[illegible] weekly, [illegible] with an appearance [illegible]ion. She seemed utterly ex[illegible] and her face was bathed in tears. He questioned her gently, but her replies were vague and unsatisfactory.

"But you cannot stay here in the rain," said Marius.

In spite of her resistance—which was but feeble, poor thing!—Marius raised her from the bench and drew her toward the house. When at last she was seated before a cheery fire she consented to tell her sad story.

Her name was Cecile Martel, and she was the daughter of an army captain who had died in the service. With her mother she had come to Paris in the hope of obtaining a tobacco shop license which had been promised to the widow long ago.

Their last articles of furniture, their few trinkets, had been sacrificed to obtain funds for the journey.

Soon after their arrival the mother had died very suddenly, leaving Cecile alone and almost penniless in the great city in which she did not know a human soul.

By dint of great economy the girl had contrived to live for a few weeks on the little money remaining in her purse; but that morning her landlady had informed her with great politeness that she must either pay her arrears of rent or go elsewhere.

She had wandered through the streets all day, without eating or resting, and at night had turned her steps instinctively toward the cemetery at Montrogue where her mother lay at rest.

This pitiful tale, told in almost inaudible tones, and interrupted by fits of shivering and weeping, affected Marius very deeply.

He hastily got together the elements of a rudimentary banquet, but Cecile, in spite of her desire to show her appreciation of this unhoped for succor, could not eat a mouthful. Though the room was warm, she shivered more and more, until at last, overcome by fatigue, she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

"This will never do," thought Marius. "She will get pneumonia or something in her damp clothes."

"If only there were a woman in the house! Then we could put the poor child to bed."

He wrapped a big cloak about her and fell to studying her face. It was not strikingly pretty, but it was a pleasing face and a good face. Its greatest beauty was now veiled—the large, velvety black eyes, tender and passionate. Suddenly she moaned, and then Marius saw that her face was scarlet and her breathing labored.

"Ah! Just what I feared!" he exclaimed, and ran to fetch a physician. The doctor pronounced the case very serious, and sent a nurse to take care of the girl during the night. In the morning she must be sent to the hospital.

"The hospital!" thought Marius, who had a horror of hospitals.

"Hasn't the poor child suffered enough already?"

He lay awake all night, thinking, and when the ambulance came in the morning he curtly sent it away.

Months elapsed before Cecile was pronounced out of danger. Marius Lournier found himself intensely interested in the battle of life and death, and was overjoyed when the physician informed him that the crisis was passed.

Soon youth and health resumed their sway. Cecile wrought a wonderful transformation in the lonely cottage. Thoroughly feminine in taste, she loved everything that is pretty and delicate, and Marius, enchanted by the simple elegance which had succeeded to the former disorder of his home, smiled gratefully upon the fairy who had brought about the change.

He took his meals at home, and long conversations with his Chatelaine replaced the nightly sessions at the card table. He was so happy, basking in this mild and wholesome physical and

But the more he thought about it the less absurd it appeared. And, looking squarely into his heart, he saw that he loved the girl passionately. The little fairy had given him back his youth and awakened the heart that he had thought dead forever.

Ah! if the old lady's intuition were correct!

Then he began to pay great attention to his dress and manners. He even gave up his pipe. Cecile noticed his rejuvenation and complimented him upon it frankly, and then he felt inspired to tell his love and ask her to be his wife.

She listened in smiling silence and, in a burst of grateful affection, put her hand in that of her benefactor and said: "Yes."

The wedding was arranged to take place in the autumn.

Meanwhile Marius lived at a hotel but came every day to his old house to see his young sweetheart, who always welcomed him with a smile of tender affection.

The summer wore on, and there came a time when the smile gave place to grief and tears as soon as the unconscious lover's back was turned.

Then, one evening, he came and heard Cecile's voice and another's coming from the unlighted parlor. He recognized the other voice as that of a young architect who was spending his vacation with his mother, the lady who had suggested the marriage of Marius and Cecile.

The situation at once became horribly clear to Marius. He listened.

"You are unkind," Cecile was saying. "I cannot be your wife; you know that."

