his glare of stony scorn.

"Is it true," he continued before she could speak—"that you serve the rich Mrs. Walton as an amanuensis, or reader? that you have been doing this while pretending to be an heiress?"

In a flash Idalia understood everything—and comprehended also the insincere and shallow nature behind the man's polished mask.

The shock restored her composure instantly. She lifted her proud head and looked at him with a tantalizing smile.

"It's quite true that I spend part of each day in reading to Mrs. Walton, and in attending to her correspondence. It's quite true that I have been doing this for several months," she admitted in a voice half-choked with amusement and indignation.

"And you posed to me as an heiress," St. John sneered with a scowl which distorted his features into those of a fiend. "But I thought I should not find out your position until you should have bettered your social position by becoming my wife? Perhaps you will not be surprised if I withdraw from the engagement into which you tricked me?"

With the brutal words on his lips he whirled and stalked away.

He had relied on her fortune to deliver him from the importunities of innumerable harassing creditors. And his disappointment had for the moment wrought his shallow brain into a frenzy. He hardly realized at the instant how grossly rude he was in his speech and manner.

Idalia looked after him with flashing eyes, her sensitive nostrils quivering, her proud face flushing, and palling to flush again.

She resented his insolence. But it was one of those petty and spiteful offenses which a gentlewoman can only rebuke by ignoring it.

But he was already beyond her sight and the sound of her voice. And after a moment she bowed her proud head upon her trembling hands and began to weep unreasonably.

And while she wept the clump of scraggy firs which hedged one side of the little nook, rustled for a moment with a warning sound she did not heed. And then the tall and sinewy figure of an uncommonly attractive young man emerged slowly and with evident hesitation from behind the shadowy foliage.

But she was deaf to his movements, blind to his near approach.

Not until he placed one hand with much diffidence and with infinite tenderness upon the beautiful lowered head, did she become aware of his presence.

She did not start. She had no need to lift either the bowed head or the tearful eyes to know who was there.

For what save Paul Maltraver's gentle touch had thrilled her so?

"You are here, Paul? You have heard it all, then?" she said quietly, and with a sudden, resolute effort to overcome her nervous sobbing.

"I have heard it all—I could not avoid it," he answered in a voice of deprecation; and the strong, tender hand caressing her silky black hair slipped gently beneath her chin and lifted up her lips to his own. "Forgive me, love; I was waiting for you here, and before I could either show myself or get away, the interview so distressing to you was over and the insolent coward was gone. But your tears grieve me, Idalia! Surely you are not sorry to be free?"

A smile, dazzling as sunshine through a summer shower, irradiated her tear-drenched face.

"I believe I was crying with anger because I could not punish his impudence," she answered between a laugh and a sob.

"It is well for him that he skulked away before I could reach him. But after all, we ought to overlook his mad upbraiding, considering that he has opened the way for our happiness, and that he is likely to have a bad half hour when he learns his mistake," said Maltraver, beginning with indignation and ending with a happy laugh.

How freely they were talking of their love—these two who had never before uttered a syllable of tenderness, and who believed they had hidden the heart's dear secret each from the other.

Had they been plighted lovers for years they could not have comprehended each other's feelings more perfectly. It was the complete trust, the subtle understanding only possible to real, true, abiding affection.

"Oh, love, how best we are! How kind heaven has been to us! And I never dared hope for such joy as this," said the transported lover, his lips upon hers.

And Idalia, with her proud head pillowed against his tender heart, felt that in his love heaven had indeed granted her the crown of life's blessings.

In the ecstatic communion of those two glad hearts the moments sped swiftly. The rain ceased while they still sat there in the quiet nook, and through the dissolving clouds a sudden sun-burst of glory flooded the peaceful scene with rainbow light.

"We will accept it as an emblem of our future happiness," whispered the radiant lover.

Through the magic glow they finally started homeward up the path along the shimmering sands.

As they turned a jutting point of rock, Idalia, a few paces in advance, suddenly came face to face with St. John.

