THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I.

The long express train sped over the rails as if it knew its journey's end was near. The rain fell in torrents, and made dirty, lugubrious, slanting lines on the window panes; various persons, as they closed bags and bundles for the last time, stoo dup in the aisle to receive the ting attentions of the porter, might be rumbling at the particular variety her ordered out by today's bureau; faces of many were travel-worn and ary, and the voices were fretful and complaining. But of this whole scene Philip Hartranft was oblivious. As he sat by his window, looking out upon the flying landscape, he might, from his expression, have been gazing into realms of the blessed. And, in fact, that was exactly what he was doing; for the brownness of earth is changed to the colors of Paradise when seen through the medium of happy eyes.

What a glorious world it was! How tender and fresh was the young green grass of these eastern meadows when compared with the older growth of the western plains! What fair little towns these through which they rushed, with their air of civilization and prosperity and comfort! How joyous was even the rain as it fell upon the thirsting fields and splashed against the windows! He recalled, confusedly, a line he had once heard sung at church to the effect of some sort of blessing coming down—"like rain upon the mown grass."

But the center and soul of all the glory was the fact that he was so near home, and her; that every moment, every turn of the wheels, was bringing them nearer together, and that they were going to meet today; today—was it possible, after those three long years of separation, il and waiting, of patience and reso- putting aside of longings? Of this of this moment, he had dreamed a red times; of this moment more than any other; for, somehow, the later, ter moment of their meeting, when should see her face, hear her voice, touch, ah! take her in his arms again—all this had seemed too wonderful, too full of joy that was akin to pain in its intensity, too sacred, almost, to be calmly thought of before it came. So to that part he had shut his eyes and had, instead, lived through again and again this last half-hour of his journey of eight thousand miles.

"I shall sit there in the American train," he had used to dream, "surrounded by persons who are making ordinary journeys, and who have ordinary meetings in prospect, I shall look out at the fields and houses and shall admire even the fences and the danger-signals at the cross-roads; and I shall be thinking, 'Presently I shall see her; the waiting is all over now; the hard life is lived out; Japan and its toil and its aloneness are behind, forever.'"

Thus he had gone over it, many a time; and now the one real time had come, and it was better even than fancy had painted it.

What a good life it had been, after all! the toil and struggle of its earlier years, while they had seemed unfair to him then, had, in reality, been only what he had needed for the development and growth of what men call character, and had formed a fitting background for the beauty and brightness which Eleanor's subsequent coming had brought to him. Even this parting, now that it was over, he could understand had not been without its value; for the correspondence which it had necessitated had brought them into closer touch and more perfect sympathy, and had given them a-real knowledge of each other's thoughts and ideas and opinions which their brief acquaintance, and the short, happy months of their courtship had precluded.

He knew and rejoiced that in these three years his had been the harder lot of the two; it had seemed to him the one concession Fate had made—the fact that she was the one who could remain in her pleasant home, surrounded by those who loved and admired her; and that for him instead of for her was decreed the lonely life across the sea among an alien people; where the long days, full of incessant and exciting labor, and the solitary evenings spent in making plans and reports, had had for their sole brightness the moments when he was free to see pictures in the fire and dream dreams of a future full of the joy of work with and for her.

On flew the train. What a wonderful thing it was that she had walked into his life as he had done, to glorify it by her sweetness and her love! This was always to him the most inexplicabe of miracles; not at all because she was rich and he was poor—that fact had always been a matter too extraneous and secondary to appeal in any way to either of them; but simply because she was what she was—a beautiful, true, womanly woman; to him, the one woman in all the world.

And to think how near he had come to doubting her! It would never cease to be a source of self-reproach to him that he had allowed even that transient shade of questioning of her loyalty to mar the perfectness of his belief in her. It had been at that time when he had received no letters from her for seven long weeks—no letters, when her letters were the bright spots of his existence. He wondered if any one in America—"at home"—could quite, understand what such a silence meant to one so wholly a stranger in a strange land as he had been. Even now, in his happiness, his brow contracted when he thought of how the glad expectation with which he had gone for his mail that November noon-time had been changed to bitter disappointment when, for the first time in two years and a half, he found none waiting for him. Then had come the slow, dragging, colorless days until the next incoming mail, when he assured himself he should have two letters instead of one; and then, the last, intolerably long hours of waiting, followed only by a second disappointment—a letter from Haworth, some messages from his chiefs in New York, a number of circulars; nothing from her.

