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CHAPTER I.

My father, Hugo Livingston, of Mount Livingston, Philadelphia, may be compared to a superb annual which, towering skyward, blooms bravely for a season, but dies rootless, leaving to those who have loved and admired it tender memories of beauty and fragrance—nothing more.

He inherited early in life a good understanding, fine estate, a famous cellar of Madeira, and the handsomest legs in America. These, in combination, furnished himself and his friends with an abundance of meat, drink and entertainment. He spent his money like a prince, and, wherever he went, scattered broadcast both dollars and jests. Need I add that his purse grew lighter than his laughter?—that he died full of years and honors—a pauper?

A brilliant man of the world, he never attempted to make money, because, as he often observed, the catchpenny cares of a merchant or banker were away, by constant attrition, the bloom of high breeding—that exquisite veneer which distinguishes from the common herd the gentleman of lineage, leisure and culture.

My mother—sweet soul! I can scarce recall her face—was a Schermerhorn; her full-length portrait (by the younger West) hangs to-day in the gallery of Barabba Boule. The curious will please note that it is flanked on the left by a remarkable picture of a sapphire and diamond necklace, a masterpiece of Meissonier (the great Frenchman has paid but scant attention to the coarse, putty-colored features of Martha Boule, rightly considering that the gems, not the woman, deserved immortality), and on the right by a Madonna of Andrea del Sarto. Between these two presentments of things material and things spiritual stands my dear mother, who settled with the nicest adjustment in her own lovely person the conflicting claims of body and soul. My father has said a thousand times that she loved him tenderly to the day of her death—I was barely ten years old when this great misfortune befell me—and he wore fondly that of all the women he had met she alone had enshrined herself in his heart as the kindest, the truest and the purest of her sex.

So much for my elders and betters. Before my father died, he gave me some advice. He had little else to bestow.

"Hugo," said he (I was named after him), "what are your plans for the future?"

"The future?" I replied, vaguely; "upon my soul, I've been so occupied with the present—I had just been graduated from Yale—that the future has not had my consideration."

"Hugo," said my father, gravely, "you are young and ardent; and to such the choice of a profession is no hal'penny matter."

"There is the law."

"You would make a sorry lawyer."

"I might go west."

"The farmer, Hugo, is the historical fool. Go east, if you wish to travel; the Perian spring is not to be found in Colorado or California. If you were an Englishman, I should advise the army or navy; but you are too old, and our officers play but a paltry role. As a money-grubber you would have to sacrifice on the altar of Mammon your youth, your breeding, your conscience—"

"I quote my father verbatim, neither indorsing nor condemning his words—and that precious thing, your leisure."

"What am I to do?"

"Make haste slowly, my dear lad. The small sum you inherit under your mother's will is sufficient to carry you, afoot, all over Europe. Your face, name and wits should prove passports to decent society. Leave this question of a profession sub judice; but don't idle, and, wherever you may be, set apart so many hours each day to serious study."

Conceding that my father was a man of prejudice, I submit that his advice was sound as a Newton pippin, and came not amiss. I believe in the conservation of energy, and his words chimed harmoniously with my own nebulous ambitions. Accordingly, some two months after his funeral I decided to set forth upon my travels, being reasonably certain that he knew me better than I knew myself, and doubting nothing of his affection and solicitude for my welfare.

"The Lord help you!" said my mother's cousin, a famous banker, who had offered me a stool in his counting-house. "You are a bigger fool than your father."

"Did you ever tell my father to his face that you considered him a fool?" I looked him fiercely in the eye, and he stammered out: "N-n-no."

"I thought not. I have his whip in my possession, sir, and know how to use it."

In this Cambyzes vein I cut adrift from an influential kinsman who had good-naturedly flung me a tow-line. In his wake I might have steered my bark to fortune, lolling at ease in the stern sheets; but I was no parasite, and my dear father's good name was my most precious possession.

For two years I jogged cheerily along the high roads of life, avoiding as much as possible the by-paths, the vias tenebrosa, and following the finger of Fancy, surely the most complacent

courier in the world. The dame, however, amused herself at my expense upon several occasions. I ate a haggis in Scotland, and some blutwurst in Berlin; but, thanks to her, I listened to Tannhauser at Bayreuth, saw the moon rise out of the Adriatic at Venice, floated down the Danube from Vienna to Bucharest—an enchanting voyage—traveled across Norway in a cariole, and skated through Holland. Finally I settled down in London to 18 months' hard work as a journalist.

