THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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Hetty Green and Mark Twain have each celebrated a seventieth birthday. Mark has a lot of friends, and Hetty has a lot of money, observes Puck.

According to the annual report on births, deaths and marriages in Ireland during 1904, the natural increase of population recorded, or the excess of births over deaths, was 24,298. The loss by emigration amounted to 36,902.

A prominent physician of Lakewood, N. J., who has been missing for some time, has been found with his mind a perfect blank. He would make a great witness in those insurance investigations, thinks the Washington Post.

The record of over 9000 homicides in this country last year may indicate strenuousness, but certainly not too high a degree of civilization, avows the Buffalo Courier-Journal. There is quite too much of the old savage blood thirst.

A British educator defends the manners of our children and says epigrammatically, "American boys learn their first lessons of morality at their mothers' knees. English boys generally learn theirs across their fathers'." That's one on our cousins, avers the Boston Transcript.

A New York man is seeking a divorce from his wife because she is in the habit of tickling his feet with a feather when he is asleep, relates the Nashville American. She is willing that he shall have the divorce, because he nearly choked the life out of her for tickling his feet. He is an old fool; she is a young one. Let the divorce be granted.

There have been within the last month an astonishing number of railway crashes involving a very considerable loss of life and property, states the Philadelphia Record. Some of the wrecks were brought about by murderous design, but they were in the main due to preventable causes. At the bottom is the fact that nearly all the railroads of the country have more business than carrying equipment. They are overtasked.

There is at least one particular bright spot in the dun register of crime, declares the Columbia State. Lynching has decreased. We send fewer persons out of the world by that sort of violence, by that species of murder, than we have done since 1885. There were only sixty-six lynchings in this country last year, but it is terrible for us of the South to learn that of these sixty-six brutal crimes, sixty-five—all but one—were committed in the Southern States. Of the sixty-five lynchings in the South all were negroes. But this horrible crime is becoming less and less frequent. The South is becoming ashamed of it, and is finding that its laws can be depended on to punish the guilty and, if strictly enforced, to protect the innocent.

To-day it is computed that there are in the United States no fewer than seventy estates that average in value $35,000,000 each, states Harper's Weekly. There are ten private fortunes aggregating $2,000,000,000—those, namely, of John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field, W. K. Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, J. P. Morgan, Russell Sage, J. J. Hill, Senator W. A. Clark and William Rockefeller. There are 400 fortunes aggregating $3,000,000,000, and 4500 aggregating $10,000,000,000. Five thousand men in this country, whose aggregate wealth is estimated at $15,000,000,000, actually own, to say nothing of how much they control, nearly one-sixth of our entire national wealth in money, land, mines, buildings, industries, franchises and everything else of value; which sixth, if put into gold, would give them all of the yellow metal above ground in the world and leave more than $9,000,000,000 still owing them.

A writer in the New York Sun says: Once I took pride in every young American I saw. Once "Young America" stood for manliness and independence. Now, at least in the city of New York, he stands for what he can get. I reach this conclusion by several routes, the latest of which was at a theatre the other night. The house was crowded and we had seats in the balcony. Downstairs an usher told us we could get programs upstairs. We could not, and the man with me asked an usher for a program. The young man, quite a fine looking young fellow of eighteen or twenty, he was, too, came presently with the program, and instead of performing the service as a matter of course he stood waiting for his tip. I looked at him, servilely with his hand out, that indicated for the service a gentleman we might find downstairs, and he considered it no indignity to have received his tip. Where creature that so long as they received treatment gratefully, young men is our whole and is men are

A WIFE FOR A LIFE

By THOMAS A. CARDWELL.

"YES, I know there is a mystery associated with your life. You have told me so, again and yet again. Why not let me share it with you? Your burden will then be all the lighter."

There was an intensity, a strained anxiety in the man's tones that betrayed a deep emotion.

The woman—a sweet-faced, fragile-figured woman, from whose lustrous eyes there beamed forth a great sympathy—was silent, strangely silent. It seemed as though she was reflecting as to whether she should yield him her secret. 'Twas a pathetic moment, and the man even fancied that the very atmosphere was somehow charged with an element of romance. Outside in the sunlight the doves cooed their love and the thrush sang a joyous carol.

"What is it, Evelyn? What can it be? I have a right to know. You have told me you love me."

"Oh, Richard Halifax, why was I ever persuaded into that mad confession? Why? Why?"

And as Evelyn repeated the question her voice thrilled with passionate sorrow.

"Why? Evelyn, why? Because it is true."

