

Maid, Wife or Widow?



By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER V. Continued.

The little sister blushed crimson, held down her head and became suddenly silent.

The words were meant for her ear alone, but they also reached those of the watchful Rittmeister, who, divining their import, with an impulse of irritation laughed scornfully, as he remarked "that the young Fraulein had not reached the age at which prejudice hardened into consistency."

At last the repast was over, ceremonious bows and murmured "Gesegnete Mahlzeit" exchanged.

Lies slid quietly from the room, and at the same time the Amtmann seized Steinhausen's arm.

"Now, Herr Rittmeister, I am at your service."

"We will make a little tour of the 'Gut,' and I will fully explain my principles of management."

The pleasant little gentleman, rubbing his hands, stood, his head slightly on one side, bright, alert and brimful of useful hints wherewith to enlighten his friend the enemy.

Irritated and disgusted as he was, Steinhausen could not help unbending to the simple, kindly, well-bred country gentleman.

"You are very friendly, Herr Amtmann," he returned, graciously.

"I hope I do not trespass too much upon your precious time."

"By no means—by no means! This way, Herr Rittmeister. Permit me to direct you."

For nearly two hours did Steinhausen perambulate the various inclosures of Herr Amtmann's "Gut," and enter eagerly into his host's explanations.

The farm had, indeed, every requisite save water; and this the Amtmann had intended to supply by machinery, already purchased, and placed in a small building beside a deep well which lay at the foot of the hill; but the breaking out of the war, and the consequent absorption of skilled laborers in the army, had arrested the work, and the good Judge's outlay had been hitherto unproductive.

"A sad loss to me, my dear sir," concluded the little man, "for it will be some time before I bring matters into working order; and, Lies, too, she feels it much—this delay."

At last the Judge's exhaustive exposition of his system, his small economies and larger outlays, his checks here, his discipline there, came to an end.

The precious hour of repose was over, and Von Steinhausen was pleased to think it must be time for afternoon coffee—not that his inspection of Herr Ghering's farm was devoid of interest to him—like most Germans of his age and standing, he looked forward to the time when, his soldiering days over, he would turn for occupation and interest to the pursuits of a country gentleman.

Still, it was much more agreeable to sit in the shady veranda, and sip the fragrant coffee handed to him by his fair antagonist.

The two gentlemen found all the party, including the dog Nero, assembled in this favorite resting place.

Lieutenant Burchardt was chaffing Clarchen about the projected ride which did not come off, in which amusement Von Planitz assisted; the little Backischchen was evidently vexed and ill at ease, looking to her sister for help, but the latter was absorbed in the task of pouring out and distributing the coffee, and took no notice of the mute appeal.

Steinhausen looked on in silence for a few moments, until he mastered the situation.

"So you did not accomplish your excursion, Fraulein Clara," he said at last, slowly stirring his cup of coffee.

"The Frap sister would not permit such tampering with the foe, oh mein Fraulein! she would like to train the little one in the way the school goes—nicht wahr, mein Gnadige?"

"I would not teach anything save loyalty," returned the older sister, gravely, offering the speaker a plate of biscuits—which Nero, by a sudden impetuous movement, nearly upset.

"Ah! loyalty; it is a noble quality," said Steinhausen, absently.

He had started from his seat to assist in saving the biscuits, and in so doing inadvertently caught the soft white hand he had just been admiring in his own. The touch was electric for an instant his thoughts were in a whirl—the next he began to hope that, perhaps, the orders which he was to await at Bergfeld would not come until to-morrow evening; and to he might have more time—for what? he scarce knew himself.

He began to tell Lies of his walk through the farm with her father.

She said little—having taken up a piece of elaborate embroidery, on which her eyes were fixed.

Suddenly the old servant Hans presented himself:

"An orderly wishes to speak to Herr Rittmeister."

"Oh! bring him in, bring him in," cried the master of the house, who was in the highest good humor after the delightful occupation of the afternoon.

"Through the garden, Hans," said the young directress of the house, quietly, but emphatically. Von Steinhausen turned his eyes on her, and their expression of mingled resentment and reproach showed her that he thought she shrank from permitting their salon to be polluted by the presence of a Prussian trooper soldier.