He had already learned the truth concerning her association with Mrs. Walton.

The whimsical old lady was a remote relative of whom Idalia had always been devoutly fond.

She had undertaken the readings and various tasks as a labor of love, because the dear old lady was ailing and had failed to secure a companion.

St. John did not regard his stupid blunder as anything very serious, evidently, for he at once started to effect a reconciliation with Idalia.

When he met her at the rocky point she looked at him as she would have looked at a stranger.

"I have been searching for you," he began in a tone of assurance, and with a hint of arrogance in his air; "of course I am anxious to apologize for any harsh words which may have escaped me in my excitement! I was terribly shocked! I think of you, my promised wife, as doing a servant's work was more than I could bear. I ought to chide you for not explaining the matter, but I will be lenient, as I know I was rather more severe with you than I need have been. There's a new band over at the pier, darling; shall we go and listen to the music awhile?"

With what brazen audacity he glossed over his offense! How sure he was of her pardon!

"Mr. St. John seems to forget that he offered to release me and that I accepted the offer," Idalia replied sweetly.

He glared at her in a sudden blaze of fury.

"And you were only too ready to accept it, I'll wager," he sputtered.

"I'm afraid I was," she confessed with exasperating candor. "May I take your arm, Paul? The path is getting so disagreeably obstructed."

Whether she alluded to him or to the loose rocks as an obstruction, St. John never knew. Nor did he reflect upon it at that moment, for until then he had not noticed Maltraver's presence.

And while he stared in a frenzy of jealousy, the two passed him and vanished around the opposite side of the point.

At the instant he hardly thought of Idalia's fortune. He only felt that his life was of little value to him without the love which he had lost.

CAUSE OF TORNADES

The Meeting of Head Winds From North and South.

From the Gulf of Mexico to the North Pole and from the lakes to the Rocky mountains is a vast extent of country crossed by no mountain chains to intercept or retard the velocity of air current. The extent of this country is equalled by none on earth. Cold air being heavier to the square inch than warm air, the cold air, when coming in contact with a warm current from the south, always predominates, forcing the warm air into the upper currents.

The cause of cyclones is the meeting of a head wind from the north with a head wind from the south. They meet like two vast armies of men. The pressure at the point of meeting is so great that the air, by compression, becomes heavier to the square inch than wood or the human body, hence either one will float in the same manner that wood will float in water—lighter because it is lighter to the square inch than water. Place water in an ordinary wash bowl and remove the plug and it will be observed that in passing out the water forms a circular reaction. Air being a liquid does the same in passing either upwards or downwards; hence the funnel-shaped spout of the cyclone center. When two immense bodies of air coming from opposite directions meet, the only egress is upwards and sideways, and in passing upwards it forms the funnel.

Combining the power of density with that of velocity, which occurs at the center of the funnel, no power can resist it. The feeling of suffocation or difficulty in breathing when near the track of a cyclone is caused from the compression of air.—Minneapolis Tribune.

White Specks in Butter.

A farmer who also has a dairy annex on his place thinks that the curds or white specks that are often found in butter is caused by the upper surface of the milk cooling faster than the under. He observed that this occurs more frequently in summer than at any other season. To avoid these specks he has tried many things, none of which gave satisfactory results until he tried straining through this muslin, when the specks disappeared. He strains his cream the evening before he churns it in the morning, and now receives top prices for his butter product, which he could not obtain when it had specks in it. He claims that specked butter cannot be sweet or good, nor will it have the straining to avoid these serious defects. If our friend had aerated his milk immediately it came from the cow this repulsive straining through a muslin cloth feature would be wholly unnecessary. Aeration would have reduced the temperature of the milk to that of the atmosphere, and its further cooling would have been uniform. Butter made from uniformly cooled milk never has specks in it, be the season what it may.