"Yes, 'twas true," said the girl—for she was little beyond her teens—almost fiercely. "'Twas true; but I have no right to love you."

"'Twas true," echoed the bewildered listner, "and you have no right to love me? Why, you stupid child," added he, attempting to take her in his arms, "you are possessed only by some Quixotic fancy."

She retreated from him, half repelling him with her hands, but following him with eyes that gazed upon him pityingly.

"You shall hear why," she said, resolutely, her voice hoarse with the emotion which a great courage had inspired.

For two or three seconds she was silent. Her lover waited with strange patience, standing near her as though to guard her against some menacing evil. The summer sun pierced into the room, and for a moment surrounded the two with a warm halo.

She sighed—it was a weary sigh—and commenced her story.

"You know me, Richard Halifax, as Evelyn Maynard. I have no right to that name."

Richard interrupted with a laugh.

"Why, child, haven't I known your father and mother for years? What fancy is this? You have as good a right to the name as I have to Halifax."

The girl only went on, more quietly, but with hands tightly clinched in trembling fever.

"You are about to hear my secret. You remember, Richard, that for two years I was supposed to be on a visit to my Aunt Rachel. I left home for the purpose of staying with her, but I did not remain with her beyond a few months.

"Shortly after my arrival in Darwell I received the attention of Arthur Rawlings. I fancied myself in love with him—fervently in love with him."

Richard Halifax started back in pained surprise.

"Poor Richard, you have to hear worse than this. He wooed me devotedly. I will not stay to think what his purpose was. I know that we ran away together and that we were married."

She noted the agony in her listenner's face, but dared not delay her story.

"Why did I not discover the man's character earlier? I soon learned that I had not been his only victim; but at least I was his wife.

"We lived together a little over a year. First he treated me as a toy, then as an incumbrance, then as hateful to his existence. He bade me go to my aunt, to my father, to anywhere, only to let him be free. He promised that the marriage should never be known. I refused all his entreaties, rejected all his overtures, and clung to him in spite of his threats.

"At last he left me—left me heart-broken and penniless. I became ill. My poor aunt found me and nursed me back to health. She lived in peaceful seclusion, and, dreading the end of my escapade, had confessed it to none but my father. He, stern in his sense of family dignity, had also kept the secret.

"When I recovered, father brought me home—a ruined, hopeless woman, at twenty—and, Richard Halifax, a wife.

"Say not," she hurried on in breathless eagerness, "that I deceived you."

Richard Halifax looked at her. She still stood enveloped by the sun's rays. He knew she had not wilfully deceived him.

"No, no," he ejaculated; "you could not."

"Oh, Richard, you will some day learn the truth. He somehow found I had been taken home. He besieged my father with appeals for money, for he had come to the end of his resources. At last my father, tired of this blackmail, refused any more. There was a short interval, and then we received a newspaper cutting, stating that he was dead.

"I was sorry, and yet I half rejoiced—rejoiced, not in his death, but in my own freedom. Yet I sorrowed, for, after all, he had been my husband.

"Richard Halifax, you made me love you, and I thought I had the right. I determined you should know my story. I ought to have told you earlier. And now," she added brokenly, "I have a sequel."

There was a wan smile on the brave little woman's face.

"I am not a widow, Richard, after all. I am still a wife."

Halifax stood moved, perplexed, loving.

"Yes," said the girl, "my husband has again written my father. He told him that the story of his death was concocted in revenge for the refusal of money."

Halifax took her hand in his. He would have spoken. He bowed, kissed the trembling fingers, stood a moment hesitating, and then, breathing a solemn "God have you in His keeping," withdrew.

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Richard Halifax, bronzed, bearded and hardy of limb, stood like the other members of the crowd gazing with horrified eyes upon the flames, as defiant of all obstacles, they licked their way in destroying, malicious triumph. It was a pitable reflection that a building which had been the fruit of so much benevolence and charity should in but a few hours be reduced to a mere charred, useless shell. The victims of pain would be the poorer for the burning of the Sydney Hospital.

Richard had only come in from the interior—that half-known, mysterious land, the bourne and grave of so many adventurous men—the day before. He had been tempted to leave his hotel by the overpowering heat of the evening, and had then hurried whither a lurid flame unexpectedly shot athwart the sky.

"Thank God, the whole of the patients have been rescued," remarked a grave-faced citizen.

