



OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I; Fame, love and fortune on my foot-steps wait.

AN AERIAL ROMANCE

No one who saw the tawdry finery of his tinsel trappings and the cheap appointments of the famous Signor Salviatorita as single banded and alone he prepared the paraphernalia for his tight-rope performance which had brought him his glory would have ever imagined that there was time or space in his busy life for a romance.

"The greatest act I ever done" he said with a natural and easy disregard of accent and syntax, "I done in an Ohio town about ten years ago. I was doing my turn there for a week, as it was the county fair season, and I was following their trail like a sleuth, for they brought people to town and helped my business, never none too good.

"In this case I not only stopped at this boarding house, but the landlady let me stretch my rope from her roof to the roof of the house across the way, and as it was the main street of the town, it was convenient all the way round for me.

"She had only been polite to me because I had been polite to her, as any gent should be when there is a pretty woman around, and the landlady was the prettiest little woman, about as big as a piece of soap, I had met.

"As I was saying, when I got to her she had slung the cover to the scuttle hole over it and was sitting on it with her jaws set and trying to stick her toes into the roof to help hold it down.

"I guess that's all there is to it," smiled the signor, picking up his balancing pole and pointed to a date line and some initials on it. "This is the one that staided us over, and the little woman had them put on there when she became the blushing bride of Signor Salviatorita," and the Signor bowed with a sweep that would have entranced an audience of millions.

"Are you afraid?" said she. "Some," says I, nodding toward the scuttle hole.

"Then," says she, "grab hold of me right quick and carry me across the rope over to Mrs. Peck's house so's my husband won't get at me with that axe."

"She had more nerve in a minute than I had in a week, but when she said that my professional pride come to me, and without any more talk I reached for my balancing pole, and, stooping down so she could get on my back, which she didn't like very much, I made a quick run for the end of the rope just as the crazy husband come out of the scuttle through the barrel and tumbled down on the roof half-smothered with sand, I told her to hold tight and do the prayin' for both of us and I thought I could get her through safe.

"The crowd yelled about twice, and then all of a sudden got so still I could hear the little woman's heart beat. Anyway, I thought I could, but maybe it was my own. I knew when they done that the crowd had seen the man on the roof with the hatchet and recognized him, for all the people in the town knew the kind of a fellow he was.

"White I was thinking about him cutting the rope I was getting along it toward the safe end as fast as I could, the little woman hanging on till she nearly choked me, but it didn't hurt, and I was standing it beautiful. It's funny how a man will find pleasure in life when there's so much in sight that ain't, and I nearly forgot the man with the hatchet thinking about the little woman's arms holding onto my neck as the only hope for her life. But it was only for a second; then I felt a jar on the rope and I choked and braced myself, for I was sure that the crazy man was beginning to cut, and I knew that three or four licks would be enough. I waited for the second jar, but it didn't come, and in its place came a spring to the rope, as if a weight had been taken off it, followed by a swishing sound and a dull thud on the sidewalk fifty feet below us.

"That we are," he would answer, "and times when you don't come when I expect you, I realize how dear you are to us. Neither wife nor I think that the morning or the afternoon is perfect if you don't come in to see us. Your father told me the other day that I would spoil you; that you had begun to have ideas of marriage, as I spoke about a few minutes ago."

"There is no one I know of," she answered. "There are many young fellows around here who would like to marry you, that I know," he answered. "I don't love them," she would say, with a shake of her head. "The man I marry must have my love."

"How is Martino?" "He is well," answered Paulo. "He is in St. Louis in far-away America."

"He is a good man. Yes, he's a good son," he repeated. The girl looked at him and nodded assent.

"Yes he is good—and handsome," she added, for she had seen his photograph, although she had never seen him.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Not from airy heights descending When the lengthening shadows fall; Not with mournful accents blending With the owl's lonely call; But within my lowly dwelling When I quench the glimmering light, Clearly through the silence welling Rise the Voices of the Night.

Ah! I still my heart's quick beating, And some prayer I mutter o'er, Vainly for response entreating, Vainly; for they come once more; "Henry, some one's in here, surely, There's a smell of smoke, I think, Did you bolt that door securely?"— Papa! Papa! Want a drink?

A ROMANCE.

Chapter I.

Old Paulo Serati sat beneath the tree in his front yard during the long summer day and listened to Angela Argenti read to him. She lived on another street, but she was a firm friend of old Paulo, and there was not a day that passed that she did not come and read to him.

"She was bright and pretty, with long eyelashes and deep black eyes that looked up into the old man's face, mirroring the love she had for him in her heart. There were times, too, when she would tell him that it was not necessary to read so much, and then she would sing some of the good, old fashioned tunes that he had sung when he was a boy on the farm."

