

Caught in a Storm.

"THERE are some advantages," said Ronald meditatively, "in being a cousin, after all."

He addressed Angelica, who sat opposite him. All about them was deep blue serenity—on one hand stretching away to meet in a line with a fainter azure, on the other merging distantly into long shining masses of greenish brown rocks, with ragged cliffs towering above them. Angelica's hat was tilted a little forward and the breeze darted in among her curls, to sting them merrily about her face. She was a diminutive person in all respects save two, which two were particularly large, brilliant, languishing, and in every way dangerous.

"But on the whole, Angelica," added Ronald, deliberately, "I regret that I am in any way related to or connected with you."

"Ronald!" she exclaimed, "I really cannot allow you to be so flatteringly."

"A cousin is a nondescript, variable sort of being—at times an absolute stranger, at others a sort of second-hand brother—in that capacity extremely useful. Of course, that is something; but still—"

"I think it's a great deal; but I see you are the same as ever. You always were a greedy little boy," said Angelica.

"Thanks. You, on the other hand, were rather nicer as a little girl than you are now in some ways—oh! you could still be nice if you tried."

"If I tried? How funny! I shouldn't know—you see most people think—"

she regarded her shoes inquiringly.

"I dare say; but I am not 'most people.' I stand alone."

"I thought you were sitting down," interrupted Angelica. (She certainly was provoking to-day.) And I wasn't aware that you were alone. But perhaps I don't count."

"My dear, that's the worst of it. You do count, and there's no one else in the world who does. I just worship you, Nan! Have I startled you?"

"Not at all," she answered, politely. "You see they all say that or something equivalent." She turned her head a little and dabbled in the water with her hand.

"Oh, yes, I know! Of course, I'm a presumptuous fool. All the same, I have thought lately"—he paused and then added: "Do you remember last week at Cowes?"

"Yes," said Angelica, radiantly. "On that afternoon—I don't mind telling you, Ronald—I very seriously considered falling in love with you. There is a yacht quite close to us," she added, quite hastily; "I considered, and after due deliberation, decided—"

"Well, Nan?"

"Not to fall in love with any one at all."

"You mean—"

"Ronald, if you don't row how can I steer? We don't want to be swamped. Love is so inconvenient."

"You're pulling the wrong rope. I confess I don't quite see how—"

"Well, it doesn't always go with other things."

"But is it not worth more than—other things?"

"Ronald," replied Angelica, somewhat irreverently, "have you any idea of the price of a Paris hat?"

"The left rope again. Ah, now we're safe! A Paris hat? I—well, I have heard that they're something ridiculous."

"They are—absolutely ridiculous. That fact alone," said Angelica, solemnly, "is enough to make any thought of love impossible and wicked."

"Except for any one with a heart, with a soul, composed in fact of anything but shallowness and vanity."

"My dear boy, if you go on," she said, encouragingly, "you will in time make the accomplished flatterer of the age."

"Don't jest with me, Nan. It's nothing to you, perhaps, but to me it's everything. I love you. If you knew what the word meant," he burst out vehemently, "you could not sit there coolly breaking my heart in your hands."

"Hush! Not so loud. Yes, I know I'm wicked (penitently). I oughtn't to be here with you at all, when I am going to marry some one else."

"You're going to—Nan, is this true?"

"Mr. Rathbone," said Angelica, drooping.

"Are you engaged to him?"

"He will ask me to-night."

"How do you know that?" curiously.

"Ronald, don't be so absurd! How do I know?"

This was convincing.

"Well, he is a consummate fool," said Ronald, savagely.

"Thanks," she murmured.

"And, moreover, he could not possibly love you—"

"Thanks—once more."

"Or any one else, except himself. But, of course, I see that he has advantages. Oh, don't trouble to explain what they are! I see them. How pleased every one will be, especially mamma! It will all be so delightful."

There was a silence. The sun had

disappeared, and the blue sky had turned to gray.

"It's not so pleasant as it was, is it?" inquired Angelica, presently.

"No," shortly.

"I felt a drop. Are we far from home, Ronald?"

"Yes; about three miles."

"Oh, dear, are we? Why don't you turn quickly, then? Don't you see it's going to be wet?"

"I thought you were steering," rudely.

"You might help me," she said, plaintively, tugging at the rope.

He gave a swift stroke or two, and they swung round. There were angry masses of clouds drifting toward them over an uneasy, ruffled sea.

"Why don't you row faster? We shall never get home," she exclaimed, petulantly.

"The tide is strong and the wind is against us. I'm doing my best."

"Ronald, what was that? Oh, don't say it was lightning! I'm more afraid of it than anything in the world. Oh, listen!"

There was a subdued roar in the distance, now gathering ominously.

"Ronald, was that thunder?" said Angelica, waveringly.

