

SCORCHING FOR LOVE.

Fury holds me dumb. I stared at her out of murderous eyes. At last, "He never said it!" I gasp out.

"Never a word. I made it all up. I'd thought—believed—that he—No, that isn't true, either; he never gave me any reason! But I couldn't witness your happiness, so I told you—those lies!"

No answer. I feel that speech will choke me. The atmosphere is a-throb with her excited pleadings.

"Forgive me! I deserve your anger and—his scorn. But I've confessed—there's no harm done. Oh! what is the matter? It's not as bad as all that!"

"It's as bad as it can be. We've parted. I've written him a letter—a hateful letter. He'll never forgive me. And I don't want him to!"

"But he can't have got it yet." Her words fall on unheeding ears. "I can never face him again—never! Oh! go away—leave me!"

"Listen, listen! It's not three hours since I told you. It had to be written and posted; it can't have reached. Go to him—at once—stop it, prevent his reading it. Now—now—don't waste time!" She shook me wildly in her excitement.

"How? I should never be in time!" "You can ride like the wind!"

"Ride!" At the very word dead hope throbs to life again. Would it be possible? Is there still a chance? At any rate, it's worth trying, and anything would be better than this frenzied inaction. "The machine's in there. Pump my tires up while I put my hat on. How my hands shake! Now, quick, my gloves!"

"Come, it's ready!"

I spring into the saddle and am off. "If I succeed I'll forgive you!" I about back. And "Succeed! Succeed!" follows me and spurs me on. Men have oft-times ridden for their lives. Life! What is life to me today? I ride for love. If I lose—well, may I lose both life and love together? Kensington High street is busy, but I squirm in and out of the traffic without a pause, and reach the open road of Kensington Gore, where I fairly fly.

Shouts and remonstrances follow me unheeded. The first block occurs at Al-

lert gate, where the main traffic is closed by carriages pouring into the park. I shoot past the constable's back, dive beneath the heads of a pair of prancing grays, circle round others and pursue my flying course to Hyde Park corner.

Another stoppage! Fury, despair! This time the policeman faces me. I catch his eye. Mine implores immunity. He winks a kindly "All right, missy, on you go."

Alas! not for long. The stream of traffic pouring out of Park Lane into Piccadilly shuts out all hope from my desperate gaze. I crawl up, jerk my front wheel to an angle of forty-five and come to a standstill without dismounting. But all hope is over. Nothing can avail me now. The letter has reached—been read. My doom is sealed.

The restraining arm of the law is withdrawn; we are let loose. Piccadilly lies sweltering beneath stilly pools. Those flocks of watercarts have been disgorging themselves liberally—rendering dangerous for man and beast roads that would otherwise have been in perfect condition.

Ordinarily I should have threaded my way daintily over the islands of this greasy morass. Now I simply splash on, splurting the mud to right and left, saving myself almost inevitable slideslips by gripping my handlebars and jerking them up at the least suspicion of a slither. I lift my front wheel and actually jump over the worst of the stinky pitfalls.

St. James' and then Jermyn street save me delay at the Circus. Waterloo place—Pall Mall—dashing down Suffolk street an empty hand; meeting it from Trafalgar Square, a groom on a mettlesome young mare. I am close on them, but they must have passed each other in time to leave me room. Neither observes the other, both keep to the middle of the road; result—collision! The most lightning-like dismounts would simply dash me into the mire; to steer aside is equally impossible. In a flash I realize my only course.

"Hold up, my man!" I shout to the horseman on my right. He and the coachman tumble to the situation instantaneously. Both positively drag their horses off the ground, and three pairs of forelegs paw the air above my head and form a living triumphal arch, beneath which I shoot. Deprived, the jaws of death snap behind me, in the clash with which

I SHOOT PAST THE CONSTABLE'S BACK.

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They all reach earth. My heart leaps into my mouth and chokes me—a mist swims before my eyes. I sway in the saddle and almost fall.

The Strand reached, by impotence maddens me. Crowds of horses, men, vehicles—I scarce know what—surround me and hem me in on every side. In a blind frenzy of haste a path betwixt the narrow lines of traffic, barely conscious of the shouts, warnings, oaths and execrations that pursue me. The same mad course down Fleet street! Rarely, if ever, do I ring my bell, but steer in and out, avoiding every impediment in my path as if by magic. I see the surging life around me as Christain saw temptations—merely obstacles to be overcome. Now my destination is in sight, and a flying leap from my machine while still at full pace, lands me at the very door. Flinging my mount into the hands of an astounded on-looker I tear upstairs.

Thank heaven, he's out! "I'll go in and wait."

"Very well, miss; in here please." Is that my letter lying on the top of an unopened pile? Ah, surely! A voice outside—his voice.

"My little woman, how dear of you to come, but what—what?"

