

# "THAT PIN."

By E. C. Martin.

WHEN Anthony Moneriff found himself in a gay American city, and resolved to "do as the Romans do" by the way of having as good a time as possible in the land of exile, he did not wait to see just how the Romans do, but went to work on the strength of impressions gained abroad about Americans and young America.

In the matter of intercourse between belles and beaux he had a notion that it was a very free country indeed. He was not altogether wrong, for twenty years ago, when he "came over," Anglo-man was in its infancy, and chaperonage seemed to be wondered at, nay, rather sneered at by young people, as behind the age, and so tiresomely English! One generation's meat is another generation's poison. Now the word "English" is the hall mark for any fad or fashion.

So our young Scotchman accepted all the fables he had heard of the three deep engagements indulged in by enterprising American beauties, and deciding "what's sauce for the goose," et cetera, made up his mind to catch the spirit of the country as speedily as possible.

Moneriff was twenty-six, and of the Apollo type dear to the soul of the school girl. Though so handsome he possessed considerable brain, and had a way that old and young alike found "taking."

Sixteen year olds called him a "darling" and a "dear" in speaking of him, while with a glance from expressive blue-black eyes he would murmur "sweet" sixteen, seventeen or eighteen, as the case might be. All were sweet that came to his net.

The inducement which had brought Anthony to America was a good position in his uncle's shipping office.

The old gentleman, Andrew Westlands, was at once taken by his bright and prepossessing nephew. Impulsively he offered him a room in his house till he could better himself.

When Anthony found that a very charming ward of Mr. Westlands occupied the chair opposite to him at dinner, he realized that fate had ben kind, and began at once to cast his spells in the direction of pretty Caroline Gray. Pretty? Well, hardly.

When Anthony sat down to dinner, the first word he confided to himself with a feeling of disappointment, was "plain." When he left the table the word had changed, and elongated into "fascinating."

Clever Carrie had read our hero like a book, and said to herself: "Sit still, my heart! We must study and try and be a match for this Adonis."

Caroline's face was as irregular as Anthony's was the reverse. She had a large, expressive mouth, with corners full of mirth; short, rather impertinent nose, eyes wide apart, clear gray, though she was informed not long after Anthony came to town that they were "sweet hazel." Her hair shed a glory over all. She was very proud of the three shades of red in it, though she tried hard to flatten out its ripples into the satiny gloss which was the pride of her friend Jean.

Jean Blake was her friend par excellence. She lived too far out of town for them to meet as often as they wished. Anthony had been driven out several times to call on Miss Jean, whom he thought of as "the heiress," though her face might have been her fortune, so fair it was.

He flattered himself—not without reason—that he had made an impression on Bonnie Jean.

Caroline, too, had her "tocher" and was a great favorite with Anthony's uncle, who was childless. So Anthony wrote home gleefully to his friend, Tom Pitt, in Edinburgh, that he was "in clover."

Carrie and Jean were still at school, though Jean, who was a year Caroline's senior, considered herself about "finished," and was looking forward to a European trip soon. Caroline was nineteen.

By the time Anthony had been three weeks in Middletown he was quite the conquering hero.

He had admirers and devotees in every school, for it was a scholastic town. The girls did not exactly erect an altar to him, and burn candles before it, but they worshipped him all the same, and everything he did and said was adored. His Scotch accent they tried to imitate, but failed. Anthony prided himself on speaking very correct English, though in moments of excitement his Scotch would creep out.

With the men he was also a favorite. He sang a good song (the girls called his voice "a heavenly tenor"), started a musical club, and proved himself skillful and fearless in many sports.

He was soon "Tony" to Caroline, and he had her permission to say Caroline, or "Carrie," if he preferred. The clever little girl was proud to know she had so far been able to hold on to her heart, proving herself a match for the lady killer.

One evening, after telling Carrie how praiseworthy he found American girls compared with Scotch, he suddenly became very tender, and murmured: "Do you love me?"

Carrie promptly stifled a magnetic thrill, and turned on him a small Scotch battery by responding demurely: "Do you love me?"

Being at the time more than three-fourths engaged to Jean Blake, Anthony was not prepared to make a downright declaration; so, after a few more sweet murmurs, the scene was broken up.

