

### Averting a Parallel.

MISS REBECCA JOCELYN had been gardening and was as full of life and hope as the young plants she tended; she therefore felt impatient upon entering the sitting-room to find her sister in tears.

"What is the trouble now, Annie?" she asked, ungraciously. "How foolish to sit here with the blinds closed, the glorious morning light and air shut out, crying—as if you haven't everything to make you happy!"

Miss Annie raised a tear-wet face, and rose with gentle dignity. "Rebecca," she said, tremulously, "if at times I seek shade and solitude, it is because they correspond to my inner life. Be more charitable in your judgments and remember that each heart knoweth its own bitterness."

As Miss Annie's heels clicked softly up the stairs, Miss Rebecca looked after her remorsefully. "It is too bad of me," she said, and she threw open the blinds, letting a flood of sunshine into the room. "Her feelings are much finer than mine and she is so emotional. I wonder what ailed her this morning?"

A magazine lay in the chair her sister had vacated, and, taking it up, she seated herself by the open window and turned the pages. First, a long article on bee culture, profusely illustrated—she wondered Annie would read the magazine, being so mortally afraid of bees; following it was a story, and the page was wet with tears. Here was evidently the cause of her sister's emotion, so she read the story. It was such a one as all readers are familiar with in some form—young charms outshining old ones, and ensuing grief. In this particular story a maiden lady's heart had long been dedicated to a gentleman who had also seemed to prefer her; then her hopes were abruptly shattered by the appearance on the scene of a slip of a girl, her niece, who infatuates the gentleman and marries him.

When Miss Rebecca reached the conclusion, she raised her eyes and looked out of the window with contracted brows. It was rather pathetic, to be sure, but why should it affect Miss Annie? Her wandering gaze alighted on the house opposite and a smile broke over her face. "It couldn't be that, could it?" she exclaimed, and fell to looking at it so hard that an elderly gentleman who was just coming from the door raised his hat and stood bareheaded under the impression that so fixed a smile must be meant for him.

The hall clock struck nine. "It is nearly train time," commented Miss Rebecca. "Betty must be welcomed properly," and she arose and began to rearrange the already neat room.

Upstairs in her own room, Miss Annie sat drying her tears. "It is too bad! It is really unbearable! I can see it all. Betty, how could you!" She reached for a picture that lay on the table and looked reproachfully at the fresh young face. "Betty, how could you!" Her sobs burst forth again. "Something must be done," she said. "If I only dared confide in Rebecca!"

A ring of the doorbell brought her to her feet. "She's here!" exclaimed Miss Annie, startled, but before the

frances of tears could be removed, Miss Rebecca was at the door, saying that Col. Welby, their neighbor over the way, had sent them a basket of choice lettuce, with his compliments.

Miss Annie stood trembling. "I have only one question to ask, Rebecca," she said, solemnly, "did he know Betty would be here?"

"Betty! He doesn't even know we have a niece."

Miss Annie sat down. "I don't feel quite well," she explained. "You will, of course, return our thanks to Col. Welby. It was very nice of him, very kind and thoughtful."

"I've already returned thanks," replied Miss Rebecca, also seating herself. "Col. Welby is a neighbor we ought to be grateful for, Annie," she said, invitingly.

"I realize it," faltered Miss Annie. "He is a gentleman," continued Miss Rebecca, "of good heart and sound common sense."

"I know it," assented Miss Annie. "I'm trying to say that I believe Col. Welby is in love with you, and I believe, too, that you're in love with Col. Welby. Why don't you settle it before something happens?" and Miss Rebecca, startled at her own boldness, fled from the room, reaching the hall as the bell rang again, this time really announcing Betty. Much commotion followed, during which Miss Annie had no time to reflect on her emotions.

Miss Betty Jocelyn was a lively girl of 18 and won her way at once into the hearts of her aunts, Miss Annie and Miss Rebecca, though the former was 25 and the latter 30 years of age. It was almost a trial to Miss Annie that she liked the girl so much. Before she had been there a week Betty had revolutionized the staid little establishment; her popular songs had taken the place of Miss Annie's ballads on the piano, her half-finished pieces of fancy work lay here and there about the tidy sitting-room, her guitar occupied the sofa, and her pug dog the mending basket. She had made the acquaintance of everyone in the neighborhood, Col. Welby first of all, after which she sought him constantly, while Miss Annie looked on with wordless foreboding. Miss Rebecca had "said her say" to Miss Annie, and she never repeated herself.

The climax was reached when one evening in the third week of the visit Miss Annie from the window overheard these words in the garden below: "Then you would really marry a man so much older than yourself?" asked the colonel, and Betty answered with a matter of fact "yes."

