JEAN-LOUIS.

(Translated from the French of Michael Triveley.)

COME here, quick, if you want to see Mdlle. Aline. She's coming down the street."

Christine, the innkeeper, seated before her door knitting, dropped her work as she spoke and fixed her eyes upon two figures coming along the little street. It appeared that from each doorstep a like summons had been given, for almost all the inhabitants of Coubertin were gathered at their front doors. Mdlle. Aline, the object of such great interest, passed along accompanied by a young fellow dressed after the manner of a farmer, with whom she talked, and never seemed to notice the tumult which her radiant beauty had caused. She smiled and bowed to those she knew and finally entered a store which bore above its door the sign; "Louvre de Coubertin." As soon as she was out of sight the tongues began to move.

"Oh, my, but she's pretty!"

"There's not a girl in this town that can stand next to her!"

"It's her husband who will be the lucky man!"

"It's funny she hasn't married."

"If only she would have taken M. Duviquet!"

"Or M. Bonnassal, the advocate's nephew!"

"Oh, well, look at Jean-Louis, the nephew of M. Beaujars. He seems happy enough with his cousin, doesn't he?"

"I wonder if he is in love with her?"

"He? He's too stupid. All he thinks about is the cows and chickens on his uncle's farm. He couldn't fall in love."

Aline Beaujars merited her reputation for beauty. Nothing could be more exquisite than this young girl of 18 years, with her blonde hair, her gray eyes and her brilliant complexion. She lived happily at her father's farm, where every one loved and worshiped her as a sort of queen, beginning with Jean-Louis, who, in spite of his stupidity, possessed marvelous ingenuity in satisfying the young girl's caprices. He was an orphan and had been adopted in his childhood by his uncle, M. Beaujars, and now occupied on his farm the position of general manager.

"If it were not for Jean-Louis," Beaujars had often said, "I would not be as well off as I am. He is a treasure, but it is queer that he seems so stupid about other things."

It was on account of this reputation for innocent stupidity that Jean-Louis was allowed to be the constant companion of Aline when she went to town. He was a protector, nothing more, in the eyes of the girl's parents. In reality he and the girl were fast friends

I THINK I HATE YOU.

and Aline found him anything but stupid as a companion. She used to question herself as to just how much her regard for her friend had to do with her desire to remain unmarried. Once she said to him, a little wistfully:

"Jean, Bristol has asked me to marry him. What do you say?"

"He is a fine fellow," replied her cousin, without meeting her eyes.

"Then you would advise me to accept him?"

"Why not, since you must marry some day? As well he as another."

Nevertheless Aline determined to become an old maid, and in this resolve she reached the age of 21. Then M. Isidore Bertoulin proposed to her. He was considered a splendid parti, and Beaujars was determined to secure him as a son-in-law. He was good-looking, rich and clever. Aline consented and was hurt because Jean-Louis seemed glad. He didn't care for her, she decided, and she might just as well go away from him.

M. Isidore came every day to see his betrothed and treated her with every mark of attentive affection. She seemed content and the wedding day drew gradually nearer. It was her custom to walk with her lover as far as Coubertin when he returned home in the evenings, and on these occasions Jean-Louis walked some hundred feet behind them and accompanied Aline back home again. On one of these walks Isidore said to her:

"Jean-Louis is very devoted to you, is he not?"

"Yes, he always has been. When I was a child he played with me; later he taught me to read. As I grew up he surrounded me with everything for my good. He has been my playmate, my teacher, my friend——"

"And now he is a family servant?"'

"You are much mistaken. He is not a servant. I have the deepest affection for him and I want you to promise that after our marriage you will always treat him with consideration."

"In a general way, yes."

"No, more than that. He must come to our house whenever he will and stay as long as he will. You will make him feel that he is welcome, will you not?"

"Yes, yes. The devotion he feels for you is a common trait among faithful servants."

Aline felt irritated.

"Please let me repeat that it is disagreeable to me to have you consider Jean as a servant. He is a friend, a relative——"

"Adopted through charity!"

"Oh!" breathed Aline, indignantly.