After he had gone through this experience once or twice more, and the sickening anxiety and apprehension and dread which were unfitting him for his work, had made and abandoned every other possible conjecture, he remembered how, one evening, that terrible thought had flashed into his mind—the suspicion of her and her faithfulness to him; and then how, sitting alone in the cold, cheerless room which was the only home he had, he had fought it out with himself once for all; and how she had conquered—not his love for her, but just her own sweet, strong personality; for, recalling that, he had been forced to see his own unworthiness in doubting her, and to recognize that there must be some adequate and just cause for her silence which would be explained by the future. And he felt once more a thrill of the same thankfulness and exaltation which had come to him that night in the absoluteness of his conviction that, whatever else might be bringing him misfortune or sorrow, her sincere and steadfast nature was incapable of failing or disappointing him; and that he might believe in her utterly, then and always.

The next day her letter had come; wrtten as though there had been no break; not referring to the weeks of her silence. And he, knowing her dislike of "scenes" and explanations, had scarcely been surprised at that, and knew that she felt their mutual trust and understanding when he did not ask her her reasons, but waited for her to choose her own good time, knowing well that that time would come.

The explanation of this whole matter with which he had been obliged to content himself, was that she had been ill and had not wished to alarm and trouble him by the news; and that her nature was too sincere to allow her to practice the same deception on him which he, less sensitive, had made use of during his second year away. He smiled a little as he remembered how, throughout that terrible illness of his when he came near losing her and the future forever, he had but one clear idea: that she must not know, unless it were necessary, how, consequently, when the mails were out they had carried his letters—short, telling of business rush and complications—but written at the cost of time and effort and painful, perplexing toil than had been required by any other transactions in all his life in Japan. It pleased him now to think how, overcome with the wasting weakness of his disease, even after he had ceased to care to live on his own account, he had still to himself over and over again, that her sake he must try to get well; try, when the langour and the heaviness were so great that any effort seemed immeasurably harder than death. But for her sake the effort had been made and, perhaps, because it was for her sake had been successful.

He did not regret this slight could deception; she had never known and had distressed. But he was inconsiderately glad that it was not in her clear, transparent nature to treat him like a child when illness came, in turn, to her.

The long train was moving more slowly now; it had reached the desolate, unkempt outskirts of the city. The young man was almost sorry that he must so soon part company with the train, rhythm of the car wheels, which had kept time to his happy thoughts the way across the continent.

What a strange thing that he had thought it a sad world, human existence a mistake! Pain and sorrow and parting there were, indeed, and must be; they were only the shadows that accompany present where there is a shining sun. Of these, he stood ready to take his share, feeling that whatever came, life would already dealt with him most generously, and that no future could ever deprive him of the joy that was his today. He, of the joy that was his today. No, he was more serious at the thought, not even death, not even her death, could take away the remembrance of what had been to each other. "Even if that be the end, I thank God for the past—for her," he thought, with the reverence that somehow was never far distant when she was in his mind.

The train was in; the long, weary journey was over. He could hardly realize that he was actually here, almost within sight of his goal. With a strange, smothered feeling quite foreign to the nature of the usually cool, self-reliant man, he gathered up his few belongings and was the first passenger to step upon the platform.

He must go directly to his home for his was a life that knew no nearer home than this—and make himself presentable; then, as early in the afternoon as the proprieties allowed, he would go—go to her.

II.

He stood alone in the large and beautiful room he had known so well and listened to her step as she came slowly down the stairs. There was a tumult of emotions in his breast striving for the mastery. The sweetest moment of meeting, of which he had not even dared dream, was at hand.

Then she entered the room and came towards him; and he knew, without formulating the knowledge, that suspense was over and that a strange, unexpected thing was going to happen.

"Philip," she said, as she gave him her hand in greeting, and then involuntarily drew back a step. "I must tell you at once; I cannot let this go on. I hoped, oh, I hoped that you did not care; for, I fear I have made a terrible mistake."

"That I did not care?" he repeated, all the light suddenly gone out of his face; "care for whom? What do you mean—Eleanor?"

"For me," she answered, in a voice scarcely audible.

