

MEMORIES.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With a brook and a hill,
With you sitting close beside me, dear,
Singing sweet love songs still.
Just as you did in the days gone by.
The days of long ago,
When love's young dream made everything
seem
A paradise here below.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With a meadow and winding lane,
Where, strolling together, I told you, dear,
Successes I hoped to attain.
Just as I did in the days gone by,
The days of long ago,
As beneath skies of blue, we pledged love
anew,
Our future all aglow.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With its clover and fields of rye,
That I might retrace our footsteps, dear,
With many a sorrowing sigh,
And dream over again of the days gone by,
For, oh! I loved you so,
When down through the heather, we wan-
dered together,
In days of long ago.
—James T. Sullivan, in Boston Globe.

DORA'S SACRIFICE.

She had whispered, "Yes, Jack, I love you!" in response to his question, his kisses were still warm on her lips, their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before, and now that the first rapture and thrill were over they were asking questions, and making their little confessions, after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

"How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?" she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

"Why, certainly it is, Dora," he replied, earnestly. "You say you love me, so it doesn't really make any difference about the others; they're done for now; but I think I ought to know. Still, if there are so many of them—"

"Please stop, Jack! I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and with that look on your face!" she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, "after the way you've been talking!"

"Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my question?"

"Must I, Jack?"

"I am afraid you must, my dear."

"And you won't hate me after I tell, will you?"

"Well—"

"That depends, you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long; I can read your thoughts."

"Can you? That's convenient for you, I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question."

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why, yes, or I shouldn't have asked it."

"Well, Jack, if it will relieve your mind any to know it, you have no predecessors."

"Are you sure, Dora?"

"Yes, Jack. You are the first and only."

"Thanks, awfully, Dora! I'm glad to hear it; and now that question is settled we will—"

"Oh, no, my boy; you don't get off quite so easily as that! I want your confession now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?"

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't expected on this, exactly.

Come, young man, you are now on witness stand, sworn to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" she continued, banteringly.

"Must I?" said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few minutes before.

"I am afraid you must, my dear," mimicked she.

"But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess."

"Is the record, then so long?"

"No; it is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before."

"And she—she refused you?"

"No, I never asked her."

"Why not? You see, I want the whole story now."

"Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress, I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; I am not ashamed to say it; she was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me that that you are now, and—"

"And more. Go on and say it, Jack; I want the whole truth."

"No, I won't say that, but she was the best and love was a new sensation to me, and if I had been her I might—"

"The case of telling—"

"—now. Her—"

"—put it—"

"—Dora?—"

"—You—"

"—grave—"

"—was—"

"—she—"

Dora's face grew suddenly pale. "I thought, perhaps, she was the one," she said, in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

"Why, do you know her?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"I used to room with her at boarding school," answered Dora. She had regained control of her voice now. "She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her."

"You mean loved," corrected Jack. "My love for her is in the past tense, not the present."

"True love can never die," quoted Dora, gravely. "Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?"

"But you haven't promised to marry me yet."

"You didn't ask me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe."

"And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?"

"Well, no; nothing should be taken for granted in this world. I'll give you your answer, but not now. I think I'd better send it to you in writing."

"My! My! How formal we are getting all at once! But, after all, I think I prefer it that way; then I can carry your note next to my heart for a mascot until you are mine for good and all. Shall I run over here for it tomorrow morning? I'm anxious to get it as soon as possible."

"No; I'll mail it to your office in New York."

"All right, Dora; and now, just one before I go!" He bent down and planted a kiss on her unresisting lips. "Thanks, dear! Now, please forget that there ever was any other girl, and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening, if nothing happens. Good-night, Dora!"

"Good-night, Jack!"

When Jack Vernon reached his office in Temple court next morning he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open he read:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 3:30 p. m. March 15.

Dear Jack: The love I expressed for you an hour ago I find has turned to pity, and I am going to make you happy by sending to you the only woman you have a right to marry. After hearing your confession, and knowing what I do, I could never be happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendrils of your heart are still entwined around that early love, and she needs you more than I do. I told you she was my schoolmate years ago. I all regard her as one of my dearest friends, and though we have never met since we graduated, we have always kept up correspondence. I enclose my latest letter from her, received two months ago. I did not know until tonight who the man was that she loved. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy—and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time, but good-by! Ever your friend, DORA.

The inclosure ran as follows:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 14.

My Dear Dora: No, I am not engaged yet, and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune—especially the latter—upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for, except one, and I believe he cared for me at a time. Perhaps he does yet; but, alas! he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer, with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money) held him back. He loved me; my heart told me that; but fortune-hunters were fluttering around me, like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest—just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross!

"Ah, well! he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past. I cannot help sighing, though, to think that the very money which attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!"

There, Dora, you have my secret, and know why I shall evermore a maiden be—but please don't tell. Writing you a lover true, some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I) and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely, EDITH BURTON.

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

My Dear Dora: Many thanks for your kind note and the inclosure. There are at least two angels left on earth. You are one of them. May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully, JACK.

P. S.—I start for Rochester at once, and will mail this on my way to the train.

And as Dora read these words, she smiled one little, wee ghost of a smile, and whispered:

"Better my heart than hers!"—Chicago Record.

An 818 Nugget in the Corn.