Though Carrie had held her own so far, she knew that it was all up with Jean. They corresponded regularly, and Jean could not hide from the more astute Carrie that the Scottish Adonis had captured her heart, leaving her sadly uncertain as to whether she had secured his in return. Though Caroline kept her own counsel, this correspondence with perplexed Jean helped her to defend herself, and Anthony had the effrontery to marvel, to her face, over that "tough little no surrender heart" of hers.

A plan which was "magnificent" occurred one day to Carrie. She would invite Jean to spend the remainder of the holidays with her, and thus ascertain which of the two Anthony preferred. She said nothing of her intention to him, wishing to give him a surprise; but having gained her uncle's consent, despatched her invitation, which was accepted. And then an episode occurred that went further to interest her in the young Scotchman than anything that had gone before.

The night before Jean was expected Carrie went to a little dance. Being in slight mourning, she did not accept invitations to large parties.

This one, given by Laura Dawson, she knew was really for Anthony Moneriff. Silly Laura was in the habit of making a party for every young man who struck her fancy. She was a soft little Irish girl, with liquid blue eyes and up curling lashes. She entertained in white, and sang sweetly with her guitar, to which she attached herself by a blue ribbon.

Carrie had not cared to go, and pleaded her mourning.

"Never mind," said Laura; "it is only a small affair; you needn't dress much."

So instead of putting on her white Tarleton with black velvet ribbons, Carrie went in a simple black gown, with linen collar and cuffs.

What was her indignation to find the room full of richly dressed people, and Mademoiselle Laura arrayed in white net! Caroline more than suspected, too, that she was invited only because it would not have done to ask the star of the evening and leave her out. Her first impulse was to go home at once, but on being weakly persuaded, she stood her ground saying to herself, "I'll stay and punish her."

When the "glorious Apollo" appeared, he looked in vain for his little friend. At last, detaching himself from the blue ribbons and escaping the net, he found Carrie in a far corner. She explained matters; Anthony indignantly agreed with her that she was the victim of a shabby trick.

"It's all for the best, anyway," said Carrie. "I shall slip away at 10 o'clock, when the dancing begins. I expect a friend to-morrow, and I want to get well rested."

Little did Anthony dream of the maze that she was preparing for him to walk in!

Laura found her Scotch fish very shy. He consented to sing one song provided Miss Gray would accompany him. After that they returned to the shady nook, in which he had found her, while Laura sighed behind her smiles, "I wish she'd go." At 10 o'clock her joy was evident when Caroline said: "I really must go. Uncle expects me."

"Well, dear, if you must," said Laura, trying to look sad, "Tom (her fifteen year old brother) will see you home."

Carrie smiled wickedly, and allowed Laura to go with her to the dressing room to find her wraps. On their return to the hall, what was Laura's amazement to find Mr. Moneriff overcoat and ready to escort Carrie home!

"But you will come back and dance—it is only around the corner!"

Anthony could not promise, but thanked her for a delightful evening, and they made good their escape. This loyalty on Anthony's part went far to soften the "tough little heart"; but still it was a case of "no surrender"—she said—and felt.

Carrie had sworn over Uncle Andrew not to disclose to Anthony the name of her expected guest. She had a fear, hardly acknowledged to herself, that he would turn and flee rather than find himself between two fires.

She merely informed him that she expected a friend to visit her. He somehow fancied it was a Chicago belle he had often heard her praise, and was rather anxious to meet a Western specimen of American womanhood.

When the hour of trial was upon him his readiness came to the rescue, though at first he was a little angry with Carrie, as well as puzzled.

"Why make a mystery about Miss Blake's coming?" he asked.

"Oh, you may call her Jean—don't mind me!"

"Carrie" whispered Anthony, taking her hand, but Carrie jerked it away.

"Prenez garde! she's coming!" Whereupon Jean blushing entered.

Skating parties, sleigh drives, card parties and even "little dances," made the holidays pass as a dream. Between Carrie's wit and Jean's beauty Anthony was properly unsettled. Eyes would plead for brilliant Caroline, ears

would tell his heart that Jean was for him the "fairest fall."

The very essence of Carrie plighted him into having surrounded her, while the soft, tender light in Jean's brown eyes lured him again to her side.

