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Lovers Still.

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light;
Her cheeks their rosy glow.
Her hair has lost its tints of gold;
His voice no joyous thrill;
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea,
Oft did the daisies blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go;
Oft were the forest branches bare
And oft in gold arrayed;
Oft did the [illegible] in the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale;
Full [illegible] have paid the flowers
Has [illegible] their way;
They've had [illegible] November hours,
As well as [illegible] May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
Through [illegible] and [illegible],
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith in love have been;
Together hand in hand they pass
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.

—Magdalen Rock in Chambers' Journal.

A Device of the Duchess.

Miss Marjoram burst into a ripple of merry laughter. Ferdie was a dear boy and all that, but she couldn't possibly love him and she'd refused Lord Batchelor for no reason at all, which was a woman's reason—and there is the [illegible], and anyone had better [illegible] or they would miss Melba's [illegible] in the first act of "Romeo et Juliette."

For a [illegible] space the Duchess's fears concerning Kittie's affections were lulled, but they were roused again to [illegible] suspicions when at the beginning of the balcony scene, Allan Tremayne, all uninvited, entered her box and coolly slipped into a chair at Kittie's side.

Every sign of love, every thrill of passion of the two stage lovers found an echo in Kittie Marjoram's heart, and the Duchess saw it, for she was an observant woman and knew well how to read fleeting blushes and downcast eyes.

When the [illegible] Veronese pair sang of a [illegible] marriage the chaperon's sharp eyes saw Tremayne's [illegible] handsome, clean-shaven lips shape rather than utter a word or two in her ear.

Tremayne put the ladies into their brougham after the opera, and as he did so said an [illegible] "Goodby."

"Au revoir, I presume you mean, Mr. Tremayne," said the Duchess, her tones sharpened by the certainty that as she and her niece entered the park next morning Mr. Tremayne would spring from somewhere with an offer of escort [illegible] of tittle-tattle.

"No, really, [illegible]. I'm off for six weeks' [illegible] fishing in Norway. Lord Tregarth [illegible] and the chance is too good to be missed."

"And you won't be at Goodwood or Cowes?" cried the Duchess, [illegible] of most [illegible] joy.

"Alas! no. So [illegible] good-by."

"Well, I hope that affair [illegible] with," sighed the Duchess to herself, after Kittie had kissed her good-night and gone to her own room. "It's a mercy that man has gone. He might easily have persuaded the silly child to any act of folly [illegible] marrying him. Perkins, Miss Marjoram has left her gloves and fan here. Take them to her."

The Duchess pushed Kittie's belongings aside, and as she did so felt the faint crackle of thin paper beneath the pressure of her hand.

"Never mind," she cried hastily. "Miss Kittie need not be disturbed tonight. You can go, Perkins."

Once alone the Duchess drew from palm of the small [illegible] glove a note written on foreign paper.

"My Own Darling. Thanks for your trusting faith in my love and your sweet promise to become my wife. You must leave the Goodwood course during the luncheon hour on Wednesday. Drive to the station at Chichester. I will meet you there with the license in my pocket. We'll be married at Dover, and then for a life-long honeymoon. You shall see how beautifully I shall catch Her Grace over the Norway lie. Your adoring,

"Allan Tremayne."

"I wonder to how many women Allan Tremayne has signed himself an adorer?" cried the Duchess to the silver topped bottles on her dressing-table, "and how many women have been fools enough to believe him? But Kittie, poor little simpleton, shall be the last. Her heart is touched, I know, but she's a proud girl, and won't wear it on her sleeve for the [illegible] to peck at. Anyway, it will be for her own good, even if the cure hurts. Now what's my best plan of action?" She twisted the tiny note in her fingers for a moment. "Kittie mustn't know I've seen this, it will put her on her guard, and only result in another plan. I can't let her have this back, it's too valuable a weapon to part with. I wonder—I wonder if I've any paper nearly like this?"

With the activity of a young girl she ran to her escritoire, and searching through her blotter found a half sheet of thin foreign paper.

"The very thing," she cried, and, sitting down, the Duchess of Dulverton proceeded to trace word for word of Allan Tremayne's note on the fresh scrap of paper. It took an hour to do, and the dawn was peeping round the blinds as she folded the forged letter into Kittie's glove and locked the original document in a private drawer.

