

A LOVE SONG.

My little leaves, why are you glad? Answer, quivering little leaves...

FIRST LOVE.

I have for years led a roving life and am most at home in railway carriages, waiting rooms, hotels and restaurants...

My rest was gone, my life no more the same. It is true she still pressed me impetuously to her bosom again...

The following narrative is one of these tales. I have forgotten where I read it for the first time. Whether the tale was exactly as I now have it in my mind I do not any longer know...

The numerous guests of the countess had been slowly retiring since 11 o'clock, and about 12 there were only some half-dozen people assembled in the salon...

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"When I say my first love, I do not mean the very first. This indeed caused me in its time much pain and anxious joy, but that is long since forgotten."

"I saw her for the first time upon our playground, where she appeared with her mother, during an intermission, to see her brother. It was winter. The yard was full of snow, and a fierce battle waged between the opposing factions in which the school was divided."

"The next morning she caused inquiry to be made after my health through Jacques, and on the following Sunday I called upon her. I spoke no word. I ventured scarcely to raise my eyes, but I would willingly have thrown myself a thousand times into fire or water to draw down upon me the solicitous glance of the beautiful maiden."

"In the evening I invented for myself the most marvelous heroic deeds where-with I would have aroused her admiration and compelled her admiration. Anything else I neither desired nor expected. The unexpressed dawn of love in the heart of youth belongs with its peculiarities only to pure childhood."

rest; its only need, to receive love without bestowing it. In after years one gives without receiving and is very well off with that.

"But how short and sweet is the one time when one gives and receives, when one loves and is beloved! I have known it, but she who then made me so incessantly happy has now left me. How beautiful was the world when I saw it with her; how blue the heaven; how soft the air! We hastened, hand in hand, from place to place, and wherever we went, laughing, joy stepped forth to greet us, begging us to linger. We went laughing, singing, rejoicing along, assured of our good fortune everywhere."

"Sometimes our riotous delight, overstepping all bounds, startled sober people. But the stern glance softened when it rested upon us: 'They are young. Let them enjoy themselves,' said the old, and went along sorrowfully smiling. She clung so tightly to my arm, she nestled so closely to my side, that I thought I could never lose her. That I thought I could never lose her. That the idea of a possible change never came to me, a possibility that I never lived a long time. Weeks, months, years flew by, and I loved her not."

"One evening, after we had spent the day yet more madly and merrily than usual, she suddenly appeared to me discontented and cold. A terrible fear which I am not able to describe fell upon me. An icy coldness crept over me. 'She will leave you,' said I to myself, 'certainly, surely, she will leave you.' It occurred to me how little I had really concerned myself about her, how I perhaps had expected too much of her truth and constancy. For the first time I felt my trust in myself and in her waver, and anxiously I gazed into her eyes. But her glance turned wearily from me and gave me no answer."

"My rest was gone, my life no more the same. It is true she still pressed me impetuously to her bosom again and again, but the sweetness of her kisses had vanished. Often she pushed me coldly away, and I saw to my unutterable sorrow that my love wearied her. And when I once at a later hour returned home, tired and dejected, I found the room dark, cold and empty. She, my joy, my light, my all, had vanished."

"Now began a miserable existence for me. The loss that I had suffered gnawed at my heart, but my care was to conceal this loss from the world. I endeavored to show a cheerful, happy countenance. I sought the society of gay young people. I bestowed great and hitherto unknown and ridiculed care upon my person and toilet. My enemies said of me that I had for a long time ranged in order to hide the paleness of my cheeks. That is not true, but I may as well confess that I bought a little flask of newly invented tincture that was to restore the color of youth to my whitening hair."

"This hypocritical face did not long continue. I was soon tired of the strife, and today the opinion of the world troubles me no more. I know that my darling has left me; that nothing will bring her back, and every one who knows me may perceive and recognize in my appearance the loss which I suffered. But I ever lament the lost one. She is wanting everywhere. Nothing, nothing can take her place to me, and I would willingly give everything I possess and every joy and happiness that is prepared for me to live again call her mine, to once more live through that beautiful, fleeting time, during which alone I was happy."

