....

"Don't look at me as though you | em by in the thought me frivolous," begged the man who had taken her down to dinner. "I really am worth my salt." He helped himself to bonbons. "I down. "What do you propose to do have a Mission-if it is not written for the Suburban Girl, as a class?" on my brow. . . ."

Higher Culture Mission, or a Social-time, and show her how thoroughly like a Gibson, with her well-covered self called all that-can make himwith a decoll-tage which was certainly a little scartling.

"My Mission is neither of these," 1 pl'ed her dinner-partner. "It is my own idea from the beginning, and I shall carry it out with the help of Instead of an afternoon lounge in the three distant consins. City men who have villas at Hampstead, Kewl and Forest Hill. It is—thank you for showing so much interest! - a Mission to Suburban Girls.'

His fair neighbor moved a little uneasily in her chair and looked at him under her eyelashes, which were curved in the true Gibsonian style. She even had the suggestion of a double chin-that is c.e of the distinguishing marks of the type. "Why do you think they want a Mission-o: a Missionary?" she asked, a little nervously.

"The true reformer always begins by feeling his heart burn within him at the wrongs of somebody or other, before he starts setting things right," said the young man, who had a nice square head and a straight nose, and wore evering clothes as though he Girl. I stretch cut my spiritual arms to her in her darkness; I long to rush to her aid. She is immeasurably further from social civilization than the Finn, more helpless than the Hindoo, more to be commiserated than the Kaffir. When I am alone I hear her saying, 'Come and help us! Bridge the chasm, fill in the gulf, abolish the void, supply the crying need.' And with several fellows I knew at Eton and Sandhurst I am going to begin directly."

"Are they all like you?" asked the girl he had taken down to dinner. They had been introduced by a hostess, who only said with a facial convulsion of the kind usually accepted as a smile: "Miss-ah-ah-I know you have met Mr .-- ah --- ahem! He is to take you down to dinner.' And so fluttered to the joining of other feeding couples.

"y y companions in the Mission. . Like me? They are, if possible, even handsomer," said the Missionary, "if you will believe it."

"How could I?" There was laughter in her eyes.

"I was careful," explained the Missionary, "to get a good-looking gang | Suburban Man?" together, because one of the chief sorrows in the life of the Suburban Girl is the awful hideourness of the men. My aunt! you should see the fellows I have met at Sunday lawn

"At Hampstead, Kew and Forest Hill?" put in his dinner partner.

He went on, warming with his subject. "They're sallow, that's the city, and where they've tanned from a day on the river, or a grilling fawn tennis party, the sun of Hampstead especialpaper. They have garments, awfully expensive, but not the right kind. Their necks are too long or too short. Their bests and neckties and hat ribbons, if they wear flannels, are dreadful combinations in color. And their idea of happiness is to get together and have a game of .awn tennis by themselves, or talk Stock Exchange to one another across the girls they're sitting with. Why do you look so-so misty about the eyes, I haven't unset you, have I?"

"It's so awfully-awfully hot," she

"They mean well, those suburban Johnnies, and when they marry they make pattern husbands, I'm told. But the trouble is, it's all one pattern,

and that isn't a becoming one. . . They've got the state of the about," he confided. markets on the brain, and they can't help telling you the prices of their belongings-from shirt links to motor cars-and talking a bit old to astonish you. Oh, I know! I've beeu looking up my cousins, and I know."

"Are your cousins all-" she be-

gan, and broke off. lipops." He counted on his fingers. uncommonly well done." "Sulphonal sugar-plums, cascara ju--I'm not joking-and she's alive to really nive ones." tell you as much. Activine, that's the latest thing in pick-me-ups; activine drops, and radium capsules, awfully I am only here because—you had bet- earnest," said Sir George.—Clo.

without switching on the electric." "But to return to your Mission,"