Miss Annie sat dry-eyed and calm. She had known it would come. "There is only one thing I blame myself for," she said, looking about the room, which suddenly seemed quite empty. "I might have warned him and did not. I don't know that he would have heeded it, but at least I might have done that much. My dream is over," she exclaimed to the familiar objects that had received her confidences. "but my duty shall be done now, though so late."

She descended to the sitting-room and returned with the magazine containing the parallel story, pencil in hand as if to mark a lesson. Her firmness almost gave way as she reread the secret tender thoughts the heroine had directed to the hero, but she passed quickly along till the entrance of the niece, when the pencil came into play. After the description of the niece's beauty she wrote in a small disguised hand, "skin-deep,"

"fading," when her "artless" ways with the elderly lover were dwelt on, she wrote a line through the "less" and wrote above it "ful," after the various stages of his infatuation she wrote "incautious," "unwise," "foolish," "absurd;" and at his proposal she wrote "a ruinous mistake," "happines impossible." She then wrapped the magazine and addressed it to Col. Welby, still in the disguised hand. Then she laid her head on it and wept for a moment. "If I cannot be happy," she whispered, "at least I will not see you invite misery blindly."

She retired early without seeing anyone, and six o'clock the following morning saw her walking firmly in the direction of the adjoining town, three miles distant, where she meant to mail the magazine to prevent any possible suspicion of the sender. The warning should reach him as if from the hand of fate. The way was long, but she reached the desired office at last and mailed the precious roll, and as she turned to pass out she met—Col. Welby entering.

The effect was paralyzing on poor Miss Annie. She stood still and looked at him fixedly, much to his confusion. "What is the matter, Miss Jocelyn?" he asked, taking her cold hands. "You



STOOD STILL AND LOOKED AT HIM.

Stood still and looked at him. My cart is here; will you permit me to drive you home—or shall I get assistance?"

"You will please pardon me," said Miss Annie. "I did not sleep well last night and walked out early, hoping to be refreshed by the morning air. You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, if you are quite well enough. It is about your niece."

Miss Annie gave a little gasp. "I am listening."

Col. Welby drove very slowly. "Your niece is a confiding young creature," said he. "She is in trouble, and wishing to spare you when you were unwell, as she says you have been lately, she honored me with her confidence. Your sister, though a noble young woman, hardly invites the outpourings of a young heart. I should imagine; at any rate, Miss Betty came to me. She has a suitor three times her age, but very wealthy, who is so persistent in his attentions that she has half accepted him. Her appeal to me was for advice, and she laid his character before me. My counsel was to say 'no' most decidedly. I do not believe in such differences in age. I told her that though she was an orphan she might have the benefit of advice from as true and good a source as could be desired from Miss Annie Jocelyn."

### GROWING GOLD.

The earth reeled to Miss Annie, but she articulated a faint "thank you." "There is much more I would like to say to you, Miss Jocelyn—Miss Annie, if you would not think me presumptuous. I have more than admired you, dear Miss Annie, for a long time, but until I contrasted you and your niece I did not properly appreciate your beautiful dignity. I love you, Miss Annie. Could you be happy as my wife?" The colonel's arms were close around Miss Annie as he said this, who found voice enough to murmur "yes."

It was afternoon of the following day before she remembered through the mist of her happiness the magazine she had posted. It was called to her mind by the colonel appearing with it in his hand. "I have here, my dear," he said, "the August number of the magazine. Some friend has sent it to me, doubtless because it contains a fine article on bee culture, in which I am interested. But I had already purchased a copy. Permit me to give you this one; there may be something of interest to you in it. Shall we look at it now?"

Miss Annie grasped it with eagerness. "I am deeply interested in bees!" she exclaimed, "but with your permission I will look at it later. I should prefer to talk."

"And I also," beamed the colonel.—Tousskeeper

All She Needed Was Time. "I just saw Miss Croesus go into the conservatory with that foreign nobleman. Are they engaged?"

"Oh, I hardly think so, as yet. Give her 15 minutes more."—Chicago Post.

A Divided Pleasure. Briggs—Allow me to have the pleasure of returning the sovereign that I borrowed the other day. Sniggs—Thanks; the pleasure is mine.—Tit-Bits.

A Musical Family. Patience—Did you say that she came from a musical family? Patrice—Yes; she has a brother who is a drummer and her father is a tutor.—Yonkers Statesman.

Categorical. Screechley—Did my singing make a bit? Wigwag—My dear fellow, it was just howling success.—Illustrated American.

So Sarcasitic. Willie—I once knew a girl who nearly died from ice cream poisoning. Nellie—The very ideal I would never have dreamed of such a thing happening to a girl of your acquaintance.—Indianapolis Journal.

Very Green. She—Did your grandfather live to a green old age? He—Well, I should say so! He was hunched three times after he was 70.—Harlem Life.

