

## A STORY OF THE TURF

DOES IT SOLVE A MYSTERY OF LONG STANDING?

Why Did Mr. Dreyer's Tremont Suddenly End His Racing Career?—The Question of Age—Something That Will Be Particularly Interesting to Horsemen.

The racing season had begun, and in consequence Saratoga was thronged with visitors. The hotels were crowded, and the cottages had long since been taken. The balmy air, the sight of magnificent equipages, handsome, well-dressed men and beautiful women all conspired to drive away care, no matter what one's trouble might be.

So I thought, as comfortably seated in a large rattan chair, I looked about me from the piazza of the Grand Union hotel one glorious morning in July, 188—. All the people near me seemed intent on discussing only one subject—viz, racing. I remember distinctly to have caught several times the expression: "He's a sure winner. Nothing can beat him." Then again some one would say: "The Black Whirlwind is a wonder. He will win in a walk," and various other like opinions. Not being familiar with race horses and racing slang, I was a rather stiff summer breeze, but out of all I had heard, and realizing that I was out of my element I concluded to take a stroll and indulge in a quiet smoke. After having traversed two or three blocks I found myself just behind two gentlemen walking leisurely along, who seemed to be talking about something in a very serious manner. The walk being narrow, I made no effort to pass them and lazily followed behind, enjoying my beloved pipe.

"Very soon I again heard the word 'Whirlwind,' and I confess that my curiosity was greatly excited. Just at this moment a rather stiff summer breeze came up, and hearing directly toward us wafted distinctly to me their conversation. The larger of the two (whom I will designate as Mr. A.) said to the other, "So you are sneeringly to start him in the — stakes today, are you?"

The smaller man (whom I will designate as Mr. D.) replied: "Why, certainly. I'm sure to win. There is nothing eligible to start that can make my colt even extend himself. Of course he will start and win too."

"Well," said Mr. H., "I have a proposition to make, or rather, I should say, a bet to be proposed."

"Let's hear it," said Mr. D. "In my colt and measured tones Mr. H. then said, "Mr. D. I will bet you \$5,000 that if your colt crosses the wire first today the race will not be given to him and \$5,000 additional that if you do start him he will never again run in another race."

By this time I was trembling with excitement, but something beyond my control forced me to continue being an unwilling eavesdropper.

Mr. D. quickly replied: "Why, what is the matter with you? Has anything unusual happened that has caused your good sense to forsake you? Your proposition is too foolish to be thought of for a moment."

"Well," replied Mr. H., "a little bird brought me some extremely interesting news about your colt, and I do not believe that my mental faculties have forsaken me. I repeat that I am willing to make the wager, and I know full well that I thoroughly understand what I am saying and doing. Do you accept the wager or not, Mr. D.?"

All this time I was only a few feet behind them, regulating my pace by theirs and trying to appear very preoccupied.

After some hesitation Mr. D. replied that he would consider the matter and would give an answer before 1 o'clock. Somehow I did not feel as if I had committed a very great offense in listening, but at any rate I thought that I had heard enough, so I turned and retraced my footsteps, thinking there was something very peculiar in what I had overheard. I worried over it so much that I concluded to go out to the race course. I called a cab and was soon there. In the betting pavilion I approached a man who seemed "to the manner born" and politely asked if he knew anything about a horse called "the Black Whirlwind." He understood at once and told me the proper name was Tremont, and went on to say "that in all America there was not a 3-year-old who could outrun him."

After thanking him for his information I went up to the grand stand and there purchased a programme. Sure enough, Tremont was entered in the fourth race. Very impatiently I sat there and waited. Finally the first race was run, which I watched with little or no interest, and after the jockeys had dismounted again made my way to the betting ring. I stood on the outskirts of the crowd, quite interested in what I saw and heard, though I could not understand the various operands of the bookmakers. Suddenly I heard a loud shout from the end of the ring. I tried to ascertain what was the matter, but was pushed and jostled about by the crowd so savagely that I could not get an answer to my inquiries. Soon, however, I heard a voice cry out, "Scratch Tremont!"

