



A Good Story

THE CHINA DRAGON.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Do go for it, Charley!" said Rosalie Maury to her brother; "for, if I don't have it, I can't go to the ball."

"I'm not a dressmaker's errand boy," replied Charles Maury, rather ungraciously.

"But you're going directly past there," said Rosalie, pleadingly. "Do stop in and see, at least, why Miss Wallis hasn't sent it!"

And taking her brother's silence for assent, Miss Maury hurriedly:

"Oh, thank you, Charley, you always were a good-natured fellow."

"I say, Rosy," said her brother, "do you know of any place where they sell old china cheap? Cups and saucers, you know, or odd plates, or any such things? Miss Raynesford is wild about old china, and I really think it would be a good investment for me to send her something of the kind."

"They have them at Sanvitelli's," said Rosalie.

"And they charge their weight in gold for 'em, too," said Charles, with a distasteful shrug of the shoulders. "Isn't there any other place where the prices are a little less stunning?"

Rosalie contracted her pretty brows in intense thought for a minute or two.

"Not that I know of," said she.

"Just like a woman!" declared her ungrateful brother. "Never knew one yet to know anything that was worth knowing!"

And he walked off, with his hands in his pockets.

Half an hour later, down in the crowded parlors of the lower part of the city, he suddenly remembered Rosalie's commission.

"Nearly forgot Rosy's little dressmaker," said Mr. Maury to himself. "Let me see—where was it? Oh, No. 19 Lamb court!—and Lamb court must be somewhere just around here."

Miss Wallis was stitching away for dear life, as Mr. Maury tapped at her door.

"I've come to see why you didn't send Miss Maury's ball-dress home," he said, with sweet courtesy.

Mr. Maury did not belong to the race of chevalier Bayards, who defy all women, simply because they are women, irrespective of rank, age or station.

Miss Wallis colored scarlet under the bold stare of his eyes.

"It is not quite finished yet," said she. "My sister has been ill, and I have been put back in my work. But she shall have it, without fail, before dark."

"Look here, now," argued Maury. "Don't you know it isn't the thing to keep people waiting?"

"I am very sorry," said meek Meta, who, between overwork and nervousness, was ready to burst out crying, "but I could not help it!"

"Hello!" said Mr. Maury, his eye suddenly falling on a curious green-and-gold china monster on the mantle; "What's that? Where did you get it?"

"It belonged to my grandfather," said Meta. "We have had it many years."

"Just precisely what I'm looking for," said Mr. Maury, advancing boldly into the room the room to scrutinize the little piece of ceramic art.

"What'll ye take for it?"

Meta turned red and white.

"It has no money value," said she hurriedly.

"Not much, I dare say," remarked the young man disparagingly; "but I'll give you a dollar for it. Come, I won't be mean—say a dollar and a half."

"Indeed, sir, it isn't for sale!" pleaded Meta. "It has been in our family a hundred years and more."

"And what earthly good has it done you?" eagerly interrupted Charles Maury. "Poor folks have no business to indulge in sentiment. Will you take five dollars?"

"I had rather not sell it, sir," protested Meta, genuinely distressed.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

Just Result of Bathing in the Big Saline Sea.

The Good Swimmer There Makes a Show of Himself.

It may seem preposterous to talk of the finest sea bathing on earth a thousand miles from the ocean, but truth is no less truth because it appears absurd. The sea bathing in Great Salt Lake infinitely surpasses anything of the kind on either the Atlantic or Pacific coast. The water contains many times more salt and much more soda, sulphur, magnesium, chlorine, bromine and potassium than any ocean water on the globe. It is powerful in medicinal virtues, curing or benefiting many forms of rheumatism, rheumatic gout, dyspepsia, nervous disorders and cutaneous diseases, and it acts like magic on the hair of those unfortunate whose tendencies are to bald-headedness. It is a prompt and potent tonic and invigorant of body and mind, and then there is no end of fun in getting acquainted with its peculiarities.

