THE RIVAL LOVERS.

"WELL, I don't believe it's possible, even if you do say it, Miriam. All this talk about platonic friendship is simply absurd. Why, I'd be willing to wager a dozen pairs of gloves that you and Karl Scott will be engaged before the year is out, in spite of all your boasting about friendship."

"Rose," said a laughing voice, and a bright-faced girl, seated upon a trunk, proceeded to extract, by means of a hat-pin, a large pickle from an extremely small-necked bottle.

"And by this, my friends, do I hereby set aforesaid covenant," and there was a shout of laughter from the crowd of girls about her as the speaker solemnly devoured the pickle.

It was not hard to see that Miriam Wescott was the leading spirit among those college girls assembled here for their weekly "spread." Bright, sensible, and full of humor, she seemed the life of the little circle about her. The girls were students in the great university of M——, and, after a week of hard study, were disposed to make the most of their evening together.

"That's the safest bet I ever made, girls," said Miriam. "Why, Karl and I have known each other since we were babies, and, besides, he's in love with a girl at home!" this last in a very triumphant tone, intended to carry conviction with it. It only served to bring to the face of the first speaker a most sarcastic smile.

"Well, we'll just wait and see, and, meanwhile, Miriam, you'd best save your spare cash."

Hardly were the words uttered when a ring at the door was heard and Miriam's mischievous whisper:

"Why, girls, I do believe that's Karl! He's come to take me home. You know, he's just like my brother," but her words were drowned in the shouts of laughter that followed.

As the door closed behind Karl and Miriam, and they went out into the night, Miriam said:

"It's awfully nice of you to come after me to-night, when you've so many too, with that Latin quiz."

"You know I wouldn't let you come across that campus alone such a night as this," Karl had answered, as he put the girl's arm through his and in the movement there was something that made Miriam look up into her companion's face and say: "Thank you, Karl. I am glad you came."

Somehow, Karl was unusually silent to-night, and it was not till they were almost home that he said, hesitatingly:

"Say, Miriam, I wish you'd let me ask you something, though I know you'll be angry."

"Better not say it, then, for 'twould

RENT OVER THE LITTLE FIGURE.

be a shame to spoil our friendship. Do you know, I'm very proud of the fact that we're such good friends and not the least bit in love with each other"; and the girl looked up to her companion with a frank expression in her brown eyes. It was too dark to see the expression in Karl's face. There was a silence and then a short laugh from the young man.

"Well, after that I don't know whether I better say what I was going to or not. It's this, Miriam," he said hurriedly; "I wish you wouldn't go with Paul Weston. He's not a man that I would want my own sister to go with, and I wish you wouldn't do it, either. I know you'd be angry," he continued, as the girl was silent, for Miriam, with all her good qualities, could not brook interference from any one. Independent and self-reliant, she had always followed her own wishes, and even her best friends hesitated about seeming to interfere at all with her actions.

"It is very kind of you to trouble yourself about me," she said, coldly, "but I think I know whom to go with and whom not. I never think of telling you what girl to go with."

"You know I never go with any one but you," he replied, quickly, and then as they went in at the gate: "Miriam, please don't be angry. You know very well that I only said it for your good."

"Many thanks," was the cool answer and without another word Miriam went into the house and shut the door.

"Well, that doesn't look like falling in love with Karl Scott," she said as she went into her room and threw her hat on the table. "The idea," with a little indignant sparkle in her eyes, "of his trying to dictate to me." And there was a flush on her cheeks as she sat down at the table to read her psychology for the next day. But in some way it had lost its interest for her, and after twice reading the extraordinarily simple and lucid statement: "An object is the objectified, interpreting activity of intelligence retained by the ego to the abstracted universal," she shut the book in disgust and went to sleep that night with Karl's last words ringing in her ears: "Miriam, don't be angry."

The weeks went on, short, busy weeks for Miriam. Between herself and Karl Scott a truce had been declared, and they met apparently on their old, friendly footing. Only the girl and Karl himself knew that there was a difference. The old friendly relation had somehow become impossible and into their intercourse a strange, new element had crept.

"Well, Miriam, how's that bet?" said Mary Sanborn, one morning some months after the scene with which our story opens, as she met her friend coming out of college.

"All right. We had a fight that very evening, you know, and the sky's cloudy ever yet."

"That's nothing," said her companion, with a laugh. "I don't believe I'll buy the gloves just yet."

"I'll get them for you if you like. I'm going to ride over to Ipsi this afternoon."

