

THE STORY OF ALICE AYRES.

To see how wretched are the parts played by misleaders of the State, and feel within our advancing hearts the step of an advancing fate...

Great deeds can never be undone, Their splendor will still fill our sky Like stars, effulgent even the sun;

From the concluding dust of time, So trials of style will this require; Such stories should be plainly told;

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words: "The place and the people here are absolutely delightful." If that does not suit him it does not at least give him a chance to grin at me with his nasty, "I told you so."

But it is a lie all the same, and my conscience pricks me so much when I write it that one rainy day I counted up the letters I should have to write him before I go home and set the words down on the number of sheets, so that it does not have to be put down any more than the name of the hotel printed on the paper.

The truth is I hate Flageolet. I hate the house and the people and the things we have to eat and the two stains on the ceiling of my room and the noise the curtain makes when it goes up and the wreck down on the shore and Miss Simpson's twitter and the twin Clark girls' pink gowns and most of all I hate—yes, with all malice and uncharitableness I hate Mrs. Maloon.

I don't object to some of the boards at Flageolet if only they were in their own homes and I should never have to see them, but Mrs. Maloon I should detest if she were in the moon, and if I really moved to Cyrus that that would tell her so it will be nothing short of a miracle and a proof that there is not a woman in the world with a more even temper than I have. I know I shall have to let her know it in some way, and although I am too polite to show it in any way, I should never be happy again if I thought she did not strongly suspect how I feel.

Flageolet was recommended to me as a nice quiet boarding-house which would only hold a score of people, and where one met only nice people; and the first woman I spoke to turned out to be the wife of a green-grocer! That would be nuts for Cyrus Tompkins if he only knew it, but he never will, thank heaven! They say a woman never can keep a secret, but I've time and time again moved to Cyrus that that was nonsense by telling him things he had never for an instant suspected, I'd kept them so quiet.

Mrs. Nutt isn't a bad-looking woman. She has a little cast to her eyes and her complexion is a little sallow, I must own; but she has really elegant diamonds, and her dresses fit like a duck's foot in the mud. I thought at last that her husband must be a doctor or a lawyer. I quite took to her, and we sat on the piazza a whole hour the very first day I was here and she never said a single word to put me on my guard. She never even alluded to her husband's business; and I might have bought cabbage of her husband any day, if I would buy anything that smells the house up so when they are cooking. I cannot conceive how anybody can be so deceitful. If Mrs. Maker hadn't told me that very evening, goodness only knows when I might have found out the disgraceful truth. For my part, I do not see why the wife of a green-grocer wants to go to the seashore in summer for any way. She must know she'll be mistaken for her betters; and very likely that's what she goes for.

I was cool enough next day, of course, but I couldn't be downright rude to her, staying right there in the same house; and besides she had offered to teach me a new crochet stitch, and I did want to learn that before I gave her up entirely. But it did go against my grain to be civil to her after the way she had deceived me. For my part I must say I like honesty.

She came to me after breakfast and acted as if she had always known me, but I was on my guard. That sort of people always presume on any liberties you allow them. I let drop in my conversation that my husband was the proprietor of one of the best livery establishments in Boston, and could see that she felt the difference in our social position at once; and she has kept her place pretty well since, though she does twinkle her diamond earrings in a way that is perfectly maddening. I will not live another winter without diamonds, and I am a woman of my word. I said to Mrs. Maker, when Mrs. Nutt couldn't help overhearing me, that I didn't bring any of my best jewelry with me because I didn't think the seashore was the place for display. I flatter myself she felt that. But it is positively indecent for me to go on wearing trumpery old cameos and amethysts when every woman of our set doesn't even go down town if a horse-car without red diamonds in her ears. This summer I made them think I have them at home; but next summer I'll have them and wear them, or my name isn't Abigail Tompkins.

Mrs. Maker isn't much better than Mrs. Nutt, though she gives herself great airs because she has a purple cashmere tea-gown trimmed with white lace and iridescent bead ornaments. I really believe that woman prays for every weather so that she can sit round all day in that purple tea-gown; and the way she wastes her time pulling out the lace and smoothing it down is really sinful. I've made three complete tidies for the church fair next winter just while she's been dawdling in that tea-gown doing absolutely nothing. If I was taken up with my clothes, I'd at least try not to make it so evident to everybody. If she had a better figure, she'd wear something else anyway, and as for her pretending that dress came from London, I don't believe a word of it. Thank Heaven, I haven't got to the place yet where I have to deceive people about my clothes.

then I don't know. The twin Clark girls go about with their arms around each other's waist and pretend to be dreadfully affectionate, but I've heard them quarreling in their room, and the week that Mrs. Maloon's son was here they were ready to devour each other from sheer jealousy, the nasty mixers. As if he didn't know a lady when he saw one.