I release my hands, totter past him, snatch the letter from the desk, and wave it wildly above my head.

"Jim, I wrote it—I don't want you to read it—!" Sob! chokes my utterance.

Smiling, he takes it from my trembling fingers. I sink down and watch him helplessly with terror-fascinated eyes. The torn tiny fragments flutter slowly from his fingers into the official waste paper basket. I have a dim sense of strong, dear arms supporting me, as I close my eyes to shut out the view of walls and furniture, which will sway to and fro in the most bewildering manner imaginable.

While provident mothers are planning summer outfits for their children spring clothes should be considered first, and already many youngsters are happy in the possession of spring gowns. Serge has for years played an

important part in the schoolgirl's wardrobe, but this season finds the softer materials more in demand. Cheviots and light-weight tweeds are considered the most durable fabrics for hard wear, while cashmere, voile and the plain wool and silk velvings are utilized in constructing dressy gowns. Cloths of a light and dark shade are frequently combined effectively, as the first model proves.

Girls over 8 wear skirt waists and skirts, a most sensible and economical fashion. The best skirt for im-

mediately dressed at all times. Most childish women have an idea that all small girls must look alike in this matter of dress, but the wise mother has learned that there are as many fashions for her little girl as for herself and that they follow her own rather closely.

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FASHIONS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

Many Pretty Dresses Provided for Their Use in Spring and Summer.

When it comes to fashions for little folks, the needs of the small girl are by no means neglected. This is as it should be, for she is by nature fond of pretty clothes and wishes them to be correct in style as to cut and finish. Every mother of a small girl should teach her while very young the importance of being neatly and appro-

way of revers, epaulettes or big collars to give the gown the proper style.

Wash fabrics for children, such as gingham, lawn, cambric, percale and the like are beautiful in coloring and dainty in design. For the most part they are inexpensive and do up well. They look their best when made with a gored skirt, with an attached graduated flounce, not too wide. The waists are usually shirred or tucked on full to a yoke of white tucking or all-over embroidery, which is outlined by a cord of the material and a frill of embroidery. Puffs are noted on very few sleeves, which are quite small.

The Forth bridge costs for interest and up-keep £130,000 per annum. Krupp has made over twenty thousand guns of large caliber for the armies of Europe.

General Sir Arthur Cotton is one of England's oldest soldiers, being in his ninety-sixth year.

A pet fox in a West Chester, Pa., bird store upset a gas stove and asphyxiated a number of the birds.

The average life of a note of the Bank of England is a little less than seventy days. Notes are never reissued.

The length of the world's railways is more than seventeen times the circumference of the earth at the equator.

A Pennsylvania coal miner was frozen to death during the recent cold spell standing up in a snowdrift with his dinner pail in his hand.

Ralph Gebrett, an Atchison soldier at Manila, writes: "Tell the folks I am saving money. I won \$50 at craps last payday and put it all in bank."

A lot of Bourbon county, Kentucky, cattle went into a tobacco barn for shelter during the last snow, and twenty of them died from eating the tobacco.

A Dixon county woman has sued her husband on the charge of gross neglect of duty. Incidentally she asks for the custody of their eleven children.—Kansas City Journal.

"Did any of your folks celebrate Washington's birthday, Hobby?" "Only sister." "What did she do?" "She had a call from the hatch-faced Mr. Mouser."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An unusual screen seen recently has a frame of dark wood, an imitation of mahogany. For a filling two good etchings are set in on each side of the three folding divisions.—New York Post.

A Home for Working Women has been established in Berlin. It is open every evening from 6 to 10. No questions are asked of those who come there, and if they desire it they can have a sandwich and a cup of cocoa for 2 cents or a warm dish for 4 cents.

A Kansas paper says: "One scarcely could pick up a Kansas paper during the recent cold snap without reading an account of how some one set fire to the blankets by taking a hot brick into bed. Many of the accidents were serious and in one case, at least, death followed."

Best Jokes from Rival. He (between the acts)—If you don't mind, I will run out and get a little air. She—Liquid air?

"I have frequently bought handsome pipes for my friends in my travels, but they never got them." "Go astray in shipping?" "No; I keep them myself."

Boy—Mr. Smitters wants to know if you'll lend him an umbrella. He says you know him. "You may say that I do know him. He will probably understand why you didn't bring the umbrella."

Tubbs (recounting his experience at a musical party a few evenings previous)—They did not even ask me to sing. Miss Whitely (placidly)—You've sang there before, haven't you? "Yes, once. Why?" "Oh, nothing."

Little Ethel—My sister May loves you very dearly, Mr. Softhead. Mr. Softhead (delighted)—Ah, sweet child! Here is a penny for you. Now tell me, dearie, why do you say that your sister loves me? Little Ethel—Why, 'cause when I said the same thing to Mr. Blinker and Mr. Dinker they each gave me a penny, too.