Suddenly the throng was possessed by something very like horror. "Had the patient been brought out from the fever ward?" It was the superintendent who had asked this question. The crowd was paralyzed by the fell thought—a man stricken down with fever being suffocated, perhaps consumed, by the flames. Naught could apparently save him. A thousand eyes were directed toward the ward.

Then the crowd held its breath in suspense. A glimpse had been caught of a bearded man jumping into the caldron of flame and fighting his way to where he had been told the afflicted man lay. It was but a fleeting glance, and the crowd scarcely dared move now as it marveled whether this daring heroism would succeed.

A minute passed—two—three. Each seemed an hour. Not a cry escaped this throng, strung to a tension of excitement in which articulation was impossible.

A slight breath of air fanned the flame for one second and it was as though a curtain had been withdrawn. The bearded hero was seen struggling through the flames with a man in his arms. Would he succeed, or would he perish, too? The brief lurid picture that had been given to the crowd had shown him struggling, fighting, battling, as though making a last heroic effort for victory.

Even as the crowd were moved by fear a great cheer rang out, to be taken up and echoed to the very heavens.

The man, with his burden, had reached a place of comparative safety. Others from the crowd climbed to them, and ere the flames could reach the spot the two were receiving the ministrations of sympathizers.

The hero and the patient were both unconscious—the hero, burned and scarred; the patient, strangely enough untouched by the flames.

Richard Halifax knew not what had happened when he awoke. He was in a scrupulously clean apartment, which had been hurriedly fitted up to receive the rescued patients. Capped nurses and grave doctors were flitting noiselessly about. A hospital? But why was he there?

Then come memory of the previous night was recalled. Had he been hurt?

Then he turned his heavily burdened head—burdened with many wrappings and much liniment—to the other side.

He saw a man, the occupant of another bed, intently regarding him. It was the fever patient of the hospital. All the incidents of the night were now revived. The patient was no longer stricken with fever. He was clothed in his right mind, weak, ill, doomed to a long period of medical care, but sane.

"I'd like to shake hands with you, sir," said he, in a quavering voice. "But I can't—the distance is too great and I'm too weak. But for you I'd have been a nice pile of ashes, and been preserved, perhaps, in a tea urn."

The jauntiness of the speech was only assumed. There was sincerity in the voice, sincerity in the eyes, a certain inflexion that told that the man had been greatly touched.

"You're a hero, by heavens, if ever there was one," he proceeded. "And I guess, sir, I'd like to know the name of a man who risked his life to save a poor, fever-stricken devil like me."

"It's all right, old fellow," gasped out Halifax, in what he meant to be a reassuring, friendly tone. He little knew how sadly broken was his voice. "My name is Richard Halifax."

"Eh!" the man was gazing at him with open-eyed, almost tragic amazement.

"Richard Halifax!"

The man had in his emotion become possessed by an unwonted, unnatural strength. For a moment he leaned on his elbow, and then he sank back on his pillow with a groan of anguish.

"Good God! Richard Halifax!"

Richard gazed at him in astonishment. What could there be in his name which would strike a man dumb with what appeared to be terror? Twice he inquired if aught was the matter; but not a syllable was vouchsafed in reply. The man lay as still as a log—only his heavy breathing indicated that life was still within him.

Richard relapsed, too, into silence. The incident had strangely affected him, and he could not tell why.

After the lapse of an hour his self-communing was interrupted.

"And you still love Evelyn Maynard?"

It was now his turn to be astounded. His astonishment was mingled with anger. Who could this stranger be who was possessed of his secret. Why, too, should he seek to re-open that wound? The man saw the flush mount from the pallid cheek to the scarred forehead.

"Forgive me, Halifax; I didn't mean to hurt you." He now uttered the name as if sure of it.

Another pause, and then the man asked: "Do you still want to marry her? Would you marry her if all obstacles were removed."

Richard was still possessed by anger. Yet he felt compelled to answer: "Marry her? Evelyn Maynard is the only woman who alone can be my wife. But who are you?" he asked, in a voice that, despite his weakness, he had rendered stern, "who dares question me thus? If you know, can't you let my secret be?"

"I am Arthur Rawlings!"

Perturbed, indignant, perhaps shame-possessed—for had he not confessed his love for this man's wife—Richard Halifax could only ejaculate, "Her husband!"

"I beg your pardon," said the man; "I said Arthur Rawlings."

A doctor now arrived, and sought to sooth the mystified, angry, Halifax. He must talk no more that day. His condition was distinctly feverish. The doctor would, in fact, have to seek the advices of a brother in consultation.