This was not what she meant, and feeling it was not possible to explain, an inexplicable sensation of annoyance brought the color to her cheek in a quick, fitting blush, which did not escape Steinhausen's observation, even

while he seemed only to see the dusty, travel-stained trooper who now ascended the steps, and, saluting, handed a dispatch to Rittmeister.

Steinhausen took it, broke the seal, and opening it, glanced at its contents, a look of fierce discontent darkening his brow as he read; then, crushing it somewhat in his hand, said to his brother officers:

"We march early to-morrow, gentlemen. We must be in Dresden by noon."

Then to the soldier:

"You can go. I have no further orders."

"Hans, take him to the kitchen; give him food and drink," said the kindly Frau Ghering.

"March to-morrow!" cried Burchardt. "That is a misfortune! One would like to rest a month long in such a heavenly house as yours, Gnadige Frau."

"And no chance for a ride now, lieber Fraulein," said the Fahrlich to Clarchen.

"Does any other party succeed to yours?" asked Lies.

"Ach! I am sorry," exclaimed the hospitable Gerichtsamtmann.

"We shall not soon find gentlemen so courteous and accommodating as yourselves," to which civility Burchardt made a suitable reply, and some talk ensued, unheeded by Steinhausen, who was sunk in profoundest silence.

This order shattered his half-formed plans; it forced him to turn his back on the first morsel of real, vivid interest and delight that he had tasted for years, to forego the elucidation of the mystery which tantalized and attracted him.

It seemed a lifetime since the same fierce eagerness had thrilled his nerves, and it came back to him like renewed youth.

A question from the judge broke the spell and compelled his attention.

"Pardon me! I did not hear."

"I merely asked if the view from the balcony above answers your expectations, Herr Rittmeister?"

"What view?" asked Steinhausen, quickly. "I have not yet had a chance of seeing it."

"Why, Lies," cried her father, impatiently, "why did you neglect my request?"

"Now, perhaps, the Rittmeister may leave without seeing the best view from the villa or from anywhere else in the neighborhood."

"Please conduct him at once to the upper balcony. I would gladly accompany you; but letters I have neglected this afternoon must be written, and pray do not miss this fine sunset."

Lies rose silently, hesitated an instant, and then, bowing to Steinhausen, led the way through the salon to a staircase ascending to the first floor.

Here the Prussian officer exclaimed:

"I believe it would only be polite in me to relieve you from the performance of a task so evidently unwelcome; but—I should like to see the view of which your father spoke."

"It is no unwelcome task to show you the beauties of a land so little esteemed by your countrymen."

"Little esteemed! Why do you say so?"

"That is of no consequence. Pray follow me, and confess that Saxony at least has beauty of which you cannot deprive her."

She smiled as she spoke with something of a jest and earnest, preceding him upstairs and through another salon which Steinhausen had not yet seen.

The long French windows of this apartment opened on a balcony which ran along the north side of the house, and, passing through one of them, Lies went against the balustrade, and with a silent but expressive gesture stretched out her hand toward the wide landscape, and then let it slowly fall to her side.

Pre-occupied as Steinhausen was by his eagerness to improve this probably last tete-a-tete with the object of his admiration, he was for a few seconds riveted by the unusual beauty of the view before him.

Below rolled the broad silver "silent highway" of the Elbe.

A wide-spreading plain to the left was sprinkled with villages, each clustering round church or tower; and far away the domes and steeples of the capital were dimly discernible.

At the other side of the river the banks stretched more or less steeply up to the forest heights, which again led up to the Bohemian mountains; and to the right, like isolated giants, stood the rocky masses of the Silesienstein, and the royal, fortress-crowned Königstein, all steeped in the golden haze of a glowing autumnal sunset, all sleeping in a stillness so profound as almost to be felt.

Steinhausen looked at the fair scene in silence, and the grave expression of his companion's face deepened and softened into sadness.

She rested her elbows on the parapet, and leaned her cheek on her clasped hands.

At length a low sigh, unconsciously breathed, struck on the Rittmeister's ear.

He turned his dark, stern eyes upon the figure beside him.

"To-morrow," he began, in a softer tone than usual, and paused—"to-morrow, then, I leave Bergfeld, and perhaps may never again behold this loveliness." (Hers or that of the scenery?)

"Tell me, now that I am a moment alone with you, why you hate me and all Prussians."