Not Untimely. The Friend—And did no physician attend your husband during his last illness? The Widow—No; poor John died a natural death.—N. Y. Journal.

A Pleasant Reminder. "I'm afraid that if you marry my daughter she'll learn to forget me." "If you feel that way you might let her see your name on a check about once a month."—Town Topics.

### GROWING GOLD.

The mystery has been satisfactorily explained by a chemist's experiments.

It is generally supposed that the nuggets which are found in the river gravels of Klondike and other auriferous regions have been brought down by the rivers direct from the reefs in which the gold originally lay.

Many practical miners and scientific men, however, have long been of opinion that this cannot be the case, says the London Mail, for no masses of gold of so large a size are ever found in the reefs themselves. They believe, on the other hand, that the nuggets have grown where they are now found, just as a crystal of salt will grow in strong brine; but with so insoluble a substance as gold it was difficult to understand how such growth could take place. Experiments carried out in Australia have shown that decaying vegetable matter will cause the deposition of gold from solutions of gold salts, but these salts are not known to occur in reefs.

The mystery is now solved. A Slavonic chemist named Zaigmody has just shown that gold itself can exist in a soluble form. By acting on a slightly alkaline solution of a gold salt with formaldehyde and submitting the product to dialysis he has succeeded in obtaining gold in a colloidal condition, in which state it is soluble in water and may be precipitated by the addition of common salt. It is probable that some of the gold in quartz reefs exists in this condition. It is washed out by the rain, carried away in solution by the rivers, and deposited in the river gravels wherever there is anything containing salt to cause its precipitation. In the course of ages a large nugget may in this way be formed.

SWELLS ON STREET CARS.

They Cause a Foreigner Much Surprise While Traveling in This Country.

"Nothing that I have seen in the United States," says a European, who has just returned to his native country, "seemed more typical of American institutions, than the people one sees on street cars. The passengers on one of these vehicles epitomize the whole character of the country. I was astonished the first time I saw women beautifully dressed climb into them and take their places next to workmen, and in the evening when men and women in evening dress take their places alongside persons dressed in the poorest fashion, the sight is one that could not be duplicated in any other country in the world. There are, of course, trams in all the great European cities, but they are more restricted in the quality of their patrons. In them one sees the comfortably dressed and the poor. But not people of the social position who ride here in the public conveyances. The reason, of course, is the prevalence abroad of the cheap cabs, which are low enough in price to be accessible to anybody, but those of the humblest means. Sometimes they are used by persons who find it cheaper to carry bundles in that way than to send them by messengers. Americans who go to Europe have been astonished sometimes to see washerwomen delivering their baskets in cabs. But that sight is no more surprising to them than it is to the foreigner who sees women beautifully dressed in the

### POWER IN WATER.

How a Little Mountain Brook in New York State is Made to Give Up Light and Power.

The case with which small streams of water can be turned to account for supplying electric light and power is well illustrated in an installation which has been completed at a sanitarium in the heart of the Sullivan county mountains, where a saving in fuel would naturally be of exceptional desirability. A brook which flows through the property is part of the headwaters of the Delaware river. It has a fall of 70 feet on the estate, but it is at best an exceedingly small stream. In order to get the water storage it was necessary to build a dam 250 feet across and 20 feet high. This made a basin of nearly a mile in area, and holds water enough to run the entire plant 52 days without rain. The dam was built entirely of stone hewn on the site. The sanitarium consists of six large frame buildings, built on various hills, and included in a radius of half a mile. Not only are all these buildings generously lighted within, but the grounds and walks are studded with 100-hour long-burning arcs, and the tourist coming suddenly on this distant mountain brook could imagine himself in a city suburb. The plant is running so successfully that it would seem worth the while of any large institution or other requiring light and power to investigate any water power no matter how unpretentious—in the vicinity. Such an installation as that mentioned should, with ordinary management, very quickly pay for itself in the saving of fuel and other advantages.

### VASTLY DIFFERENT.

Great Contrast Between the Lives Led by the Money-Getter and the Money-Spender.

A man and woman boarded a Euclid car the other day and attracted considerable attention from the other passengers, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. There was nothing flashy or sensational in their appearance, and yet they were a pair who would be sure to draw more than ordinary notice. She was handsome, fine-eyed, broad of shoulders, full in figure, a rich color in her cheek, a mass of dark hair beneath her plumed hat—the highest type of a well-fed, well-groomed society woman. By her side sat a slender, slightly stooped-shouldered, hollow-checked, wrinkled man. His complexion was like parchment, his eyes were weak, his hair thin. As he raised his gloved hand it trembled slightly. His age might be anywhere between 40 and 70.

"That's the modern contrast," said a man on the back seat. "One is the money getter, the other the money spender. That fellow makes himself prematurely old grubbing for dollars to decorate the woman. Look at her, and then look at him. Till he sleeps the sleep of the just, while he has seven distinct kinds of insomnia. It's too bad!"