She Would Be There. "I am sorry to hear that you are so ill that you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place tomorrow morning. Miss Hysee," said the minister's wife condolingly, "and I have hurried over to say that you need not feel the slightest uneasiness about the solo you were to sing in the opening anthem. Mr. Goodman and the choir have arranged that Miss Goneyby shall take the part and—"

"What?" "The popular soprano of the Rev. Dr. Goodman's church choir sat bolt upright in bed.

"What!" she screamed. "That old maid with the cracked voice to try to sing my solo? Never!"

With one hand she tore the bandages off her head; with the other she swept the medicines from the little table to the floor, and then kicked down the coverslet.

"Tell Dr. Goodman and the others," she said, in a voice that rang through the house like the silvery tones of a bell, "to notify Miss Goneyby that she needn't mangle that solo. I'll be there!"

reddish tints, and has a white yoke collar and epaulettes outlined with braid.

Dressy gowns of thin, soft materials have the skirts trimmed with chiffon ruchings and cream or white lace is invariably introduced on the bodice. Childish figures need something in the

way of revers, epaulettes or big collars to give the gown the proper style.

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IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUERR AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

A Few Lessons in Natural History—An Interesting Fish from the Coast of Alabama—The Great Strength of Bears.

A Easy Day. In the middle of the winter, when a spring day comes along, An' the madder dreams of flowers, an' the birds break out in song, Then I has the hazy, daisy, lazy feeling, an' I pine For the green banks of a river—jug o' hait, an' ashin' line!

In the middle of the winter when the clouds from roon' you roll An' the wuntin' seen's the summer twinklin' twinklin' through yer soul! Then it's in the ole time orchards an' the hells I longs to be, What the breeze kin blow the blossoms in a shower over me!

But then, I feels so lazy, of a fish pulled strong an' stout, An' made the red jist nod an' nod, and swished the line about, I reckon that I'd blame him fer disturbin' of my rest, An' say there dreamin', dreamin' with the blossoms on my breast!

Interesting Fish from Alabama Coast. In November, 1895, the United States fish commission received from Col. D. M. Huger, a well-known business man of Mobile, Ala., a specimen of fish that was not only strange to the local fishermen, but had never before been observed on the United States coast, so far as available records show. The fish had been taken about twenty miles south of Mobile harbor. The form of the species is so characteristic that its identity is readily discernible, though few students of fishes have ever had an opportunity to examine fresh specimens. It has no vernacular name except Cuban one tinosa; it is, however, a species of crevalle or cavally, of which there are several common representatives along the Atlantic seaboard, and it bears the technical name of Caranx lugubris.

The accompanying drawing, based on the specimen referred to, gives a good idea of the general form of the species. The broad body is much compressed, as in other members of the genus. The large, deep head presents a swelling on the median line above and a projecting snout. The mouth is large and the fish is evidently voracious feeder. The teeth, while not prominent, are numerous and of varied shapes. In the upper jaw there are two distinct rows, the inner forming a villiform band, while the outer are large and conical; in the lower jaw there is a row of large conical teeth interspersed with smaller ones; furthermore, there are teeth on the tongue, the vomer and the palatine bones. The large eye is provided with a fatty eyelid. Both the second dorsal and the anal fins are falcate, and the pectorals are exceedingly long and sickle shaped. As to color, the entire body of this fish is a uniform sooty black, the ventral, anal and dorsal fins being intensely black. The usual length attained by the species is 1½ feet; the Alabama specimen was a little more than two feet.

This fish inhabits chiefly the shores of rocky, tropical islands, and is found on both the east and west coasts of the western hemisphere. In the Pacific ocean it is recorded from one of the Revillagigedo Islands, lying off Mexico. On the Atlantic coast it has heretofore been observed only about Cuba, but it will probably in time be found near other West Indian islands. Specimens supposed to be this species have occasionally been taken at Ascension Island, in the South Pacific, and also in the mid-Pacific. The fish taken off Mobile, nearly 500 miles north of Cuba, was evidently a straggler from that island.

The fish was first recognized as distinct by the late Prof. Felipe Poey, of Havana, and described by him from Cuba, in 1860. It is reported to be common about Cuba. Prof. Poey chose an appropriate name when he designated this species lugubris, meaning mournful, which applies to its somber color, bad reputation, and supposed gastronomic effects. Like a number of other fishes of tropical waters, it is reported to be poisonous, and its sale in Cuba has long been prohibited. A related species (Caranx latus) has from time immemorial been excluded from the markets of Cuba, and many disastrous cases of illness have been attributed to its use. Singularly enough, other species of this genus are regarded as excellent food fishes, and are extensively eaten in Florida and other southern states.