The last day of her visit came as last days will. The two girls were in Caroline's room when Anthony's slight bells were heard jingling up to the door. "Said Jean, peeping out:

"I'll just fasten my waist with your pin, sweetheart, and run down; you can follow when you're ready."

"My pin?" said Carrie, in pretended anxiety. "Don't you know, there's a fatality about pins as well as knives? They prick and let out love, if they don't cut it. Besides those old Highland Scotch dirks have something uncanny about them."

"Oh," laughed Jean, "you're talking just to keep me. I know your tricks."

"But wait a minute, do for decency's sake! One side of your hair is down—let me tuck it up. What a girl you are, never to look in the glass!"

But Jean was off, carelessly fastening the uncanny old Scotch pin on her brooch.

Presently Carrie quietly descended. Clever as she was, she was fairly puzzled at the position of the "enemy," as she could not help considering her declared lover. For Anthony had withdrawn the week followed his ears and come to an understanding with Carrie, vowing her to secrecy. She had an uncomfortable suspicion that Jean, too, was bound to secrecy, and that Anthony was equally in love with both.

As she entered the drawing room, ready for the sleigh drive, Jean ran for her hat and jacket. No sooner was she safely out of the room than Anthony clasped his "darling Carrie" to his heart.

Ten minutes later, Jean found them looking over a new song. She gazed surprisedly at the front of Carrie's rough, woolly jacket.

"What new idea of decoration is this?" she asked.

There hung Caroline's queer Scotch pin, upside down, by one of its jeweled knobs! Instantly it flashed on Jean's mind that half an hour before she had worn that pin, when Anthony had clasped her in his arms, murmuring, "Precious Jean!" Every vestige of color left her face. It had not needed the glance from Caroline's scornful eyes to Anthony's face, fiercely crimson, to confirm her horrible fear. Jean would have fallen, so sick at heart was she, had not Caroline's arm encircled her, while she said in tones that, as Anthony himself afterward expressed it, burned holes in him:

"Two fools we have been, indeed. But thanks to this blessed little pin—kissing it—a greater fool, because knave as well, stands revealed. Courage, Jean!" she whispered to her falling friend. "We wish you a pleasant sleigh drive, sir."

Our crestfallen general retreated without a word. So covered with confusion and dismay was he, that he left his sleigh at the door and walked miles under the fierce battery of a sudden snow storm, so self disgusted that he actually wished the sleet snow flakes were bullets that could penetrate and end his misery.

It was a bitter lesson to the inconstant lover, but as far as Caroline and Jean were concerned it came too late. They treated him so coldly that he soon left his uncle's house for more congenial quarters, and amid new surroundings began a new and better career.

Caroline and Jean survived the loss. Carrie was persuaded to accompany Jean, early in the spring, on her European tour. Let us read over Uncle Andrew's shoulder a sentence out of her last bright letter from Rome:

"Jean is all but engaged to young Count Cancelli, heir to an illustrious Roman house."—Waverley Magazine.

## Monkeys as Coin Testers.

It is said that the great ape of Siam is in great request among the Siamese merchants as cashiers in their counting houses. Vast quantities of base coins are known to be in circulation in Siam, and no living human being can discriminate between the good and bad coinage with as much accuracy as these apes. These monkey cashiers possess the faculty of distinguishing the rude Siamese counterfeits in such an extraordinary degree that no trained banker can compete with them in their unique avocation.

In plying his trade the ape cashier meditatively puts each coin presented to him in his mouth and tests it with grave deliberation. From two to five seconds is all the time this intelligent animal requires in making up his decision. If the coin is all right, it is carefully deposited in the proper receptacle; if base, it is thrown violently to the floor, while the coin tester makes known his displeasure at being presented with the counterfeit by giving vent to much angry chatter.

## Why He Was Glad.

A native of Dublin but a resident of London arrived in Philadelphia a few days ago. His last stopping place was St. Petersburg, where he spent several weeks. He says he is delighted to get here again, as he is longing for the sight of pretty faces, which in St. Petersburg are as rare as they are plentiful here. On one occasion, in company with a friend, he walked the entire length of the Nevski Prospekt (four miles), the Chestnut street of the Russian capital, and during the stroll saw but two pretty women. And Russian ladies, he declares, do not dress nicely. He explained these two facts by saying that they were mainly Tartars, and was somewhat nonplussed when innocently asked by his cynical listener: "Aren't all woman Tartars?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

An Ohio college president died of grief because the students didn't like him. What a dropping off of college presidents there would be if that complaint became generally fatal.