On the following Monday the Duchess of Dulverton, with Miss Marjoram, Lord Ferdie and a party of friends repaired to Down View, Goodwood. The weather was delightful and the party in high spirits, except the Duchess herself, who complained of headache and depression. She went to the races on Tuesday, however, but on Wednesday declared herself unfit to leave the house, and her guests drove to the course without her.

She watched Kittie from her window as she entered the carriage. The girl looked pale, but very lovely, dark rings of sleeplessness enhanced the beauty of her soft eyes, while the plaintive droop at the corners of her sweet mouth lent an added charm to her face.

She wore a white serge frock, just touched with her favorite poppy red at the throat and hem, a neat close hat was fitted above her curls, and a large dark wrap cloak was handed into the carriage after her.

"Umph! quite equipped, I see," muttered the Duchess, as she rang her bell for Perkins, demanded to be dressed at once, and ordered her single brougham to be round in an hour.

"Wants a quarter to one, then she won't be here yet," said Allan Tremayne, as he sauntered into the Chichester railway station. "By jove! Allan, you're a lucky dog to land such a prize, a real little beauty, and heavily gilt from top to toe. I love her, too, for her big eyes and for that rosebud mouth of hers. But I'll — the [illegible]! the Duchess!"

"Good morning, Mr. Tremayne," cried the Duchess of Dulverton, cheerily, "I expected to find you here. No, I won't shake hands, thanks."

She glanced at the station clock.

"One already. Dear me, how time flies, and we've only ten minutes for a chat."

"Ten minutes! I don't— —?"

"A quick train for London stops here in ten minutes," interposed the Duchess, with an air of imparting accurate information, "and you are [illegible] to catch it."

"I beg your pardon, Duchess, but I think not. You are laboring under a mistake." Tremayne tried to keep his temper, but the knowledge that something had gone wrong with his plans made him brusque of speech.

The Duchess, too, altered her tone from simple urbanity to a colder key.

"Come into the waiting-room with me," she said. "Ah! you need not look so eagerly at the door. I know you are expecting Miss Marjoram every minute. I cannot prevent her from coming here, but I can stop you from speaking to her."

"Wild horses could not do that," blustered Tremayne.

"I dare say not," replied the Duchess, "but these three constables over there, who hold a warrant for your arrest, can."

"A warrant!" gasped Allan, turning pale. "What for?"

"For attempting to marry a ward in chancery without the consent of the court. Ah! you won't deny. Your letter arranging this—little affair—is at this moment in the hands of the magistrate who granted the warrant. It will be forwarded to the proper authorities tonight in the event of your arrest. Now, Mr. Tremayne, your train is just due; hadn't you better get over to the opposite platform? One moment, though [illegible] your disappointment concerning my niece is, no doubt, great—and the trip to Norway is—expensive."

She drew from her pocket a roll of notes and thrust them into his hand.

"Your train," she said once more, smiling. "You'll have to run."

And he ran.

The Duchess turned to find Kittie behind her, white as her gown, and trembling from head to foot.

"The coward! The mean wretch! To be bought [illegible] like that with a few paltry [illegible]," cried the girl indignantly. [illegible]

"There were £500 worth, my dear," said the Duchess, slipping her hand through Kittie's arm and leading her from the station.

The matter was never referred to again except on the evening of the day on which Kittie Marjoram promised to become the wife of Lord Ferdie Bellairs.

"I owe you a big debt of gratitude, auntie, dear," said Kittie, kneeling at the Duchess's feet. "I feel I can never repay you."

"You have done so today, my child," cried the Duchess, parting her golden curls and kissing her forehead. —London Society.

Some New Facts About Seals.

A. B. Alexander, an official connected with the United States Fish Commission, has lately returned from Alaska, where he put in the summer studying the seals from a scientific point of view.

"I find the catch this year will be considerably less than last year," he said last night, "but about up to the usual average, for it must be remembered that last year must be an exceptionally good year. The Indians say that every four years there is a good catch and every twenty years a phenomenal one. This is undoubtedly true as far as the run every four years is concerned, but the subject has not been studied long enough to say whether they are correct in regard to the twenty-year theory.