The local name, tinosa, meaning scabby or scurry, and hence anything that is repulsive or repugnant, expresses the prevailing idea regarding the fish; the dreaded disease, ciguatera, caused by eating poisonous fish, is also associated with this species in the popular mind. Poey himself, however, does not appear to have shared the current belief, for he writes that he has eaten the tinosa and found it good. The prejudice against the species may thus be unjust, or it is possible that the toxic properties ascribed to it depend not on any inherent qualities of the fish, but on ptomaines generated by a particular kind of food or by the rapid decomposition to which the tropical fishes are liable.

The Great Strength of Bears. The strength of grizzly bears is almost beyond belief, says a hunter, in Public Opinion. I have read about the powerful muscles in the arms of African gorillas, but none compared with those in the arms and shoulders of grizzly bears. I have seen a grizzly bear with one forepaw shot into uselessness pull its own 1,100 pounds of

meat and bone up precipices, and perform feats of muscles that trained athletes could not do. I have seen grizzly bears carrying the carcasses of pigs that must have weighed seventy pounds several miles across a mountain side to their lairs, and I have heard hunters tell of having seen cows knocked down as if by a thunderbolt with one blow from the forepaw of a bear. Three summers ago I spent the season in the coast mountains near Hudson Bay, and one moonlight night I saw a big grizzly bear in the act of carrying a dead cow home to her cub. I had a position on the mountain side where I could see every movement of the bear in the sparsely timbered valley below me. The creature carried the dead cow in her forepaws for at least three miles, across jagged, sharp rocks ten feet high, over fallen logs, around the rocky mountain sides, where even a jackass could not get a foothold, to a narrow trail up the steep mountain. She never stopped to rest a moment, but went right along. I followed, and just about half a mile from the bear's lair I laid her low. The heifer weighed at least 200 pounds and the bear about 450.

Sea Animals in Fresh Waters. In the summer of 1896, Mr. A. F. Low, of the Canadian geological survey, made a journey through the central regions of Labrador and revealed a large extent of new country. He traveled north for 500 miles, using the little rivers for his canoe when possible and crossing many portages. He finally came to a lake fifty miles long and from half a mile to five miles wide. The lake stands 800 feet above the sea and is about 100 miles from it. The explorer's surprise was very great when he discovered in this lake a large number of seals which appeared to be the common harbor seals or a closely allied species. In other words, he found sea animals in a fresh water lake far from the sea and high above it. He learned that these animals are breeding rapidly in their fresh water habitat and that some of them are killed every year by the Indians. Seal Lake is the name he gave it.

His conclusion as to how the seals came to be in the lake is doubtless correct. He found evidence all around that this was part of the region that was submerged by the sea in the Champlain or late glacial epoch. At that time the lake was undoubtedly connected with the sea and when the land began to rise again, Mr. Low says, the seals "having found the lake full of fish lost their inclination to return to the sea." So there they are living today fully adapted to their new conditions of life.

Similar instances that are still more remarkable have been found in recent years. In the great Siberian lake, Balkhal, which is 1,500 feet above the sea, and hundreds of miles from it, are numerous seals and a number of species of marine crustaceans. Of course, they never originated in fresh water and the only explanation is that they came into the lake at the time when nearly the whole of Siberia was below sea level. The depression filled by the lake is of enormous depth. The bottom in some parts is three-fourths of a mile below the surface, and in these depths the sea animals continue to live and thrive. They are undistinguishable from the phoca foetida of Spitzbergen waters, and the people in the neighborhood eagerly hunt the animals for their skins, which are sold at large profit to Chinese traders.

While ago a British naturalist named Gunther declared that he had found a number of marine animals in the waters of the central African lake, Tanganyika, about 800 miles from the sea. It has since been found that his report was correct, for the lake contains jellyfish, numerous species of mollusks, prawns and protozoa of undoubted marine derivation. A party sent from Europe to specially study the lake's animal life brought home undoubted proofs of the fact that Tanganyika was once connected with the sea, that ocean animals then found their way to the lake, and when the rising land cut off the inland waters from the ocean the marine animals, adapting themselves to the new conditions, continued to live and produce their kind in Lake Tanganyika.

Great Snowfall South. Apropos of the recent great storm in the United States, it is stated that near and north of Washington there was a snowfall unparalleled for more than a decade, though above Philadelphia the record was not broken in respect to temperature. But Washington was not only buried in snow, her temperature went lower than at any other time since the United States Weather Bureau was organized, in 1872. Vicksburg reported that the mercury went 4 degrees lower than the record for the last thirty years, and New Orleans beat hers by 9 degrees. Indeed, through that wide extent of territory known as the "South Atlantic and Gulf States," the temperature ranged from 3 to 10 degrees lower than anything known since the civil war.

How Did She Know? Edith—"Who were these people here this afternoon, mamma?" "Mamma