



The Train Cannot Wait.

She is just 18, with golden hair and grey eyes large grey eyes that laugh just as well as her red lips; her figure, though a little frail, makes one think what a pretty woman she will be soon. Her hands and arms are those of a child—she is not still a child? Clara left school but a fortnight ago. She is the beloved and only daughter of a rich miller in the neighborhood of Avon.

Nothing is more poetical than a mill in the country. It does not disturb the silence of the air with its monotonous tic-tac; on the contrary its noise, strong and regular, is like an accompaniment to the many other noises of the wind, and of the trees, and of the birds. Clara was charmed with it all.

During a few days after her arrival the whole house was upset, making and receiving calls, dinner parties, dancing parties, lawn tennis—the days were not long enough to hold their pleasures. Then all was quiet at the mill.

In the orchard, which was large, the walks were spread over with sand, and the trees, loaded with fruit, afforded a beautiful shady grove. This was Clara's favorite nook; here she would go and read poetry. She had been given the works of Lamartine, beautifully bound. Now, Lamartine is a very tender poet, and Clara was still in her teens, and this was summer, and the fragrance of the flowers and the murmur of the breeze acted on her young mind; and through this book she would dream of things she had never dreamed of before.

One day her mother asked her if she remembered her cousin Albert.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said she. This answer came from her heart; she blushed and from her neck to her brow she felt that sort of electricity that is produced by a little shame and a great pleasure.

"Well," said her mother, "you will see him very soon."

Clara was about to say, "Oh, how glad I am!" but she thought it more proper to say nothing.

And why was she silent? I will tell you. It was because she had read Lamartine. Why! does poetry make one false? Well, I don't know, but it speaks of love—and what is love?

"Well," said Clara, "I have not seen him for two years. I suppose he is changed!"

"Not more than you," said her mother, casting a loving glance of admiration to her daughter; "you were a little girl when you went away—you are a young lady now."

Clara ran off to her beloved grove to hide the blushes on her cheeks and the beatings of her heart. She sat down, drew from her pocket her volume of poetry, but read not a line.

Albert arrived a few days before he was expected, but she was thinking of him. She always had roses on her cheeks, but these roses changed into peonies when she saw him and her hands trembled. He took hold of those hands and kissed her on both cheeks.

He was a medical student who had not yet in his brain the least thought of anything serious; he had suddenly discovered in himself a vocation for the beautiful science of Æsculapius, that he might go to Paris to spend a few years of his life and wait a few thousand of his father's francs.

"Ah! little cousin," said he, "you are pretty now. Why, I am afraid I shall fall in love with you."

She looked at him, not knowing what to say.

"Have you forgotten the good times we had in this garden, and over there in the wood?"

"Oh, no," said she.

"And when we would go rowing, and I would carry you by swinging to and fro in the boat to escape you?"

"Oh, no, I remember it all."

"Then why don't you get your arms around my neck and say pleasant things to me as you did then?"

"Oh, don't know," she faltered.

Then he said to himself: "This conversation must be a little amplex."

BABOON WARFARE.

Astonishing Military Organization of African Apes.

The Simians Are Well Organized for Plunder or Defence.

Evidence of the astonishing sagacity any military organization of the African baboons increases with the recent exploration of their favorite haunts, due to the troubles in Central Africa and Abyssinia. The English, German and Italian travelers and emissaries who have been employed in various missions on the fringes of the Abyssinian plateau have corroborated many stories which have hitherto been suspected to be exaggerations of fact. It now appears that their methods and discipline are far in advance of those of any other vertebrate animals, and not inferior to those of some of the native tribes themselves.

The different species of baboons, which are found commonly over the whole African continent, are all by nature dwellers in the open country. They find their food on the ground, and whether this be insects or vegetable, it is usually in places which afford little shelter or protection. Though strong and well armed with teeth, they are slow animals, with little of the usual monkey agility when on the ground, and not particularly active even when climbing among rocks. In the rocky "kopps" of the South or the cliffs and river sides of Abyssinia, and the Nile tributaries, they are safe enough. But they often abandon these to invade the low country. When on expeditions of this kind they often leave their stronghold for days together, and the means of joint defence from enemies in the open country are then carefully organized. Their natural enemies when thus exposed are the leopard, the lion, and, in South Africa, the Cape wild dogs. To the attack of the leopard they oppose numbers and discipline. No encounter between the baboons and wild dogs has been witnessed and described, but their defensive operations against domesticated dogs were seen and recorded by the German naturalist, Brehm. The following account appears in the translation of his travels by Mrs. Thompson, just published:

The baboons were on the ground, crossing a valley, when the traveler's dogs, Arab greyhounds, accustomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed toward the baboons. Only the females took to flight; the males, on the contrary, turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide and showed their glittering teeth, and looked at their adversaries so furiously and maliciously that the hounds usually hold and battle-hardened shrank back." By the time the dogs were encouraged to renew the attack, the whole herd had made their way, covered by the rearward, to the rocks, except a six-months-old monkey, which was left behind. The little monkey sat on a low rock, surrounded by the dogs, but was rescued by an old baboon, who stepped down from the cliff near, advanced toward the dogs, kept them in check by gestures and menacing sounds, picked up the baby monkey and carried it to the cliff, where the dense crowd of monkeys, shouting their battle-cries, were watching his heroism. The march of the baboons is not a mere expedition of the predatory members of the community. The whole nation "treks" together, and make war on the cultivated ground in common. Their communities are numerous enough to reproduce in miniature the movements of troops. The tribe often numbers from 250 to 300 individuals. Of these the females and young are placed in the centre when on the march, while the old males march in front and close the rear. Other males scout upon the flanks. It has been noticed that these remain on guard, and do not feed during the whole time that the rest are gathering provender.

