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A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

The Colonel met them at the dining-room door, and Nell, approaching rather cautiously, gave him a half-expectant, half-questioning, glance.

Her fears were quite groundless, however, for as soon as he had seen Margaret, and heard that she was going to leave them so soon, he had no thought for any one else.

"I don't know how we shall do without you," he said, bending over her with kindly affection. "Bertie told me you were going, and I have been anticipating my own loneliness. Have you grown tired of us so soon?" He took her face between his hands and regarded it with a gentleness in which a variety of emotions found expression. "You are in a hurry to leave us, Margaret," he added, sadly.

"Ah, no," she hastened to answer, as her eyes grew dim and a painful flush overspread her cheeks.

The gentleman did not answer for a second, during which his face worked with feeling and a tender light filled his eyes.

"You are a brave girl," he said, rather unsteadily, at last; "a true, brave girl. Heaven will bless you as you deserve. Don't let that scoundrel come near me; I might be tempted——"

"You are so hard on him, Colonel. Don't——"

"Don't blame him, I suppose. Ah, Margaret, you are like the rest of your sex—always ready to defend the man who breaks your heart. Well, well, I'll not be hard, for your sake, but when I think—— Never mind; we'll miss you, child—every one of us. Don't quite forget your old friends; you won't find the new ones half so true."

Again Margaret's eyes grew dim, and she found herself incapable of an answer.

Alice, noting her distress, broke in with some light remarks, which Nell took up, notwithstanding her uncle's formidable presence, and discussed volubly.

Under this respite Margaret regained her self-possession, and began to speak quite calmly.

No further allusion to her going away was made during the meal, though each one seemed quite talkative, Nell particularly airing her opinions freely, and receiving no reproof for her temerity.

But when the time came to say good-by, and Margaret was ready to go, the Colonel, disregarding the hand she held out to him, clasped her in his arms, and tenderly, almost reverently, kissed her brow.

"I knew it would be hard," she sobbed, breaking down completely. "I knew this would be the hardest of all."

"No, it sha'n't be, Margaret," he said, putting her gently from him. "I do not wish to pain you, child, even for a moment. But I am very deeply moved to see you go from us under such circumstances. Your bravery and devotion will have its reward—be sure of that. Remember me when you need sympathy or advice, for I would not be worthy the name of friend if I could not show my affection in time of adversity as well as prosperity; and I know that not even your own father could be more anxious to help you than I am."

For many long days Margaret carried in her heart the memory of his kind words and sympathetic voice.

As she rode home through the winter afternoon toward the chain of beautiful hills which shut in the quiet, peaceful village, her fancy tinged with indescribable melancholy every surrounding object, and the melancholy lingered long after her eyes had ceased to look upon the scene that had engendered it.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW FRIEND.

"Margaret, I think I shall bring Wilson to dinner to-night. I met him yesterday and he asked about you. He has heard Bertie lauding you to the skies, and naturally he is anxious to see the paragon."

"Really, that is too bad of Bertie. I don't pose as a paragon, Brian, and indeed I don't care to be one. I do want to meet Dr. Wilson, though, and if you will only correct his false impression, I wish you would bring him this evening."

"I'll bring him, but I'll leave you to correct or prove his impressions. I know you'll be equal to the emergency in either case. You should really appreciate the compliment he pays you. I don't believe I ever heard him express a desire to meet any one before."

"Really? Why, I feel quite vain. I hope he isn't a cynic."

"Oh, no. It is rather indifference, I think. He isn't particularly sociable; that is, he doesn't care for visiting. People follow him up, though, like the deuce, and he's considered quite a catch in the matrimonial pond. Any number of anglers would be glad to land him. The power of money, you see. Well, I must be off. I sha'n't be home to lunch. Good-by. You won't be lonely?"

"No."

Every day Brian left Margaret with this question, and every day she answered "No," but always after he had gone she felt she had answered untruthfully. She was lonely—very lonely. She found so little to interest her—so little to fill the long dull mornings. Brian sometimes came to lunch, but as often he did not. Her afternoons were spent in seeing the sights of New York, shopping, or calling on her few friends, and her evenings at the theater, when Brian would take her; but more often at home alone when he had some engagement which he could not possibly defer.

From these engagements he would return late in the night, with the heavy, stumbling steps which told their own story, and which always struck so heavily on Margaret's heart, as she waited sleepless and anxious.

