



## A Good Story

WINNING A BRIDE.

"Give you my daughter? You!"

A God-fearing man was this father. He had firm faith in a doctrinal institution, engineered by the synd of which he, Orville Manor, Esq., was one of the strongest pillars.

Was not this man entitled to the special beneficence of his Creator, and the respect of humble humanity? Yet here stands an undisciplined youth, who has apparently nothing in the wide world to recommend him but the testimonial which secured him the position of entry clerk in the wholesale house of Manor & Co., and a handsome face lighted up with a pair of dark eyes, glowing with energy and ambition. And this youth had asked him for his daughter. A just anger reddened the usually imperturbable brow of Manor, and a scornful curve shaped his lips as he adjusted the gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose and repeated:

"Give you my daughter? You! Truly 'fool's enter boldly where angels fear to tread.' Have you any other request to make, young man?"

"No, sir!"

Orville Manor, Esq., turned his back upon the daring young man, and resumed his reading; his face was again dispassionate. The other remained standing, but the fine face changed color, his breath came hard and fast, the exquisitely-curved nostrils of a decidedly aristocratic nose showed the spirit of emotion, not unlike the temper of a thoroughbred animal under the bit of a trainer. With an effort truly admirable the "rising ire" was controlled, and the lips beneath his soft and luxuriant mustache became firmly set.

Ten minutes this silence lasted. The young man stood his ground as if he had become an automatic statue.

The old gentleman began to show restlessness again, and after a vain endeavor to command the emotion ruling him, he turned abruptly, exclaiming:

"Have you nothing more profitable to employ your mind than staring at my back, sir? What are you waiting for?"

"Your answer."

With slow and majestic mien, and a countenance beaming with patience, this father of a daughter walked to the door, opened it, and, pointing to the outer entrance, remarked:

"This is my answer. Is it comprehensible?"

The young aspirant for a rich man's daughter bowed. His face was "glintly pale, but his step was firm, his head haughtily erect, and the indignant parent was somewhat impressed with the nobility characterizing his humiliation as he turned from the door so cruelly closed upon himself and his hopes.

A perfect gem of a room was this apartment. The floor was covered with a Turkish velvet carpet of deep crimson, the furniture was of carved walnut and embossed velvet of crimson on gold-colored satin, the windows were draped with soft lace under the luxuriant wealth of red and gold brocade, held to the richly-frescoed ceiling by heavy gold-mounted lambrequins. Mirrors and paintings lined the walls on every side, and marble busts and statues were reflected everywhere. Tables in rare mosaic were covered with late magazines and books. The air was perfumed as if each article exhibited a fragrance of its own, and the first sensation on entering was almost a feeling of sensuous languor, especially to one unaccustomed to the perfumed warmth of this semi-darkened atmosphere.

The young lady reclining on one of the crimson lounges seemed a part of its natural belongings. Her features were of the American type, but her eyes, covered by their blue-veined, black fringed lids, were Orientaly large and of a deep violet blue. And this lovely creature, in her white silken and pink satin-lined wrapper, breathed indolence and made circumstances subservient to every caprice,

dash, and placing her hand on his arm and lifting her head proudly, defiantly, said:

"In life or death, father, this is my heart's choice."

There was sublime adoration in the look given her by the young man as he advanced to the thoroughly non-plussed and outraged father and exclaimed:

"Give her to me! Full well I realize my own unworthiness—"

"Silence! 'Tis well that you have still enough of manly spirit to acknowledge your unworthiness to become the husband of my daughter. You, a clerk in my employ, on a salary scarcely commensurate with the requirements of a beggar?"

"Why not increase it, pa? One might be led to imagine it was a disgrace to be in my dear old father's employ, from the way you emphasize the fact," Pearl remarked, with a touch of roguish bravado.

"Oh, heavens, why am I thus tried?" the old gentleman cried in feeble desperation. Then suddenly growing wrathful again, he pointed sternly to the door.

"For the second time, young man, I command you to depart—and be pleased to take notice—let it be the last time. I have forbidden to treat you as you deserve; forbearance may cease to be a Christian virtue, remember."