But the tramp fever was in my veins, and the daughters of Themis had a tangled skein to unravel. Thus it came to pass that in the spring of '81 I registered my name at the Acropolis hotel of San Francisco. I had passed leisurely from state to state, and my small capital had assumed microscopic proportions. With the exception of half a dozen magazine articles—some of them not paid for—I had done no work. But I carried good letters of introduction, had accumulated plenty of material, and confronted the future with a grin upon my face.

In this mood, looking at the world through rose-colored goggles, I sat down to breakfast upon the morning succeeding my arrival at the Acropolis, and picked up the morning paper. I was carelessly scanning its columns, when the following advertisement met my eye:

"Wanted—A young, strong, healthy man, graduate of a university preferred, who must be an athlete, a scholar, and a gentleman. Large salary to right man. Apply Omega, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Consolidated savings bank."

Reading these lines, I speculated in regard to the number of young men in California who would consider themselves eligible candidates for the "large salary," and, pursuing this train of thought, I reflected that it might be amusing to present myself between the hours of ten and eleven at the Consolidated savings bank.

Accordingly I did so.

It was the gratification of an absurd whim (unless we take into consideration the daughters of Themis), but it involved me in an amazing adventure.

To my infinite surprise, the bank was not surrounded by a crowd of athletes; and the cashier informed me, with a silky smile, that Omega was within and alone.

"The San Francisco youth," said I, "must be singularly modest."

"Admirable Crichtons," he rejoined, "are scarce as black tulips. Do I understand, sir, that you are an applicant?"

Up to this moment I had not considered this very obvious question. None the less I replied promptly: "Yes."

He looked me up and down, a queer smile curling his lips. Then he held out his hand for my card.

"My name," I replied lightly, "is—Alpha."

The cashier nodded pleasantly, and disappeared. When he returned, after an absence of ten minutes, his smile was still more accentuated.

"Omega," he murmured, "is in the president's private room. Kindly follow me."

I obliged him, and found myself inflating my chest and squaring my shoulders. Upon such occasions a man wishes to cut as fine a figure as possible, and I'll confess that the enigmatic smile of the cashier piqued me not a little. Feeling that I had embarked upon a fool's errand, I followed my guide down a corridor and into a handsome room.

At a large desk was a small man, out of whose dried-up, wrinkled, pock-marked face gleamed a remarkable pair of eyes. The owner of these waved me to a chair. I bowed and sat down.

"Mr.—"

"Alpha."

"Mr. Alpha, let me give you my card."

Upon it was engraved a well-known name—Mark Gerard. I hastened to return the compliment.

"Ah—Livingston. Yes, yes; son of Hugo Livingston?"

"I am."

"University man?"

"Yale."

"An athlete?"

"I played right tackle on the football team, and I hold the amateur record for putting the shot."

The man of millions lay back in his padded chair and half shut his eyes. From beneath puffy lids he scrutinized me sharply, stroking the while an imperial which sprouted sparsely upon a pointed chin.

"And your scholarship, sir?"

"I must refer you to the faculty."

He grunted approval.

"How are you fixed—financially?"

"Two hundred and fifteen dollars and thirty-five cents makes up the sum total of my capital."

"Ahem! and a stranger to our city. Well, Mr. Livingston," he chuckled softly, "I'll strain a point and be perfectly frank with you. It happens that I can use a young man like yourself if—I be prepared to encounter danger—I say danger—in my service. Does the word danger daunt you?"

"Not particularly."

"I'm willing to pay the right man \$10,000 a year."

"And the nature of the service, Mr. Gerard?"

He held up a lean hand. "Par'con me,

Mr. Livingston, we will discuss that presently. In consideration of the magnitude of the salary, you may reasonably infer that the services required will be out of the common. All your energies, capacities, potentialities, must be devoted to my interests. I need, not to put a fine point on it, a faithful slave."

"I think," I said, rising, "that I'll wish you good morning."

He frowned and tapped impatiently upon the table.

"I've no fancy," I remarked, "for golden chains."

