

THE SECOND PLACE.

Count Jozsi and Count Felix Kaplinski were strikingly unlike as they stood side by side in the doorway of Count Balinski's large reception hall...

Doris, I have known it, and it has made me feel as if I were a stranger in my own home. You must speak to me in each other's language, and I must be a secret to you just as you are a secret to me...

"I have every intention of doing so," answered Felix gravely, as his eyes followed a soft cloud of white damask which periodically passed before him.

"See, I tell you, my name must be always part of myself," he hastily pulled up his velvet coat-sleeve, and in the dim light displayed some tattooed letters on his arm.

"Then I shall remain unmarried. The next dance is at hand, Jozsi, you had better go and seek your partner."

"But when I am dead, then let them engrave the name of my wife on my tombstone, it is my last wish to draw back from you."

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"Nicoline had but to obey, and very soon the two women again started for Warsaw in a closed carriage."

"This is the second time during the month that I have had to face somebody's lovers."

"Such a fête had never before been witnessed in the castle of the Kaplinski, just outside Warsaw; and how the neighborhood gossiped when the invitations were sent round."

"That is amusing. Now, dear aunt, have you not often boasted to us of your lovers; why must Maria and I be less fortunate?"

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"So much the better. I need not dismiss them. Take this key of the small back gate and let out the messenger; then leave me. I shall go to Warsaw to-night."

"For the love of your husband do not show yourself in Warsaw. The trial is taking place this evening; there will be no justice shown—there is none for our countrymen."

Doris waived him away imperiously. Even before she got back to the hall it was empty for she had been in the house of a conspirator, might mean death or execution for a messenger who had stood alone in the big hall full of lights and flowers, and looking up, she saw her own figure reflected in a large mirror on the wall.

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"Back, there, impudent hussy! Traitors want no sympathy!"

"Let me go. Let me go," cried Doris frantically. "I must see the king, for Doris had many letters to write; petitions to send for Felix—petitions which he would never have allowed her to send, had he known. Nicoline had to go home to her mother, who was ill. She had been able to send her good wishes to her mother, but she was now alone in her cabin; but she could not leave her mother, she lived on hope. It was almost sweet."

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read it unseen. These were red-letter days, even though he would never answer her. He dared not, for her sake. For a few days the quiet exciting then, for Doris had many letters to write; petitions to send for Felix—petitions which he would never have allowed her to send, had he known. Nicoline had to go home to her mother, who was ill. She had been able to send her good wishes to her mother, but she was now alone in her cabin; but she could not leave her mother, she lived on hope. It was almost sweet."

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deal table close to him, and ran singing into the tiny kitchen to bring him some of her famous soup, and on the table she laid two plates and two wooden spoons and a glass of beer. She had been able to send her good wishes to her mother, but she was now alone in her cabin; but she could not leave her mother, she lived on hope. It was almost sweet."

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front. Before long Miss Barton resigned her position in the Patent Office and gave herself up entirely to the work. She soon realized that the great necessity was for immediate attention to the wound, and, full of this thought, she procured a pass from Surge-General Hammond and loaded a road car with supplies, went to Culpeper Courthouse, which was crowded with wounded soldiers from the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862. Next she found an army wagon with supplies and joined McClelland's army in Maryland. She arrived on the eve of the battle of Antietam, and early the next morning she took her wagon to the shelter of a barn and there remained all day caring for the wounded and dying. By night her face was so blackened by gunpowder that she could scarcely be recognized from one of her own contrabands.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Nearly 1,000,000 people still speak Welsh, Germany has a wagon propelled by benzine.

All the Greek philosophers, sages and poets, do not exist, given her by the German Emperor also conferred on her several decorations.

English-speaking people have the best foreheads and eyebrows.

The Australian gold is finer than that of California, having a quality 20 to 523 carats.

Most of the fine coral known to commerce is obtained by divers along the coast of Italy.

A watch is said to tick 157,680,000 times in a year, and the wheels travel 3588 1/2 miles.

The sun's rays shining through a skylight in Milwaukee the other afternoon set fire to a store.

About 60 per cent of the copper produced in this country comes from the Lake Superior region.

In Moscow the winter cold is so intense that it freezes quicksilver, while the summer temperature is as high as that of Naples.

Baron Hirsch gave \$1500 for a room to view the royal wedding procession in London. A Shays' affair, somewhat similar, were offered by others.

The hydrographic office at Washington is disposed to attribute the heat and drought in Europe this season to the scarcity of icebergs in the North Atlantic.

A Turkish man, whom a friend asked one day last week why he had such a blank look, replied that it was too warm to wear anything he was not compelled to, even an expression.

An elderly man arrived in Washington a few days ago, when he had walked from New York, Pa., on the advice of a doctor, who said that the walk would cure his rheumatism.

