

MISS BAXTER'S CAREER.

Why She Consented to See It Through Woodson's Eyes.

The dining-car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of heavy linen, the opalescent glint of glassware and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train.

Miss Baxter, who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by this lavish waste of color. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw the blue square of shade over her countenance.

She felt half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring—his ring—while her glasses grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring now that it no longer meant anything.

The question was still undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor and turned to the next card. Dining-car breakfasts are not timed to wait on the settlements of subtleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made the "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companion. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table.

She had removed her glasses and was about to press her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and fixedly through their misty crystals.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well-known features gradually took definite shape before her.

"Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how fairly would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it staidly back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however resolutely she closed her lips together.

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit London as though I boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after a year last night?" Miss Baxter asked with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on a cross-examination."

gotiating to go into the cattle business—a man was going to bring him a herd on trial!

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cow-boyish top boots, blue shirt and slouch hat, which became him immensely and made a sinister impression among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Manitou.

Grace was absorbed and satisfied. Only an idea struck Woodson. "Grace," he said, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch—to send home, you know. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr. Fleming."

"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming," Woodson broke in. "Fleming's all right in his way, but I want you—your sketch, you know."

The place was quite a distance away, over the meadow. They set out for it the next day.

"A. L. S.," Woodson exclaimed, after quite a tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air.

"There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' or something like that." "Well," Grace murmured, holding her fingers together and inclosing the picture in a rosy frame through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes in truly artistic intentness.

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day," Grace exclaimed petulantly, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand and leaving a streak of blue on her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked with serious concern, as Grace resumed her struggle with the regulation blues and purples.

"But I don't see them so," she murmured, in a moment of absorbed effort.

"He blurted out almost before he knew it. 'I don't believe you see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your career; I don't believe in your independence. You're simply spoiling the picture by having it in blue. You see things blue and purple, because they are blue and purple. It's the color of the sky and the water, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it; come.'"

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Hungary is stated to be the country where railway traveling is the cheapest. It is said to be possible to journey from Buda-Pesth to Kronstadt, a distance of five hundred miles, for six shillings and eight pence, being at the rate of six miles a penny.

A gentleman sends Labouchere's Truth a suggestion as to decentralizing the postal system of money, which would have the advantage of increasing the existing coinage. He divides the pound into one thousand new farthings, Florus would, therefore, be one hundred farthings; shillings, fifty-five farthings, and pence, twenty-two farthings.

French war office experts are divided in opinion concerning the value or danger of Eiffel's tower in case of a siege of Paris. German staff officers have written quite freely about the tower, principally holding the view that the tower would afford a target.

Some French officers agree with this view; others say that the forts around the city would keep the tower out of range, while it would afford an excellent post for observation.

For the last few years ago a disease appeared among chestnut trees in France, destroying them in great numbers, and the wood could not be utilized for heating purposes. Quantities of it, however, were used in tanning leather, as chestnut wood contains five or six per cent. of tannin, whereas oak contains only three or four per cent.

One of the most fashionable and expensive dressmaking establishments in Paris has a wonderful "try-on" into which only the most particular, fashionable and wealthy customers have ever been admitted. It is a square compartment, the walls of which are lighted by a splendid electric chandelier.

The pile of the white velvet carpets is so thick that one's feet sink in it, and the most prominent object in the room is an enormous mirror, framed in white plush. If that mirror could be moved, it would be a pity, for it has been so long in the room that it is irresistibly attractive.

The smallest country in the world is said to be the territory of Moresnet, which lies between Belgium and Germany. Its 2,000 inhabitants are mostly engaged in tin mining, although agriculture is also practiced.

The senate of members is appointed by the mayor, who is chosen by two delegates, one from Belgium and one from Germany. The police force consists of 100 men, and the territory is divided by the annual revenue (about 1,200 francs), which also maintains the roads and schools.

The territory was declared independent in 1815, to settle the dispute when the boundary was fixed between Germany and Belgium. It contains only two and a half square miles.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that at least two-thirds of the nations and races of the globe have some tradition in many cases very faint of what we call the deluge or flood. In India the myths of the deluge are numerous and varied. In the Hindu Mahabharata, agreeing with our biblical account in all of its main details, Brahma did not "speak with a voice of thunder from a cloud," but appeared to him as the Hindu Noah, in the form of a fish, this on the River Wirini. From thence he was transferred to the Ganges, having grown too large for the Wirini, and after an astonishing increase of bulk from depositing in the sacred river he was transferred to the Indian Ocean.

A GHOST ON SENTRY.

The Corporal's Thrilling Tale of the Zulu War.

Some of the old-timers in the British army are excellent story-tellers, and the guard-room, where they are wont to hold forth, is the place above all others to hear a good yarn.

"Of course you've heard," he said, addressing himself more particularly to a recruit who had shared in the glories of disasters of that untoward war.

"Scores of us volunteered to go, but he wouldn't hear of it, only begging us if he fell to bear evidence of his motives, so that no misconception might be put on them; after banding over the command he did escape, the enemy's vigilance and brought back success; how he was tried by court-martial for cowardice in deserting his post and how our evidence saved him."

