

THE TWO LOVERS.

THE MAN.
She dries her golden hair upon the golden sand,
Moist breezes steal from over seas to flit
by her;
She seems the queenliest girl in all the land,
And I, a Heaven-blessed mortal just to sit by her—
But, though the sun drops kisses from above
to her,
A man must not be rash, you know;
One simply can't refrain from making love
to her;
But, then, she has no cash, you know!

THE BOY.
She dries her golden hair upon the golden sand—
The very sun is glad to shine above her
so,
She lets that fellow lead her by her little
hand,
When wading in the surf, although I love
herso,
Of course, it's true! she really doesn't know
it yet—
I's pose I'll have to wait, you know,
As I'm not big enough to show it yet—
Because I'm only eight, you know.

If I were big I'd give her everything I
had—
A thousand marbles, balls and tops—and
marry her;
I'd work for her all day and try to make her
glad,
And over muddy places I should carry
her,
I'd fight for her, and be a soldier, too, for
her,
And everything that's great, you know,
I'd love her, then, forever, and be true for her—
But, oh! I'm only eight, you know!
—O'Neill Latham, in Pack.

A CONNECTICUT PRISCILLA.

How She Rebuked Her John Alden.

BY G. H.

If anyone had hinted to pretty Mattie Woolston that she would ever figure as a heroine in a story she would have opened her brown eyes wide in amazement. She was the only child of good old Dr. Woolston of Greypoint, a thriving village in Connecticut, and in the circle of village society was considered at once a belle and an heiress. Hair and eyes the color of a chestnut when first the burr uncloses, a complexion as soft as satin and white as milk, with the prettiest rose tint of color on the round cheeks; white, even teeth set in a pretty, smiling mouth, and a figure tall, slight and graceful, were the attractions in appearance of the village beauty.

But those who knew Mattie Woolston well were wont to say that her pretty face and figure were the least of her charms. She had a low, musical voice, a manner graceful and easy, high-bred by intuition of what was dignified and maidenly; she was the neatest housekeeper in Greypoint, and all her tasteful dresses and hats were the work of her own deft fingers. She had read intelligently and could converse well.

So it is no matter for wonder that Mattie had many lovers; but foremost upon the list, to all appearance, was handsome Ned Gordon, who was "college taught" and whose father shared the aristocratic honors of Greypoint with the doctor and minister, being the only lawyer in the village.

The minister was a bachel'or of nearly 40 years of age, who had come but recently to Greypoint to preside over the church where the Woolstons and the Gordons had each a pew. He was a grave, reserved man, whose face bore the impress of sorrows and cares conquered, and succeeded by the serene peace that is far above the careless content that has never known interruption. He was not a handsome man, but had large, tender eyes under a broad white brow, and these would irradiate his comely face with a light almost divine when he preached with an eloquence and simplicity rarely combined. His earnest simplicity was the deepest, highest eloquence, and men went from his church slowly and thoughtfully, pondering upon truths that were but homely, everyday facts, but suddenly had been illuminated by earnest eloquence into God-ordained paths to salvation or perdition.

One of these men, young, wealthy and full of talent, was Ned Gordon, Mattie's ardent admirer from boyhood. He had left her in sobbing pain of love to go to boarding school, had felt a heart torn when college took him from Mattie and had become more devoted than ever when he came home "for good," to find her grown to womanhood, fairer than ever.

The minister had been wont to say of Ned Gordon, when he considered the subject at all, that he "was not a bad fellow, as fellows go," being simply an idle lagger-on to his father's wealth, a desultory student of musty law books when the mood seized him, floating carelessly down life's stream, doing no especial harm by the way, but assuredly doing no good, either. Of his personal responsibility in the scheme of creation he had never thought until Harvey Stillman came to preside over the white church at Greypoint, where Ned's fine tenor was quite a feature in the choir. It must be confessed that, under the dull, prosy teaching of Harvey Stillman's predecessor, the choir seat had been a gathering place for much flirtation and mischief-making among the belles and beaux of the village, and Ned's chief magnet was the certainty of sitting near Mattie and hearing her clear, sweet soprano join his own voice.

But before Harvey Stillman had been a month at Greypoint Ned was un-
easily conscious that many of his words were as dagger thrusts at his own simple life, and, waking to this consciousness, he also wakened to another disagreeable fact, namely, that Mattie was also realizing that life was

a more earnest, real thing than she had before pictured it to herself.

She had never been a drone in the hive, but she had become more actively useful outside of her little home world, visiting, in a quiet, unostentatious way, amongst the poorest of her father's patients, doing good in a humble spirit, but with a sincere desire to help, as far as possible, those who needed her gentle ministrations.