"There is much I want to ask; but this first."

"I do not hate you; why should I hate an unoffending stranger? Your nation! Well, I do not love it."

"Why?" asked Steinhausen; receiving no answer, he repeated, "Why?"

"Surely," cried Lies, quickly, raising her head and looking full at him, "you can answer that question yourself! Herr von Steinhausen is sufficiently well read to be able to recall the historical facts of centuries past—from the old Brandenburg days and the Seven Years' war, down to the present unhappy struggle. Prussian policy has always been the same, aggression and annexation!"

Steinhausen laughed.

"What can you expect?" he said; "ours is no saintly sphere of impossible virtue, but a world of ordinary humanity, where might makes indefensible right!"

"It is a robber's maxim," said Lies haughtily, and turning, stepped back into the salon.

Steinhausen followed sharply, placing himself between her and the door; Lies stopped in some surprise.

"Is that all? Have you no more to advance against us?"

"I have, perhaps, already said too much, considering what hospitality demands," she replied.

"Hospitality! meine Gnadige," exclaimed the Rittmeister, with a provoking laugh, "do you not mistake the position?"

"We are not here by invitation, but in obedience to our general's order—as victors!"

"It is true, we have been well received and entertained, but had it been otherwise, we should have taken all we required and more; as conquerors, we are masters—at least, for the present."

Lies looked at him astonished, as if she could not, at once, quite comprehend the brutality of this speech; then the sensitive lips began to quiver, and in spite of her proud carriage, the large blue eyes were suddenly suffused with indignant tears.

"Let me pass," she said; "you are—"

"She stopped; Steinhausen finished the sentence for her—"a rude barbarian!" and he placed himself resolutely against the door.

"Yes! you are so earnest yourself that you take my half jest seriously; will you believe my whole earnest?" he went on, eagerly, hurried by an impulse he felt was utterly folly, yet which he could not resist.

"I cannot, and will not, leave you without some explanation—some solution of the doubts which are so maddening!"

"Do you not see you have cast a spell upon me?"

"Short as the time is, I resent the avowal as you may, I must and will tell you that I love you—love you intensely."

He tried to take her hand.

"On twenty-four hours' acquaintance," she replied, with good-humored mockery, although she turned very pale and looked anxiously at the door.

"You dare not scorn the feeling you have evoked," exclaimed Steinhausen, quickly; then, seeing the alarm that would speak in her eyes in spite of her efforts to seem coldly calm.

"Mein Lieber," he continued, "you do not fear me; Sweetest! best! I love you; I would not disturb or distress you for worlds; if—if you are free, do not reject me!"

"Nay, let me hold your hand one moment," resolutely catching and kissing it; "and if—as from what I can gather may be the case—you are unhappily linked to one who cannot appreciate the treasure fortune has given him, let me atone for the past! the bonds must be strong indeed if love and daring such as mine cannot break them; tell me truly, are you free?"

"I am not, Herr Rittmeister," said Lies, greatly disturbed, "and even if I were—this is madness!"

"There is, perhaps, a tinge of madness in it," returned Steinhausen, still holding her hand; "but there is truth and reality in it also," he urged, growing more eager as she shrank from his advances.

"I must tear myself away to-morrow; let me write to you! Leave me some straw to cling to; I cannot lose you!"

"Herr Rittmeister," interrupted Lies collecting herself and at last releasing her hand.

"I cannot listen to such folly; if you think for an instant, you must see there is almost an insult in such an abrupt avowal."

"I cannot imagine what has suggested such ideas as to my position; surely, my father has not been so imprudent as to—"

"Interrupting her, he said, "even if you were not an utter stranger—an enemy—a man of whom I feel a sort of slight fear—I must not, dare not, listen to your words."

To be continued.

An Early Numeral System.

In a paper read before the Philological Society of the University of Michigan, recently, Professor George Hempf commented upon the forerunners of our present system of enumeration. Some two years ago, in seeking the origin of the Runic letters (the first letters used by the Germanic races), Professor Hempf discovered the primitive Germanic numeral notations. This threw new light upon the early Germanic numeral system, as well as upon the primitive Indo-European numeral system, and upon the development of the Greek alphabet, and the Greek numeral notation.