It was all of no use, this warning. The moment the doctor withdrew, Richard Halifax turned wildly to his mysterious fellow patient. "What do you mean?" he besought.

Arthur Rawlings had regained his self-possession. "Well," said he, with a nonchalance that even Halifax saw was assumed, "you gave me my life. I guess that if you like I'll give you a good wife."

Halifax comprehend that this indifference was all a cloak; but still the brutal expression incensed him.

"Here, Halifax, know the truth," blurted out Rawlings, with a vehemence that might have endangered any strength he possessed.

"I wooed Evelyn Maynard in Darwell; I meant her to be mine. I was fascinated by her beauty, her sweet graces. I knew I could only win her by marriage. I married her. It was no marriage. I was already a husband. I treated her like a hound, a scoundrel, a thief. When I heard from home that you wanted to marry her I panted for what I called revenge. Why revenge? God only knows. I even warned her father that I would place her on trial as a bigamist, and he as an accomplice! If ever a woman deserves a good husband she does. Marry her, man! There, now, we are nearly quits." And Rawlings turned restlessly over on his pillow, his face away from Halifax.

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What should Halifax do? Dared he destroy the illusions with which Evelyn was possessed? Dared he tell her that she had been cozened, deceived into an act which the world would scoff at? Would it not be better to let her remain in the belief that she was a wife, a forsaken, abandoned wife? Would not her self-esteem be lost with the revelation of the bitter truth?

He had not to solve this problem.

"Oh, Mr. Halifax," said Dr. Jackson, the next morning to Richard, who had in the meantime been removed to a separate chamber, "Rawlings tells me to tell you that he caught the mail last night, sending all details and complete corroborative facts to England. He was very mysterious over the business. What is it all about?"

Richard only smiled feebly. At least he had not the duty of undeceiving Evelyn.

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More than a year had elapsed ere the wedding took place. Poor Evelyn had been compelled to go through the ordeal, for the law demanded it, of breaking an alliance that was no marriage—of breaking a bond that did not exist. There was no difficulty, but the ordeal was none the less bitter. And the world was even sympathetic.

On the wedding morn Richard Halifax received a cable—an enigma to all but him, "A Wife for a Life."—New York Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

In the mountains of Panay and other islands of the southern Philippines moths can be scraped up by the quart. The natives have learned to prize them as an article of food, and they now collect and eat them in large quantities.

Engraving on diamonds has been greatly developed within recent years. Using tools of his own invention, Bordinet, the Paris jeweler, has produced some very artistic work, and has succeeded in polishing concave parts as well as plane surfaces, and in modeling freely.

Modern theories deal with various kinds of corpuscles, but none seem to be more unfamiliar than those of odors, with which we have been always surrounded. So little matter is given off in odors that the balance cannot detect it, iodoform, for example, losing not more than a thousandth part in a century.

The oxy-acetylene blow-pipe, in recent tests, has yielded temperatures as high as 7000 degrees F., while the oxy-hydrogen flame gives only 3600 to 4500 degrees. A cubic meter of acetylene was found to develop about fifty-seven thousand British thermal units against about twelve thousand for a like quantity of hydrogen. In Europe the oxy-acetylene blow-pipe is employed on a large scale in welding, and proves very satisfactory.

The automatic production of wire fencing in continuous rolls is a late development in electric welding. Galvanized wires are fed from reels arranged vertically and parallel to each other, and from another reel placed transversely to these are cut off lengths of wire, which are fed horizontally across the vertical wires. At the points of intersection of the horizontal and vertical wires, welds are made by means of small transformers. The welded section is then moved forward a regulated distance, and the operation is repeated.

THE CURRENT OF TRUE LOVE

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I DARE say he has forgotten all about Carrie Fairfield by this time!" said Genevieve Symons, holding her pretty head on one side, to adjust the scarlet rose among its silken black braids.

Alas, for the short memory of man! the brief hour in which gentle glances and words of silver sweet import live! Genevieve Symons was quite right. Mr. Alberti had very nearly "forgotten" pretty Carrie Fairfield's blue eyes, and soft, plaintive voice, much as he had at one time admired them. But actual presence has much influence in fanning the lambent flame of love, and Genevieve, with her dewy dark eyes, cream-tinted complexion, and arch Southern ways, was ever at his side, while if he chanced to ask a passing question in regard to the other fair young girl, Mrs. Symons answered:

"Well, now, that you mention it, it does seem to me that I heard that she was married, or something. Didn't I, Genny, darling? Or else they have moved away."