This was repeated by many on all sides. Every one appeared surprised, and no one seemed able to give any reason for the colt's withdrawal. The excitement subsided I returned to the grand stand and sat there, thinking deeply. I remembered the conversation of a few hours previous, and I tried very hard to form some opinion as to the ins and outs of what I considered a very strange case indeed. The only conclusion that I could reach was that Mr. H. understood his own affairs. Well, at last the time for the stake race. I forgot to say that Mr. H. had his best 3-year-old for a starter. "While the horses were at the post I heard a man sitting near me say, "Why, Mr. H. will win sure now that Tremont's out of the way." After a

short delay the field was sent away on nearly even terms. At the half Mr. H.'s colt was leading and running easily. He simply kept it up and romped past the wire an easy winner by four or five lengths. After all the excitement of the day I felt very much fatigued and started to return to the hotel.

In leaving the stand I noticed Mr. H. and another gentleman talking very earnestly together. They were separated from the crowd, and their conversation was animated. The old feverish curiosity of the morning again assailed me, and very soon I was within earshot. I must have arrived just in time, for I heard Mr. H. say:

"Why, I knew all about it several days ago. I know that if I made the matter public there would be more or less scandal, so I determined to give Mr. D. a very strong hint, which he has been sensible enough to take. No wonder the colt won all his races last year, carrying weight as a 2-year-old when he really was a 3-year-old. Well, the Whirlwind will never start again. Mr. H. will have to put him in the stud."

Having heard this solution of the matter I turned to leave the track, when suddenly a man, running very fast, bumped into me with great violence, knocking me to the ground, and I awoke—I had been dozing on the hotel piazza, and my chair had tilted over. It was only a dream, after all, but like the wager, a peculiar one.—S. B. W. in New York Telegram.

## TOO DIGNIFIED ENTIRELY.

How He Overdid the Thing and Brought Confusion on Himself.

"I know a man," says Mr. James W. Scott, "who recently went home from a club function at a scandalously late hour, or, if you please, at an equally scandalously early hour. He had a whooping regard for his better half, so he entered the house very dignifiedly, hung up his hat in its proper place and mounted the stairway to his apartment with exemplary precision. He struck a match softly, lighted the gas and was exceedingly cautious about disrobing and in placing his garments in just such order that his wife should have no possible occasion to reproach him next day. Indeed he conducted himself with that nice particularity which is not infrequently born of a consciousness that too much wine has been imbibed.

"Well, when he woke up next day and came down stairs, his wife received him smilingly.

"I watched you carefully," said she, "and I don't know that ever before you were so dignified and orderly. I was particularly charmed by the decency with which you put away your clothing."

"Yes," said the husband proudly, "I flatter myself that I did acquire myself handsomely for a man who had been out to dinner."

"Yes, my dear," continued the wife, "but there was one thing that I could not understand. Why did you light the gas in broad daylight?"—Chicago Record.

## MEN CHEW GUM TOO.

A Feminine Observer Makes a Discovery That Vindicates Her Sex.

Is the chewing gum habit purely feminine?

I think not now, though the time is not so far gone when the practice was limited to children and young misses. It is different now. I have my calculation on a recent episode that occurred on a train leaving the Grand Central station. Hardly had the cars started than the train boy made his appearance. To each person, irrespective of age or sex, a package of gum was handed. The woman took the small packages with an air that betokened thorough knowledge of the contents. The men handled the foil wrapped sticks gingerly. It was evident also that they had seen them before.

One old, bearded fellow, who doubtless thought his age an apology for his actions, soon had his jaws working, and others followed his example. There were 20 men and a few women, but a generous supply of children. The women I expected would buy the sticks and divide with the children, but assuredly the habit has outgrown femininity when 16 men out of a total of 29 indulged in public in chewing gum.

On inquiry the train boy told me that the percentage of men buyers was much larger in that purely masculine retreat, the smoking car. "It's the best selling article we carry," he said, "and the men use more of it than the women."—New York Herald.

## HER NERVES WERE STEADY.

Miss Addie McDermott, whose home is in this city, but who has been teaching school in the northern part of Albany county, with a party composed of the Hon. Kirk Dyer, M. T. Bennett and Fred Berry of the Little Medicine, encountered a large bear near Mr. Dyer's ranch. Instead of being frightened Miss McDermott asked to take the first shot at the animal. This privilege was accorded her, and her nerves were so steady and her eye so true that she sent a bullet to a fatal point at the first shot.—Laramie (Wyo.) Boomerang.

## THE KNOWS SIDE.

Every one knows what a purifier the sun is and what a healthful influence it has. Why, during the war two men shot in precisely the same way would be brought into a hospital. One man placed on the southern side of the house would get well; the other on the northern side would die. Doctors all agreed that the sunny side was the healthier.—Philadelphia Ledger.