"I only know that I hate the old fool," the young man replied.

"Hush! Robert! You shall not insult him."

"I hate him, I say! He has ruined my life."

"He loves me, Robert, and I owe him everything. I have given him my promise—and I will keep it."

"But it is enough to drive me mad! I will tell him to his face that I love you—and that you love me!"

"If you love me as you say you do, Robert, you will let me do my simple duty."

Marius had heard enough. He went back to his hotel, staggering like a drunken man.

He was an old fool, then?

An old fool?

He asked his mirror and it told him the truth.

How had he come to forget his thin gray hair and the crows' feet about his eyes and to fancy that Cecile could really love him?

Yes: He was an old fool.

To a night of agony succeeded a heroic resolve.

He sought Cecile and said:

"My child, I have come to the conclusion that an old fellow like me who has been single so long, had better remain single. I give you back your promise."

Cecile's heart leaped for joy, but she replied:

"I do not understand you, dear Marius."

"Hush!" said he. "Call me 'Father,' won't you, my dear?"

She comprehended the admirable, self-abnegation expressed in those words, and cried:

"Oh, how good you are to me always—Father!"

"And now," said Marius, with his old-time, good-natured smile, "suppose we ask our neighbors to dinner."—New York News.

Test of the Lebaudy Airship.

Advices just received from Europe state that the Lebaudy airship made two ascents on the morning of April 13. On its first trip the airship covered over fourteen miles, and attained an altitude of one and two-thirds miles. On the second trip, made a half hour later, two and a quarter miles altitude was attained, [illegible] good progress made against a strong northeast wind.

As for shooting the little brown rascals, that would have been folly. We hadn't the ammunition.

"The last night of the great exodus everybody, tired out with watching it, gave up the job and sought rest wherever it could be found. The next day there wasn't a prairie dog in sight. We resumed our journey. As we neared our destination and the long line of prairie schooners began to disintegrate, men had something else to think about, and the sight was forgotten, I suppose. But I never forgot it, and now and then occasionally I have met some one who also saw the sight, and as I knew they were men who never drank or dreamed, I satisfied myself that I was not mistaken in what I saw. I reckon it was the grand army of prairie dogs looking for places to burrow. I know where some of them located, but where did they come from?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A SHOSHONE HEROINE.

At the Lewis and Clark centennial celebration, to be held in Portland, Oregon, in 1905, long-delayed recognition will be paid to one of the heroines of American history, the Shoshone Indian girl, called Sacajawea, who acted as guide to the exploring party. At the time of the appearance of Mrs. Eva Emery Dye's romantic narrative, "The Conquest," which described the first crossing of the American continent, the suggestion was made that it would be fitting to erect a statue of this Indian heroine at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition at St. Louis, the Missouri town being the starting point of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1804.

It is now announced, however, that the statue to the memory of Sacajawea will be erected at Portland at the time of the Lewis and Clark centennial. Women, appropriately enough, have taken up the project of the statue. The women of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and the Dakotas will be called upon to interest themselves in the matter. It is proposed to erect a statue, costing not more than $6000, and it is further proposed that a woman sculptor, Miss Alice Cooper, of Colorado, be given the commission.

Miss Dye in her story gave full credit to the part played by Sacajawea in the successful expedition led by Lewis and Clark. She was first met by the explorers in their winter camp among the Mandans. She was a captive, a Shoshone girl only sixteen, but married to a French half-breed interpreter. In the spring, when the party moved forward, Sacajawea accompanied it with her husband and child. She proved of inestimable service. Keen, quick-witted, with the instinct almost of the homing pigeon, she was the best of guides. At one time, when lack of horses meant frustration of all plans and almost certain failure of the expedition, it was the Indian girl who cajoled the Shoshones into loaning their horses, and thus permitted the men to press forward.

Sacajawea also guided the party on its return trip. It is said she seemed fully to realize the importance of the expedition and to desire its success as much as the leaders. Many think, without this Indian girl, the expedition which paved the path across the continent, might have been a failure. It was not known when or how she died, but a monument at last will be erected to her memory by the women of the country which her services helped to open.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

CIRCLED BY WATERSPOUTS.

