

BY WORD OF MOUTH.

Story of a Telephonic Reconciliation Brought About by an Old Bachelor.

I don't profess to be able to see further into a brick wall than my neighbors, but it really required no extraordinary degree of intelligence to perceive that my nephew Gerald was very much in love with little Amy Creswell.

The Creswells were staying at the Hotel Albemarle for a few days, and it was a significant fact that Gerald was constantly sending the club commissioner with little notes to that hotel.

I wasn't, therefore, in the least surprised the other evening, soon after we arrived at the Willards' to dinner, to hear the Creswells announced to the right of the door.

I don't pretend to know how these things are managed, but some how or other it happened that Miss Amy and my nephew sat next to one another at dinner that evening.

I was a discreet but interested observer of what took place. Although I am myself a confirmed old bachelor, and consequently little versed in the art of detecting the symptoms which indicate the existence of the tender passion in others, yet on this occasion I saw quite enough to convince me as to how the land lay.

It has always appeared to me that the course of true love would run smoothly enough, but for the wanton way in which lovers create obstacles to the fulfillment of their own desires.

That Gerald was no exception to the ordinary run of lovers in this respect I soon had cause to realize, for he and Amy Creswell had a tiff at dinner that very evening which, but for a happy inspiration on the part of the writer of this simple tale, might have ended in their permanent estrangement.

It was all on account of a certain Captain Lachmere, of whom Gerald didn't happen to approve, and who had been for some time making marked attentions to Miss Amy Creswell.

That young lady didn't really care a button for the man in question, but she not uncharacteristically resenting any attempt on Gerald's part to put a stop to her intimacy with him.

Of course, neither of them supposed for an instant that I or anybody else had heard a word of their dispute, for their conversation was carried on in low tones, and to all appearance I had been listening with deep attention to the voluble utterances of a formidable lady on my right hand, who was laying down the law on the subject of the extension of the franchise to women.

At this moment Mrs. Willard gave the signal for the ladies to retire, and conversation was brought to an untimely end.

We men were left to enjoy our wine and cigars, and as I puffed meditatively at an excellent Havana and sipped Willard's unexceptionable port I really felt at peace with all the world.

charming qualities, all so deliciously attractive and so eminently desirable that, for the life of me, I could not make up my mind to content myself with any one of the dear creatures to the exclusion of the rest; and as, unfortunately, the custom of the country in such cases does not permit a man to be married to more than one woman at a time, I am obliged to remain a forlorn old bachelor—I love too much to love exclusively.

"I think you put that rather nicely," said I, "and, effectively, 'but isn't it only a pretty excuse for a man's inconstancy?'"

"My dear young lady," said I, laughing, "constancy is only another name for narrow-mindedness. Suppose, for instance, that I had married ten years ago at the present moment, and that I don't quite understand, Mr. Stevens."

"Miss Creswell is evidently unaware of her own attractions," said I; "there is a marginal note, 'Destructive to pre-views,' attached to your name in the book of which I was speaking."

"You mustn't talk nonsense," said my little neighbor demurely; but, between ourselves, I fancy that she was not particularly vexed at the innuendo.

"What about men from a woman's point of view?" she continued presently. "Are you men such paragons that we poor women must be satisfied with a share of one of you?"

"There are not enough of you to go round," I murmured. "Suppose, now that we started the theory that no man possessed more than one or two of the many virtues which a perfect man should possess?"

"That's just the difficulty," said I. "We are so sadly unequal to the requirements of the case. Either we are too young or too old, too tall or too short, too fat or too thin, too handsome or too cold, too ugly or not handsome enough."

"That's the same thing," interrupted Amy. "Pardon me; there is a subtle difference between you yourself, Mr. Stevens."

"I fear," said I with a regretful glance at my pretty companion, "that in these days most ladies consider me too old for anything but a stop-gap."

"Upon my word, when I talk to you I almost begin to feel that you are right and that I am not so very old, after all."

"Is it a pleasant illusion, Mr. Stevens?"

"Which are?" said Amy, raising her prettily arched eyebrows. "My nephew is one of them just now," said I, glancing at Gerald, and in truth the boy's rueful countenance did rather take the edge off my appreciation of the situation.

"He's horribly cross tonight," said Amy, "and it serves him right!" "Tell me," said I suddenly, looking full at my little neighbor, "does it give you pleasure to make him unhappy?"

nephew's manner was daily becoming more and more morose. If Gerald's mamma had been in town, or if the girl had had a mother to whom she could have confided her trouble, the whole thing might have been put to rights in five minutes; but as things stood there was every chance of these two misguided young people ending their days in single blessedness.

"After four or five days of this kind of thing I came to the conclusion that it was desirable for me to do something to help matters along a little, as anything would be better than the continuation of the existing state of affairs."

"I thought the matter over carefully one night, as I smoked my usual after-dinner cigar, and by the time I had finished my weed I had decided upon my plan of campaign."

"What are your plans for tomorrow, Gerald?" said I. "I haven't any," replied my nephew moodily.

