

THE RIGHT SORT OF GIRL.

He told her she was sweeter than the petals of the rose,
He told her she was fairer than the lily;
She shouted and pretended to turn up her pretty nose,
And she answered: "Jack, I pray you, don't be silly."

Another who was richer and who knew much more than Jack
Came wooing the sweet maiden who had pouted;
He looked upon her fondly, but she only turned her back—
The love that he bestowed on her she scouted.

The man who had the riches and the brains forgot to say
That she was like a rose or like a lily;
Jack came again and flattered her in his old, foolish way,
And she took him, still protesting: "Don't be silly."

—Chicago News.

IN THE SOUL OF A ROSE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

There were thoughtful shades in the soft brown eyes of Alice Dorrance as she walked slowly along the path leading from the river's edge to the lawn. Her white dress and pale pink ribbons fluttered in the afternoon breeze, and made a sharp contrast with the vivid green around and under her feet.

Just now she was trying to solve a problem such as has been presented to most women in their time. Two men loved her, each for different qualities. John Strong had been her friend and protector ever since she could remember, and she knew his loyalty and goodness—but he was a plain, unassuming person, caring little for society or appearance. His leisure hours were given to the study of mechanics. He worked in a machine shop as though proud to wear the overalls and apron. It is true that he looked like one of the sculptured gods as he stood caressing some part of a great intricate machine, but—

The other was a rich man's son, and his long, slender hands were never stained with toil.

Alice thought of both these men, contrasting them, weighing them and sometimes almost deciding in favor of one or the other. One was educated, but a workman. The other was polished, but an idler. As often as she thought she had decided some new question would force her to begin all over again. She had neither father nor mother, and lived with her aunt, who had just married a widowed clergyman with such an array of noisy children that Alice felt that she really could not bear to remain, and she could think of no better way out of the difficulty than to marry.

If she married John she would go to live in the house near the big works where his father had lived. She would always have enough of everything, but unless John invented something valuable he would never be rich. If she married Charles Sturgess she would go to New York to see life as it is in the best society. Her imagination pictured this as an existence of fairy-like beauty with no seamy side.

Still she walked and thought, but came to no decision. She turned toward the lawn leading to the beautiful Hudson and had gone but a few spaces along the path when she came in sight of Charles Sturgess standing beside a rose bush, whose buds were just unfolding. He stood a moment looking at the bush then chose the most perfect and loveliest bud of all and broke it off short without a stem.

Alice stepped forward just then, and as he bowed and spoke he tore the bud apart and pressed it to his nostrils. He held it thus for a brief space inhaling the fragrance, then cast it upon the gravelled path and ground it down out of sight with his heel.

Alice felt a chill pass over her. He must have noticed, as he smiled and said:

"I love roses so."
"I shouldn't think it."
"But I do. I love to choose an unopened bud and tear it apart and inhale its very soul."

"And throw it away after."
"Why keep it? But let us return to the river. The sun will soon set and we can see the glory from—"
"I must go in. Excuse me." Saying this Alice fairly flew to the door, and from there to her room. She had had a shock, and she needed solitude to measure the hurt. The man smiled gently, sauntered on to the river side and looked at the sunset alone. He could afford to wait. He was sure of her.

In the meantime things were not going well at the machine works. The engineer had always been reliable, and with him in charge of the great engine that drove the ponderous machinery all over the immense works no one gave a thought for his personal safety. But this day, no one knew how it happened, the engineer lay in a stupor on the ground, and the pressure of steam was so great that the whole place trembled as the wheels whirled around. Before the danger was discovered it was almost too late. Hundreds of lives were at stake, and there was no one to save them. John sprang to the engine to find that the safety

valve was closed and out of order. He leaped up and seized the bar with his bare hands and bore his whole weight upon it—though he felt it burn its way to the very bone.

He never knew how long he held on to the bar that let off the steam, but when he regained consciousness, he was lying outside on the grass. One by one the faces he knew dawned dimly out of the mist before his eyes. After awhile they took him home and a doctor dressed the burns.