Gaston ceased, and stared fixedly into the fire, and fell to the characteristic, slow rubbing of his emaciated hands. "What is the name of this wonderful being?" asked the countess. "My youth," answered Gaston, without turning his eyes from the fire. —From the German For Short Stories.

It is held by some that the coinage of China was invented especially for the confusion of the foreigner. At any rate, two market villages 20 miles apart are quite certain to have a different rate of exchange, and—this may be only a coincidence—the foreigner is not the one who profits thereby. Thus, suppose you tender \$1 at Stone Umbrella mart, and after much weighing and testing thereof are given in exchange 1,030 brass coins strung on a string of varying weight and thickness.

Arrived at the Plain of Peace, you buy \$1 worth of fowls, and put down your 1,030 coins, only to be told that the exchange is 1,160, and you have to find the balance. Next day, having invested all your savings in cash, you return to Stone Umbrella, intending to buy up all the silver in circulation at the lower rate of exchange. Alas, for your hopes! You are met with a chilling, "These cash are ten parts—i. e., 100 per cent—worthless."

One of the most significant signs of summer is the reappearance of the shirt waist. It is worn by all classes and conditions of women. Age or size is no bar to it. Comeliness or homeliness are equally susceptible to its attractions. It has come with bigger sleeves, brighter colors and more extreme styles. In its latest form it is an exact copy of a man's shirt except that it has a drawing string around the belt and is endowed with the privilege of separating from the garment that supplements it.

This prevalence of the shirt waist is a token of the religious laxity of the times. Its hold upon feminine fashions shows that the Bible is not read or heeded as in the days of our grandmothers. In Deuteronomy xxii., 5, are these words: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment. For all that do so are an abomination."

As the women are putting on not only the shirt waist, but the collar button, the studs and the four in hand ties, which pertain unto a man, it is very evident they do not take Scriptural injunctions very much to heart. —Denver Times.

The Brazilian morning glory will prove a pleasant surprise to those who have not yet grown it. It is as easy of cultivation as the old-fashioned morning glory. Its flowers are rose colored and very large, while its leaves are often 9 and 10 inches across. It makes a beautiful screen for a window or piazza.

TO FLORENCE.

With an old Italian book I read These words, which I have still remembered: "Who reads this book when I perchance am dead, Should worship Florence as his only love."

He only wrote of that most fairy town, The City of the Flowers, as she is named: I have an easier task to win her love, In one who's fairer faced and fairer framed. For you are fairer than Firenze's flowers, And I would give my life and all its powers If I rose petals of your lips I won.

Here at your feet I lay my head of song; Take it and kiss it, though you hardly look. I shall have readers through the whole year long. If all who love you, Florence, read my book. —Fay Durham in Home and Country.

CYCLOMANIA.

The Scientific Name of the Craze For Wheeling in France. "Le Velocipédiste" is the title of an amusing little essay in the Paris Figaro, in which that familiar division of the human family, the cyclist, is discussed from a naturalistic point of view.

"Like the June bugs, which skim busily over the flower beds," says the Figaro, "the Velox communis flies along the surface of our streets with disquieting rapidity, frequently grazing in its course the careless pedestrian who loves to cross the crowded thoroughfares while reading his newspaper. Of all the animals of the Parisian fauna it is by far the most prolific and multiplies with startling rapidity. The male, of a grayish yellow color, is generally homely. The female, on the other hand, often has a remarkable and opulent beauty of her outlines, a veritable treat for our charmed eyes. She is tamed with our difficulty."