Ned loved her more than ever for the gentle self-denials she practised so quietly that only those who were benefited knew of them; but, to his great dismay, there came a little girl between himself and his love, widening so gradually he could not tell where it had commenced or would end, fully five miles. Get in and Black Prince will soon carry us there."

"But you?"
"My time is yours. Do not refuse me."

The minister accepted the invitation, and before he fully realized what he was saying Ned was making him a confidant of all his perplexities and resolutions, till even his love story came out in earnest words. Led on by the quietly expressed sympathy in his resolves to enter upon a noble and more useful life, impetuous Ned, by a sudden inspiration, said:

"If only Mattie could know how much it would help me to feel sure of her love! I cannot say if she ever cared for me as I care for her, but if I could believe she would be my wife when I deserved her it would stimulate me as no other hope on earth could do."

"You think she loves you?"
Harvey Stillman's very lips were white as he asked the question.

"I did think so once. Now I would give all I own to be sure of it."
There was much more to the same purpose, till Ned, with a sudden gleam of hope, asked the minister to plead his cause.

"No one has as much influence as you have. She looks up to you as to a father," said Ned, never seeing how his listener winced at the comparison; "and if you were to tell her how her love would aid me she might believe I do not always mean to be the idler she has known."

"I will see her," was the grave reply. "If she loves you she shall have the happiness of giving you the encouragement you desire."

But when the drive was over and the minister entered his study the quiet gravity of his face broke up into an expression of keenest suffering. He had borne many sorrows in his life. Death had taken his nearest and dearest; poverty had laid her heavy hand upon him; temptations had assailed him, only driven back by prayerful struggles. He had hoped to find in Greypoint rest, after a long battle in life. His salary promised him an easy competence and some leisure for studies he loved, without neglect of his higher duties. But before he had been in his new home some weeks Mattie Woolston's sweet, earnest face, her goodness, her unobtrusive, sincere piety had awakened in his heart an emotion he had never hoped to experience. Love had been a far-off possibility for happier lives, and he had not realized that it was seeking entrance into his own till Ned Gordon roused him to the consciousness of what his deep interest in Mattie signified.

He loved her and he had undertaken to plead the cause of another to her! Thought became such torture that he resolved to have the dreaded interview over, to know the worst at once. He found Mattie in the parlor of her father's handsome house, and, fearing for his own strength, told his errand gently.

The girl looked at him with white cheeks and a startled expression, as if she had received a sudden, unexpected blow where she had looked for kindness. Her great brown eyes had a hunted, piteous look that it went to his heart to see. She struggled for composure before she trusted her

voice to speak, and it was low and tremulous when she said:

"Since you are Mr. Gordon's ambassador, tell him from me that he has my most sincere good wishes for his success in his new life. He has no warmer friend, no more earnest well-wisher than myself. But I can never be his wife. I do not love him. We have been like brother and sister from childhood, and I can give him my sisterly affection, nothing more."

For the first time since he was a mere boy he saw that Mattie gave him only the warm friendship of years of brotherly and sisterly intercourse, where he had given the first and only love of his life. She seemed drifting from him, absorbed in her new duties and leaving him but little margin of time for the recreations they had shared for years. He was appalled by the fear of losing her, and yet she kept him from telling her either his hopes or his fears.

"She thinks I am an idle, good-for-nothing fellow," he thought, "and I never got any chance to tell her how I mean to buckle on my armor, too, and do my share of work. I am studying hard, and father will give me a start in my profession that can be made a comfort to the afflicted and a light to the down-trodden. I mean to be a lawyer. Mattie can wish me to be, but I can't get a word with her now. Last evening she was with that poor, dying child of Crossman's, and today she is trying to comfort his mother. The last time I called she was at the Dorcas, and when I do see her she is not the careless, merry-hearted Mattie of old. She thinks I am the same, though, and despises me for an idle good-for-nothing."

Some such pondering was in Ned's mind when, driving up the main street of the village, he overtook Harvey Stillman, going in the same direction. He reined up at once.

"If you are going my way, Mr. Stillman," he said, "would you let me drive you to your destination?"

"I am afraid I am going too far for you," was the reply. "I am on my way to Hawson's place."

"How fortunate I met you. It is I think he is sincere in his resolution to make his life more earnest and useful than it has ever been," Harvey Stillman said, his own pain urging him still to plead Ned's cause.

"I hope he will persevere in his resolve. He may make a noble man."

"But his love—"
"I can never return," she said, resolutely. "Pray leave me now. I—I am not well."