Next morning John was sitting propped up in an armchair with both hands bandaged. His face was pale and dark rings around his eyes showed his suffering, but his thankfulness for the safety of all those men overbalanced his pain. And yet there was little hope that he would ever use those hands again—hands that had been so clever to fashion wonders in steel and iron. He closed his eyes.

Alice had heard the story that same night. She could not go to him. She had no right. But in the morning she saw clearer, and, rising, she went into the garden and plucked another bud from the same bush and hastened with it in her hand toward John's home. On the way she met Charles in his immaculate morning costume. Something new and decided in Alice's face caught his attention. He advanced jauntily, saying:

"May I walk with you? I suppose you are going to visit our mechanical friend?"

"Thank you, no. I am going alone."

"Ah! Well, I will say goodbye, as I leave here tonight." He watched her face and saw it clear, as if relieved.

"Then we will say goodbye," and she walked on, as if in haste.

Something like a mist came into his eyes and a choke in his throat as he murmured:

"I am sorry, for she is as good as she is beautiful, and she deserves a better fate than stagnation here."

Alice was soon standing by John's side. He opened his eyes to see her handing him a rosebud, while tears rained down her cheeks.

"What is it Alice? What troubles you?" he asked.

"Oh, John, John! I am so sorry for your hands."
"Don't cry, Allie, don't cry. They'll be well in a few days."

But Alice sunk on her knees and went on crying and kissing the bandaged hands until John put those maimed members around her and lifted her face to his. She laid the rosebud on his lips and he reverently kissed it, and as he did so it unfolded of itself to perfect beauty.—Chicago Record.

A RIVAL TO PAUL REVERE.

The Midnight Ride of William Dawes, Who Roused the Patriots on That Occasion.

The chief patriotic event of Patriots' day, 1899, was the unveiling of a tablet placed by the Sons of the Revolution upon the tomb in King's Chapel burying ground which marks the resting place of William Dawes, whose daring midnight ride of April 18-19, 1775, was of the same character and accomplished the same purpose as the ride of Paul Revere.

Major Frank H. Briggs delivering the address said:

"Poetry has so adorned with its attractive charm the ride of Paul Revere that to the average mind Revere was the only man who had anything to do with warning the people at the time of the expedition of the British from Boston on the night of April 18, 1775.

"As a matter of fact, however, Revere, although one of the leaders, was at the same time only a spoke in the wheel, and though from Longfellow's poem even the child can learn with interest of the poetic details of Revere's ride, yet the similar ride of William Dawes, of just as much value to the community, has not been made famous or heralded abroad as a daring deed.

"Longfellow has assumed with poetic license to place Revere in different tows hour by hour, and at the outset he is apparently standing on the Charlestown shore waiting for the signal from the old North belfry. The rides of Paul Revere and William Dawes were practically simultaneous as regards the start from the town of Boston.

"The facts which led up to the ride were these: It had been known for some time previous to April 19 that the British were preparing to make a movement with the probable destination at Concord, as munitions of war were being gathered there, and Hancock, Adams and other Revolutionary leaders were in that town and vicinity.

"Joseph Warren, who had remained at Boston, had arranged certain details as to notification from inside the town. Revere's own narrative states that it had been agreed with a Colonel Conant and some other gentlemen in Charlestown that if the British army went out by water two lanterns should be shown in the North Church steeple, and if by land one, as a signal, for we were apprehensive it would be difficult to cross over Charles river or get over Boston Neck.

o'clock—he sent Revere by water to Charlestown, thence to Lexington across the country, to acquaint Hancock and Adams of the movement, and arouse the country.

"Revere immediately called upon Captain John Pulling and desired him to make the signal at once in the North church steeple. Richard Devens and Colonel Conant, who were on the Charlestown shore, saw the signal and sent a message at once to warn Hancock and Adams.