California has one of the most remarkable timber belts in the world, embracing 4,125 square miles and containing 132,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

What is said to be a genuine bush of Herod, found in Palestine some years ago, has been bequeathed to the Hermitage gallery at St. Petersburg.

## BEAUTIFUL THAMES.

IT IS BY FAR THE MOST ELEGANT WATER PARK IN THE WORLD.

A Pleasure Stream on Which in the Season There is Always a Crowd and Yet Plenty of Room—The Trip From Oxford to Richmond a Delightful Experience.

The river Thames is the most important as it is the most beautiful water park in the world. It is to London and the adjacent counties what the Charles river should and can be the diligence of public spirit be to Boston and the adjacent towns. With the hope of stirring this public spirit and showing what the English do with their beautiful river, and how they manage it, how they pay for its maintenance as a water park, I present what follows:

The Thames, counting all its turnings and twistings and not measuring by a direct line, runs something like 200 miles from its source to the sea. On its banks are 10 counties, including London, having a population of 8,500,000 people and a ratable valuation of about \$300,000,000. It drains, with its tributaries, an area of more than 60,000 square miles. Until it enters the county of London it is distinctly a river of pleasure. From the western border of the county of London to the sea, a distance of sixty odd miles, it is a highway of commerce. By its aid London has become the greatest port in the world.

It is of the Thames as a pleasure stream that I propose to write, but it is well to understand at the outset that the river from start to finish as a water park and as a commercial highway is under the control of a single authority called "the Thames conservancy."

For purposes of administration the river is technically divided into two parts—the upper and the lower. The upper portion is practically what I have already indicated as the water park or pleasure section, and with that portion only am I now concerned.

One sees the upper Thames at its best from the middle of May to the end of September. Between those dates the trip down stream, say from Oxford to Richmond, a journey of 100 miles, is one of the most delightful experiences that can come to a lover of outdoor pastime. The best way to see the stream is to row or punt or paddle down the river, stopping overnight at any pleasant inn you may come to and making the journey in easy stages of about 20 miles a day. In this way you see some of the loveliest portions of the English country to the best advantage and under ideal conditions. This journey is a favorite one with thousands of people, and the facilities for undertaking it in comfort are abundant. In fact, the Thames abounds in facilities for outdoor pleasure. At every few miles there are boathouses and inns, and almost anywhere you can put up on the banks for a day's picnic. From end to end of the course, now on one side of the stream and now on the other, there is a towing path for the free use of the public. Wherever the path shifts from one side of the stream to the other there is a ferry station.

There are some 40 locks on the Thames, and while there are keepers always on duty, and they reside in pretty cottages on the banks. Most of the locks are supplied with inclined roller ways, over which small boats can be easily taken if you prefer not to wait for a passage through the lock.

Many of the Thameside towns have an annual rowing regatta, each of which makes for its district the great festive day of the year. The chief of these regattas is that at Henley, whose fame is known to amateur oarsmen the world over. A Thames fete day affords one of the most delightful spectacles that can be imagined. The course is literally covered with small boats. The bright costumes of the occupants give a sprinkling of welcome color to the scene. The festival is indeed a water carnival.

The houseboats, which make an important part of the fleet, line the banks and are decked with flowers and bunting, and at night every craft is gayly illuminated.

"On these occasions the old saying that 'the English take their pleasures sadly' is again disproved, for a jollier and more delightful festa is nowhere to be found in Europe. Besides, no matter how great the crowd or how high the spirits of it, the order of the day is perfectly kept. Perhaps the rough element of the community does not care for these water sports. Perhaps the upper river is too far from the haunts of the turbulent, but whatever the cause the fact remains that gala days on the Thames are as notable for good manners as for good fun, and no matter how large the throng (there may be a seemingly solid mile of small craft packed across the river from bank to bank) yet the whole business is so well managed that when the time comes to clear the course for racing the way is easily made by the regatta authorities and the officers of the Thames conservancy.—Boston Herald.

## POLL GIVES WARNING.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head lighthouse. This is a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean someone would cry out: "Fog coming in! Blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly came on so thick, and no one noticed it, as they were all busy. Poll noticed this and croaked out: "Fog coming in! Blow the horn!" And now whenever fog is perceptible Poll never fails to give warning.—Lewiston Journal.

Jagson says you seldom see real concentration unless you find a man who is reading his own letter in a newspaper.

Two barons, a lieutenant and a lawyer are ushers in a New York German theater.