And Genevieve began to hope that the shy bird was snared at last. Mr. Alberti was certainly growing interested in her, after his languid, indifferent fashion—and the scheming girl, whose highest idea of human bliss was a rich husband, and plenty of money to spend, was already wondering how soon he would reach the much desired point of actual proposal.

"I do really think!" pondered Genevieve to herself, "he used to be fond of Carrie Fairfield, although I never saw anything to admire in her pale, oval face, and expressionless features. Tastes do differ so! And it is very fortunate that she should be out of the way just now, of all times—really quite providential, if one may use the expression."

And Genevieve went smiling downstairs to her worsted work.

On the stairway, however, she caught the sound of Mrs. Alberti's voice—her future mother-in-law—who had stopped in the nursery to see little Christine, the youngest hope of the Symons family, and Genevieve hastened down to join her, all gracious cordiality.

Christine, a plump little girl of five years old, sat on the floor in the middle of the room, playing with a huge gray-green parrot, who perched itself alternately on her shoulder and wrist, uttering hoarse sounds, as if in soliloquy.

"Isn't it pretty, Mrs. Alberti?" said the child, triumphantly holding it up.

Mrs. Alberti glanced more closely at the curious creature, which had a peculiarly shaped ring of white feathers about its neck.

"Why, surely," she exclaimed, "that is Carrie Fairfield's parrot. I never saw another one like it."

"Yes," said Christine, nodding her little curly head, "It's Carrie's parrot, Zulieka; Carrie gave it to Sister Genevieve last week."

"Last week!" and Mrs. Alberti, with whom Caroline Fairfield had ever been an especial favorite, turned with surprise to Miss Symons. "I did not know she was in town. You were aware of it? And you did not tell us!"

"I—that is—to tell you the truth, it never occurred to me," hesitated Genevieve, turning a ruddy crimson, and secretly wishing that her talkative little sister were in Jericho, or some equally distant place. "I only discovered it myself last week."

"She made Sister Genevieve's dress for her," said Christine, pulling the skirt of Genevieve's voluminous silken robe.

Miss Symons' eyelids drooped.

"She was in great want," said she, with skillful imitation of charming ingenuousness, "and it gave me pleasure to be able to assist her."

Warm-hearted Mrs. Alberti kissed Genevieve's cheek.

"You are a good girl, my dear!" she said. "But pray favor me with her address at once! Carrie Fairfield in want! Why! it's dreadful, when one comes to consider how luxuriously she was brought up. Where does she live? I want to go there immediately!"

Genevieve's placid smile did not fairly express the rage and discomfiture of her heart as she penciled down the desired address on a piece of lavender-colored paper with the monogram "G. S." at the top.

"I would accompany you," she said, sweetly, "only my music master comes at 12, and——"

"Oh, it isn't necessary, I assure you," said Mrs. Alberti; "although I am equally obliged for your kindness."

No sooner was Miss Genevieve Symons freed from the companionship of Mrs. Alberti, than she relieved her overcharged feelings by boxing Christine's ears, and frightened the parrot up to the very top of the rosewood secretary, where that sagacious bird wisely judged it best to remain. Little Christine began to sob and wail piteously.

"I haven't done anything," she whimpered. "You're a mean thing, and I'll tell Mr. Alberti—see if I don't."

"If you do, I'll shut you up in the dark closet under the stairs until the rats eat you up alive," retorted the amiable elder sister. "Now hold your tongue, will you? or I'll cut it out for good and all."

Christine was terrified into momentary silence, and Genevieve flounced upstairs.

"There's one consolation," she told herself, as she went; "the old ogress will have her trot for her pains. Carrie Fairfield will be at the ready-made-work warehouse at this time of day; I am sure of that, or I never would have allowed my lady to go off without me. I have one more day of safety; and if George Alberti doesn't propose to me during the next twenty-four hours, my powers of fascination are considerably less than I believe they are."

Mrs. Alberti returned in sore disappointment from her fruitless expedition in search of the fair young creature who had once blossomed so radiantly in the yellow glow of life's fairest sunshine.

"Is George in?" was the first question she asked of the servant who opened the door to her.

"No, ma'am; I believe he has just gone to Miss Symons'," was the answer.

Mrs. Alberti sat down and began to fan herself with the hat she had just taken off.

"I am sorry for that," she mused. "He used to admire Carrie, and although Miss Symons is very beautiful and charming——"

And Mrs. Alberti's meditations took no further or more definite shape than this.

Little Christine was sitting on the area steps, with a covered basket in her lap, that same afternoon, as Mr. Alberti approached the house. She started up.

