

poses, the object being to prevent any possible carrying of news with regard to French military matters, should there be necessity.

The United States Government is seeking by precept and example to induce towns with names ending in the forms burgh, borough, boro, and burg, to adopt this last form. Burg is the usual pronunciation in the United States of the form burgh, and most Americans refuse to sound the final "h," even of Edinburgh. These several suffixes, and, as well, bury, brough, and barrow, are related to the Anglo-Saxon verb beorgan and the German bergen, to hide or to sheter. The several suffixes are also related to several Anglo-Saxon forms meaning an earthwork, and from this came the application of such suffixes to indicate a fortified town.

One element of difficulty in bringing Spanish-American offenders against the laws to justice in our Territories derived from Mexico is the ties of race and kinship. An atrocious criminal of Mexican blood may be protected through years of a lawless career by relatives and family friends who themselves are eminently respectable and, except where the safety of friends or kindred are concerned, law abiding. This protection is continued after the criminal has been brought into the courts, in the way of the bribing and packing of juries and in the providing of avenues of escape from prison. Thus for years the murderer and outlaw Porfirio Trujillo has gone at large, or, when apprehended, has found it easy to escape the penalty of his crimes. His present headquarters are in the Manzano Mountains, east of Albuquerque, in Eastern Bernalillo and Valencia Counties, where, with a price on his head, he perpetrates his depredations and outrages with a high and defiant hand. One form of plundering with Trujillo and his gang is to go into a flock of sheep and drive off hundreds at a time, or to run off cattle from the plains ranges, kill them, and sell the meat to inhabitants of the mountain towns. They do not hesitate at murder, either for booty or revenge.

Everybody is interested in a love affair, admits the New York Sun, but that of Miss Martin Morris and Mr. Jack Simonson, of Oberlin, Kan., is a new step in the evolution of law. Morris vs. Simonson rises to the dignity of a precedent that will doubtless be bound in calf and go down generations as "108 Kansas," or under some kindred classification. Miss Morris and Mr. Simonson were engaged, when Mr. Simonson moved to Oberlin. There he met Miss Florence Gillett, a school teacher, and sought to marry her. Meanwhile his letters to Miss Morris grew colder and finally ceased. Mr. Simonson then sought to have conveyed to Miss Morris through his sister that he no longer loved her, and was going to marry Miss Gillett. Miss Morris immediately packed her trunk and, going to Oberlin, proceeded to get out an injunction restraining Mr. Simonson from marrying Miss Gillett. This bold step on Miss Morris's part has half paralyzed the bar of the State. Nobody ever heard of such a thing before. Miss Morris's lawyers vainly tried to get her to bring a breach of promise suit. That they could handle, there being numberless precedents. Miss Morris would not be persuaded. What she wanted was not damages, but her young man. Not having read Belzac, she says that if Mr. Simonson can be restrained from marrying Miss Gillett for a reasonable time, she can win him back again. The lawyers of all sorts regard the case as a legal nut, and seem to incline to the opinion that the action is grounded in the common law, and that Miss Morris will get another try.

And troubles in an endless train  
Seem almost more than it can bear.  
To feel the torture of delay,  
The agony of hope deferred;  
To labor still from day to day,  
The prize unwon, the prayer unheard.  
And still to hope and strive, and wait  
The due reward of fortune's kiss—  
This is to almost conquer fate,  
This is to learn what patience is.

Despair not! though the clouds are dark,  
And storm and danger veil the sky;  
Let fate and courage guide thy bark,  
The storm will pass; the port is nigh.  
Be patient! and the tide will turn,  
Shadows will flee before the sun.  
These are the hopes that live and burn  
To light us till our work is done.  
—All the Year Round.

### LILLIAN'S LOVER.

BY HELEN FORBREST GRAVES.



H, I am afraid," said Jessie Morton to herself, "that I have missed my way."  
Down in the rocky gorge the Chiquet River roared and foamed; across the snow-mantled landscape a red glow of sunset yet lingered; while the black pines and cedars quivered in the wind.