He left her. Only a few feet from the door he turned and retraced his steps. He had satisfied his conscience; had pleaded the cause of the younger, handsomer man, whose pleasure money probably doubled and trebled his own entire income. Faithfully he had placed before Mattie all Ned's pleadings, all her influence might do for him, and he had won only a steady refusal of the suit he urged.

Now he would risk his own fate. But at the door he paused, for Mattie had thrown herself in a deep armchair, and with her face hidden was sobbing with a perfect passion of grief.

Was it for Ned? Did she already repent her decision? Irresolute whether to retreat or advance, Harvey stood in the doorway till Mattie, neither seeing nor hearing him, felt she was not alone and looked up. In a moment she was on her feet, and for the first time the minister saw her eyes flash with anger.

"Why do you come back?" she said. "Have you not sufficiently humiliated me?"

"I?" he cried. "I humiliate you!"
"What else is it to come to me to plead Ned Gordon's love! Is he an idiot that he cannot speak himself, but must make my name a byword by prating of his love to every stranger?"

"Miss Woolston, you misjudge him and me—me most of all, if you imagine I desire to humiliate you—I, who honor you above all other women—I, who came, tearing my own heart, to plead against it for your happiness. Do not judge me harshly, Mattie, for my love's sake!"

She had so visibly brightened as he spoke, such soft, dewy happiness rested in the brown eyes, such tremulous smiles gathered around the small mouth that Harvey Stillman felt his own heart swell with rapture.

"Mattie," he cried, "I am poor, many years older than you are, and yet I love you with all the strength of my heart!"

"And I love you!"
Simply as a child she told the truth of her own heart. He was not a man for any outburst of rapture. Tenderly he folded her in his arms, saying softly:

"Thank God, darling!"
Nobody but Mattie and her betrothed knew why Ned Gordon resolved to continue his studies in New York instead of remaining with his father at Greypoint; but years later, when he came back to the little village to take his father's practice, Harvey Stillman felt, with grateful emotion, that the good resolutions had not faltered, but had ennobled and purified the entire life of his old rival, while Mattie gave a cordial welcome to the pretty blue-eyed wife who had won and kept the heart of her old lover.

There are nearly 130,000 Mus-
salmans under the British flag.

LOBSTERS ARE SCARCE.

NATURAL SUPPLY DYING OUT AND EXTERMINATION IMMINENT.

Futile Efforts of the United States Fish Commissioners to Restock the Waters Along the New England Coast—The Eggs in the Hatcheries.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the United States fish commission to restock the waters along the New England coast with lobsters, the annual supply of 2,500,000 pounds from Maine is nearly exhausted, and the government having become alarmed, has sent the fish commission steamer Grampus, Captain Griffin, to the Maine coast to buy female lobsters and transplant them at the hatcheries in Gloucester.

The relative scarcity of the crustacean has caused an increase in price of the canned article in every Maine town, and the prices now are higher than ever before.

Fifteen years ago the annual catch of lobsters along the New England coast exceeded 100,000,000, and over 15,000 men were employed in the industry. Of this business, declares the Bangor Commercial, Maine furnished more than one-half, but today over 90 per cent. of the canned lobsters are brought from the British provinces.

An old lobster fisherman, who for years has followed the business, said the other day that when he began the live lobsters were regarded as a nuisance because of their interference with fish bait, and often they were destroyed as ruthlessly as crabs are today. The farmers along the coast would drive down to the water's edge at low tide and fork them up on their wagons in great numbers. They were then shipped to market and sold at a ridiculously low price—4 cents a pound at wholesale in New York.

The lobster as a dish soon grew in general appreciation, and then the fishermen found more profit in gathering them than troling for fish. Then the canning factories began to be erected on the coast and rapidly extended the consumption of the lobsters. As the industry increased, the canning factories multiplied, until the high-water mark of the lobster canning business was reached in about 1888, when the output of the Maine factories was over 2,500,000 pounds, representing a value of \$200,000.

Today the lobster industry has declined to such a point that it may never again play such an important part in the commerce of the country unless the present object of the fish commission is accomplished. The latter established a fish hatchery at Woods Hole, Mass., three years ago, and since it was put in operation one of the vessels belonging to the department at Washington has made annual trips to the Maine coast for seed lobsters to transfer them at the hatchery. Other hatcheries have been put in operation along the coast, but no big results have been obtained.