"Why, Chrissy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"I was waiting for you," answered Christine, slipping her hand confidentially into his.

"For me? And why?"

"I have got Zulieka here," nodded Christine, lifting up the basket, "and I want to take her home."

"And who is Zulieka?"

"Don't you know? Carrie Fairfield's parrot."

"Carrie Fairfield's parrot!"

Mr. Alberti stared at the little girl as if he thought she was dreaming.

"Yes—come quick before Genny sees; she said she'd wring its neck, and she struck me so hard right on the side of my head. I don't want Zulieka to have her neck wrung!"

"But where are you going?" demanded the young man, nevertheless allowing himself to be dragged along by the impetuous little girl.

"To Carrie's, of course!"

"Where does she live?"

"Oh, I know—I've often been there with Genny. She sews for Genny, and makes all her dresses."

"But," interposed Mr. Alberti, more and more surprised, "it was only yesterday that Genevieve told me she did not know anything about Carrie Fairfield."

"Genevieve don't always tell the truth!" Christine answered, with a glance half shrewd; half timid.

Mr. Alberti smiled a little in the midst of his bewilderment.

Christine trotted along, turning corners, leading them to this side or that, with a sage wisdom beyond her years, until she reached a forlorn-looking brick house, with a flight of discolored stone steps leading up to it.

"This is the house," said the little girl.

She tapped at a side door, and it was opened by a slender, wearied young girl, with deep violet eyes, and hair like shadowy meshes of pale gold—Caroline Fairfield herself.

"Carrie!" cried Christine, eagerly greeting her. "I've brought back Zulieka!"

But Carrie had neither eyes nor ears for aught but her old lover.

"Carrie!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that it has come to this?"

"Yes," said Carrie, quietly. "I am very poor, and I work for my own living, and I have no friends left—not even you—for Genevieve told me that you cared no longer for me, now that I was poor, and an orphan."

"Carrie," burst out the young man, "it is false! I never even knew that you were in the city!"

"She has deceived me cruelly, then," Miss Fairfield answered, with a quiver to her lips. "How could she—oh, how could she be so heartless?"

And Carrie, weak, weary and worn with toil and privation, burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Carrie—dear Carrie, don't cry," soothed Christine, patting her cheek softly. "Here's Zulieka come back to you again. Genevieve shan't wring Zulieka's pretty feathery neck, shall she?"

"No, that she never shall," Mr. Alberti said, in the deep, low tone of suppressed emotion. "Henceforth Zulieka and her mistress shall both be the objects of my care through life. Carrie, my poor, broken-spirited lily, will you lean on me from this moment?"

And Carrie was but too glad to murmur "Yes."

It had been a very sudden courtship; not so much the flame of a new love as the old one blazing up from the long smoldering embers.

And little Christine went home triumphant, and told her mother and Genevieve the story she had just witnessed, taking care, however, to nestle close to the former's sheltering arm.

"He's going to marry her and Zulieka both," asserted the little damsel; "I heard him say so—and it's all your fault, for threatening to wring Zulieka's neck. Won't it be jolly for Carrie Fairfield to be married before you are, after all? I just hope you'll be an old maid always."

And so Miss Genevieve Symons' matrimonial plans were frustrated through such apparently slight agencies as her little sister and Zulieka, the gray-green parrot.—New York Weekly.

Her Eye to the Future.

"The best time to buy Christmas gifts," said the economical girl, "is after Christmas. Last year I met a Brooklyn friend on Sixth avenue busily shopping, the day after New Year's, and she told me she was buying Christmas presents. I stared at her in surprise.

"Why, we had Christmas in New York last week," I said. "I always knew Brooklyn was slow, but——"

"'I mean for next Christmas,' she explained, ignoring my fling at her native city. 'Just look here,' and she opened one of those string bags out-of-towners always carry when they shop, displaying before my admiring eyes some expensive trifles that had been left over from the holiday season and marked down to less than half price. 'I have about $20 worth of things in there for which I have paid less than $10,' she said. 'I'm going to put them away and bring them out for Christmas gifts next December. They'll be quite as good then as now, for you know the fashions in glove boxes, handkerchief cases and such things never change, and for these lovely hand painted calendars, which I bought for a mere song, I shall simply put a new block of dates on them instead of the 1905 blocks which they have now—it's only a matter of a small amount of ingenuity and a less amount of time.'"—New York Press.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

COURAGE WAS APPRECIATED.