"Revere then went across to Charlestown in a boat, and joined by Devens, started on his mission. He got to Parson Clark's at Lexington, where he found Hancock and Adams, about midnight, and in the course of half a hour he was joined by Dawes. After some refreshments they rode on to Concord and were joined by Dr. Prescott, but near Hartwell's tavern in lower Lincoln, became separated, and Revere was afterward captured.

"William Dawes was of old Puritan stock. The first William Dawes was a mason by trade, and settled in Braintree in 1635, and afterward moved to Boston, and his house on Sudbury street was pulled down in 1775 after five generations had successively lived in it.

"The William Dawes in whom we are interested was born on April 6, 1745, and lived on Ann street. He learned the trade of a tanner, and his yard was at the corner of Sudbury and Friend streets.

"He was married in 1768 and became a major in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company. In 1775 he was the leader of those who saved the two small field pieces of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company from capture by General Gage.

"When Boston became unsafe from siege he moved his family to Worcester, and after the seat of war was moved from New England was appointed commissary by Congress at Worcester. He died Feb. 25, 1799, and was described in the language of that day as a 'very fearless and brave man who never shrank from any post of duty.'

"The Sons of the Revolution, believing that Major Dawes's services were worthy of the aims of the society, therefore place this enduring memorial of the work of so staunch a patriot. In this they have received the cooperation of the granddaughter of William Dawes, Miss Julia Goddard of Brookline, whom I am pleased to see present.

"We transfer, however, to the custody of the city of Boston this tablet, and trust that it may stimulate our descendants to equally noble and brave deeds should occasion ever arise."—Boston Herald.

Doing a Golden Deed.

The portion of land on the Tichborne estate in England known as the "Tichborne Crawls" received its name some fifty years ago because of a remarkable feat of endurance accomplished by a woman. She was the humane and sensible wife of an overbearing Lord Tichborne, and she took sorely to heart the condition of their wretched tenantry, and made every effort in her power to help them; but she was a cripple.

The lady could see that they needed the spur of industry and responsibility, and she often besought her husband to set off to them a tract of glebe or arable land, giving each laborer a life lease of the soil and the annual proceeds of his tillage. Her importunities finally tired him out, and he told her, half in anger, half in jest, that he would set apart to the poor tenantry for nine hundred and ninety-nine years as much land as she would travel alone in a month, beginning at the corner of the parish churchyard.

The crippled lady was resolute, and she surprised her husband by taking him at his word. Carried by her attendants to the churchyard corner, she began her severe task. The servants kept watch, but she could not allow them to assist her. She persevered. Every morning, except Sundays, she was set down at her last finishing point and made her painful day's progress, in all weathers, till, at the end of the month, she had surrounded a number of acres that astonished herself and every one else.

With her bent body and feeble limbs, her motion was little more than a crawl, but she won the land, and the tract has been called the "Tichborne Crawls" ever since.—London Times.

He Would Stand the Ants.

A soldier of the Twentieth Kansas tells this story at the expense of a fellow soldier: "When we were sent out on the firing line Pete Bogan was lying behind a tree, out of the way of bullets. All at once he yelled out like a wild man, 'Captain, I cannot stand these blasted ants biting me all the time!' Zip! A bullet passed close to his boot. 'On second thoughts, captain,' he yelled, 'I can stand them!'"

The Impartiality of British Law.

British law is inexorable. Neither the high nor the low escape. Queen Victoria once incurred a fine of 7s. 6d. and paid it. This was after the birth of her second son, the Duke of Edinburgh. The registration of his appearance upon the scene was forgotten until after the expiration of the legal limit of six weeks.

DOLLAR WATCHES LIKED

MILLIONS OF THEM NOW IN USE AND MORE COMING.

They Are Simply an Evolution of the Clock—The Way They Are Made and Why They Are So Popular and Durable—The Works Are Made of Brass.