A new mechanical genius has appeared in Chicago, who claims to have evolved a noiseless, dustless street sweeper. The machine is to be run by a gasoline motor, and he says that a system of fans, which operate with suction tubes, will take up all the dust.

The craze for ping-pong, our old friend table tennis under a new name, seems to have come to stay. The new name was patented, and that is the reason why you get a box marked "Table Tennis" when you ask your sporting dealer for ping-pong. The craze is bound to be of material benefit to lawn tennis this year.

The way surgeons and scientists are juggling with life in these latter days is almost paralyzing to the lay mind. It is reported that a German chemist has prepared a fluid which, injected into a plant near its roots, has the power of perpetuating life. The plant stops growing and maintains a fresh, green appearance, although vitality is apparently suspended.

According to an old document just discovered in Australia gold was first found by a convict near Parramatta in 1798. The unfortunate fellow was at once charged with having stolen a watch and "boiled it down," and being convicted by the rude court of those early days was given 150 lashes for his pains. In later years the record of this incident was closely examined by an undoubtedly competent authority, who was quite convinced of the genuineness of the convict's story.

Detroit reports that the country possesses one thankful tramp. Last Thanksgiving Day a tramp applied at the police station for a night's lodging. Chief Farrington gave him a good talking to and advised him to go to work. He then gave the fellow money to pay for his supper and lodging at a hotel. Recently the chief received a letter from the fellow, now located in a big lumber mill in Pennsylvania, stating that he came there after leaving Battle Creek, and, taking the chief's advice, went to work, and had now been promoted to foreman and was saving money.

The superiority of the American locomotive over the English in hauling power is due, says an authority on these machines, to the larger heating surface in their boilers more than to any other cause. This constitutes, in fact, the chief difference between the American and the English type. The boilers of our locomotives have been increased in size steadily, until they are enormous, and yet railroad men call for still greater power. The problem that now confronts the locomotive builder is how to increase the heating surface without making the machines too large to pass through tunnels, and to solve it he will, no doubt, have to change the form of the boiler.

Tennessee has been reducing its State debt at a rapid rate. Ten years ago it owed \$16,000,000, a much larger sum than any other State in the same region, and carrying an interest charge of more than \$900,000 a year at a time when the annual interest charge on New York's debt was less than \$400,000 and on that of Ohio less than \$100,000. Recently the State debt has been reduced, and Governor McMillan gives some interesting information concerning the reduction of the State debt during his administration. Since January 1, 1899, the debt has been reduced at the rate of \$11,000 a week, and the indebtedness paid up to this time includes \$910,465.34 of floating debt and the redemption of \$905,000 of State bonds, a total of \$1,815,465.34.

Minister Newel, of The Hague, reports that a very large number of inquiries are received at the legation and at the consulates at Amsterdam and Rotterdam as to various imaginary estates in Holland—E. G. Kron, Anneke Jans, Du Bois, Metzger, Brosius, Fischer, Snyder and others—more than twenty in all. The inquiries come from all parts of the United States. Since 1898, the United States minister and consuls in Holland have received more than 230 letters from Americans on the subject. The minister says that he is authorized by the authorities at The Hague to state not only that there are no such estates awaiting distribution, but that there have never been any such estates; and one official is sure, from the nature of things and the Dutch laws, that there never will be any such estates.

AROUND WORLD FOR TWO CENTS. Distance a Letter May Travel With a United States Stamp.

Now that the Danish West Indies will become an insular possession of the United States upon the completion of the diplomatic negotiations for their acquisition, and the eastern shore line of this country practically extended over 1400 miles into the broad expanse of the tempestuous Atlantic, it will prove of interest to show the postal possibilities of this country as to the carriage of a letter weighing an ounce for two cents, said a gentleman familiar with postal affairs.