"No, thanks," was the laughing answer, and then the girls separated.

But Miriam was not so light-hearted to-day as she had led her friend to imagine. Somehow Karl's treatment of her had often wounded her of late. It was not that he was unkind, but some way the old, friendly relations were broken. Karl was not the jolly companion he had once been. He was silent and reserved, kind, always, but somehow the girl was miserable and unhappy.

And Karl? He, too, felt the difference, but to save his life he could not treat Miriam in his old, friendly fashion. Why, he could not have told, but he realized that life in these past weeks was a very different thing from that of the years before. The hills about the little college town had looked more beautiful in their snowy whiteness against the winter's sky when he went with Miriam in their weekly rambles.

On this December day, when Miriam had met Mary Sanborn, the girl was unusually restless and unhappy. She could not study, and after wandering aimlessly about the house for some hours, she suddenly put on her hat, remembering some trifle she had intended to buy at Ipsi, a town a few miles distant. Hastily putting the saddle on her horse, she started off down the road. This was Miriam's usual mode of recreation, and no matter how cold or stormy the day, she always returned from her ride refreshed and in good spirits. It was early in the afternoon when she started.

"I'll surely be back before dark," she said, as she left the house, but the hours were away and she did not return. A blinding snowstorm had set in with the approach of evening. It was difficult to discern objects in the gathering dusk and the flakes fell thicker and thicker as the darkness became more intense. So it was with a start of surprise that a man reined in his horse as the animal reared at the sight of something by the roadside—a dark object, strangely like a human form. In an instant he had dismounted and then Karl Scott heard a sobbing voice that sent the blood to his heart in great bounds. He bent over the mournful little figure and the next instant he had gathered the sobbing form in his arms and was holding it as though he would never let it go again.

"Oh, Karl, I thought no one would ever come and my foot hurts me so!" Then two arms crept up about Karl's neck and for awhile the darkness and the storm were forgotten by the two there alone on the hills.

Miriam's horse had thrown her as she was returning and for several hours she had been here by the roadside with a terrible pain in her ankle and chilled and wet by the storm. And then the darkness had come and the girl had given up all hope of rescue for that night, till she had looked up to see Karl's frightened, gray eyes and felt his kisses on her lips. How she got home that night the girl could never have told, but there was always the dreamy consciousness of her lover's white, anxious face bending over her.

"But, Karl, just think! How will I ever endure it?" said Miriam one evening, a few days later, as she was lying on the couch by the open fire, whose ruddy gleam was making a hundred fantastic shadows in the little room and making the sweet, girlish face there among the cushions more beautiful than ever as Karl, who was bending over it, fondly imagined.

"You know these girls will never get through hearing me. And I was so sure, too! Why did you do it, Karl?"—his last with a reproachful glance from her brown eyes that makes her lover answer softly, as he bends and kisses her.

"Why, just because I couldn't help it, dear."

And, strange to say, this illogical answer seemed quite satisfactory to the college girl, though in all her studies in Kant and Spencer no trace of such reasoning had ever been found.

The next morning's mail brought a package to Mary Sanborn, and as she held up to view a dozen pairs of gloves, she said, critically:

"I always knew Miriam Westcott had good taste in gloves."

In the Mayflower.

Jenks—"If Amerika had the Mayflower now we could sweep England off the seas."

Hanks—"What makes you think so?"

Jenks—"Because, according to the millions of people claiming their ancestors came over on the Mayflower, the ship must have been as big as Illinois."—Up-to-Date.

Accounted For.

Hicks (melodramatically)—Yes, sir, my home is a little heaven on earth. Wicks—That accounts for it. I never did know of anybody who was in a hurry to enter heaven.—Boston Transcript.

THE PEARL INDUSTRY

IS THE ONLY FARM OF THIS KIND ON EARTH.

King of Corn Tickers Employs No Less Than 1,500 Men, Including 250 Skilled Divers—Began Business on a Small Scale.

JAMES CLARK of Queensland, Australia, the king of the pearl fishers and the owner of the only pearl-shell farm in the world, is at the Occidental, announces the San Francisco Call. Mr. Clark's pearl-shell farm is stocked with 150,000 pearl shells, which he collected from the deep-sea waters. He believes that he can grow pearls and shells. It is a new thing. Nobody ever attempted it before. Mr. Clark is on a tour of the world to investigate the various pearl fisheries.

He has all the facts and figures concerning them on his finger-tips. He is much interested in the extensive pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California, but, of course, only in an abstract way, as he has no money invested in them.