"I wish," added Jessie, "that I had asked that man below which was the right turning to take. But I was afraid of him; he looked so cross."  
She was a tall, slim slip of a thing, with blue, wistful eyes, hair of the real Scotch gold, and red lips, that trembled partly with cold, partly with a certain vague terror at the position in which she found herself.

In her hand she carried a heavy bag, for Jessie had no money to pay omnibus hire, or to engage a sleigh at the railway station.

"Suppose," she said to herself, "this lonely road should lead nowhere, except into the woods? Suppose it should conduct me straight into a gypsy camp? For it seems more and more desolate the farther I go. Suppose I should be frozen to death, all alone here, with no helping hand to save me?"

"Take care, child," cried a loud, clear voice. "Do you want to be run over?"

It was no gypsy, nor yet a black-brown tramp, simply a plump, comfortable woman, driving herself in a trim little red cutter. She eyed Jessie curiously through her spectacles. Jessie returned the gaze with interest. "Please, madam," said Jessie, "can you tell me if I am near Bucknor Hall?"

"Bless me," said the woman, "don't you know? Bucknor Hall was burned down last night, and the old lady was suffocated in the smoke. Friends of yours?"

Jessie put her bag down in the snowy road; she trembled violently. "No—not exactly friends," she said. "But I was engaged to go there as companion and reader, and—and—Oh, what shall I do now?"

The old lady looked meditatively at the lash of her whip.

"Come from New York?" said she, after a pause.

"Yes—from the Wilberforce Protective Agency. And I spent all my money for the ticket here."

"One of two bright round tears detached themselves from the long lashes and rolled slowly down her cheeks."

Mrs. Parkhurst, who prided herself on her knowledge of physiognomy, made up her mind on the spot.

"One thing is very certain," said she. "Mrs. Bucknor will never require a companion and reader now. And if you're puzzled what to do next, you had better jump in and go with me."

"Where?" said Jessie.

"Home," said Mrs. Parkhurst.

Now, Jessie Morton herself was not a bad judge of the human face divine, and in the indescribable solitude of this moment, she caught at the welcome idea of shelter and company.

She got into the red cutter, drew the buffalo robe around her shivering form, and nestled close to Mrs. Parkhurst, before she ventured to ask, timidly:

"Where is—home?"

Mrs. Parkhurst shook the reins. The pony darted merrily over the smooth road into the purple dusk.

"It's the Bassett Military Institute,"

place?"

"That have one."

"Then," said Mrs. Parkhurst, "we'll think of it. Fourteen professors and one hundred and ten boys—that's a family to take care of, isn't it? For the colonel's wife is an invalid, and don't trouble herself about the house-keeping. I and my widowed daughter run the whole establishment, and there are nine of us sit down to dinner in the housekeeper's room. There!" as they drove in between two massive stone gate-posts, into an avenue of rustling tamaracks. "Do you see that pretty young lady gathering holly berries? It's the colonel's daughter, Miss Lillian Bassett."

"You've come back, have you, Parkey?" cried a sweet, girlish young voice. "Did you bring my chocolate caramels?"

"The candy store was shut up, Miss Lilly."

"Oh, how perfectly shameful!"

And a cluster of glaring red berries, aided by a not unskillful hand, hustled through the air, and hit the housekeeper exactly on her nose. But, instead of evincing offense, Mrs. Parkhurst only laughed.

"Isn't she pretty?" said she "and such a mad-cap. Well—perhaps marriage will sober her down."

"Is she to be married soon?" asked Jessie.

"We don't quite know," said Mrs. Parkhurst. "But one of the young professors admires her very much, and we think she don't quite dislike him."

Jessie looked wistfully back to where Lillian Bassett's scarlet mantle lighted up the snowy terrace. Why were some girls so happy, while others toiled ceaselessly on in life's shadows? Why was life such a problem?

For awhile, however, the wheels revolved smoothly. Jessie's references, forwarded from the Wilberforce Protective Agency, proved all that could be desired, and she was engaged to take charge of the linen-room.