"I propose," he said, with a light in "A Happy Evenings' Mission, or a his blue eye, "to take her one at a istic Mission?" asked the girl he had agreeable an 'idle, good-for-nothing taken down and who was wonderfully | West End dangler'-I've heard myboneless slenderness; her artistic bil- self. The hours of the day that she lows of hair-it takes a good maid spends alone, when the male suburbhours, as a rule, to arrive at that anist is away in the city between acme of artistic untidiness; her col- 10 a. m. and 7 p. m., I propose to fill. orless fresheess of complexion, and Instead of an aimless morning walk, her plenitude of draperies, combined a game of tennis or golf with me. Instead of a dull luicheon, three or four women squabbling over cutlets without a man to cut bread or hack away at the cold round and things on the sideboard, a lively one, with me. drawing room or the garden, waiting for callers in petticoats, a spin in the automobile or on a bike with me. Later, if desired, dinner, early dinner, with the opera or a theatre after, and then to put on wraps and things and talk to her between the acts, and take her afterwards to supper at Prince's or the Savoy. Don't you think she would like it, the Suburban

Girl?" The Missionary's dinner partner turned upon him a fair, flushed face, and bright eyes sparkling with en-

"I should rather think she would!" "Then," said he, "the object of the Mission would be accomplished, once I had taught her-I and my fellow-Missionaries-how to get a proper amount of fun cut of being alive."

"But, as you and the others would have stepped out of your own social had been born in them. "My heart sphere to carry out the Mission," sugburns at the wrongs of the Suburban gested she with acuteness, "how are yards and devote myself to cheering the little girls were not home. you going to permanently benefit its the lonely lives of nursery governobject?"

"We would found permanent settlements in the suburbs," he said. "We are prepared to stick at nothing, to endure everything. Those who sink or die under the strain will be replaced by other dauntless volunteers. Perhaps a Women's Mission to Suburban Men will spring out of the parent tree. Then we shall have social evenings in suburban houses, conducted by Lady Missionaries in the latest and loveliest evening gowns. . . The men will not

be allowed to sleep in arm chairs or jaw shop. They will play bridge, or billiards, or sing selections from musical comedies, under supervision. Their clothes, like their manners, will be reformed, and when arrayed in less purple and more fine linen, deprived of large watch chains and blatantly blazing studs, and instructed in the art of getting a proper amount of amusement out of existence, they will reflect credit on their teachers. Can I imbue you with my enthusiasm? Will you be the pioneer Lady Missionary to the benighted

"It is impossible." She shook her charming head. "Can one benighted dweller in the wilds reform the oth-

His eye-glass dropped upon his shirt-front. He turned a startled

face to hers.

"You don't mean-" "I live-when I am home, that isin Hampstead," she said with a proud little curl of a remarkably high-bred upper lip. "And father is something in the city. I suppose you thought ly is sometimes quite tropical, it's it would be a joke to pretend that like coffee split on white blotting you didn't know that Iama Suburban Girl."

"I swear to you I never suspected-" He broke off. The cigarettes, coffee and liqueurs

were going around "Do you use tobacco, as the Americans say? Because, the weed, being

sedative in its effects-" "It would calm my ruffled feelings.

No. Perhaps it shows an unambitious frame of mind, groveling even below you." my natural sphere to own it, but I hardly exists a woman who really hall. does. Unless she happens to be a about.' judge of wine and some other things | "I shall not tell you." Their eyes | us all strike out. Many spouts ahead;

said she. "Lady Grace and Lady Va- the drawing room door. "I must lentia, over there, are blowing smoke- really ask you not to flirt so openly rings through their noses exactly as with the children's nursery governthough they were enjoying doing it."

"The sex are such poor actresses," said the Missionary. "For instance, beautiful innocence. your pretense of being fatally angry "All male? I told you so, but, with me is wonderfully well done. ask you to promise not to be guilty iron before using it. The captain on of course, they've thrown out But you're not, really. You recognize of it again." branches, olive branches, and some the fact that I took you for the real of them are uncommonly pretty," said | country and West End article, and her dinner partner. "Why don't you confided my mission to you in all singo in for strawberry pudding? It's cerity. I thought that I had found one of the best sweets I know. Don't a kindred soul, that you would catch row, and I cannot regret it." say you diet. Nobody diets now. fire at the torch I waved, and join They eat anything they want to, and us. For your being what you are if they feel uncomfortable take tab- does not obviate that other girls are loids of sorts. I know a woman- still other girls, especially in Hampthere she is, fourth chair down from stead, Kew, Brixton, Highgate, and your side-who wears a great medi- the other unillumined places I have cine chatelaine made to carry seven not mentioned. Own it, and confess different kinds of tabloids. Carbonate what you have previously admitted, sooner the better. In fact," he added, of soda-and-mint lozenges, pepsin lol- that my description of the men was fixing his hostess with the eye-glass,

"You did hit off the bulk," she mine. Can you oblige me with the jubes, that's four, phenacetine pilules | said, reluctantly, "but I know some | family address in Hampstead?"