"Well, then, you might come with me and leave a card at the Willards'; we haven't been near the house since we dined there last Wednesday."

"I'm sick of the whole farce of social intercourse; but I'm ready to do anything you like, Uncle Jack," said Gerald indifferently.

Gerald's was clearly a bad case. I rose from my comfortable chair, put on my hat and overcoat, and strolled down to the club.

It really was a striking instance of self-sacrifice on the part of an old fogey; for I hadn't the slightest desire to go out that night.

"When I arrived at the club I went straight to the telephone cupboard and rang up the Hotel Albemarle, Miss Creswell was 'at home.'"

"Could she speak to Mr. Stevens?" I waited the reply to this question with considerable anxiety. Presently the little bell rang.

"Miss Creswell will be at the telephone in a minute."

I had made up my mind to attempt a manoeuvre which required some little finesse for the securing of its success. Presently Miss Amy's voice came faintly along the wire: "Yes; who is it?"

"Is that you, Amy?" I replied boldly. "Yes; who are you?" "Gerald Stevens," said I, with mental reservations.

I fancied that I heard a little exclamation of pleased surprise, but whether it was so or not I could not be positively certain; however, the next sentence which reached my ear through the instrument was spoken in tones of perfect unconcern.

ator at the exchange asking whether I had done with No. 10. "No," I answered, "has done with me. I'm afraid," said I, and before the puzzled operator had time to ask what I meant, I "rang off." There are some things which we cannot explain, even to a telephone operator.

"There's no fool like an old fool," I thought, as I felt about with my latch-key to the keyhole; "unless it's a young fool." I mentally added a moment later, as I observed poor Gerald gazing disconsolately into the dying embers of the fire.

"When you were in during the last hour?" said Gerald presently. "I have been making love to a charming girl," said I cheerfully.

Gerald was rude enough to laugh. "And I flatter myself that she wasn't altogether displeased with the performance," I added with a self-satisfied air. "As for you, you young dog!" I proceeded severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What business have you to be sulking here at home while a pretty girl has been wearing your habit worn by the last week on your account?"

"How do you know that?" said Gerald, with the nearest approach to cheerfulness which I had observed in him for some days.

A particular friend of hers told me that it was so, and that I told you ever dare to let her know that I told you I'll disinherit you, as sure as my name is Jack Stevens."

"I should deserve it," said my nephew. Of course, Gerald and Amy Creswell met at the Willards' the following afternoon, and Amy's manner was so cordial to my nephew that the dear boy was firmly convinced that she was trying to show him how anxious she was to make up his little quarrel.

The week later their engagement was publicly announced. "The best of it is that to this day each believes that the other took the first step toward a reconciliation."

Realize the possibilities of Mr. Edison's ingenious machine are but dimly realized in this conservative old country of ours.—Sketch.

Speculation is a passion which wrecks fortunes, bodies, characters, communities, nations. Many men reach after immense possible results rather than take assured small ones. They prefer the bucket shop to the savings bank.

The unknown patent medicine has displaced the old-fashioned quack. The quack whose composition is understood, and whose operation has been tested by professional experts. The "divine healer" or the "Christian scientist" is trusted rather than the trained physician.

Crowds of crazed enthusiasts hoarse in praise of the orator who has some panacea which never has been tried but which he warrants to remove all national ills. Here and there one gains money. Some real or imaginary bodily ills are cured. Speculative investment is the great reward of national prosperity. But every sensible man knows that all these speculations offer immense risks and yield small returns.

The many are duped, the few reap the rewards. Honest labor, diligent study, and experience insure safety. Gambling in business, in medicine, in government, in religion, is immoral. Its consequences are disastrous. To warn men against it and to offer the sure rewards of honesty is to preach a genuine gospel, fitted especially to the needs of this time.

Another Globe Girder (From The American Cyclist). Lieutenant Julius Brandstoeffer, of the Austrian army, is making a tour of the world on his wheel. He is twenty-seven years old, more than six feet high, and a muscular athlete. A scyling suit, a sweater, a pair of socks, a couple of spare tires and a repair kit are all the baggage he carries.

SCIENCE OF HERALDRY The Crest is the True Badge of Chivalry and Nobility. The real meaning of a crest seems quite obscure to many people. The crest is, in fact, simply the ornament on the top of the helmet worn by a commander, and is distinguished from the confusion of battle by the mantle in the center of the helmet, and is as inappropriate as the crest for ladies use, excepting only persons who use it as a robe of estate. Helms are of five kinds, varying according to rank. The crest is always, unless especially stated otherwise, placed upon a wreath upon the top of the helmet and is always painted blue. A coat of arms was a habit worn by the ancient knights over their armor, both in battles and tournaments, upon which was applied the arms of the knight. The crest was in gold and silver and enameled with beaten tin, colored black, green, red and blue, whence the rule ever to apply color on color, or metal on metal.

The achievements of married women are arranged precisely as are their husbands' arms, the crest being placed above the shield, and the motto, the ground always painted black under the wife's and white under the husband's.