During an outbreak of scarlet fever she found herself particularly efficient as a nurse, and Mrs. Parkhurst soon began to wonder how it was that she had ever got along without her.

"Married, Lilly! Really married! And to that handsome young professor of mathematics!" cried Adela Maurice, Lillian's ex-schoolmate.

"Well, I never expected to see you engaged! And he's quite a self-made man, they tell me."

"I tell dear Lillian," said Miss Bella Bassett, the sharp-nosed maiden sister of the genial colonel, "that she should not make too sure of anything in this world. The captain is very handsome, and all that sort of thing, but—I'm afraid he's inclined to be a flirt."

"Nonsense!" cried Lillian, coloring wrathfully.

"Oh, but indeed, I've met him twice at the shrubberies, walking with that pretty yellow-haired girl that takes care of the linen-room," persisted Miss Bella.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Maurice.

"One of the servants?"

"Now, Aunt Bella, why can't you hold your tongue," flashed out Lillian, "when you know very well that old Parkhurst says she is a reduced lady?"

"Reduced ladies have no business wandering about the laurel hedges with handsome young engaged men," viciously retorted Miss Bassett.

"And I really think my brother ought to inquire into it. There she goes, flouncing out of the room. Well, I'm really afraid, Adela, that our Lillian's temper isn't altogether perfect."

"I don't think mine would be," said Adela Maurice, "if I were badgered like that."

"It is a dreadful trial, isn't it, to see your lover drifting off into another woman's snarles?" said Miss Bella, wiffully misunderstanding things.

While Lillian, running up stairs, paused to catch her breath at one of the big mullioned windows on the staircase.

"How I should like to cram a big bath sponge into Aunt Bella's censorious old mouth!" said she. "Only to think of—"

Suddenly she paused. Down on the lower pine walk, where the west winds had swept the path dry of snow, Captain Moreton was pacing up and down with the gold-haired young girl at his side.

"Well, why shouldn't they?" said brave Lillian, swallowing the rebellious lump in her throat. "I suppose he happened to meet her, and—"

At this precise moment, however, the couple paused beside a group of dark spruces. She could distinctly perceive her lover bend his tall head to kiss—yes, to kiss the yellow-tressed lassie. And then they passed on into

lillian's heart failed within her.

"How can he bear himself so bravely?" she thought. "Where is his conscience—his manly truth?"

"I am glad, Lilly, to find you alone," said Captain Moreton, tenderly, taking her hand in his.

She jerked it away.

"I hate sitting hand-in-hand," said she, in answer to his surprised glance. "It's so—so spoony!"

"Well, just as you like, darling," he acquiesced, seating himself beside her. "To find you alone, for I wanted to talk with you very particularly. I have a secret to tell you."

"There may be more secrets than one in the world," said Lilly, in a low voice.

"A secret that is not entirely my own—a secret that may, perhaps, alter all our existing arrangements—"

"It undoubtedly will," said Lilly, rising to her feet in her excitement. "You need not go on, Captain Moreton. I know it, and I give your betrothal ring back to you!"

"Lilly, I would scarcely have thought this of you!" he said, gravely.

"No? For what did you take me, then? Am I not a woman, with a woman's spirit? Do you think I can continue to love a man who is false to me?"

"False to you, Lillian? But I am not that. Sweet, whether you marry me or not, I shall go on loving you loyally to my life's end!"

"How many girls do you love at once?" bitterly asked Lillian.

"I? Why do you ask that question?"

"Because I saw you this very afternoon in the pine walk with another woman. I saw your arm around her waist. I saw you stoop to kiss her!"

"Oh, you saw me, did you? Then my story is half told already. It is but a short time, Lilly, since I knew it myself."

She stood looking at him with large, surprised eyes.

How dared he speak so lightly—and to her?

"Lilly, that sweet young girl whom Mrs. Parkhurst has employed in the linen-room—Miss Moreton, she calls herself—is my own sister, and she has concealed herself from me, fearing that the knowledge that she was in the institute in such a capacity would prejudice my future unfavorably.