There are four swords belonging to the city of London. 1. The sword of state, borne by the lord mayor as the emblem of his civic authority. This is the sword which used to be surrendered to the sovereign at Temple Bar and when she came within the precincts of the corporation. 2. The pearl sword, from the nature of its ornaments, which is carried before the lord mayor on all occasions of ceremony or festivity. 3. This is the sword placed at the central altar of the city hall. 4. A black sword, to be used in Lent on days of public fasts and on the death of any of the royal family.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE MINERAL EXHIBITS.

THE NORTHWESTERN STATES MAKE A CREDITABLE SHOWING.

South Dakota Leads, Especially in the Display of Tin Ore.—North Dakota Excels in Fire Clay.—Minnesota's Display of Bessemer Ore.

Jackson Park, Special Correspondence.—The Northwestern states are usually not seriously regarded in the light of competitors in mineral exhibits, yet Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota and Wisconsin have made very creditable displays indeed. South Dakota in many respects leads, especially in the display of pig tin and tin ore, and in the exhibit of the precious metals of the Black Hills region, as well as in their famous petrified specimens. Minnesota, which is not known to many of her own citizens as the possessor of unlimited quantities of the best Bessemer iron ore in the world, makes the display of the largest number of samples of iron ore within the Bessemer limit of any state in the Union. Iowa makes a great soft coal and marble exhibit, and Wisconsin gets the front on her pearl exhibit and in the great monoliths from her brownstone quarries. The wealth of North Dakota lies mainly in the richness of her unexcelled soil, which, in these times, will, more than any other kind of real estate, preserve its value. She, however, makes a display in her state building of the finest qualities of locomotive fire box clay to be found in the states. This clay is now used altogether by the Northern Pacific road, and is also in use on many other railroads. There are about three million acres of coal lands in North Dakota, in which is invariably found more than bountiful supply of this fine clay. The coal is of excellent quality for domestic and heating purposes, and is found in almost every county bordering upon the Missouri river. Another region of North Dakota about which comparatively little is known is the Turtle mountain country. It has nearly 200,000 acres of hard wood and also an abundance of the best grindstone material in the world. Most of our grindstones and whetstones have had to be imported hitherto, but the Turtle mountain region, according to latest geological reports, will be able to supply an abundance of this material. These facts are known to comparatively few people in the United States. Pottery clay of very excellent quality is found west of the Missouri river. Thus North Dakota,

valued at \$1,000. Another unique feature of the display is a model of "black diamond hollow" constructed in soft coal. It represents a section of a coal mine. One of the decorative features of the display is a relief picture of the American coat of arms constructed of soft coal and rock salt.

The Wisconsin mineral exhibit occupies a very conspicuous place in the mineral building and in many ways it is a very creditable display. Four months twenty-five to thirty-five feet in length, constructed of Lake Superior sand stone adorn the four corners of the display. In the center is a Saxon style pagoda-like fountain constructed out of rustic stones, which is kept continually running with pure fresh water. Near the front of the mining booth is a large exhibit of Wisconsin pearls, which attracts a larger crowd of visitors than anything else in the mining building, with the exception of the South Africa diamond display and Tiffany's diamond cutting exhibit. Pearls are displayed here valued at all prices, from \$10 to \$6,000. It is a magnificent collection containing specimens, all colors of the rainbow. These pearls are growing more valuable year by year on account of the fact that they are becoming very rare indeed. The exhibit also contains a very full collection of all the other mineral resources of the state in the shape of iron ore, copper, etc. As a whole the booth is a very creditable one, fully equal to anything in the line of display that the state has upon the grounds.

South Dakota does herself proud in the display of her mineral resources. The state is distinguished in having the only successful tin mines in the United States, namely the celebrated Harney Peak mines. In the center of her large mineral booth stands a tall pyramid constructed out of tin ore from this mine. Pig tin in large quantities is displayed in all parts of the exhibit. The display as a whole succeeds in demonstrating to the world the wonderful mineral resources of the Black Hills country, which, according to recent geological reports is a veritable fairy land of the riches which the innermost recesses of old mother earth has to store. Gold and silver and lead and zinc bearing minerals are bestowed here in liberal quantities to gladden the heart of the miner who reads the secrets of their many aspects crystallization and prismatic lights like an open book. The sandstone riches of the state is suggested by figures and statues of men carved directly from the rude blocks of stone. The great caverns of the Black Hills country, which are said to be larger and more beautiful than the famous Mammoth cave of Kentucky, yield

A LITTLE GAME OF DRAW.