This was the record of the ten days she had spent in New York, and she seemed as far away from the reward the Colonel had promised her as when she left Elmwood.

Under other circumstances she could have been, not precisely happy, because she was too thoroughly a child of nature not to miss, with an intensity few could understand, the restful, peaceful influences of her country home. Yet she could have found contentment in this charming little apartment, with its comforts and luxuries. Its situation was convenient and delightful, in the heart of the city, surrounded by places of interest and amusement, and near the various clubs, where Brian was fond of spending his time.

She was in the center of bustle and activity. From her window she could hear the throbbing pulse of a life that was never still—the ever-sounding orchestra of a busy city; the mighty roar of the elevated trains, with their noisy, whizzing echoes; the sound of the heavy drays passing over the cobblestones; the lighter rumble of carriages, and the long line of pedestrians, made up an ever moving, ever changing panorama of human life, hope and ambition, upon which she gazed with feelings that brought her own loneliness and isolation more keenly before her.

"How was she to fill the long hours that must pass before dinner?" she asked herself. "Should she go through the stores and see the beautful things the shop windows displayed so temptingly?"

That was not interesting when one had no companions to exchange opinions with. The crowds wearied her, too. She felt so utterly alone amidst the busy throngs, where a friendly glance seldom, if ever, greeted her. At home it was so different; there she could see a familiar face in every passer-by.

No, she would not go out to-day, she decided at last. She would stay at home and read and try to emulate the contentment of spirit which prompted Norah under all circumstances to sing cheerily over her work. Yet it was a bright day to spend indoors. The sun, which always seemed to her prejudiced fancy to shine through a yellower, thicker atmosphere, lay warm and golden on the house tops opposite. It tempted her with its cheeriness. But, pshaw! where was the pleasure in walking sedately over the hard pavements? How could that compare with a delightful gallop over the hills at home?

Ah, those glorious rides! Why couldn't these tall walls crumble away? Why couldn't the paved streets, this horrid noise and din by the touch of some farry's hand give place to the familiar hills and fields? Not for long; only for one day—just one day. How she would use every hour of that day!

She would have her usual ride on Mollie's sleek back. They would canter away through the cool, still morning. She would feel the invigorating air against her cheek, and the glad sense of fresh, new life tingling in her veins. She would go to The Cedars and talk with Alice and the Colonel, and laugh over Nell's ridiculous nonsense, and feel so happy. She would run in to kiss the children as they pressed their little faces against the rectory window, and she would find time for a few minutes with Mrs. Martin to ask her how her rheumatism was, and hear if the old man had been out since his sickness. Ah, there was so much she would do if she could be at home to-day.

Nanny came in to remove the breakfast things, and she asked twice for the orders for luncheon and dinner before Margaret heard her.

"Indeed, I don't know," she said, at last, trying to fix her mind on these household details. "You and Norah exercise your ingenuity to-day. I'd particularly like a nice dinner, as Mr. Leigh will bring a friend home with him. Men must be fed, you know, even if the world goes to pieces. It is their failing to think more of their dinners than anything else, and we have to humor it. So you and Norah must do your best."

Quite late in the afternoon Margaret rather suddenly decided that she could stand the house no longer. So, preparing herself for a walk, she was soon upon the street.

When she arrived home it was nearly dinner time, and secretly upbraiding herself for staying out so late, she began to dress as quickly as possible.

"I should be dreadfully sorry if Dr. Wilson should come and I not ready to receive him," she confided to her reflection in the mirror. "I shouldn't know how to excuse myself. Well, it is rather late, and if they have come I cannot help it."

When she entered the parlor five minutes afterwards she found, not Brian, but a tall, fine-looking man who arose at her approach, with an air of chivalry perfectly in accord with the noble face.

That face impressed Margaret at once. Not so much with its beauty of feature and expression as with its firmness of character, its strength of intellect, and the ennobling influence which high endeavor and strong purpose had left upon it. Instinctively she felt a quickening of her sympathies and feelings, an indefinite attraction toward this man, whose very appearance compelled her admiration.

During her scarcely perceptible pause in the doorway, the stranger, with a swift but critical glance, had taken in the sweet face and girlish form. Then he started forward with the half question, half assertion:

"Mrs. Leigh? I am not mistaken."

She held out her hand with a smile of welcome.