About 275,000 dollar watches were sold by a single firm of manufacturers last year. The same firm estimates that the sale for this year will reach a million. This is a very good advance from the figures of 1894, the first year that the dollar watch really dawned upon the country. The firm sold 30,000 that year. The price of the watch is surprising enough, but the really astonishing thing about it is the fact that a guarantee goes with the time-piece. A dollar watch is one thing; a guaranteed dollar watch is another; the agreement is as follows: "The makers agree that if, without abuse, this watch fails to keep good time, they will upon its return to them, direct or through agent named above, within one year from above date, repair or replace it with a new one."

"What do you mean by 'good time'?" asked the reporter for the New York Sun.

"Well, that depends a good deal on the man who buys the watch. Not what we mean by it, but what the purchaser considers good time. Some men are more particular than others."

"Do you guarantee exact time?"

"No. There is rarely a watch, no matter how expensive it may be, that keeps absolutely exact time. But if one of our watches varies, say more than a minute a day, we will make it right or replace it with a new one."

"How can so cheap a watch be made?"

"To give a literal answer: by special machinery designed for the manufacture of all the different parts of the watch. The work being done by machinery, the capacity of a plant is enormously increased. And the output being so large, the profit on each watch can be reduced to a minimum. We manufacture 3000 watches a day now. With a working day of ten hours, that means five watches every minute. We employ about 600 workmen, but, of course, many of them are unskilled laborers. We are our own manufacturers, our own agents, our own jobbers, and, to a large extent, our own retailers. There's a big saving in cutting down four profits to one. We make a profit, I assure you. We are not in the business for our health. We deal in various other things, by the way, but the watch is the backbone of our business."

"Is the movement the same in principle as that of a more expensive watch?"

"Very nearly. The dollar watch is really an evolution of the small clock. For several years we experimented in making a clock which could be carried in the pocket. We made over 200,000 of these clocks, all the time working over the problem of how to make it smaller and cheaper. We made four different watches, ranging in price from \$1 to \$2. The movement is practically the same in each one. The dollar watch has a brass case, gilt or nickel plated. With the exception of the other watches we make, it has the smallest lantern pinion movement made. Including plates, it is only three-eighths of an inch in thickness."

"Of course the watch itself is thicker than this. A good deal of the additional thickness is due to the fact that it is wound and set as a clock is, except that the back of the case closes over the screws for this purpose. The screw for winding has one of the 'wings,' which fold down when not in use. Beside, it is the pivot for setting. There is a cap over the works in order to exclude dust, the case not being a double one. There is not the fine adjustment which is in expensive watches; there is no jewel or engraving. The ornaments are absent, but the necessities are there. Only four turns of the winding screw will run the movement from thirty to thirty-six hours. There is a full complement of hands—hour, minute and second. The watch complete weighs three ounces. The \$1.25 watch is a stem winder, but is set by the screw at the back. The \$1.50 watch is both stem-winding and stem setting. The \$2 watch is silver-plated and has an engraved case and back plate.

One point about the construction of these watches is that many of the different parts of the works which in an ordinary watch are made of steel are made of brass. The makers of the watch say that they do not emphasize this point in describing the watch simply because there is a popular notion that brass is cheap and undesirable. They say that it is by no means cheap, especially lately. They also say that their watch will stand rather rough treatment better than one with delicate steel works. Although brass is liable to corrosion, steel is a prey to rust, and, so say the dollar watchmakers, the rust is worse for the watch. They say, too, that the dollar watch is especially valuable where insensibility to magnetic influences is desirable.

"We know of several of our watches which went through the Santiago campaign," said the manufacturer, "and gave good satisfaction. They are sold

all over and to all classes of men. The bankers and brokers buy them as well as the poor man. Men often go hunting or fishing or some place where they don't want to take an expensive watch, and when they can get a good one for a dollar they buy it and leave their fine one where it will be safe. I calculate that there are two million dollar watches carried now and that there will be another million before 1900 rolls around.

A PISCATORIAL PARADISE.