"They are rum old gals," he said to me one day down on the beach, "but if one of 'em did catch a feller, my! wouldn't the other make the fur fly!" Mr. Maloon was a gentleman, every inch of him, and of course they couldn't impose on him. They were as jealous as death of me, just because he enjoyed my society, and said I was trying to flirt with him, when the only pleasure I've had this whole abandoned summer was the little time I had a chance to talk with him. It is such a relief to talk to a real live man after you've been shut up for a month with a house full of women, and of course he wanted to chat with a woman who had ideas.

Then Miss Simpson set her cap for him, and she is the servankest old maid I ever saw eyes on. I told Mrs. Maloon I pitied her because her luck was crooked and she had to have false teeth, and all the reward I got for being benevolent was that she told me I'd better take somebody who wasn't half a century younger the next time I wanted to have a flirtation. The nasty huzzy! But then, one never does get any reward for being kind to such creatures.

Jim Maloon is one of the handsomest fellows I ever set my eyes on. I just wish Cyrus could see the attention she paid me, and then perhaps he might have got an idea what I sacrificed when I married him. It was really pitiful to see the flutter the Clark and Miss Simpson were in just at the news that he was coming, and when they saw what a lovely man he was their silly heads were really turned till they didn't know which end they were on.

Mrs. Maloon is a widow, and she says her husband died of yellow fever at New Orleans; but if he did, I'd wager a nickel that he went there to get out of the reach of her tongue. Of all the she-dragon terrors that ever drew the breath of life, she is the worst; and I'd like to see her old crooked nose put out of joint by a daughter-in-law as bad as herself. Indeed, I'd like to have Jim turn Mormon and marry twenty wives, and let the tempters of as many hymenas, and bring them all home to live with his mother. If I was her daughter-in-law she'd soon get over supposing she was going to run this universe.

Jim always called her the old woman to me. He was awfully funny in the way he'd go on about her, and he'd preface her name with her, and make me laugh. I was scared, I admit, but I am not the woman to be put down by a dozen Mrs. Maloons, and I kept my face as placid as ever.

"Good morning," said I. "Good morning," said she, as grim as a tombstone. "I wanted to speak to you." "I'm flattered, I'm sure," said I, smiling, as innocent as a baby. "Humph!" says old Mother Maloon. "I want to know what you mean by your silly carryings on with my son."

"When I have been carrying on with your son or anybody else," I flung out, "it will be time enough for those who have the right to ask what I mean; but that won't be you."

"You're old enough to be his mother," said Mrs. Maloon. "Then you're a good deal too old," I answered her back, with my blood getting up. "He's a fool," his mother kept on, "but you needn't think he's such a fool that he cares for you any more than to amuse himself at the expense of your vanity. I sent you his letter because he was in mischief somewhere else. Now I've got to send him away because you don't know how to behave yourself."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The sum of \$1,000,000 has been guaranteed by Mr. Richard Berrige for use in advancing economic and sanitary science in Great Britain.

Two well diggers in Washington township, Ia., found at a depth of fourteen feet white walnuts (hickory nuts) well preserved, and as they dug down collected about half a bushel. Then they came upon a log of wood and a pair of deer's horns which were soft, but soon hardened. The well was dug in a timbered country, but there is not a hickory tree in the county.

An artificial pumice stone is now prepared by moulding and baking a mixture of white sand, felspar and white fire clay. By varying the proportions and quality of the ingredients, any desired degree of fineness may be obtained. The product is thus adapted for use in all industries where natural pumice stone has been employed, and it has superseded the latter in parts of Germany and Austria.

In a paper on injurious insects, Professor J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 320,000. Of those found in the United States, 7,000 or 8,000 species are fruit pests, and at least 210 attack the apple. A borer which had hitherto troubled only peach and plum trees has begun to destroy the apple within the past two years. The successful fruit-grower must be something of an entomologist.

The dynamic value of one pound of good steam coal has been estimated by Professor W. D. Rogers as equivalent to the work of one man one day, while three tons would represent his work for twenty years, counting 300 working days in a year. He has further estimated that a four-foot seam would yield one ton of good coal to the square yard, and that one square mile in area would represent the labor of over 1,000,000 men for twenty years.