The primitive Indo-European numeral system was a mixture of the decimal and the sexagesimal. The first large number was the "hundred," or "hundred," that is 120. Between sixty and 120 there were no numbers like our seventy, etc., seventy being "a shock and ten," and eighty being "a shock and twenty." The introduction of our present numbers between sixty and 120 arose out of the introduction of the decimal hundred or hundred, that is, 100, in distinction from which the old 120 (120) was called the duodecimal hundred, or the "great hundred," which is still used in Iceland and parts of England.—New York Tribune.

Verbiage.

"One hears much of legal verbiage," said the politician, "but there is a counsillanic verbiage as well. Here's a sample—the bill was passed by Common Council last Thursday:

"An ordinance to amend an ordinance entitled an ordinance supplementary to an ordinance entitled an ordinance relating to nuisances."—Philadelphia Press.

New York City.—Directoire styles are always attractive with their big pointed revers and are to be noted among the latest and most desirable.

double ruffles of chiffon headed by scantily shirred puffs of green velvet. The elbow sleeves had shirred sections of green chiffon, crossed by green velvet straps down the outside or top centre, and each side of these centre sections fluffed out knifeblade pleated flounces of white lace. The pale green chiffon hat was trimmed with shaded green ostrich tips and bows of green velvet.

A Dinner Gown.

A pink chiffon dinner gown of the more elaborate sort has a long skirt with a full foot ruffle edged with a ruche which is dotted every six inches or so with deeper pink and green chiffon flowers. There is a very deep pointed overskirt, also finished, with a flower-decked ruche. The same ruche and flowers trimmed the decollete of the simple bodice. The sleeves are of the elaborately draped order, a full puff and draped double ruffles caught up with clusters of flowers and foliage.

As to Panels.

Panels are seen in many guises. The figure is in the shape of a waistcoat, and they are in the form of the entire front gore of a shirt. On a lovely princess dress there's the panel effect from top to toe.

New Shopping Bags.

The newest shopping bags, almost square, are carried by means of a strap, through which the hand slips easily. Inside are places for the small change purse, memorandum book, etc.

Girl's "Buster Brown" Dress.

"Buster Brown" styles have taken a firm hold on the girls as well as the small boys, and dresses for the latter's sister, made after that widely-known youngster's are among the latest shown. While of necessity they differ from the original in detail, they retain certain characteristics and are so truly charming and simple as to be amply worthy of consideration on the ground of their own merits alone. This one

shown. The very stylish waist illustrated includes also the fashionable vest and sleeves of the latest model while it is extended below the waist in basque style. The original is made of copper-colored broadcloth with revers, cuffs and belt of velvet and the vest of white cloth enriched by embroidery, the little shield being of lace, but various combinations might be suggested.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, the fronts, backs, side-backs and under-arm gores. The fronts are laid in tucks at the shoulders which extend to yoke depth, providing fullness below, and the back in two that extend for full length. The vest is faced on to the lining, a little turn-over collar finishing the neck at the back, but the chemise is separate, and arranged

underneath. The revers are pointed and so shaped as to give a jabot effect. The sleeves are large and full above the elbows, snug fitting below with the flare cuffs that always are suggestive of Directoire styles.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, five and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or three and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighth yard of cloth for vest, one yard of velvet and five-eighth yards of lace for chemise.

The Modern Sleeves.

And now some feminine genius has seen the possibilities of present day sleeves. She has produced an innovation which will appeal to every woman with ideas. This is nothing less than an adjustable sleeve. The bodice is made sleeveless, finished on the shoulder with a band or a frill, under which the separate sleeve, which is full length, is fastened. It need not be of the gown stuff, but must blend in color. Any light, flimsy fabric is accounted dressy, and some bodices have two or three sets of different style sleeves made to wear with them. As everybody knows the sleeves make the dress, and by this method a gown cannot only be made to appear several gowns, but it has its life prolonged indefinitely, for new sleeves, following the ever-changing modes, can be made to bring it right up to date.

A Study in Green.

A gown in several shades of green chiffon, velvet, and chiffon cloth, seen the other evening, showed two straps of green velvet over each shoulder, crossing a deep yoke of white lace, and ostensibly holding the lower section of the bodice, formed of shirred and puffed green chiffon, in place. The chiffon cloth skirt was trimmed with



A Late Design by May Manton.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Liver and Bacon.