"Father, do you know against his character? He has been in your employ a year. Has he proved inefficient or unworthy of the respect due an honorable gentleman?" The girl's noble face was grand in its pleading yet dignified womanhood.

"I have no complaint against him."

"Then for once my father has fallen short in his judgment and his duty to one of God's creatures, like himself, inasmuch as he refuses to him an opportunity to state his case, before a judgment shall be spoken."

"Pearl, you are insolent. Do you forget whom you are addressing?"

"Forgive, forgive me, but oh, father, do not forget that in turning this man from your door you also close your heart and home against me. We have plighted our troth, and through good and ill fortunes I shall cling to him, so help me God!"

Solemnly the closing words were uttered. A long silence followed. Then the old gentleman said calmly, icily:

"Go to your room, ungrateful, thankless child."

"Not until you have given Sidney a hearing. Father, dear father, be just."

"Go. I will send for you when you are wanted."

"Now, Mr. Harrison, I will hear you. Be brief."

"Thank you, Mr. Manor. Two years ago I met your daughter while on a visit to a mutual friend of ours in St. Louis. I was charmed at the first meeting, and fell desperately in love before she returned home. She had honored me with her confidence and friendship before she left, and also became acquainted with my parents and sisters, and there seemed to be a general expression of mutual happiness in this intercourse. We corresponded for several months, and your daughter consented to receive my addresses if I would make your acquaintance in the manner that I have, by accepting a position in your employ and win your regard from that humble office. My father is fully cognizant of and approved of the plan from the beginning, and I have his letter to show you that if I succeed, he will not only be happy to welcome my wife, but establish me in business of my own, or give me fifty thousand dollars to invest as I may see fit. This is my story in brief. Time will develop everything satisfactorily to you. My father retired from active business some time since, and contemplates taking my mother, who is an invalid, and my sisters, to Europe shortly, and they will be in the city the latter part of this week to await what my sisters are pleased to term the result of my romantic exploit in winning a wife. I have failed only in winning your consent. Will you reconsider your disapproval?"

Various changes had passed over the listener's face during the recital, leaving it strangely flushed as he rang the bell and told the servant answering it to "request Miss Pearl to come to the library."

She stood in the open door one moment, then, with a joyous cry bounded into her father's arms. The old gentleman led her to the waiting lover, and with tremulous emotion said:

"Here, take her, and forgive an old blind fool," then hastily left the room.

The longest pier bridge is that of Victoria, at Montreal, Canada.

## Children's Column



"FATHER MY MAMMA LOVES ME SO."

"Taise my mamma loves me so," said a little maid of three.

When I asked her how it was she was dressed so daintily.

"Taise my mamma loves me so," sweetest thought a child may know. Dearest words she e'er could say— "Taise my mamma loves me so."

Taise her mamma loves her so, God-sent angel from the sky. Bless her little, trustful heart, Sweet and pure and frankly shy. —Philip Kaye, in Chicago Record.

THE MOUSE AND THE RABBIT.

A mouse endeavored to convince a rabbit of the advantage of wearing a long tail.

"You," said he, "are not admitted to the best society, like myself, and I do not doubt this is the sole reason. Certainly a long tail does give one an air."

While the two friends were arguing, a kite swooped down upon them, and each betook himself to his hiding place. The rabbit was fairly hidden, but the mouse was easily discovered and drawn from his place of refuge, into which he had not time to draw his boasted badge of society. As the kite bore off his prey, the rabbit remarked quickly: "My friend, the mouse, would have been better off had he not been quite so distinguished."

AFTER THE PEACH IS GONE.

What do you suppose becomes of all the peach stones that are discarded by the hundreds of thousands in the great peach-canning factories, to say nothing of the many that are left from the peaches we are all eating every day while the delicious fruits last? Have you ever thought anything about them, except that they were not good to eat? They are not; that is so; but they have a use, however—several, indeed. Bushels and bushels of them are sold to fruit growers, who plant them to grow young peach trees, that are in turn set out for peach orchards. From the oil of the kernel that is found in the inside of the stone a powerful drug, prussic acid is distilled. It is a poison if taken even in a very small quantity, but it is a valuable and useful drug for various laboratory purposes. A third use of the peach-pits is to dry them and use for fuel, for which purpose they are excellent.—Chicago Record.