"The number of 'velocipedists' has so augmented during the last few years that it has become a public danger. The Academy of Medicine is justly alarmed at the progress of cyclomania, as is called this circular madness, which was studied for the first time by the celebrated Esquirol, who himself at last fell a victim to the same terrible malady. "It is dangerous to get in the way of the 'Velox communis,' this animal not being accustomed to diverge from the straight line which it follows impetuously. The frequency with which it runs down and mashes whatever happens to be in its path is too well known to be dwelt on here. Sometimes the cyclist, as it were, runs in troops, and even in single file, like the wild duck. The augurs of antiquity—a verse of Ovid seems to prove it at least—would have deemed good had omens according as they perceived the flight of the 'velox' in one or another direction. Lacaze Duthiers believes that these animals have among themselves contests of speed analogous to our horse races. He has even been able to observe a 'velox' of large frame which moved incessantly about a circular track without taking the least repose or absorbing the slightest nourishment. He concludes from this that this insect possesses a crop like that of the turkey, which permits it to store a certain quantity of nourishment, a portion of which it lets fall from time to time into its stomach."

"The cry of the 'velox' is frightful. Its terrifying discordance is sometimes augmented by an apparatus which reminds one of the cow bells of Switzerland, or the horns used on our train cars. Travel in Spain. One of the greatest charms of Spain to a reflective mind is the entire absence of anything like an atmosphere of labor. There is none of the fretting energy of breadwinning, and the traveler in her provinces seems to himself to have stepped out of the nineteenth century into the sixteenth or anything he can discover that bespeaks what we term the "spirit of the age." No one is in a hurry; even the beggars whine lazily. Tolling and spinning and harvesting is not a part of their code of life.

Their Terrible Hardships in Winter and Heroic Devotion to Duty. Among letter carriers the world over probably there are few who undergo for so small a pittance such terrible hardships as those who carry the mails in the High Alps in winter. They are paid but 23 cents per day and frequently less their wages for the performance of their duty. The world at large hears of them but rarely, and then only from some chance traveler who has been snowbound in a hospice in those high altitudes.

The postman at Villar d'Avene, in the Alps Maritimes, was badly frost bitten last winter while making his rounds. A Parisian journalist happened to be in the village when the mail arrived and said to him, "You have a good excuse for not going home for more than three feet of new snow fell last night." "Yes, monsieur," the carrier replied, "I know all that very well, but—que voulez-vous? There is in the bag a letter from Louis Joussef, which comes from Tonquin. You cannot understand how impatiently his parents are awaiting that letter from their son. Every day they ask me, 'Is there nothing from him yet?' They are anxious about him. He is so far away. And now a letter has come, shall I make them wait? Oh, no. I have no courage, though I fear from the pain I suffer that neither the postman nor the letter will reach their destination."

On the way from Abriss, on the French side, to Bobbio, in Italy, some miles before reaching the Col de la Croix, separating the two countries, there is a house of refuge, which was built nearly 100 years ago by the French government. For some time previous to last winter it was kept by a cantonier and his wife, but through carelessness or complacency they allowed Italian soldiers to come there in an easy way across the border. Last winter, therefore, two gendarmes were stationed there, and the place was furnished with a telephone to the village below. They were supplied with provisions every two days by a postman named Blane, from Abriss, some miles distant. The snow fell so deeply one night in February that it filled the steep pass which led to the house where the two soldiers were stationed. Blane, nevertheless, knowing that they would soon be without provisions, set out to relieve them. He did not return, and the next day his body was found. The two gendarmes, meanwhile, were starving, and it was only at the risk of their lives that some hardy villagers rescued them two days later. —New York Journal.

Now Comes the Sleeve Extender. The sleeve extender is the latest invention to be used instead of stiffening each separate pair of sleeves with the various linings sold for the purpose. The "extenders" resemble small bustles and are sold at a little less than \$1 a pair.

VENEZUELA'S GREAT STATESMAN.