"Pooh, pooh, my boy! Excuse an old man's bluntness, but don't be a fool. This is the opportunity of your life. I like your face, I like your name, and I am sure you can put the shot. Your detours are admirably developed. You are, possibly, the only man this side of the Rockies who can fill the bill. What, may I ask—now, don't get angry—do you consider yourself worth as an employee?"

"I can earn with my pen about two hundred dollars a month."

He laughed contemptuously.

"What a princely income for the son of Hugo Livingston."

"Do I understand," said I, "that you wish to engage me now and instruct me in my duties later?"

"Exactly. You are a football player, Mr. Livingston, an expert at the game. You must have taken part in many a contest not knowing what the outcome would be. You risked your limbs, your life even, for glory. The services I shall require at your hands may demand the exercise of those qualities which distinguished you on the campus. I can say no more."

My curiosity was stimulated. By some freak of destiny a ten-thousand dollar salary was flung in my face. Pauperemque dives me petit.

"You have said enough," I replied. "I can't afford to let such a chance slip. If you want me, I'm your man."

"Good. Will you dine with me tomorrow?"

I accepted promptly, and took my leave. The cashier eyed me askance, and I nodded carelessly in response to his unspoken question.

"So he's given you the job," he muttered. Then he smiled, derisively, I thought, and sputtered out: "My congratulations."

I returned to the Acropolis, and ordered luncheon—something worthy of the occasion, to wit: a nice little cold pint of Cliequot, some pompano—in flavor the mullet of the Pacific—a Chateaubriand truffle and a Parmesan omelet. The old Roman proverb—a favorite of my poor father's—spero infestis, metuo secundis—pricked my sensibilities, and also my appetite. Ten thousand dollars—great Scott, what an income!—were not to be lightly earned. A smart tap on my right shoulder dismissed such speculations.

"Hello, Hugo," said a familiar voice. "What the deuce are you doing in California? Taking care of yourself, I see."

He glanced at the debris of my luncheon as we shook hands. I had not seen George Poindexter for many moons and I welcomed him warmly.

"Of course," he said, awkwardly, taking the chair next mine, "I read of your father's financial troubles and subsequent death. I trust, old man, you saved something from the wreck?"

"Not a nickel."

As we smoked our cigars in the courtyard, walking up and down beneath the palms, George asked me many questions, which I answered. He was a native son of the Golden West, heir to large interests, and as good and kindly a fellow as I could wish to meet. Presently he said: "I suppose you're looking for a berth?"

"I have one already."

"A good one?"

"Ten thousand a year," I replied, lightly.

"Phew! Ten thou— You're joking, Hugo."

"Not much," I pulled the Enquirer from my pocket, and showed George the "ad." "I applied for that," I said, "and got it."

Poindexter halted, an amazed look in his hazel eyes. Then he whistled and laughed.

"Where's the joke?" I demanded.

"Not on you," he replied, "but on us. The fact is that 'ad' has been running for six months, and during that time hundreds have presented themselves at the bank, in vain. Now you, an effete Philadelphian, carry off the prize. Why, men got tired of applying. Old Gerard just looked at 'em and gave 'em the bounce. But, Hugo, what does the old duck want you to do?"

"That, George, is a secret."

"Oh! I beg pardon."

"Not necessary. The secret is a secret to me."

"It is? You don't mean to say you've accepted the job blindly?"

I detected a note of anxiety in his voice which puzzled me. George, of course, knew the financier; and upon that knowledge I decided to draw liberally.

"It was there to take or leave, George. What sort of a man is Gerard? Tell me about him."

"He's a holy terror, Hugo. And another thing, if he pays you ten thousand dollars a year, he will expect to get

value received. You can gamble on that."

Poindexter liked the sound of his own voice and I encouraged him to talk. It appeared that Mark Gerard was a most singular person. He had accumulated a large fortune by sucking—I quote Poindexter—other men's brains; and this vampire-like quality endeared him to few. He was generous as a caliph if he liked a man; but he had no friends. He was secretive in his business methods and sensual in his pleasures. Certain stories, George added, in a whisper, were afloat in clubland; stories that hinted at a double life—a Hyde and Jekyll existence. Gerard had been known to disappear for months at a time leaving no clew to his whereabouts. Such persons, according to George, should be handled with tongs.

The nature of these communications was not reassuring; but I had no wish to cancel my dinner engagement. On the contrary, I cursed the laggard hours which yawned between apprehension and comprehension.