From the report of the microscopist of the Department of Agriculture, it appears that wool may be made perfectly moth-proof by treating it with the sulphuric acid of commerce. The wool may remain in the acid several hours without appearing to undergo any change, as far as is revealed by microscope. When treated in mass in a bath of sulphuric acid for several minutes, and afterward quickly washed in a weak solution of soda, and finally in pure water and dried, it feels rough to the fingers, owing to the separation of the scales, but they resume their natural position, and appear finer.

Concerning the original condition of the sun, a British scientist now suggests that its mass was formed by the collision of two cool bodies coming together with the velocity due to their mutual gravitation. This theory is supported by the physical fact that two bodies at rest in space, if free from the disturbing attraction of other bodies, would certainly collide with direct impact, and hence with no rotational momentum of the compound body formed by the collision. The velocity which a body thus falling into the sun would acquire is stated as being more than thirty times that which our earth has in its orbital motion; the earth's speed along its orbit at a rate exceeding eighteen miles a second, but a body falling freely into the sun would have a velocity of 380 miles per second. It is calculated, therefore, that if two cool, solid globes, each of half the sun's diameter and twice the sun's distance from the earth, should collide, the collision would last for a few hours, in the course of which they would be transformed into a violently agitated and incandescent fluid mass, with great heat radiated from it, and swelled out by this heat to possibly one and a half times, or two, or three, or four times the sun's present diameter.

Why Men Fail. Few men come up to their highest measure of success. Some fail through timidity or lack of nerve. They are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fail through fear in venturing on ordinary duties. They lack pluck. Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care or sound judgment. They over-estimate the future, and build air castles and venture beyond their depth, and fail and fall. Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance. They begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of that, and want a change, thinking they can do much better at something else. Thus the fritter life away, and succeed at its end. Others waste time and money, and fail for want of economy. Many fail through ruinous habits; tobacco, whisky, and beer spoil them for business, drive their best customers from them, and scatter their prospects of success. Some fail for want of brains, education, and fitness for their calling; they lack a knowledge of human nature and of the motives that a true man. They have not qualified themselves for their occupation by practical education.—School Supplement.

How Remenyi Used to Travel. Remenyi, the violinist, whose death has been recently chronicled, was an amusing man, but something of a poseur at the same time. In traveling from place to place on his concert tours, while sitting in a car reading a newspaper he would hold a "dummy" violin tucked under his chin. As his eyes absorbed the news his agile fingers ran up and down the strings. The passengers would stare, but he appeared to be heedless of their curious gaze. He always said in reply to any questions on the subject that he was keeping his hand in practice; but the members of his company thought that anything else, for everybody said: "Who is the jolly little fellow with the fiddle?" and there was always some one to reply, "Oh, that's Remenyi."—New York Critic.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

THE HUMOR OF THE FUNNY WRITERS. Footing the Bill—She Worried Him—Masonic Simplicity—A Hint to A Hint Inventors—A Strong Hint, Etc., Etc.

FILLING THE BILL. Mother—"Why, Willie, you can't possibly eat another plate of pudding, can you?" Willie—"Oh, yes, ma, I can. One more plate will just fill the bill."

SNATCHED BALD-HEADED. "If I were bald as you," said Gus De Smith to one of the most prominent citizens of Austin, "I would wear a wig." "I don't see why you should wear a wig if you were bald," was the quiet response. "An empty barn doesn't need any roof."—Texas Siftings.

PERSEVERANCE. "Young man, said a cross old lady on a street car, 'traveller smoking makes me sick.' " "It used to make me sick, too, ma'am," replied the young man, lighting a fresh cigar, "but, Lord, you'll get used to it after a while."

CAUGHT A PROFESSOR. Caller (to Mrs. Hendricks)—Your daughter's husband is an A. M., is he not, Mrs. Hendricks? Mrs. Hendricks (a trifle sour)—Yes, he is about a two o'clock A. M.—N. Y. Sun.

WANTED CORNED BEEF. Householder (ordering)—Ten pounds of corned beef. Grocer—Yes, sir (pushing out cigars); have one, sir? Householder—Simply corned beef; no cabbage, thanks.—Portland Argus.