"This has been an off year as far as the investigation of the fisheries by the Albatross is concerned, as she was pressed into service to assist in patrolling Behring Sea, and so I spent the last part of the summer studying seal life from the deck of a pelagic sealer. We did not have particularly good luck, and though seals were fairly plentiful the weather was so boisterous that the boats could not be lowered. I examined the stomachs of a number of those caught to get an idea of the seal's favorite diet, but as seals have very strong digestive organs and digest their food very quickly, it is somewhat difficult to speak with any degree of certainty. However, I found a number of jaws of the squid, which are hard and indigestible, in the stomachs examined so it is fair to presume that they are fond of that very repulsive looking fish. Cod and halibut are also the prey of the seals, as well as a number of other smaller fish. It is a moot question as to what depth seals can reach, some claiming that they can reach profound depths, while others claim that they have only the power to dive a short distance.

"On the Fairweather grounds off Cape St. Elias, where the water is at least 100 fathoms deep, I have seen them come up with red codfish in their mouths, but though the fish are a ground fish, I cannot guarantee that they were captured on the bottom.—Seattle Telegraph.

Montana's Paint Mine.

It is not generally known that we have in this locality, very near the "Geyser," a paint mine. We might say it was a quarry, there is so much of it. One of our enterprising citizens, Mr. Joseph Blessing, recently took a wagon and shovel and loaded up with two colors (there are three or four colors to be had) and brought it home, [illegible] it up with an old hammer, mixed it up with linseed oil, and put it on his picket fence. He now has one of the handsomest fences in the State, the upper part a rich old gold and the lower a beautiful maroon.

The mine seems to be simply inexhaustible. This mine and the "Geyser" which is near it, were discovered, or, rather, located, about eighteen years ago by that veteran old-timer and prince of good fellows, Naylor Thompson, whom everybody knows and likes. It was shown to him in the first place by a friendly Indian chief, who took a liking to Naylor and assured him (Naylor) that it was the source of supply for all the Indians west of the Mississippi River and has been for centuries.

Those were the days when Naylor could draw his chair up to a table and sit down without knocking the table over; he was very active. Well the Indians came thousands of miles for this paint and used it to decorate their persons, which on the warpaths trails led from the mine in all directions, showing that it had been a natural centre of meeting for the red men, just the same as the well-known pipestone quarry of southwestern Minnesota.—Townsend Messenger.

Willing to Try.

Duke de Cay—Do you love an old ruin?

Miss Catchum—Oh, your Grace, this [illegible] I think I could learn.—Detroit Tribune.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

[illegible]

—[illegible]

ACTING OUT FAIRY TALES.

A simple and pretty kind of entertainment in which boys and girls have always taken a [illegible] were [illegible] illustrated fairy stories. The Three Bears was given successfully not long ago by three [illegible] of seven, ten and thirteen years of age. The boys personated the bears that were [illegible] and [illegible], and who [illegible] out of their [illegible] dinner by the pretty little maiden Curly Locks. The bears were clothed in skins of brown canton flannel, made like children's night drawers, with the arms and legs lengthened so as to cover hands and feet, and with their faces covered by masks representing bears' faces. The bears are father, mother and cub, and the baby bear wears a cap. The first scene shows the family just [illegible] dinner, the mother knitting, the father reading a newspaper, and the cub looking at an immense picture-book. When the family sit down to their supper of porridge, they all complain that it is too hot, and start out for a walk. Then Curly Locks arrives, and she is found by the bears when they return from their walk. There are many other simple fairy stories that children could do nicely without elaborate stage settings. They make very charming little home plays.—American Agriculturist.

WHAT MAKES WATER FREEZE.

Have you ever had the curiosity to watch the transformation of water to ice? If this is too chilling an occupation, you may do the next best thing and learn how the process is managed, from the subjoined description.

On the surface of a river or water exposed to the air, ice is made by the coldness of the air against the top of the water. When water is cooled there, it at first shrinks in size and, therefore, sinks below the ice-cool water next to it. This in turn gets cooled, shrinks and sinks, and so on until the water from top to bottom is lowered to four degrees above centigrade zero.

As soon as the water gets colder than this it begins to expand, and, therefore, no longer sinks as before, but stays on the top, and, if the cooling still goes on till centigrade is reached, it begins to turn into ice. When, by the colder air atop of it as much heat is taken away from the water at zero as would have raised a pound of water at 79 degrees centigrade, a pound of ice is formed; when twice as much, two pounds, and so on, till the air above the water keeps cold enough, the whole of the water will in time be made into ice.