The king of pearl fishers employs no less than 1,500 men and 250 vessels. Of the army of 1,500 men, 250 are skilled divers. The vessels used are of all sizes, the average cost of each being $800.

"I have been fifteen years engaged in pearl fishing," said Mr. Clark last night. "My fisheries are in the Torres straits, in the north of Queensland. I began on a small scale, and have given the pearl fisheries my close attention during all these years. My experience has led me to the belief that with proper intelligence in the selection of a place, one can raise pearls and pearl shells as easily as one can raise oysters, but, of course, to do this you must know how. I started a large pearl-shell farm three years ago, and have stocked it with shell, which I obtained in many instances for not to mean, in the deep water. To grow shells successfully, according to my experience thus far, the water must not be too deep.

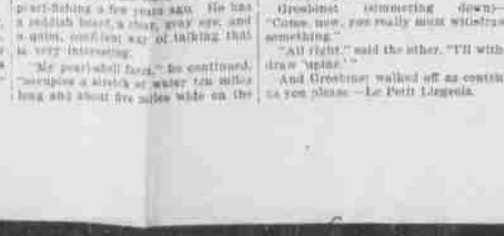
"There is one thing I am sure of, and that is that no matter how many pearls are gathered, the supply can never equal the demand, and therefore there is no danger of any combine among the pearl fishers of the globe. It is for the purpose of finding out all I can in regard to the pearl fisheries of the different parts of the world that I have now set out on this trip. I keep pretty well informed in regard to the pearl fisheries in all parts of the country. Your great misery in the Gulf of California is the biggest one on the American continent, and is practically the only one, excepting that of the Gulf of Mexico, below the gulf.

"The pearls that are grown in the Torres straits are all of the color you see here. This beautiful silver pearl which you see on my scarf is a good illustration of the kind we produce.

"There is only one color in that, and that is the most desired among purchasers. This large oval pearl you may think something abnormal in the way, but we get many of them. There is no question but that the Torres fisheries produce the finest pearls to be had. The market shows that. They bring the highest prices."

Mr. Clark is a man of medium height and middle age. He is said to be a multi-millionaire and to have acquired his colossal fortune since he began pearl-fishing a few years ago. He has a reddish beard, a clear, gray eye, and a quiet, confident way of talking that is very interesting.

"My pearl-shell farm," he continued, "occupies a stretch of water ten miles long and about five miles wide on the



SCHOOLTEACHER KILLS A LION

Miss Edna Booker is the pride of the Rockies. She is the school teacher of the village of Midland, and she has just performed a deed of heroism which, according to western editors, "cannot be too highly commended."

One of Miss Booker's pupils had a pet antelope which, like Mary's little lamb, followed the child to school each day and waited patiently about until the class was dismissed.

One day last week it, by, as usual, basking in the sun at the door, while the teacher and her children were at work. Suddenly there was a commotion, and the startled children looked up to see the little animal in the clutches of a large mountain lion. With shrieks of terror the girls ran to the most distant corner and huddled there together.

The teacher did not for a moment lose her nerve, but started towards a shotgun which hung on the wall near the door. To reach it she had to pass the lion, who had dropped the antelope and growled ominously as she approached. The gun was empty, as she had to reach her desk again to load it. In the meantime the lion sprang towards the group of children. The brave young woman followed him, took aim and pulled the trigger.

The recoil of the old gun knocked her over, but the charge had done its work, for the lion's head was blown almost to pieces. The pupils ran screaming down the road with the story, and in a short time men were in the school-house, where they found the lion dead and the teacher safe, but in a nervous collapse. They expressed their enthusiasm in typical western fashion. Procuring a chair, they placed the girl in it and carried her and the dead lion through the town with wild cheers.—From the New York World.

FOR MOODY MINDS.

MELANCHOLIA ATTRACTING MANY PHYSICIANS.

Self-Destruction May Be Avoided—Change of Scene, Good Medical Treatment, Proper Food and Careful Watching Cure Worst Cases.

HAVE you ever felt as if life were not worth living? Have you ever thought that hope had been crushed out, and that existence was merely a prolonged torment? Did you ever give up all ambition, all idea of attaining earthly happiness, and set yourself grimly to bear the burden of weariness and despair? And then, in the very midst of black hopelessness, has the thought ever flashed suddenly on your mind that you might put an end to it all by committing suicide?