He put up his hand to sweep away a dark cloud that obscured everything before his eyes, and tried to fix his gaze upon her face, which seemed the only stationary thing in all the room.

"That I—did not care—for you," he said, slowly, as if trying to understand the words.

"Sit down," she entreated, in tones infinitely sweet and tender. "Please sit down, Philip, and I will explain."

He paid no attention to her request but steadied himself with his hand upon the back of a chair.

"Why did you hope I did not care for you?" he asked.

"Because—because—oh, Philip, three years are so long, and I have changed!" she answered, brokenly.

Sometimes it requires time for adjustments to new ideas. But the moment after the great calamities of our lives befall us, it is to us as if we had known them always; as if they had been facts from the beginning of time. Philip Hartranft was not conscious that the words he had just heard changed his life; the only thing that seemed until, and strange to him was his own light-hearted mood of half an hour before. He waited for what she would say next.

"I have wished to write you about this," she went on; "for weeks I have known it, and have tried again and again, to tell you; but it has been too hard. I have torn up letter after letter in which I have attempted to let you know, but failed to say it as I wished to say it to you. Then I thought I would simply stop writing, and you would understand, and for weeks I sent no word; but your letters came to me just the same; and then I told myself that I must wait until I saw you and tell you face to face; for you were coming soon. But, oh, I did not know it was so much to you!"

"Has it, then, never been so much to you, Eleanor?"

"Yes, at first. Oh, Philip, it brings the tears to my eyes to think of those days three years ago, those beautiful days just before you went away, so heavenly bright. And during that first year of your absence, what a happy girl I was! I used to walk on air, and was full of gladness and love for all the world. I remember how, one dark, stormy morning, when an excursion to which I had looked forward had to be given up, my mother said to me: 'I hope this disappointment will not make you blue, Eleanor,' and I smiled and said: 'Oh, no!' and to myself added, in joyous skepticism, 'I blue! I, with my pleasant thoughts! Those days were the happiest of my life, I think such happiness will never come again.'"

"But that feeling passed away; can you tell me why, dear?"

For her face had kindled as she had spoken last, and she had been so like the Eleanor who had belonged to him, that his words came unbidden.

"Not altogether. I have tried and tried to understand it, for myself and to tell you. Some of the trouble—I do not know how much—originated in my disappointment in the tone of your letters. I felt that something was lacking from the very beginning. During the first however, my remembrance of you counteracted the chill that overcame me each time I read a new letter. I thought, 'This is but his way of writing. He surely loves me.' But later your image became less in my mind, and the writer of the letters to seem more real than my ideal of you as I had known you; and your messages were formal and matter-of-fact, the gulf between us gradually widened. That is not the reason, you understand; I hold responsible, not you—but that beginning."

Hartranft passed his hand across his eyes again before he spoke.

"Do you know why I wrote as I did?" he asked. "It was because I thought you would wish it. I always said, over and over again, I could not bear the expression you used; once or twice when writing aloud together you objected to emotional passages and made the words of endearment and protestations of lovers. You said there was no need no spoken assertion of the love of which thoughtful men were capable, the highest love in the world, was not to be talked of but was to live enthroned in the hearts of those whom it blessed. And when I was with you I seldom spoke the words I might have spoken, and I was away I wrote with guarded care—to please you."

"Ah, but when you were with me you told me what I wished to know in other ways," she said, quickly, like one who had been over the ground many times; "and there was no necessity for words. But when we were apart, I needed the words—yes, and longed for them, Philip, though I had always spoken as you say I had. Perhaps I did not know myself, when I made those speeches to you about love's superiority to words; but I think the real fact was, that in reading and criticising the stories of others I never applied my comments to my own case. Our story, our love, yours and mine, were entirely different from those we read about. It was foolish for lovers in books to utter the things that were put into their mouths; but for you to say or to write them to me—that was quite another thing. You don't know, you never guessed, how I treasured up each little word you ever said to me, and how during that first year of your absence, I used to repeat them over and over again to myself and wonder if you meant them still. Then when, occasionally, something in the quiet letters would deeply touch me, I would torture myself with the question whether I were reading into it a meaning you never thought of nor intended. I think I know all those first letters by heart, Philip—those letters I lived for the sake of receiving, and then sometimes cried over because they seemed so cold."