Becalmed at sea while fifteen waterspouts roared and hissed about her, was the experience of the Spanish Main schooner John A. Matheson, Captain Vaux, which arrived in port yesterday from San Andreas. The Matheson was in the latitude of Savannah last Thursday, the sea smooth as glass and not a breath of air stirring. Off a distance the collision of currents of air from different directions began sucking up the sea in re-

circling cycling track, which, while performers ride round it, is slowly raised, the centre remaining on the ground. Eventually the cyclists are displayed tearing round what looks like the inner surface of a basin, with no bottom. At Neuilly Fair the circle is to rest on a lion's cage. When the track is raised the roof of the wild beasts' house will at the same time slide off. Thus the cyclists will, as usual, be disclosed riding round the side of a basin, but they will be worse off than if the latter were bottomless, for beneath them lions, under the whip of a tamer, will roar and rage, and a slip or the bursting of a tire would mean for the wheelmen a fall into the den of wild beasts. The manager of this show proudly claims that it will be the most blood-curdling on record."

A TIGER YARN.

Captain Maquoid, of the First Lancers, Inspector-General of the Nozam's forces at Hyderabad, has had a strange adventure with a tiger near Bangalore. Accompanied by a native orderly, he had tracked the animal for three days and then lost him. The tiger was wounded, but made good his escape, and took refuge in a cave, where he was suddenly discovered by the orderly, who gave a warning shout and bolted. Captain Macquoid, a few yards away, just had time to drop down behind a ledge of rock only three feet and a half high, when the tiger emerged from the cave, crawled right over the ledge without noticing the officer, and made for the orderly, who had tripped and fallen. He had seized the native by the leg when Captain Macquoid lodged a bullet in his spine, and then shot him through the head. Captain Macquoid has had several narrow escapes of a similar kind. On a former occasion a tiger leaped right over him.—London Chronicle.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

A Brooklyn man who was struck by lightning says the experience is not half so terrifying as the contemplation of it. "It was as though some one sneaked up behind me and hit me with a piece of two-by-four," he says. "I had just gone under the tree to wait for the shower to pass, and my son was under another and smaller tree about fifty feet distant. Suddenly I felt as though I was going up, up, up. I could neither speak nor move. And there I lay, unable to do a thing. My son, who had been felled to his knees by the shock, was soon up and came running to me. I could not move a muscle. They brought me home in a carriage, and after a time my speech came back. I have not yet, however, recovered the full use of my legs."

Reminder of Old Times.

A rich man who has joined the multitude in New York since his quick fortune came to him was entertaining friends at dinner the other night. The service was magnificent and so was the dinner. The wife, gorgeously clad, reigned over the table. During a lull in conversation the rich man watched a servant who was dexterously removing crumbs from the table. Then he looked down the glittering table at his jeweled wife and remarked: "Sadie, remember when you used to shake the tablecloth out of the back door to the hens?"

Rather Forgetful.

"My father is the most absent-minded man," said the daughter of a college professor. "Why, when he goes up stairs to dress for going out, some member of the family is obliged to go up and knock on his door every ten minutes for fear he'll forget what he's doing and undress and go to bed."

Japanese Handkerchiefs.

The Japanese do not send their used handkerchiefs to the wash, but summarily burn them, as they are made of paper. The specimens at a recent exhibition in London were of a texture more beautiful to the eye than linen, and of very small bulk. They cost about half a cent apiece.

lieved that the bush would do well in California.

All new schools in Switzerland now have a portion of the ground floor appropriated for purposes of baths. Each class bathes about once a fortnight, summer and winter. Soap is used, and a warm bath is followed by a cooler one. Sick children and those having skin diseases are excluded.

SPECIAL "GOUT" SHOE.

They Open Clear to the Tip of the Toe and Can Be Loosely Laced.

Shiny leather shoes lead in popularity for summer footgear. Patent kid, patent and enamelled calf are worn in preference to all else, and will continue to be worn through the fall. Mannish effects have practically disappeared in favor of more feminine and lighter footwear.