Senior Andrade, Lawyer and Diplomat, His Country's Only Foreign Minister. Like Ah Sin, Senior Andrade, Venezuela's minister to the United States, is childlike and bland, but the impression is rapidly gaining ground in Washington that he is one of the shrewdest and



ablest diplomats at the capital. He is the only minister his government maintains at the capital of another country, and the success of his mission is of vital importance to Venezuela. Venezuela's diplomatic relations with England have been broken off since 1887, when that great absorber of little nations took possession of the territory within the old Schomburgk line, declaring it to be British ground. Then the Venezuelan minister at London, Dr. Rojas, was recalled.

For three generations the Andrade family has been prominent in the political and military life of Venezuela, and the minister comes naturally by his talent for statecraft. He is a scholar, a profound thinker and a shrewd student of men and public affairs. For many years he has been a leader in the politics of his country and has served in the senate and house and as president of the state of Zulia. For 12 years he lived in the United States of Colombia and studied law. He then visited the various republics of North and South America and the different countries of Europe, studying the people and institutions until he knew them well. He speaks English, French, German, Italian, Spanish and modern Greek fluently, and his rich experience in different parts of the globe has well fitted him for intricate diplomatic work. He is courteous, gentle and a model listener and makes friends wherever he goes. He first attracted attention in this country as a member of the Venezuelan and marine commissions and as a delegate to the pan-American congress.

As minister he has made no effort to excite popular sympathy with his cause and his courtesy, tact, discretion, erudition and diplomatic skill have made a most favorable impression at the state department, it is said. In the opinion of Washington officials Venezuela's momentous mission could not be in better hands.

COUNTRY HOUSE TABLE.

A Useful and Pretty Article That Can Be Made in Many Styles at Small Cost. A charitable woman, who uses her artistic talents for the benefit of others, utilized her Lenten leisure this year in making tables for country houses, which she has placed for sale at the woman's exchanges, and which are so pretty and dainty that a description may be welcome. They are of various shapes and colors and represent a tall table for a palm pot. The low tea tables may be made after the same design; the legs may be either round or square. Old rose linen, white linen braid, white buttons of Bolton cloth and tassels may be made to match the material by working in cotton of the same color as the covering. The sketch represents a tall table for a palm pot. The low tea tables may be made after the same design; the legs may be either round or square. Old rose linen, white linen braid, white buttons of Bolton cloth and tassels may be made to match the material by working in cotton of the same color as the covering. The sketch represents a tall table for a palm pot.



are entirely covered with linen. The blue denim ones, trimmed with white braid, resembling the blue and white delft which is the latest popular fad in china, are perhaps the prettiest, all through the rose or yellow delft are lovely with certain colorings. All white ones are also very effective, trimmed with blue and white braid and tassels, also touched with blue, with blue nails, the latter being covered with fine Bolton cloth. The white linen braid and tassels may be made to match the material by working in cotton of the same color as the covering. The sketch represents a tall table for a palm pot. The low tea tables may be made after the same design; the legs may be either round or square. Old rose linen, white linen braid, white buttons of Bolton cloth and tassels may be made to match the material by working in cotton of the same color as the covering. The sketch represents a tall table for a palm pot.

LETTER CARRIERS IN THE ALPS. Their Terrible Hardships in Winter and Heroic Devotion to Duty. Among letter carriers the world over probably there are few who undergo for so small a pittance such terrible hardships as those who carry the mails in the High Alps in winter. They are paid but 23 cents per day and frequently less their wages for the performance of their duty. The world at large hears of them but rarely, and then only from some chance traveler who has been snowbound in a hospice in those high altitudes.

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ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE. The Skillful Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole. "While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was 4 1/2 feet deep and 20 inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got farther from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit and rest. Interested witnesses threw in food. "At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around or over the obstruction, but without success. With unflinching patience he reversed his spiral and went on tunneling his way in the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top and probably sped away to enjoy his well earned freedom. His escape was not seen. When his food was put in in the morning, he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left." —New York Sun.

DOUBLE BARRELED NAMES.

