"I teach her," said Tom. "I'll show her that I'm not the sort of fellow to have maiden aunts interfering with my affairs."

"But, Tom," said his sister Cecy, soberly, "Aunt Almeda's in the right. It wasn't fair of you to be copying out the answers to the algebra sums from Loomis Elias's book."

"Who asked your opinion, miss?" retorted Tom. "I suppose a fellow can have his own thoughts, eh? And I'll be even with Aunt Almee yet; see if I don't—hateful old maid!"

Meanwhile Aunt Almee herself, serenely unconscious of the tempest of wrath she had evoked, was arranging flowers for the dinner table, singing softly to herself as she sorted out the clusters of purple heliotrope, the sprigs of scented geranium leaves, and the half-open Marechal Neil rosebuds, into their various vases.

She had recently come into control of her widowed brother's household, and the rebellious and insubordinate condition in which she found it, was a grief to her gentle soul. Nell's carelessness as to dress and regular hours; Cecy's utter disregard of rule and command; Tom's habit of "cribbing" his lessons, and little Joe's dreadful antipathy in regard to his hair and finger-nails — poor Almee feared that she never should be able to entirely eradicate these ingrained predilections.

But she had resolved to try her best; and it was in the following up of this resolve that she had unawares won Master Tom's deepest hostility.

She was tall and graceful, with soft brown hair, eyes like the velvety glow of the pansy petal, and a delicate complexion, where each passing emotion was photographed in pink and white. Captain Astley took little heed of the beauty to which he had always been accustomed. To him she was "only Almee," but others were not so blind as her brother.

"I'll be revenged on her," muttered Master Tom to himself, and he straightway took his sister Cecy into his confidence.

"You remember, sis, don't you," said he, "that she made you stay in all the afternoon that Saturday when the Wells girls had their picnic, to mend your frock, ready for Sunday? And she took away all your sweets, and she makes you practice on the piano two hours every day, instead of one. Now, doesn't she?"

"Yes," nodded Cecy. "That's very true. But she tells us nice stories, and she gave me a little sandal wood workbox last week."

"Oh, bother the stories and the sandal-wood work-box!" said Tom. "I tell you, sis, I'm going to play her such a trick!"

"A trick, Tom?"

"Yes. Just look here. I've written her a rude love letter."

"But you can't write a love letter to your own cousin, Tom," pleaded troubled Cecy.

Tom chuckled.

"It's from Mr. Salvius," said he. "Do you suppose I haven't found out that Mr. Salvius pilfers her, and that she likes him? Well, I found a letter of his to papa about some business the other day. And see! I've imitated his writing exactly. She never'll know the difference."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Cecy, almost carried away by the enormity of the conspiracy. "Oh, I don't see how you dared!"

"And it's all about how much he's in love with her," said Tom, dancing wildly about the lawn in his delight, "and asking her to be his wife. And I'm going to post it tonight, and he, surprise he comes to our house to dinner, to 'meet the Sid veloss,' you know, and Mrs. Jocelyn, and, of course, she'll believe it's all a true declaration, and what a state of things that will be, eh, Cecy? And you and I'll be hiding somewhere to hear her accept what's never been offered her."

The letter was duly delivered. Tom and Cecy were hiding behind the dining-room shutters when the mail was brought in, immediately after breakfast. They saw the pink glow suffuse Aunt Almee's lovely cheek as she glanced over the contents of the letter, on which Tom had spent so much malicious mischief.

She had seen but very little of Mr. Salvius' writing, and Tom's handiwork was really a very excellent imitation. The style was, perhaps, a little abrupt; but Mr. Salvius was unlike other men, and Almee Astley's heart was full of wild, undefined raptures, all that day.

"He does love me, after all!" she kept telling herself. "He loves me! He wants me to be his wife! Oh, can all this be true?"

Miss Astley dressed herself with unusual care for the little dinner party, while Master Tom turned several double somersaults on the lawn, in the fulness of his gleeful delight.

Mr. Salvius, as it chanced, was the first of all the guests to arrive. Miss Astley was sitting in the parlor, her fair face half hidden by the shade of a blossoming orange tree, which had been brought in from the greenhouse. She looked up at the sound of his step, and rose, with the soft color fluttering in her face.

