

## IN THE FIFTH YEAR.



**M**ATTIE, what are you doing? Dreaming, I declare! Did you know, child, you have just fifteen minutes to dress in before the dinner-bell rings?"

She had donned her prettiest costume and brightest smiles in honor of the new arrival, Guy Edgerton.

How my beautiful sister would have wondered could she have known that this same new arrival was the hero of my dreams. I will tell you how he came to perform so important a part in them.

We at home home always made it a practice to celebrate the birthdays with a fete. Five years ago, when it lacked but two weeks of my sister's eighteenth birthday, my mother died.

We mourned her loss deeply; but Kate, for her oath's sake, given in the shape of enameled invitation cards, would not give up her usual party.

"Oh, Kate," I pleaded, "please don't have it!"

"You don't know what you are saying, child. I can not change my plans after the invitations are issued, and father thinks it is best."

And so it ended. The party came off, I protesting I would not appear in the drawing-room; and I did not. But, sitting alone on the balcony, watched the forms fit to and fro in the brilliant drawing-room.

I was crying bitterly, when a firm step sounded beside me, and, looking up, I met the gaze of Guy Edgerton, my sister Katie's ardent admirer.

"Why do you not join the company, Miss Howard?"

He bent forward and looked in my face. "What, in tears, little one!" At this I cried harder than ever.

"Won't you tell me what grieves you?"

"At this I told him all. How it seemed to me sacrilegious so to treat my mother's memory."

He said nothing, only smoothed my hair tenderly until I ceased weeping.

As I looked up he said:

"Little Mattie, I am going away tomorrow—going to Europe. Will you kiss me good-bye?"

I was only 15, so I raised my head and kissed him.

"Thank you, little one; and when I come back will you give me a kiss of welcome? I have no mother, no sister, Mattie. No one to welcome me back. Will you?"

"Yes, sir," I sobbed.

He said "Thank you" again, and then left me.

For five years I had heard nothing from him, and now he had returned.

This is what I had been dreaming about this pleasant morning.

The dinner bell roused me from my reverie, and hastily donning my prettiest blue muslin, I sought the dining-room.

As I entered my father presented me to Mr. Edgerton.

"My little daughter, Mattie."

"I think we are already acquainted," he said, and then passed on.

For two weeks every girl at the



KISSED HIM.

house, save myself, tried their fascinations upon him, but to no avail.

"What a pity!" sighed Flo Archer, "that his uptown mansion and huge bank stock have no mistress."

But her sighs were in vain. The last morning of Mr. Edgerton's stay the subject of conversation turned upon kissing. Mr. Edgerton, sitting by, did not join in the conversation. Pretty Flo Archer saucily demanded Mr. Edgerton's opinion.

"Now, really, Mr. Edgerton, don't you like to attend forfeit parties?"

"No, Miss Archer, I do not, I think a kiss obtained by compulsion no kiss at all."

"Fie! We shall get up a party on purpose to test you. We believe you would assist."

"I certainly should not."

"Why, Mr. Edgerton! You shall do penance for that speech."

"You are to tell what lady you kissed last."

"That would not do, as the lady is present, and would be the sufferer, rather than myself."

"Well, then, you may tell how long it is since you kissed her."

"Will you promise not to doubt my word?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Then, Miss Layton, I have kissed no lady for the space of five years."

"Oh, Guy is probably faithful to some fair lady who favored him then," suggested Ned Archer.

"Exactly so, Ned," and he passed to meet his valet, who came with letters.

My cheeks were burning, and I arose and fled to my room. Here Kate burst in upon me.

"Her you are," she said, merrily, "I have been out hunting for you. We have made up a party to ride out to the

Shaker settlement and take dinner and return by moonlight. Won't it be fun, and don't you want to go?"

"No, I guess I had rather stay at home and have a quiet day of it."

"What a little old maid you are! Well, you needn't go unless you want to!" and she was off. I watched them drive away. Then I took my sewing and ensconced myself in a baby window in the quiet, cool parlor.

Scarcely had I seated myself when some one entered the room, repeating those lines of Leigh Hunt's little ballad:

"Say I'm weary—say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have  
missed me;

Say I'm growing old, but add—  
Jennie kissed me!"

My heart gave a great bound, for I recognized Guy Edgerton's voice.

Not knowing I was there, he came to the very window where I was sitting.

He drew back the curtain and looked in upon me.

"Why, Mattie, you here! I thought you were out with the riding party. How cozy you look here. May I sit down beside you?"

"Yes, sir," I answered frankly.

His dark eyes searched my face for a moment, then he said:

"I am going away tomorrow, little one; will you redeem your promise before I go? I have carried the kiss you gave me last through all my travels, darling, and have brought it back to you pure as you gave it. Will you kiss me and be my wife?"