I venture to say that even an off-hand statement of these remarkable possibilities cannot readily be given. Having occasion to go into this question recently, I made a new calculation, which is approximately correct. It is based upon the island of St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, as an eastern starting point. Upon the completion of negotiations American postoffices will be established in the islands. We will proceed to the recently established postoffice at Point Barrow, Alaska, well within the arctic circle, on a parallel far above the northernmost shores of Iceland, and not so very distant from the north pole itself. Thence we will take an aerial journey to the tropics of the south seas, at Manila, and then home again to St. Thomas.

From St. Thomas to New York it is 1428 miles; to San Francisco, 3215 miles; from San Francisco to Unalaska, 2035 miles; from Unalaska to Nome, about 1000 miles, and thence to Point Barrow, overland, 420 miles, or a total of 8288 miles from our most eastern Atlantic postoffice to our northernmost postoffice amid arctic ice. The revenue cutter which will visit Point Barrow this summer, when the ice is out of the Arctic Sea sufficiently, and which will carry the supplies for the new office, will go around the western shores of Alaska through Bering Strait, and the total distance will be somewhat increased. Actual distances in this remote region cannot be stated with positiveness, but these figures are not far out of the way, and are based upon official data.

Returning southward, overland part of the way, it is approximately 1500 miles from Point Barrow to Unalaska; thence it is 2016 miles to Honolulu; from this isle in the sea it is 3337 miles to Guam, and from that island 1506 miles to Manila, or a total of 8450 miles from our arctic postoffice at Point Barrow to our Southern Pacific postoffice of importance.

And now for the homeward leap. It is 7041 miles from Manila to San Francisco via Guam and Honolulu, and 4743 miles from the Golden Gate city to St. Thomas, and the complete circuit, as here outlined, approximates 29,481 miles, which a letter might travel, under certain conditions, for two cents under the American flag.

Have to Be on Time. "Before I became a suburbanite," said a man who recently moved out of town, according to the Philadelphia Record, "I used to note with considerable amusement the crowds of people who every day would compare their watches with the official timepieces to be found in front of several Chestnut street jewelry stores. I used to regard them as cranks when they would say to each other 'Right on the dot,' or draw long faces over a difference of a fraction of a minute. For my part I was satisfied if my watch kept decently good time, and never bothered my head over a matter of five minutes or so out of the way. I have since discovered that the people I used to think were cranks are really suburbanites, with trains to think about. It hasn't taken me long to discover the importance of having a watch exactly right, and after having missed several trains I myself have joined the crowds around the places where the official time is kept."

Rubber From Greasewood. The ingenuity of a Yankee inventor has devised a use for that humble and unlovely shrub of the western deserts known as the "greasewood." It has been found to contain a gum that affords a valuable substitute for rubber. The method of obtaining the gum, which has been newly patented, consists in bruising the woody stalks of the greasewood, soaking them in a solution of carbon disulphide, and then drawing off the liquid, which is distilled. The chemical used as a solvent is driven off by heat, and there remains in the bottom of the vessel a gummy stuff, flexible and elastic.

Finally, the gummy stuff is washed and purified, the result being a very fair substitute for India-rubber—so good, in fact, as to suggest the notion that some day the American deserts may be made to yield very satisfactory profits in the production of raw material of gum shoes and bicycle tires. Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Reasoning Powers of Crabs. Eugene Blackford, the ex-fish commissioner, was standing in the door of his office in Fulton Market when a literary woman came up to him and said: "Mr. Blackford, I am gathering material for an article on crabs. Do you think those little crustaceans have the faculty of reasoning?"

"Well, madam," replied Mr. Blackford, according to the New York Times, "I have never given the subject a thought, but I have known crabs to do some remarkable things. Last summer I was fishing for flounders in Jamaica Bay. The water was shallow and I could easily see the bottom. A crab sidled up to my bait, picked up the hook with one claw, took off the bait with the other, ate it and then climbed up the line for the bait box. If that isn't reason it certainly is a very high degree of instinct."

WHEN PA SOLD OUT. Papa's indulgent, and Papa's dear. Yet so absorbed in his ventures, I fear Little o'er etiquette he ventures a word—At each reception dear Papa seems bored! Mamma and I have succeeded quite well, Entre we have to society well. We're up to snuff when we're put to the test—Papa lacks polish, and talks of the West.