"Say, you're not a married man, are you?" inquired the youth with the loud plaid necktie, who sat next to the monist.

"You bet your life I'm not!" coarsely replied the latter.

Treatment of Mexican Prisoners. The term of a prisoner in Mexico is divided into three periods. The first is occupied with penal labor, the second is spent in the training school, with small-pay, and the third is preparatory to freedom, with paid work and many privileges.

England's Wonderful Money Coinage. The total amount of money coined by all the queen of England's predecessors on the throne was \$1,025,000,000. During the present reign the mint has turned out \$2,250,000,000, including \$700,000,000 in India—a record for all time.

A Study in Horticulture. Expectant Father—Well, is it a little peach? Excited Nurse—No, sir; it's a little pair.—Yonkers Statesman.

Pride. "No," said the chimney sweep, "I'm not proud—though I was once stuck up in a chimney."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Logical Inference. Yeast—Henpeck says he has discovered how to use his voice. Crisnoback—Oh! has he got a divorce?—Yonkers Statesman.

She Had It. She—I hope your heart is in the right place. He—I hope so. Where did you put it?—Town Topics.

The Common Fate. Gozys—How's Mitchell getting along since he learned to cycle? Gagly—On crutches.—Tit-Bits.

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### THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

A Recent Visitor Says That an Irishman Occupies It, and Will Not Admit Visitors.

While waiting a few minutes for my train, regretting that I could not give a day to Salem, but must reserve it for a later pilgrimage, says a correspondent of the Chicago Post, I talked to a droll, pessimistic expressman standing by the tunnel which rushes up from the center of the street. In this very shadow of venerable grayness he recommended the Marine museum as a feature of the place. He said Witch Hill was nothing but rocks and tenement houses.

Hawthorne's house is lived in by Pat Wight and is a shabby front, with little paint left upon it. The tenant will not let tourists in, declaring that he would be tormented to death if he did. He turned away 25 college people in a body. It must have done Pat's soul good to shut out so much learning. "The very last lot that he did let in," explained the expressman, "told him he had no business to eat in the same room that Hawthorne ate in."

"Now, that settles it," said Pat. "Not another mother's son sets foot in my door to tell me where to eat."

"Yes, sir," continued the expressman, "you can see the house where the witches were tried, and you can see the house of the seven gables—there's not much to it except gables."

### THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

He Discusses Something Interesting—Is on the Children's Joy of Swinging on the Gate.

"On the occasion of a recent visit to a smaller city," said the middle-aged man, according to the New York Sun, "I was, as I watched a youngster swinging on a gate, almost startled by the reflection that in such cities as our own most children never know what it is to swing on a gate, for the simple reason that they have no gates here to swing on."

"But in smaller cities and towns every boy swings on the gate. I remember very well swinging on the gate when I was a boy. We used to open the gate as wide as it would go and stand as near as possible to the outer edge of it so as to get the longest possible swing, and then step up and let it go. The latch would snap over the holder on the gate post as we swung past, and then we'd swing back, and so on, back and forth, the number of times depending on the weight of the child. Not infrequently two children would swing on the same gate; a perilous and exciting experience for them, if they were little folks, and one that they enjoyed hugely. But while it was fun for the children it was bad for the gate. Only the most robust and well-constructed gate in the heaviest sort of fences could stand it, and even such gates finally came, with the rest, to sag. The sagging gate marked a house blessed with children."

### Victoria's Pagoda.

It is not generally known that as Osborne there is a garden cottage in the shape of a pagoda, where none may enter except her majesty. This cottage holds nothing but mementoes of the late prince consort and relics of the queen's youth, as well as the toys and games of all her children, many of which the prince consort made himself, for he was no mean carpenter. There are also here wonderful fishes caught by the duke of Coburg in Canadian seas, birds and tigers shot by the prince of Wales while in India, a monkey case brought from Egypt and other precious curiosities that are dearly prized by the queen, who visits this family museum every day while at Osborne and sits among the remains of her own and her children's youth.

### Gladstone Wept.

Mr. Gladstone during the delivery of one of his great orations concerning the Bulgarian atrocities was so carried away by his feelings that tears coursed down his cheeks, and the flow of his eloquence was arrested for a few minutes so that he might recover his composure.

### Couldn't Translate It.

"Is that your baby?" asked the interested party. "What a cute little child! What is he saying now?" "I don't know," replied the perplexed father. "You see, his mother carries the code book."—Philadelphia North American.

### Suggests Itself.

Amateur Scientist—Can you explain to me the reason why so many people become insane? Guyer—The answer ought to suggest itself—they have no reason.—Philadelphia Call.

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