She was a governess in New York—she was coming here as companion to poor old Mrs. Bucknor, who was killed in the fire—and Mrs. Parkhurst, ignorant of any relation between us, brought her here. And, noble heroine that she is, she would have gone away without betraying herself, had I not chanced to meet her by accident. She thought I would be mortified, but instead I am proud of her beyond the power of words to express.

"But Miss Bassett?" said she.

"And then I told her that this evening you should know all. I have kept my word. Now I await your verdict. Have I not reason to triumph in such a noble sister as this?"

Lillian burst into tears; she hid her face on Moreton's breast.

"Oh, Will," she cried, "what a dreadful goose I have been to doubt your love! Go and bring her here at once. Tell her I want to see my dear new sister. Tell her that, hereafter, her home must be with me. There's plenty of room in the new house for your sister. But first, Will, kiss me and tell me that you forgive me, quite."

And so the brave young girl, who had subordinated her whole life to her brother's success, was promoted to her proper place on life's ladder.

"I could have been happy anywhere had I known that Will's future was assured," said she.

And Lillian laughingly told her that she could be as happy in the new college as anywhere else.

"And we," said she, "will be a deal happier!"

Miss Adela Maurice and Jessie were the bridesmaids.

Aunt Bella put her disappointment in her pocket, and the wedding came off at Easter, greatly to Mrs. Parkhurst's delight.

"I knew," said that worthy dame, "that she was something out of the common the first look I had in her face. Physiognomy never yet failed me!"—Saturday Night.

### The Czar and the Poet.

An utterly unknown British poet recently sent some verses to the Czar congratulating him on his recovery. Apparently so surprised and pleased at getting a good word from England, he sent the poet, much to his astonishment, a magnificent fur coat.—New York Journal.

A tailor in Turkey, if a skilled hand, can command \$3.97 per week.

souls are

way of expressing

"Are there not some

liable to be influenced than

was asked by a News reporter.

"Breeding has nothing to do with it," was the reply. "You find some people who don't care a straw for music. And again there are others who, without understanding a note, are passionately fond of it. It's just so with dogs. It depends on the individual character of the animal."

"Is it not a fact that dogs of a particular nervous development are most apt to be affected?"

"You can't lay down any rule as to that. In my opinion it isn't at all a question of nerves. There are nervous people who are quite indifferent to music, and there are phlegmatic people who will go out of their way to hear it. You see I compare dogs with men, and draw my conclusion from the comparison, because I have made a long study of dogs and find that dogs are more like a human being than are any other animals."

"Look at that big white bulldog yonder," continued Mr. Mulvey. "That's Prince, who made such a racket at the bench show that they had to chain him up in the cellar. His grandfather killed nearly a hundred dogs, and Prince is like his grandfather, yet if you pipe for him you'll find that he'd just as lief dance as fight."

Mr. Montgomery, an amateur naturalist on West Fourth-seventh street, confirmed Mr. Mulvey's statement that dogs are generally fond of music.

"I have known even fishes to manifest a very positive gratification at musical sounds," he said also. "You have heard the story of the carp in the waters at Fontainebleau that responded regularly to the tinkling of a bell. It is undoubtedly a true story. In my aquarium there is a gold fish which I have had for several years. It knows me as well as my dog. When I whistle to it it comes to the surface and feeds out of my hand. Adjoining the room in which the aquarium stands is a piano. Let any one play on it and this gold fish will dart about in the liveliest possible fashion."

"You think it has a sense of harmony then?"

"I know it has. That is shown by the fact that mere thumping on the piano, without producing any tune, does not affect it. It will lie as still as if the instrument were silent. The other fish do not seem to have an ear for music."

"But speaking of dogs, there is a cocker spaniel in Philadelphia, who beats the record for musical proclivities," the speaker continued. "He belongs to a surgeon at one of the hospitals. Not only is he quick to recognize melody, but his master has actually taught him to turn a tune. It sounds like a fairy story, I know, but it is an authentic fact. He lifts his chin, presses his ears close to his head, like a dog in the act of howling, and gives vent to a cry that has both measure and melody."