Sometimes I've said with a petulant pout: "Oh, how I wish Papa'd never sold out!" All of his mines on the Placer Creek fork Moved (with a million in cash) to New York.

Mamma and I have acquired the grace Never to show that we feel out of place. But, oh, can you blame us for feeling distressed? Papa lacks polish, and talks of the West. —Kansas City Independent.

PITH AND POINT. "So she jilted the son and married the father." "Yes. She thought an income better than an allowance."—Brooklyn Life.

As he gaily wanders homeward, He is trying to recall. If the thing he saw was base-ping-pong Or a game of plain ping-pong. —Washington Star.

"I see by the posters that young Stager, the comedian, travels under his wife's management." "So do most men, but they don't advertise it."—Tit-Bits.

Arthur—"Yes, I think Minnie loves me very much. She's a dear girl; she has a large heart." Harry—"A heart like a London omnibus; always room for one more."—Boston Transcript.

"Yes, sir," said the builder, gleefully "every house in that operation is rented now but one." "Ah! And that one," remarked his friend, "is last, but not least."—Philadelphia Press.

She will not let him in the house Until he wipes his feet. Then she sails out in long trailing gown And wipes up all the street. —New York Times.

Tom (admiringly)—"Ah, there goes the young widow. Now she is a woman worth talking about." Ida (jealously)—"I guess she must be. Every one is talking about her."—Chicago News.

Bess—"Is it true that young Simkins offered himself to you last night?" Nell—"He did." Bess—"And did you accept him?" Nell—"Well, not exactly—but I have an option on him for ten days."—Chicago News.

Willie—"Papa, if I was twins, would you buy the other boy a banana, too?" Papa—"Certainly, my son." Willie—"Well, papa, you surely ain't going to cheat me out of another banana just because I'm all in one piece?"—Judge.

"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The yard is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower-bed." "Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding flower-beds?"—Glasgow Times.

Stranger—"What statue is that being erected on the square?" Citizen—"That, sir, is the statue of the Hon. J. Mortimer Biggerton." Stranger—"One of the benefactors of the town, I suppose?" Citizen—"Yes, indeed. He paid for the statue before he died."—Chicago News.

Mrs. Swellman—"I dreamed last night that I was with a box party at the opera." Mr. Swellman—"I wondered why you were talking so loud in your sleep."—Philadelphia Press.

Bacon—"It is always a sign of life in a horse when he rears." Egbert—"Yes, certainly." Bacon—"And yet he looks as if he were on his last legs."—Yonkers Statesman.

Elephant Catcher Needed. An elephant catcher rather than a cow catcher seems to be needed in India. On the railroad between Bengal and Assam, according to the Railroad Gazette, as the superintendent of the line was making an inspection trip, while passing through the great Nambar forest, the train came to a stop with a jolt that threw the travelers out of their berths. The train had run into a herd of wild elephants which were trotting down the track, the last of which had both hind legs broken and was thrown into the ditch, while the engineer counted seven others which got away. This is not the first time that wild elephants have got on the track, and ordinary fences and cattle guards are no protection.—Scientific American.

Chinese Women Menders. In nearly every city in China women are to be found sitting in the streets busily plying their trade as menders of clothing. Their knowledge of needlecraft is generally limited to what is called "running," and therefore they are not much patronized by English or American travelers. They, however, never without patrons Chinese tradesmen, who are often natives of other districts and have one else in the city to mend a reefer, their wives and children left at home. For this class of customers the skill of the itinerant sewing woman is sufficient, and to them it is a great convenience to have the necessary repairs rapidly made while they stand by and wait.

How Loubet Went to School. M. Loubet tells of himself that he resisted being sent to school when, at eight years of age, his father decided that Emile must enter the college at Crest. He ran away and hid in the woods and when found to be tied hand and foot and put in a wagon. In this way he was delivered, like an ordinary parcel, to the director of the school at Crest. Once there, however, he became popular with both teachers and pupils, for he was a manly little chap and did his work and joined the games with engaging heartiness. These characteristics have distinguished him all his life. He has never attempted to conceal the peasant origin of himself and his wife.