If disturbed by men, the old males form a rear guard and retire without any haste, allowing the females and young to go on ahead carrying the plunder. Their retreat is, as a rule, deliberate and orderly, the baboons being quite ready to do battle with any animal except man on the plains, and instantly becoming the assailant of man himself when they get the advantage of position. Brehm was stoned out of a pass in a few minutes by the dog-faced baboons. "These self-reliant animals," he writes, "are a match even for men. While the screaming females with young ones fled with all haste over the crest of the rock beyond the range of our guns,

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

THE CLOGGED SINK.

For the greasy sink try washing soda, says the Home Queen. Place a lump of the soda about as large as a hen's egg over the sink hole and pour a kettle of boiling water over every part of it, using your sink brush to send it in all the greasy parts. If you put in the soda, every day or two, a lump of soda weighing half a pound or more, you will have no trouble with the drainpipe becoming clogged with grease. So large a piece will dissolve very slowly, but all the water that goes down will help to cleanse instead of clog the pipe. Whenever you have a kettle of boiling water that you do not need at once, pour into the sink, and with this systematic care there need be no anxiety concerning impure gases from clogged kitchen drainage during these trying summer days.

ABOUT BICYCLING.

Adjusting the saddle properly has much to do with safe and comfortable riding. The rule should be to keep the saddle as near parallel to the bar as possible. Avoid tilting, especially backward. Breathe through the nose; if forced to breathe through the mouth, keep the tongue well pressed against the upper front teeth—to avoid inhalation of cold air, the force of which should be broken by passing through the nose and warmed for inspiration.

A sponge bath with tepid water and friction is beneficial immediately after a ride in the open air. Sponging with diluted alcohol relieves the muscle far more and stiffness.

In cold drinks, pastry and sweets are not conducive to health at any time. A cyclist, after a long spin, needs food to supply the tissue waste. The hunger which a ride in the park provokes is such that one can and should eat only health-producing food. "Hungry enough to eat anything!" That anything should be fruit, sandwiches and milk. Tea made from beef extract is stimulating and refreshing.

Violent riding will produce heart disease. Women suffering from shortness of breath will find the exercise dangerous.

Only a sponge and friction bath should be taken immediately after riding. The body is too fatigued; a full plunge is then too exhausting.

With proper adjustment of the saddle and attention to dress at reasonable times moderate cycling will result in benefit to the majority of women.—Philadelphia Times.

UP TO THE SPECIFICATIONS.

A lady, whose organ of benevolence was not properly developed, once sent the following advertisement to a London paper:

"A lady in delicate health, wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable, of good appearance and have some experience of nursing. Total abstainer preferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

A few days later the advertiser received a hamper labeled:

"This Sins Up—with Care—Perishable."

On opening it she found a fine tabby cat, with a letter tied to her tail. It ran thus:

"Madam: In answer to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domesticated, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition, and is considered handsome. She has had great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary to her is no object, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

It would be putting it very mildly to say that this reply quite upset the lady's equilibrium.

COMPOSES HIS OWN EPIGRAPH.

One of the most eccentric characters of Indiana is Allison Dewitt of Battle Ground, an old bachelor who has lived alone in a little cabin for nearly half a century, and is now an octogenarian, enfeebled by disease and near death's door. Over one year ago he began digging his own grave, which progressed slowly because of his feebleness, after reaching the required depth he spent several weeks in walling it up, using brick and mortar. Then he contracted with a Logansport firm for a suitable monument, bearing his own epitaph, and this stone was placed in position during the present week. He prescribed what should be carved on the tombstone, stipulating that no epital letter must be used save in the word God. A literal copy is as follows:

A bachelor lies beneath this soil who disobeyed the laws of God—advise to others thus give: don't live a batch as did I—regret.

THE NEW WATER BULWARK.

A water Katabid, of the United States navy, is so shaped that her deck in front curves down to the water line, and as she rushes ahead a huge wave is raised over her bow. It has been suggested that this wave would be a means of protection to the ship from an enemy firing at her as she approached. She lies very low in the water, and with the liquid wall at her bow is practically behind a kind of fortification.

THE CITY BOY.