"Perhaps it would be better," said Hartranft, sadly, "for each one to live out his own nature, simply and sincerely, and not try to form himself on the supposed ideal of another. I have written almost as many letters which you have never received as those which came to you in due course through the mail. Sometimes, when the day has been harder than usual, and the longing for your help and your sympathy has amounted almost to a necessity, I have sat at my table far into the night, writing all that was in my heart for you; imagining for the moment that you would some time read the words I was setting down, and would read them not jestingly, as you did the love stories, but tenderly, and with answering sympathy. But those pages I never sent; it was my concession to what I supposed was your desire; at the time it cost me much, and you say it has been the means of my losing the only thing in life I have ever cared for—your love. Are you sure, Eleanor?"

"I think that when love is once dead, it never comes back to life again," she answered gently. Perhaps the change would have come anyway," she added, understanding how his self-accusation would but increase the pain she was giving. "I cannot say. Three years are a long time, and I have had so many things to take my attention and thought. After that first year I gred gradually to be less hurt at the tone of the letters I received from you, and, after awhile, a little defiant. A great many people were kind to me and seemed to admire me, and I used to think to myself: 'There are some who care for me, at any rate.' And then, as the time wore on, I looked forward to mail times less and less eagerly, and read the letters over once instead of many times. And finally—it is so hard to say it, but I must tell you all—I realized that I cared just as much for a ride or a concert, an opera or a lecture, a house party of an evening with my working gilr's club, as I did for any letter or any thought of Japan; that I was interested in the conversation and pleased with the attention of different men whom I often saw—oh, Philip, don't look so! I am not worth any one's feeling like that—and that—that my engagement ring meant nothing to me any more. It was all so gradual that I did not realize it for a long time after I suppose it really came about. Then, as I say, I tried to tell you. For I knew I had been untrue and unworthy of the faith which, at least, I knew you had always put in me; for the rest, I was sure you had changed, and that you did not care very deeply."

"I have cared so much," he said, heavily, "my thought of you has been so much a part of my existence, that I can scarcely understand how it is possible for one to change. But my life has been very lonely; this has been its one happiness. You, on the other hand, have been surrounded by everything to make you forget. And, after all, what has happened has been but the way of the world."

She took a step towards him and clasped her hands closely before her.

"If I could only make you understand," she said, in a low, tremulous voice, "how sorry I am, how this breaks my heart far more than did the selfish sorrow and self pity of that time when I was so sad! I do not ask you to forgive me; I don't care what you think of me; I should be glad to have you think in any way that would make your trouble easier to bear. It seems to me it is always a selfish thing to ask forgiveness for one's self. But I do want you to believe that because I, more than any one else, know how you stand head and shoulders above all other men, I can realize to the full the sorrow of it all; and that I hate myself for the suffering I have been the means of bringing to you."

They stood there, face to face, in silence, for a moment, these two; generous and noble natures both; created for each other; capable of being, each to the other, courage and strength and inspiration in whatever of trouble and hardship life held in store; dimly realizing all this, yet, helpless in the presence of facts more immutable than Fate itself. For all things else are subject to the human will, but not the human heart.

"I have nothing to forgive," said Hartranft, taking her hand, quietly, while he spoke. "You were not to blame; I understand. I thought, today, that death itself could not rob me of that part of my happiness which is deepest, and I was right; for even this hour will leave me with one priceless possession—the belief in a true, sweet woman. Good-by, dearest," and he raised her hands to his lips.

When the front door had closed behind him, and he stood for an instant at the top of the flight of brown-stone steps, he noticed that the rain had stopped, and that the late afternoon sun was shining. In the morning he had been surprised to find the rain so joyous; now he wondered that sunshine could be so sad.

LOUIS COROLYN POND.

Standing by Secession

The convention which passed the ordinance of secession met in Columbia, and from here went to Charleston. It is the intention of Wade Hampton Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, to commemorate this event by a mural tablet, and with this view the following public address has been issued.

"We, the undersigned, as a committee from the Wade Hampton Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, are endeavoring to raise funds for the purpose of erecting a mural tablet commemorative of the ordinance of secession and its signers. Knowing such an object will enlist the interest of many throughout our state, we will be very glad if you will kindly give space in your columns, so that the representatives and friends of those honored men may be apprised of our undertaking, and allowed the opportunity and privilege of contributing to the same. Many of us are lineal descendants of those whose names are enrolled on that parchment and should see to it that they are not forgotten, but their names be handed down to generations yet to come in attestation that we never will be ashamed of the 'origin, progress, and even failure of our lost cause.'"—Columbia correspondence Charleston News and Courier.