"Oh, Ernest!" she said: "did you really mean it?"

"That I loved you, Almee?" he answered. "If you have any doubt, let my meaning, let my referable to again and again. I love you."

And then he drew his chair very close to the low easy chair on which she was sitting, and put his arm tenderly about her.

"My own!" said he. "My own!"

Great was the amazement of Tom, unbounded the mystification of Cecy when, on coming in to dessert, a week, they saw Aunt Almee and Mr. Salvius, seated side by side apparently the fery best of friends.

"Look! look!" whispered Cecy. "Do you see the diamond ring on her engagement finger? She's engaged, Tom, as sure as you live!"

"Well! if this isn't queer," said Tom, gravely, biting into his peach.

Somehow the "capital joke" has fallen flat to earth. There was nothing of embarrassment in Ernest Salvius' mien; nothing of mortification in the smiles that dimpled Aunt Almee's sweet face.

After the guests were gone, Captain Astley called the children around him.

"Young folks," said he, "I shall have to engage a grim old governess for you, after all. Mr. Salvius is going to take Aunt Almee away from us. They are to be married next month, and if Cecy will be very good, she shall be a little bridesmaid, and carry the bride's bouquet for her."

Tom and Cecy exchanged glances once more. And at the instigation of the former, Cecy followed Aunt Almee to her room, to hazard one last question.

"Aunt Almee," said she, "was Mr. Salvius really proposed to you?"

"Yes, dear," answered the young lady.

"Would—would you mind telling me how? I should so much like to know," faltered Cecy.

"He wrote me a letter, Cecy," said the gentle bride-elect. "You'll understand all these things yourself some day."

But neither Cecy nor Tom could fathom this mystery.

"I think there's witchcraft in it," growled Tom. "I do."

But Mr. Salvius never told them—nor did Miss Astley herself ever know—that he himself had changed to be reading in the little summer house on the lawn, behind the creeper-covered trellis, when the arch plot was concocted, and heard every word of it.

"The little imps!" said he to himself. "If they only knew what a deal of unnecessary and trouble they are saving me!"

And her beautiful Almee was wooed and won, but the secret was always kept from Aunt Almee.

RICHES OF NORTHERN SWEDEN

Vast Iron and Timber Country Opened Up by a New Railroad

The Northern part of King Oscar's realm has often been called "Sweden's America" because of the richness of the land, although it is still sparsely populated, says the Stockholm correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The poorer class prefer to emigrate to the United States instead of seeking new homes in Nordland, because that part of the kingdom lacked means of communication by land with the capital. The coast cities suffered in the winter when ice covered the sea as much as the interior settlements suffered the year round. When it was discovered that there were great hidden riches there for the government, it decided to grant money for the building of a railway. The Northern Trunk line is now complete and has been opened by the king. He is said to be Sweden's ablest orator, and he made the "speech of his life." The festivities surpassed anything ever seen here. The new railroad connects at Boden, near the gulf of Bothnia, with the northernmost railroad in the world, running from the seaport of Lulea up to the Gellivara iron mountains, forty miles north of the polar circle. This road has been in operation two years. It may be considered the end piece of a continuous line of railroad about 1,250 miles long, reaching north and south the whole length of Sweden. The completion of this line, it is believed, will materially check immigration to America. Nordland contains more than twenty per cent of the timber of the world, and more than Canada and almost twice as much as the United States. The famous iron mines, the largest in existence, are capable of supplying the world for centuries. The scenery is highly picturesque, and the new road presents much for tourists.

A Little Too Cool.

"I don't mind a woman bein' neat," said old Mrs. Jason, "but one woman I used to know was just a little too neat for any use. Why, that there woman used to take a couple of goldfish she had out of their tank every Saturday night and give 'em a bath."

Pretty Good Evidence.

Lawyer, angrily—Are you sure you are telling the truth?

Witness—Be jabers, you wouldn't be so hot about it if Oi wasn't.

DRESS DESIGNERS.

Possibilities of a Good Business Opening for a Clever Girl.