Parents of three children in Ware County, Ga., have been notified that the State is to give them \$25,000 if they intend allowing them to make their own selection when they become old enough to choose.

At a recent auction sale of orehills in London one rare example of these high-priced minerals was sold for the sum of \$75. This was the specimen of the fine Catleya Mendell Blunli.

Soil is tilled in Egypt by exactly the same kind of a plow that was used there 5000 years ago. The furrows made are 4,000,000,000 of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

Three brothers born in Maine ran sixteen miles a day for a week, and have hatched 15,000 ducks in them. They have a capital stock of \$10,000, all paid in, and next season will increase their plant to twenty-five incubators.

A Troy preacher is accused of announcing that he would be dead on Sunday morning, the absence of the intelligent portion of his congregation at the seashore and mountains, there would be no more preaching in his church until the first Sunday in September.

In both France and Germany one-fourth (1/4) reduced to a decimal is written as 0.25; in England it is written 0.25 (alike) and in the United States in this way, 0.25. In England a period at the bottom of the line is a sign of multiplication.

The discovery of the process of tinting white paper was the result of sheer carelessness. One of an English paper-maker named East accidentally dropped the "blue ball" into a vat of pulp, where it lay long enough to give the entire mass a bluish tinge before she could recover it.

The Caroline Islanders, who are passionately fond of liquor, but are somewhat reticent in their needs by falling from one of the million of cliffs with which their islands abound, believe that paradise will be a land as level as a floor, where they can get drunk in perfect safety.

The Italians derived "starboard" from questa borda, "this side," and "larboard" from quella borda, which means "that side." Abbreviated, these two phrases appear as starboard and larboard. The close resemblance caused so many mistakes that the admiralty ordered the "larboard" to be discontinued and "port" substituted.

At the National Rose Society's first show in London frozen flowers from Auckland, New Zealand, excited a great amount of curiosity. About half a dozen different species of plants in full flower and several ferns were shown, and the exhibition was a success, possessing in their frozen state all the coloring of the normal condition.

The rate of multiplication of which germs of contagious diseases are capable is surprising. A single germ in a favorable environment will produce in twenty-four hours two, these four into eight, and so on, the number reaching into the thousands, and by the end of twenty-four hours to more than 16,500,000.

Advertisement for Beecham's Pills, featuring the text 'In all your outings to the World's Fair—Seaside—Mountains—everywhere, take Beecham's Pills with you.' It includes a small illustration of the product box and a list of ailments it treats.

A GARDEN OF THE PAST.

I am the night-moth Memory, I sleep all through the day; At evening to the garden I creep, and there I tarry.

Of old, above the Garden, Huzi Adeline's Crown; And, filtered by the straight, The gradual dew came down.

The white flowers, in the darkness, The dark flowers of the fragrance, And soft flower-touch were known.

There was no flower shall open, But in the night-moth Memory, The garden, it is time!

ORDER OF THE RED CROSS.

How Miss Clara Barton Began Her Work in Rome and Consoler.

Miss Clara Barton, so famous as the head of the Red Cross Society in this country, began her career almost by chance.

She was a copy-clerk in the Patent Office at Washington. She did not anticipate any serious difficulty between the North and South, however, and even after Fort Sumter imagined that a compromise would be effected.

In the fall of 1861, a regiment from her own State (Massachusetts) was passing through Baltimore, and was assailed by a mob of disaffected persons and a number killed. Miss Barton, in speaking of these old days, said:

"I was greatly moved, and going into the street, found everywhere forebodings of ill. Washington was full of the partisans of the South, and there were great numbers of men who were from my own town and gave me joy over the incident at Baltimore. Excited, alarmed, and scarcely knowing where I went, I felt the current and read the news from the Baltimore and Ohio depot. There I saw forty men, covered with blood, many of them with their faces and heads on the cars and borne away for shelter and treatment.

"They found a resting-place at what was then the corner of Judiciary square, and I followed them. I did what I could for their relief, and was so deeply interested that I went again the next day and the next, and on many occasions. I was glad that she was strong as well as gentle; glad that she knew the meaning of work of poverty and of sorrow. The girls of 19 were now sat beside the street, and she took his cold feet in her arms and rubbed them warm, and kissed them where the iron manacles had once galled.

"She hardened her face, and she said to me: 'I will do anything for you, for you, my darling, of its your house, our home, look, isn't it a palace?'"

He entered slowly and stood on the threshold of the poor little place, and he looked at her with a look of love and of the love of Doris.

Felix shut the door and slowly walked toward the armchair he saw placed by the door. He was bent as if with old age. As he sat down he looked timidly around the room without saying a word. Oh, Doris knew. Doris knew. She had been waiting for you, my darling, of its your house, our home, look, isn't it a palace?"