I kissed him.—Boston Herald.

## PAPER-MAKING MACHINERY

Big Swedish Concern Orders Its Equipment in America.

From the Philadelphia Record: American paper-making machinery has scored another victory, the Stora Kopparberg Aktiebolag having ordered two American-made Fourdrinier machines, 107 and 127 inches wide, and weighing respectively 450,000 and 600,000 pounds. The Swedish company, which has for 400 years been engaged in mining copper, which also owns some of the largest saw mills in the world, decided recently to go into paper manufacturing, and purchased the great machinery hall of the Stockholm exposition, which is to be transferred to the grounds of the company and filled with paper-making machinery of the latest and improved patterns, the choice falling upon American makers after a minute personal inspection by the company's experts of the machines and factories of all countries.

## Unconscious Sufferers.

There are numerous cases on record where men suffering from some form of paralysis have been charged with drunkenness, and have suffered in consequence most severely in mind, if not in body. It is far from being an uncommon circumstance for a man to receive in some street row, or, as the result of some practical joke, an injury to the head or spine, not serious enough, perhaps, at the moment to disable him, but certainly dangerous if not attended to at once. He may leave the vicinity where he received the hurt, may possibly walk for miles, go into a restaurant and take something to strengthen the nerves; then go out and gradually sink into a state of unconsciousness and be found in a doorway or lying in the road, bearing every indication of intoxication. The breath may smell of the stimulant he has taken, he is stupid and helpless, and at once the unpracticed eye stamps him as drunk and incapable. Locked up by himself, he speedily becomes feverish and seriously ill, and dies without assistance. This is no highly colored picture—cases occur over and over again, and we regret to say that it appears to be the common practice of the ordinary policeman to arrest and take to the station house any person who is acting strangely or stupidly in the street, or who exhibits signs that are generally accepted as indicating the use of intoxicants. The proper place for these unfortunate persons is not the police station, but the hospital.

## There Is Nothing New.

Apparently we have not learned so much during the last few thousand years or so as we fancy we have. Prof. W. M. Flinders-Petrie, the eminent Egyptologist, has been telling an interviewer of various odds and ends that he has unearthed from time to time in the buried cities of Egypt, where men and women lived and loved, and scheme and fought nearly four thousand years before the Christian era. Among these items were rag dollies, no doubt hugged and rocked to sleep by little Cleopatras every whit as affectionately as the waxen babies made in Germany are today fondled by our small Dorotheas and Phyllises. There were draught-boards, too, and fishing rods, babies' rattles, whip-tops and tip-cats, and many a domestic article that we have nowadays in use. What is more, he and his learned companions were able to discover from the skeletons of men and women who had lain for considerably more than four thousand years "asleep within the tomb," that we moderns cannot even lay claim to a monopoly of such diseases as rheumatism and spinal curvature, and rickets. The penny-in-the-slot-machine, we now know, is nothing new; next we shall hear that the motor car provoked the charioters to mirth, as an ancient comic papyrus of the period shows, when Seneferu, first king of the fourth dynasty, was on the throne considerably before Joseph was sold into bondage.

Length of Whale's Jawbone.  
The average length of a whale's jawbone is seven feet.

## A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

### BETWEEN CHILEAN AND PERUVIAN IRONCLADS.

The Destruction of the Huascar Off the Bolivian Coast—What a Fight Between Modern War-Vessels Means—A Scene of Slaughter.

Claude H. Wetmore has an article in the Century on "A Famous Sea Fight," describing the engagement between Chilean and Peruvian ironclads off the coast of Bolivia in 1879. Mr. Wetmore says: From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Grau had come to the men in the turret through the speaking tube from the conning tower; but when the Blanco crowded into the thick of it, and great shot struck the Huascar's sides as regularly as blows of a battering ram, the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to his superior. There was no answer, and when Commander Elias Aguerre ran up the narrow little ladder that led to the tower he stumbled over the dead body of his admiral. A shell had struck the conning tower and had taken off Grau's head as neatly as if the decapitation had been by the guillotine. This shell also killed Lieutenant Perre, the admiral's aide. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pulled back the tube flap to give his directions; but as he did so the Huascar staggered, keeled over, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrific than any so far told that a shell had entered the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dismantled and twenty men killed. The survivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, thus releasing the clogged machinery; and as the corpses

the peak. One by one, in twos and in threes, the men in the turret dropped at their posts; and at last the remaining great gun was silent, its tackle literally choked with dead. The turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses hung over the military top; corpses clogged the conning tower.