"Ah, my lass, you must get a good husband." This always caused her to toss her head, showing two rows of pearly white teeth.

"You are already married," she would retort, and his wife would often join them in this good-natured joking.

"There is not a girl in all Italy any prettier than you," old Paulo used to tell her, "and I don't believe there is one your equal in Milan. I like you so well, my lass, that I am anxious to have you marry some good man. The good father was telling me just the other day that I must look after you."

"But my own father and mother can do that," she would answer. "You don't seem to realize that they are living and that I am very happy with them."

"I know," said Paulo, "but I don't think that they can think more of you than I do. Why, I've known you since you were a little baby lying in your mother's arms and cooing whenever I came near you."

"There are many young fellows around here who would like to marry you, that I know," he answered. "I don't love them," she would say, with a shake of her head. "The man I marry must have my love."

"How is Martino?" "He is well," answered Paulo. "He is in St. Louis in far-away America."

"He is a good man. Yes, he's a good son," he repeated. The girl looked at him and nodded assent.

"Yes he is good—and handsome," she added, for she had seen his photograph, although she had never seen him.

to talk to you in the language," replied his friend.

"I will become a native of this country," Martino responded, "but I will marry an Italian girl. I don't know who it will be," he hastened to add, "for I don't intend to marry until I am prosperous; until I can support a wife in the manner in which she should be supported. You know I hope some day to have a home of my own, out in the suburbs of some city. There I can have room to stir around in and not be huddled together like we are compelled to live in the tenements and in the crowded city streets."

"You want to sit out in the yard like the old people do in Italy, eh?" said his friend. "Do you often think of that?"

"Very often," responded Martino. "My father and mother, I warrant, are at this instant sitting out in our yard."

His voice choked, and two big tears came. But that was a dozen years ago, and he was a young man, and he was unacquainted with the country and the customs and was often homesick. But he learned rapidly. He bought a reader and he soon mastered the language, and aside from this he heard the language all the time.

Martino first lived in New York, but he did not like it there, and so he came West, finally settling in St. Louis. His first business prospered, and he accumulated considerable wealth, which he invested in property. The city grew out and around 5213 Shaw avenue. He lived there and owned the property. Time dragged along. He was lonely.

"You ought to be married," one of his friends told him. "I remember that you said once that when you were able to do so you would marry some Italian girl."

"But I don't know of any," he answered. "Wasn't there one in Italy?" his friend asked him.

"None," he replied. But the subject reverted to his mind a dozen times. He thought about it much of the time. He looked ahead into the future and saw himself married, with a family around him, and spending the last days quietly and peacefully like his father was doing over in Italy.

"I will write to my father," he said. Chapter III. Old Paulo Serati held the letter in his hand and laughed loud and long.

"Martino wants us to find a wife for him," he said to his wife, "he likes America, but he knows where the beautiful women live; where the good wives come from. It is here in Milan; here in Italy."

"We can find him a wife," she answered. Then Paulo laughed and laughed again.

"Here comes Angela," he said. "I will let her read the letter."

"We have a letter from Martino," he said, "and I want you to read it. See what he says."

"Have you found him a wife?" she asked. "Yes," said Paulo. "I think I know a girl who loves him now. She will make him a good wife. She has never met him, though."

"Who is it?" she asked, her voice being so low that it was with difficulty that she was understood.

"You," said Paulo. She threw the letter down on the chair and ran out of the room and to her home. There she told her parents what her friends had decided.

"Ah, but that is a long way," said her father.

and mother that she knew that she would be happy, for she did love Martino, and she believed that he would love her. Paulo was certain of this and so assured her.

Finally all the adieux were said, and she had started for America. The trip was a long and tedious one, particularly the ocean voyage. Sometimes she thought that she would never reach land again, and after reaching land she wondered how long it would take her to get to St. Louis.

There was much to interest her, and the time flew by with the train, and soon she saw the city. Her heart beat violently as the train rushed up through the yards, passing scores of cars that were being switched here and there, and then the train came to a standstill. It was such a big place that she was a bit frightened at first. There was a big crowd around, too, and she was a little afraid that Martino would not be able to find her.

She recognized him at once, from the photograph, and he knew her, too. Then she knew that her worry was over, for she was safe, she knew, with his arm around her and his kiss still hot on her lips. The marriage was yesterday afternoon in the little Catholic church on Manchester road. Today a letter will start for Milan, and there will be four supremely happy people in that city when the letter is received.—St. Louis Republic.

Reversible Sentences. Scandalous society and life make gossips frantic.