The Agony Was Started by English Peers and Landed Proprietors. Double barreled surnames, of course, have long ceased to be novelty. Anybody who is anybody has insisted for the last 30 years on giving his friends the unnecessary trouble of directing their letters with a pair of surnames, where one would seem to answer every reasonable purpose. It began this little game of spelling your patronymy with a decorative hyphen. They chose to marry heiresses or inherit property from distant branches of their families, and to advertise the fact by assuming both names, their own and their wives', or their own and their benefactors', as if by dint of acquiring a couple of estates they had duplicated their personality and went about thenceforth as living Januses, like the Siamese twins or the two headed nightingale. They were all of them Pelham-Clintons and Curzon-Howes and Ashley-Coopers; they rejoiced in their dualities as Agar-Ellices and Bootle-Wilbrahams; they blossomed forth with delight into tandem pairs of Leveson-Gowers and Knatchbull-Hugessens.

Some of them indeed went a step further, and appeared, like Mrs. Malde's Cembus, as "three gentlemen rolled into one," dazzling our eyes with such superb designations as Cochrane-Wishart-Baillie, or Buller-Fuller-Elphinstone. After this was it any wonder that mere ordinary commoners should feel they would stand no chance in the struggle for existence unless they aspirated incontinently to be Robinson-Smiths and Higgins-Bakers? You may see nowadays Gwendoline Montgomery-Mullins keeping a suburban sweetshop, and Adolphus Cecil-Jones at the receipt of custom in a metropolitan railway station. When things have reached this length, what can our old nobility do but "go them one better" by assuming a quadruple? Surnames are now threatening to be no longer double barreled, but positively to develop into perfect six shorters.

Montagu-Douglas Scott and Twiss-Boston-Wykeham-Fleming won't satisfy the ambition of our newest creations. I believe I am right in saying that at one time the member for Westminster was correctly described by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett-Burdett-Courts-Bartlett-Burdett-Courts, though he has since sloughed off some portion of his "less superfluous, and everybody must remember the stirring line, "Long may Long-Wellesley Long-Pole-Wellesley live," which dates back as far as the beginning of the "movement" as the days when Horace Smith wrote "Rejected Addresses." —Cornhill Magazine.

THE FAT CAPTAIN.

His Order, Its Method of Execution and the Boy's Comment. "Join the militia, if you wish, my boy," said the old man in his kindly way, "but don't get in a company that has a fat captain."

"I don't see what difference that can make," returned the boy. "Do you mean to contend that a fat man can't be a good soldier?" "Well, no, exactly that, my boy," explained the old man; "but in some ways you will find the thin man or the man of medium build preferable. Didn't I ever tell you of my experience?" "Never."

"Ah, that explains your doubts, then. You see, I once had an ambition to wear a uniform and march behind a band, just like you, and I joined a company that unfortunately had a fat captain. No one thought of the captain particularly at the time the company was organized, but we all learned to look out for such trifles later. While we were in the army it was all right and everything always passed off satisfactorily, but when we began to drill out of doors—ah, then we found how serious a matter drilling with a fat captain was."

"But why?" asked the boy. "You haven't told me that yet." "He'd lost his breath just at critical moments. He'd start us out at double time and then get so winded himself that he couldn't stop us. Of course we would have to go on. We were too well drilled to stop until we received the order to do so. I remember once he started us out, lost his breath, was unable to order a halt or to keep up with the column and we ran three miles before we stopped."

"What made you stop then?" inquired the boy. "We ran into a stone wall," replied the old man promptly. "Pooh! Why didn't you scale it? You were a nice kind of soldiers, you were. If I'd been your captain, I'd have contented myself with the whole lot of you for disobedience of orders."

Then the old man looked at the boy, and the boy looked at the man, and a name seemed to open up between them. They were no longer friends. —Chicago Post.

THE DEVIL'S CODE.