"I wonder," said George, as we parted, "if that old fox chose you because you're a stranger." This hypothesis I had overlooked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SORRY OLD SALT.

His Manners Were All Right if His Language Wasn't.

An old salt who navigates a bicycle when he is in port was working a rapid passage down Cass avenue the other day when he collided with a woman cyclist. After they had extricated themselves from the wreck he anticipated her outburst of anger from which she could gather little except that he was sincerely sorry.

"I'm sure I ought to be scuttled for it, mum," he said, rapidly, "but I couldn't get yer signals no more as if we was feelin' through a fog bank. I was blowin' for you to pass to the port and steerin' my course accordin'. Just as I was goin' to dip my pennant and salute proper, your craft refused to obey her rudder and you struck me for'ard. Afore I could reverse your jibboom fouled my starboard mizzen riggin', your flovin' gown snarled up with my bobstay, blew out yer pneumatic, parted yer toppin' lift and carried away my jack-saddle down haul. As I listed I tried to jibe, but I capsized keel up, and you floundered in the wreckage."

By this time there was an interested audience, and the girl was mentally debating whether she should run from a supposed lunatic or ask for an interpreter.

But Jack's headpiece was still in his hand. He was not through.

"I'm hopin' yer not enough damaged for the hospital," he went on, "but I'd be sunk if I wouldn't be glad to stand yer watch till you righted. This here little craft of yours will be as seaworthy as ever when her upper works is straightened out, and we get wind inter her sails again. I'll just tow her down to the yard fur repairs."

And she smiled an assent.—Detroit Free Press.

A Royal Laundry.

A story is told of Princess Louise's visit to the Bermudas. These islands belong to Great Britain. The islanders determined to give her a reception, and both rich and poor made ready to do her honor. One day she was out sketching, for, like the queen and the rest of the daughters, she is fond of sketching. She was thirsty, and called at a cottage door for water. The good woman of the house was busy, and refused to go for the water. She, of course, did not know who the princess was; she was busy ironing; she was ironing a shirt for her husband to wear at the reception of the queen's daughter, she said. Oh, no! she could not leave that to get water for anybody. "If you will get me the water," said the princess, "I will finish ironing the shirt while you are gone." So the princess ironed the shirt, while the woman fetched the water.—Tit-Bits.

Not a Coward.

While a number of white boys were skating in Kentucky, a negro boy came to the creek and commenced putting on his skates. The skaters tried to drive him away, but he would not go. This aroused their anger, and one of them challenged him to fight and called him a coward when he refused. A little while later the pugilistic lad broke through the ice. The white boys ran frantically; about, too excited and frightened to try to rescue him from his peril; but the negro threw off his coat, dived into the icy water, and happily succeeded in saving the life of the youngster who had called him a coward. The rescued boy cannot be destitute of the sense of shame, and in this he has no doubt been sufficiently punished without having his name printed. The name of the colored boy is Wilbur Travis.—Youth's Companion.

Was an Astute Jurist.

The judge, addressing himself to a witness of the female persuasion who is visibly afflicted with at least 40 years: "Mademoiselle, your age, if you please?" (After a long and interesting hesitation)—Twenty-four, your honor. (To the clerk)—You may now administer the oath. She takes the oath. "And now, mademoiselle, remember that you must tell the truth."—L'Illustration de Poche.

Didn't Know How It Felt.

"I notice, Mr. Pipp," said the editor to his new reporter, "that in this account of a robbery you say the victim was relieved of \$375 in notes." "Yes, sir." "Were you ever robbed?" "No, sir." "I thought not. If you had been you would not write of the robbery as a relief."—Cads and Zeds.

THE THOROUGHbred HAND.

A Few Simple Essentials for Its Care and Beauty.

A beautiful hand is, according to general belief, the sign of a long line of ancestors and of a thoroughly aristocratic descent. This is partly true, but many unaristocratic people are endowed with beautiful hands, and, moreover, what inheritance has not done, care and attention can easily acquire. Indeed, it is always possible to beautify the shape and complexion of the hand, be either so indifferent or rough. The hand cannot be pretty, however shapely it may be by nature, if the nails are in any way neglected. The nail has an expression, not to say an eloquence, of its own, for the social status of a man or woman can easily be detected by the fashion in which it is shaped, cut and cared for.