Perhaps the most satisfactory way of all for [illegible] in large quantities is that of compressing dried air [illegible] a force pump into strong wrought iron cylinders. As the air is forced into the cylinders it gives out the heat it contains to surrounding objects colder than itself. When again allowed to expand the air requires the heat once more and takes it from anything it touches.

If, therefore, a vessel of water is held in the stream of air issuing from such a wrought iron cylinder the water loses its heat to the expanding air and gets frozen. This process is in use on vessels carrying the carcasses of sheep and bullocks to England from Australia and America.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Chance for Inventors.

The primary battery is looming to the front in all directions. A good primary battery is worth $500,000 to the successful inventor, and one or two parties believe that they have it. With it electrical lighting and power could be carried on in every farmhouse in the country, the great expense of the dynamo being now an actual bar in remote places.—Hardware.

Easy Attainment.

She—The doctor says what my husband wants is a rest.

He—I suppose he will go South for a season?

She—No, he's not going away; he will just stop advertising for a few months.—Statesman.

CZAR AND LADY.

An American Girl's Meeting With the Late Russian Ruler.

Interesting Scene in a Toy Shop at Copenhagen.

Every autumn the Czarina had been in the habit of going with the Czar to Copenhagen to visit her parents, the [illegible] King and Queen of Denmark. At the same time the Princess of Wales would journey northward to Denmark's shores, accompanied by the Princess, and from Greece would come King George and Queen Olga, until the Danish King and Queen had all their children about them. Three years ago an American lady and her daughter were visiting in Copenhagen at the time of the royal gatherings.

One morning the younger lady wanted to do a little shopping. She went to a toy shop to buy a few of the quaint-looking Danish playthings to take home to her little nephews, and she also wanted to buy a box of the queer-looking candies made there. The toy store was crowded. There were nearly a dozen children, and with them half a dozen maids. The whole party seemed to be in charge of a tall stout man with a big beard and a pleasant face. He had the build of an athlete and the mild expression of a woman.

"Wait on the lady first," he said pleasantly in Russian to the shopkeeper, and then to the young lady he said in English: "I will not allow you to wait and be served after this horde of youngsters. They can well wait."

At this the youngest child of all, a boy carried in the big man's arms, began to kick and cry and behave very badly.

"I will wait," said the young lady, laughing at the youngster's screams and kicks, "for I see you have an impatient member of your party."

With a bow of thanks the athletic looking man picked up a small drum with the Danish colors upon it and handed it to the struggling child in his arms. Then the others each received a pretty present, while some town children who had wandered in were treated to gifts of toys and pretty trifles. When all had been served with playthings the gentleman whispered to the child in his arms, and a minute afterward the little one, stretching out his little hand toward the young lady, handed her a book.

"Uncle Xander says I must give you this because I was so rude," he said in fairly plain English, "and I will give you this myself," handing over a stick of many colored candy.

When the company had filed out, a great sleigh-like affair on [illegible] drove up to the door and all got in. There was a struggle to get near the gentleman whom the little lad had called "Uncle 'Xander,'" and a [illegible] but pretty child, who spoke nothing but English, was an [illegible] and then became nearer as the vehicle left. But they were well-behaved children considering that they were all the way from two years up to fourteen, and the American girl and the shopkeeper [illegible] admiringly [illegible] drove away. From the back seat of the queer-looking vehicle a child waved his little hands as far as he could be seen.

"That is the Czar of Russia," said the shopkeeper. "He is on his annual visit to Copenhagen, and this is the way he amuses himself. He buys alternately of all the shopkeepers and is a friend to every one.

"And who was the child in his arms? Oh, that is the son of our Crown Prince. He may be the King of Denmark some day. And the little girl who cried because she could not sit on the Czar's knee was Lady Alexandra Duff, who comes here every fall with her mother and grandmother. This year her father, the Duke of Fife is here also. The child is a dainty mite, and if she were to come to the English throne (the Duke of York had not then married the Princess May) everybody around here would rejoice. The baby waving his hands from the back of the wagon is the Crown Prince of Greece. His father is the best of all the family, I think, and that is saying a great deal."

