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WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER V.

[illegible]

It was late in the afternoon of a day toward the close of May that Brian approached Elmwood. A telegram, sent from New York the day before, had announced his coming, and, on alighting from the train, he found the carriage awaiting him, and the old coachman beaming a smiling welcome.

Five years had wrought very perceptible changes in the aspect of the country. The small town lying within the hollow of the valley, true to its old progressive spirit, revealed a wonderful development. New and imposing residences were to be seen on all sides, and activity was everywhere visible, and Brian began to imagine himself a modern Rip Van Winkle, returning to his home after a long absence.

[illegible] Alas! this was his home no longer. For the first time perhaps the full force of this idea struck him.

From the carriage window he caught glimpses of Elmwood, the stately [illegible] crowning the brow of the hill [illegible] guarding the village below, its terraced gardens sloping to the [illegible] river winding like a silver [illegible] between its green banks, and [illegible] old forest trees clothed in the [illegible] foliage of May.

[illegible] as he turned from the picture. He had never been particularly fond of Elmwood in the old days, the [illegible] circumstance offering [illegible] he found alluring, but [illegible] changed. The home he had [illegible] his had passed into the hands of another, and the knowledge [illegible] new longings and new desires in his heart.

He tried to picture the cousin who had taken his inheritance from him, but [illegible] could grasp nothing [illegible]. He wondered if she were tall or short, dark or fair, cold or affable, [illegible] to framing a face in his [illegible] as the intangible shadow [illegible] shape it unconsciously [illegible] the form and features of the [illegible] had left in the fishing town [illegible].

[illegible] he cried, gnawing his [illegible] with a fierceness that argued [illegible]. The want of [illegible] the greatest bore under the [illegible]. "Margaret was such a dear girl."

This thought came as a natural sequence to the other, and he smiled at [illegible] suggested.

[illegible] Brian had his faults; among [illegible] love for his own [illegible] like for whatever [illegible] the least inconvenience [illegible] love for money was [illegible]. Money could buy [illegible] luxury, therefore he desired [illegible].

He had no ambition for the fame to [illegible] his own endeavors. No desire [illegible] his place in the working [illegible] his way in the struggle [illegible]. Privation and hardship [illegible] mothers of greatness, [illegible] in his life and the activity [illegible] which Margaret admired [illegible] him a laborious effort [illegible] greatness could compensate. His education was in part responsible for these ideas. Selfish and [illegible] by nature, he had early been deprived of his mother, and in her perhaps [illegible] training and judicious [illegible] which might have weakened, if not wholly eradicated, these traits. His father was illy fitted for the guardianship of a quick, impulsive boy, and the [illegible] indulgence of an old [illegible] strengthened the already strong [illegible]. When, as frequently happened, Brian grew unmanageable, his father was appealed to, and his severity on such occasions had far from the desired effect.

Such a course of training had a practical effect on Brian's after life. When [illegible] college he studied medicine, in accordance with his father's wishes, and during the progress of his studies, proceeded to sow his wild oats with such [illegible] that frequent quarrels between himself and father became the rule.

These terminated in one more bitter than all the rest, which resulted in Brian's departing for Europe, and his father threatening to discontinue his allowance. A very direful threat, that [illegible] Brian expected, in nothing more than words.

Brian had been traveling several months when Margaret's father died and she took up her residence at Elmwood. Once there, she soon won her way to her uncle's heart, and the old gentleman formed the project of a marriage between her and his son. He died without realizing his hope, and for reasons which he did not disclose, he left all his property to Margaret, and cut Brian off with an income of $2,000. Now, after [illegible] absence, the disinherited son [illegible] the novel sensation of entering his old home a visitor.

The friendly, familiar air of everything about him, made his sense of loss more keen; and when old Stephens, who had known him as boy, met him at the door with eyes suspiciously moist, and a face full of emotion, he found himself so overcome that he could do nothing more than grasp the toil-worn hand of the faithful old servant, and shake it with impulsive affection.