Legend of a Monk, the Devil and a Quick Night's Work. Stockholm's public library contains a wonderful work which is called "The Devil's Code" and which in addition to its extraordinary name is said to be the biggest manuscript in the world. Every letter is most beautifully drawn and the magnitude of the work is so great that it seems impossible for any single monk to have done it. The story of the origin of the manuscript, however, not only gives it as the work of one man, but also states it to be the work of a single night. The story runs as follows: "A poor monk had been condemned to death, but was told mockingly by his judges that if he was able to copy the whole 'Code' between darkness and dawn he would be saved. Relying upon the impossibility of the task, those who sentenced him furnished him with the original copy of the 'Code,' with pen, ink and parchment and left him. "Death must have been as little liked in the middle ages as it is now, for the monk, forgetting the hopelessness of his task, commenced it. Before long, however, he saw that he could not save his own life by such weak exertions, and fearing a cruel and horrible death he invoked the aid of the prince of darkness, promising to surrender his soul if he were assisted in the task. "The devil, kindly obliged by appearing on the spot, accepted the contract and sat down to the work, and next morning the 'Devil's Code' was finished, the monk being found dead. The copy-clerk from the infernal regions presumably fled away with the poor man's soul as soon as the wicked compact was finished." —Pearson's Weekly.

Real Enjoyment. Simmons—You laughed at that dreary old yarn of Mudge's as if you really enjoyed it. Timmins—I did really enjoy it. It is one of my own jokes.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Brief Account of a Lively and Interesting Incident in His Career. "A house that I went into one night in a town not very far out of New York," said the retired burglar, "didn't begin to pan out as well as I expected it would, and I couldn't help feeling a little bit disappointed. I'd been all over the house, and hadn't got much more'n enough to pay my car fare. But when I came down stairs again I saw standing in a corner of the hall by the front door something that I hadn't noticed when I went up that pleased me very much, and that was a tricycle, a girl's tricycle, with two high wheels and a small wheel in front, with galvanized wire spokes, and a long handle to steer by, and a seat upholstered with red velvet, and all that sort of thing, you know. You've seen lots of 'em, no doubt. "Well, now, my little girl had been asking me for some time for a tricycle, but business had been so overloading bad that I really hadn't felt as though I could afford to buy her one, but here was one waiting for me to carry off, and it made me smile to look at it; a bright new one it was too. It was pretty near Christmas, and I thought I'd keep it and give it to her for a Christmas present. "There wasn't any rubber tires on it, so I didn't dare roll it across the hall, but I picked it up and carried it to a door that opened into an entry that opened on to the cellar stairs, the way I'd come in. I got it to the first door and without hitting anything, but getting it through the door leading to the cellar stairs, going first myself and backing down with it, the long handle flopped over in somehow and caught in the door when I was just a step down. I tried to free it, and it freed easier than I expected, and I lost my balance and lost my hold on the tricycle and fell down stairs. "Noise! Well, now, I tell you, I was in a steamboat explosion once, and once in an explosion in a sawmill, but I never began to hear so much noise in my life as I did when me and that tricycle rolled down the cellar stairs. The tricycle fell over me and I fell over the tricycle, and somewhere on the way down I believe I must have fallen through the tricycle, for when we got down to the bottom, I was all scratched and cut and my clothes were torn and the tricycle was a wreck. I stood there for a minute looking at it, till I heard two men coming down the stairs to the hall above, and then I went away and left it lying there at the foot of the cellar stairs. "So, you see, my little girl didn't get her tricycle that Christmas after all." —New York Sun.

A Confused Bridegroom. A young man about to be married by an Episcopal clergyman and being quite innocent of any knowledge of the form of solemnization for matrimony in the book of common prayer concluded that he had better look it up and study the answers to the questions the clergyman was to ask him. He became quite interested in and somewhat perplexed with the several orders therein formulated for as many religious services, so much so that when he stood up before the clergyman with his bride to be married in the confusion in which he found himself he could recall but the merest smatches of answers he had seen in the prayer book. When the clergyman asked, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after the God's ordinance?" etc., the groom courageously replied, "I renounce them all, and, by God's help,"—pausing as if he expected the minister to help him finish the answer. But, disconcerted by the groom's response, the clergyman unfortunately increased the embarrassment of the occasion by muttering to himself a little too distinctly: "I believe that this bridegroom is non comms mentis," to which snapp judgment of his mentality the bridegroom blandly responded: "All this I most steadfastly believe."