With coats and waistcoats off, the surgeons had been laboring in the ward room upon the wounded, who, shrieking in their agony, had been tumbled down the companionway like so much butchered beef; for there was no time to use stretchers or to carry a stricken comrade to a doctor's care. Steam and smoke filtered through the doorways, and the apartment became stifling. While they were sawing, amputating and bandaging a shell tore into the ward room, burst, and fragments wounded the assistant surgeons, the chief of the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortunates who were stretched upon the table awaiting their turn under the knife, and those who lay upon the floor, suffered no more pain; they were killed as they lay groaning. This shell tore away ward room and stern cabin, and hardly a trace was left of the bulkhead. After that what little surgery was done was performed in the coal-bunkers.

Huddled in a passageway near the engine room were a score or more of non-combatants—stewards, pantrymen, and stokers. They were in a place that was lighted only as flashes came from the guns; it was filled with powder smoke and clouds of steam that drifted from below told that the Huascar had been struck in a vital spot—her machinery. Suddenly they heard a crash, followed by the rending of the deck, and the little ironclad swayed as if she had struck a reef. Some one passed the word that the maintopmast had been shot away. As it came down it brought living men to be dashed to death, also corpses that had been hanging over the sides of the military top. The battle was lost.

## HUNTING IN OFFICE HOURS.

The Easy-Going Rules in the Departments Fifty Years Ago.

"The rules regarding the hours of work of the government employes in the departments," says one who formerly served his country in the capacity of a clerk, according to the Washington Star, "are quite different from those in vogue half a century ago. What would you think if I were to tell you that under the old regime I have known clerks to take their fowling pieces to their offices and after perusing the old Intelligencer, or some other paper, ascertaining the show for work coming to their desks and walking over to the 'p'int,' near where the monument is now, or south of the president's mansion, and shooting a few birds. I have known clerks to go gunning in office hours, but usually those who thus acted were fine shots and successful in bringing down the birds. Poor sportsmen seldom took this privilege, but it was understood all round that all that was necessary was that the work should be kept up. I have on many occasions strolled along the avenue or worked about my home for hours when my office work was well up and nothing was said. There were even messengers who occasionally took French leave.

"On one occasion one of this class joined in a procession and the following day he apologized to his chief, remarking: 'I wanted to ask permission for absenting myself yesterday, but you had not arrived when my company was about to form, so I took leave and now come to ask for it.' 'That was right,' said the chief, 'always take a holiday when you want to, unless you see a rush of business coming, and you will be sure to have it. Only ask for the leave afterward to make it all right. But do not be extravagant. Spend your leaves for some good purpose.' This was when the entire force in the executive departments was not as large as some of the present bureaus, when

## Excellence in Beef Cattle.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review Stenographic Report of meeting of Kansas State Board of Agriculture.)

Prof. C. F. Curtis of Iowa spoke on practical excellence in beef cattle. Last fall a railroad man in Iowa had made the statement that there were 80,000,000 bushels of corn stored along the railroads in that state that could not be marketed at a profit. Things have changed some since then, but there is little doubt that something like the same conditions exist now in Kansas. Within his memory there had not been a time when the outlook for cattle raising was better than at present. He then gave an illustrated talk on the different breeds as beef producers. As we have previously reported this talk, we will omit it now. The subject of gains in beef per pound of feed was discussed.

Q.—In your experiments at the Iowa experiment station is it not shown that cattle having the same breeding and the same age differ greatly as to the comparative gains they can make on the same food?

A.—Yes, sir; there are differences, but those differences are more influenced by the manner of feeding than by the breeding of cattle. We have found that a coarse-bred animal will make more gain than a fine-fleshed animal.

Q.—What advantage do you find in the Shorthorns over the Herefords?

A.—Well, we have made some experiments and have not found much difference. Sometimes our experiments have been in favor of one breed and sometimes of the other. I do not think that we have carried our experiments far enough to be able to say for a certainty which is best.

Mr. Norton—You spoke of that three or four year old Hereford steer gaining more rapidly than some steers of another type. Did he not eat more?

A.—Yes, sir; the big steer is always able to make a better gain than a small one, but it costs more.

Q.—Will it pay to buy Mexican steers for feeding?

A.—I would not advise it as a general thing.

Q.—Is there any difference between the Herefords and Shorthorns as to their grazing qualities?

A.—I am not prepared to express an opinion.

Mr. Potter.—I think there will be more money lost in going to Mexico and other places for feeders than we are likely to make up for some time. They will put these cattle and their expensive feed together and lose both.

Professor Cottell, being called on, said that he agreed with Professor Curtis as to the amount of gain certain animals would make, but that there was an immense difference in individuals as to the use they could make of the same food, even when such animals were of the same breed.

A Member.—Some years ago some of the farmers in my vicinity bought some Texas cattle for fattening purposes. But with the Texas fever and it worked general havoc. Many of the farmers that bought those cattle had been getting along well, but some of them lost so heavily through the fever that they went out of the cattle business altogether. That experience should be a lesson for all.