"Dear Stephens," he said to himself, when left alone to his reflections. "I firmly believe the faithful fellow had tears in his eyes. Never thought I'd be so low in the scales that the feelings of an old servant would touch me so. I wonder if my beloved cousin realizes what she has taken from me. More than mere money. Yes, a thousand times more. She has taken my happiness. And Margaret—with all this I could have married her. She [illegible] me, I feel sure. Her every action told me as much. Dear girl! how happy I should be to make her mistress here. Well, there is certainly no use sighing [illegible] the inevitable."

This was a philosophical conclusion, but Brian found it difficult to shake off the incubus of despondency, and turn his attention to some needful changes in his attire, preparatory to going down to dinner. He was not a particularly vain man; yet, wishing to appear to the best advantage in his cousin's eyes, he took special pains with his toilet. He wondered if Margaret had visitors. Stephens had spoken of the ladies.

"Probably some old friend or chaperon," he concluded, with a last satisfactory glance at his reflection in the mirror.

He found no one in the parlors, and, the library being likewise deserted, he wandered along the hall to a half open door, through which he caught a glimpse of a black dress.

He approached it with some trepidation. He suspected possible changes in the arrangement of the house since Margaret's advent, and he was rather fearful of intruding upon some private apartment.

His hesitating steps had, however, been heard. There was a movement in the room, a cry of "Dear Brian!" and he found himself holding Miss Hilton's hand, and gazing, with mingled pleasure and surprise in the gentle, kindly face.

"Come right in," she said brightly. "This is our sitting room, but you are not debarred entrance. It is such a pleasure to see you again, you poor boy."

"It is almost like a homecoming," he rejoined in a low voice, following her into the cozily furnished room. "I scarcely expected any welcome from your hands. Who am I to thank for that pleasure?"

"Margaret. Poor child, she is all alone, and needs some older friend and adviser."

"Naturally. I suppose she is well?"

"Yes, quite well. Her health is usually good. Still I think she has never recovered from our late bereavement. It was a sad event for you, also, Brian."

The old lady spoke feelingly, and her words brought an expression of pain to Brian's face.

"Poor father," he said, after a second. "I hope he did not think me quite ungrateful or unloving. It will be one of my lasting regrets that I could not be with him before the end. I was traveling at the time, you know, and your message announcing his illness reached me with that announcing his death."

"His illness was very sudden," put in Miss Hilton. "None of us realized it until a few hours before the last. He spoke of you most affectionately," she continued, bending more closely over her knitting. "I am sure he felt that only circumstances kept you from him."

"And yet——" began Brian, but the old lady paused.

"I know what you would say," she resumed. "I do not think the terms of his will argued any want of affection for you. I cannot understand it myself, yet I believe he thought he was acting for the best. Margaret has never reconciled herself to the condition of things."

"I suppose it is only a balancing of the scales," he said, rather gloomily. "I do not question her right to a person of the money, [illegible]"

He paused, either unwilling or unable to complete his sentence.

"I think it will turn out for the best," remarked Miss Hilton, with cheery certainty. "Money is nice to have, I acknowledge, but most of our great men began their lives without it and, by the way, in my pleasure at seeing you I have quite forgotten Margaret's message. She is feeling unusually tired today, and begs you will excuse her until dinner time."

"Certainly," he responded, readily appreciating the feeling which had prompted his cousin to remain in the background until she should partly realize his changed condition. "But an indirect hint will allow my curiosity full play. From such results look for a paragon. An unpleasant one I fear, and I shall appear to great disadvantage by contrast. I fear she has formed too with a bad opinion of me."

"Then give her reason to change. She has ideas and [illegible] of her own, but she is not and [illegible] where it exists."

Brian appeared dubious.

"Ideas and convictions," he repeated. "I guessed as much from her letters to me. I think there is something in the name which gives determination of character. I daresay she has made a great many friends here."

"Yes, she has a winning personality, which never fails her. Colonel Barton—you remember him of course—is especially fond of her. And the poor people would go through fire and water to serve her."

"A Saint Elizabeth," put in Brian, meditatively. "There are drawbacks to such a character. I [illegible] prim and particular."

Miss Hilton laughed merrily as a vision of Margaret rose before her. "Wait until you see her, and then tell me your opinion. I suppose you are quite tired out with traveling, and intend to settle down to a more quiet existence?"