"Are any of them here to-night?" "None of them are here to-night. expensive, give light enough to take ter know it—I am governess, not cer- Graves, in Lady's Pictorial.

ended instructress, but nursery governess to Lady Crowmarsh's three little girls. And I dine because somebody disappointed at the last moment, and gaps look ugly at these o round tables."

"The bond of affinity is an extraordinary thing!" he affirmed, fixing his eye-glass and bringing it to bear upon her. "I dine because somebody disappointed me at the last moment, and I hadn't anywhere pleasanter to asked the pretty girl he had taken | go. Look here. Do you go back to Hampstead? You do really live at Hampstead, you said, on holidays?"

"Sometimes," she sighed. "And they are very glad to see

"Oh, very!" Her eyes brightened. "I can quite understand it," said "I suppose you take those three little kiddles for a run in the park o'

"When it isn't too wet, or too hot, or something. When it is we gallop round the garden in the square." "Can I come and gallop with you if see you there to-morrow?"

mornings?"

No answer.

"May I join you in the park if I come across you there to-morrow?" "I don't think,' 'she said, very softly, "that it would be advisable or

discreet." "Good gracious, if it were, would there be any fun in it?"

He dropped his eye-glass. "There's nothing like asking," he went on. "When we go to the drawing room to hear these opera chaps singthey look as if they'd been hired on purpose . . . may I come and talk to you?"

"I shall not be in the drawing room. I shall be hearing the children say their prayers."

"Can I come and say on, too?" "I think if you did." she replied, with a slight frown, adorable in combination with the tip-ti'ted nose, it seemed to him, "that it would do you a great deal of good." "Very well, I will."

"No; please don't!" she implored. "I have changed ray Mission," he declared. "I shall leave the other fellows to labor in the suburban vineesses. Shall I?'

The hostess was beginning to collect eyes. The girl beside him moved a little nervously and dropped her fan. He dived for it, and, screened by the lace border of the tablecloth, kissed a fold of her dress. When he emerged, brick-red, she was rosy to the boots of her hair.

He followed her to the door, blocked by an imposing mass of jeweled and bare-shouldered loveliness.

"My Mission is growing smaller," he said, close to the little shell ear. 'Not to nursery governesses as a class, only to one nursery governess do I feel called to devote myself. And I don't even know your name."

"Can't you guess it? Imagine something hopelessly middle-class, absolutely unromantic," shereturned. "You sharpen my desire to hear. Is it Smith without a hyphen?"

She shook her head. "Is it Griggs, or Poggs or Hoggs" You see, I can face the possibility of it being either, or all three, without wincing. You won't tell me? and I shan't see you in the drawing rocm? And you are not going to walk in the park at 11 to-morrow, or in the

square?" "No, thank Heaven," she returned, with a genuine sigh of relief. "I'm New London, Connecticut, in 1819; at 12."

out of the dining room.

"Not for good?" he urged. "For good. I came here on approval"—she brushed away a tear the shore. from her long brown lashes-"I'm not approved of."

"Look here," he whispered, "may troduced to your people?'

she said, over her pretty white shoul- | Sag Harbor, on the Long Island | over from Turkestan to the starting-

Youngest and least generally efficient | master, on a whaling voyage. The | well already. His rooms on the captain on the roster. Now yours." Lucy returned with three hundred | Blaiseholm are shut up, and no one voice of Lady Crowmarsh from the Ann with three hundred barrels. The will ever eiter them again. For the

"I've got it. Why, Crespigny's perhave never wanted to," she said, her fectly lovely!" he whispered, joyfully, lists of the New London Gazette, ap- don Telegraph. nose distractingly tilted, as he had | "and you were pulling my leg. Now, | pended to his announcement of their previously said to himself, in the air. | quick, the other." He followed the | return the following piece of advice: "I'll tell you an open secret. There trailing, grayish-pink skirts into the

that women don't usually care met. "Iris," she whispered, and fled. whales are plenty, and to be had for "Sir George!" came in the rebuk- the catching." "I can with difficulty credit that," ing tones of Lady Crowmarsh, still at

"Was I flirting?" he asked, with

"Certainly you were. And I must "I'll promise with pleasure."

young man. "She leaves us to-mor-"Nor can I," he said. "Nor can I."