"It is surprising," said the head of a large firm for supplying ready-made gowns wholesale, "that there are so few women designers. One sees women struggling to squeeze into already overcrowded occupations, but never stopping to think of something new. Now, one with natural ability for artistic and practical dressmaking or designing, could make a good living selling ideas to great houses. There are men who supply this need, but never a women."

"Does not each firm secure a designer?" I inquired.

"No," he replied. "The small firms generally buy from the wholesale and they copy or adapt foreign fashions. Some firms, of course, employ women, and these can make anywhere from $35 to $75 a week, with a trip to Europe thrown in."

He went on to say that if a woman was clever and had some capital she could open an office and make a success. An abundant patronage could be secured of large wholesale firms, retail ones, modistes, etc. If her orders are only sufficient for her own time, she makes designs for all sorts and conditions of clothes, selling them for as much as an illustrator is paid for single and double column drawings. If she cannot sketch well, let her make each model of colored tissue paper.

There are hundreds of things to be done in this line. A new collar or cuff, a shoulder arrangement, the manner of finishing the bottom of a gown, a new way to look a bodice—these are all minor details that are eagerly caught up by the stores. This patronage could not be accomplished in a day or a year, but the business would pay as much in the beginning and better in the end than any one which women are now entering.

I know a woman now whose fingers are nimble and taste exquisite whom three large firms have offered their patronage if she will supply them. She assures me that she feels confident of $75 a week should she have good talent at hand.

Even if the woman cannot alone supply orders or suggestions she can have a corps of fashion artists who may sell their work through her, she exacting commissions, says the Philadelphia Times. The very large retail firms that make a specialty of ready-made gowns and bodices are the best to work for; they are kaleidoscopic in their rapid changes. Again, prominent modistes are willing frequently to pay for good suggestions, as well as large furriers and cloak makers.

Agricultural Colleges.

Some of the forty or fifty state agricultural colleges make special provision for students wishing to work their way through college. Such students work daily on the experimental college farm and receive current wages. There are many free scholarships in these colleges, and board and lodging are cheap, so that a working student finds that his labor goes far toward paying his way. Tutoring pays better, however, and very clever men sometimes earn from $1,000 to $1,500 per year in helping through their duller fellows. Such opportunities, however, are found only in the great colleges, and are few. At one of these institutions one successful young lawyer of New York city, is said to have earned $2,000 in a single year tutoring while yet an under graduate.

Aluminum Copper.

An aluminum-copper torpedo boat has just been constructed in England. The proportion of copper is not six per cent, this giving the vessel a vast increase of strength. The boat weighs but half as much as one made of steel, though the plates are twenty-five per cent thicker than they would be if made of that material. The alloy is very tough and breaks only at a pressure of 28,000 pounds. The craft steams at twenty and one-half knots, whereas a similar boat of steel would show but seventeen. The alloy will be the ship building material of the future.

No Bottle in Her Pocket.

An editor out West having been asked if he ever saw a bedraggled woman, replied: "No, we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman walking around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth and rip into every religion she can. We have never seen a woman go falling with a bottle in her pocket, sit down on the damp ground all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have we seen a woman rank of her coat and say she could lick any man in town. No, God bless her, she isn't built that way."—Northwest Magazine.

What He Brought Out.

Some years ago a man filed upon a piece of government land at the St. Cloud, Minn., land office under the name "Johan Vonsnedeckingtonstopenoth." It is said that the document, even with his name on it, was smaller than the tract of land. His American neighbors have probably chopped off a little at a time until he can now carry it around with him.—Northwest Magazine.

A Domestic Flare.

"Sairy Ann," he said, with a touch of asperity in his voice.

"What is it?" asked the president of the Bingville Association of Emancipated Women.

"Any woman that can't sew on a suspender button any better'n you do this one couldn't discharge the duties of sheriff cohow. An' I'm durned if I'll vote for ya."

Not in That Line.

Lord Shire—Is your wife a hunter?

Mr. Nouvich, proudly—No, she's a Vanderglit.—Truth.

THE TURNING TIDE.

SUCCESS IN THE GREAT BATTLE WITH DIPHTHERIA.

A French Doctor's Success in Treating the Dread Disease With Equine Blood—How the Serum Is Obtained and Used—The Lives Saved.