Such Is the Rangeley (Me.) Lake Region—Log Camps Run by Hotels.

Now is the time when everyone is thinking of going a fishing. The first touch of summer, shown in the budding trees, the fresh green grass and the clear blue spring skies, makes one sigh for a breathing spell, a chance to breath in God's fresh north woods air, which expels the worn out indoor vitiated air which has filled our lungs during the past winter.

Nowhere in the United States do brook trout grow as large as in the Rangeley Lakes and in no waters can more trout be taken than in Moosehead Lake.

Travel to the fishing waters of Maine has developed so rapidly the past few years that the railroads now offer every facility of comfort in travel to induce the angler to visit his favorite fishing ground—so that a person can now leave the Boston North Union station in the through vestibuled trains via the Maine Central and Boston & Maine railroads at 9 o'clock in the morning and in the evening he can be eating his supper cooked by his guide in camp, or at his hotel, and perhaps land a few trout which rise so freely just at sundown.

Camp life is much in vogue in the Rangeley region, many of the hotels running a line of log camps in connection which prove very attractive, giving as they do a separate home for each party.

The spring fishing train service to Rangeley went into effect May 8th, giving two trains daily from Portland; leaving Portland at 8.30 a. m. lands the passenger on the shores of Rangeley Lake at 3.20 p. m., and train leaving Portland at 1.15 p. m. arrives at Rangeley at 7.05 p. m.

The Grand Lake region in Washington county, Maine, is fast proving its claims to affording as fine salmon and trout fishing as can be had anywhere in Maine.

Heretofore these waters have been known to but a favored few, who kept secret the charms of scenery and remarkable fishing which the lakes can give, but this is being slowly noised abroad and it is destined to become a favorite place for many in future years. The lakes are beautifully situated in the midst of a rolling, semi-mountainous country, and the hard wood growth reaches to the water's edge, there being no "dry kye" to offend the eye, as is the case where other lakes have been dammed and overflowed, killing off the wood growth near the water's edge.

The lakes are narrow, affording a continued changing vista of most beautiful scenes, and the waters are fed by cold springs which bubble up through a sand bottom strewn with boulders, which make it an ideal place for the breeding of trout salmon.

A few good camps are located on the shores of the lakes, which are best reached by rail to the Maine Central station at Winn and backboarded canoe from there to Bottle Lake and drive trip from that place or by the Washington County R. R. to Princeton, thence steamer and stage.

The salmon do not run much heavier than six pounds, but where one large one is caught in other lakes a dozen, weighing from a pound to five pounds, are taken in Grand lake.

Getting Trade to Town.

A Harmony (Minn) correspondent of the Advertising World writes that publication as follows: The business people of this town of 600 inhabitants get together one day in each week and offer a prize of \$5 to the farmer who drives the greatest distance to the town on business. He must be a farmer and he must come on business. No tramps will be considered. He must market a few hogs or kine, or some products of the farm, or he must come and do some trading—either buy some hardware or general merchandise, get a shave or patronize the dentist or the doctor. He must prove conclusively the distance he came, and the farmer who has made the longest trip gets the purse. It has proven a great drawing card for the town, and men come with their families forty-five miles distant. The matter is advertised in the Harmony News.

A Horse That Wanted a Door.

The sun blazing down on a race course, far, far east of Suez, and on a field of hot, excited horses and men, waiting till the eccentricities of the starter and an even more eccentric horse combine to get us in line. The patience of the former is at last exhausted. "Bring up that horse! Come up on that beast! You'll get into trouble over this, I tell you," and so forth. The Australian lightweight replies patiently: "I can't help it, sir. This is a cab 'orse, this 'orse is. He won't start till the door shuts—and I haven't got a door!"—The Academy.

MARTHA.

Martha was a model woman
Wife of Moses Jacob Brown,
Finest cook in all the country,
Best housekeeper in town;
But she died and went to heaven,
There to wear a martyr's crown.

