



A MONTH.

"You can't do it, Mab; you can't hire a furnished house only for a month. It would be a chance in a hundred."

"I can try, and I am going to, Ethel. To stay stiling in this lonesome boarding house all the vacation is unbearable, and country board would be better cooped up in attic chambers, with the scent of fried doughnuts in all the closets. People who have pleasant country-places, do leave them sometimes, in the summer, for the lakes and the mountains; and the use of such a house would be a godsend to us."

"Yes, dear. Well, what do you propose to do?" "Go down and see the house agents."

"I'll go with you." These two young ladies were charming sisters of about twenty—school-teachers in the city. They had no home but the large boarding house where they had dwelt for the last year and this was cheerless enough, when deserted by the nicest people who had hid away to green fields and pastures new at the first breath of sultry air.

Ethel was pretty blonde—Mab, a bright brunette; but just now their beauty was shaded by overwork. They needed rest and escape from the monotonous round of school teaching. The house agents listened and shook their heads.

"We have no furnished houses to let for so short a time as for a month. For two months now, or for the season—"

"We have only a month's vacation, and would need it only for that time," said Mab.

"Can give you no encouragement, positively. Sorry! Would be glad to accommodate you, ladies. And you might leave your address, and if any opening occurs we will let you know."

"I told you so," said Ethel. So they turned away. A handsome, luxuriant lady, richly dressed, passed in as they came out.

"Here's the key to the Pansies," she said. "I shan't need it for a month. I am going to the seashore, where it is livelier."

"But you hired the cottage for the season, Mrs. Willoughby." "Well, all you have to do is to let it for me. I am responsible for the rent, of course, in any event. I prefer to have it let. There is the garden, horse and pheasant, poultry and cow. Somebody may as well have the good of them."

that they could think of the month ending only with a groan. They sat the unwelcome thought aside, and enjoyed the present. They had no neighbors, and they didn't want any. They wore cool wraps all day, read in the hammocks, braided their hair down their backs, and lingered for two mortal hours at their meals.

But in these days of liberty and abandon came the long rain-storm. The rain came down in sheets—torrents. It was a deluge. The girls watched it from their chamber window.

From a direction beyond their range two sturdy pedestrians, protected by a single umbrella, marched arm-in-arm through the merciless fall of water.

"Very stupid of me, Alan; but I thought we could make the six miles, and get to my sister's house before the rain fairly set in. But here we are blowing our way through the water like a couple of porpoises. If you hadn't been sick—I'm afraid you'll get your death."

"Never mind, Laurence. I'm dry as yet. I see a glimpse of white among the trees. Is that the house?" "Yes, that's the cottage. Helen is a master hand at a hot negus. You'll be all right in a minute, my boy."

"You're browned up so by your sea trip, Laurence, I don't believe your sister'll know you."

"Salt water agrees with me better than fresh—that's a fact." By the time they reached the Pansies, the rainstorm had increased to such violence that Mr. Laurence Leighton burst open the door without much ceremony, and hurriedly relieving themselves of umbrellas, overshoes and dripping coats in the hall, they proceeded to the parlor, where the open piano, flowers and books about gave the apartment the air to which Mrs. Willoughby's brother was accustomed.

"Helen is somewhere about, Alan. I'll find her in a minute." Meanwhile the girls had heard the sounds of intrusion with unspeakable dismay.

"Robbers!" breathed Mab. "Lunatics!" whispered Ethel. Ethel looked as if she was going to faint. Mab's black eyes flashed. She picked up a parasol, and marched down stairs. Ethel catching the spirit of resistance, caught up a poker and followed.

Launce, who was about leaving the parlor in search of his sister, retreated in dismay before the appearance of these fair but very eccentric-looking strangers.

"Sirs," cried Mab, "what does this mean? What are you here for?" "Madam—ladies—" stammered Launce, looking at the parasol and poker.