## A FRIVOLOUS AND SELFISH BIRD.

Immoral Life and Eviction of Its Hosts and Fellow Nestlings.

A popular fallacy tells us that a cuckoo lays eggs in another bird's nest. She does not. She lays eight eggs on the ground. The eggs are in size, color, spots and shape in accordance with the information obtained, say, in Leigh woods: Out of the eight eggs five or six would closely resemble the hedge sparrow's. The other two might be those of a titlark, a wren or a linnet. Her male friends—about three or four to each lady—now come forward, select each an egg and carry it in its maw to the nest of the prearranged foster mother. Only one cuckoo egg is placed in one nest. If he finds a cuckoo has preceded him on the same errand, he snags the cradle, cracks open the egg, and amid all the eggs present, the cuckoo pedigris.

The deluded mother hatches the intruder with her own brood, and the intruder, having the faculty of being hatched sooner than the others, is of course the first to come out of its shell. He manages to wriggle underneath his brothers and sisters and presunts them as a heave offering to the expectant parents, mice, rats, stoats and what not, and within 12 hours of his existence is the supreme occupier of the nest. He keeps his black maw wide open continually, while the father and mother also, and trustful as constantly all until his body is too big for his home, and he departs therefrom forever.

The cuckoo leaves the last week of July. He is a restless being, like the soul of John Brown, always marching on. After leaving Europe he begins in the north of Africa and ends at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he returns to Europe in a spring. Why does he go away and why come back? Food—the food he loves—the hairy caterpillar. He will eat other grubs, but these are his hourly bread.

It has been estimated in round numbers that out of every 100 hairy caterpillars that wriggle into life 99 are devoured by cuckoos. Everywhere nature is careful to maintain her balance. The cuckoo keeps down the millions of billions of hairy caterpillars and preserves our cornfields from being eaten up by hedge sparrows. The cuckoo is a born conservative, and as long as he lives returns annually to the neighborhood of his birth.—Western (England) Press.

## THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

A Phenomenon in Nature Commonly Known as "the Sun Drawing Water."

Sometimes in the evening, some little time before and during twilight, and sometimes—though rarer—before and during sunrise, a close observer may detect peculiar, fanlike streams of darker and lighter shading across the sky. These streaks, of which the plainer ones may number from four to six, together form a triangle, with its base on the horizon and extending out at varying altitudes.

This appearance still holds rank as an unexplained phenomenon in nature. It occurs only occasionally. There may be a fine illustration on a given evening, and while there may be a week of clear sunsets succeeding not a trace of the streaks will be visible.

From this it would seem that a particular atmospheric condition must be one of the factors in its production. The assumption would be supported by numerous analogies not necessary to enumerate. In the proper atmosphere, then, let it be assumed that the streaks are due to alternate lines of shade and light.

Now, let something to some extent obstruct the rays of the sun which has set, either an impediment in the distant landscape or an unseen cloud, the combination at the proper angle with the observer's vision, and it is probable that he may approach a solution of the long standing puzzle.

The same appearance is such for the same reason that the lines in a brick wall leading away from the observer seem to focalize to a center, as do also railway tracks seemingly come together in the distance. These zodiacal lines are undoubtedly parallels, as are lines of cloud streaks that to our vision seem to point to a common starting point. It is more than probable that this modest and unobtrusive streaking of the clear evening sky has been unsolved because of its very simplicity. It is probably only a modification of what is commonly known as "the sun drawing water."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## WITHOUT MACHINERY.

The Right Hon. Sir George Grey, K. C. B., of New Zealand, now visiting England, says in the Illustrated London News:

"I call myself a conservative. Old machinery won't drive a new world. The old changes and must be replaced. Take the woman's vote, which is now a hard and fast and excellent fact in New Zealand. You'll have it in England by and by, but for the present you are losing half the intellect of the nation, and more, I make bold to say, than half the virtue of the nation."

The News describes Sir George Grey as "one of the greatest English procreants of the century, the first statesman in the affection and achievements of Australian democracy." This testimony is all the more weighty in the case of New Zealand, where not only the white but the Maori women as well are admitted to the franchise, a reliance upon principles of justice which should shame America's uniform expediency and distrust of equal rights.—Boston Woman's Journal.

## GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Relative—I notice that you have at last got acquainted with your next door neighbor, who has lived alongside of you for the past 10 years.

Mrs. D'Avonno—Yes, we were introduced to each other at the pyramids of Egypt, and I found her a delightful companion. We became very intimate.—New York Weekly.