Put the slices of bacon into a frying pan and cook slowly until they look clear and some of the fat is fried out. Now add the liver cut one-half inch thick and fry until cooked through, because under-done liver is not a wholesome food. Serve on a warm platter garnished with the crisp slices of bacon.

Dried Green Pea Soup.

Soak a cup of dried green peas over night. Drain and put into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water and cook slowly for one hour. Now add a teaspoon of salt and a bone from cold roast beef or from boiled ham and cook until the peas are soft and mushy. Strain, add a cup of thin cream and cook five minutes longer, adding salt and pepper as needed.

New Rochelle Doughnuts.

Beat one cup of sugar and two eggs together until light. Add two cups of milk, a few gratings of nutmeg and six cups of flour to which three heaping teaspoons of baking powder have been added. This dough will be soft and must be fried in spoonfuls dropped into deep, hot fat. Do not make them large, and a desertsportion is better for shaping them than a tablespoon.

Devonshire Cream.

This cream must be raised where new milk can be secured. Put a large pan of fresh milk in a cool place for twenty-four hours, then set it over the fire to heat just to the boiling point but not yet to allow the milk to boil. Take the pan carefully from the range without disturbing the contents and set away in a cold place for ten hours, when the thick, rich cream is ready for berries, fruit or cereal.

Cheese Sticks.

Mix three rounding tablespoons of sifted pastry flour and three rounding tablespoons of grated cheese. Add a pinch of salt, a few dashes of red pepper and two gratings of nutmeg. Now mix with one tablespoon of milk, the same of melted butter and the yolk of one egg. Divide in halves, roll very thin and cut in narrow strips three inches long. Bake quarter of an hour and serve piled in log cabin fashion or in bunches.

Ox Tail Stew.

Simmer the ox tails in water to cover for twenty minutes, then drain, add enough good stock to cover, also one onion and one carrot sliced, for each tail, and a pinch of sweet herbs. Simmer until the meat is ready to fall from the bones; then take up the meat and vegetables and make a sauce with a rounding tablespoon each of flour and butter to one and one-half cups of the liquid in the pan. Strain and pour over the meat. The liquid can be reduced at the last to enough for the sauce.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:

Clear boiling water poured through tea stains will remove them.

Salt fish are best and quickest freshened by soaking in sour milk.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water.

A glass of buttermilk taken the last thing at night will cure stomach troubles.

Fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

A teaspoonful of sugar added to cake batter will make the cakes a golden brown.

A teaspoonful of turpentine put into the boiler with white clothes will aid the whitening.

Fresh meat, beginning to sour, will become sweet again if placed out of doors over night.

Wetting the hair occasionally in a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

Salt will cure new milk; hence, in preparing dishes containing milk, the salt should not be added until they are cooked.

A spoonful of raw oatmeal, moistened with water, taken on an empty stomach, will cure constipation, if persisted in for some time.

To bring out the brilliancy of cut glass, ammonia should be placed in the water in which it is to be rinsed. All glass should be dried immediately, but not drained. A cloth dipped in ammonia and rubbed thoroughly on a coat collar will remove the greasy look. When the floor cloth gets really dirty, wash it with clean warm water, adding a little liquid ammonia. Change the water frequently, use a big soft cloth, wipe perfectly dry with a dry duster, as little pools of water left will rot the cloth.

One of the engine-drivers on the Paris Metropolitan railway is the son of a vice-president of the French Senate, who was formerly Minister of Finance.

There are 110,000,000 sheep and 28,000,000 cows in Argentina. In 1904 the exports of meat from the Argentine Republic exceeded in value \$22,000,000.



HOW TO CATCH A TROLLEY

Trolley cars are very swift. Many cars are quickly filled. A trolley is a trolley. Kick heels and run like golly. Just because some little wit Waved his silly hand at it.

Now, to catch a trolley car. Certain iron bound rules there are. First of which is not to let it. Ever guess you wish to get it? Second, wear a deep disguise. Carry bundles great in size. So the car will never dream You can run—you see the scheme?

When it rolls remorseless. Drop your bundles there and fly! Run like mad, however far. Throw away your fresh cigar. Throw away your fresh cigar. Throw away your hat and all. Run until you catch the car. Fall abroad, and there you are!—Saturday Evening Post.