"A mistake!" murmured Alan Westford. "What mistake?" demanded Mab. "This is our house. By what right are you here?" "Pardon, but I left my sister, Mrs. Helen Willoughby—"

"She vacated the premises more than a fortnight ago." "Then pray excuse me! I am intruding. I am Mr. Laurence Leighton; in this my friend, Mr. Westford, in whose yacht I have lately taken a sea-trip. We landed only this morning, and have had no late news of my sister's movements. I supposed she was here. We have just walked from Harborside, overtaken by the storm, and Mr. Westford has hardly yet recovered from an attack of pleurisy; but we will go to the village—to the hotel—at once, of course."

The gentlemen spent the most delightful evening of their lives at the Pansies, and found their way back there, by invitation, the next day. Quickly two engagements followed. These young people evidently counted time by heart-beats. When, in the following spring, Laurence and Ethel were married, they purchased the Pansies as their summer home; while Alan and Mab took their wedding trip in the former's beautiful yacht—Saturday Night.

The Romance Began at a Tiger Hunt.

Several years ago in British India two young people met at a tiger hunt. There was a case of love at first sight. The tiger hunt thereafter was but an incident to them, the meeting was everything. They became engaged. Then the young lady was obliged to return to her home in Austria, and then the young man remained to plod on in the routine of his official work and to write letters to Austria.

After a time he resigned from officialdom and journeyed across the sea and to the State of Washington and bought a little estate of 1,000 acres down on the Columbia River. There was more letter writing to Austria and preparations for an event.

The other day Miss G. Z. Schlegel, of Austria, arrived in Tacoma straight from her home and registered at Chibberg's. A few days after Captain Theodore Storm of Tower, Coville County, Wash., late in the employ of Her Britannic Majesty's Government in India, arrived and registered at Chibberg's. They are the hero and heroine of this little romance of real life. Frau Z. Schlegel had come all the way from Austria to wed the man who had wooed her in far-off British India.

Captain Storm confided to Proprietor Harrison the object of his presence at the house. The details of getting married in America were familiar to him, and he wanted assistance. Mr. Harrison is a man well prepared by previous experience to act. As proprietor and manager of the hotel he has superintended five weddings that have taken place in the house.

A marriage license was obtained and the services of Justice of the Peace S. A. Crandall were secured. The wedding took place at 3 p. m. in the parlor of the hotel, and Mr. Harrison was best man. After the ceremony a dainty wedding luncheon was served.

Captain and Mrs. Storm are both wealthy. They expect to spend some months at the Captain's ranch in Cowitz County, which he purchased a year ago, and then they will travel. —Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

Many Emigrants Land Owners.

It is a curious fact, the observance of the Chicago News, that the proportion of native Americans who own the farms they occupy is exceeded by emigrants from all the countries mentioned except Italy, the percentage for native owners being 69.85 and for the Italians 67.57. The Irish are credited with the highest percentage of owners among the farming population. Nearly eighty-seven out of each 100 Irish own the farms they cultivate, but of the owners of homes the Germans and the Scandinavians only exceed the native Americans. Another interesting fact is that ownership is more general among women than among men. Of course not nearly as many farms and homes stand in the names of women as of men, the ownership being divided between the two sexes in the proportion of 82.75 per cent to the men and 17.25 per cent to the women. Of the farms 90.6 per cent are owned by men and 9.4 per cent by women. Of the homes 74.89 per cent are owned by men and 25.11 per cent by women; that is to say, of the 7,922,073 homes in the United States slightly more than one-quarter are owned by women, and of the 4,767,179 farms about one-tenth are owned by women. This large proportion is undoubtedly due to the common practice of making real estate investments in the name of the wife or mother of the family—or at least giving her a title to her home.

A New Industry Born of the Wheel.

Bicycling is to be made easy by a new "house-to-house cycle-cleaning and insurance company," just floated in London with a capital of \$1,500,000. It will establish depots for the cleaning, storing, repairing and sale of cycles, and for an annual payment of \$6.50 by subscribers, will send people to their houses to clean their machines; will insure them for \$300 against personal injury, \$250 against serious personal injuries, and \$100,000 will store their machines when not in use; and will teach them to ride. —New York Home Journal.