A first bath in it is always as good as a circus, the bather being his or her own amusing trick mule. The specific gravity is but a trifle less than that of the Holy Land dead sea, the actual figures with distilled water as unit being, for the ocean, 1.037; for Salt Lake, 1.197, and for the Dead Sea, 1.116. The human body will not and cannot sink in it. You can walk out in it where it is 50 feet deep, and your body will stick up out of it like a fishing cork from the shoulders upward. You can sit it down in it perfectly secure where it is fathoms deep. Men lie on top of it with their arms crossed under their heads and smoke their cigars. Its buoyancy is indescribable and unimagable. Any one can float upon it in the first trial; there is nothing to do but lie down gently upon it—and float. But swimming is an entirely different matter. The moment you begin to "paddle your own canoe," lively and—and to the lookers-on—mirth-provoking exercises ensue.

When you stick your hands under to make a stroke, your feet decline to stay anywhere but on top; and when, after an exciting tussle with your refractory pedal extremities, you again get them beneath the surface, your hands fly out with the splash and splutter of a half dozen flatter wheels.

If on account of your brains being heavier than your heels, you change to turn a somersault and your head goes under, your heels will pop up like a pair of frisky dipper ducks. You cannot keep more than one end of yourself under water at once, but you soon learn how to wrestle with its novelties, and then it becomes "a thing of beauty and a joy" for any summer day.

The water is delightful to the skin, every sensation is exhilarating, and one cannot help feeling in it like a gilded cork adrift in a jewel-rimmed bowl of campaign punch. In the sense of luxurious ease with which it envelops the bather it is unrivaled on earth. The only approximation to it is in the phosphorescent waters of the Mosquito Indian coast. The water does not freeze until the mercury tumbles down to 18 degrees above zero, or 14 degrees below the ordinary freezing point. It is as clear as crystal, with a bottom of snow white sand and small objects can be distinctly seen at a depth of twenty feet. There is not a fish or any other living thing in all the 2,500 or 3,000 square miles of beautiful and mysterious waters, except the yearly increasing swarms of summer bathers. Not a shark or a stingray to scare the timid swimmer or floater, not a crab or a crawfish to nip the toe of the nervous wader, not a minnow or a frog, a tadpole or a pollywog—nothing that lives, moves, swims, crawls or giggles. It is the ideal sea-bathing place of the world.—The Utahman.

SKIN GRAFTING.

Saving the Life of a Girl Who Has Been Badly Burned.

More Than Eighty People Contribute Their Article.

Skin grafting has saved the life of Jessie Proudfoot, an eleven-year-old girl in San Rafael, Cal. Fifteen months ago she was playing around a bonfire in the yard when her clothing caught fire. In an instant she was enveloped in flames, and before the fire was extinguished, she was very severely burned, and it was not thought that she could possibly live.

She was a frail, delicate child, and large areas of her body were roasted, and the skin and flesh sloughed off, leaving the muscles exposed and causing much bleeding from the seared veins and arteries.

The worst burn she received was on the hip. It was sixteen inches long and averaged nine inches wide, covering one hundred and forty-four square inches of her body. There was a burn on her shoulder three by four inches, one six by six on her side and other smaller burns about her body. Despite the fears of her relatives and the doctors, Jessie clung to life, and finally the despair of her mother changed to hope.

Three months after the accident the smaller burns on her arm and side had healed, but the deeper and larger burn on the hip refused to heal. The surface was too large for the skin to bridge the seared flesh, and Dr. W. F. Jones decided to try skin grafting.

Since then there has been hardly a week that patches of skin have not been taken from other people and attached to the burned spot on Jessie's thigh. In many instances the new skin has sloughed off or dried up and refused adoption by the new owner, but the progress of covering the burn has been steady and the wound will be covered within a few months.

In the meantime Jessie is able to be out of bed and she does not have to remain on her right side, as she did for so many weeks after she received the burn. Twice the entire wound has been covered by Dr. Jones, but the centre of the burned spot refused to let the new skin grow, and now new patches of skin are wide around the edge.