The ceremony was suspended. Explanations were quietly made between them. The bridegroom was told what he was to say. The service was then resumed, and the couple were married in due form. —New York World.

An Easy Welsh Name.

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgigerchwyrnbbllanllanidrisillogogochogoch the first station in Anglesea past the Menai bridge. Like all old place names, it is of a descriptive character. The first part, Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, is probably the correct name of the place and means "St. Mary's white hazel pool," the church being dedicated to St. Mary and doubtless stood by a pool shaded with white hazel. The latter portion seems to have been the addition of some Cambrian humorist. The Times commissioner in 1843 was making inquiries during the "Rebecca's daughters" riots, and on asking the name of this place received the entire length for answer, which, however, is good Welsh and equally descriptive, meaning "Very near the raging whirlpool by Llandisilio and the red, rocky islet of Gogo." —Bonchier's Annual.

"Andromania in the Green."

There has been quite a sudden development in this generation of what are known as female colleges, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in The Ladies' Home Journal. This movement is, in part, considerable and reasonable, and in part it is a "fad." A great many girls are going to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and Barnard because they want to be educated, and others are going because young men go to college, and it is nice to do what young men do—what might be called "Andromania in the green." There is another contingent of young women who are motivated in this by their desire to get on to an independent footing and to be in a situation to make their own way in the world, with something like an expectation that they will earn their living by their brains, and that husband and children will be to them always a terra incognita—using the college in that way as a means of helping them to escape the proper destiny of their sex. The institutions referred to are known as female colleges, and there is something in that mode of distinction that involves an amount of wisdom that is not always suspected nor intended by those who use the designation.

Equivalent, a word now applied to every evasion, was once understood to mean the calling of diverse things by the same name.

HIS DETECTIVE WORK.

STORY OF HOW RICHARD VAUX RAN DOWN A FAMOUS COUNTERFEITER. Colonel Monroe Edwards Threat to Kill the Recorder, Which Was Not Carried Out—A Noted Duel Which Grew Out of the Trial—Evarts Was in the Case.

Richard Vaux was not only famous as a jurist and statesman, but over half a century ago achieved widespread fame as a detective in the case of Colonel Monroe Edwards, who was a native of Russellville, Ky., astounded the world by the address and success of his operations as a forger, his last offense realizing \$44,000, which was offset by a series of forged letters and cottons and amounts of money.

Judge Louides, a famous criminal lawyer, was engaged to hunt down the culprit. He was located in Philadelphia, and Richard Vaux, then recorder of the city, by shrewd detective work, discovered the forger's stopping place. On going to the house, he was met by the bell, leaving Judge Louides and Mr. Vaux a little to one side from the door. A servant girl answered to the bell. "I want to see Colonel Monroe Edwards," said the recorder. "Is he in?" She immediately walked into the parlor. Between the parlor and the door there was a door, and it was evident from the rattle of the knives and forks that those within the other apartment were engaged in a meal. There was no one in the parlor, and the girl went through the door and said, "I'm the recorder, and I want to see your master."

He was dressed with scrupulous exactness and wore a magnificent amount of jewelry, evidently paying a great deal of attention to his personal appearance. The recorder approached him and said: "Good evening, Colonel Monroe Edwards. I believe you are Colonel Monroe Edwards, if I recollect aright?" She immediately walked into the parlor. Between the parlor and the door there was a door, and it was evident from the rattle of the knives and forks that those within the other apartment were engaged in a meal. There was no one in the parlor, and the girl went through the door and said, "I'm the recorder, and I want to see your master."