They had arrived at the first houses of Coubertin, where they always separated. As Jean-Louis joined them, Bertoulin, with natural lack of tact, and wishing to show something of a husband's authority, said:

"Good night, Jean. I confide mademoiselle to you. Take good care of your mistress!" and with that he turned and left them.

Jean-Louis flushed at the insult, but said nothing, and the return was made in silence. Aline, who usually led the conversation, was a prey to conflicting thought. She thought of her accepted lover and then stole a glance at the strong, erect figure beside her. Finally she said:

"Well, Jean, only two or three walks of this kind and then we will see no more of each other."

"Is the marriage to be soon, Aline?"

"Yes; in a week."

"Well, little cousin, I am happy if you are happy and I wish you the greatest joy that can come to one's life."

"Are you happy, Jean?" persisted the girl, feeling conscious of a vague desire that he should not be so. For reply he shrugged his shoulders. At another time Aline would have dropped the subject without seeking to find the meaning of the man's gesture. But the conversation with Isidore had irritated her and in comparison with the smallness of character displayed by him the strong simplicity of the man beside her seemed more than ever attractive.

"What will you do when I am married?" she continued.

"I'll come to see you."

"No," said Aline, cruelly; "my husband does not like you."

"And you?" asked Jean, calmly.

"I think I hate you," cried the girl, passionately. "You pretend to like me and you are glad that I am going away forever. Yes, glad. I know you are."

"Stop! You don't know what you are talking about," cried Jean. His calm, indifferent manner had dropped from him like a cloak and his words came as though forced against his will. Aline drew back in surprise at the change in the man, whose voice shook with long-repressed passion.

"You are forcing me to speak and now you must listen," he went on. "I love you! I love you as this man you are going to marry never dreamed of loving. I have always loved you; no, more—worshiped you!"

"Then why have you not told me so before it was too late?"

"Can't you see that I, adopted into your family, could not go to your father and ask for your hand? I should have lost you forever. I have feigned indifference and been called 'stupid' for the sole purpose of being near to you, waiting on you and keeping harm from you. Oh, Aline, why do you torture me into telling you this?" The excitement left his voice and he turned wearily from her and began to walk slowly on along the road. She followed him, her heart beating wildly with emotion. She had never seen him this way before. How handsome he had looked with his blazing eyes and quivering mouth. How big he was and strong and noble! He turned to her just as they reached the gate and, taking her hand in his, said, gently:

"I should not have spoken to you, little cousin. I had determined to play my part out to the end and see, I have failed. I will go away to-night. Forget me and my poor love, and be happy." He raised her hand to his lips. "Good-by!" and he turned toward the house.

Aline seized his arm. "You shall not go!" she cried.

"I must!"

"I command you to stay!"

"It is impossible after what has passed between us."

"Very well, then, I shall go with you."

"Aline, what are you saying?"

"Must I tell this stupid man everything before he can understand? I love you, too, M. Jean-Louis, and if you will not marry me, I'll——"

She was caught in two strong arms and the rest of her sentence was never uttered.

"But, little one," said Jean, looking into the eyes raised to his, "what will your father say?"

"My father loves you and he loves me. Come and we will tell him."

The next day M. Isidore Bertoulin and M. Beaujars had a short and fiery interview. Aline and Jean-Louis were not present, but from an upper window they watched the visitor depart.

British Postal Reforms.

Numerous reductions of charges and extensions were made by the British postoffice during 1897. Postage on domestic letters was made one penny (2 cents) for four ounces, with an additional half-penny for every two ounces. Thus in Great Britain it costs only 3 cents to send a letter weighing six ounces, while in the United States it would cost twice as much. Merchants are allowed to inclose bills with goods sent by parcel post. Most important was the completion of the transfer of the trunk telephone system of the United Kingdom to the postoffice department. During the year the deposits in the postal savings banks increased about $25,000,000.

PUZZLE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Test for People Who Think They Know the Dictionary.