This reads backward: Frantic gossips make life and society scandalous.

Apply the same rule to the others given below:

Dies slowly fading day; winds mournful sigh; Bright stars are waking; Flies owlet, hooting, holding revel high.

Night silence holding. Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithful served he God.

She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone. Dear Harry—Devotedly yours remain I. Have you forgotten \$20 check? Reply immediately please, and hand to yours—Grace Darling.

Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly. Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.

Love is heaven and heaven is love, youth says. All beware! says age. Trying is poverty and fleeting is love.

Badly governed and fearfully troubled now is Ireland. Exercise take; excess beware; Rise early and breathe free air; Eat slowly; trouble drive away; Feet warmish keep; blend work with play.

Adieu, darling! Time flies fast; sails are set, boats are ready. Farewell!

Matter and mind are mysteries. Never mind. What is matter? Matter is—never mind. What is mind? Mind is—never matter.

Honesty and truth are good and admirable qualities, as sympathy and love are endearing traits. Politics and religion avoid arguing in. Here is good and sound advice.

Women Smokers. There is no doubt that the number of women who indulge in the cigarette is largely on the increase, and it is no longer true to say that the only ladies who smoke are Bohemians. There could be no better proof of the vogue which the cigarette is enjoying among womenkind than the fact that various branches of trade have started to cater for women smokers. All the smoking implements are constructed in the costliest and prettiest fashion. The cigarettes are made up in satin cases with jeweled sides, which might be used as puff cases when empty. Cigarettes, if often used, leave a tell-tale stain on the thumb, so to protect my lady's pink fingers cigarette tongs of the prettiest description are manufactured. A favorite smoking cap is the Turkish fez, which is always becoming to a pretty face, especially when worn in conjunction with a smoking coat or Japanese kimono.

Still at the Old Stand. A boy about 15 years old stood by the side of a penny-in-the-slot machine in one of the Chicago elevated railway stations the other morning weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter, son?" asked a man on his way to the upper platform, stopping a moment at the doorway. "I put a cent in this slot," blubbered the boy, "and it was the wrong slot. I didn't get any gum!"

"Is that all, my lad?" said the man. "Show me the right slot and I'll drop one in for you."

"I'd rather d-drop it in myself!" sobbed the urchin. The sympathizing citizen gave him the coin and hurried up the stairway. And when the sympathizing citizen came back from downtown, ten hours later, that boy was still standing by the side of that penny-in-the-slot machine, with his pocket full of one-cent coins, and still blubbering.

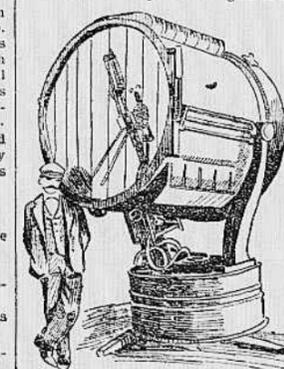
Little Hurt by an Eighty-Foot Fall. Joseph Graf, aged 17, was at work on the roof of the new Hetrick block, at Lima, Ohio, when he slipped and fell. He turned a somersault, and when he reached the ground, about eighty feet below, he lit on his feet, but fell forward unconscious, and was picked up for dead. He regained consciousness several hours later, and it was found that he had escaped with a broken arm.

A BIG SEARCH-LIGHT.

IT THROWS A BEAM TWO HUNDRED MILES TO SEA.

Located at Sandy Hook and is Used to Detect the Presence of Hostile Ships Menacing New York City—It is the Largest of Its Kind in the World.

Not the least effective of the many appliances which the Government has erected in the outer harbor, for the protection of New York City, is a new invention for casting a ray of light seaward for the purpose of revealing to the gunners the presence of hostile ships. For some time several members of the Signal Corps and officers of the artillery have been experimenting with the search-lights at Sandy Hook and Fort Wadsworth. At present there are two projectors at Fort Wadsworth, each having reflectors thirty inches in diameter. It is intended to place two lights of the same power on the works at Fort Hamilton. The single great search-light at Sandy Hook is the largest in the world. It was constructed by the General Electric Company for purposes of exhibition, and was so successful that the Government purchased it and placed it at Fort Hancock, where it now sweeps the sea for thirty miles from its pedestal, close to the shore of the Hook.



It throws a light two hundred miles.

The reflecting lens is 90 inches in diameter. It is a concave, spherical mirror and reflects a sensibly parallel ray of light. This lens is 3 1/4 inches thick at the edge and only 1-16 of an inch thick at the center. It weighs 800 pounds. The metal ring which surrounds it is 750 pounds in weight.