The Czar nodded back at the young lady and the shopkeeper just before vehicle went out of sight, and his tall shoulders and fine head were outlined like a silhouette against the sky.

"I have read a great many pretty things about the Czar and have known people who received friendly words from him at their presentation to the Russian court," the young lady said afterward, "but I think I am the only American girl who ever saw Alexander at his best, among his little nephews and nieces, laughing with them over a toy counter."—New York Sun.

Chinese Fishmongers.

In Canton the fishmonger's is a most important trade. The Chinaman is a born fisherman; he also has for ages past cultivated a system of artificial breeding and rearing of live fish for the market. In the shops were displayed live and dead fish, the latter salted, smoked and preserved. [illegible]

[illegible]

The Mule and the Turtle.

"To the traditional antipathies of the animals," [illegible] the planter from North Carolina to the Mail and Express reporter, "must be added the mutual dislike of the mule and the turtle. [illegible]

[illegible]—The New York Mail and Express.

Effect of Fear.

[illegible]

"I suppose her tresses turned gray in a single night, eh?" asked the [illegible].

"Naw," said the man with the [illegible] beard. "But the wig she had the next morning was [illegible] with the fright she'd had."—Indianapolis Journal.

For His Country's Good.

Congressman (repeating his defense)—And don't forget, my friends, that during the last session of Congress I was always on the move trying to save the country.

Voice—What did yer move?

Congressman (proud)—I moved to adjourn, Sir, ninety-seven distinct times.—Judge.

At Home With Love.

[illegible]

—[illegible]

HUMOROUS.

[illegible] a balloon.

[illegible] the [illegible] fashion.

A [illegible] where you [illegible].

The [illegible] well for [illegible].

It's funny, but a [illegible] is most [illegible] when the mouth is shut.

The good things of life always come singly. We can't have the oyster and the summer girl both.

Doctors and shoemakers figure but slightly in politics, despite the fact that they are both healers.

He—You want to know what I'd be were it not for your money? She—Yes I do. He—A bachelor.

"This is a hard world," said the laborer, as he dropped out of the bucket and lit in a stone quarry.

Poet—I have here a little poem "To Philippa." Editor—Sorry, but there is no one on the staff by that name.

He—Charlotte, I love you; can you not return my affection? She—I'm afraid I'll have to, as I have no use for it.

Her head was turned completely
By her gown (was just too sweet),
Which was the envy of every girl
She met upon the street.

Inquirer—Does a fish diet strengthen the brain? Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination.

It's strange that it should be so hard for a person to hold his tongue when he has nine points of the law on his side.

"Don't you think Binkles has a very breezy manner?" "If you refer to the delight he takes in airing his opinions, I do."

"Dis paper says eatin is a fascinatin' work." Hungry Higgins—How I would like to be real wicious for about ten minutes.

Kitty—That Mr. Cashcutter is a regular instrumental geologist. Fannie—How? Kitty—He's always on the hunt for the rocks.

"Whither dost friend?" "To Africa." "Are you crazy? One hundred and thirty in the shade!" "But I dare not go in the shade."

"Was your new banquet lamp a success?" Mrs. Nawife—Yes, indeed. It exploded and burned up a lot of my cheap wedding presents.

When a retired railroad magnate started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.

"Rinks's wife has reformed him entirely; he doesn't drink a drop now." "How did she manage it?" "Easily enough. She spent all he could earn on dress."

[illegible]

Oh, Tailor! Years ago the doctors used to bleed their patients for about everything they had. Van Pelt—The practice doesn't change much, doesn't change much, does it?

"How do you like your new watch-dog?" Brown—He's first-class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs he just crawls under the bed.

Mamma—I was sorry to see that you took no trouble to walk lightly when you went into church today. Dickey—I didn't think it was late enough for anyone to be asleep.

Mrs. Suffrage—It's woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the times. Mr. Suffrage (mildly): Then hadn't you better spank our twins before they yell the roof off?

Cora—Miss Newrich has a new maid that is a great deal better than her old one. "Did she tell you?" "No, but the last note I had from her was spelled, every word of it, correctly."

Bobbs (severely)—I loaned you that book, but didn't expect you to keep it always. I did it confidentially." Dobbs—Doesn't that prove my fitness for the position I hold—confidential bookkeeper?

Three-fourths of the inventions used in bookbinding are American.