"No, you are not mistaken," she said, with the easy, gracious manner that made her personality so winning. "I am Mrs. Leigh, and you are Dr. Wilson, I know. I am very glad to meet you, and doubly glad to welcome you to my home, because I really cannot feel that you are a stranger, but rather an old friend whom I have heard of and talked of so often."

Her words gratified him very much.

"You honor me too highly," he answered, pressing the hand she offered him. "To be numbered among your friends is a privilege I esteem most deeply. Brian and I have been friends of such long standing that the pleasure I feel of meeting his wife is two-fold."

"I'm afraid you find his wife very remiss," put in Margaret, flushing brightly, and seating herself in the chair he placed for her. "She must really ask your pardon for not being at home when you arrived. Her only excuse is a very whimsical disposition, which took her out so late that she could not get back at a reasonable time."

"She is fully excused," rejoined Wilson, meeting her smiling glance. "We got here about ten minutes ago, and Brian left me to make himself more presentable, he said. I was admiring some of your curios when you came in. I knew you at once. Bertie's description is so accurate, and I've had the picture of you in my mind."

"I think Bertie is inclined to exaggerate sometimes, Doctor. Still I hope you have not found the original very disappointing."

"Quite the contrary, Mrs. Leigh. Brian tells me that you have only been in New York a very short time, so I suppose you have not had sufficient opportunity to see how great and important we are. But you have visited a great many places of interest, no doubt?"

"Yes, quite a number; though very far from all, I am sure. Of course it is a great city, and no doubt a delightful one, and I am ridiculously unappreciative; but, indeed, I like some less pretentious places better. It is all noise and uproar to me. Do I quite shock you? I'm incurably devoted to country life, you see. I cannot enjoy any other. I hate any other. There, that's dreadfully childish."

He regarded her face with an intent, rather puzzled, glance.

"Yet you have established yourself very delightfully," he said, as if answering an argument in his own mind. "I fancy you must intend a long stay."

"Yes, it may be. That is, I don't know. I hope— It depends on circumstances, I think."

She spoke rather disconnectedly, and, anxious to divert any impression her words might make upon him she hastened to add:

"Don't misunderstand me, please. I don't wish you to think I actually dislike the city. I find it interesting in many ways, but I have not that fascination which some people feel for it. I was born in the country, and all my associations hold the memory of green fields and bright skies. I think that must account for my tastes. I know that brick walls and paved streets tire my eyes, and I feel a longing to rest them on something that is not here. Sometimes I am almost determined to go to Elmwood just for a day. It isn't far from here, you know; but then I remember that I should have to leave after the day was over, and that would be hard. So I think I must always put that thought aside. Brian is so different in his tastes; he likes this busy life. He finds the country dull and lonely, and Elmwood has not the same attraction for him that it has for me. He simply endures it, but I—well, I could live there forever, because it is home and—I love it."

The last words were spoken in a lower tone, but Wilson understood the meaning they held, and his next ramark was in a more feeling vein.

"We will have to teach you to love New York for something more than its paved streets and brick walls. We Gothamites are very proud. We think that all things good and delightful are to be found in this great noisy city of ours."

Margaret smiled. "You have many desirable advantages, that is certain; but while you are proud of your wealth you should not forget your poverty."

"True. And we have enough of it. The condition of the poor in this city is miserable in the extreme, and perhaps, what is more incredible, the most opposite conditions of prosperity and want exist in such close proximity. I was most forcibly impressed with this fact a few days ago. I was passing along one of the streets just off from Fifth avenue. There were elegant mansions all around me, and handsomely dressed children playing under the eyes of watchful nurses. Yet a little further on I passed into a scene so different that I could scarcely credit the testimony of my eyes. Within an actual stone's throw of splendor and prosperity, poverty, misery, and sin were running riot. It is terrible to think of it. A physician whose practice lies amid such scenes is obliged to see so much of the heart-aches of life."

"I suppose so," returned Margaret, with a sigh. "Such an experience wouldn't do for me at all; so much wealth on one side and so much want on the other would make me lose my faith in God. It is dreadful to say it, I know. I have taken myself to task for even thinking of it, but my sense of justice cannot be reconciled. There is some wise decree, no doubt, in what seems so unwise, but—— Tell me. Don't you ever feel like taking the world to pieces and making it over again?"

He smiled, amused at the question and the expression which accompanied it.