Just how far a beam of light reflected by this projector can be seen has not yet been definitely determined. It is estimated that it is capable of manifesting itself for a distance of between 200 and 300 miles.

The 20-inch projector now at Fort Wadsworth, and soon to be placed at Fort Hamilton, throws a beam of light nearly a hundred miles. The power of the light is approximately equal to 100,000 candles.

Habits of Animals Change. Civilization's advance is responsible for a remarkable change of habits in more than one wild animal. A familiar instance is that of the kea, the great New Zealand parrot, which was formerly esteemed as a friend to the farmer, but which has become a dreaded scourge on account of its acquired taste for the kidney fat of sheep. Dr. Schonland mentions the chacma baboon as a Cape Colony animal that has become similarly transformed. It has taken to killing lambs for the milk with which they have filled their stomachs, and it is increasing to an alarming extent on account of its wariness and the protection and natural food afforded by the fast-spreading prickly pear. Another South African example is the so-called "wet-gat sprouw" (Spreo bicolor). This animal is now very destructive to fruit, which a few years ago it was never known to touch. Its food consisting chiefly of insects. The Maanhaar jackal seems to have partially acquired a new liking. While its ordinary food is insects, and Dr. Schonland has been unable to find anything else in its stomach, farmers in certain districts—possibly where man has reduced its food—insist that it is very destructive to small stock.

Hip Pockets Unlawful. South Carolina's latest plan for reducing the number of homicides is a bill recently introduced in the Legislature which makes it unlawful to have a hip pocket in the rear of the trousers or coat. Provision, however, is made for persons who may be permitted, for good reason, to carry a gun; they are granted a license, but must also wear conspicuously a metal badge which bears the legend: "I have my gun concealed."

Antwerp an Ivory Market. Antwerp recently has become the principal ivory market of the world. It has surpassed Liverpool for nearly two years in the amount of imports. This change of centre is due to the fact that, while all the tusks from central tropical Africa were formerly carried to Zanzibar and thence to Bombay and Liverpool, a large part of the trade has now been diverted down the Congo to the Belgian steamer, and they land the product at Antwerp.

Boys. Give the average boy a doughnut to divide with another boy and the other boy will get the whole. Give him a dose of corrective medicine to divide with another boy, and the other boy will get the whole. The boy who sings "I want to be an angel!" louder than any one else in Sunday-school is just as likely as not to clip the superintendent's tall hat off with a snowball as soon as he gets outside.

Designs Historic Costumes. Mrs. Helen Winsor Wilson might properly be called "dressmaker to the stage." She has probably made more costumes for famous actresses than any woman in the country. Mrs. Wilson says of her work:

"Where do I get my ideas? Entirely from the character. Sometimes this is an easy matter, but more often it requires hard study. When Miss Conquest came to me for a gown for 'Bohemia' I had but to read Du Manier to learn what a Muzette should wear—an up-to-date girl of the Latin Quarter—but when Jessie Bartlett Davis came it was more difficult. As Dolores of the 'Serenaders' she must wear a Spanish costume of the present day. Historical plays are, perhaps, the least difficult, as I can go to the library and find so much material. Renee de Cochford must be given such a gown as a lady would wear who lived quietly in her own home away from the court of Louis XIII. She was of strong character, so I made her gown of satin and velvet and deep color, while her sister was robed in soft, white, clinging stuffs.

"For 'Rosemary' I dived into the fashions of 1840. The costume of the maid Priscilla was true to the times in every detail, as was that of Dorothy—Miss Adams—though the quaint fashion of her gown was not unlike the styles of to-day. Miss Adams was Mrs. Donnant in the 'Squire of Dames' wore an up-to-date gown.

"The court gown of Miss Kimball in the 'Prisoner of Zenda' was made according to rule. You know the court of St. James demands feathers in the hair—a veil, a train with an actual sweep upon the floor of four yards, and so on through the list of stated requirements. When I got up the gowns for 'Aristocracy' I sent to the master of ceremonies and compiled to the last letter. Any one of my court gowns could have been worn at a presentation to the Queen. The materials used were of the very best. The gowns were lined throughout with heavy silk, and the finish was equal to any costly gown."

Fifty-Dollar Fruit Trees. An Eastern farmer estimates the value of a bearing apple tree at \$50. It depends, some trees are worth more than that amount, but we have seen heavy bearing trees that were not worth 500, because of the inferior quality of the fruit. In planting an orchard try to select stock that will develop into \$50 trees, there's the point.

One Way to Fix It. "Bridget, you've broken as much china this morning as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?" "O! don't know, mum, unless you raises me wages."