In a comfortable laboratory, flooded with sunshine, in the Pasteur Institute, the New York World correspondent found Dr. Roux, who is the hero of the hour from the fact that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria.

His dark, serious face lighted up with a winning smile as the correspondent saluted him as "the man who is saving 30,000 lives a year in France alone."

"Pardon," he said quickly, "you exaggerate. It is true that diphtheria and croup claim more than 30,000 every year in this country. It is also true that out of 718 children whom I have recently treated for one or the other of those terrible maladies I have saved 118. This is, we think, a very pretty reduction of the mortality from the old rules."

"It is so wonderful that the mothers of France ought to build you a monument of gold."

The smile swept over the dark face again. "Yet we are only on the threshold of success. At the Trousseau hospital, where the mortality among the children used to be sixty-three per cent—think of it, monsieur, sixty-three per cent—it has been reduced since the introduction of our treatment of diphtheria and croup to twenty-four per cent.

"I will repeat substantially what I said at the medical college at Boulogneth the other day. My co-workers, MM. Martin and Chaillou, and I, maintain after a series of careful experiments extending through three years, that by the use of the serum separated from the blood of the horses which have been previously vaccinated against diphtheria we have succeeded in lowering in such large proportions the mortality of children attacked by diphtheria or croup, that the malady may be considered as conquered. We are beyond peradventure now. But what we wish especially to do is to impress upon the minds of mothers everywhere the need of flying at once to the remedy the moment the diphtheria declares itself.

"This is what should be done," he went on. "When a child complains of a sore throat an examination should be instantly made. If the mucous surface shows little white spots scattered over it, a physician should be called without delay. The white spots may be indications of a simple quinsy, or they may be the first symptoms of croup.

"In either case, the physician should at once give the child a subcutaneous injection of the anti-diphtheritic serum. If the attack is one of quinsy, simply, the remedy will do no harm. If it is diphtheria, the serum will infallibly effect a cure. The statistics at the hospital of Enfants Malades show that where the use of the serum in diphtheria cases where there is no complication with other maladies the average mortality has been lowered from eleven to one per cent. Contrast this with nearly seventy per cent of mortality where the old-fashioned treatment alone is used. Nine times out of ten diphtheria does not kill, as is generally supposed, by suffocation. The false membranes which develop at the back of the throat rarely cause fatal obstruction of the respiratory canal, and even if they did, tracheotomy could save the patient.

"After the diphtheritic microbe, which swarms on these false membranes, secretes a poison that sooner or later, according to the virulence of the attack, must contaminate the blood. My pupil Yersin and I claim to have been the first to discover this during," and he will have proved that diphtheria germs do not reproduce in the blood.

"Now, the anti-diphtheritic serum is not a cure, but it gives an immediate immunity, but acts as an antidote only at the end of several hours, so that if the ravages of the disease are too far advanced and this is pretty generally the case among poor children here when the family doctor says that the attack has become too serious for him, and that the patient must go to the hospital) the remedy is given in vain. Neither must it be supposed that the serum has any power to cure other diseases which the sufferer may have concurrently with diphtheria."

"And how do you obtain the serum?"

"Well, we will now return to our friend the horse. The great number of experiments made in our laboratory showed that of all animals capable of furnishing anti-diphtheritic serum in large quantities the horse was the easiest to vaccinate. He supports the toxine much better than the dog or than ruminating animals. Nothing is easier than to draw from the jugular vein of a horse, as often as one wishes, great quantities of pure blood, from which a perfectly limpid serum separates."

"The drawback of serums is the only one. I was about to say—But if we are to be expected to cure all the cases of diphtheria and croup in Paris, we shall need a smart cavalry brigade. You see, it requires nearly seven-eighths of a pint of serum to cure the croup. The preparation of serum is costly, and our hospitals for children would find the new cure a tremendous drain upon their resources were it not for the public subscription which the Figaro has started, and which has already yielded nearly 50,000 francs.

"The Figaro subscription list has on it the name of nearly every celebrity in Paris and probably the new cure will reach hundreds of thousands. It will be worthy of imitation elsewhere," said the doctor, "and it is for the best of uses, the saying of human life! What is more, more gravely touching than the struggle of a poor little child with the croup? What more dreadful than the anguish and despair of the mother? And think of so many little lives annually snuffed out in France—perhaps twice that number in America—by the insidious malady! Think of the lives that may be saved in ten years!