IN the winter of 1864 Lee's army was in camp along the Rapidan River. The Union forces under Meade occupied the country across the river. General Merritt was then a cavalry commander, and the cavalry were always busy making reconnaissances, although the severity of the weather had suspended other operations. General Merritt tells this story:

One morning in February my division of cavalry started with instructions to discover the extent of the enemy's force on the Rapidan without bringing on a general engagement. In due time we found ourselves face to face with the enemy, and the river between. A lively skirmish with small arms began, but the result was insignificant. The enemy declined to show force beyond what was necessary to engage our skirmish line. The breastworks were long and formidable, but whether they were occupied by few or many soldiers our most ingenious plans failed to discover.

It was finally decided that the only way to make the enemy show his force was to try to cross the ford in our front. If this succeeded, the enemy was to be driven out of his works, if possible; if not, he would drive us back across the ford, probably with severe loss to our troops. Reluctantly, under these conditions, the division was organized for the work.

Leading the advance guard, which consisted of a squadron of cavalry, was Captain Ash. His instructions contemplated that only his advance guard should cross. It was hoped that this maneuvre would draw the enemy from behind his breastworks and cause him to display his force. Ash advanced with his squadron amid the stillness of death. The skirmish firing was hushed, and the silence which prevailed showed that the enemy was intent on keeping us in ignorance of their numbers and determined to make us pay heavily for information.

The anxiety was intense. We knew that when the enemy opened fire at short range our loss would be great, and that the advance guard must be the first and greatest sufferers. Ash, with his small command, moved on. The works in front, gloomy, silent, denuded, seemed deserted. The men started to cross the ford, and Ash pushed on ahead. He gained a point of vantage where, because of a turn in the river, he could see the interior of the breastworks.

Just then the Confederates opened fire with a withering volley. Suddenly Ash commanded his squadron to retreat, while he, bending forward on his horse's neck, rode at a rapid gallop along the river bank parallel to the breastworks, followed, as he came opposite each new part of the works, by volley after volley.

There seemed no hope for him, and we waited in intense anxiety. On he kept, in spite of the storm of lead. Then, as he reached a point where his view of the Confederate lines was still more extended, he raised his hat and waved it over his head. It was a signal of triumph.

To our amazement, the Confederates, moved by admiration, ceased firing. Instead, they mounted on the breastworks as thick as they could stand, and throwing their hats into the air, cheered him again and again.

Ash reined up his horse, and turning toward the Confederates, raised his hat in a graceful salute. Then he rode leisurely into our own lines, amid the cheers of both sides. He had accomplished the work without the loss of a man, and had for himself seen, and displayed to every one else, a full force of infantry occupying the Confederate works.

Captain Ash said afterward that he had not thought of the scheme of drawing out the enemy's force until he had reached the brink of the river and saw the great number who occupied the works. To go on meant certain death to many of his command; to retreat in the direct line of fire was equally disastrous; and the inspiration to do what he did suddenly seized him.

I need not say that as we cheered the bold rider our hearts went out to the generous foe who appreciated and chivalrously acknowledged a gallant act.

OUTWITTING THE PRUSSIANS.

The little village of Josnes is situated on the route covered by the Prussians in the Franco-Prussian War of 1871. The peasants of the neighborhood never weary of relating their experiences with the soldiers from over the border.

The Prussian soldiers had a little way of carrying off with them any good horses they came across. Monsieur Lemaire owned the finest horse in the village, and was determined not to give the animal up if he could help it. A company of soldiers passed through the town, picking up several horses as they went, much to the chagrin of their owners. After the raid was over the neighbors were surprised to learn that Monsieur Lemaire's horse had not been among those seized. The quick-witted Frenchman had tied a piece of twine about the horse's hind leg, almost stopping the flow of blood. The leg swelled, and the animal became so lame that the officers who saw him in the pasture did not even make an attempt to take him. After the passing of the soldiery, the string was removed and the member carefully bandaged. In a week the horse was as well as ever.

At various times the peasants were compelled to quarter the soldiers. Not only were they forced to suppix, food and lodging, but anything of value in the house was pretty likely to be seized by the unwelcome visitors. The pride of one little home was a clock that had been owned by the family for nearly a century. When it was learned that the soldiers were coming, at the suggestion of the mater familias the clock was taken to pieces and the parts hidden in different places about the house.

The soldiers arrived. After they had been there a couple of days the peasant returned from his work at night to find the clock standing on the shelf, ticking away as usual. One of the Prussians, being of a mechanical turn, had discovered the ruse. He had accordingly hunted up all the pieces of the clock and put them together. The soldiers were ordered elsewhere a day or two later, but the clock was left behind.