The Wagon That Brings the Ice.

Welcome the wagon that brings the ice!
The hot air it divides.
And the children throng the streets along
And gaze at its dripping sides.
"Slice—slice!"
Goes the crystal ice,
'Tis the music sweet to all;
And the children throng
The streets along
And gather the crumbs that fall.

It cleaves its way through the dusty day—
That wagon of rude device;
And the sick man turns to the light and yearns
For the gleam of the welcome ice!
"Slice—slice!"
Goes the crystal ice,
'Tis the music sweet to all;
And the children throng
The streets along
And gather the crumbs that fall.

—Atlanta Constitution.

"ROCK OF AGES"

Interesting Sketch of the Author of the Popular Hymn

(From London Sunday Magazine.)

The recent proposal to celebrate the association of Augustus Montague Toplady with Trinity college, Dublin, has placed the author of "Rock of Ages" once more on the borders of the living land. In truth, there is some need to have the name of Toplady recalled to us, for, although everybody knows his famous hymn, the man himself is all but forgotten. Yet Toplady was a notable character in the theological circles of his time. Toplady was the son of a major in the army, and was born in 1740, at Farnham, in Surrey. His father was killed at the siege of Carthagena, before the boy was a year old, and the future preacher was thus left solely to the care of his widowed mother—a sister, by the way, of Rev. Mr. Bate, the rector of St. Paul's, Deptford. Like Charles Wesley, he was a pupil at Westminster school, from which he passed in due time to Trinity college, Dublin, his mother having removed to Ireland. According to Toplady's own account, his conversion was brought about when he was only sixteen by hearing a workingman preacher named Morris in a barn at a place called Codymain.

Having graduated B. A. in Dublin, Toplady was ordained in June, 1762. He declares that he subscribed to the articles and liturgy five separate times from principle; that is to say, he did not believe them because he subscribed them, but suscribed them because he believed them. His first charge was at Blagdon, in Somersetshire, but he did not remain long here, and in 1768 he settled down to his life work at Broad Hembury, a sequestered village in Devonshire, situated among the beautiful hills near the Black Down Range. He did not occupy quite the position of Goldsmith's village parson, who was passing rich with £40 a year, but the produce of the living certainly did not amount to more than £80. Still, he was evidently happy, and, on the whole, he exercised a successful ministry among the people to whom he had been called.

An interesting description of his person and preaching at this time has been handed down by one who knew him well. He is spoken of as having "an etheral countenance, and light, immortal frame. His voice was music. His vivacity would have caught the listener's eye, and his soul-filled looks and movements would have interpreted his language had there not been such commanding solemnity in his tones as made apathy impossible, and such simplicity in his words that to hear was to understand. From easy explanation he advanced to rapid and conclusive arguments, and warmed into importunate exhortations, till conscience began to burn and feelings to take fire from his own enkindled spirit, and himself and hearers were bathed in sympathetic tears." But Toplady's labors in Devonshire were sadly interrupted by the state of his health.

The seeds of consumption were already in his breast; and, his doctors advising him to that course, he made a change to London in 1775, still retaining his living at Broad Hembury.

Temperence in South Carolina

(New York Tribune.)