"As to the serum," continued Dr. Roux, "we have demonstrated that it will keep for a year if protected from the light. We hope to show that its possible duration is much longer. At any rate it can easily be made in proper quantities almost everywhere. No nobler disposition could be made of surplus money by a millionaire than to secure the supply of the precious fluid which will, every year, save tens of thousands of young lives."

COAST PIRATES OF OLD DAYS.

Their Descendants Now Scattered Along the New Jersey Seaboard.

It is a strange race of people that for the last 200 years has inhabited the sandy tracts which intervene all up and down the coast between the Jersey pines and the sands where the sea beats. These folks were wreckers in the old times, says the New York Mail and Express, and did enough petty farming on the sickly soil there to furnish them with a few necessaries. But the large majority of them watched the ocean to see what it might bring them. They'd leave any of the ordinary pursuits of life on a minute's notice when there came word that there was "a ship ashore." There's many a house there whose inmates in this generation are in church three times every Sunday that is furnished with things washed ashore from wrecks and even to this day, if you go into a grocery store anywhere along the coast and ask for five pounds of prunes, it's ten to one the grocer will ask you if you want prunes or "wrack prunes."

The legends say that long ago these Jerseymen used to march a tame horse up and down the beach on stormy nights, with a lantern tied to the collar, so that the light on the limping beast would seem to ships out at sea like a gleam from a vessel riding easily. Then God help the mariner! There are traditions galore all up and down the sands from the Hook to Cape May. There are families who glory just a little in having descended from the original pirates. They say on moilit days that the sea out there is laughing over the bones that it covers and in anticipation of the others that are to come, borne by fate, for it is a coast proverb that "every foot of Jersey sand has its wreck," a seaman's maxim, "When you have passed Barnegat, look out for Barnegat." But time has changed all that. The women and children play over the sands where the drowned were left by the tide. And the grandson of the real stone-pave coast pirate has become a more moral man, a digger of clams, a peddler of pleasure boats, and a purveyor of soft-shell crabs. In the summer every visitor is fish that comes to his net, and in winter he subsists on fish and salt pork and dredges for oysters.

Sure of Peace.

Westerner—There's one nice thing about the West. When neighbors can't get along, they don't go on quarreling for years, as they do here. They just kill one little spat, and after that there are no hard feelings.

Easterner—That's remarkable. How do you account for it?

Westerner—Well, you see, after the spat the one there's left alive is pretty ready to bedshard shoots.

Bad as Brasshacks.

"Ah!" remarked the facetious friend, "I see you have a position in which there is a chance to rise."

"Oh, yes!" answered the elevator boy. "An' get called down every time I try it."

THE NAMES OF RIVERS.

Roanoke signifies a "wave shell."

Muskingum signifies "silk face."

Merrimack means "swift water."

Chickamauga is "Dead Man's river."

Muskegon means "plenty of fish."

Nebraska means "shallow water."

Susquehanna is a corruption of San Justa.

Monongahela means a "river with cut islands."

Miami is a corruption of Mishmezak, meaning "stony river."

Shabogan means "stream that comes from the ground."

Chickahominy is an Indian word, meaning "Turkey Lick."

Rappahannock was originally Toppahannock, "Quick Rising River."

Lackawanna is an Indian word, meaning the "stream that forks."

Chautauqua lake was named by the Indians. The word means "The Foggy Place."

Greene river, Kentucky, was named after General Nathaniel Greene of the revolution.

The Kentucky river was first named the Louisa, in honor of the duchess of Cumberland.

The translation of Potomac is "Place of Burning Pine," an allusion to a grand council.

The Atchafalaya river in Louisiana, was so named from two Indian words meaning long river.

The Colorado river took its name from the color of its waters, the Spanish word meaning red.

Yazoo means "River of Death," an allusion to the malarial diseases generally prevalent along its banks.

RICH, BUT NOT STUCK UP.

He Has a Million, But Plays Ball With "the Arabs of the Street."

