

A SOUTHERN MOON BY HUME MESBIT.



was chair under the Branch Bank veranda one warm, Australian night about the end of December, with the full moonlight playing upon and spiritualizing her delicate beauty, and making a silver halo round the outer edges of her fragrant and massy golden hair; while Reginald Cleaver, the new cashier, looked down upon that radiant vision of dainty and perfumed womanhood with a great deal more of warmth and enthusiasm than perhaps Mrs. Algar called upon the manager and husband of the beauty, might have cared to encourage had he observed it. But as at the moment he was engaged elsewhere the young man could be as daring as he well pleased to be, so long as the object of his present enthusiasm did not object.

They had known each other for four weeks and a half now—ever since he had been appointed to his post; and as his duties were pretty light in this up-country branch established in the veranda had been spent, with only the necessary daily breaks, almost entirely in the young lady's charming society. So that being Australian born and bred Mrs. Algar had grown very familiar with her gentlemanly lodger, and spoke to him as if she knew him from the days of his early childhood; that is to say, they had long ago dispensed with all starchy formalities in addressing one another, and called each other by their Christian names of "Reginald" and "Lavinia" called soundly and much more heartier than Mr. Cleaver and Mrs. Algar.

When John Algar was present it was Reginald, or Lavinia; but tele-a-tete, as they were on this night, he called her by the pet name she had given herself, which was Nina, as she called him Volto, so that they might have something different to what the rest of the world knew them by. It was foolish, no doubt, yet innocent enough as far as it went—as was her habit of calling her husband "Bruno" and her maid "Nina"—common enough also with young ladies who haven't much to occupy their minds in their intercourse with young gentlemen friends.

John Algar, the bank manager, was an angular, somewhat incongruous man of about fifty, gray-haired and bearded, with small, keen, gray eyes that generally impressed people with his business acumen. He hadn't a very agreeable manner—these strident, benedictic and argumentative men seldom have—and for that reason customers trusted him all the more, and considered him the right man for the place. It is astonishing how much these socially uncomfortable men impress the world with their honesty.

"Reginald" and "Lavinia" were one of those carefully groomed young men who look well under any circumstances, with prettily-trained mustache, slender white hands and modulated voice; one of the young gentlemen who are turned out wholesale from Australia's modern boarding schools, who look as harmless about a drawing-room as tame cats, and are as necessary to the idle fair sex as a three-volume romance of fashionable life.

Mrs. Lavinia was twenty-three, that is twenty-seven years younger than her husband, and the most accomplished and lady-like female in the township. She always had her costumes direct from London, and as up to date as possible; she was very slender, very fair, and took great care of her complexion, so that Volto almost forgot when he saw her first that he was six weeks' distance from home; and since she had exhibited those colonial arts and graces, so much less formal than the home airs, he had lost all desire ever to again inhale the yellow fogs and felt that Australia was quite good enough for him. In fact, for the first time in his young life, he felt that existence along with Nina would be delightful anywhere, and found himself so much engrossed with her that he forgot to think at all about himself.

This was the state of affairs on this moonlight night, with that green expanse of bush and ocean stretching in front of them, over which her limpid, gray-green eyes looked dreamily, while he stood, his face in the shadow, watching her intently. He had come out to smoke a cigar after dinner, and she had come to keep him company while Bruno was, as usual, in the office attending to business; all according to nature's laws—youth in the moonlight and middle age at the office.

"What is wrong with you to-night, Volto? You are very silent, and have not lit your cigar yet," observed the lady, as she turned her large eyes from the landscape to that shadowy face, speaking in the soft, tender tones which seem to mean so much more than is uttered.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

Grand Mountains and Romantic Landscapes and Scenery.

A Twin Waterfall in southeastern Africa fully as high as Niagara—The Gates of St. John's River—A Buffalo Hunt.

[Special South African Letter.] In a great majority of the narratives of African travel little mention has been made respecting the natural scenery of regions through which these respective authors journeyed. Whatever the cause of this omission may be, it

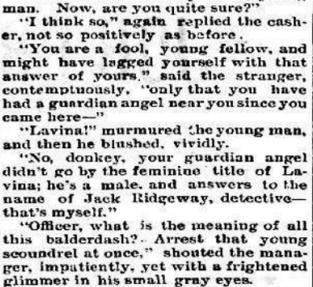


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Numerous water courses have their sources in this wild region and flow onward to the lower plateau, half way to the Indian ocean, where their waters are increased and united until several pretentious rivers are formed, such as the Bashee, Umata and the Umzimvubu. Dotted along on these river valleys on their way to the sea, are seen numerous huts and kraals of the natives, with herds of sleek-haired, long-horned cattle lazily grazing on the grassy slopes—a picture of pastoral beauty and contentment rarely seen in other lands.