"The lobster is slow to grow," said the old salt, "and then, too, they have so many enemies in the water that the percentage that ever reaches maturity is necessarily small. In the early days of the lobster industry only large ones were taken by the fisherman. These were so abundant that the small ones were ignored. In those days a single lobster filled two or three cans, while today it takes several of the average size to fill a can. Even in the British provinces, where the canning industry thrives best, most of the large lobsters have been killed, and the managers of the factories calculate upon from three to five lobsters to fill a can. A fifteen-pounder would be a big curiosity. Only a month ago a lobster weighing eighteen pounds was taken near Portland, and it was such a curiosity that it was sent to a museum in Boston. There is a lobster preserved in the Smithsonian Institution that weighed eighteen pounds when it was captured, and those who have seen it declare that it was a young one and had not attained its full growth when taken."

"Reliable records show that specimens weighing from thirty to thirty-five pounds were captured. Such a lobster would measure nearly five feet long, including claws, and prove a mighty formidable antagonist for one in the water."

Captain Griffin of the Grampus says he had no trouble in getting enough female lobsters from the fishermen. The steamer takes a trip each day to the fishing grounds and buys up all the female lobsters at a good price. The fishermen are much more willing to catch female lobsters than they were some years ago, on account of the high price paid by the government for them. Formerly the fishermen would take a female with eggs attached, and scraping the eggs from her, release her. The eggs were considered as much of a delicacy as shad roe nowadays.

"The work of catching the lobster is nothing compared with the hatching," said Captain Griffin. "The work of hatching the young ones at the different stations ends about the first of July. The female lobster breeds once only in two years, but she makes up for this loss of time by producing a large number of eggs."

Sleeping Bear, a full-blooded Gros Ventre Indian, successfully conducts a general store at Great Falls, Mont. He will not give his own people credit, but extends it to a limited number of others.

An Indian Storekeeper.

ten-inch lobster will produce about 10,000 eggs, while a nineteen inch one will give over 75,000. It does not, at this rate, require a great number of female lobsters to produce several million eggs a year. New England and Canada make it punishable to capture egg-bearing lobsters.

"We take these eggs to the hatcheries, where they are kept in hatching jars, filled with water heated to the proper temperature, until they hatch out. The young creatures when hatched out are less than an inch long and for a time they swim as ordinary fish. They are turned loose when they are an inch or two long, and then begin their perilous life in the waters of the coast.

A large percentage of them never pass beyond the stages of infancy, and the few which survive this period are then compelled to face new dangers incident to the shedding process. Every now and then the crustacean finds that he is outgrowing the shell, sheds it, and takes on another one, much as the crab does. This process is dangerous, and for a time the creature is weak and helpless. Every part of the armor must be removed, and in the process the animal becomes weak and thin, and the fishermen do not consider them fit to eat. Before the old shell has been discarded a new thin one has been provided, but it takes a long time to make it of much protective benefit.

There are few things in the water which can overcome a full-fledged lobster, and he apparently knows it, for he does not hesitate to attack one of his enemies of the days of his infancy, and he squeezes and cracks them with infinite pleasure. He will hunt for fish and clams all day, digging up the mud and cracking the shells of the clams, with ease. When clams are scarce the lobsters lie in wait for fish, flounders being particularly welcome."

THE GAME OF MOCCASIN.

The Curious Indian Original of the "Shell Racket."

John Tipton, one of the commissioners who chose the site of the state capital of Indiana, and who has left a diary of his wilderness journey and the attending events, tells how, on two or three occasions, he found his companions engaged in the game of "moccasin." It would be difficult now, perhaps, to find one who from memory could give information concerning this game, but the late Robert Duncan has left a fugitive description of it.

Moccasin was a gambling game much practised among the Delaware Indians, and was borrowed of them by the white settlers. As originally played, a deer skin was spread upon the ground and a half-dozen upturned moccasins arranged in a semi-circle within easy reach of the player. The latter, holding to view a good-sized bullet, then quickly thrust his hand under each moccasin in turn, leaving the bullet under one of them. This was done so skillfully as to leave the onlooker in doubt, and the gambling consisted in betting where the bullet was. This was called "moccasin." Subsequently the whites modified the game slightly by placing caps on the table, and the name became changed to "bullet." It was played so extensively among the pioneers as to become a recognized evil, and on the early statutes stands a law making gambling at "bullet" a punishable offense.

The game in its form has long since dropped out of use, but it reappears as the modern "shell racket," in which walnut shells and a pellet are used, and by which professional robbers bait gossings who aspire to rob them.

There was also another game, or, rather, trial of muscle, called "long bullet" that was popular in the twenties. A ball weighing about a pound was tossed, and the player who sent it furthest in three trials was the winner. There was likewise, it is said, a law against "long bullet," forbidding the casting of the weight across any public highway.

Speculating on Death.

