

The Times' Daily Short Story.

MY CHANGEABLE LOVER

(Original.)

I have a lover. My lover's name is Jack. Jack is at times feminine, at times masculine. Strange to say, I like my lover best when he is feminine. I suppose, to be strictly grammatical, I should say "when she is feminine," but there is no word in the English language which stands for "he or she." We use "he" at times to stand for both. Therefore whether he is acting like a man or a woman I shall call him "he."

Sometimes Jack pays me compliments, sometimes tells me the truth—if it is the truth—blurring it out suddenly and gruffly. He often criticizes my dress, at times approving of my costume, at times deprecating it. I was dressed for a ball the other evening and, suddenly looking up, saw Jack regarding me intently. As my gaze met his an expression of admiration suddenly lighted up his face.

"You are very pretty, dear," he said. "I'm glad you like my costume," I replied. "Have you any suggestions?" "It is perfect. You might take that rose from over your right temple and put it farther back. There; that will do. It is a great improvement."

I walked away from him, turning my head, while he kept his eye fixed on the rose. "Very pretty," he said. "And your train follows you gracefully. You are sure to have plenty of attention this evening. Your card will be filled before you have been in the ballroom ten minutes. Then, when the fellows come up and ask for a dance, you will toss your head, hold out your card and note their disappointment. It will be delightful."

If Jack would always talk to me like this I would like him better. But he doesn't. Sometimes he looks at me in a most unsatisfactory way and says what he looks.

"You're a dowdy looking thing," he said to me the other day. "That dress hangs on you in wrinkles and makes you appear as old as your grandmother."

"Well, I can't help it," I replied. "Mme. B. has tried three times to fit me and failed every time. She'll not have another chance."

This is where Jack is feminine, when he is prattling about dress. But sometimes he talks to me about my good and weak points. He is very changeable. I read him some verses lately that I had just written, and he was in ecstasies over them. I read them to him again in a week, and he called them rubbish.

Jack's only rival is Ernest Field. He is very different from Jack, being always manly. He rarely notices my dress or compliments me, but when he does I prize it far more than Jack's shifting opinions. I read him the verses that Jack at first admired, then called rubbish. He listened respectful-

ly till I got through, then said, "Very pretty," in a bored kind of a way. "Shall we go for a walk?"

I could have scratched out his eyes. After that Jack called me a fool to waste my time dribbling over commonplace sentimental rhymes. Occasionally he is very sensible, but I have noticed that I get the benefit of his good sense after Ernest has rapped me over the knuckles. The next time I saw Ernest I told him that I was ashamed of my poetic effusion and would not offend again.

"Your verses are much better than the average," he said, "but only a genius can avoid being commonplace in verse."

Yesterday Ernest told me that he would call this evening and would have something very special to say to me. It quite took my breath away, for I knew very well what that something would be. How could I give up Jack?

When Ernest was announced I had been ready and waiting for him half an hour. It was the longest half hour I had ever known. Jack and I were reading—I was pretending to read—at the time in the library. I looked up from my book, and Jack looked up at the same moment. He knew what I was waiting for, and I saw him shiver. There was a sharp ring at the bell, a heavy step in the hall—it seemed as if an undertaker had come to measure me—and the maid came in to tell me that Mr. Field was in the drawing room. I gave Jack a half assuring look and went to meet my fate, whatever it might be, for I was in a state of indecision.

I hoped Ernest would lead up to what he had to say gradually, but he didn't. He began by saying that a better understanding should exist between two people who had been so much together, and he had called to do his part in bringing that understanding about. That part was to tell me that he loved me and wished me to be his wife.

Perhaps it was the way he did it. At any rate, I said after a short silence that he was too late; that I already had a lover who was the only one to whom I could entirely give myself. I was very sorry if he had construed a friendliness on my part to mean love. I had not intentionally misled him.

The expression that came over his face was one of terrible disappointment. It was surprising to me after his very methodical proposition. It broke down my resolution.

"I only wish," he said, "that I were in his place. God grant that I may make you happy, as you deserve."

"Ernest," I said in a comforting tone and reaching for his hand, "my lover has a fault which may after all kill my affection for him. He is very changeable. Do you wish to see him? Look!" I pointed to my reflection in a mirror.