"You think I've played the Wandering Jew long enough," he questioned. "Well, Miss Hilton, bohemian life has its drawbacks, certainly, but it is blessed with advantages also. It develops the mind, broadens one's views, and brings one closer [illegible]. We realize that home is a very small corner of the world, after all. It is a practical education."

"Ah, Brian, you are at your old tricks again. You can always find arguments in favor of what you like."

Brian laughed. "I think we can all do that, Miss Hilton. Now tell me the news. The Lady Teazles are not all dead, I suppose?"

"Unfortunately, no; they appear to thrive on this air. I really don't know of much particular news, though. People get married, babies are born, and people die. That is about all they seem to do around here. Of course you have not forgotten Col. Barton. His temper is as peppery as ever, I think. His niece is living with him. She is rather a pretty girl, though poor, I imagine.

"Bertie is studying law with an old friend in New York. I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear of an engagement between Alice and him one of these fine days, though that is merely supposition on my part. Mary Lewis—— Ah, here is Margaret."

Brian looked up quickly at these words. A slim girlish figure stood in the doorway, and as his glance fell upon it his eager expectancy gave way to consternation. He found his eyes meeting those of Margaret Smith.

Incapable of speech, he could only stare upon the seeming apparition, while Miss Hilton gazed helplessly from his astonished face to Margaret's cold, unreadable one.

Only Margaret was equal to the occasion. She had prepared herself for this meeting, and advancing toward Brian with easy self-possession, though with an air and expression that told of indifference, she took his hand, saying in rather conventional tones:

"You are welcome to Elmwood, Cousin Brian, though I hope you need no words of mine to assure you of that. I must beg your pardon for my late appearance. Miss Hilton gave you my excuse, and I am sure her presence more than compensated for my absence."

Brian tried to make some intelligent answer, but he was not very successful. Margaret was amply revenged.

He wondered if revenge had been her object in bringing him here. Just now he was willing to believe anything.

Margaret saw his inquiring glance, and probably guessed his thought. She lowered her head, while a deep flush passed over her face. Then, turning abruptly with the announcement that dinner was served, she led the way to the dining room.

The many excellent dishes failed to tempt Brian's appetite. While he found himself unable to penetrate Margaret's object in concealing her identity from him, he had an unpleasant remembrance of their last meeting, the despicable part he had played, and the contempt she had manifested toward him.

Miss Hilton watched him narrowly. She was much mystified, but with an intuitive sense that something was wrong, she made laudable efforts to relieve the strained condition of things by introducing various subjects of conversation.

Margaret seconded her ably, but Brian answered in monosyllables. It was a relief to him, if not to all parties, when dinner came to an end, and they at last repaired to the parlors, where, as soon as politeness permitted, Brian excused himself on the plea of fatigue and sought the welcome solitude of his room.

"Come, Miss Hilton," cried Margaret when they were alone. "Let us go to our sitting-room. It is ever so much more cozy than these bare parlors. Don't you think so?"

She did not wait for an answer, but hurried off to the room in question, where Miss Hilton, following more slowly, found her ensconced in the depths of a large rocking chair, heading closely over a book, which she was holding upside down.

"Tell me all about it," said the old lady, gently taking the book from her hands and placing it on the table. "You knew we agreed to have to see him. Have you met him before to-night?"

"Yes," answered Margaret, slowly laying her face in her hands, "and oh, Miss Hilton, I did not think the day would ever come when I should feel so thoroughly humbled. I had rather beg in the streets than feel my sense of obligation to him. He thinks me an object of scoffing to seek revenge. He thinks I am enjoying the money he has lost, but oh, if he knew what bitter humiliation my possession is to me he could not [illegible]"

"Revenge, Margaret? You talk wildly, my dear child. I'm afraid the trip to [illegible] did you more harm than good. I can very safely say that such an idea has not entered Brian's mind."

"Perhaps not," replied Margaret, wearily. "I do not think he's revengeful. But—— I will tell you the whole story, Miss Hilton. How we met and what passed between us, and then you can understand how circumstances have made my old regret more bitter."

Then with her head on Miss Hilton's shoulder, and her hand clasped in that of the dear friend who had never failed her in any difficulty, Margaret told of the meeting on the beach at [illegible], of the long and pleasant hours of a close companionship, and of the interview which marked an epoch in two lives.