BOTHERS THE BOYS.

The question agitating the college boys who have entered those places of learning this term is, "What shall we call ourselves?" The freshmen of '96 will be graduated in 1900, and following a long-honored custom of dropping the first two integers of the year, they should call themselves the class of '00. But that is naughty, and means nothing. It is not to be thought of, they say spirit-edly. Yet the long "1900" has a very odd sound, and besides, will be very hard to contrive a yell for. Even the girls' colleges are fretting over the question, but can see no way out of the dilemma except the use of the full date—1900. At least it will be a compensation for the awkward designation to be graduated in so remarkable a year as 1900, when the century date is to be altered, and the "18" that has been in use for a hundred years must yield to "19." We shall all make some slips of the pen before we can readily write off that new date when it comes.—New York Times.

A HORSE'S SACRIFICE.

This incident was related to me by a friend, who was the small boy of the story:

"From my earliest recollection my father was fond of horses, and he usually kept from one to five in his stables. They were well cared for, and in return he expected good service and speed. We had one horse, Fan, who was the pet of the family, and was considered so safe that I, a little fellow in kilts, was allowed to play around her head and heels without restraint.

"One day I was playing in the yard as usual while old Fan was being hitched up. When all was ready, father jumped into the wagon, gath-

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

HOW TO SEW APPLES.

Here is a novel way of serving apples. Pare and core as many as you require. Stew them in sugar and water until tender, but still firm enough to hold their shape. Remove them carefully to the dish in which they are to be served. Fill the centre with apricot or raspberry jam.

Boil down the liquor to a thick syrup and pour it over the apples. Served with fancy cakes these apples make an excellent dessert.

GOVERNOR SAGE.

A delicious relish is called governor sauce. To make it put two gallons of sliced tomatoes into a crock with layers of salt and let them remain over night. In the morning drain the tomatoes and chop rather fine. Put the chopped vegetables into a porcelain kettle with two quarts of vinegar, one quart of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of mustard and black pepper, one tablespoonful of cloves, and the same of allspice. Cook the mixture until the tomatoes are very soft and put into jars.

LEFT OVER FROM BREAKFAST.

An economical housewife whose family dinners are always good occasionally utilizes the capital of cold oatmeal, hominy or wheat left from breakfast in the following way: A thin layer of the porridge is put in the bottom of a small pudding dish and seasoned with a sprinkling of grated cheese, salt and pepper, and then a few tablespoonfuls of stewed tomatoes add. Another layer is seasoned in the same way. Sometimes the top layer is dusted with fine bread crumbs. The dish is heated through and browned in the oven and served with roast meat. At other times a cupful of gravy and the tomatoes only are used in making this excellent course. Occasionally it is used as the base of a good pudding, either hot or cold, and is eaten with whipped or plain cream sugar and preserved fruit, or a sauce of stewed fruit.

A WHITE FRICASSE OF CHICKEN.

For a white fricassee of chicken, cut a good-sized chicken into pieces and wash them in cold water. Put them into a saucepan and partly cover the chicken with boiling water. Cover the pan and set it over a moderate fire and let it simmer until the chicken is tender, which will take about one and a quarter hours. When the chicken is done the water should be nearly boiled away; if there is very much remaining remove the lid and allow most of it to evaporate. Put a large tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan, and when it is melted add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until it is frothy, but do not allow it to brown; then stir in three cups of milk, part cream, if any is at hand. Meanwhile arrange the cooked chicken on a platter, and put it where it will keep hot. Turn mixture into the saucepan in which the chicken was cooked and stir until the mixture boils; season with salt and cayenne pepper. Draw the pan to one side of the fire and stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs and remove from the fire at once, for if the mixture boils after the eggs are added it will curdle. Pour the sauce over the prepared chicken, sprinkle chopped parsley over the whole, and serve at once.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Salt fish are most quickly and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

A lump of camphor in your clothes press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

In escaping from a fire creep or crawl along the room with your face close to the floor.