From the New York Times: The following "episode" has no literary value to commend it, but it will prove a very clever puzzle to any assemblage as a test of the ability of people to pronounce readily and correctly many common words of their native tongue. The list, which contains no words of disputed pronunciation, is as follows: An interesting inquiry took place in the court of oyer and terminer some time ago. Indisputable evidence was given toward proving that a heinous incident had taken place during a public pageant. It seems that a pretty girl, rather juvenile in appearance, having an extraordinary head of hair, like an Albino, represented Thalia and sat on a pedestal erected on one of the floats. The procession was directing its course down the mall when the attention of the onlookers was drawn to the excited conduct of one of the spectators who had fixed her eyes upon the tiara, set with jewels in the form of a caret, which Thalia wore upon her head as she sat in what seemed to be her wonted attitude of nonchalance and leisure. This person was afterward shown to be a maniacal laundress whose squalor and detestation and hideous grimaces were all unnoticed by the mock goddess. What vagary bade this reptile turn her servile eyes, full of rapine, on the beautiful maiden it is hard to say, but suddenly, under pretense of seeing something on the ground, she produced a hiatus in the crowd, and thus obtained precedence of all. Simultaneously with her appearance the van drove past. She then filled the air with gross raillery and began to promulgate anarchism, society's lack of probity, and general predilection of politicians for patronage. Then she besought her audience hear her dilate on the glaciers of the Alps, the ruins of Pompeii, the female franchise, the Pleiades and her patron saint. She was evidently demented, and the flow of her vocables appeared endless. Suddenly she raised a pestle which had been hidden under her shawl and threw it directly at the vision on the girl's head. Thereupon a flaccid lithographer, who was cutting a swath as a tribune on the following van, grasped a seine and threw it over the gaunt old hag, so that her efforts to escape were futile, and she became as docile as a lamb. The pathos of the affair lay in the way the girl bore the ordeal. In court the virago gave an alias instead of her own name. Her defense was that of vaccine, whose presence, as shown by a scabious arm, together with desuetude in the matter of personal freedom, had produced an obsession which decreed the irrevocable death of the girl. An inventory of her belongings was made, and she was then sent to an asylum as a victim of acute homicidal mania.

Railways in England.

John Macaulay, traffic manager of the Mersey railway, has announced that he is in favor of the nationalization of the railways of the United Kingdom, and declares that the question is rapidly becoming one of practical politics. He says that "railroads, like all other roads, should be under public authority, and wisely used, with business-like interest of adequately satisfying needs of the nation, with the least possible waste and duplication of useless work." Mr. Macaulay estimatese that at least 20 to 24 per cent. of the total working cost of the railways would be saved by the mere act of consolidation. One of the advantages he notes would be that railways could be constructed and worked at a loss where advisable in those parts of the nation where companies would not build because it "would not pay." Thus many industries and localities now undeveloped would receive new life, and it would pay the country to lose money on the railways for years.

WORN IN THE HOUSE.

A gown of pale blue crepe de chine has a lace overdress and a belt of turquoise and diamonds. It is warranted to stay fresh for at least two weeks, and then must be sent to the cleaner's establishment.

A satisfactory tea gown is of soft gray liberty satin, sunkilted from a very deep yoke, which is covered with a gray chiffon frill and pale yellow lace. Sleeves of gray chiffon wrinkle to the wrist, and over them hang sleeves of lace which drop to the hem of the skirt.

A tea gown should always be soft and clinging, and a woman who uses stiff brocades and satins for her house gowns makes a big mistake. Chiffon and lace, liberty satin and crepe de chine are the best materials, though they are not very durable. A joy, but a fleeting one is a tea gown of rose chiffon, draped with pale cream lace mounted over rose-pink liberty satin.

A tea gown made of liberty satin in a dull mauve shade has a deep yoke covered with ecru chiffon draped with pale yellow lace, and a train of pale-yellow lace. The sleeves are of gathered mauve chiffon, and the neck is cut just a little square. Mauve is a good color for a tea gown in winter; it is sufficiently light to be becoming, always supposing you are not very fair, and it is not greedy of dust.

Among some new tea gowns was one of white satin, made with a train and trimmed around the bottom by a band of white fur. The whole front was covered by an enormous bow of white mousseline de soie, trimmed in innumerable little ruffles of very yellow Valenciennes lace; the sleeves were formed of white mousseline de soie and Valenciennes lace insertions. The collar was an orange velvet, and the belt of the same color, fastened by a huge buckle of silver, studded with turquoises.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

"The Unfortunate Boy"—Some Favorite Games for Evenings—Modern Telltales—An Instructive Experiment — On Children's Readings.