Miss Hilton listened quietly, and if she guessed what was left untold she gave no hint. She talked in her gentle, easy, gentle way. She said it was possible in Brian's favor, but apparently her words were [illegible] in changing Margaret's views, and she confessed to herself with a sigh that the unfortunate meeting had [illegible] contretemps indeed, and a [illegible] a fatal blow to her cherished hopes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Aristocracy Open to Offers.

The following advertisement lately appeared in an English newspaper: "Directors wanted of good social standing for a new company now in course of formation; qualification will be found for selected applicants and remuneration will be on a liberal scale." To this there were 111 replies received: one earl, one viscount, four barons, seven baronets, one knight, thirteen honorables, six members of parliament, four generals, one admiral, nine colonels, four majors, fourteen army captains, three minor naval officers, and seventy-three without rank or title. There were some very amusing letters accompanying the applications. The earl said: "I need not point out that, should you entertain my proposal, an important leverage in procuring a good subscription of public capital will be gained by my title, which is an old one, and likely to prove an attraction to investors. I may also state that if appointed I should always make it a point of driving to the general meetings in my brougham and pair, with servants in full livery. This, I have been told by friends sitting on company boards, is a great factor in inspiring shareholders with confidence." One of the barons wanted to know "if the fees were paid in advance, irrespective of any profits made by the company." One of the members of parliament wrote that he had no doubt that, if he were appointed, it would result in heavy purchases of shares in his constituency, where he was very popular. "And," he added, "it would be well if the bona fides of your scheme were assured, at any rate on the surface." The last part of the sentence would seem to rather give the virtuous legislator away, as he evidently did not care whether the scheme was good or not.—Financial World.

BETRAYED HER COUNTRY

AN EDUCATED CUBAN WOMAN WHO WAS WEYLER'S SPY.

[illegible] Sacrificed Her Friends, Her [illegible] and Her Native Land for [illegible] a Spanish Officer—Some of Her [illegible] Exploits. Not a Pleasant Story.

[illegible] women have won the gratitude [illegible] and sufferings for their [illegible]. But here is the story [illegible] a woman who sacrificed her [illegible] her relatives and her country [illegible] Spanish lover.

[illegible] not a pleasant story, this of Nina Diaz, the beautiful, fascinating, [illegible] spy of the bloody Weyler regime. Well for the fair name of Cuban women that there are no others like it. Through her infatuation for a Spanish officer she became the tool of "the butcher," and the moral responsibility of many of the atrocities committed by the monster may be laid at the door of this traitress to her country.

Nina Diaz is the daughter of Felix Diaz, who owned a small tobacco plantation near Santiago, Cuba. Diaz [illegible] comfortable income from his lands, but when the struggle for independence began he left his plantation, and with his two sons joined the army of General Garcia.

Nina and her mother left their home at the same time, and went to Havana to live.

Nina was a typical Cuban beauty, dazzling, voluptuous and enticing.

When a daughter of the tropics loves, it is with her whole heart and soul. Nina fell in love with a member of Weyler's staff, a young lieutenant of infantry, who had just been assigned to the Spanish secret service in Havana.

Weyler wanted some women spies. It was his theory that a shrewd woman was the best possible spy if she conducted her campaign on a love basis. To this end he urged the young officer about him to make use of their sweethearts to discover the plans of the insurgents.

The lover of Nina Diaz persuaded her to join the Spanish secret service, and threw all the force of her beauty, cleverness, and magnetism against her native country.

Nina's beauty and intelligence soon attracted attention, and she became popular with Americans and Cubans. On steamer days Miss Diaz made her promenades upon the wharf or upon the decks of outgoing vessels. In this way she met any number of people, and secured most valuable information, which, through her lover, was imparted to Weyler.

Nina Diaz's success was so great in Havana that Weyler decided to send her into the provinces to report the movements of the rebels.

Her first venture was in Santiago, near her old home. Disguised as a peasant, she went about with a small book begging for contributions for the sick and wounded of the insurgent army.

Hundreds of arrests followed. Families were broken up, unhappy mothers and children were thrust into prison, a trail of misery and suffering and death marked the path of this beautiful, cruel spy.