God help the boy who never goes to the lotteries, the birds, the bees. Nor hears the music of the breeze. Whenephyrs soft are blowing: Who count in sweet comfort by: Where clovers bloom are thick and high, And hear the gentle murmur sigh of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know Where all the woodland thrives grow. Who never sees the forest glow. When leaves are red and yellow: Whose childhood can never stray Where Nature doth her charms display— For such a hapless boy I say God help the little fellow.

—Chicago Journal.

HUMOROUS.

"Brimmer never goes away for a rest in the warm weather." "No; but he always sends his family."

"Is Margaret fond of music?" "Yes; she thinks so much of it that she has never learned to play or sing."

"What shall I do with these vegetables left over from yesterday's marketing?" "Tack them on your summer hat."

"Did he look like a bicyclist?" "Oh, dear, no; not in the least. Why, he could stand up straight with no perceptible effort."

"Deli, how do you think you will like the horseless carriage?" "I won't do it all; the flies will all worry the people who ride."

"What made that man so angry when the horseless carriage upset?" "He is a bathier dealer and there wasn't any harness to cut."

"I wonder," said the Albino pettishly, "why the fat woman and her husband always quarrel so?" "Oh, well," said the bearded lady, "she has a great deal to contend with."

She—Oh, do look at Mr. Wright, the poet! What a rosy expression he has! He must be thinking of some sublime stanza or sonnet. He (another poet)—Thinking of himself, I reckon.

"What do you think of the bicycle craze?" "Best thing! I never took so much good exercise before in all my life." "Why, I didn't know that you were riding." "I am not, but I have to cross the street once in a while."

Yeast—Did you ever notice how busy the bees are and how indolent the wasps appear to be? Cinnamon—Well, I can't say that I ever noticed it, but I have often heard of the "busy bee" and of the "wasplike waste."

"Wallie, didn't I ask you to make less noise?" said Mrs. Still, at the dinner table. "Yes, you did, mamma." "Well, I will have to ask you again." "Remember, mamma, you told me it was impolite to ask for anything twice at the table."

Anna—Don't prosecute him, papa. Let him go, and cover the matter up. Papa—But, Anna, he has embezzled two thousand dollars, and I trusted him! Anna—Yes, think of it—only two thousand dollars! Why, people will never believe we have money if it is known that a man in his position took so little.

A little fellow who lives near us went into a shop some weeks ago to buy a pair of gloves. The shopman stared at his juvenile customer, and asked him what size he took. The youngster promptly informed him. "Do you want kid gloves, my boy?" asked the shopman. "Kid gloves," ejaculated his customer. "I'm not a kid now, I want 'grown-up' ones!"

INDICATED THE LAW.

A Grand Juror representative Callerton of Texas related the following incident: "When Mr. Callerton was prosecuting attorney," he said "there was a criminal statute universally disregarded. The indictment of a well-known man for violation of this law was secured through the efforts of Mr. Callerton, who presented the case with more vigor than almost any he had ever conducted, securing a conviction and sentence to the penitentiary. Then he left town and no one knew where he had gone until he and the prisoner, who had been taken to the penitentiary, returned together. Mr. Callerton had gone to the Governor, obtained a pardon and met the convict at the penitentiary with it. The law had been vindicated, and there were no more violations of that statute in Jefferson."—Washington Star.

THE LATE SHAH'S JEWELS.

The diamonds and emeralds of the late Persian Shah's rank are said to weigh nearly twenty pounds. There is also a 1700-ct. sapphire, valued at \$1,000,000. Another thing that the Shah possessed was a silver vase ornamented with 100 emeralds, whose equal, it is said, is not to be found in the world.

RECIPES.

Ham Toast—Mix a teaspoonful of finely chopped boiled ham with two well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of cream and a dash of pepper. Heat over the fire and then spread the mixture on buttered toast or slices of bread fried quite crisp in butter. Serve very hot.

Cold Slaw—Take a small cabbage, about two pounds, and five or six stalks of celery (the large, outside stalks will do); chop both fine and mix together. Season with one teaspoonful salt, a few dashes of pepper and half a pint of good vinegar poured over the whole.

Cherry Nectar—Take two boxes of sour cherries, stone them and boil for half an hour in a quart of water. Strain them out and boil the juice with one pound of sugar to each pint of juice for fifteen minutes; then put in the cherries and boil for fifteen minutes more. Serve cold.

Cauliflower Salad—Boil one large cauliflower with two quarts of water and one teaspoonful of salt for half an hour or longer. Take up and strain. When cold divide into small tins, arrange in centre of a dish; pour over it a salad dressing or a cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Serve immediately. For the salad dressing put into the bottom of a pint bowl the yolk of a raw egg and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; stir in deep by drop three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one of vinegar or lemon juice and a quarter-teaspoonful of dry mustard, stirring until smooth.

NEW SLEEPING CAR.

A new pattern of a sleeping coach has been brought out in England that is supposed to meet some peculiarly English wants. The car is fifty-two feet long and nine feet wide, with single-berthed and double-berthed compartments alternating, a corridor running the full length. Each passenger has room to stretch comfortably and finds books in abundance upon which to hang his clothes, and by bulging his door can be assured by privacy.