REASON ENOUGH FOR ANXIETY. Old Lady coming to York—Conductor, there ain't going to be a collision, is there, I hope? Conductor—I guess not. Old Lady—I want you to be very careful. I've got four dozens eggs in this basket.

THE ATTACK TO BE RENewed. Young Man—I love your daughter, sir, devotedly. May I hope for a blessing from you? Old Man—Have you spoken to my daughter upon the subject? Young Man—Yes, and she refused. Old Man—Well, doesn't that settle it? Young Man—No, sir. You forget that I am a life insurance agent, and never take no for an answer.—N. Y. Sun.

HE WAS PREPARED. Miss Sentymen—Ah, Mr. Donaght, does not the sadness of the winter season impress you with a sense of utter wretchedness? Mr. Donaght—Yess, it does. I never stir out now unless I have my umbrella. Miss S.—Your umbrella? Mr. D.—Yaas, to keep off the wain, you know.—Cleveland Sun.

CORN IN EGYPT. Mr. Hayseed (to wife who has returned from church)—What was the sermon about? Mrs. Hayseed—Suthin' about Joseph goin' down to Egypt to buy corn. Mr. Hayseed—Did the dominie say what corn was worth down there? Truth.

SHE CAUGHT HIM. He—What will you have, dear, candy or icecream? She—No, Edward, get me some pop-corn, please! He—Do you like that stuff? She—Yes; I like everything that pops.—Harper's Bazar.

A BIG DIFFERENCE. St. Louis Dame—I hear that our old friend Augustus Smith is married. Chicago Dame—Yes; she married her father's confidential clerk. He—Must have been a quiet wedding. "Oh, no; it was a grand affair." "Why, there was only just a little piece about it in the Chicago papers." "Well, the parents approved the match, you know."—St. Paul Globe.

CHESTNUT BOUGHS. "How bright the heavenly stars are to-night, Mr. Sampson!" "Ah, yes, Miss Smith; but they are dim and lustreless compared with certain earthly ones," he said, looking into her eyes. "And the wind," she went on, "how soft and low, as it gently moves the chestnut trees."

HE WOULD DO HIS PART. George—"Blanche, I think I'll get married." Blanche—"Yes, George, and does your heart beat responsively to some one's?" "Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost support myself, and I think it's a pretty mean girl that won't help a little bit."—Texas Siftings.

BACK IN THE MARKET. He (at a Chicago evening entertainment)—Do you know that very brilliant looking woman at the piano, Miss Breezy? Miss Breezy—Oh, yes, intimately. I will be glad to present you, Mr. Waldo. He—Thanks. Is she an unmarried lady? Miss Breezy—Yes, she has been unmarried twice.

FOUND IT OUT. Bangs had his portrait painted two or three years ago, paying a goodly price for the work. The other day he met the artist on the street, and asked him how he was getting along. "Splendidly," responded the knight of the brush. "I'm overrun with orders. Come in and see my work. It's better than anything I ever did before. I am just finding out that I didn't know how to paint at all when I did your portrait."

SHE MARRIED HIM. Said an aged matron to me once: "When my cousin William came home from his three years' cruise his old blue cloth suit with brass buttons looked very old-fashioned, and I said, 'Cousin William, you should buy yourself some new clothes; you can afford it.' But he answered, 'I do not worry about my clothes, Cousin Mary; I have brought home four shot-bags full of gold pieces, and the girls will marry me anyway now.' And to my 'Did any one marry him?' she replied, while a faint tinge mantled her aged cheeks, 'Yes, I married him.'"

AN ADMIRER. Mrs. Knickerbocker—Where is your husband to-day, Mrs. Van Slyeur? Mrs. Van Slyeur—He went up the Hudson to Nyack. "He frequently goes up there, doesn't he?" "Very often. He is a great lover of nature. He goes to Nyack to admire the beauty of the place. It is so romantic."

SALTED WITH DIAMONDS.

A SHARPER'S PRETENDED DISCOVERY OF VALUABLE MINES. Capitalists Blindfolded and Led Zigzag Through a Wild Region of Arizona—The Scheme Exposed

Among the countless schemes to which the great banker, Ralston, who loved to be called the "Financial King of the Pacific Coast," devoted no small share of the California Bank, of which he was President, was the exploiting of mines in the Pyramid range of mountains, close to the border line which divides Arizona from New Mexico. This was early in the '70's, when speculation was rife and the discovery of bonanzas an everyday event. Among the employes of Ralston in the Pyramid mines was one George Arnold, a man of meagre education, but bright and ambitious. In his shanty on the Arizona side he had over his bacon and beans he was ever dreaming of some plan that would bring Dame Fortune at his waiting feet and shower upon him her princely favors. He saw men making fortunes by a single cast of the die and losing them by a single throw. While yet dreaming his dream of wealth there came to him the bright-colored story of the great diamond discoveries of Cape Colony. His teeming brain at once devised a scheme which, in his way, equaled Low's South Sea Bubble. He had grown unscrupulous in his desire and had come to believe that, with him at least, the end justified the means.