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The identity ascertained, the recorder gave the preconcerted signal, and Judge Louides, Mr. Hart, Captain Young and the police entered the room. Mr. Vaux directed the captain to put the handcuffs on Edwards, which was done. The prisoner made no remarks of any kind, and said not a word. The recorder, having completed his duties in the affair, was about to leave the room, when a very agile, slim, light colored mulatto boy of about 16 years rushed at the official with a long knife in his hand, and made a lunge at him with the weapon. So quick was the movement that there was nothing for the recorder to do but knock his assailant down and take the knife from him, which he did. Two or three persons, probably brothers, came into the room at that moment, and the mulatto disappeared, and was never afterward seen in this city, though "he" was afterward found to be a woman who traveled with Edwards in male attire.

The forger's trunks were seized, and Recorder Vaux gathered the evidence with peculiar detective ability. The trial came off in the city of New York before Judge William Kent, a son of Chancellor Kent. Thomas Francis Marshall of Kentucky, Mr. Edmunds and a young gentleman named Evarts were counsel for the accused. Mr. Vaux, in recognition of the judicial functions of his office, was invited to take a seat beside the judge on the bench. The appearance and demeanor of the young lawyer named Evarts attracting his attention, he said to Judge Kent, "Who is that young gentleman?" "His name is Evarts," replied the judge, "and I think he has the making of a lawyer in him."

It was the famous William M. Evarts, since then admitted at the head of the American bar. He was convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, mainly upon the testimony of Recorder Vaux. At the close of the trial the prisoner, with studied politeness, looked Mr. Vaux piercingly in the eyes. "I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you," he said. "I want to say one thing to you that is important for you to remember. I am going to kill you the moment I come out of Sing Sing. I give you this notice as from one gentleman to another."

"I am very thankful to you, Colonel Edwards," replied the recorder, with the same politeness, "for giving me this time to do so. I will give you the opportunity at any time you desire. I have only done my duty and am prepared to talk to you in any way you wish. I only ask that when you make the attempt you will look me in the face."

As Mr. Vaux said these words he gazed fixedly into the forger's face. The man turned white and trembled, for he realized his captor's countenance the instant he terminated speaking to him. He never dares face him after his release. Not another word was spoken between them, for at that moment the officers led the prisoner away. He never attempted to carry his threat into effect, for he died in prison in January, 1847.

In a sequel to the trial came the duel between Tom Marshall and Colonel James Watson Webb. Marshall was a member of congress at the time of the Edwards trial, and for defending the brilliant criminal of the same time that he was representing the American people in Washington he was severely criticised by Colonel James Watson Webb in the columns of the New York Courier and Enquirer, of which journal that gentleman was the editor. In his address to the jury Marshall answered the newspaper criticism in the following style of invective of which he was the master. This led to a challenge and a meeting on the so called "field of honor." The congressman took the famous editor in the knee and lamed him for life.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Love Is Secondary. A conspicuous difference between the English and Chinese dramas is explained by the fact that, whereas in the former love holds a leading part, in the latter it is relegated to a secondary place. In England it is a passion, in China a sentiment only; hence the thousand intrigues love gives rise to are, in the latter country, thrown into the shade or tabooed entirely. Without their most ardent passions their interest and most of their merit. An English, or, to use a wider term, a European playgoer, requires a due quantum of love.

In China, on the other hand, this demand finds little echo, since love there is not the chief theme of bard and painter. Convention and the strength of parental authority have crushed in a great measure those amorous longings which exist in the human heart, and as love, courtesy and matrimony are even more congenial to the far east than in our part of the world, the first of these feelings, if handled as a passion, cannot powerfully arrest the attention of the multitude.—Nineteenth Century.

A Dainty Sprinkler. O'Kief—Doesn't Miss Flippely make a pretty picture as she sprinkles her flowers? McKell—Yes, and judging by the way she is holding her skirt she seems as if she were to let the neighbors see that she has nothing but the best quality of hose.—Brooklyn Eagle.