"But this you don't know, my lad, that had it not been for a ghost the success would have been too late, and not to mother's son of us would have lived to hear the huzzas of our brave fellows as they came in the nick of time and drove the yelling fiends before them."

"As soon as the captain crept out of the square under the shade of falling night, the sentries, who were doubled, partly, it's plain, because four eyes are better than two, and partly to inspire confidence, for I can tell you that sentry go is jumpy work on a night when you can't see a yard in front of you and you expect every minute that a black devil will spring out of the gloom and stir up your vitals with his infernal assagai."

"I paused a moment, fairly staggered, with the cold perspiration pouring off me, and as I did so I saw a Zulu spring out of the darkness and drive his stabbing assagai fiercely at the platoon."

"I suppose he was revealed to me by the same mysterious light that showed the ghostly form of my late comrade, but be that as it may, I saw him dimly, and even noted a look of horrified surprise that passed over his face when he beheld that his weapon met with no resistance."

"For a moment he paused as if petrified, and in that moment I recovered my senses, which for the time being had deserted me."

"Quickly raising my rifle I covered the Zulu, and as his report rang out on the still morning air, the ghostly light, which had been of such service, faded and disappeared."

"My finely shot warned our fellows, and ere a moment had scarce elapsed each man was at his post, behind our ranks, and I saw the Zulu with a host of implacable foes, which seemed to have arisen like an exhalation from the earth."

THE TASTES OF CHILDREN.

They Ought to Be Consulted in Matters Where They Have a Preference.

A great many good people in the world are inclined to look slightly upon childish tastes and childish preferences, as though they were in themselves so frivolous as to be unworthy of all notice.

"Of course you know how our dear captain—Gob bless him—had the bags under his eyes, and his wagons formed into a small, neat, black-work around us, and how at dawn the next morning by their aid, we were enabled to beat off the attack of the enemy, who outnumbered us ten to one; how the captain, next evening, when help was still delayed, assembled the men, telling them that the only chance he saw of rescue was to summon assistance; that he could see no hope of anyone escaping with his life through the enemy's lines, and on that account would undertake the task himself."

"The old-fashioned idea that there was something sinful in pretty clothes or that one was pandering to vanity and folly in consulting the taste in matters of dress has passed away. There is no possible harm in allowing a little girl to have freedom of her own to have considerable freedom in the choice of her belongings. She should be guided, of course, by the means at hand and by the judgment of older people as to the utility of what she proposes to wear, which she instinctively dislikes as old-fashioned and ugly when it is just as easy to get her something that will please her fancy and in which she will never feel ill at ease."

"The old-fashioned idea of manner of the dweller of the city may be, after a while, and a consciousness of appearing well, while the awkwardness of his country brother may just as naturally be due to a consciousness of ill-fitting attire. The term urbanity, which originally meant a man's grace in his manner, and grace come to mean a tranquil and polished demeanor. Now, if you wish to make a little girl awkward, dress her against her own protests in clumsy attire. Not all the teachers of deportment, however, are so stupid as to insist that a girl should wear a dress which will be bred of her young imagination. No wise person can fail to appreciate the value of ease and polish of manner. It takes years sometimes to overcome the self-consciousness which begins in childhood as the result of this kind of petty household tyranny, which utterly overlooks the individual's own tastes of the child and consults only the convenience of the moment."

"Let the little daughters and sons of the house have rooms of their own as soon as they are able to take proper care of them. Let them, by consulting in the furnishing of the room, do something, where it is not inconsistent with economy, to their tastes, so that the room may be their very own. Let them bring their friends there. Do not have a girl of an age to have tastes of her own without consulting her. Even boys sometimes have decided ideas in the matter of dress, though they are proverbially more indifferent than girls. The daughters and sons in such a home usually find home the sweetest place. —N. Y. Tribune."

Mr. Bennett, of Cape Elizabeth, Me., who supplies the cottagers with milk, eggs and garden produce, has a rig that attracts a good deal of attention. It consists of a two-year-old bull with a ring in his nose, bearing a crooked yoke on his neck, harnessed to a flat-bottomed cart which will float in the water. The animal is driven by Mr. Bennett like a horse. He has ropes attached to the ring of the bull's nose; they pass over the horns through rings attached to them. With this queer team Mr. Bennett makes the trip to the beach two or three times a week, fording the Spruce river at high tide. The bull swims the river like a duck, and the cart floats like a boat, and will sustain the weight of Mr. Bennett and his load of produce safely. When Mr. Bennett and his unique team are seen approaching the cottagers through the banks of the river, in order to see him make the passage. —N. Y. Sun.

They Naturally Expected It. George (fixing the kitchen stove). Why, the dam— "George?" exclaimed his mother, reprovingly. "George—Pshaw! the dam— "Why, George?" screamed his sisters, how can you? "George—Why, hang it all, I was only going to say that the dam— "Lizzie—How can you be so contrary, despatching— That the damper is turned off, and there is no draught. What's the matter you all?—Drake's Magazine.