He Was a Novice, but He Had a Bit of Leadville Experience.

There was a little game of draw on the other night. Four friends sat around the table. One of them was a novice. He had never played a game of poker in his life, but he was not averse to playing for a little instruction, he said, and, besides, he had to have something to do whereby to while away what would otherwise be a very stupid night.

He asked all sorts of foolish questions and threw his chips in so recklessly that his three friends were sorry for him. It did seem to be a shame for him to lose so much money, but, then, he wanted to play, and it wasn't their fault if they held the better hands. Finally a jack pot came around and the novice, who sat next to the breaker, raised the ante to the limit. Some one else saw him and went a chip or two better. Then the novice tilted her to the limit again, and after he had done so looked over his hand and asked: "What did you say a straight flush would beat?"

The other players gasped. One of them said that it would beat anything in the pack but a royal flush, and the three promptly threw up their hands. The novice smiled blandly as he raked in the big stack of chips. Then he threw his hand down on the table. It was a simple straight and that was all.

"What did you say that was a straight flush for?" asked one of the others, who had laid down three-sevens and a pair of jacks.

"Well," said the novice, "it is, ain't it? They're all red, and they run along in a sequence."

Then the three carefully explained that the cards had to be all of one suit to be a flush, and, after much questioning, the novice seemed to understand.

The game went along for a time. Hands ran low, and not many chips changed hands. About 11 o'clock there was another jack pot. The novice raised the opener to the limit again, and the next man, who had four, came back at him with another big raise. The other players stayed, and the novice raised back. This made a pot with considerable over \$100 in it. Every body stayed on the last raise, and the dealer said, "Caris, gentlemen," in a subdued sort of voice.

"Hold on," blurted the novice, "I want to ask another question. I'm a little mixed on this straight flush business. If I've got five cards of the same sort, and they form a sequence, I've got a straight flush, have I not?"

The other players remembered the former jack pot and winked at each other. They hastened to assure the novice that his supposition was correct, and the man with fours followed the opener's chip, but with a raise to the limit. The bright smile that came over the novice's face when he learned what a straight flush was had not faded. He was actually anxious to get his chips into the center of the table. He raised back to the limit.

"That's a good bluff," said the man with fours, and he tilted back.

The two others, who had been trailing with fairly good hands all this time, dropped out, and the novice and the man with fours bet until there was nearly \$500 on the table. Then the man with fours grew compassionate and he said to the novice: "Now, I don't want to make the learning of this game too expensive for you. Your little bluff went once, but it won't go this time, so I'll just call you."

Then the novice laid down a straight flush in clubs, running from seven to jack, and the man with fours fell back in his seat in a helpless condition. When he recovered he said slowly: "I'll quit the game. Such a dod-blamed fool as you couldn't learn to play poker in 10,000 years."

"I don't doubt that," replied the novice, as he cashed in his chips. "They used to tell me the same thing when I was in Leadville."—Buffalo Express.

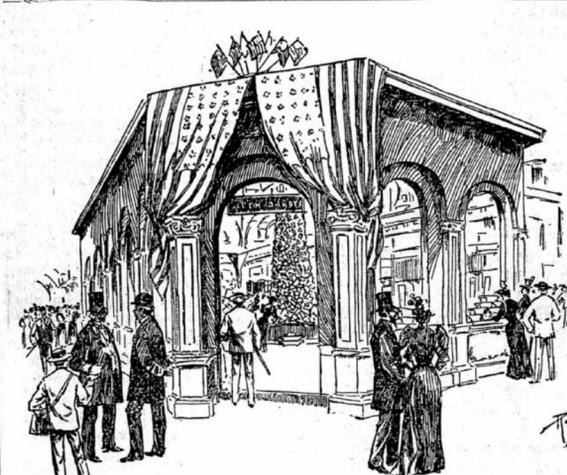
SUBMARINE MONSTER.