The Unfortunate Boy.

Unfortunate is just the phrase
To use of Peter Grievous Long;
A wicked fate perplexed his ways,
And made him suffer much of wrong.
When all was still in school or church—
And this is "sure as eggs are eggs"—
He'd leap and howl, and get the birch,
Through pins-and-needles in his legs.

When rude companions in joke
Made sport of passers-by, and fled,
Poor Peter's bootlace always broke,
And he was caught and thrashed instead.
A penny lost upon the way
Was never found by him, and why?
He failed to see it where it lay,
Because a fly was in his eye.

If Peter ever chanced to take
His bowl of porridge on his knees.
The bowl would always fall and break,
For something surely made him sneeze.
If eggs were hidden in his breast,
Some lad would come with merry face,
And tell a jolly tale or jest,
And slap him soundly on the place.

His schoolmates offered stores of sweets
Whene'er he had a homely fill;
And people sent the scholars treats
When Peter was away and ill,
It's bound to rain when Peter wears
A brand-new hat or glossy coat!
And, when he laughs to ease his cares,
The pesky gnats get down his throat.

—Druid Grayl.

These Are Popular Favors.

Children's partes weigh heavily these days on the minds of pastry cooks, caterers and the busy housemother.

The new ice molds are calculated to satisfy this craving for novelty. Klondike miners with picks and shovels and bags of gold are evolved from multicolored favors, while rabbits and birds, flowers and fruits, though not new, are as popular as ever. An amusing mold for chocolate ice cream represents a group of savages on an island. The island vegetation is illustrated in pistache cream, while waves of lemon ice foam around the shore.

The influence of French and German nurses is shown in the popularity of rabbits, squirrels, wooden shoes and rose-wreathed crowns. Wax babies swathed in lace-paper and tied up with narrow ribbons seem to be great favorites with the small girls, yet it is doubtful if many American children ever saw a baby in Alsatian swaddling clothes.

Clay pipes and tobacco pouches in miniature, sugar cigarettes, isinglass spectacles, boxes of chocolate cigars, and diminutive but ingenious shaving sets are in demand for boys' favors, while dainty high-heeled china slippers, little bags of brocaded silk, fans, dolls, heart-shaped trinket caskets, lorgnettes and other ornamental and useful trifles are appreciated by the small maiden. Every favor is either filled with sweets or tied to a cake of chocolate.

Modern Telltales.

Do school children of the present day hold in less aversion the "telltale" or "tattle tale" than did those who, a quarter of a century ago, braved the master's rod rather than tell? asks the New York Post. The question is suggested by the report of a test made in the schools of Utica by Superintendent George Griffith. At his prompting 3,000 children were asked to give their written opinion, anonymously, it is supposed, as to whether one pupil should testify against another. Voluntary telling or "tattling" was not meant in the test, but only 15 per cent of the children noted the distinction, so that the result may be accepted as the children's opinion of the "tattler." The question asked was whether it was right or wrong, and it appears that the boys hold more robust views (judged in the remembrance of old school days) on the matter than do the girls. Of the 2,834 who answered the question, 494 boys, or 38 per cent, and 375 girls, or 25 per cent, considered it right not to tell, the larger percentage of both regarding it as wrong. In other days the "tattler" was ostracized after having been soundly thrashed outside of the school yard, and those who aided in the thrashing can hardly understand the mental attitude of the Utica children, who justify the talebearer, whether his information comes voluntarily or on request.

Why She Prayed.

This story will be appreciated by those who went to Sunday school Sunday and studied the lesson, which was "How to Pray," says the Omaha World-Herald.

In a North Omaha Sunday school the teacher of the primary class was engaged in the task of explaining to the little tots the meaning of the Lord's Prayer.

"Can any little one tell me," she asked, "why we should ask God to give us this day our daily bread?"