"You think her manner too inde-

pendent for her position? So do we!" said Lady Crowmarsh. "And then her name-" "Her name ought to be changed. said Sir George, thoughtfully. "The

"I have decided upon offering her "Is this a joke?' burst out Lady

Crowmarsh. "Not at all, I assure you. Dead



MODERN BABES IN WOOD. Pearl Lindaberry, aged six, and Cassie Angle, twelve, who lives with the Lindaberry family on their farm in Knowlton Township, under the Blue Mountains, were sent out to since produced. bring in the cows for milking and got lost, writes the Washington (N. J.) correspondent of the New York World.

The woods leading up to the foot of the mountains are almost impenetrable. Yet the children wandered nearly three miles through the thicket. One of the cows had strayed from the herd, though it was the bell cow, and the two children, with night | them up." falling about them, went further and further into the brush led by the that an unselfish feeling of friendsound of the tinkling bell and not ship, a crying need of companionheeding their direction. The bell seemed near at times and then far | this uncouth denizen of the wilderaway, and they trudged on picking berries and oblivious to the danger of snakes, with which the woods

Little Pearl was barefooted and the sharp stones and briars bruised her terribly. Finally she was able to go no further, and her older companion took off her shoes and stockstopped from exhaustion many times, dens. calling for help, but no one heard them. Finally they were too weak to go further and they fell asleep on the ground.

The cows had returned to the barnyard, and Lindaberry and his wife wondered what had become of the two girls as hour after hour went by. They blew horns, fired guns and

Lindaberry and several neighbors set out with lanterns and torches. They would have liked to have had Shep, the farm dog and playmate of of the skiff. Soon after he got into the children, with them, but Shep | the boat one of the anglers caught a was nowhere to be found. The men beat their way through the brush, calling all the time and starting fires here and there. Midnight came and

they were discouraged. Then they heard a noise in the thicket and were overjoyed to see the old dog running toward them. He sprang upon Lindaberry, barked and started off. The men resolved to follow. They walked for half an | rocking, and the man in the bow lost hour, when Shep dashed ahead of his balance and tumbled into the them through the brush, and with lake, where he disappeared from shrill happy barks called them to his sight. side. They found him standing over the two sleeping children. So exhausted were the girls that the dog had not awakened them. Shep had | that the fish was caught on the spur. started a search of his own for the | The jack was a huge fellow and very children, and finding them had gone | strong, and in its struggles for freeto call the men.

The elder girl's feet were so cut and bruised that the men carried her most after it. His weight, however,

WHALES FROM CONNECTICUT. The first faint waves of the whaling excitement reached the town of

going back to Hampstead to-morrow | why at this particular juncture rather than before it is difficult to deter-The last of the ladies were filing mine. The author of "In Olde Connecticut" says that whales had been seen in the sound from the earliest times, and captured by boats from

In the records of the General Court held at Hartford in May, 1647, is an order giving Mr. Whiting and others imagination in the thought that come to Hampstead, too, and be in- the exclusive privilege of catching | Stockholm's most distinguished son whales "within these liberties" for | -surely no one will deny the title to "I don't even know your name," the period of seven years. In 1785 Sven Hedin-is even now crossing coast, sent the brig Lucy, McKay place on the Tarim River, in the "It's Gazebrook. I'm in the -th. | master, and the brig Ann, Havens | heart of Asia, which knows him so "Miss Crespigny!" said the cold and sixty barrels of oil on board; the knows less than himself whether he drawing room door. 'Flora and Stel- success of this venture created quite third time he is essaying the most la and Totterims will be waiting for a ripple of excitement in nautical dangerous journey that yet remains circles. Thomas Allen, the eccentric on this law-abiding planet—that to genius who compiled the marine Lhasa .-- Correspondence of the Lon-"Now, my horse-jockeys, beat your "The other for me to dream | horses and cattle into spears, lances, harpoons and whaling-gear, and let