The dispensary law of South Carolina, though not entirely satisfactory to prohibitionists, is gaining ground with temperance people, and there is no longer any considerable public sentiment against it. The temperance cause is promoted to ag reat degree, for by abolishing the saloon the social feature of drinking has been eliminated, and men no longer congregate in barrooms to indulge in spirituous refreshments. The attorney general of South Carolina says of the dispensary law: "There has been a decrease of at least 50 per cent. in the number of arrests made for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. It is fair to assume, therefore, that the substitution of the state for the saloon in the sale of intoxicants has promoted the cause of temperance. The last legislature passed a law authorizing any citizen to import liquors for private use only, which is in line with the decision of the courts. It was one of the boldest innovations in the way of reform legislation ever attempted, and has fully met the expectations of its advocates. There is hardly a doubt that the system will stand, for it has survived the fiercest assaults of its enemies. It is costly, but the revenue derived somewhat more than pays the expenses. Of course, there is still liquor sold illegally, for there never was a prohibitory law that was not evaded in some degree. But violations of the statute are not frequent, as men take the risk of fine and imprisonment. Several white men are now in the chain gang for running 'blind tigers.' According to Miss Kate Field, no state, ever evaded the prohibitory law so nearly as Kansas. Desiring to purchase a whiskbroom when on a lecture tour out there, Miss Field went into a druggist's, where they were displayed in the window. 'Will you have one with or without?' asked the man behind the counter. 'I do not understand your meaning,' she replied. Holding up two whiskbrooms, apparently exactly alike, he parted the wisps of one, disclosing a small flask, and with a little whirl of his thumb and finger the top of the broom came off, like the cork out of a bottle. Miss Field bought the two whiskbrooms, one for ordinary use, the other to exhibit to audiences as an argument in her lecture, 'Does Prohibition Prohibit?'"

Du Maurier's Trick

When Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett was first presented to Du Maurier, who was, in point of fact, an undersized man, she exclaimed, says the American Queen:

"Oh, I am so glad that you are not six feet tall."

"But why?" asked Du Maurier.

"Because for these many months," replied Mrs. Burnett, who is considerably below medium height, "you have simply denied us the right to live; you have made us feel that a woman who is not six feet tall has not the right to exist."

"Oh, that is only a trick if mine," laughed Du Maurier. "I have started again and again to make my heroine a little woman, but before I knew it she has somehow grown beyond my won recognition."

The President's History

(New York Times.)

It is a little curious that President McKinley, in searching for "heroes of distinguished deeds" to use as illustrations of the greatness to which sons of Tehnesee have risen, should fix upon Jackon, Polk, and Johnson, every one of whom was born in North Carolina. Possibly other grounds for surprise might be found in the little list, if a person looked long enough.

A Telltale Blotter

He was a very shy young man, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. In addition to this, he was a very nice man and good looking, and with an excellent business. For some time he had been paying attention to a charming young woman of the south side. He called with reasonable regularity, and once in awhile took her to the theatre and bought her flowers. But there wasn't that spontaneous fervor about his attention which Minnie—Minnie will do—or any other girl likes when she also likes the man. He didn't say much, either, but would just sit around and look things at her that he hadn't the courage to utter, and being a decidedly nice girl herself, Minnie couldn't help him along.

Well, he was still tacking about in the offing, when one evening something was said about a parade which was to take place on the down-town streets the next day. With a spasm of inspiration, he suggested that Minnie and her mother should come to his office and view the pageant from his office windows. Minnie's mother was pleased to accept the invitation, and quite overcome by his own temerity and its happy fruition, the shy young man went home earlier than usual.

When the ladies reached the office next day, they found its occupant at his desk. He didn't hear them enter—the door was open—and he was scribbling away at a lively rate. As Minnie's mother greeted him he whirled about in a hurry, stammered a welcome and then hurriedly running a blotter over what he had written, seized the sheet and crumpled it in his hand, but, of course, she had no idea what it meant.

It wasn't quite time for the parade, so the ladies sat down, Minnie taking the swivel chair at the desk and swinging about in a girlish way that seemed quite fascinating to the shy youth. Presently she caught sight of the blotter pad, and noticed that it had taken up a fresh sentence—evidently the one over which the young man had shown so much confusion. Moreover, the same sentence—a short one—had been written several times. Minnie looked at it in an assued careless manner, and then an idea struck her. She had been reading "Les Miserables," and remembered the Thenardier episode. Presently she arose from the chair and strolled across the room to where a small mirror was hanging against the wall. With the pretense of straightening her hat, she slyly held the blotter before the glass. This is what she read, repeated five times:

"Minnie, I love you."

The poor young man had evidently been trying hard to get his lesson.

Minnie smiled, and, watching her opportunity, rolled up the blotter and took it home with her.

He called that evening and Minnie introduced the "Les Miserables" incident. Each of them wrote sentences and blotted them and held them before a hand mirror, and the young man declared it was quite a fascinating sport. Then Minnie suddenly produced the blotter from his office and asked him to decipher that. His jaw dropped as he started at the dreadful words, but he rallied like a man.