"Jaqueline!" he exclaimed, radiant, and took me in his arms.

ELIZA L. WHITCOMB.

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ROSEBUD LAND RESERVATION.

Incidents of Indian Reservation Opening in South Dakota.

A mighty shout went up from the 1,500 home seekers gathered in line before the city hall at Bonesteel, S. D., the other morning when Inspector McPhaul of the general land office threw open the doors and announced that his office was open for business and that applications for the 160 acre home-steads in the famous Rosebud Indian reservation would be received, says the New York Times.

The first man to enter the building was J. S. Barnes of New York city, who had been standing in front of the door since the previous afternoon at 4 o'clock. At midnight about 300 men took their places behind Barnes, but soon afterward a heavy storm struck the place, and for several hours it literally poured. Within an hour all but sixty-eight of the home seekers had withdrawn to drier quarters and did not reappear until daylight the next morning. The sun rose clear and hot, and soon the wet clothing of the home seekers was steaming. As the day grew the air became sultry and oppressive. The hundreds of settlers sat around on the wet ground, played cards and sang songs, while some of the faithful sixty-eight lay asleep on the grass.

The women and old soldiers, to the number of thirty-five, were gathered at the Baptist church, where they were to be registered. The old veterans stood through the night in the rain. The campaigns of their younger days had hardened them, and they swapped yarns about their adventures during the civil war till the morning dawned.

It was not until after 6 o'clock that the first woman appeared on the scene and attempted to take her place at the foot of the line. With one accord the old warriors stepped aside and insisted that she come to the head of the line. This they repeated in the case of all women who came until when the registration offices opened the women were all ahead of the soldiers.

Miss Jennie Conway of Omaha was the first woman to register and to receive her certificate. After her trooped a number of women from a dozen different states, and then the extra soldiers came to the front. There were just fifty-one women in the line when the doors opened, but later others fell in, and when the pools closed 216 of the gentler sex had been registered. Two thousand six hundred and fourteen men were registered on the two districts in Bonesteel.

H. H. Lotz, an old miner from Nome, Alaska, created a commotion by declaring that he had discovered gold in the black sands along Willow creek, which flows almost entirely through the lands thrown open.

A STREAM OF FIRE.

River Carnival to Brighten Grand Army Encampment at Boston.

One of the novel features of the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Boston in August, will be a river carnival at Waltham, on the Charles river, says the New York Tribune. The river and its south bank will form the stage and the north bank the auditorium. The event is to be held on Wednesday night, Aug. 17.

Waltham is especially favored for such an entertainment. On a two mile stretch of the river there is a half mile of straightaway course, while the rest of the way abounds in bends and curves. It is expected that there will be 4,000 canoes on the stream.

Each boat and all the possible places of vantage along both banks will be supplied with red fire. A signal will be given by a gun, and the six miles of red fire, three lines of two miles each, will be simultaneously ignited.

A great chorus will be heard when the spectators join in singing "America." That all may be in time a band-master will use a lighted torch as a baton.

The Czar's Icon.

At the entrance to the Kremlin at Moscow stands a little chapel erected by the Czar Alexis for an icon of the Virgin, which is the most venerated and renowned in all Russia. The picture, as described by the Bystander, is ornamented with a crown of jewels and has a veil of pearls and a large gem on the brow and on the shoulder. On the right cheek is a scratch, said to have been perpetrated by an infidel who on seeing blood flow from the wound was converted. The chapel is always surrounded by worshippers, and the icon is frequently sent for by private individuals on occasions of sorrow or rejoicing, says the London Globe. The czar recently journeyed to Moscow on purpose to pray to the sacred icon for the success of his arms in the far east.

French Seaman's Fund.

The law of France requiring all seamen to deposit 3 per cent of their wages with the government is applicable to fishermen, and this fund so collected is used to create a service pension, payable to all who have served twenty-five years under the French flag on the seas.

WHY JAPANESE EXCEL.

California Professor Tells of Mikado's Men in America.

STUDENTS EAGER TO ENROLL.

"The War," said one, "is Christian Japan Against Pagan Russia and Means the Civilization of China." Japs Are Remarkable Scholars and Never Forget a Kindness.