"There is generally thunder when it lightens," he answered, with bitter sarcasm.

"But we're out in an open boat, miles from home or shelter of any kind."

"I am aware of that."

She gave a pathetic little gasp and pressed her hands together.

"Oh-h! There's another flash! Ronald, I—I'm going to faint!"

"Faint? Nonsense!" he returned, roughly.

"Nonsense? What do you mean, Mr. Grant? I suppose I have a right to faint if I choose I—ah!"

Crash, rattle, rattle, bang! C-r-a-c-k!

"Put that over you," said Ronald,



SHE WAS PROVOKINGLY RADIANT.

sternly, wrapping her in his mackintosh coat.

"But it doesn't rain, and that makes it much more dangerous, doesn't it, Ronald?"

"Much more," he answered, mercilessly.

"Oh, how can you be so heartless and cruel?" she moaned. "You don't care how much I suffer! Men are always like that—"

"And women never, of course," put in Ronald, with quiet irony.

"Oh, don't—don't be so hard! I know I'm a wicked girl, and this is to punish me!" A vivid gleam shot up the heavens, and something seemed to burst over their heads. "Oh, Ronald! (in a frenzy of terror) save me, save me! Oh, let us die together! I love you, oh, you know I do! Don't look at me so coldly; forgive me, oh, forgive me, Ronald!" Angelica hid her face in the cushions and sobbed.

"I can better bear to die with you, dear, than to live without you," said Ronald, tenderly. There was a suspicious twitching about his mouth, but he mastered himself heroically, and it did not become a smile.

A silence followed. The thunder rolled and tumbled away to the west, and presently there was a gleam more brilliant than any before.

"What's that awful light?" moaned Angelica.

"Look, dear. It's the sun."

"The sun!" she started up in consternation. "It can't be, Ronald (indignant). Do you mean to tell me the storm is over?"

"I think it's passed by. You seem annoyed. Aren't you glad we're out of danger?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Only I thought—" haughtily—perhaps now, Mr. Grant, you will take me home?"

"Yes, I'll take you home, Nan. They'll be surprised, won't they, at our news?"

"News? What—what do you mean?" gasped Angelica.

"I think you know." There was no mistake about this smile now.

"Ronald," she said pathetically, "now you're not going to be tiresome?"

"Nan," he answered gravely, "I do hope not, but, of course, a lifetime is a severe—"

"You know it was only—"

frightened. It's a mean advantage— it's ungentlemanly—her voice died away weakly.

Ronald provokingly—"Are you quite sure you didn't mean all you said?"

Angelica, tearfully—"It's absurd! Mamma will be so angry."—Chicago Herald.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Condemnation of leased premises, without actual eviction, is held, in Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company vs. Hayden (R. I.), 42 L. R. A. 107, insufficient to relieve the tenant from liability.

A condition on the delivery of a note to the payee or his agent, that it shall take effect only when signed by another person, is held, in Hurt vs. Ford (Mo.), 41 L. R. A. 823, ineffective, but the delivery is deemed absolute.

A delivery to a donee of a deposit book of a savings bank containing entries of deposits to the donor's credit, when accompanied with appropriate words of gift, is held, in Polley vs. Hicks (Ohio), 41 L. R. A. 858, sufficient delivery to constitute a valid gift, without any written transfer.

An injunction against the institution of prosecutions for criminal offenses, whether for violation of State statutes or municipal ordinances, is denied in Paulk vs. Sycamore (Ga.), 41 L. R. A. 772, even if the constitutionality of the statute, or the validity or reasonableness of the ordinance, is denied.

The doctrine which holds railroad companies liable for injuries to children playing on turntables which are left unguarded is denied, in Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company vs. Reich (N. J.), 41 L. R. A. 831. The conflicting decisions on this subject are reviewed by the court.

Negligence in storing oil upon a station platform in violation of statute is held, in Stone vs. Boston & A. R. Co. (Mass.), 41 L. R. A. 794, not to be the proximate cause of damage by fire caused by the dropping of a match by a person delivering goods at the depot, and who is not employed by the carrier.

A passenger riding on a railroad engine by invitation of an officer of the road is held, in Berliner vs. Travelers' Insurance Company (Cal.), 41 L. R. A. 467, to remain a passenger within the provisions of an accident insurance policy doubling the amount of insurance in case of injury in a passenger conveyance, and it is also held that he is not within the provisions as to hazardous exposures or as to injuries on a conveyance not provided for passengers.

The Little One That's Gone.
O whar, of Miss, is de lil' one gone?
Fer de sunshine is flickerin' dim;
De stahs wink weak fum de dusk tel de dawn,
An' de birds seem a-mopin' fer him.
Will I heah nevah mo' fer him,
Lil' foots on de flo,
An' de joy uv his lil' teensy laff?
Wus dey nevah a one
Fer to cheer, as alone
He went down de glimmerin' paff?