One day Nina was caught by a Cuban, [illegible] in communication with a Spanish officer. The spy and the Spaniard were captured, and brought before the chief of the insurgents.

Nina's cleverness and sang froid did not desert her. She informed her captors that she was the daughter of Felix Diaz, a Cuban insurgent, who was known to be in the neighborhood. She was on her way to visit her father, she declared, when the Spaniard had captured her, and endeavored by bribes and threats to make her reveal the camp of the insurgents.

The story was not credited at first, but the insurgents sent to her father and brothers, and on their arrival she was released.

At dusk that evening Nina escaped and reached the Spanish lines. Using the information she carried them, the Spaniards next morning attacked the insurgents, and a fearful slaughter ensued.

By Cubans the name of Nina Diaz is execrated.

But Weyler declared of her that she was the only loyal Cuban on the island.

Railroad Losses by Ohio Floods.

It was surprising to the experienced general officers of the Pennsylvania system to note the great damage occasioned by the recent floods in Ohio, and they were exceedingly well pleased with the progress made in restoring the road at the different places where washouts occurred or bridges were carried away. General Manager L. F. Loree, Second Vice President Brooks, and Third Vice President Wood, with General Superintendent Miller, [illegible] and Superintendents Peck and [illegible] and other officers have been [illegible] for three days inspecting the lines. They found that the main line was damaged to the extent of at least $50,000, bridges had been washed away on the branches, and the delay to traffic and the trackage necessary to be paid to the Big Four and other roads will swell the aggregate damage figures to a vast extent. All the other Ohio roads suffered similar damages, and it is now estimated that $1,000,000 will scarcely cover the losses occasioned by the recent flood in Ohio alone.—Pittsburg (Penn.) Post.

A Return Shot.

Mr. Bender: Mrs. Carter, let me tell you that if you want to be up to the times you'll have to get a side-board.

Mrs. Carter: And let me tell you, Mr. Bender, that if you ain't more up to time in your payments you'll have to get outside board.—Boston Courier.

STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Men Who Have Confessed to Crime Which They Never Committed.

That a man on the rack, with every nerve quivering, with every nerve drawn to its utmost tension, with the pain increasing in intensity and, you know, should confess himself the perpetrator of crime is natural enough. The prospect of speedy [illegible] actual pain is a temptation that blinds the sufferer to the future. But it may seem strange, and is indeed one of the most inexplicable things in human history, that men have been induced to make confessions and other means of persuasion to state their own death warrant by confessing crimes actually never committed. Such in England was the case of John Perry, executed near Campden in 1661, with his mother and brother, for murdering William Harrison, steward to Lady Noel. The testimony against them was chiefly the confession of John Perry himself, but, to the astonishment of all, Harrison, who had been kidnapped and carried off, returned two years after the execution.

In 1842 a man named Russell Colvin, living at Manchester, Vt., disappeared, and suspicion of foul play [illegible] entertained. Public opinion attributed his murder to Stephen and Jesse Boorn. Still, as there was no definite ground on which to arrest them, the excitement gradually died away. In 1819, however, a Mr. Boorn dreamed that he had been murdered by the Boorns, whose he had [illegible] his brothers, Stephen and Jesse. The [illegible] the murdered man [illegible] the place of the murder and the [illegible] where the mutilated body had been [illegible]. Here a knife and buttons were found, which were identified as belonging to Colvin. On this the two men were arrested. Stephen and Colvin had quarreled just before the disappearance of the latter, and Stephen had been seen to strike him with a club and knock him down.

In a short time Jesse confessed that he and Stephen, with their father, after Stephen knocked him down, had carried him to the old cellar and cut his throat with a pocket knife. He further stated that the next year they made away with most of the bones of their victim. Stephen, after a time, admitted the truth of Jesse's confession. On this they were convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 28th of January, 1820. They appealed for commutation of the sentence, and it was refused their innocence, advertisements were inserted in various papers for Colvin. Not long afterward a letter appeared in the New York Evening Post, signed by a Mr. [illegible], dated December [illegible], 1819, [illegible] that a slightly deranged man named Russell Colvin had been a [illegible] years before. This was generally looked upon as a hoax; but Mr. Whelpley, of New York, who knew Colvin, resolved to follow up the clue, and actually found Colvin at the house of William Polhemus, at Dover, N.J., where he had been since April, 1813.