## AMBITIOUS GIRLS.

SOME GREAT WOMEN WHO WERE PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Some Notable Examples Which Go to Prove That Ability Is Apt to Reveal Itself as Early With Girls as With Boys—Some of Them Had to Struggle.

"I wonder if most famous women were as ambitious and gave signs of future greatness in their early youth as 'famous men?'" asked a thoughtful-looking girl, dropping her book, "The Lives of the Great Musicians," in which with delight she had been reading of the boy Mozart.

"Most great women have been precocious," answered her aunt, whose busy brain possessed the charming faculty of storing up all manner of interesting information against a rain of questions from her clever niece. "Let us go back to that sweetest character in English history, Lady Jane Grey, and we will find she was only 13 years old when that learned scholar and fine gentleman, Roger Ascham, found her reading Plato's 'Phaedon' in the original Greek while the rest of the family were off on a hunting party. But it was not with a knowledge of Greek little Lady Jane was satisfied. She spoke French, Latin and Italian fluently, writing them also, and translated from Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. When her father took her to court, they found with astonishment that this demure country bred girl was a far finer scholar than young Edward VI, then a clever boy under the first tutors in England. Yet with all her knowledge of literature and languages Lady Jane embroidered charmingly, sang to several instruments that she played very well, danced and wrote easily and gracefully.

"Felicia Hemans published her first collection of poems when she was only 14.

"Angelica Kaufman, the beautiful woman and gifted artist, who painted the portraits of royalties, when only 11 years old, had for her father, who was an artist by profession.

"Mme. Roland never remembered when she learned to read, for at 4 years of age she was greedily perusing any books that came to her hand. Dancing and music she readily acquired, but geography and Latin were her favorite studies. As a girl of 7 she would eagerly rise at 5 o'clock in the morning to get to her books, and so dearly did she love reading she carried her volume of 'Plutarch's Lives' to church when she was 11 years old and secretly read it during the long prayers.

"There is not a more touching story of a child's quick mind starved of its proper food than Caroline Herschel. Her mother was a stupid woman, who kept her daughter purposely so busy about household work she could neither study nor practice on her violin she dearly loved and in which her father wished to instruct her. It was with an aching heart and tearful eyes Caroline plied her needle, while her father and his sons held their little family concerts in which the girl longed to join. She begged to be allowed to study French with her brother, and dancing also, but this her mother forbade, though her gentle, clever father was anxious his Caroline should have a good education. It was not until later in life, when her beloved brother William, the great astronomer, sent for her to join him in England, she had any opportunity to exercise her fine mind.

"Mary Somerville says that as a little girl she had a very bad memory, and at 10 years of age was sent to a boarding school, where the chief lesson for each day was a page of Johnson's Dictionary committed to memory. She never excelled at school, and yet at home no one sympathized a little later with her desire to study Latin except an uncle, who gave her some valuable instruction. She was very much interested in two celestial globes the village schoolmaster taught her to use, and yet, on the whole, she was rather in awe of the big constellations, whose brightness reminded her of lightning, of which she was desperately afraid. At length she persuaded her brother's tutor to buy her an algebra and Euclid, which she studied at night until her mother, in horror at the idea of a girl wasting time on studies meant for boys, deprived her of a candle to read by, and her father feared she might go crazy. It was long after that she really found the courage and sympathy to take up her great studies in earnest.

"It was as a pianist George Eliot was noted at her school, and with the most amazing ease she acquired languages, yet as a very little girl she showed no great promise, much preferring a romp with her brother to her books.

"Fannie Burney, who is also known as Mme. d'Arbly, published her first and cleverest novel when she was only 15, and yet she was 8 years old before learning her alphabet and scarcely recovered any regular education at all.

"Rachel, you must remember, was a girl just turned into her teens when she borrowed a volume of Racine from a Jewish peddler in old clothes. On reading the great French tragedies she decided to become an actress, and this poor, pretty little Jewess, the youngest of seven children, who had begun life as a street singer, on her second appearance on the French stage was greeted as a great genius. So, you see, my dear, ability is apt to reveal itself as early with girls as boys, and these are a very, very few of the world's great women who loved books in the nursery and gave the most glorious promise while still in short frocks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## HER LITTLE FLOWER.

And She Sank to Rest Clutching the Tiny Treasure to Her Breast.