"Will you let the blotter speak for me?" he asked, with remarkable boldness.

And Minnie didn't demur.

Wants to be Popular.

(Baltimore Sun.)

President McKinley has been in office only a few days more than three months, and has broke the record of all prior presidents for a much longer period of time. He has been seen walking on the streets of Washington more frequently than any other president, with the possible exception of Grant, in three years. He has been met on horseback again and again by equestrians and pedestrians to whom the sight of the president under such circumstances has heretofore been the rarest of novelties He has been to social entertainmnts outside of the cabinet circle, another innovation.

He has yet to decline an invitation to participate in public ceremonies and celebrations outside of Washington, the present trip to Nashville being the third of the kind within a very short time, and the Philadelphians have strong hopes he will go back to that city the last of the month for the great German Saengerfest. There are those who say Mr. McKinley will not keep this thing up, that he will soon tire of it, conclude it does not pay and fall into the example of most of his predecessors in secluding himself from the public gaze. Perhaps he may, but he has at any rate accomplished the result of giving himself a personal popularity seldom attaching to the executive.

Almost in the first minutes of his occupancy of the White house, he said his ambition was to be a people's president and this ambition he seems to have kept in his mind so far.

The Voices of Bullets

(War correspondent of The London Chronicle.)

From 11:30 onward for two hours the Turks did their very best. Their fire was incessant, like the "independent firing" which is so comforting a business just before the enjoyable charge on a big Aldershot field day. We kept a constant watch, and fired when possible, but as we were against the skyline, the enemy had a much better sight of us than we had of them. However, from behind our little wall we could laugh and say "Kale oral" ("Good morning to you") as the bullets howled past.

By the way, the voice of a bullet varies There is the thin high whistle, to which no one pays any attention after the first half hour. There is the prolonged moan, "the cry of a lost spirit," as a novelist might say. There is the wolfish howl, which for some reason always seems to be taking one on the flank instead of fairly in front; and last of all there is the low, ill-tempered buzz, as though the nasty thing and got out of bed the wrong side, as children say. It is far the most terrifying, especially if it suddenly stops as the bullet strikes something close at hand. It was to those bullets only that we politely wished "Good morning."

Very Discreet.

In the Brazilian hotels men are employed to do the chamber work, and they are prone to rush into the bedrooms of the guests when occasion requires without knocking. A prim little Yankee "schoolmarm" visiting Rio de Janeiro was much annoyed at this custom, and after mildly protesting several times without effect, she said severely to the boy who did the work in her room:

"Juan, be good enough to understand that I will not allow you to open the door of my room without knocking. If you do it again I shall certainly report you at the office. Why, I might be dressing!"

"No danger of that, senora," responded Juan, in his best English, "before I come in I always look me through the keyhole.—Argonaut.

SHOOTING FLYING-FISH

A Novel Sport Carried on in Southern Californian Waters

(From Santa Catalina.)

The visitors to the island of Santa Catalina, or he who goes out on the launches from Long Beach or San Pedro, is always entertained by the remarkable flights of flying fish, which in these waters attain a length of eighteen inches and a weight of two pounds. Alarmed by the boat or steamer, they dash out of the water by a vigorous movement of the screwlike tail and dash away in headlong flight, skimming over the waves like birds, presenting so remarkable an appearance that the tourist who had never seen so extraordinary a performance takes them for birds. The flying fish is not flying, but it has four very winglike fins which serve it a similar purpose; that is, it hurls itself out of the water by the aid of its tail, and then using the four winglike fins as parachutes goes soaring away, covering a distance of an eighth of a mile; when the inertia fails the tail of the fish drops, and the moment it strikes the water it begins a violent twisting, which sends the fish into the air again, and by repeating this the fish is enabled to cover the long distance. The wings or fins are not flapped the only motion being a tremulous one imparted to them when the tail is twisted in the water. As the boat glides along these fish dart from the water and go soaring away on either side, and it is then that the sportsman, sitting in the bow, has an opportunity for some novel sport.