More than eighty people have submitted to having small pieces of their skin removed to aid the brave little invalid, some going from San Francisco to aid her by their self-sacrifice. Her brother Joe, six years old, has ten times contributed from three to four square inches without a murmur, her sister Ethel has given twenty-three inches of her article altogether.

The mother and aunt have given of their skin until they have little more to give, and neighbors and friends now are dependent on for the material that will make Jessie a well girl.

A Use for a Queen.

Recently Queen Victoria received a petition from a little girl which was quite irresistible in its way. The letters addressed by unknown persons do not usually meet her eye, as their number is great and their character often indicative of unusual minds; but the epistle from this child the queen's secretary deemed worthy to be brought to her attention.

It began thus: "Dear Queen: I let my doll fall into a hole in the mountain and as I know that the other side of the world belongs to you, I wish you would send some one there to find my doll."

The little girl believed the hole went clear through the earth, and that the queen could easily have the doll hunted up on the other side.

The queen was much amused at this petition and though she was unable to grant it, she could send a new doll to the little girl, and thus she proceeded to do.—Youth's Companion.

Skulls of Papier Mache.

In making animal skulls into fur rugs and in the manufacture of various articles made of fur, imitation skulls are often used in place of the natural skull. The imitation skulls are made of paper mache, the inside of the mouth and the tongue being wax or steel; the teeth are of celluloid. When mounted, the animals are supplied with artificial eyes. The imitation skulls are modeled from natural skulls, and they are strikingly characteristic in appearance. They are made in great variety and substitute for the skulls of many animals.—New York Sun.

At Thraton, England, a \$5,000 organ has been placed in the church to encourage the birth in that town of Charlotte and Emily Bronte.

Two Aims.

He wrote of conquest, dreamed of fame, and yearned for honors, lands and gold; For those, while long years went and came, His manhood prime he gladly sold.

And fitting past him, trooped the phantoms, These gaudy phantoms, frail deceits, Till speedily they all were gone. He stood where years prime with old age meets—

Then lived to conquer, sued not fame, But yearned to do and be his best; And, wondrously, to him there came With this wish granted all the rest. —Beatrice Clayton.

HUMOROUS.

"I second the motion," said the man on the rear of the tandem.

"She had a lively race for a husband," "I heard she married a run-down nobleman."

Cynthia (looking at photograph)—Hiram, just turn your head a little. Hiram—You have turned it already.

Miss Huggins—My father is very good at reading faces. Mr. Lisman—Then I had better not print my kisses there.

Artist—That man Bacon offered me \$12 for that largest painting of mine! Caller—Oh, then you've had it framed.

Inventor—I'm working on a cyclo-meter. Friend—What is the special feature? Inventor—It registers the number of times you fall.

"If you don't do something on this bill before the 15th, I intend to sue you." "Ah! and will you permit me to recommend Sharp & Steele? I receive a percentage on all they get out of me."

Grammar—Nothing impresses me more than the littleness of greatness. Gileland—The greatness of littleness impresses me more. Nothing can be more profound than the observations of unimportant men.

Proprietor of Restaurant—Chicken tough, sir? Impossible! (magnanimously.) Look here, sir, if you know, sir, I first came to this restaurant twenty-years ago and— Customer—Did you bring the bowl with you?

When the mercury was a sprinter "I'll cool you if you try To remember how fast winter Made the cool pipe fly."

"Hand over, and be quick about it!" said the "holdup," as he put a revolver to the head of the belated man. "But you held me up last week and didn't get anything," remonstrated the victim. "Well, hand over what I didn't get then."

Daughter (in tears)—Oh, papa, why did you throw Roggy down the front steps? Father—Why, you didn't think I was going to throw him up the front steps and into the house again, did you? You're as hard to satisfy as your mother.

Guest—See here! The rates charged in this bill are very much higher than I agreed to pay. Proprietor Lake View Villa—True, my dear sir! But the weather has been very much finer than either of us anticipated when that arrangement was made.

"What are you doing here?" said the woman to the tramp, who had gone over the wall just in time to escape the building. "Madam," he said, with dignity, "I did intend to request something to eat, but all I ask now is that, in the interests of humanity, you'll feed that dog."