FLASHES OF LYRA

"You can always tell a New Yorker."

"Not always; sometimes he hasn't the time!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

There was an old man of Thermopylae, Who never did anything properly. But they said, "If you choose To boil eggs in your shoes, You cannot remain at Thermopylae."

Willie—Teacher told us to-day that there's a certain kind of tree that grows out of rocks.

His Pa—"It's a family tree, I guess."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"There are a great many accidents in that place your daughter is practicing." "I hope so," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'd hate to think she was doing it a purpose."—Washington Star.

"Eliggins says he is going to succeed in keeping his last New Year's resolution forever." "What was it?" "A resolution not to make any more New Year's resolutions."—Washington Star.

There was an old man of St. Paul, Who was stung on the arm by a wasp. When asked, "Does it hurt?" He replied, "No, it doesn't; But I thought all the while 'twas a hornet."

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "They have schools for making civil engineers, don't they?" "Yes, my son." "Well, pop, why don't they have 'em for making civil conductors?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"I see that Dr. Dowle says that he can make it rain money." "Well, that's the sort of a shower that would reconcile a man to the fact that he had forgotten to bring his umbrella."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Hix—"I got my husband to admit that he was a fool to-day." Mrs. Dix—"How did you manage it?" Mrs. Hix—"I showed him some of the letters he wrote me during our courtship."—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Kute—"You really need a rest. Let's go to Bongton Springs." Mr. Kute—"Huh! That place is only a hole for women and fools." Mrs. Kute—"Yes, that's what I say. Let's go there together."—Philadelphia Press.

Scribbles—"The magazine editors never return any of my poems." Dribbles—"Well, you have only yourself to blame." Scribbles—"What do you mean?" Dribbles—"You should enclose stamps."—Chicago Daily News.

Polly Price—"I went to a fortune teller to find out whom I was going to marry." Dolly Wyse—"So did I, and I found out." Polly Price—"Oh! what fortune teller did you consult?" Dolly Wyse—"Bradstreet."—Cleveland Leader.

"Why do you stand in this one place?" asked the department store attaché. "I am watching these people at the bargain counter getting their change. I never before realized what frenzied finance meant."—Wasington Star.

"I thought I'd better tell you," said the plumber's clerk, "that I mean to go into business for myself after the first of the year." "What?" cried the plumber; "you know anything about plumbing?" "I know all that's necessary. Haven't I been making out your bills for two years?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Deathbed Recognition.

"Uncle Jimmie" was a man who had a reputation for "tightness" in business affairs which clung to him the entire eighty odd years of his existence.

When he was stricken with what proved to be his last illness, a neighbor came to see him who had heard he was near unto death.

The family were gathered about the room in various stages of grief—he had not been an overly kind husband and father—and the sick man lay on his bed with closed eyes and shored breathing.

"See if he knows you," said the wife tearfully to the neighbor, who tiptoed to the side of the bed and leaned over the occupant.

"Uncle Jimmie, do you know me?" asked the neighbor gently.

A deep silence hung over the room. Finally "Uncle Jimmie" slowly opened his eyes and fixed them intently on the questioner. "Know you?" he echoed feebly. "I reckon I do! Where's that gallon of vinegar you owe me?"

The neighbor had to acknowledge the recognition was complete.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Discovery of the Ichthyosaurus.

Ichthyosaurus is a name much jested with, because it rivals the mastodon as a most widely known fossil, dating back to its discovery by Sir Everard R. Home, between 1814 and 1819, in the marine deposits of Lyme-Regis, England. The name, signifying "fish-lizard," shows that this animal impressed Kong, its describer, as having a fish-like backbone combined with a shoulder girdle of the lizard or saurian type. This term could not have been more happily chosen, because, while retaining the skeleton of an atavistic and extremely ancient lizard, the ichthyosaurus evolved a most strikingly modern external likeness to certain very familiar animals of the scurrier.—From Henry Fairchild Osborn's "Ichthyosaurs," in the Century.

A Fortune to Kill Moths.

Representative Roberts, of Massachusetts, immediately upon the assembly of Congress introduced a bill appropriating \$250,000 to be expended by the Secretary of Agriculture for the extermination of the gipsy moth and the brown tail moth.