Few people know how to take proper care of the nails without the assistance of the manucure, and yet, with a small amount of trouble, even the ugliest nails can, in a short time, become beautiful. Of course, it is difficult to alter the color and shape thereof, but with some attention they may be considerably improved. To begin with, the hands should always be washed in very hot water or, better yet, in warm oatmeal water. Failing this, a few drops of tincture of benzoin in the water will add greatly to the whiteness and softness of the skin, and also conduce to the beautifying of the nails.

When the hands are thoroughly clean, rinse them in clear, warm water, into which a teaspoonful of almond meal has been thrown. Dry the hands on a soft towel and immediately rub them with the following mixture: One part pure glycerin, one part lemon juice, one part rosewater. This can be prepared either for immediate use or kept in a bottle for three or four days at a time. Twice a week the nails should be rubbed with this varnish: Half an ounce of pistachio oil, 32 grains of table salt, 33 grains powdered resin, 33 grains ground alum, 80 grains melted white wax, two grains fine carmine. These ingredients should be thoroughly mixed over a spirit lamp, made into a kind of pomatum and preserved in a small glass or porcelain jar. It should be applied to the nail by a tiny wad of medicated cotton and allowed to remain for half an hour. The thin membrane at the root of the nail should then be carefully pushed back with the rounded end of an ivory nail file and the little "idle skins" that often grow at the root of the nail cut away with a pair of very sharp scissors. When this is done the nail should be polished with the so-called "diamond powder," a small quantity of which is put on a chamois skin nail polisher. The hands are then washed in hot oatmeal water, well dried on a very fine towel and finally the nails are polished once more with a soft chamois polisher. By doing this twice a week the roughest and most ungainly looking hands and nails can be transformed into things of beauty. All this, as the fair ones will see, means very little trouble in order to obtain the agreeable possession of a "thoroughbred" hand.—Toronto Mail.

COMING INDUSTRIAL CENTERS.

Will Be in the Foothills with Electric Power from the Mountains.

The modern industrial city has been dependent for its rapid expansion upon its superior advantages with respect to coal—that is, it must have either a navigable water front or be a natural railway receiving and distributing center or be the natural focus of a coal and iron region. All this will be changed in the great electrical waterfall cities of the future. The power, as a rule, will be produced in the mountains, while the cities will be scattered far and wide over the foothills. There will be better air, more room, better drainage, more civilized conditions of living than is the case with the present overcrowded industrial beehives, built for the most part on the swampy deltas or in the valleys of great rivers. Under the pressure of dear coal and with the attraction of cheap water power the face of Europe will be changed. As indicated by Lord Kelvin, the highlands of Scotland will become industrially more important to Great Britain than the comparatively flat midlands; Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, the Austrian Tyrol and Transylvania, may become the industrial center of Europe, owing to their superiority in water power.

LETTER WRITING.

Some Suggestions as to the Proper Forms.

Begin your letter to a woman friend without any prefix of endearment at all, says the Royal Letter-Writer by Appointment to her Majesty, Mrs. Grundy. For, with logical severity reasons this not-to-be-contradicted authority, it is henceforth to be considered both vulgar and impertinent to call a mere friend and acquaintance your "dear." The letter-writer directs his pupils to begin their notes or epistles with easy, friendly sentences, and conclude with the words, esteem, respect, or a new cut-and-dried phrase: "In hopes of an early meeting, I am yours, etc." or, "In pleasant anticipation of seeing you soon, I am yours, etc."

It is distressingly inelegant to write, pursues Mrs. Grundy's master of the pen, any letter over four pages long; that is, just one full sheet of letter-paper. Leave a half-inch wide margin to the left of every page, and by writing an aristocratic hand, of medium size, all there is necessary to communicate by post can be said in the fixed space. The model letter-writers in the politest periods of society never required greater space in which to make their cleverest mots or convey most interesting news. For this reason the new letter-paper is nearly a foot square; and, oddly enough, the authority quoted recommends men to study George Washington's penmanship as the most elegant, graceful and manly model. An aristocratic hand, be it impressed upon those who follow the laws issued from Mrs. Grundy's throne, is one which for women shows no crossed t's or dotted i's, and is written in clear purple ink. Black ink is meant for trade and legal documents only.—Farm and Fireside.

Cabbage a la Creme.