She found the tiny, tender plant when first it showed its trembling head above the travel worn slabs of granite that paved the narrow alleyway which was her only playground. She gave a cry of delight when she saw the delicate shoot peeping out from between the cold gray stones, and from that moment it filled a part of her life that heretofore had been empty. She nourished it with water and jealously guarded it from the onslaught of roaming boys and the too near approach of cart wheels that came crunching through the alley, and often did her violet eyes tremble with suppressed tears as she saw the ponderous wheels rolling so close to her treasure.

"Under his care and watchful attention it steadily grew and when its delicate leaves unfolded themselves and disclosed to her delighted eyes a 'bosom' of sweetness her happiness was complete, and she sank beside it and trusted her vision on loveliness she had never seen before.

One day she did not come at her usual hour to moisten the thirsty plant, and it would doubtless have perished but for a gentle shower that came to kiss the drooping head. The next day she did not come, and the lonely plant got its only help from the leaking of a passing water cart. Far up in one of the narrow rooms she lay on a little cot panting for breath. Her cheeks rosy cheeks were now pale and white, and the soft blue eyes shone with a sparkling glow. Her head tossed restlessly from side to side, and moans of pain crept from the drawn lips.

Occasional words broke from her, but of such an incoherent nature that none understood her until a boy came softly into the room and gazed at the suffering face curiously. "She wants her flower," he said as she moaned again, and like a flash he sped from the room, to return in a few moments bearing an almost withered plant in his hand. As he held it aloft the lustreous eyes saw it, and two tiny wasted hands arose from the cover and were outstretched to receive her treasure. She lifted it to her lips and rained kisses on the dust covered blossom, which seemed to answer her caress in a gleam of returning flesh.

She sank to sleep, still clutching the flower to her bosom, and awoke later with a calm look of contentment covering her features.

As the hours wore on she grew weaker and weaker until, when the shafts of morning's golden light first found their way into the quiet room, they fell aslant the cold, still form of a little girl, at whose cheek nestled a faded and withered flower, mingling itself in the faint smile that lingered yet around the perfect mouth.—Atlanta Constitution.

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## WASHINGTON'S "FINEST."

Here and there in the halls and corridors of the capitol the sturdy guardians of the public peace, clad in immaculate uniforms sit, silent and indifferent, ruminating, to judge from the slow and regular action of their jaws, upon the destinies of the nation, though caring for none of these things. Fine specimens most of them are, too—broad shouldered, healthy skinned, fair, quiet men, whose solid nerves nothing could surprise, whose firm but gentle mastication no political convulsion could retard. They are of a very different type from the burly New York policeman.

One can hardly believe that they are really colleagues of the colored functionary in similar blue cloth and brass buttons, who stands in all his glory at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue, monarch of all he surveys, whose slightest gesture could stop even a cable car and whose lofty stature and speckled clothes call forth the admiration of the colored nursery maid and can impose good behavior even upon fair haired little boys and make the soggy faced, blue eyed "toughs" look a little less as though they had bought the pavement for their own convenience and would refuse to let it even at a high price.—Marion Crawford in Century.

## Climbing Higher.

A New York girl, Miss Lillie J. Martin, has gone to Germany to enter the University of Gottingen as a student. She is a Vassar graduate of the class of 1880 and has been a teacher, occupying responsible positions since she left college. To go abroad and perfect herself in higher branches of science, to which study she is specially devoted, she resigned the vice principalship of the girls' high school at San Francisco, a position she has filled for several years. She hopes to enter the department of experimental psychology.—New York News.

## Lamb and the Scotchman.

Charles Lamb said he never could impress a Scotchman with any new truth; that they all required it to be spelled and explained away in old equivalent and familiar words and phrases. He said he had spoken to a Scotchman who sat next to him at dinner of a healthy book.

"Healthy, sir. Healthy, did you say?"

"Yes, healthy."

"I'dna comprehend. I have heard of a healthy man and of a healthy morning, but never of a healthy book."

## Helen M. Stoddard.

Helen M. Stoddard, president of the Texas W. C. T. U., has been for the past 20 years an ardent advocate of woman suffrage. She was converted by a lecture of Susan E. Anthony's. The Texas W. C. T. U. is doing a great work for suffrage under the impulse of Mrs. Stoddard and its other progressive leaders.

A clock with a human face has been made by a clockmaker in St. Petersburg. The hands are pivoted on the nose. At midnight the eyes close and the mouth yawns. About 2 in the morning the mouth emits a gentle snore. This is done by means of a photograph in the interior.