Moses E. had kine and cattle,
Sheep and horses fair to see,
But a woman's help was needed,
Hiring much too dear would be;
So he came a twelvemonth later,
Courtied, won and married me.

Now at breakfast time he tells me
How she used the cakes to bake,
Dinner comes and still he praises
Soups and stews she used to make,
While for tea I hear indignations
Of her quince preserve and cake.

Now a woman's only human,
And a pretty girl when wed,
For her golden curls and dimples,
For her laughing lips so red,
Sometimes tires of endless lectures,
Each extolling one that's dead.

So I fancy some fine morning
Ere my temper's quite subdued,
I shall tell him, what a pity—
He of course may think it rude—
That he isn't up in heaven
Eating Martha's "angel food."
—Lalla Mitchell, in What to Eat.

HUMOROUS.

"Father, could you please tell me what you consider fine wood?" "Why, sawdust, my son."

Sweet Sixteen—And do you have to expel students often? College Prex—Oh, no! Once is usually sufficient.

"Haven't you any faith in men Dorothy?" "Yes, I have faith in them, but I never believe a word they say."

Wayworn Watson—Mister, I am slowly starving. Hargeaves—Of course. No one would expect you to do anything in a hurry.

"Henry, we'd get along better if you had more will-power." "No, Martha; we'd get along better if you didn't have quite so much."

Staylate—Just one more kiss, darling; just one, and then I'll go! Voice from the Stair—Then for heaven's sake, Nan, give him one!

If ever there comes a time, we note,
When the winds get up and squeal,
It's when the man with the long-tailed coat
Goes out to ride his wheel.

Pendipp—I don't suppose you have any confidence in faith cure, doctor? Dr. Donna—Well, to an extent, all doctors take patients on faith, you know.

He—Be mipe, darling. You are the lamp that alone can light my existence. She—Yes, dear; but papa doesn't think you are a good match for me.

"Pa, what's a rebuff?" "You watch ma the next time I come home late for dinner and try to say something that will tickle her; then you'll see what a rebuff is."

"Why does he make all those motions with his arm before he pitches the ball?" "Those are signals to the catcher. The two men always work in concert." "Dear me! Is that the 'concert pitch' I've heard about so often?"

Mrs. Darlington—John, I spoke to papa about having him take you into business, but he couldn't do it, because you have too many vague ideas. Mr. Darlington—Hurrah! That's clever of the old boy. My first wife's father used to say I had no ideas at all.

Siamese Football.

The Siamese youth have only one game worth considering, and that one is indigenous—or native to Burma—the question of parentage being a much-mooted one. At all events, the game requires a certain amount of activity, and is very interesting to the on-looker. It is a kind of football—in fact, I have heard it called Burmese football—played with a ball about four inches in diameter, made of braided rotan, very hollow, very strong and resilient. The number of contestants is not arbitrarily fixed, but play is sharpest when there are enough to form a circle about ten feet in diameter. The larger the circle after it has passed the desirable diameter the slower the play. The game is to keep the ball tossing into the air without breaking the circle. As a man fails at his opportunity he drops out, and when they remain but four or six the work is sharp and very pretty. The ball is struck most generally with the knee, but also with the foot, from in front, behind, and at the side. Some become remarkably clever. I have seen a player permit the ball to drop directly behind his back, and yet, without turning, return it clear over his head and straight into the middle of the circle by a well-placed backward kick of his heel.—Harper's Weekly.

An Artistic Proposal.

Loffer—Indeed, Miss DeVine, I must say it. You are the star of the links.

Miss DeVine—Now that is very nice of you. And you are the first to discover me, too.

"Then may I have the astronomer's reward?"

"What is that, Mr. Loffer?"
"The right to give you my name."
—Brooklyn Life.

When He Remembers.

"We hardly ever see any congress gaiters now," said the elderly boarder. "That's a fact," said the cheerful idiot, "though I can remember when they might have been seen on every hand."—Indianapolis Journal.