One cabbage or any greens, one onion, one clove, half a tablespoon of butter, cream to suit, seasoning, croutons or fried bread. Well wash the cabbage or greens. Put it into fast-boiling salted water. Add the onion, peeled, with the clove stuck in it. Boil quickly till tender. Then remove the onion and drain the cabbage well. Rub it through a wire sieve, or if you have not that most useful article, mash it well with a fork. Melt the butter in the saucepan. Put in the cabbage and stir well. Next add the cream gradually; mix and season carefully. Serve very hot piled in a hot dish, and garnish with neatly cut sippets of bread that have been fried a golden brown.—Boston Globe

Accessories of the Tea Tray.

The brewing of the tea upon one's tea table is a prevailing custom now, and the beautiful cut glass tea caddy with a screw top of solid silver upon which one's monogram may be engraved is an attractive addition to the many other pretty accessories that belong upon the tea tray.—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The sculptor Luigi Amici, who produced the tomb of Gregory XIV. in St. Peters, died recently at the age of 84 in utter destitution in a hospital at Rome.

—The Dutch privy council has decided that cycling is undignified and unsafe for a prospective queen, and accordingly Wilhelmina must content herself with a Shetland pony.

—H. T. Lewis, of Greensboro, Ga., has been appointed a judge of the supreme court of the state, to succeed Judge Spencer R. Atkinson, who resigned to accept a place on the Georgia state railroad commission.

—For many years the exact burial place of James Otis, one of the revolutionary leaders, has been shrouded in mystery. It has now been discovered that he was interred in the old Granary burial grounds in Boston.

—M. Casimir-Perier, the predecessor of Felix Faure, who resigned from the presidency of France, is credited with a desire to reenter public life. He is preparing to contest again his old seat, which became vacant on his election to the presidency.

—So great was the interest taken in the memorial services to the late Senator Isham G. Harris, held in Memphis on a recent Sunday, that practically every church in the city was closed in order that the ministers and congregations could attend the services in the Auditorium.

—Signora Verdi, the wife of the composer, died in November. His first wife was the daughter of the village organist, whom he succeeded in that office, but she died early in his career. The lady who has just died was his second wife. She was Mme. Streponi, and appeared in the first performance of his "Nabucco" more than half a century ago.

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For the rest the course of manufactures will seek the sources of the great river or of rivers not great which have a very rapid fall. In distant lands we find English engineers already making plans for saving the energy of the falls of the Nile, 15 miles below Cairo, and it is well within the bounds of probability that the Nile cataracts will some day supply the power necessary for running trains of cars from Alexandria to Khartoum. Not only are there magnificent falls on the Zambesi itself, in south central Africa, but many of its branches in the Shire highlands have rapid descents in level, admirably suited for the development of electricity by turbine wheels. We too often think of Hindoostan as a great plain, forgetting that the Himalaya mountains, the highest on the globe, give birth to the Ganges, the Indus, the Brahmaputra and the Oxus, all of which, with their mountain tributaries, reach the plains after taking innumerable giant leaps down the mountain sides. It is nonsense to say that the development of this Zambesi are much more within the range of civilization to-day than any part of Montana, for example, in the United States, was 30 years ago.—Cassier's Magazine.

Bound in Human Skin.

In Camille Flammarion's library is a volume of the famous astronomer's works which bears the unique title: "Souvenir d'Une Morte." It is unique because the title is wholly incompatible with the contents of the book, which is mainly devoted to scientific matters. However, when one hears the story that is told of this little volume it does not appear so strange, after all, though interest in it grows still greater. It is said that Mr. Flammarion, meeting a beautiful lady at a reception one evening, openly expressed his admiration for her really lovely shoulders. So impressed was the lady that when she died her will directed that enough skin be taken from that part of her person to bind the next work of the distinguished scientist. This was done, and the book referred to is the result.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

An Emergency.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I thought you said the last time you had the dressmaker that you wouldn't need another gown for three months!"

"I know I did, dear," she replied, "but in going through my trunk to-day I found a piece of ribbon that will make a lovely sash and I haven't anything to go with it."—Chicago Record.

He Wouldn't Miss the Money.

"You are charging me most horrible prices," complained the prospective Klondiker.

"It is just this way," said the Seattle merchant. "You either strike it rich or freeze to death; so,