An enormous variety of strap slippers in French patent calf, suede, castor and vici are being worn, every woman seeming to have an individual style on her foot. Those strap slippers have from one to twelve straps. Beading is seen on many slippers in jet, steel and colors. For boudoir and party use heels are getting higher and toes narrower, while aluminum heels in gold, silver and natural finish are seen on high priced dress slippers.

A good many women are buying tan shoes for summer morning and outing wear. At present tan shoes are rather dear. After years of immense popularity they went out altogether, but now are made up in expensive leather for exclusive customers.

As the summer progresses more and more shiny shoes with dull tops will be seen. It is predicted that this is going to be a dominant style in footwear during the fall. White canvas oxfords will be seen on many a well-shod foot.

A novelty in footwear is a "gout" shoe for men. These shoes open clear to the tip of the toe and open wide, so that the foot can be laid on the soft inner sole and laced as loosely as desired. There are no seams, no lining in the shoe, nothing to bind or rub. The soles are light and the leather is soft and flexible.

Plant That Keeps Off Mosquitoes.

There would appear to be some hope for those who suffer from flies, gnats, and wasps in summer time. Captain H. D. Larrymore, who has recently presented a growing specimen of the "mosquito plant" to Kew Gardens, writes thus in the Times concerning it:

"I can personally testify to the extraordinary effect which is produced on mosquitoes by the pleasant odor of its fresh leaves, and by placing two or three growing pots of the plant in each room and along the windward veranda, a house can be kept practically free of these insects.

"I am really anxious to know whether the aforesaid 'mosquito plant' will flourish out of doors and in this country. If so, its proprietors will probably make a fortune. The 'mosquito plant' would be invaluable; but I am terribly afraid we shall presently hear that it will not flourish in the open air in this country.—London Graphic.

Remarkable Natural Bridge.

Recently a man prospecting in the mining regions of Arizona found a remarkable natural bridge. It spans a deep canyon forty-five feet in width. The bridge is made by a great petrified tree that lies across the gorge. Scientific men say that many ages since this tree was prostrated by some terrific storm and fell across the canyon. By the effects of the water and of time it has passed through many stages of mineralization, and is now a wonderful tree of solid agate. And there it lies, making an agate bridge over which men may pass from side to side.

Much has been said about the mouse being [illegible] slug, but it is supposed the [illegible] is caused by throat

at their dying struggles.—Our Young Folks.

PRINCE.

I know a little dog who once went to a Surprise Party. He really did, and carried his own refreshments, too, like the other folks.

His name was Prince, and he was a lively little fellow, with a glossy black coat and shiny brown eyes. His master said he was a spaniel, part terrier, and the rest was plain dog; but the little Prince gnawed his master's slippers and upset his mistress' work-basket with as much freedom as though he were the best born puppy in the land.

On the night of the Surprise Party, Prince evidently suspected something unusual was going on. He saw sandwiches and cakes packed in baskets, and ran about snuffing with inquiring nose.

But his mistress said, "No, Prince, you can't go, for you were not named in the invitation; and small dogs don't go to parties anyway."

This "small dog," however, had his own ideas about that; and quietly slipping out of the house he waited beside the gate.

The night was very dark, and Prince was very black, and neither master nor mistress heard or saw him till they came to the house where the Surprise Party was. Then a black streak went by them, and as the door was opened Prince darted right into the house, and into the midst of a crowd of people, carrying in his mouth a bone almost as big as himself.

How people laughed as he lay in the middle of the floor, with his forepaws resting on his big bone, his eyes shining, and his lively tail thumping the floor in satisfaction at his success in getting to the Surprise Party!

The lady of the house was very glad he came, for the little dog and his bone made every one chatty and jolly.

Prince was praised and petted until he wriggled with delight and thought this the very nicest party he ever had attended. But how do you suppose he knew it would be proper for him to carry his own refreshments?—Little Folks.

WHEN DICK DIED.

A newsboy sat on the curbstone crying, when a pedestrian halted and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"What's wrong, sonny?"

"I ain't your sonny."

"Well, what's wrong, my boy—

"I ain't your boy, either."

"Lost five cents in the gutter?"