"I have often thought it might be changed to advantage, but I do not know that I could manage it successfully."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Offensively Prudish.

There is very little probability that the play written by an American lady, which the English Examiner of Plays has refused to license, contains anything either "gross or coarse, indecent or indelicate," although the Examiner affirms that it does. The fussy personage who says what shall and what shall not be played in Great Britain is very arbitrary and has made some huge mistakes in his day. Perhaps this insolent accusation of an American woman may turn out one of the greatest of them. As for grossness and indelicacy, everybody knows that English audiences will stand language and allusions which would not be tolerated here.

Armored Express Cars.

General Passenger Agent Heafford, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, received a letter the other day from Charles Shanafelt, of Lawrence, Kan., describing a contrivance he has invented for the purpose of protecting express cars against train robbers. The apparatus consists of a revolving turret set in the middle of the express car and provided with loopholes through which the guards can operate Winchesters, Gatling guns, or any other form of artillery. The turret is supposed to be constructed of armor-plate steel, and is so arranged that a band of train robbers could be annihilated with one broadside.

TO WAIT too long for any guest is a rudeness toward those who have arrived punctually.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Spain has more sunshine than any other country in Europe. The yearly average in Spain is 3000 hours; that of Italy, 2300; Germany, 1700; England, 1400.

Sediments, or stratified rocks, are invariably those which have been laid down under water. They are always recognizable as such, because divided into these layers, which the action of the water always produces.

One of the small varieties of huckleberry is fertilized by a bee, which, coming underneath the flower and filling his proboscis up in order to get the honey, the flower throws a shower of pollen in his face, to be carried to the next host.

The long undulating folds in which the Appalachians were produced when first thrown up are characteristic of mountain ranges the world over. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Caucasus, Himalayas, Andes and Rockies are built in just that way. They are enormously thick beds or masses, and they are all ridged up into these folds.

Professor Nobbe, the well-known plant physiologist of Saxony, says that he has produced, "on a commercial scale, pure cultures of the different bacteria, which are efficient in affixing the nitrogen of the air in a form available for plant food, and he has them for sale in small glass bottles." It is said that soil can be inoculated with these organisms for the modest sum of $1.25 an acre.

The flowers of all the pumpkins are monœcious—having the stamens and pistils in distinct flowers, but both growing upon the same individual plant; they also bear perfect flowers containing both organs. Nevertheless, the pistils and stamens not developing at the same time, it is impossible for the flowers to fertilize themselves. This same necessity for insect aid in the fertilization of flowers is well known in Australia, with both the red clover and the apple.

The bats pass the winter in caves, the attics of houses and barns, or in hollow trees, hanging downward by their hind claws, eating nothing and moving not. All the carnivoria, or flesh eaters, as the mink, skunk, opossum, fox and wolf, are in winter active and voracious, needing much food to supply the necessary animal heat of the body. Hence they are much more bold than in summer, and the henyard or sheep pen of the farmer is too frequently called upon to supply this extra demand.

Temporary Telephones.

In many towns quite a feature of the telephone service is the number of instruments put in temporarily by the advice of the doctor, for service during the time when it is specially imperative that the patient should be free from excitement. This gives the friends of the family the chance of making inquiries without putting either party to the trouble of a formal call, and is usually very much to the advantage of the patient. But the latest idea in telephone applications comes from Mobile, where the local telephone company is said to have arranged with patrons who are ordered to take medicine at frequent intervals during the night, to call them up on the telephone when it is time to take the dose. The receiver is carried to the bed and placed close to the ear of the sleeper, with a call bell of low tones. Another curious point has just been brought out. So many burglaries have been frustrated by the police appearing on the scene at a most inconvenient time for the burglars—in response to a telephone call from the inmates of the house—that the first thing a cracksman now does on getting into a house is to cut the telephone wires. This was done in a recent case of housebreaking, but the lady of the house quickly evened up matters by pressing a button at the head of the stairs and instantly lighting every electric lamp in the house. The disgusting publicity which this involved was too much for the feelings of the thieves, who forthwith decamped.

Making Birch Oil.