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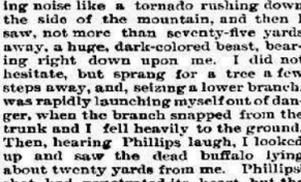
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COMPOSITION OF GRAFTING WAX.

The bulletin of the experiment farm at Ottawa in Canada, where much grafting is performed, especially the cherry, gives the composition of the grafting wax there employed. A wax for outdoor use is made by melting together five parts of resin and two parts of beeswax; to this is added one and a half or two parts of linseed oil. For winter use in the grafting room, loss oil and beeswax make a more suitable composition.

THE BULLFIGHT.

Mr. Daddy—I wish our baby could talk more plainly; Brown's baby is a month younger, and one can understand almost every word it says. I wonder why it is?

Mrs. Daddy (offended)—I'm sure I don't know. (To the baby.) Comessey tooty mommy lits sweetie. Does 'oo wicked popper scold 'oo dear little poppy wopsy doddins?—Puck.

ORDER COUNTERMANDED.

Foreman (job office)—What are you working at now? Boy—Runnin' off some business cards of a young woman who wants to do mending for gents and families. Foreman—Gee whizz! Didn't you get word not to print 'em? The order is countermanded. Quick as the boss saw that girl's card, he rushed off and married her.—N. Y. Weekly.

HE WAS UP.

The tooth puller was right up with the times in youth, style and cheek. "Have you all the latest appliances?" asked a patient in the chair, holding on to his jaw. "Oh, yes," replied the artist, "I'm fang-d' steel," and the tooth flew out against the window pane and smashed it.—Detroit Free Press.

A NATURAL DEFECT.

"Be careful, Mr. Snobly, that is the fifth glass of punch I have seen you take." "Ah, my dear Miss Winston, you don't know me; I can drink any quantity of liquor and never have a head on me." "Oh no; no one would ever accuse you of that."—Truth.

UNADVERTISED.

The Buffalo News has an old joke with a slight variation: Nimrod—Any good hunting round here? Farmer—Yes; oceans of it. Nimrod—What kind of game mostly? Farmer—Never see any game. Just plain hunting. A Lesson in Etiquette. In a kitchen: Mother—You shouldn't dip your fingers into the gravy that way, Mary. It's very vulgar. Mary—But how else can I taste it, mother? You surely don't want me to soil one of the plates.—La Lanterne de Cocorico.

HONESTY PAYS.

Jim—Honesty is the best policy after all. Bill—How? "Remember that dog I stole?" "Yes." "Well, I tried two hull dogs to sell 'em, an' no one offered more'n a dollar. So I went, like a honest man, an' giv him to th' ole lady what owned 'em, an' she giv me five dollars."—N. Y. Weekly.

THE WARNING TAKEN.

Jack Billings—Do you think it right for a fellow to kiss a girl suddenly, without warning? May Coatings—No; I do not. Jack Billings—Neither do I. But how is he going to war her? May Coatings—I don't know of any better way than to ask some question like yours just now.—Puck.

TO RESUSCITATE DROWNING PERSONS.

There are many prescribed methods for the resuscitation of drowning persons, but one of the most efficient means is the pulling of the tongue. This is also applicable to asphyxiation from gases. The tongue must not only be pulled out of the patient's mouth, but it must be twitched rhythmically in imitation of the breathing rhythm. The effect of this method was recently verified in the province of Orel, Russia. A peasant named Sophron had been drawn out of a river; all methods to revive him were fruitless. Then an old peasant named Petruska resorted to this method, and in five minutes the man was restored to consciousness.

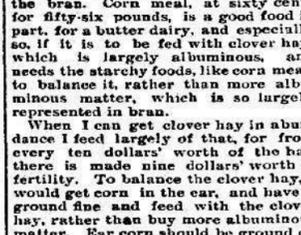
THOSE FOBS.

Miss Tootyfooty—Mistah Razzertoppe, you rec'kin I's gwine was wild a gem'man wid his 'spender hangin' outen his ooles dataway? Mister Razzertoppe—'Deed, Miss Tootyfooty, yo's m'stakin 'bout dat. Das no 'spender, das mah new fob chain. Both Sides of the Family. She—I took the present you gave me to my aunt and she thought it was lovely! But she wants to know what we will do with it after we are married. He—That's very simple, dearest. Tell her I shall take it to my uncle.—Brooklyn Life.