If so you have very probably been the victim of a disease which is at present attracting the attention of some of the most noted physicians in the world, says the New York World. The disease is known technically as suicidal melancholia.

"Melancholia" is a compound of two Greek words meaning black bile. It was supposed originally to have been caused by an overabundance of black bile in the system, the effect of which was to cause the patient to be in constant dread of some approaching evil.

According to the degree of mental depression cases of suicidal melancholia have been artificially grouped as: 1, simple melancholia; 2, hypochondriacal melancholia, and, 3, delusional melancholia. But these divisions are purely arbitrary. All cases begin as simple depression, and delusions are gradually evolved as the disease progresses. The delusions at first are slight and fleeting, but gradually become more fixed and unchanging.

The delusions vary greatly in character. The patient fancies sometimes that all his relatives and neighbors are in league against him or that he has in some way incurred the enmity of the whole world. In such cases his disease will probably end in some form of mental derangement unless he seeks a speedy cure. Sometimes he imagines that he is being robbed of his property or that his food is poisoned. In other cases some unseen agency is suspected to be at work, such for example as electricity.

Very frequently the delusions refer to the spiritual welfare. The patient asserts that he has been very wicked, and that he is lost for time and eternity. These, it will be observed, come under the head of delusional melancholia, but it must be remembered that the delusions are not the cause but the result of the malady.

In many cases the patient's whole attention is concentrated on the state of his bodily health. These cases form the group of hypochondriacal melancholia. Such persons frequently exhibit an intense craving for sympathy and are constantly pouring forth lengthy statements of their imaginary maladies. They complain that their throats are blocked up, or their stomachs gone, or so on. In addition to other delusions hallucinations of special senses are frequent in melancholia. These affect mostly the hearing and then the sight and taste.

The close relation of suicide to this diseased condition of the mind is well indicated by the records of cases at hospitals. Out of 750 cases treated in Garland's asylum, England, the suicidal impulse was present in 65 per cent. More than half of this percentage had made actual attempts at self-destruction, while the rest had contented themselves with making threats. The proportion of suicidal cases was 11 per cent higher among the males than among the females.

The bodily symptoms of suicidal melancholia are characteristic. There is a condition of lowered vitality and anaemia, or scarcity of blood. The complexion is muddy, the appetite poor, digestion impaired and the bowels torpid. The muscles are flabby, and there is a lack of vigor. Neuralgic pains and sleeplessness are also features.

It will be borne in mind that the statements in this article are not founded on the opinion of any one physician, no matter how skilled he may be, but are the result of a careful examination of records and a comparison of cases. In this way it has been found that the most important factor in the causation of suicidal melancholia is hereditary predisposition. The tendency to the mental disease is inborn and only lies dormant till at some critical period of life it is called into active existence. Some bodily ailment or mental shock which would produce no mental disease in a person with a healthily constituted brain is sufficient in those with hereditary mental taint to induce an attack of depression of a severity out of all proportion to the strength of the existing cause.

These immediate or exciting causes are most frequently of a physical nature, intemperance in drink affording a large percentage of patients. In about one-third of the cases the mental depression is found to have been preceded by some trouble of a moral or a mental character. Business anxieties constitute the most common moral cause in men and domestic afflictions in women.

Drunkenness is a fertile source of race degeneration. Victims of melancholia and suicide often have an alcoholic family history, though there may have been no previous insanity in the family. Alcoholism has, in truth, much to answer for, as it exerts its baneful effects not only on the drunkards themselves but equally if not more so on their descendants.

If every victim of suicidal melancholia should at once submit himself to a proper treatment the chances would greatly favor a recovery. As a rule, recovery takes place gradually, and along with the improvement in the mental state there is a corresponding improvement of the bodily health. It is a favorite sign when the patient begins to put on fat. The duration of the attack in cases that recover varies greatly. Some last only three months, and others continue for two years and over.

A Queer Experiment.

Photographing the Splash of a Drop of Mercury.