A handful of borax added to the water in which clothes are washed helps to whiten them.

If a small piece of cloth folded double is put under each button, particularly on children's clothing, they will not tear out so easily.

A good waterproof paper for covering jars used in preserving may be made by brushing over the paper with boiled linseed oil and suspending it over a line until dry.

When setting sponge for bread or rolls, double the quantity may be made and that not needed kept in the refrigerator or wherever it is cold enough to prevent the sponge from rising. In this way rolls may be had fresh each day without setting an extra sponge. This dough requires a little longer to raise, but the results will be as good as if it were freshly set.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the power of freezing water.

Dr. Pouchet says that some forms of bacteria will survive an ordeal of 400 degrees of heat.

The highest temperature ever recorded on the top of Pike's Peak was 64 degrees Fahrenheit.

Astronomers say that there is every reason to believe that human life on Mars is much like it is on this earth.

M. Flourens has divided the brain of a frog with his knife and then put the name together, so that the animal recovered.

White tar is one of the latest inventions or discoveries. It is claimed that it will not become soft under the sun's rays in any climate.

The new P. and O. liner India has a marvelous speaking-tube, 408 feet long, which, freed throughout its whole length from contact with the hull, clearly conveys messages even when the ship is straining at full speed.

A shepherd's body was recently carbonized by electricity at Roche La Motiere, in France. During a thunder storm the telegraph wires were blown down and carried around the mountain, and was standing under them.

A Russian scientist named Killischewsky, claims to have discovered a method by which telephonic messages can be sent through the transatlantic cables. He will probably be given a trial on the Postal Telegraph system.

In the Colorado desert they have rainstorms during which not a single drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds, high above the desert, but when the water reaches the strata of hot, dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground.

French seagoing torpedo boats seem to lose their speed rapidly. Five of them had full speed trials recently, when the Fluminator, which is credited with a speed of 23 1-2 knots and is only two years old, made 21 1-2 knots, and none of the others could reach 20 knots. Three years seems to be the limit of usefulness of vessels of this class, when they are handled with care.

Will Oats Turn to Barley?

The question of "transmutation of species" in the vegetable world has been discussed in all the scientific journals of this and foreign countries since the time when the mind of man began to inquire into cause and effect, or at least since such journals were first established. It has been repeatedly asserted that "wheat will turn to barley," also, but less frequently and less positively claimed, that oats will turn to barley, and vice versa. This "barley fact in nature" has always been scoffed at by the scientists because it is inconsistent with preconcerted theories. Now it appears that there is no doubt whatever, but that such transmutation occasionally takes place. A gentleman whose name and place of residence are given in one of the leading London papers, carefully planted some picked grains of oats in a box of sifted soil. When the plants were a foot in height he cut them down to an inch of the roots. This process was three times repeated that year, and some of the roots died; but others survived, and the next year wonder of wonders, they yielded—not oats, but barley! The yield was indeed, perfect, barley, rather thin and unattractive in grain, but by no means of a bad type.

A Plant With Eyes.

These "eyes" are not for seeing, exactly, but they serve a no less important purpose. They belong to a plant called the "shining moss," which inhabits cracks and crevices in old stone walls on rocky precipices, and appears to take every precaution against exposing itself to full daylight. Only within a few years has the fact been learned that the properly possessed by this moss of shining in the gloom of its dwelling places is due, not to phosphorescence, but to the existence on the surface of the leaves of thousands of minute cells filled with transparent liquid and shaped like the lenses of an eye. These microscopic eyes focus the faint light that reaches them upon the green coloring matter of the leaves, called the chlorophyll, and thus enable the plant to live. Shining moss appears first to have been described in France, but recent writers on natural history have shown that it abounds in some parts of this country also. There are other plants that exhibit a similar phenomenon, and Dr. Alfred C. Stokes includes among them the ice-plant and certain varieties of begonia.