Mighty lil', old Miss, fer ter cause sech a shade,
An' make all de worl' dless a was';
Mighty lil' fer ter make all de flowers look daid,
Wid nevah no smiles on dey face!
But de angels abuv'
Luv' his ways as we luv',
An' de joy us his lil' teensy laff;
An' I knows dey's erlong
Dess a-singin' dey's song
As he passed down de glimmerin' paff.
—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Disastrous Transposition.
A well-known and genial—but—illiterate—Irishman, who once represented one of the Melbourne divisions in the Victorian parliament, invariably read out speeches that were prepared for him. On one occasion, in view of the anticipated opposition, a special paragraph was inserted in the speech which the candidate read out as follows: "I am quite aware that many of ye are agin me and me politics. But surely we all are working for the good of the colony. It is only a detail that me opponents are marching one way and me self another, but we must remember that we are all shtrivin' to reach the same goal!"

Female Doctors in Hungary.
The Royal Society of Physicians at Budapest, Hungary, has had a debate lasting several hours to decide whether female doctors should or should not be admitted to membership of the society. A resolution was finally voted to revise the statutes of the society so as to allow of their admission. Ninety-one members voted for and forty-four against.

Cigar Stubs Put to Good Use.
A Christmas entertainment is given to nearly 2,000 poor persons in Berlin with the proceeds from contributions of cigar stubs and tip-cuttings by charitable smokers who are considerate enough to save those seemingly worthless scraps.

An Atchison, Kan., woman, with a soul more for practical things than poetry, has taken down the motto, "God Bless Our Home," and put up one which reads, "Did You Wipe Your Feet Before Coming In?"

It takes a woman as long to select a seat at the theater as it does for the average man to pick out a new suit of clothes.

DOWNFALL OF A MASHER.
A Smart Woman's Way of Crushing an Impudent Young Dude.

One member of the army of professional "mashers" who infest the downtown streets after business hours met his deserts several nights ago, and is taking a temporary vacation from the pursuits of his duties in this connection. He was a young chap, scarcely out of his teens, and his face showed dissipation far beyond his years.

He was walking down State street at the hour when the theaters are discharging their audiences, and noticed a handsome and stylishly clad woman advancing. He placed himself in her path, and when she stepped aside to pass him he coughed and muttered an unintelligible remark. The woman paid no attention, and the young man followed her, coughing insinuatingly, and giving expression to a variety of sounds to attract her attention.

A group of well-dressed, middle-aged men stood conversing at the entrance of the Palmer House as the pair approached. Here the woman turned and in a tone just loud enough to be heard by the group, she said to the young man, after surveying him calmly from head to foot:

"You have been at considerable pains to attract my attention." The young fellow grinned, half foolishly and half expectantly.

"Evidently," she continued, "you imagine I might encourage your advances. Now look at me and tell me what there is in my appearance that indicates I would tolerate you for an instant. I am fairly good-looking, of at least average intelligence, and well dressed. You, on the other hand, are far from prepossessing. One glance at your face reveals your dwarfed mind. You are dressed in atrocious taste, and your tailor had better be carrying the hod instead of making clothes, as yours fit you shockingly. The fingers of your ungloved hands are soiled with nicotine stains, the nails not clean, and your clothes and breath exhale an odor of stale liquor and tobacco that should make it a crime for you to ride in an owl car. Now, pray tell me what suggested to you that I might admire that sort of thing?"

The young man stood half dazed. He suddenly realized that his answer was being awaited by a breathless and grinning audience, as many passers-by had stopped to listen, and increased the original group in front of the hotel. He made a break to get away, his face flushed crimson, but one of the bystanders grasped him by the arm and detained him.

"No, you don't," said he. "Not till you've answered the lady's question."

"I can't," gasped the young man. "Let me go. I don't know."

"Yes, let him go," put in the woman. "He doesn't look old enough to know," and she swept on, while one of the bystanders explained to the crowd that he knew the youth's mother to be an honest washwoman, industrious and decent, who had washed for his wife for years. This was much worse in the estimation of the blase youth than if the bystanders had been told his mother was a well-known confidence woman. He departed amid the jeers and groans of the crowd, some of whom asked him why he didn't go home and turn the wringer for his mother, and others remarking, "Get on to the misfit suit."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A train which ran between Philadelphia and Atlantic City last summer is credited with the world's record for fast regular trips. The distance run is fifty-five and a half miles and the scheduled time was fifty minutes, making the rate sixty-six and six-tenths miles per hour. But this time was often beaten, the fastest run having been made at the average speed of seventy-four and four-tenths miles per hour.