All through that section of the country, known as the "granary of France," there are windmills. Unlike the mills of Holland, or the very modern windmills of our own farms, which turn as the wind shifts, the huge fans of the French mills are turned about by a hand-lever.

During the war these mills did good service in indicating to the French officers the whereabouts of the Prussian army. The fans of the mills were arranged so that they faced the spot where the forces of the enemy were the thickest, the mills thus serving as signals that could be seen a long distance away. The Prussians never learned the trick, which was employed all through the war.

SAVED BY A WHISTLE.

The pure white color of the mountain sheep of Alaska makes him very conspicuous except when he is lying on a snow patch, and in the clear air of the Alaskan mountains one can see sheep for a long distance. Colonel Cane, in "Summer and Fall in Western Alaska," tells of following a band of these mountain sheep over a desolate stretch of country, only to lose a shot at them through the approach of another enemy.

We had just arrived at the canon and were still out of sight, when we saw the five big fellows leisurely crossing by a narrow sheep trail some distance below us. They did not go far, but lay down on the opposite slope on a spot from which we were full in sight, but where they could be easily got at once we could get into the ravine among the broken ground.

To do this, however, required very careful crawling in full view, over absolutely broken ground, consisting of a steep slope of shale; and the only way to reach a practicable path into the canon was by descending until we were in full view of all the rest of the sheep, which were lying about in groups on a flat plateau.

We had very nearly got to a position of safety, and were lying perfectly motionless, looking at the sheep below us through the glass, and also watching the antics of several large gray marmots which were feeding about among them, when a catastrophe occurred. The marmots all of a sudden began, each and all, to whistle for all they were worth, and to bolt frantically for their holes.

In a second every sheep was on its legs, and our five patriarchs, after standing a moment in indecision, bolted as hard as they could go, and in less time than it takes to write it not a sheep was in sight.

I felt quite certain that we were not the cause of this stampede; indeed, the sheep seemed quite unsuspicious until disturbed by the marmots, and I could not make it out at all until I chanced to look upward, when I saw two fine golden eagles sailing overhead, evidently beating for game. This must have frightened the marmots, and perhaps the ewes also had fears for the safety of their lambs.

A MOTHER'S TERRIBLE PLIGHT.

A poignant story of a mother's terrible experience was told at an inquest held at Hilgay, a village near Downham Market, Norfolk. A boy of two, named Arthur Leonard Knighthall, was found by his mother to have fallen into a ditch. She jumped to his rescue and lifted the little lad out of the water, but became herself so firmly embedded in the mud, which was up to her knees, that she was unable to climb out of the ditch. All her struggles to move proved useless, and her screams for help were not heard. While thus a prisoner her boy died in her arms, and she cried over his body for an hour and a half before her husband and a fellow-workman, returning home, rescued her, exhausted by her burden and almost fainting with grief. The jury at the inquest complimented the mother, and expressed sympathy with the parents.—London Mail.

A PHILIPPINE HEROINE.

Not many years ago the Philippines produced a lady fighter of rare courage in Josephine Bracken, whose lover, Jose Rizal, had been brutally shot by the Spaniards on the very eve of his marriage to her. From the moment that Jose fell riddled by the bullets of a picket of the Tenth Spanish Infantry Regiment his fiancee dedicated her life to revenge. She joined the insurgents and fought for many months in the thickest of every battle, with a recklessness which amazed all who saw her. She bore a charmed life, and after escaping death a hundred times she undertook a journey to Japan, and later to America, to procure arms. She is living to-day at Hong-Kong quite ready, no doubt, to shoulder a rifle again against the murderers of her lover.

An Eskimo Word.

The word kayak plays an important part in the Eskimo boy's life. A kayak is a fishing and hunting boat, and every boy in Greenland is taught to make his own boat. It is a queer looking craft of light wooden framework covered with sealskin. The skin is generally put on by the boy's mother, and she takes great pride in making her work look better than that of any other mother. In the upper part of the kayak is an opening into which the fisherman slips.

How Heavy a Brick May Be.

Some time ago one man bet another that he could not move an ordinary brick tied to the end of a cord two or three miles long. A straight and level road, just outside of Chichester, N. Y., was selected for the trial. The brick was not moved and the man lost his bet. It was stated by some one present that the brick, although weighing only seven pounds, would, from a distance of two or three miles, represent a dead weight of nearly a ton.—Argus.