A RIVER'S PRANK.

Remarkable Mishap to a Big Kansas Settlement.

A Once Lively Town Eaten Up by the Missouri!

In the story of the rise and fall of Western boom towns within the past generation there is one strange history that has never been written—the passing of Elwood, Kan.

The Missouri river, twenty feet deep, rolls and gurgles and foams over the spot that was once the main street. Where bustling merchants once displayed their wares in commodious houses, and the hardy plainsman humped elbows with the moneyed tent-dropper from the East, the broad and erratic river flows today. The corner lots that once fitted back and forth in the real estate exchange have been gimmering like the will of the wisp of the gold seekers—gone to make sands on the seashore. Elwood has tumbled into the muddy Missouri.

One Seth Allen, whose memory is still revered along with that of his famed colonial ancestors, of whom he often boasted, flung his link frame from a prairie schooner at the door of the principal tavern on the eastern shore one spring day in the early '50s, swearing he would go no farther. The emigrants of whose party he had been once recuperated a few days, and then started for the gold fields. Allen stood on the river bank and watched the wagons across the stream; he stood on the bank and watched them touch the farther shore. Then, it is presumed an idea occurred to him that the western side of the Missouri River was the proper place for emigrants to outfit and make their departure.

At any rate, few days passed before a wooden building, with the sign, "Last Chance Tavern," swinging from the door, stood on the pleasant prairie across from St. Joseph. Other houses soon clustered around Tavern Keeper Allen's, and Yankee industry, combined with foreign capital, had a line of ferry steamers—sturdy stern-wheelers—actively churning the muddy waters of the Missouri into foam before the summer was dead. Elwood grew—grew and prospered. Truly, it filled a long-felt want.

The next year overland traffic increased. Long caravans came and went; settlers and pioneers came and remained. The bustling real estate agent, the honest home-seeker, the rakish river gambler, the arsenal-begirded terror, the nondescript hanger-on, all drifted into Elwood.

The great Western Hotel, the finest structure of its kind anywhere on the river, was built, and old timers of this city—former residents of Elwood, who came and went with its powers and glory—today relate many wonderful tales of the revels that went on beneath its prosperous roof.

Little by little the best part of Elwood crumbled and was swept into the stream. Today there is left but little of the once prosperous town left standing. One of the most interesting of the old landmarks yet remaining is the Elwood jail, built on land high and dry, far removed from the river bank. Within its narrow confines many a tough character has been thrust by the town marshal.

As the place looks today, it presents the appearance of a deserted village. The houses now standing were in the suburbs before the course of the river was changed. The greatest evidence of life that is there now is the depot of the St. Joseph and Grand Island Railroad Company, which is about a mile from the original town site. This road was built after Elwood was on the wane. The few remaining houses are occupied by fishermen and the people who eke out a precarious existence by doing odd jobs in the city across the river. —St. Louis Republic.

"Confidence" in Business.

Money only performs five per cent. of the business of the country. Ninety-five per cent. of it is done with negotiable paper, notes, bonds and other instruments. Behind them all is confidence, and it is remarkable how much confidence does in the transactions. A remarkable illustration of this confidence came under my observation several years ago, and as it tells by itself more than long speech, I give it to you as it actually occurred: A prominent financial man wanted to make a loan. He had as collateral one million dollars in guaranteed railroad bonds. They were in denominations of one thousand dollars each, and there were one thousand of them in the box. Five hundred thousand dollars was the amount

needed on them, and one of the big life insurance companies of New York took the loan and advanced the money. One year afterward the loan was paid and the collateral was returned. Now, the strange part of the transaction was the fact that the insurance company advanced the money on the statement of the borrower that the bonds were in the box. The box was never opened, and yet confidence in the borrower was so strong that during the year the unopened box was used as collateral in at least three financial transactions. It is this confidence that all should encourage, for without it, as I said before, only five per cent. of the value of business of this country could be performed. The amount of money in circulation plays but a little part in transactions, except in paying wages and daily expenses. Maybe I should add that the man who secured the loan was the late Senator Leiland Stanford of California. This is by no means a rare case, for there are hundreds of similar cases in New York and other large cities every day, though the loans may be not so large. The financial world deals in the statements of those who borrow rather than by examining and counting out the collateral. It knows that without confidence business cannot be transacted. —Washington Star.