"Naw, I ain't—oh, oh, oh! Me chum's dead."

"Oh! That's another thing. How did he happen to die?"

"Runned over."

"Cheer up! You can find another chum."

"You wouldn't talk that way if you'd knowed Dick. He was the best friend I ever had. There warn't nothing Dick wouldn't a done for me. An' now he's d-d-dead. I'm a-wishin' I was, too."

"Look here," said the man, "go and sell your papers and take some poor little ragged boy and be a chum to him. It'll help you and do him good."

"Pshaw, mister, where's there a boy wot'd go around nights with me an' be cold an' hungry an' outen doors and sleep on the groun' like Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bite till I'd had enuff. He were a Christian, Dick were."

"Then you can feel that he's all right if he was such a faithful friend and good boy."

"Boy? Dick a boy? Lord! Dick warn't a good-for-nothing human boy, mister—Dick were a dog."—Detroit Free Press.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is life the greatest of all conundrums? Because we must all give it up.

What is the first thing a man sets in his garden? His foot.

[illegible] It is small, [illegible] light, and its buzzing haste has genuine terror for its larger enemy.

The uneasy cries of a sparrow attracted the attention of an observer the other day, who presently discovered the sparrow sitting well up in a pine tree. Just within a foot of the frightened bird buzzed a hummingbird, its misty wings and keen beak suggesting a tiny aerial ram in flight and bent upon punctuating some great [illegible] craft in the air.

The sparrow stood its ground until the beak seemed about to pierce its breast, and then took flight, with the angry little hummingbird in hot pursuit. The hummingbird soon returned, apparently having given up the chase, possibly because it had driven the enemy far enough from the nest.

THE LIME-JUICE ISLAND.

Nearly all the lime-juice used in the world comes from the tiny island of Montserrat, in the British West Indies. The lime grows wild in many West Indian islands, but only in Montserrat is it used commercially. That island is one vast garden of lime trees, and nowhere in the world is there a finer sight than its thirty miles of orchards, laden with the fruit of the lime or fragrant with its blossoms.

The fruit is gathered by negro women, who carry it down the hills to the shipping port in big baskets on their heads. Like all West Indians, they are remarkable for their ability to carry heavy weights in this manner. Once, the company which controls the lime-juice industry sought to lighten the burden of its laborers by introducing wheelbarrows.

The negroes filled the wheelbarrows readily enough, and then carried them on their heads as they had been used to carry the baskets.—Indianapolis News.

A FAKE RABBIT.

Little Robert was shaking his new rabbit violently as he stared hard into the pink eyes, repeating all the time, "Twice two is four; twice four is eight" and other extracts from the multiplication table. It was after he had given the animal a particularly vicious choke that mother came into the room in time to save bunnie's life.

"Cruel?" repeated little Robert after her protest. "Why, mother, he's a fake. The man at the store said when I bought him that rabbits multiplied rapidly. Here I've been repeating the multiplication table to him all day, and it don't do a bit of good."

AN EXPERIMENT.

Take three bowls and stand them in a row. In the bowl at one end put as hot water as your hand can bear, in the one at the other end put ice-water, in the middle bowl lukewarm water.

Now, hold your right hand in the hot water and your left hand in the cold, say for a minute or more, then suddenly place both hands in the lukewarm water and notice the effect.

If the one tested is blindfolded a good deal of amusement will follow.

"PLAYING SHOP."

This is a very favorite game for sunny days and you can easily find things in the garden for "shop." Sorrel makes good coffee. By cutting the ribs of a rhubarb leaf into tiny stalks capital bundles of rhubarb can be made. The middles of daisies look like cakes when the petals are taken off. Round stones do for potatoes. Gooseberries do for apples and pears, and so on.

FIRE ON WATER.

Buy a small quantity of potassium at a drug store and place a small piece on the surface of water in a large basin. It will immediately take fire and burn with a brilliant violet flame, darting rapidly about on the water until entirely consumed.

The adjutant, or marabout, is a tall bird of India, about five feet high. The wings expanded measure about fifteen feet from tip to tip. It readily swallows a cat or a hare whole.