Prof. Worthington has been studying a curious phenomenon for twenty years says Knowledge. The splash of a drop occurs in the twinkling of an eye yet it is an exquisitely regulated phenomenon and one that very happily illustrates some of the fundamental properties of the fluid. The problem that Prof. Worthington has succeeded in solving is to let a drop of definite size fall from a fixed height in compar-

ative darkness into a surface and to illuminate it by a flash of exceedingly short duration at any desired stage, so as to exclude all the stages previous and subsequent to those thus selected. The many illustrations in this volume testify to the accuracy and beauty of his work. The curious results of a splash of a drop of mercury from a height of three inches upon a smooth glass plate are particularly interesting. Very soon after the first moment of impact minute rays are shot out in all directions on the surface with marvellous regularity. From the ends of the rays droplets of liquid split off. The liquid subsides in the middle and soon afterward flows into a ring. The ring then divides in such a manner as to join up the rays in pairs. Thereafter the whole contracts till the liquid rises in the center, so as to form the beginning of the rebound of the drop from the plate. Immediately the drops at the central mass rises in a column, which just falls itself to break into drops. He photographed no fewer than thirty successive stages of the splash within the twentieth of a second, so that the average interval between them was about the six-hundredth of a second. Remarkable are the splashes of water drops falling about sixteen inches into milk, but more beautiful are the domes formed when the height is fifty-two inches.

A Dog in Costume.

Grosbinet has a violent discussion with a gentleman who has called him a porcupine.

"Withdraw that expression!" howled Grosbinet.

"Never!"

"I'll call you to account for it."

"As you please."

Grosbinet (mumbling down)—"Come, now, you really must withdraw something."

"All right," said the other. "I'll withdraw 'spine.'"

And Grosbinet walked off as contrite as you please.—Le Petit Liegeois.

ENGLISH HAIRDRESSING.

The Hideous Frizzed, Curled Bang Still Has Full Sway.

Lady Helen Stewart, a fashion-leader of England, has decreed that society—that is, the feminine element—must part its hair on the side or expose the forehead guiltless of coquettish curls, says the Philadelphia Press.

And fashion—that is, in England—is beginning to sway a bit in her direction.

While the American girl would look with horror on this unfeminine coiffeur for her adoption, yet she gives a sigh of relief when she thinks that maybe Lady Helen's example will take effect among the world of Britain's elect.

That frightful, curled, frizzled bang that the princess of Wales insists upon retaining has spoiled the faces of many women who might otherwise have been called pretty.

I shall never forget once seeing a famous English actress make her toilet for a reception. She had invited me to her room. She was combing her mass of yellow hair down over her eyes and I thought it was only a trick of getting her back hair out of tangles. Judge of my surprise when she frizzed up this mass with the comb as one does feathers with a knife and let it hang in front.

On went the ever-present English toque over this heroic tang and I did not wonder that bellhops stared.

But she was only arranging her hair as all of her set do. Therefore let every lover of beauty hope that even the formality of Lady Helen's plain forehead may make headway against the untidy, unbecoming coiffeurs of the women of the English nobility.

What a change the sleek, well-groomed head of the American girl must be to them!

Invited to Obesity.

The pratice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage, according to Dr. Brewer, originated from a Roman custom and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus, Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero, were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and in later times married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this view it may be mentioned that during the sixteenth and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the reason seems doubtful, since we find that Catharine Parr so signed herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley), Arabella Stuart (not Seymour), etc. Some persons think that the custom originated from the scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. This was the rule so far back as Bracton (died 1268), and it was decided in the case of Rex vs. Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives that of her husband. Altogether, the custom is involved in much obscurity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

To Neither.

Friend—Do you belong to the realistic or to the romantic school of literature? Young Author—Neither. I am only in the kindergarten yet.—Somerville Journal.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

It is hope fully rather to grieve for the good of others than to rejoice for that good which God hath given us of our own.—Jeremy Taylor.

Despise not any man, and do not abure anything. For there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there any thing that hath not its place.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

To do great hurt, some genius, some knowledge, some talents, in short, natural or acquired, are necessary; less, indeed, far less, than are required to do good, but always sense.—Bolingbroke.

Grace leads the right way; if you choose the wrong, take it and perish, but restrain your tongue; charge not, with light sufficient and left free, your willful suicide on God's decree.—Cowper.

Science is naturally a revelation of God as is the Bible, only in another form. Those who stand at the gates of nature, and seek and find and bring forth his great truths and powers to bless a world are worshipping at the altars of the Most High.—Dr. Thomas.

Death is a very successful teacher of that faith we all long to possess—the conviction of the unseen. We may play with the arguments against another life when our affections are neutral, and may even pretend that the case is not proven. Let one of our flesh and blood lie in good-by and pass within the veil, and reason surrenders the place of love. A young child with Christ does more to illuminate the other world than all the books that ever have been written, and it has often come to pass that at the touch of this unseen hand hard and sceptical men have arisen and set their faces towards God, for the hope of seeing again a golden head on which the sun was ever shining.—Ian Maclaren.