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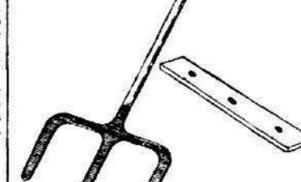


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But perhaps the grandest and most romantic landscape scenery on the continent of Africa south of the equator is to be found on the St. John's river, as the Umzimvubu is known from the eastern border of Pondoland to the sea. At the mouth of the St. John's, were it debouched into the Indian ocean, the view is a notable object of interest for all who are so fortunate as to trim the coast near enough to observe its outlines, and those who once view it will scarcely fail to recognize its picture afterward. Here a lofty table-topped mountain appears to have been cleft to its base, leaving a wedge-shaped gap

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After the cuttings are in place, the dibble should be again pressed into the earth within two inches of the cuttings, and moved slightly to press the earth firmly against the cutting at the bottom. Test this by trying to pull out the cutting. Walking along both sides of the row fills all interstices, and growth is assured as far as proper setting is concerned.—American Agriculturist.

THE BULLFIGHT.

Mr. Daddy—I wish our baby could talk more plainly; Brown's baby is a month younger, and one can understand almost every word it says. I wonder why it is?

Mrs. Daddy (offended)—I'm sure I don't know. (To the baby.) Comessey tooty mommy lits sweetie. Does 'oo wicked popper scold 'oo dear little poppy wopsy doddins?—Puck.

ORDER COUNTERMANDED.

Foreman (job office)—What are you working at now? Boy—Runnin' off some business cards of a young woman who wants to do mending for gents and families. Foreman—Gee whizz! Didn't you get word not to print 'em? The order is countermanded. Quick as the boss saw that girl's card, he rushed off and married her.—N. Y. Weekly.

HE WAS UP.

The tooth puller was right up with the times in youth, style and cheek. "Have you all the latest appliances?" asked a patient in the chair, holding on to his jaw. "Oh, yes," replied the artist, "I'm fang-d' steel," and the tooth flew out against the window pane and smashed it.—Detroit Free Press.

A NATURAL DEFECT.

"Be careful, Mr. Snobly, that is the fifth glass of punch I have seen you take." "Ah, my dear Miss Winston, you don't know me; I can drink any quantity of liquor and never have a head on me." "Oh no; no one would ever accuse you of that."—Truth.

UNADVERTISED.

The Buffalo News has an old joke with a slight variation: Nimrod—Any good hunting round here? Farmer—Yes; oceans of it. Nimrod—What kind of game mostly? Farmer—Never see any game. Just plain hunting. A Lesson in Etiquette. In a kitchen: Mother—You shouldn't dip your fingers into the gravy that way, Mary. It's very vulgar. Mary—But how else can I taste it, mother? You surely don't want me to soil one of the plates.—La Lanterne de Cocorico.

HONESTY PAYS.

Jim—Honesty is the best policy after all. Bill—How? "Remember that dog I stole?" "Yes." "Well, I tried two hull dogs to sell 'em, an' no one offered more'n a dollar. So I went, like a honest man, an' giv him to th' ole lady what owned 'em, an' she giv me five dollars."—N. Y. Weekly.

THE WARNING TAKEN.

Jack Billings—Do you think it right for a fellow to kiss a girl suddenly, without warning? May Coatings—No; I do not. Jack Billings—Neither do I. But how is he going to war her? May Coatings—I don't know of any better way than to ask some question like yours just now.—Puck.

TO RESUSCITATE DROWNING PERSONS.

There are many prescribed methods for the resuscitation of drowning persons, but one of the most efficient means is the pulling of the tongue. This is also applicable to asphyxiation from gases. The tongue must not only be pulled out of the patient's mouth, but it must be twitched rhythmically in imitation of the breathing rhythm. The effect of this method was recently verified in the province of Orel, Russia. A peasant named Sophron had been drawn out of a river; all methods to revive him were fruitless. Then an old peasant named Petruska resorted to this method, and in five minutes the man was restored to consciousness.

THOSE FOBS.

Miss Tootyfooty—Mistah Razzertoppe, you rec'kin I's gwine was wild a gem'man wid his 'spender hangin' outen his ooles dataway? Mister Razzertoppe—'Deed, Miss Tootyfooty, yo's m'stakin 'bout dat. Das no 'spender, das mah new fob chain. Both Sides of the Family. She—I took the present you gave me to my aunt and she thought it was lovely! But she wants to know what we will do with it after we are married. He—That's very simple, dearest. Tell her I shall take it to my uncle.—Brooklyn Life.