"Eight of the fourteen Japanese students we had at the beginning of the year left in April and May to fight for the mikado," said Professor Charles H. Murphy, principal of the Commercial High school, San Francisco, the other day while on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Howe at Macon, Mo., says the Kansas City Star. "You never saw such happy fellows as they when the call came. They came to me and with sparkling eyes told me the good news as if it were some rare good fortune that had come to them. From that time on they were heroes, envied by all their comrades. The others would have gone also, but it wasn't their turn. You see, there are Japanese in all parts of the world, and if all had flocked in when hostilities began the emperor of Japan would have had more soldiers than he knew what to do with. So they simply file their applications for enrollment with the army and wait their turn. I doubt not that every able-bodied Japanese in the four quarters of the globe is waiting his call just like my students were."

"The boy of Japan is a remarkable scholar. The rules of the Commercial High school require that each student shall study at least two hours at home. The Japanese study eight. They invariably stand at the head of their classes, although they regard English as the most difficult of the world's languages. In deportment they are perfect. I have never heard one of them being guilty of the slightest breach of discipline. They don't know how to disobey. If one were ordered to stand on his head, I believe he would do it without asking why."

"When the war came on there was a peculiar animation among the students from the empire. They would utilize their recesses in discussing the movements of the armies and warships. Any one of them could go to the blackboard and on an instant's notice draw you a good map of Korea and all the disputed territory and locate the armies and vessels accurately. At the noon hour you would more likely find them excitedly talking over a war map than eating their luncheon."

"I one day asked a Japanese student to give me his version as to the cause of the war. He smiled and said, 'I shall be pleased to do so.' 'At the end of the Japanese-Chinese war in 1895,' he said, 'we felt that we were entitled to the legitimate rewards of our victory. Russia saw that our army and navy had been so much weakened by the contest that we were in no condition to meet a fresh foe. So the czar stepped in and took from us what was ours by right of conquest. He made promises that were not kept. From that hour Japan began preparing for redress. It has taken a long time, but we had many things to buy and much to learn to meet a power like Russia. I think no one will claim that the Japanese have underrated their task. As we look upon this war it is Christian Japan against pagan Russia, justice against injustice, skill against brute force.'

"The consequences?" I asked. His eyes scintillated with enthusiasm as he replied: "The civilization of the 400,000,000 in China is the great issue involved in this war, aside from Japan's rights in the disputed territory. If Russia triumphs it will dominate that unfortunate country and its blighting hand will hold back the wheels of progress for centuries. Russia is not an enlightened power. No flowers of freedom blossom in the countries it conquers. Its victories mean shackles for the vanquished. On the other hand, Japan would bring to China a civilization founded upon the principles governing the United States. Public schools will be established, railroads and telegraph lines constructed, factories erected and all the arts encouraged. China would become a civilized nation and treat with the other powers as such. Think of the vast mineral deposits practically undeveloped in that country, the immense opportunities for industry and commerce! There's a nation that has slept all through the ages. If Japan wins this fight China will become the best customer America has on the globe. If Russia prevails—well, we've seen what has happened in other countries where its great armies have ridden down the people."

"The young Japanese looked on it as a holy war, and no greater prize could be plucked from the lottery wheel of life than to die in a cause so fraught with the weal of his country."

"Notwithstanding the Japanese student's excessive application to his books he finds time somehow to devote attention to the strengthening of the body. They are not above 5 feet 2 inches tall, but are fairly proportioned and built like steel. They are wrestlers par excellence. All of them are trained in cunning tricks to disarm and overcome an enemy who approaches them with knife or pistol. I have seen them floor men twice their size in an instant by a curious movement. They approach their antagonist with their arms innocently down to their sides. When the word is said that means fight the Jap suddenly grasps the lapels of the other's coat



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ANIMAL LIFE CREATOR.

Dr. Charles W. Littlefield tells of Experiments With Chemicals.

Claiming to create animal life from chemicals, Dr. Charles W. Littlefield is conducting some interesting experiments in Anderson, Ind., says a dispatch from that place. He has been a persistent student of science for years.

"There have been millions of these insects generated or produced from a drop of inanimate matter," said Dr. Littlefield. "Each one has a distinct individuality and is not in any way dependent on the others for its power of locomotion. You can see them grow seemingly from nothing and fly into the air, where they live from a few minutes to several hours."