Connecticut farmers have found a comfortable side profit in gathering the twigs, branches and saplings of black birch for the birch-oil distilleries. By protecting the young growth, crops are quickly raised. The birch brush has brought from $1.50 to $3 a ton. The birch oil has sold at $5 to $8 a pound, but is now less. One ton of birch yields four pounds of oil. Farmers can make the oil themselves. The distillery may be any rough building, and the machinery is inexpensive. The birch twigs, not over two inches in diameter, are cut in lengths of five inches, and thrown into water-tight tanks with copper bottoms, in which are coils of steam pipes. Three feet of water is poured in, the tanks hermetically sealed, and steam is turned into the pipes. The water is kept boiling six hours, and the steam rising passes into a pipe which runs in the form of a worm into a barrel of cold water constantly renewed. The steam is condensed in the worm and the oil drips from the end of the pipe into a pail. It was formerly clarified from a dull brown to a light green after this process. Now this is done by spreading a heavy woolen blanket over the birchwood inside the tank, and the oil drips out pure and ready for market.—Chicago Journal.

A Modern Exodus.

A great emigration movement of Russian Hebrews from the Vistula provinces to Africa is taking place at the present moment. The movement has reached such proportions in several districts of these provinces that the Hebrew male population is greatly diminished, and business in the shops is principally carried on by women.

CURIOUS FACTS.

There are gold lemon-squeezers.

Liberia, West Africa, hasn't a clock.

Onyx in large quantity, and, it is said, of good quantity, has been found in Hart County, Kentucky.

Two white-winged crows make daily visits to Robert Mullini's farm at Ilchester, Md., but so far they have eluded efforts to capture them.

The jurymen in a murder trial at Muskegon, Mich., went to a barber's to get shaved and a haircut and the tonsorial artist was not permitted to speak a word during the entire operation.

A London millionaire offered $5000 for the use on jubilee day of three small windows in the office of a small weekly newspaper, which was not considered a first class position. The offer was refused.

Owing to many unreasonable complaints a postoffice official has found it necessary to gravely announce that the United States mail is indifferent to lovers and that delayed letters are not withheld out of malice.

Thousands of head of antelope are to be seen along the Short Line track back of Beckwith, Idaho. They have been in that section all winter and are little hunted. One band is beleved to contain fully 5000 head.

A Mount Vernon (N. Y.) woman was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the Kings County penitentiary at Brooklyn because she did not keep her children clean. She was the first woman to be convicted on such a charge.

A man who runs a skunk farm near Otisville, N. Y., says that there is one element of loss he is not compelled to take into account in estimating his profits, and that is any fear from loss by thieves who come in the night or day times.

By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship: Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Hebrews.

The zither, popular among the Germans and Russians, seems to have been used by the Romans and Greeks, by the Assyrians, the Hindoos, and is used to-day by the Chinese and Japanese. The bagpipe is equally time-honored and appears to have been employed in the gray dawn of the savage past.

Meerschaum is found in fine white clay like masses in various regions, but chiefly in Asia Minor, Livadia, and the Island of Euboea. When first taken out it is soft, and makes lather like soap. It is manufactured into tobacco pipes, which, after being carved or turned, are baked to dry them, then boiled in milk, polished, and finally boiled in oil or wax.

The Mushroom.

The mushroom, or agaric, is a remarkable vegetable. The latest classification enumerates over 1300 varieties, of which 800 are edible, 300 non-edible and the remainder unknown in quality. The queerest varieties are those which are semi-luminous. These occur in moist places and usually in warm districts, are moderately large, and in dark nights emit a phosphorescence which makes them visible at a hundred yards, and also draws insects to them in goodly numbers. These peculiarities are known to many predatory animals, which take advantage of them to satisfy their hunger. The frog and bat approach the fungi for the flies and insects. Nocturnal snakes come in turn for the frogs, and marsh owls and night hawks come in turn for snake and bat, and any other animal large enough to make a meal of.

Another odd variety of the mushroom contains a curious kind of sugar, which has been pronounced manna, or mannite, by some botanists, and glucose, or grape sugar, by others. It attracts insects and some small animals, more especially wasps, bees and hornets. It has one curious feature; the sugar, after the plant is thoroughly ripe, undergoes a fermentation or putrefaction, in which some of it is converted into alcohol. The result is that the bees and wasps get drunk on it the same as they do upon over ripe apples in the orchard.

The smallest mushroom is smaller than a pin. One variety looks very much like a stout bristle, so slender in the shaft. On the end the tip looks like a small piece of paper that has been blown on to the bristle by the breeze.

The largest mushroom is the New Zealand variety, which is eight and ten inches in diameter, and is said to reach thirteen and fourteen inches in diameter.