Architect's Wife. You look distressed. What's happened? Architect (despondently). I've just found out that Mr. Shortcut hasn't credit enough to make his new house a credit to me. —N. Y. Weekly.

—Irate Father—"See here, young man, when I tell you to do a thing, I want you to do it at once." Dutiful Son—"What did you tell me to do?" Irate Father—"I forget now, but I want it done." —Harper's Bazar.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Does This Stream Prove That Water Flows Uphill?

In an article published some time ago it was stated that since the source of the Mississippi river is about three miles nearer to the center of the earth than its mouth is, therefore the water of the river runs uphill. This statement produced a wrong impression, which it is desirable to correct. It is true that the waters of the Mississippi, in flowing toward the equator, substantially recede from the center of the earth, because the earth is not aspheric, but a spheroid flattening toward the poles. A spheroid cannot be accurately described as a "flowing uphill," because that would imply that the water disobeys the law of gravitation.

The direction of gravity is always at a right angle to the surface of still water, and if the earth were completely covered with water, that surface would be not in the form of a sphere, but of a spheroid, the center of which would be the same shape as that of the solid surface of the earth taken as a whole.

This is the form assumed by the surface of the oceans, which is called a surface of equilibrium, because, without the disturbing influence, the water has no tendency to flow in any direction, and a plumb line hangs perpendicular to it at every point. But owing to the flattening of the earth toward the poles, the plumb line does not point toward the true center of the earth, but is except at the poles and along the equator.

It follows from these facts that if the Mississippi valley did not slope toward the south below the level which an ocean covering that valley, and having its northern edge at the source of the river, would assume, then the river would be in equilibrium from source to mouth, and would not flow at all.

In fact, as the article referred to stated, the valley does slope, so that while its lower end ought to be about three and a half miles farther from the earth's center than its upper end is in order to correspond with the general form of the planet, yet in truth it is only about three miles farther from the center. This half-mile of difference represents the true "hill" down which, not up which, the Mississippi flows.

The source of misapprehension in this case seems to lie in the overlooking of the fact that the oceans, having a mobile surface, which can be permanently deformed by local causes, measure their level of the globe while the continents are simply elevations thrust up above that level. It is the direction of the plumb line, and not of the center of the earth, that determines the level of water and the course of its flow.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that "centrifugal force" plays a part in producing the present surface of equilibrium of the earth, and that if the rotation of the globe should cease, there would be a change in the direction of the plumb line, and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico might overflow the valley of the Mississippi. —Youth's Companion.

Geography of the Moon. Sir Robert Ball is reported to have said, in his lecture on the moon, that the geography of our satellite was better known than that of the earth. There was no single spot on the moon the size of an ordinary postage stamp that had not been fully photographed and observed. Of course this remark can only relate to the side of moon which is always turned towards us. Nearly one-half of her surface has never been seen by the mortal eye, and never will be, unless the planet is tilted by collision with a comet or some such erratic body. Otherwise it is a fact that photography has done more for the earth's attendant than for itself. It is analogous to the further fact that the things which man can predict with certainty are those that happen on the sphere he inhabits, but the movement of worlds immensely distant. —London Telegraph.

The Beth Eden Baptist church of Oakland, Cal., is in the throes of a very interesting row. For attending a cake walk six members of the church were recently blacklisted and expelled from the church by the pastor, Mr. McGuinn, who rules his church like a czar. A year ago he summarily dismissed a lady from church membership because she attended the circus and served wine at dinner. Another lady was expelled for expressing a desire that the members of the church might have something to say in the management of the church. A lady and her husband were also expelled for attending an odd fellows' entertainment and dance. A committee waited on Pastor McGuinn a short time ago and asked him to consider the advisability of resigning his charge. He is, look at it, a man who has a pretty doll, and the next Sunday promptly expelled the deacon who headed it and the next prominent member.

A Sure Sign.—A Woodward avenue youngster was given a large doll for Christmas. It was a thing of beauty and was attired in the full dress of a fashionable woman. "Oh, said a lady to the little one, 'what a pretty doll!'" "Yes, Santa Claus gave it to me," replied the kid. "It isn't a little girl doll, either; it's a grown woman, isn't it?" "No'm, it isn't; it's only a dolly doll. It isn't a woman." "Yes, but it is. Look at it, see." "The next Sunday make any difference. It's just a little girl doll. It doesn't talk all the time." —Detroit Free Press.

—Marian—"I'm sure you ought to be satisfied with George's behavior. If by any chance he ever does anything to offend you he always apologizes so abjectly." "Elsie—Ye-es. But I want him to apologize abjectly when I do anything to offend him."

—Just the Time.—"Sufferer—"Excuse me for saying so, but that fancy vest of yours actually takes away my appetite." "Dashaway (eagerly)—"Is that so? Come and dine with me."—Truth.

"I don't care a rap," is not an appropriate ejaculation for a woman who wants a seclusion such.

—What makes you think that new Rowery water came from Boston? "Because, when I ordered liver and bacon, he howled out: 'Chicago pat de foie gras and Ignatius Donnelly.'" —N. Y. Herald.

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