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The baron and the baroness had come to town, and the young New Yorker who had met them when he was a student at Heidelberg was showing them the sights of the city, says The New York Telegram.

He took them, among other places, to a German beer hall in Third avenue, where all manner of antique mugs and porcelain are perched on shelves against the dark, walnut panels of the walls.

"That woman," he said, "whom you asked if she knew your wife was a baroness."

"So is my wife," replied Fitz, as he calmly slid a bill of fare across the table. "That was the baroness—I knew her well."

The Round Cotton Bale (Atlanta Journal). While a number of cotton experts have given their cordial endorsement to the cylindrical cotton bale strong objection is made to it by many cotton brokers in New York on the ground that it is difficult to sample cotton packed in such a bale.

The Boston Herald which is in touch with the cotton men of the north comes to the defense of the new bale as follows: "A new method of baling cotton in compressed cylindrical bales, bound with cotton cloth instead of jute bagging, is said to have proved highly satisfactory. The space in a vessel's hold is utilized by a car for a given quantity of cotton is much less when cotton is put up this way than when packed in the old manner. More than this, it has been found practically impossible to set fire to a bale of cotton put up in this manner, and the rate of loss is much less than in the old way when the cotton is put up in a somewhat loose and uncertain covering of jute. From the grower to the manufacturer reports are highly satisfactory, while as cotton is intensely inflammable, and as many fires that have occurred at sea have been charged to cotton bales, the new method of packing which eliminates this serious hazard is one greatly to be commended. It is not easy to change a custom in a year or two, but the chances are that ten or twelve years from this time all, or nearly all, of the cotton grown in our southern states will be packed in northern or to European markets will be packed in these closely compressed cylindrical bales."

What is still more favorable to the interests of the cylindrical bale, the New York Shipping List has become its stout champion. After comparing it in the highest terms that journal says: "Machines will be leased, but in no case sold, to planters, and the cotton to be packed on so tightly prepared that a 500-pound bale will be only half the present size of a bale of the same weight. Another important advantage lies in the fact that the cylindrical bale can be shipped directly to the spinner and fed directly to his machinery without further packing, thus saving in freight will be effected by the decreased amount of room occupied by the cotton in transit."

How Fast Will Geese Fly. During the three days ending March 22nd numerous flocks of geese were migrating northward, or rather, north-eastward, since they were following the general trend of the coast line, which, in New England, is nearly northeastward north of Cape Cod. On the morning of March 22nd, while A. E. Sweet and I were measuring clouds at the ends of a base line 1,174 meters in length, extending from the Blue Hill Meteorological observatory to the base of Blue Hill, we succeeded in measuring, with our cloud theodolites, the height and the velocity of flight of one of these flocks of geese. So rapid is the velocity of flight that the flock was visible to the observers only about two minutes, but during that time two sets of measurements were taken with the theodolites on the leader of the flock.

The first measurements, at 8:49 a. m., were accurately taken at the observatory station, but were only approximate at the other station. The second measurements, at 8:50 o'clock a. m., were accurate and simultaneous at both stations. Using the second set of observations at both stations, the height and the two sets of observations at the observatory station for the velocity, the calculations gave the height as 905 feet above the Neponset river valley, of 960 feet above sea level and the velocity of flight as 14.3 miles per hour. The direction of flight was from southwest to northeast.

On a previous occasion we found a flock of ducks flying from the northeast at a height of 958 feet with a velocity of 47.8 miles an hour.—H. Heim Clayton in Science.

Henry Drummond's Humor A feature of Professor Drummond's character, which has been missed by most who have given an estimate of the man, was his humor. He had a "good nature" and a stately gravity which kept outsiders from seeing the playful side of his nature. This also had its origin in the simplicity which was the keynote of all his character. He was fond of little practical jokes, and could coax his friends to perfection. Almost the last time I saw him was at a dinner to which he had been invited to meet a London celebrity who was to address a meeting after dinner. Drummond came over to me and whispered, "Do you want to go to this meeting?" I shook my head a little sadly, fearing that there was no help for it, and he said, with a touch of mischief in his eye, "Well, run. We took an opportunity of seeing everybody who had been invited to the meeting, and went along to his house with the glee of two school-boys playing truant. He enjoyed the escape hugely and looked upon it as a practical joke that we had got the celebrity's honey without his sting."

All his intimate friends could testify to his capacity for fun, and with children there was nobody else in the house worth considering when Henry Drummond was in it. He would lower the glasses and tell ghost stories with a comical denouement that was irresistibly funny. He would gravely propose a problem and make you puzzle it out, only to find it was a hoax. At the very last, when he could hardly speak, he would try to keep up his spirits by taking them in with some amusing conundrum. In the days of his power, after every visit to America and Australia, he came to the rounds as Drummond's latest. This characteristic of humor was part of the equipment of his life, and he had it in his very face. He had so many interests, artistic, scientific, and social, and he lived in honor a The Atlantic City, that life was to him very good.—Woman at Home.