A little girl sitting in the front seat raised her hand and shook it with all the vigor of a pupil who knows the answer to a question propounded and wants a chance to tell it.

"Susie knows," said the teacher. "Susie, you tell us why we should ask God to give us this day our daily bread."

"'Cause papa is out of work, and if God doesn't give us bread we'll go hungry," was the startling but practical answer.

Prayers by Telephone.

At a small dinner given recently in a western city, relates the New York Sun, the guest of honor was a young married woman who is the proud mother of two handsome boys, both under 5 years of age. In their education she endeavors to follow a system, after the manner of most young mothers, and is very particular to live up to any rule she has made for them.

During an early course in the dinner, and in the middle of an animated conversation with her host, she suddenly paused with a startled look and cried:

"There, if I did not forget those boys again! Have you a telephone in the house, and may I use it?"

She was taken to the telephone by her host, and the murmur of her voice in earnest conversation floated back to the dining-room. After a short pause she returned.

"I do hope you will pardon me," she said. "But, you see, I always have Georgie and Eddie say their prayers for me before they go to sleep. I forgot it tonight in the hurry of getting off, so I just called up their nurse. She brought them to the 'phone, and they said their prayers over the wire, so my mind is relieved."

On Children's Readings.

Some people congratulate themselves when their children take to reading. But they sometimes forget that a boy is not necessarily out of mischief when he is absorbed in his book. Much depends upon the character of the books and papers he reads. If he revels in such papers as The Police News, Detective on the Wing and The New York Story Paper, or in such books as "Peck's Bad Boy," "New York Ned in California," "Deadwood Dick in Dead City," and "The Wild Man of the Mountain," he is in far worse business than if he slammed the doors, disarranged the rugs and mats, slid down the stair rail or went tearing over the carpet with his rough shoes.

Indian hunters, desperadoes, highway robbers, pirates, runaway boys, snake charmers, gamblers and tramps are no better company in papers and books than in everyday life. If reading serves only to introduce one into disreputable society, or to familiarize one with slang, cheating and fighting or to inculcate wrong views of life, it were better that one remain forever an ignoramus. We should avoid the bad book or bad paper as we would a bad man or woman.

An Instructive Experiment.

The direction of growth of root and stem is not a merely accidental one. A number of investigators have been at work to see what is the cause of this diametrically opposed growth in stem and root. It has been suggested that the action of gravitation would take some part in the guidance of the roots. This is, in fact, the apparent tendency of the following experiments:

Beans have been made to germinate when placed on the circumference of an iron or wooden wheel surrounded with moss so as to maintain the moisture of the seeds, and holding little troughs full of mold open on two sides, the wheel being put in motion in a vertical direction by a current of water and made to describe many revolutions in a minute. In consequence of this rotary movement, producing the particular force known in mechanics as centrifugal force, the action of gravitation is as it were annihilated, and the sprouting seed, removed from its influence, is subjected to centrifugal force only. See what occurs: The

small stems which, in ordinary circumstances, would be directed upward—that is to say, in a direction opposite to the action of gravitation—now turn themselves in the direction opposite to the direction of the centrifugal force, or toward the center of the wheel. The rootlets, which, under ordinary circumstances, would bury themselves in the earth, and in the direction required by laws of gravitation, in reality now point in the direction of the force which has taken the place of gravitation.

With a horizontal wheel the directions of sprout and root are still from and to the wheel's center respectively.

Little Ruth's Question.

Palm Beach, Fla., is virtually owned by Mr. Flagler, of the Standard Oil company, says the Detroit Free Press. When improvements are in progress, it may be assumed that Mr. Flagler is behind them.

Little Ruth is not yet 3 years old, but she is a native of Palm Beach and understands its ways. One day she went to the beach with the expectation of being allowed to go in bathing, but the tide was in and the waves very high. Her mother said that they must wait. The child was very much disappointed.

"Mamma," she said, her lips beginning to tremble, "when will Mr. Flagler let the waves go down?"

The present mean diameter of Jupiter is 86,500 miles, while its mass exceeds that of the earth in the ratio of 316 to 1.

Breeding and Feeding Hogs.

(From Farmers' Review Special Report of Kansas Improved Stock Breeders' Association.)