Some of our cemeteries are private property until sold to lot holders. Men have grown rich selling land to the dead, or to his heirs and assigns. Calvary, the Roman Catholic cemetery, where sleep over 650,000 is owned by the trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Greenwood is a trust incorporated under the laws of the state, managed by a board of trustees chosen by the lot owners from among their number. All money received goes into the "fund for the improvement and care of the cemetery." This amounts to nearly \$2,000,000. Woodlawn is the popular necropolis among the millionaires just now, its 396 acres filling rapidly with mausoleums costing from \$10,000 to \$500,000. It surpasses all other places in the world in the number, beauty and value of these imposing sepulchres and tombs.—New York Press.

An Indian Storekeeper.

Sleeping Bear, a full-blooded Gros Ventre Indian, successfully conducts a general store at Great Falls, Mont. He will not give his own people credit, but extends it to a limited number of others.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Mrs. George Quint, of North Anson, Me., has a fox which she keeps about the house unconfined. It is as playful as a dog and apparently enjoys its domestic life.

Until some forty years ago it was customary among the Japanese to vaccinate on the tip of the nose. This rendered a written certificate a superfluity. The proof of vaccination was always in evidence, though whether the practice enhanced facial beauty is questionable.

A well-known business man of New Brunswick, N. J., regained a few days ago a diamond stud which he lost fifteen days ago. It was worth \$100. He left it in a shirt which went to the laundry. At the laundry it disappeared. It had been dumped into the street gutter with the wash water, and was close to the sewer opening when found.

An enchanted ravine of the Ulloa Valley, Honduras, is described as a regular weather bureau, with the peculiarity that it is always reliable. The tumbling of a cataract down the side of a mountain gives the ravine its voice, which can be heard for many miles, and this indicates by its volume the approach of rain and whether the coming storm is to be light or heavy. Tradition says that the ravine is the home of a dragon who controls the clouds and winds.

In the county of Kent, England, there was formerly a palace of the archbishop of Canterbury, in which Wolsey is said to have held court. It was but a small place and is now a farmhouse—picturesque enough, but exhibiting no special signs of prosperity. The other day, however, the farmer sent for a carpenter to do some odd jobs about the house, and among other things, to mend the knocker. The man took it off and said, after a close examination of it, "Do you know what this knocker is made of?"

"Why, brass, I suppose." "No, it is pure gold." And it was. Think of the years that rich prize had hung there at the mercy of every tramp!

The case is reported of a young woman, otherwise perfectly healthy, who has symptoms of acute poisoning on any occasion on which she takes eggs in any form and in the minutest quantity, the severity of the attack being in proportion to the amount which has been taken, states the British Medical Journal. Almost immediately after it has been swallowed she has rigors and vomiting, and in a very short time the tongue becomes parched and dry, the throat sore, and there is severe headache, with pain in the back. The very smallest quantity of egg, no matter how disguised in any other form of food, will produce the symptoms in a more or less severe form. The symptoms may continue for from a few hours to two days. A tiny particle of the white placed on the skin produces nettle rash.

Funston's Queer Bed.

That Brigadier General Funston can be original even while in a semi-comatose condition is testified to by a member of the engineer corps just home from the Philippines. "The most characteristic thing I ever knew Funston to do," said the engineer, "was before the battle just outside Calococan. He had had no sleep for two days, and was in bad shape. He therefore rolled himself up in some leaves and went to sleep. Meantime the division received orders to advance, but Funston could not be found. Many scouts had been killed, and it was feared that the colonel's curiosity—for he was a colonel then—had led him into trouble. Presently, however, a glimpse was caught of his red hair in the tangle, and later they found him shrouded in leaves. As this is the way bodies are prepared for burial in that part of the world, we got more and more apprehensive with each step until, at length, some one shouted:

"Colonel, are you dead or alive?" "Neither," granted the colonel, as he rolled over for another nap. 'I'm sleeping.'"—Philadelphia Post.

A Record in Whilohood.

A Mexican woman, the Senora Ray Castillo, certainly holds the palm for supremacy in the number of her real, genuine widowhoods. She has worn the weeds seven times between 1880 and 1895. So widely different have been the causes of death by which her seven spouses quitted this world, yet so similar in the violence thereof, it would almost seem that the fair senora was somewhat of a "hoodoo" to the genus husband.

Her first husband fell out of a carriage, her second took poison by accident, the third perished in a mining accident, the fourth shot himself, the fifth was killed while hunting, the sixth met his death by dropping from a scaffolding and the seventh was drowned.

As the senora lives in Mexico she has not raised the notoriety which would otherwise have been hers from her varied matrimonial ventures were she in this country.

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