United States Consul Powell at Stettin calls attention in a report to a comparatively new industry in Pomerania, which might be practiced wherever turf moors abound. The turf is broken into small lumps by a mill, and afterward ground into powder. It is then thoroughly dried in passing through heated tubes, and from the drying-machine it falls into a plunger, where it is pressed into the form of bricks. These bricks make an excellent slow-burning fuel, and cost about one-tenth of a cent apiece at retail.

The microscope, as constructed heretofore, only allowed the inspection of even surfaces, and its focus was so limited that objects of any thickness had to be first prepared between glass plates or upon a flat surface to become visible at all. This quality makes it a most difficult matter to observe objects through a microscope of great enlarging power. In order to obviate this difficulty and to enable the enlarging of small bodies as well as of flat surfaces, an American living in Paris, Mr. Greenough, constructed a microscope with a greater depth of focus, which has since been further improved by the optician, Czapski, of Jena, Germany. Its lenses

are so arranged that they will permit the inspection of uneven surfaces, and in order to make the vision more perfect, two systems of lenses are provided giving the image a strongly stereoscopic effect.

The engines used to drive the propelling engines of ocean steamers are much troubled with racing or running for a few seconds at very high speed when the propellers or screws are lifted out of the water by the pitching and rolling of the ship. A new electric governor designed to prevent this operates by mercury contacts. These are so arranged that the mercury, moving about as the vessel pitches, turns on a current of electricity at certain angles of disturbance. The electricity then operates steam-valves and shuts off the steam. As the vessel rights itself the mercury flows back and the steam-valves open again.

A photographic telescope, having a peculiar purpose, is to be set up at Helsingfors by the Columbia University Observatory. The telescope is the gift of Miss C. W. Bruce of New York. It is intended to photograph, not stars, but star trails. If a telescope, having a photographic plate in its focus, is pointed at the stars and then fixed in position, the stars will, in consequence of their apparent motion caused by the rotation of the earth, impress lines, or trails, upon the plate, the length of the lines depending upon the time of exposure. It is these star trails that the new telescope is intended to photograph, but only the stars near the north pole will be chosen. The telescope will be pointed at the true pole of the earth's rotation, and the star trails will appear as circles, or parts of circles. Then, by careful examination of these star-made lines, changes in the direction of the earth's axis may be revealed.

ASSUMING TOO MUCH.

The Sympathy of the Old Ladies Was Not Wholly Reserved.

A hard-working man, two gentle old ladies with the feminine ability to base their conclusions on nothing at all, and a steamboat ticket, made it possible for W. Pett Ridge, a clever English observer, to contribute a bit of real life to the Windsor Magazine.

A grimy-faced man looks out of the aperture under the engine-room of a Thames steamer. The passengers look at him wonderingly.

"Like to have as many sov-reigns—"

"Beg pawdon, mem?"

"I say," repeats a genial old lady, "I shouldn't mind having as many sov-reigns as times you've been up and down this river."

"Well," remarks the grimy-faced man, "it's like this. I—"

"You must get very tired of this," remarks the old lady's sister. "The monotony, I mean."

"And the smell of the engines."

"And the feeling that so many lives depend upon you."

"And the going on all the summer—"

"Morning, noon and night."

"Day after day, week after week."

"Year after year."

The old ladies seemed to enjoy their duet of sympathy very much.

"Growing old in the service of the company you have served so long and faithfully."

"And I only hope," says the first lady, "that they superannuate you and provide for your children. When a man's spent all the best years of his life slaving away like a nigger—"

"Look here!" interrupts the man, uneasily. "Who are you calling names?"

"Of course the work naturally makes you look rather black in the face, because you cannot be always washing, can you now? Trying work, it must be, at the best of times, and I don't wonder you can't keep yourself so neat as you might wish."

"If I was the company," chimes in the other lady in her turn, "I should feel that the least I could do with an old servant like you, that's been with 'em no doubt for the best part of a lifetime, was to see that your family didn't have to bear the expense of putting you away when—"

"I say," says the grimy-faced man, protesting, "give us a chance. You're reckoning me up at a fine old rate, you are. Why, I ain't been in this service not five minutes! This is my first trip."

"Then I do think," remarks the old lady, with dignity, "you might have mentioned it at first, my good man."

Outwitted His Sharp-Tongued Wife.

An Englishman of Lymington had the misfortune to live in a continuous quarrel with his wife, who was a modern Xantippe, and threatened, in case she survived him, to dance over his grave. It was her lot to outlive him, but it was not so easy to carry out her threat. The husband had the precaution to make an injunction in his will requiring his body to be buried in the sea near his residence and without ceremony. The injunction was complied with.

Asia the Birthplace of Leprosy.

The original home of leprosy is Asia, and it flourishes there more than in any other part of the globe. China is a hot-bed of leprosy; in Japan it prevails extensively, while in India it is known that there are at least some 130,000 lepers.

The less sense a man has, the more apt he is to go to law, or call a doctor.