The fish moves like some quail, very low, not more than two feet from the surface, and are not the easy shots one might imagine. They move rapidly and appear to rise and fall over the waves and go sweeping away in graceful curves. Sometimes four or five are in the air at the same time, and the good shot can bring them down to the right and left. All that is needed to carry out the idea of quail shooting would be to have a dog, but there is a sea dog that flushes this attractive game, the agile tuna, previously described in these columns. The flying fish is its legitimate prey, and big schools come sweeping in from the deep sea, driving the schools of flying fish before them, chasing them into the air, six, eigt, ten feet, giving marvelous exhibitions of lofty tumbling. At such times the flying fishes are crazed with terror, and leave the water by scores and hundreds. They fly into boats, out upon the dry beaches, strike boatmen who happen to be in the way of their headlong flight, and present a most attractive appearance to those who have never seen a flock of ocean flyers in the air with fish six or seven feet long pursuing in a series of leaps or jumps. Sometimes the tuna chases the flyer along just below the surface, catching it as it drops—a cloud of foam alone telling the story.

Chinese Presents to the Queen

Bare mention has already been made of the fact that H. E. Chang Yin-huan, the Chinese special ambassador to England for the diamond jubilee celebrations, has brought with a him a number of presents from both the Emperor and the Empress Dowager to the queen. The Empress Dowager's presents consist of rare porcelain and jadestone cups or vases of fine workmanship and great antiquity, some of the rare and celebrated Thibetan "joss" or incense-sticks (for burning on the altar of longevity), and a pine tree (emblem of longevity) made entirely of variegated candles moulded into all sorts of shapes and devices, but all aiming at the one motto—"Longevity." The foregoing are contained in six square boxes, made of valuable, beautifully polished wood.

In addition to the above there were also two rectangular boxes of the same material containing gold and silver worked embroideries and silk and satin stuffs specially woven for their majesties' use at the celebrated looms of Soochow and Hangchow, or eight boxes in all. On the top of the two rectangular boxes is engraved the legend:

Eternal Spring finds its home in the
Kingdom of the Sea,
And refulgent light surrounds the Lady
of the Moon.

On the top of the six square boxes is engraved the solitary character "Shou," of "Longevity." The gifts of the emperor bore a certain resemblance to those recounted above.—Westminster Gazette.

Jubilee Swindlers.

A new phase of the jubilee stands question was brought to light in the Strand yesterday, when a sunburned gentleman stepped into a newly erected building and desired to look at some seats which he said he had just purchased there. The owner of the window said there must be some mistake. In the course of the discussion which followed, it came out that an agent had approached the visitor on board a steamer at Port Said, as he was on his way here from Australia, offering tickets which were represented to be in great demand, and that he had bought ten for himself, family, and two friends for the sum of £250. Three Australians were victimized, it is said, on the same vessel, and inquiries yesterday showed that they are not the only people who have been tricked. A number of shrewd Americans have, it was learned at several of the prominent hotels, been induced to part with their money by the ingenuous language and behavior of the sharpers who have been making Queenstown a base of operations. The sellers of bogus seats carry with them impressive looking plans and pictures which might easily deceive the most wary.—London Telegraph, June 4th.

He Reported at Last

In McClure's Magazine is told a story of an aid whom Colonel "Dan" Macauley sent out before a battle in the Shenandoah Valley to ascertain the force of the enemy. This was the last Cononel Macauley saw of the officer. One day while Macauley was holding court in Indianapolis as mayor, a one-armed man came in and said: "Colonel, I have to report that I found the enemy in force." He was the captain who had been sent out to reconnoitre several years before. He had been wounded, captured and had a leg amputated, and was sent to his home in Massachusetts when exchanged. Passing through Indianapolis it occurred to him that he should report to his commanding officer.

Vesuvius Only Mildly Active

The present activity of Vesuvius has been much exaggerated, the volcano being merely in what is known to scientists as a condition of "mild eruption." The lava issuing from the various mouths of the Atro del Cavallo forms a torrent flowing down the steep side of the new cone formed in that portion of the mountain by recent eruptions, and has interrupted the funicular railroad. The main crater, however, shows no signs of activity, and the openings from which the lava issues are relatively small and situated at its base.—New York Tribune.

First Census in Rusia.

The Novoe Vrmya, of Moscow, gives details of the preliminary count of the first census ever taken in Russia. St. Petersburg has a population of 1,250,000; Moscow just under 1,000,000. Nineteen other towns are returned at 100,000 and the comparatively modern Lodz, the Manchester of Poland, ranks fifth. Thirty-five towns have 50,000 inhabitants each.