J. T. Lawton said: In discussing this question I shall confine my remarks to my own practical experience while breeding and feeding hogs. I have found that to be successful the breeder has a great many points to study, that there is considerable more to do than to permit animals to mate or couple at will. The successful breeder must be possessed of the closest and keenest discrimination that his judicious selections will perpetuate only the survival of the fittest. He must bear in mind that the same physical defects occurring in both parents will likely be intensified in the offspring, a defect which will at least be doubled. I will mention a mistake of my own that I made a few years ago. I purchased a boar of one of the most prominent breeders in the country. He was admired by everyone who saw him. They told me I had a hog now that would be hard to beat in the show ring. I thought so, too. I crossed that hog with some of my best sows, expecting to get something fine, something that would bring me fancy prices. Imagine my surprise when most of my pigs from him showed a defect that I had not noticed in either of the parents, but which I could not help but notice in the offspring. We might find some defect in every hog, but the successful breeder must study close the defects of his own herd, and when he makes a selection be sure that the hog bought does not have the same defects as his own, or it will sooner or later be seen in his herd, defects that will not take an expert to show them to him. One mistaken cross may require three or four years of the most careful breeding to regain loss occasioned by it and to win back the herd to be as good as it was two or three years before. A great many breeders do not pay as strict attention as they ought to when they purchase new blood for their herds. They recognize at the time that there are defects plain to be seen even by the inexperienced eye. They make the purchase, knowing well that the same defect exists in their own herds. But then the individual traces to some hogs that have gained a reputation. Hence the pig must be all right. I have always looked upon inbreeding as unsafe, the breed may likely have good results for a while, but I must acknowledge that I do not consider myself competent to steer clear of all the physical defects that are hidden and which are likely to show when we mate related animals. There may be some who consider that they possess the ability to guard against any bad effects. I would be afraid that sooner or later I might be like the sea-tossed mariner without a compass, drifted on to some unknown rock, where all hope of a prosperous voyage would be dashed to pieces, nothing remaining but the wreck. As there is a vast amount of credulity in the young breeder, it is absolutely cruel to start them out without warning. It is necessary that the young breeder exercise some skill in order to achieve his purpose. It is a mistake that some make in thinking that the breeder has nothing to do but to sit down and watch the stock grow.

The remark is often made that there is money in hogs. There is if you know how to get it out. To the breeder who exerts himself there is sure reward. Now, for brood sows, I prefer animals that are not coarse, but growthy. You might perhaps call them a little coarse, but I want them for mothers, good nurses and sucklers. If they are a little too growthy I would correct that tendency with a vigorous, compact and blocky male. The dam should be looked to for vitality and constitution.

Water in Cow Foods.—Milk contains an average of 88 per cent of water. It follows, therefore, that the dairy cow requires an abundant supply of liquid food. The required quantity may be obtained partly from ordinary foods, the water contents of which may vary from 5 to over 90 per cent of their total weight. This contained water, however, is not normally sufficient to meet the requirements of the economy of the animal, and it has been experimentally proved that the form in which the dairy cow receives her necessary amount of liquid food is not without indifference.—Ex.

Hog Cholera Cures.—At a recent meeting of Iowa stock breeders a resolution was adopted as follows: "Resolved, That the advertising of so-called preventive specifics and sure cures for hog cholera in agricultural papers is a fraud upon the public which merits our most severe condemnation. But we are heartily in favor of such national or state investigation into the nature and cause of the disease now destroying the swine industry of our state to the end that a true knowledge of its character may be ascertained and proper means taken to eradicate it."

Ordinary dirt may be easily removed from alabaster by the application of soap and water, but if after this treatment stains still remain, cover them with whiting, leave for some hours, wash off the whiting with clean water and rub the parts where the stains were.

Poultry shows are of great value when properly conducted, but too often they are got up merely for the free advertising the breeders can get.

Better buildings and materials are demanded in our cheese factories and creameries if we would produce better articles of food.

There is every year immense loss of fruit by rotting, due to our imperfect methods of distribution.

Mulching seems to stand all tests well. It is a very valuable adjunct to the horticulturist.