The Four-leaf Clover Habit.

"The hardest habit to break I ever contracted was the four-leaf clover habit," said L. D. Smithson of Indianapolis at the Raleigh. "I was spending a month in the country with a pleasant party of friends, when one of them came in very much elated over finding clover with four leaves, which, as is well known, is supposed to bring the best of luck to the finder. The result was that all of us hunted up clover patches and started to search for four-leafed clovers. Some of us found them, while others did not, and the hunt was resumed the next day. At first I was indifferent as to whether I found any or not, but, after I had picked the first one, the habit grew upon me until I dreamed of four-leafed clovers at night and watched for them wherever I went during the day. There were ten people in the house and every one of them was clover crazy inside of two days. I have been away from there for two months and have steadfastly avoided hunting for clovers, but I cannot see a clump of the plants without carefully scrutinizing it to see if there are any with four leaves. And, by the way, I never had as good luck in my life as since I began to find four-leafed clovers." —Washington Star.

About Coal Mining Industry.

The annual report of Alabama's State Mine Inspector, gives an idea of the vast proportions the coal mining industry of that State has assumed. It shows that last year 4,246,736 tons were mined and 9,280 men employed in this work, as compared to 6,270,042 tons mined and 10,280 men employed the year previous. This is a falling off of 1,024,306 tons in the total output. When the fact is considered that fully three-fourths of the mines were closed down for about four months last year on account of the great strike, the decrease is readily explained. In fact, it is surprising to the Atlanta Constitution that the decrease was not even greater, and it would have been had not a greater number of mines been in operation during the past year than in 1895. The output of the mines today, with all labor troubles settled is larger than ever before. Practically every mine is in operation, and the demand for Alabama coal was never before so great as now. And yet the development of the Alabama coal industry is still in its infancy.

Care Taken in Selecting Recruits.

A number of officers were talking in the hall of the Army and Navy club a day or two ago when the conversation turned on the care which is exercised in the selection of recruits for the Army. From the facts brought out it would seem that the United States service is one of the hardest in the world to enter, even as a private. The standard of the enlisted men has been raised so often that it is now harder to become an ordinary soldier, with the pay of \$14 a month, than it is to enter any branch of the Civil Service. The slightest defect in the applicant's physique is enough to debar him, as is also a bad moral character, even with a perfect physique. The average monthly enlistments for this year have been 500, while the average rejections were over 3,000. —Washington Times.

Charles Dickens, son of the novelist, who died recently, was named Charles "Boz" by his father, but when he grew to man's estate he dropped his middle name.

Children's Column



A LITTLE GIRL'S VIEW.

"I've been watching the broods A-taking its ease On the porch today." Said May. "It's blown and it's blown Out there all alone. And the hammock has swung And the rocking chair's swung All day." Said May. "With nobody there, if you please. But the broods." And that's why I say The broods has been taking its ease today." —Harper's Bazar.

ABOUT A WISE SHEEP.

There are stories and stories of smart dogs and horses and wise cats, but we don't often hear of smart sheep. Here is a story about a lamb born two years ago at Lough Foyle. It was left motherless, so one of the herdsmen nursed and reared the little orphan. She became very tame and was much petted by her master's children. Last year she had grown into a young sheep, with a lamb of her own. One day some dogs ran through the pasture grounds and the frightened flock scattered and fled through the field, which sloped toward the seashore. The herdsmen, Aleck, drove the dogs away and collected the sheep. An hour or two afterward the pet sheep rushed past the dwelling house, apparently in great distress. With piteous bleatings she went to the gate, where Aleck was sitting at dinner, and, coming close so him, seemed to seek his help. As he rose from the table she ran out of the house and straight through the pasture to the shore. He followed her, and soon saw the cause of her alarm. Her lamb, terrified by the dogs, had fled to a little peninsula among the rocks, which the incoming tide had transferred into an island. Of course, it could not cross the strait, and the mother could not save it, therefore she applied to the power and sympathy of her human friend. Her trust in his help was not disappointed, and she and her rescued lamb were soon reunited. —Chicago Record.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a punt on her lips. Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby." Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her. "The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross." "That's enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And as she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, she turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked. "I should be so glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride. "I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk. She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross." —The Young Reader.