It is unnecessary to name him, but he lives in upper Fifth avenue, and is generally credited with possessing at least $1,000,000, which was made from a remarkably small beginning, says the New York Herald. He has a son at Harvard and a daughter who is finishing her education in Paris, where he and the faithful helpmeet of his struggling years spend a few months every year. "To be with our girl," as he expresses it.

Unlike many of his prototypes, he cannot and would not, if he could, forget the days when, barefooted, he played ball on the east side lots with the other boys of that time and locality, and seldom nothing gives him greater delight than to steal an occasional hour or so from his downtown office and put them in up at the polo ground, where his "Line'er out, Ward!" invariably causes a hundred heads to turn around in search of the owner of the hearty voice.

While taking an ante-dinner appetizer one day on the extreme upper portion of the fashionable avenue in which he resides those boyhood recollections got the better of him completely, and the pedestrians at that hour were treated to the amusing, if somewhat startling sight of a well-preserved, elegantly dressed old gentleman with a bald head and a round, fat, jolly face wielding a base ball bat to excellent purpose, and running bases with a dash and daring that made his company a very fast one to travel in.

His companions were about as ragged a lot of urchins as could well have been gathered together from the choicest tenement district on the East side, but they entered into the spirit of the thing and played ball for all there was in it. That there was a good deal "in it" for them is evidenced by the fact that the team now wears shoes and stockings and plays ball in a bright new uniform, of which they are justly proud. The team, though, is minus a member that played upon it on the day in question, and the reason for this being asked of the 11-year-old captain met the following reply:

"Oh, he ain't a regular. I wish he was."

TOOK HIM A LONG WHILE.

A Good Story of P. D. Armour When He Was a Student.

They tell me a pretty fair story of "Uncle Phil" Armour.

The story is in two chapters, with a period of thirty years elapsing between the two.

Thirty years or more ago P. D. Armour was a young man attending an academy near Syracuse, N. Y. There was a ladies' seminary near by, and one beautiful moonlight night Philip slipped away from his dormitory and took a pretty seminary girl out for a long buggy ride.

It came to the ears of the dignified faculty and a sentence of expulsion was entered up against P. D. Armour.

Years passed on. Young Armour came to Chicago and became the greatest merchant of the world.

One day an old man with a pair of white side whiskers and a professional beatific smile was ushered into Mr. Armour's private office.

"You remember the—a—alma, Mr. Armour?" his visitor began.

"I should say I did. I was expelled from that institution for taking a girl—out buggy riding."

"Well, then, perhaps you remember me." I am Professor ..... I was a member of the faculty then, as I am now." And I want to say, Mr. Armour, that I always protested against your expulsion as being unjust and unwarranted by the facts. By the way, Mr. Armour, the academy is in a financial strait just now and I came to see if you would give us some assistance."

"Well," replied the millionaire, "if you protested against my expulsion all I have to say is that you've been a long time in letting me know about it."

But Mr. Armour made not a good round check, just the same and sent the old pedagogue on his way rejoicing.

The Giraffe.

The giraffe is, in its own country, a beast of no inconsiderable value. Its thick tough skin, which has from time immemorial provided Africans with splendid material for shields, bucklers, whips and sandals has always commanded a certain rate of exchange. Nowadays when the hippopotamus and rhinoceros are approaching extermination in habitable Africa, the hide of a giraffe ranges from four to five pounds in value, merely to provide the universal sjambok, or whip, for the South African rider and ox-driver. An old bull will furnish a hide of about an inch to an inch and a quarter in thickness.

On the Railroad Officials.

The duke of Northumberland, in spite of his vast wealth, is very unaffected and simple in his life. When ever he travels on a railway, he usually takes a third-class ticket, to the indignation of the railway officials. One day they determined to break him of this frugal habit, and they filled his compartment with chimney-sweeps carrying bags of soot. When the duke arrived at his destination he took the sweeps to the booking office and bought them each a first-class ticket back again, and put one in each first-class carriage, sacks and all.

In French Schools.

In France, in recent years, much attention has been given to school hygiene. Not only is physical culture made compulsory in all public schools, but the plans of all scholastic buildings, both public and private, must be approved by the public authorities, and all schools are subjected to systematic medical inspection.