The whaling system was co-operative in spirit and practice. The owner was careful to see that the right description of the vessel was furnished, and that she was properly equipped and provisioned. cooper put no defective stock in his barrels; the blacksmith tested his the quarterdeck, mate, sailing-master, boat-steerer, cook in the galley, "Thank you," said Lady Crow- sailor before the mast, each felt that marsh, surprised at the docility of the on his individual skill, energy and fidelity depended, in a measure, the success of the voyage and the magnitude of the "share" that would fall to him at its close. And this spirit ports, and poured two millions of abled steam launch. dollars into its coffers annually for a term of years.

to be a dull and unintelligent animal.

quite another light, and would then be found to be gifted with a specially directed intelligence of a very highly developed kind. For nearly twenty years, writes Mr. Schillings, no one had succeeded in bringing a young rhinoceros alive to Europe. It seemed to the author that the cause of the many young animals pining away must lie in the neglect of what he calls a spiritual need. In

all cases the mother had been killed. In the case of my young rhinoceros, I replaced the mother by a she goat. After a few days the young "rhino" had made such friends with her, without being suckled, that he followed her about everywhere, and even now, in captivity, is not to be parted from her and the kid she has

The massive young rhinoceros consorting with the two East African goats is a curious sight. The public, that is to say, the public which frequents the zoological gardens on a Sunday, does not know what to make of them. "Look, children," you may hear paterfamilias remark; "look at the rhinoceros and the poor little goats. Isn't it sad? He will eat

It does not enter the good head ship, can find a place in the heart of

This young rhinoceros attached himself to me in a very few weeks, and got to distinguish quite clearly between the large number of men who came into touch with him, bearing himself quite differently with different individuals, just as he still singles me out from all the thousands ings and gave them to Pearl. They who approach him now in the gar-

PIKE AND MAN AND SPUR.

A singular incident connected with fishing is related by the author of "Wild Sports of the West of Ireland." A party of fishermen were out in a boat after gudgeon near Sunbury. One of the men, who had was not fishing. As a penalty for wearing spurs, he sat in the bow with his feet hanging over the side | be that of his patient. small gudgeon, which he playfully hung on the horseman's projecting spur. The incident was forgotten, and the gudgeon hung there, its tail just touching the water. Suddenly the man gave a cry of astonishment, and the others, looking up, saw a large pike flounering about the dangling foot and splashing the water in vigorous fashion. The boat began

A moment later he rose to the surface, the pike still thrashing the water about his foot, and it was seen dom it plunged toward the bottom of the lake, dragging the man feet forewas too much for the fish, and it made small headway. The fisherman now went to the assistance of their luckless companion, and one of them struck the jack with an oar and stunned it. The man was pulled into the boat and the fish dispatched. The big fish had jumped for the gudgeon, fixed its teeth in its body, and had somehow been caught by the gill on the crane-necked spur.-Forest and Stream.

SVEN HEDIN'S PERILOUS TRIP.

There is something that stirs the

COOLNESS SAVES HIM.

Seymour Harris, of Morrisville, was recently attacked by a bull in El- | dle period bronze is the only metal mer Ryder's barnyard, and nothing but Mr. Harris' coolness probably chronous with the coming of Israel, saved him from a horrible death. iron appears and gradually replaces animal, his body fortunately between the horns, and knocked flat upon his suspended, as the three years' Turkback into a fetid pool of the yard. | ish firman has expired. It is hoped The bull stood for a time over him to get a new firman, when the reand went through all the motions of searches again will be resumed." goring a victim, but Mr. Harris had the self-control to lie periectly still as if dead, and this act doubtless saved his life. Beyond resulting lameness and unavoidable effects of the shock Mr. Harris was uninjured. -St. Albans Messenger.

GIRL SAVES FOUR MEN.