No Cut.

"Eternal vigilance," shouted the orator, "is the price of liberty." The woman elector ate exchanged glances. "That is the same price as last year," they remarked, and shrugged their shoulders. —Detroit Tribune.

THE CANARY TRADE.

The fall is the best season in the canary bird trade. Yes, in canary birds there is a trade with seasons, and tricks, too, just as much as there is in pig iron. The tricks come through the discriminations against the weaker sex the new woman so much resents. Female canary birds are a drug in the market; you can buy one anywhere for 50 cents, whereas the New York price for a mate-antecedent singer is 25, sometimes, in the case of a very fine male, 35. You can get a male bird not guaranteed for \$2.50. Until the females are sufficiently imbued with the spirit of the age to sing like their fathers and husbands, they are likely to be more appreciated by the bird fair than by the public.

They help the fair to get a disreputable living. He puts eight or ten in a cage and with them one or two singers, and then he plucks himself and his cage at some corner, probably on a street leading to a ferry, and awaits results. When one of his singers breaks into a song he is pretty sure to be questioned as to his price. "Any bird in that cage for 50 cents?" is his response.

Someone astutely points out the bird that sang, and says he will take that one. Will he? The fairer reaches in and abruptly catches one. He says it is the bird wanted, but he alone, you may be sure, is able to tell one bird from another after the fluttering his pursuit has produced. It is not likely when the purchaser gets the bird home that he will ever hear from it anything more than plaintive chirps. Still, as a form of gambling, this way of buying a bird has attractions, because sometimes a fine singer is obtained.

No matter how you buy a bird, you must not be dejected if it does not sing for a week or two. A change of surroundings is very disturbing for many birds. To make friends with the little golden atom is a real feat toward getting his master; when he becomes happy and feels secure he will be apt to feel like singing. The common necessities of bird life, a clean, sunny cage, fresh water and seed and cuttlebone, you will, of course, provide him; but some further attentions will add much to his happiness. The best bird fanciers do not approve the plan of feeding a canary on seed alone; he should not have his cage fitted with luxuries and varied viands, but a leaf of lettuce or a bit of apple are particularly good for him, and once in a while a piece of a hard boiled egg will make him feel that life is a gormandizing glorious spree.

If you want to tame him there is one simple yet cunning trick that is worth any other instruction that can be imparted. It is this: Make believe you are afraid of him. You think he won't understand? You altogether underestimate his powers of comprehension; if you have any tinct of cunning; if you play the bulldog well enough, you will find how to put your finger on him and then draw it back in alarm, how to approach his cage and then fall back in terror; if you talk your own sentences aloud and improve his money, you will help your own expression, and though he may not understand your English, he sure he will your tones; and then, and this is very odd and funny, he will begin to play the only; will spread his wings and jump at you; but if you are meek and offer a lump of sugar, say, in a proper spirit, he will grow cheerful and alert that all is easy.

The Executioner Was Unpopular.

Among the butchers recently at Paris, with his family, was "Monsieur de Paris," or M. Beilber, the public executioner of France, who had gone there to recruit his health. But, despite his ineognito, he was recognized. The Indians, like the Greeks, cannot endure a public executioner; to have him butchering in the same water with them was too much. M. de Paris was provided with a police escort when he left his house and when he returned, for even the street boys pointed at him the finger of scorn, and exclamations more forcible than points were levelled at him wherever he went.

No Cut.

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