"One colony that was created the other day lived all night and was as lively as ever the next morning. They do not come from pre-existent forms of life or from eggs of any kind. They have no ancestors other than inorganic matter."

"These facts led me to believe that I had discovered the life principle. Now, by infusing this same principle into a drop of clear, transparent, waxy substance living forms in the shape of little gnats or winged insects spring from it as if by magic. What they are I do not know, nor do I know into what they are likely to develop. I expect to make cultures of these to determine whether or not they will propagate, and I will also try to increase their size."

"Yes; I have a theory in regard to their production. The theory upon which I have worked in all of my experiments is that some form of motion, generally spoken of as vibrations, underlies every known form of energy. Life is a manifestation of energy. These vibrations known manifest themselves according to the media through which they pass in addressing themselves to our physical senses. Light, heat, electricity and sound are all produced by vibrations, but we would never know them as such if we did not possess special organs built up in a manner suitable to recognize them."

FORT HAMILTON CHANGES.

Important Military Post to Be One of the Finest in the World.

Plans for the reconstruction of Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, on a scale which will make it one of the finest military posts in the world have been filed with the war department by General Greenough, an artillery officer who is at once an artist and an architect, says a Washington special to the New York World.

The plans call for an enlargement of the reservation from 150 to 500 acres. A great flower garden will be laid out between Marine avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-first street, covering a part of the ground now occupied by the officers' quarters. In the center of the garden will be the band stand, which will face a parade ground 800 feet wide and 1,500 feet long, extending from Ninety-fifth to One Hundred and Twenty-first street.

The officers' quarters will be built around the eastern and western sides of the parade ground. The administration building will stand at the southwest corner and the post library at the southeast corner. A way at the south and east of the defenses will be a big drill ground for the field artillery. The ordnance shops will be built east of Battery Harvey Brown and within easy reach of the other batteries. In the northeast corner will be a camping ground large enough to accommodate a regiment or more of militiamen who may be sent there for instruction.

Queer Court Martial.

In the early years of Queen Victoria's reign a court martial was held against an officer on a royal yacht because one of the royal children had been bitten by a flea.

Oberlin College.

Oberlin was the first college in the world to admit women. One woman was graduated there in 1838 and six in 1839.

Japanese Infants.

During the teething period Japanese infants have an extra diet, consisting of fish and crustaceans.



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CHURCH'S NOVEL PLAN

Trinity Collegiate to Combat Agnosticism in Chicago.

MONTHLY DEBATES WITH ATHEISTS

Pastor of Religious Institution Hopes to Reach Workmen of Better Class Who Are Socialists.

Tells of "At Homes" to Give Correct Ideas of Society.

Atheists and agnostics, especially those among the working classes, are wanted at the new Trinity Collegiate church, which recently opened in Chicago under the direction of the Webster Improvement club, says the Chicago Tribune. They will be more welcome than believers, it being considered they are more interesting and more in need of help.

If plans outlined by the pastor prevail, "at homes" will be arranged for the benefit of unbelievers by the more well to do, in imitation of a system in successful operation by the Oxford university social settlement in London.

The Trinity Collegiate church building was bought last year by residents of the neighborhood who didn't want to see it pass into the hands of a negro congregation. It is owned by the Webster Improvement club. Dr. F. P. Duffy has been engaged as pastor.

"Chicago," said Dr. Duffy, "is becoming a city of atheists and skeptics, second only to Paris. Young men, especially those among the working classes, don't go to church either because they don't get the mental food they require or because they are not wanted by fashionable congregations."

He then outlined his religious plan as follows: "Monthly debates with atheists. 'At homes' by Chicago and suburban women. Lectures on health, food, clothing and other practical subjects. Literary and dramatic clubs, a library and gymnasium. A Sunday school, with courses of study in English literature, art, ecclesiastical history, liturgy and sociology. Sunday afternoon concerts, cantatas, and oratorios; Sunday evening illustrated lectures on the Bible. A social settlement modeled on English lines if the preliminary work is successful. We expect to reach a respectable class of young workmen," continued Dr. Duffy. "It is my idea to bring these atheists, who may possess social-

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