Mr. Whelpley took him to New York, the common council gave him an escort to Vermont, and he arrived at Manchester on the 22d day of December.

The [illegible] was an [illegible] state of wild excitement. People gathered in from all the surrounding country to see the dead alive. A cannon was brought out, and Colvin was saluted with a discharge of cannon and small arms, Stephen Boorn being the first there. There was some discussion as to what should be done, and to the [illegible] persuasion, [illegible] to the ignorant advice and admonitions of a sleepy [illegible].

Franklin Pierce's Ring.

The ring presented by the descendants of Franklin Pierce to the [illegible] the United States is [illegible] for several reasons. [illegible] word [illegible] a pound.

It was presented to him by his friends in Carlsbad [illegible] in the world. It is [illegible] a California mine. Its chief [illegible] it cut into [illegible], which stand at right angles to each other, and each is embellished with an old design, the entire ring representing a pictorial history of California.

There is an [illegible] bear in a [illegible] attitude, [illegible], down a slope, an enraged snake, a soaring eagle and a salmon. Upon another appears an Indian with bow and arrow, and a native [illegible] on horseback [illegible]. Next [illegible] a Californian hunt and a miner at work with his [illegible]. These are surrounded by two [illegible] with the [illegible] and [illegible] the sixth.

The part of the ring to which the [illegible] is attached is a solid piece of gold with California [illegible] and the [illegible] "Franklin Pierce, Fourteenth [illegible]."

The bezel opens with a hinge and discloses beneath a lid [illegible] by bars of gold into nine separate compartments, each containing a pure specimen of the varieties of ore found in the state.

The inscription within reads, "Presented to Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth President of the United States." The ring is valued at $5000.

A Cold Night in China.

One of the incidents that are ineffaceably cut into my memory during my first winter in Newchwang was the finding on one morning about New Year's time thirty-five masses of ice, each mass having been a living man at 10 o'clock the preceding night. The thermometer was a good bit below zero (Fahrenheit). The men had just left the opium dens, where they had been enjoying themselves. The fumes sent them to sleep, and they never wakened.—North China Herald.

THE RESOURCES OF CUBA

HER PROSPECTS FOR PROSPERITY WHEN A LASTING PEACE COMES.

The Choicest Land, in California Cannot Approach the [illegible] of Cuba in Fertility [illegible] Wealth of the Country [illegible].

[illegible] Cuba [illegible] to be [illegible] there is [illegible] in the country [illegible] never have the prospects or prosperity come [illegible] by the [illegible] as a [illegible] of Spain. The area of Cuba is about 42,000 square miles. Its greatest length is 760 miles, and its breadth ranges from 20 to 135 miles. Perhaps there is no spot of earth the equal in size to Cuba that can begin to compare with her in the production of those things that are useful to man. Antonio y Morales, a noted authority, has prepared a table showing the variety and quantities of the staple that can be raised on a tract of thirty-three acres in Cuba. A farm of this size in one year produces thousands of pounds of sugar, coffee, tobacco, cacao, chocolate, cotton, indigo, rice, sago, bananas and yucca. The choicest lands in California, noted for the variety and quantity of their products, cannot approach the output of Cuba in this respect. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the wealth of industry, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the wealth and abundance, [illegible] the mineral [illegible] gold and [illegible] found in springs and [illegible] in great quantities.

Cuba is rich in wealth, counting the [illegible] of the [illegible]. Great deposits of the [illegible] and in the [illegible] there is [illegible] of a [illegible] as fine as the best that marble [illegible]. [illegible] colored marble and jasper are [illegible]. On the coast are immense deposits of [illegible], and there are also unlimited [illegible] the purest [illegible] known. [illegible] Humboldt was amazed at the richness and quantity of the mineral wealth of Cuba. This branch of the wealth has been [illegible] at the end of 1890 the total mining [illegible] titles issued in Santiago [illegible] 296, [illegible] manganese, and [illegible] copper.