On Lake Massebessic, N. H., in a terrific squall, Miss Helen E. Joyce, of self-interest placed the town in eighteen years old, of Maplewood, | lessly swinging his feet from the rail the front rank of the oil-producing Mass., rescued four men from a dis-

The waves were dashing over the little craft and she was drifting rapidly to the shoals when Miss AN AFFECTIONATE RHINOCEROS. Joyce, rushing to a skiff near her Many books declare the rhinoceros cottage, jumped into it and put off. Just as she pulled her boat under Dull and unintelligent he is undoubt- the lee of the launch the latter

edly from a merely human stand- grounded and the waves rolled compoint, writes C. G. Schillings in pletely over it. Taking the four men "Flashlights in the Jungle," but he aboard Miss Joyce rowed into calmer remember even he let the starsshould, of course, be regarded in water near the shore.

Birds differ very much in the heights to which they commonly ascend. The condor, the largest of all vultures and of all flying birds, has been observed soaring over 29,000 feet, or about five miles and a half above the level of the sea.

There is now hardly a town or even a village in the district of Bilboa, especially when situated in the vicinity of running water, where electric light is not used. A great use has teen made during the year of electric motors for small industries and workshops, these replacing in many cases small steam engines. As far as Bilbao is concerned, some further 4000 horsepower was introduced from Guipuzcoa, while 1906 will see some \$.000 horsepower more employed.

A naturalist relates that the apoearance of perch, bream and crayfish in newly cut dams near the Macquarie River, in New South Wales, was at first a perplexing mystery, the fishes even being noticed after the first rains in the dams, and for some years spontaneous generation was regarded as the only possible explanation. Then came a simple and credible solution of the problem in a Sydney zoologist's discovery of halfhatched fish ova on the breast and wings of a wild duck.

Our much neglected sense of smell can be put to important uses. When well developed it may serve in medical diagnosis, and some English physicians have pointed out lately that diabetes, enteric fever, acute rheumatism, plague, abdominal fistula, undressed cancers, erysipelas in some eases, gangrene of the lung, pyaemia, septic mouth, bleeding hemorrhoids and undressed varicos ulcers are among the disorders that emit charac-:eristic odors, and that can be recognized by smell, alone. Care is neceshome, had been taken on board, but | sary, however, as the physician, after influenza or the taking of alcohol himself, may fancy his own odor to

> Records show great risk to workers n caissons at pressures of four atmospheres, and by divers at depths of 100 to 150 feet, and the British Admiralty has fixed the limit for divers at 120 feet. The most daring pearl and sponge fishers reach 145 feet, accidents being frequent. Lambert, who brought \$500,000 from a depth of 160 feet, remained below twenty minutes each trip, taking an equal time in ascending, but at last he was permanently injured by too long a stay below. The deepest recorded live is 204 feet, but the diver died from too rapid ascent. Two recent British investigators of the effects of high pressure have shut each other into a steel cylinder of a capacity of forty-two feet, with a pump raising the pressure to seven atmospheres in orty minutes. In this pressure they inflered no harm when decompression was gradual and circulation was aided by movements of the body. The conlusion is confirmed that fatal results o divers are due to the rapid decom-

EIGHT CITIES SUPERPOSED.

Gezer Built on Homes of Cave Dwellers as Old as 3500 B. C.

Excavations of the ancient city of Gezer, mentioned in early sacred and profane history, carried on by members of the Palestine Exploration Fund for the last three years have developed numerous "finds," according to advices from Jerusalem published in the number of the Biblical World recently issued from the University of Chicago press.

Eight cities have been found, superimposed upon each other, on the side of the old defense to the western road to Jerusalem from the mointains of Judah. The culture, history, religion and customs from as far back as 3500 B. C. have been revealed by architecture, jugs, weapons, masonry, etc.

Dr. E. W. G. Masterman, a member of the excavating party, writes

"The earliest inhabitants lived in caves and made all their weapons and instruments of flint. In the midknown, while at a time roughly syn-

"Work of excavating is temporarily

Devond Him.

In th staging of one of his earlier plays, Joseph Jefferson, accompanied by a friend, attended a rehearsal, at which a lively disagreement arose between two of the actresses as to the possession of the centre of the stage during a certain scene. While the manager poured oil upon the troubled waters Jefferson sat careof an adjoining box. The friend could stand it no longer.

"Good Lord, Jefferson," he exclaimed, "this will rain your play. Why don't you saids matters? Your could if you only would!"

Jefferson shook his head gravely. but with a twinkle in his eye. "No, George," he replied; "the Lord only made one man who could ever manage the sun and the moon, and you alone."- Harper's Weekly.