The soil around the Pyramid district was rich in color and had character enough to inaugurate any mining scheme, however wild and impractical. So with a comrade, Jim Haggerty, with whom he had long associated, Arnold made long tours over the surrounding country. After a few weeks of this kind of work he resigned his place in the mines with the given intention of seeking the fairer fields of Mexico.

He next turned up in San Francisco in the fall of 1871. He immediately found Ralston and astonished even that bold operator by revealing that he had discovered in Arizona rich diamond fields quite as extensive as those of Cape Colony. From the gripsack he had brought with him he poured forth a wondrous display of rough diamonds which had been washed from the yielding soil of the new find. They were many and apparently of value.

Ralston, ever ready for a venture, especially one which promised such dazzling results, entered at once into a proposed exploration of the new diamond fields. He introduced Arnold to several leading capitalists who at once became enthusiastic over the new Golconda. With the rapid action peculiar to Californians, the clique who had been led into the secret immediately determined to visit the mines and if found to be all right to purchase Arnold's claims and titles for the modest but snug sum of \$1,000,000. Arnold reluctantly accepted the offer.

In due course of time the party of capitalists interested left San Francisco for the promised land. At Camp Ralston, the headquarters of the Pyramid mining speculation, the eager capitalists were met by Arnold and Haggerty, the latter being introduced as a sort of side partner, like the silent partner of the Admiral of H. M. S. Pinafore. The two worthies were to conduct Ralston and his associates to the diamond fields. The party was led by a route as zigzag as a snake fence and as rough as a corduroy road. Part of the way was along the Gila river to where the Rio Prieto empties into it. At this point the eyes of the jaded capitalist visitors were carefully blindfolded and their animals were led by their guides for some distance further. When they were permitted to see daylight again they were in the midst of a clump of trees which stood on the river's bank. They were given shovels and picks and told to dig anywhere about the clump of trees. Each of the visitors did so and each in turn brought forth one or more of the precious stones they sought for. They were everywhere, and the millionaire miners wiped the clinging soil from off their hands softly, as though it was a sacred deposit.

On their return to San Francisco the capitalists wished to form a company. In ten days it was accomplished. Arnold was paid his \$1,000,000 and made superintendent of the new mines. He at once made known the location of the diamond fields and they were visited by several stockholders in the company. Diamonds were found by each and all of them and all went merry as a marriage bell until Arnold's trick was out for the East.

It was then thought best to call an expert, and Professor King, the well-known geologist, was selected. He first discovered that the ground around the clump of trees on the bank of the Rio Prieto had been cleverly "salted" with refuse diamonds such as may be cheaply bought in the markets of America. It was also found that the diamonds found by the capitalists had been "tried" at Amsterdam, and, as Professor King said, "While diamonds may exist in Arizona, it is hardly to be expected that nature will produce them partly cut or polished."

The members of the new diamond company were both thunderstruck and indignant, and steps were quickly taken to bring Arnold to justice. He was at his home in his native Kentucky, and the machinery of the law was brought to bear upon him there. He was arrested, but was never taken out of the blue grass country for punishment. In some manner he secured his release and entered upon a life of wild enjoyment. His excesses were of short duration, and after five years of the fasting and rioting with ill-gotten wealth his life went on as usual. How much his side partner, Jim Haggerty, received for his share of the plunder was never known, although it must have been a considerable amount. He was looked upon as a friend and tool, rather than a bad sinner, and was left unpunished. However, he died poor and miserable.—Philadelphia Press.

At Flageolet.

Mrs. Tompkins fixes her mind concerning her vacation.

I. It is all very well for Cyrus to say I am particular, but it is no such thing. I have noticed that men always have some disagreeable things to say about their wives, and this is the staple charge against me, which he brings forward as an offset to all possible shortcomings of his own.

II. As for the young ladies of the house, as they call themselves, if there is one of them who will ever see thirty again,