As a pastoral country Cuba was more prosperous a century ago than she is now, but her pastures are broad and rich, and the possibilities are unlimited. Cuba, with her grand natural pastures, was just beginning to raise fine Durham and Devonshire stock when the ten years war desolated the country, and put a stop to the industry. The millions of acres of tree land in Cuba are ready for the agriculturist; the cattle, the [illegible] raiser, the cotton [illegible], the sugar and [illegible] planter, and even for the [illegible] and manufacturer. [illegible] trees [illegible] to perfection [illegible]. Some crops, according to Dr. Ashley, are more prolific and productive in Cuba than in any other country on the face of the globe. Here is a land prepared to yield up utilities that will add immeasurably to the happiness of the world; waiting to blossom into a garden, and to swarm with population; to develop almost [illegible] of peace, to be converted into an industrial microcosm in the microcosm of the world at large. Cuba is waiting for the hour when the [illegible] of peace and uninterrupted [illegible], prosperity enter and enjoy the [illegible] nature has prepared for them in the unrivaled, [illegible] Pearl of the Antilles.—Chicago Times-Herald.

STARTLING PILL STATISTICS.

Some Idea of the Consumption of Medical Pellets by the English.

The British appetite for pills can only be gauged from the revenue receipts relating to the stamp duties paid for proprietary medicines which last year in the aggregate amounted to almost a quarter of a million pounds; and by making allowances for the pills, dispensed by doctors and chemists, which are not dutiable.

An allowance of a trifle over half an ounce of pills for each inhabitant of the United Kingdom for the year cannot be said to be an extravagant estimate; indeed, such an allowance means but thirty-two doses a year, or one and a half pounds of pills to last a lifetime of fifty years.

Placed in a straight line, says Tit Bits, the pill consumption would extend through [illegible] forty feet, and [illegible] 1520 of them. [illegible] rather [illegible] of pills were [illegible], it would [illegible] less than four [illegible] and [illegible] of under [illegible].

[illegible] stations [illegible] deliver [illegible] find that [illegible] pills are [illegible]. British pill [illegible] they [illegible] to [illegible].

The process of rolling [illegible] a lengthy [illegible] would [illegible] eighty [illegible] at which [illegible] would probably [illegible] piling down [illegible] an [illegible] into [illegible] pills [illegible] as [illegible] pill [illegible] giant [illegible].

[illegible] feet in height, [illegible] shoulders [illegible] on the ground [illegible] the services of a small [illegible] the human [illegible] level with the top of the monster pill.

Prince of Wales' Dinner Table.

Good taste reigns over all the arrangements. The table cloths are scarcely plain though of the finest quality, and [illegible] worked with the royal arms, the rose, the thistle and the shamrock, where the table napkins are invariably folded into a small [illegible] with a dinner [illegible], and never in [illegible] or [illegible], [illegible] and no more, so arranged that they are placed [illegible]. In addition there [illegible] and one large [illegible] are two [illegible].

A great many men are said to have been [illegible] but apparently [illegible] to courage [illegible] and hostess. It [illegible] Royal Highness the Prince [illegible] of a [illegible] and [illegible] but the Princess [illegible] it of never having [illegible].

At Marlborough House dinner begins at 8.45 o'clock, and is never allowed to last much more than an hour. Occasionally dinner [illegible] is played. The menu [illegible] a la Russe; that is to say, nothing is carved in the dining room.

Fugitive Colors of Gems.

A [illegible] by the Journal [illegible] that the colors of precious stones are not permanent in the light. To give a universal and absolute explanation for [illegible] difficulties, although [illegible] to add to [illegible] have been [illegible] for [illegible] one time [illegible] concerned. A ruby which had been left for two years in a light [illegible] was found to be considerably lighter after that time had elapsed than a stone, previously of exactly the same color, which had been kept in the dark. Similar results were observed with emeralds and sapphires. Still more [illegible] than with these valuable colored gems is the action of light on the less expensive stones. Garnet and topaz differ in that the former becomes dim and dull, while the latter only turns lighter.

Fine Distinction.

"They do pretty things in Boston," said the occasional liar. "What do you suppose I saw the last time I was there?"

"Give it up," sang the chorus.

"A sign that said '$2.50 pants marked down from $8 trousers.'"