Mushroom raising as a source of profit is pursued upon a great scale by four countries.—France, Japan, China and New Zealand.—New York Mail and Express.

Queer Turkish Chivalry.

In Professor Max Muller's new book, "Letters from Constantinople," Mrs. Max Muller stated that the highest mark of respect to a woman in Turkey is to turn your back on her, and she relates the following occurrence: "We were drinking coffee one day at the Sweet Waters, at the part which flows by the gardens of a country place of the Sultan. All at once Sadik Bey jumped up and ran behind a tree with his back to the Sweet Waters. Two or three closed carriages of the imperial harem were passing along the road in the gardens on the other side of the river, the blinds so far down that it was impossible to see if any one was inside, and yet all along our side we saw the Turks, whether officers or civilians, going through the same absurd ceremony, and only when the carriages were out of sight did they return to their coffee."

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Ineffable Joy—Reward of Bravery—In Constantinople—Couldn't Help It—The Difference—Conclusive Proof—The Impression, Etc.

One day I found a diamond in the gutter
And once a bill-lined wallet I picked up,
My bosom beat with joy I scarce could utter
The joy-drops o'er the edges of my cup
Did trickle.
Joy did I say? Ah, less than nothing was it
Compared to that great thrill when, yesterday,
I took my last year's top coat from the closet,
And in the lining found, long hid away—
A nickel.
—New York World.

COULDN'T HELP IT.

Beatrice—"Did you notice the loud color of that blonde young lady's gown at the reception last night?"

Benedick—"Notice it! Do you think I'm deaf."—Truth.

REWARD OF BRAVERY.

She—"It must have taken a great deal of persistence on your part to learn to play the violin so well."

He—"It did. I had to go constantly armed for five years."—Life.

QUID PRO QUO.

The Junior Partner—"Did you see Grinder about extending that note?"

The Senior Partner—"Yes. He said he was willing to extend the time if we would extend the size."—Cincinnati Tribune.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

He—"Why shouldn't we be happy together? Our tastes are similar, our friends the same, and—and—we ride the same make of wheel, too."

She—"Yes, but what make of saddle do you use?"—Judge.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Official—"We have caught the scoundred who plotted against your Majesty's life."

The Sultan—"Keep him safe, until I decide what punishment befits a man who would have made so many widows."—Puck.

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

First Chappie—"My dear boy, you should never laugh at your own jokes."

Second Chappie—"Oh, confound it all, I've got to! I could never stand the everlasting silence that comes after them."—Truth.

CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

"But papa says you owe everywhere—that you are not a man of honor."

"I assure you, one of the strongest feelings that animate me in entering into this match is the desire to pay my debts."—Life.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Little Coke Blackstone—"I think a doctor's patients get off easier than a lawyer's clients; don't they, Pa?"

Lawyer Blackstone—"Think again, my son! Did you ever hear of a lawyer killing his client after he had cleaned him out?"—Puck.

THE IMPRESSION.

"Now," said one of the members of a woman's organization, "the secretary is going to read the minutes of the last meeting."

"Yes," responded Miss Cayenne; "she calls them minutes. But they always seem like hours."—Washington Star.

HAD CHANGED COMPLEXIONS.

It was the seventh time she had tried on the gown.

"It doesn't seem to me," she said, "that it becomes my complexion."

"Madam forgets," said the modiste, "that she has not the same complexion she wore last time she was here."—Chicago Journal.

COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHTS OF IT.

Weary Walker—"Say, I'm a-goin' ter strangle mself ter death!"

Dusty Rhodes (in amazement)—"What fer?"

Weary Walker—"Just listen what it says in dis paper: "Every time we breathe one hundred muscles of our body are set to work."—Puck.

HE SAW HIM.

"I wants ter see," said Chimmie Fadden, coming aboard the big ocean steamer, "de main screw of dis float. See?"

"All right," said one of the sailors, picking him up and dropping him over the stern, "take a look at the propeller."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune."

LOTS OF ROOM.

Spats—"Well, how do you like your new flat?"

Socratoots—"It's all right. We have three rooms."

Spats—"Is that room enough?"

Socratoots—"Yes, we go out in the front room when we want to turn round in the back parlor."—Pittsburg News.

ONE ON DUDLEY.

Nellie Chaffie—"Why, Mr. Canesucker, what has caused the change in your appearance?"