Suburban—If I should build this house, you are sure it won't cost more than your original estimate? Architect—Quite sure, Suburban—Oh! I forgot to state that my wife will revise your plans! Architect—In that case you will have to add another thousand for extra expounds.

Costly Game Heads.

The head of the musk ox is the most costly mounted game heads, and next is the head of the bison, or buffalo. Fine buffalo heads, well mounted, bring from \$150 to \$500. A head at \$200, however, would be one exceptionally large and choice; and a fine head can be bought for \$250. Fifteen years ago well-mounted buffalo heads could be bought from \$50 to \$100. The increase in price is accounted for by the growing scarcity of the buffalo, which has now practically disappeared from the United States. The wood bison of the Great Slave Lake region of British North America, which inhabit woodland, or mountain districts, are rather more numerous than the prairie buffaloes of this country, but their numbers are limited and are decreasing. The wood bison is not so large as the prairie buffalo, and its hair is straighter, and very blue.

Musk ox heads are held at \$300 and \$400. One musk ox head owned by a taxidermist in this city is valued at \$750.—New York Sun.

California's Golden Trout.

"On Whitney creek, in California, at a height of 10,000 feet above sea level, are found the only golden trout I ever heard of," said B. W. Nicholson of Pasadena, at the Shoreham.

"These fish run from six to ten inches in length, and are of a bright golden color, flecked with grayish purple, the tails being a creamy white, marked with regular grayish-purple spots. They show all of the characteristics of the ordinary mountain trout and taste like them. Whether or not they grow as large as the speckled trout, I do not know. The stream they were discovered in is shallow, and the largest yet caught weighed only twenty ounces, but it gave as much trouble before it was landed as any three-pounder ever caught. At the place where they are found the air is so cold that water freezes the warmest night of the year, which may or may not have something to do with the peculiar color of the fish.—Washington Star.

Phosphorescent Starfish.

Monsieur Henry of the Paris Academy of Sciences has invented a phosphorescent starch with which surprising effects can be produced. Used as a face powder, it makes the countenance glow in a dark room with mysterious radiance. Recently a "five o'clock tea" was given in Paris after dark, no light being employed except that supplied by phosphorescent starch sprinkled over everything in the room. The carpet, the ceiling, the pictures on the wall, the furniture, the tapestry, the flowers, the faces, shoulders and dresses of the ladies, making a spectacle that was at once startling and beautiful.

A 16 to 1 Chance.

"I have called to see you, Mr. Goldie," said the reporter, "to get an expression of your views as to the political situation."

"Well?"

"What do you think of 16 to 1?"

"I think it is," said Mr. Goldie. The reporter looked puzzled.

"Is what, sir?" he asked.

"Just about that," said Goldie, "just about 16 to 1."

"But—ah—16 to 1 what?"

"Sixteen chances to one, my dear boy, that you won't get an expression of views from me. I'm going to run for Congress, my friend!"—Harper's Bazar.

As Advised.

Bobby (to Druggist)—Your sign says, "Soda water; all the flavors, five cents."

Druggist (engagingly)—Yes; which do you wish?

Bobby (simply)—I want 'em all.—Pack.

The Touchhole Left.

"Here," said an old gentleman to his young friend, "is a family relic of which I am proud, and the sight of which should inspire in your heart feelings of the loftiest patriotism. It is a musket borne by my father in the revolutionary war and, before its deathly aim was a rebel's hat bit the dust in that struggle for human liberty."

"The young man handled the venerable relic tenderly and reverently. After long and patriotic contemplation he at length ventured to ask:

"'But where is the bayonet?'"

"'Oh,' said the old man, 'one of the boys was poking for a coon in a hollow tree and broke it, and the pieces are lost.'"

The Plot That Failed.

"Did you try that scheme of ringing a bell on Johnson when he was in the middle of his speech?"

"Yes, and it failed. Johnson was a street car conductor at our time."

"Well?"

"I made the mistake of ringing twice and he took it as a compliment. Thought it was a signal for him to get ahead."—Chatham Record.

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