Mr. C. M. Beeson spoke on the possibilities and probabilities of Western Kansas. Western Kansas is now being used for purposes which nature intended it. Nature designed that part of the state as a grazing region. But the immigrants from Illinois and Ohio had in their mind's eye the pleasant homes they had left, with orchards and grain fields, and expected to reproduce the same conditions in Western Kansas. But the lessons of experience, though costly, are never forgotten. And the attempt at farming with grain as the only resource has been proved to be an expensive failure. The possibility of success in Western Kansas has been changed into a certainty.

## Some Suggestions About Mold.

In the Produce Review Mr. Geo. Stillson says about storing tubs as below: I have just been reading your remarks regarding moldy tubs. I find the greatest trouble is where they are stored before and after packing. Many creameries are infected with mold, and thoroughly seasoned tubs stored in or near them soon become infected. Besides not one cooling room in fifty is clear from it. If stored in there but a short time tubs are infected. Steam will not kill the mold when once in the wood. I don't believe anything but fire will exterminate it. I find many unused cooling rooms filled with tubs when not in use, which I always discourage. There are very few cooling rooms that are good for anything but to keep flies away from articles. A good ice cooling room made by Stevens, the butchers' supply manufacturer of Toledo, I think would be good for creameries. It is the best dry air meat cooler I have seen. I am glad to see you ventilating the subject, but I don't think you give force enough to the storage room where tubs are kept before and after filling. Many store them in cellars, damp and musty, unfit for use. Dry storehouse or loft is preferred.

Unfertile Eggs.—For commercial purposes unfertile eggs are preferred to fertile ones. Roosters are of no value except when the eggs are desired for hatching purposes. If farmers would send infertile eggs to market, there would be fewer spoiled eggs to drag down the general market prices, for the infertile eggs keep very much longer than the fertile eggs. This would be a great thing in shipping to commission men, for the latter candle all eggs and throw out those that have begun to spoil. This loss is charged back to the farmer that sent the eggs to the commission man.

Every finely bred horse tends to raise the general price of all horses, while every scrub tends to lower it. After a shirt has been to the laundry about three times it is pretty well done up.



BRIGHTEST FEATURE OF THE BICYCLE SEASON.

rattled down, other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into the pools of blood to seize hold of the gear and swing the remaining gun into position, that it might train upon one of the ships—they could no longer make out which, nor did they care—and it was discharged, hauled in, loaded, and discharged again. Once more all was silent in the conning tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given his first command when a bullet from a well aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. Then the fourth to command the Huascar that day, Lieutenant Pedro Gareson, took the place, and as he did so he called through an aperture, telling the quartermaster to put the helm to port; for he had determined to ram one of the adversaries, and sink with her if necessary. Over and over spun the wheel, but the Huascar's head still pointed between the Chileans.

"Port! Port, I say!" screamed the commander.

"She won't answer," came back the sullen reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive; the bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet.

"A shot has carried away the starboard steering gear, sir," reported an ensign; and he dropped dead as the words left his mouth.

The Huascar now lay drifting in a hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white and red fluttered from

## The Impotence of Latin.

The usefulness of Latin quotations for literary and dramatic purposes is still a negative quantity in America. This is forced upon one, once again, by listening to the lines of a new play, by an Englishman, that was first shown here last week. Every once in a while there is a reference to the patria pastas of the Romans; but it leaves the audience cold and innocent of the author's intent. A dashing, swaggering, slangy stockbroker delivers the quotation about ad astra, translating it flippantly as "So we shoot the moon." But there is not a ghost of a smile in front of the footlights. The fact is Latin is not a language with which to conjure in America. In England all these points would tell, because, for the most part, every man in the theater has been to a school where Latin was pounded in most thoroughly. With French our people pretend a more intimate acquaintance. When, in this same play, a flunkey mispronounces haut en bas with grandiloquent pomposity, all the audience achieves an audible laugh. But Latin—no! I shall never forget the delightful sensation of hearing two dear dames, some years ago, discussing the plays of the day, and one asking the other if she had seen Mr. Mansfield in "The Man and His Arms!"—Criterion.

## Fallen Idols.

Wayworn Watson—"Here is one of these story writers who says in the papers that genius is nothing but hard work." Perry Patetich—"Nothin' but hard work? And to think that I used to have a great respect for them fellers who could write!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## He Knew the Sound.

A child who had been told that "to excavate" meant "to hollow out," was asked to form a sentence as an example of its use. "The baby excavates when it is hurt," said he.—Ex.

Bound to Succeed.  
He—"May I kiss you just once?" She—"No." He (unabashed)—"How many times?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.