The following incident occurred at the Brooklyn Academy of Music: It was during a performance by the late Hans von Bulow, the famous pianist. He was playing one of Schubert's compositions—a soft, pensive strain, which he rendered with exquisite feeling and delicacy. Presently two rats peeped from behind the scenes and cautiously approached the piano. In a minute or so they were followed by three or four more. Finally they all esconced themselves under the instrument and sat there upon their haunches, listlessly intently, undoubtedly charmed by the strains. The player was unconscious of the strange audience which his performance attracted, but the extraordinary spectacle was witnessed by nearly everybody in the house.

"Some years ago," Mr. Montgomery said further, "I had a pet crow which was as intelligent and mischievous as pet crows usually are. I gave it as a present to the little daughter of a friend of mine. This friend was a fine performer on the flute, and he often employed his talent to beguile an old rat that frequented his back yard. He used to amuse callers by taking down his flute and giving them proofs of its power over the susceptible rodent. On one occasion, while the rat was sitting listening to this performance, the pet crow happened to be perched at an open window on the second story. It was not a crow that cared for that sort of thing. Indeed, I never heard of a crow that did. Suddenly, while the flute was emitting its most dulcet notes, there was a flapping of wings and the bird descended like a bolt from its perch. Whether the rat was too spellbound to be on guard against

back it came

to the kitchen window and thrusting its head out as before. Since then its susceptibility to music has been frequently demonstrated, and neighbors often bring strangers in to witness the sight.

Mr. Montgomery told the News man that next to dogs snakes were most easily affected by musical sounds. He could readily believe the stories which came from India of the use which the akirs make of their knowledge of this fact. He had himself experimented with snakes, but under circumstances that did not afford the best test. The common black snake, he said, could be quite easily charmed, especially when it is young. But snakes are not attracted by every musical note. There are some strains that catch them sooner than others. He had not studied the subject sufficiently to say where they drew the line. As a usual thing they seem to prefer a slow and mournful measure.

### A Student's Confession.

D. A. Costigan, a student at the University of Fayette, West Union, Iowa, who was alleged to have been snaddaged and dragged out of town on Tuesday night, has made a full confession in writing exonerating every one but himself. To avoid taking part in an oratorical contest, Costigan besmeared his clothes with dirt and his face with blood and injected fluid under the skin above his eye so that the eye appeared swelled as if struck by a club. He reappeared at his room at 11 o'clock at night and told his room-mate that unknown men had knocked him down, carrying him four miles in the country. The matter was investigated by the college officers, but no clue could be obtained. Costigan's actions excited suspicion, and finally his room-mate charged him with complicity in the matter. Costigan then admitted that he had planned the whole affair to escape the contest and create a sensation. Costigan is about twenty-five years of age. He was candidate for County Superintendent of Schools in Clayton County last fall. He has left the university. —New York Post

Chinese in the Photographer's Chair.

Chinese are the most obedient subjects that the photographer has ever had. They seem to be in awe of the big camera when it is pointed at them and apparently are ready to believe that picture taking is a process in which they are as likely to be required to stand on their heads as not. They awkwardly try to fix themselves in positions suggested by the photographer, and some of their efforts have grotesque results. Nearly all of them pose with fixed faces and staring eyes. If in their posing they were trying to bring about the production of pictures in which it would be impossible to distinguish one Chinaman from another they could not select more effective methods.

Those to whom proofs have been given act like delighted children when the rolled sheets bearing the counterfeit presentments of themselves are submitted to them. Some of them, who do not seem to have individual prejudice against complying with the law, act as though they feel that in the picture-taking they have taken another degree in becoming "Melican man." —Providence Journal.

### Sun Never Sets on American Soil.

It is the proud boast of the Briton that the sun never sets on her Majesty's Empire. Someone of a geographical turn of mind has said the same in respect to the United States' possessions, putting it in this way: "It is a fact known to but few that the sun never sets on American soil. When it is 6 p. m. at Aflo Island, Alaska, it is 9.36 a. m. the next day on the coast of Maine." Who can say if the statement in quotations is nearly accurate?—St. Louis Republic.