Singular Sea Fish Captured on the Pacific Coast.

A singular marine monster that is now attracting unusual attention as a "What is it?" is to be seen at the Denver market. It was caught in the northern waters of Queen Charlotte sound, and the scientists and others versed in such matters who have seen it are unable to classify it among aquatic specimens, though a conchologist would probably find it to be sui generis; but whatever its scientific place may be, it is deeply interesting to examine this rare and mysterious monster of an unknown species and age that seldom leaves its submarine regions as to come within the reach of man. Its length is fully six feet, and at a distance presents more the appearance of a gigantic eel or snake than a fish. It is dark brown in color and wedge shape in form, tapering gradually from the head to the tail, which is flat and evidently very muscular. The head is short and narrow, with widening jaws, on the bulldog order. It has long, sharp teeth, or tusks, in the upper and lower front jaw, evidently used to tear with, and, behind these, triple rows of molars, or grinders, fixed, not on the sides of the jaws, but in the middle of the upper and lower jaws, indicating that the thing evidently lived on shell fish and crunched shell and all between these powerful working molars.

It was caught by an Indian on a half hook, and made such a vicious fight that it broke the sides of the canoe before the frightened Indian succeeded in hammering it to death.

The oldest of the Indian fishermen could give no idea of the nature of the fish, and none like it had ever been seen or heard of by any of them, and its capture aroused their superstitious nature, and many were firm in the belief that a submarine god had been sacrificed which would forever act as a hoodoo on their future fishing operations. The present specimen will be sent to some Eastern museum.—Seattle Press-Times.



Although a purely agricultural state, it is enabled to make a very creditable showing in minerals. It is impossible to fully appreciate the value of this coal supply when it is fully worked and developed, but it is safe to say that it will be of incalculable benefit to the people of a prairie agricultural state.

Minnesota's display covers the iron ore riches of the state with a fair degree of comprehensiveness, but, unfortunately, it does not give any idea of the fact that the state has the largest continuous area in the world of Bessemer iron ore fields, nor is here anything to show what a vast quantity of the Bessemer quality of ore can be turned out annually by the iron mines of the North Star State. There are large samples in the shape of columns, pyramids and blocks of stone from the leading quarries of the state. The Kasota stones are among the very best for building purposes which are displayed in the mines and mining building. A neat wrought iron railing runs around the entire exhibit, suggestive of Minnesota as an iron state destined to lead them all. A Roman archway furnishes an entrance, which is constructed out of building stone from each county of the state. There is a huge bowlder of amethyst crystals from the Lake Superior regions, which is two feet or more long and a foot and a half in thickness. A full set of the geological maps of the state, prepared by the state geologist adorn the walls of the booth. The most interesting thing in the exhibit is the working model of Chandler mine at Ely, Minn. There is also a sectional drawing of the great Minnesota iron mines at Soudan, in St. Louis county.

From a historical and poetical standpoint, one of the most interesting objects in the entire mining building is a column cut sectionally from the famous Pipestone mines, near Pipestone City, Minnesota. All the great columns or peace pipes celebrated in song and story are made from the stone which has been taken from this mine located on the Pipestone reservation and held to be sacred by the Indians. The section shows the exact geological formation from the surface to the bottom of the vein of pipestone as it lies in the earth. The famous pipestone is given a local habitation and a name in Longfellow's Hiawatha.

The Iowa exhibit is particularly noticeable on account of two features. Its marble display is all placed in a mantle in the construction of which several thousand specimens of different colors were used. The whole piece of work is very beautiful and constitutes a great novelty. The mantle is



Brown—That's my new house, sure, but (hic) I didn't notice it was so awfully crooked (hic). It's not safe. I crooked (hic). It's not safe.

A Kindness.

"I did not book a good turn in last week's paper," said the critic to the author.

"Yes," returned the critic. "I didn't mention it."—Puck.