Dudley Canesucker—"I pwesume it's my glawses, doncher know. I've begun to weah them."

Nellie—"Well, you should always wear them. You've no idea how intelligent they make you look. I scarcely knew you."

A FELLOW-FEELING.

"There's no doubt," said Mr. Meekton, "that the bicycle has done much to promote the happiness of mankind."

"In what way?"

"It makes people more sympathetic. It was not until she had a bicycle that my wife ever expressed any sympathy with me when I lost a collar button."—Washington Star.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT ELEMENT ELIMINATED.

"Jones is greatly surprising me. He hasn't touched a drop of strong drink since the first day of the year."

"Indeed? He must have sworn off good and hard this time."

"No, he tells me that he didn swear off at all. In fact, he says that's the reason why he has succeeded s well in keeping straight. You se there was nothing to tempt him."—Cleveland Leader.

AN EFFECTIVE CALL.

A traveler, who put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, had before retiring left explicit instructions to be called for an early train. He was very much in earnest about the matter, and threatened the clerk with all manner of punishment if that duty was neglected. Early in the morning the guest was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded, sleepily.

"I've got an important message for you," replied the boy.

The guest was up in an instant, opened the door and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore open the envelope hastily, and inside found a slip of paper on which was written in large letters:

"Why don't you get up?" He got up.

Marriageable Age.

In Austria a "man" and "woman" are supposed to be able to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the age of fourteen.

In Germany the man must be at least eighteen years of age.

In France the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen; in Belgium the same.

In Spain the intended husband must have passed his fourteenth year and the woman her twelfth.

In Hungary, for Catholics, the man must be fourteen years old and the woman twelve; for Protestants, the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen.

In Greece the man must have seen at least fourteen summers and the woman twelve.

In Portugal a boy of fourteen is considered marriageable, and a women of twelve.

In Russia and Saxony a youth must refrain from entering into matrimony till he can count eighteen years, and the woman till she can count sixteen.

In Switzerland the men from the age of fourteen and the women from the age of twelve are allowed to marry.

In Turkey any youth and maiden who can walk properly, and can understand the necessary religious service, are allowed to be united for life.

Didn't Mind Electric Shocks.

There is a dog in Calaveras whose name is Dan. His under jaw hangs heavy and his extraction is a thorough-bred bulldog. The sand in his disposition extends well up to the collar which adorns Dan's neck and here is the story. The boys, ever on the alert for amusement, connected a wire to the electric light wires and brought it near to the ground, making a hook at the end upon which to hang a piece of meat. This was to attract the cats and canines and it did its work well. The cats, as soon as their noses came in contact with the meat, would jump a foot or two high and then turn and look back in utter astonishment. Brindle and Irish and many dogs in town came along and tried the beef, and received shocks that all but knocked their teeth out. The crowd yelled in consequence.

Finally came Dan the bulldog. He tried once and let go. Again the crowd jeered and Dan looked around as though he were being jobbed. He sailed in again. He squirmed and twisted and the muscles in his neck stood out, but Dan stayed and pulled and yanked. Finally off came the meat, and with it in his mouth Dan trotted off proudly with his little bob tail sticking straight up in the air like a flag pole.—Calaveras (Cal.) Prospect.

Reindeer for the Yukon Region.

Twenty reindeer will be brought down this year from Point Clarence by the United States revenue cutter Bear for transportation by way of the Yukon River steamers to the gold fields. Dogs have been the chief reliance of the miners for the transportation of their packs across the snow. Horses, too, have found their way into the great valley, and have proven almost beyond value. It is felt, however, that the reindeer will be more serviceable than horses in the Yukon region. The introduction of reindeer into the Yukon has for some time been a subject of study of such men as Sheldon Jackson and Miner W. Bruce, the explorers.—The Manufacturer.

A Much-Kissed Testament.

Mr. Richardson, consulting chemist to the Bradford Corporation, has just completed an analysis of a Testament used in Ripon Court House for sixty years, and said to have been kissed by 40,000 people. The analysis was with a view of establishing the danger or otherwise of kissing the book. There were no germs of typhoid, tuberculosis or diphtheria. The only germ of a dubious character was the "pus cocci," usually found on wounded or sore skin. Although these germs are not necessarily harmful, there were conditions in which they might produce complications. He would not kiss any surface on which they were spread.—Westminster Gazette.