Charles Wainwright, proprietor of a flour mill at Toms River, N. J., a few days ago received a carload of western corn. While he was grinding it he noticed that something was wrong with the heavy rollers. He stopped the machinery and found a nugget that looked just like gold. It had come through the hopper with the corn. He took the nugget to a local jeweler, who unhesitatingly pronounced it to be native gold. It weighed nineteen pennyweights and eighteen grains, and Mr. Wainwright was offered \$18 for it, but preferred to keep it as a curiosity. Where the gold came from is a mystery.—Philadelphia Record.

The law which at present governs the practice of medicine in France forbids the simultaneous practice of medicine and pharmacy even by a person who is in possession of diplomas in both subjects.

FORTUNE HID IN A COIN.

Check for a Million Dollars Hidden in a Five-Franc Silver Piece.

If you happen to have in your possession the particular French coin known as five-franc piece, you may, unwittingly, be a millionaire. Such, at least, is the belief shared by hundreds upon hundreds of credulous Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, many of whom spend most of their spare time destroying quantities of five-franc pieces in the hope of realizing a fortune.

Dr. Marco Leonardo Nardez, the well-known numismatist, and one of the recognized authorities on coinlore, speaking of this curious condition of affairs, said: "It is quite true that half of France still believes in the existence of great wealth hidden in five-franc pieces, although many numismatists hold that the fortune in question was long ago discovered and appropriated by one of the Rothschild family."

The story of the strange five-franc fortune legend may be briefly told. A five-franc piece, to begin with, is a silver coin, and is worth about \$1. Napoleon I. was very anxious to make the coin a popular one, and with this end in view he caused it to be circulated everywhere throughout France that he had inserted in one of the silver pieces before it left the mint a bank note or order for 1,000,000 of these same five-francs—i. e., for \$1,000,000. Whether he really did this or not I cannot say for certain, but the weight of evidence would seem to show that it was done. In the manuscript memoirs of the Duc de Felte, Napoleon's minister of war, it is expressly stated that the Emperor enclosed a note on the Bank of France, duly signed by the governors of that institution, in a split five-franc piece; that the halves were then welded together, partially reminted and thrown in a heap of similar coins, which the emperor mixed with his own hands. These coins Napoleon took with him in a bag when he went to Boulogne, and distributed lavishly en route, even dropping some of them out of his carriage windows. In this way it was impossible to keep track of the lucky coin.

The news of this odd lottery spread far and wide, and the five-franc piece leaped into immediate favor. From that day to this mutilation of the coin has been common in France, Switzerland, Belgium and elsewhere. Every year the Bank of France is requested to make good scores of pieces split in a vain search for the five-million-franc bank note.

"There are many stories dealing with reputed finds of the fortune. Indeed, when a man becomes suddenly rich in France, it is common to hear people whisper: 'Tiens! * * * He must have found Napoleon's famous coin!' Some assert that the Emperor kept the coin himself, but this hardly agrees with Napoleon's character. Still it is a current theory that some of the money which enabled Napoleon III. to reach the imperial throne was found in the lucky silver piece, which his mother, Queen Hortense, had wheeled out of her brother-in-law.

"The most likely explanation as to why the five-franc piece fails to turn up is that Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, a French member of the great Jewish banking house, secured it. This account states that Baron de Rothschild, having investigated the tradition and found sufficient proof of its truth, deliberately set to work to locate the \$1,000,000 note. He quietly bought in and collected every five-franc piece he could get, and his agents were notified to preserve and forward to Paris every five-franc piece which reached them in Europe, Asia, Africa or America. In his office the Baron kept three trusty men hard at work bisecting the coins. Some say that he had invented a plan for welding them together again, so as to defy detection; others maintain that he melted down the silver and sold it to the government. The work was colossal; but in the end the baron's system is said to have conquered. He found the note for 5,000,000 francs, having spent nearly a million to obtain it. The order was duly presented at the Bank of France, and, says the tradition, cashed by that institution.

"Plausible as the narration may seem, the great mass of Frenchmen refuse to credit it, and go on, year after year, splitting open their five-franc pieces to look for Napoleon's note. It is certainly a tantalizing thought that somewhere in the world a check for \$1,000,000 is knocking about, hidden in an ordinary silver coin worth barely \$1. By possessing and opening that coin the man worth just five francs may in a moment become a millionaire."—Washington Star.

Quarantine Against Elopement.

The six daughters of a man in Kansas eloped, one after another, at the ages of twenty-one, eighteen, seventeen, fifteen and fourteen. The unhappy father has two left, aged nine and seven, and he has bought him two bear dogs and a repeating rifle, and keeps guard day and night around the premises to prevent their premature escapes from the parental roof.—Atlanta Journal.

The colored people of the United States maintain seven colleges, seventeen academies and fifty high schools.

Cowbells.

One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cowbell, which is made now just as it was fifty, a hundred and more years ago, and has now just the same peculiar clanking sound as ever. Cowbells are made some of copper, and some of a composition metal; but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast; it is cut from a sheet of metal which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal loop at the top, through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cowbells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to the manufacturer, and by selection among bells of the various sizes find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

There are only four factories in the United States in which cowbells are made, and in each case the cowbell is only an item of production among many other things. Cowbells are sold all over the country just the same as ever, but much the greater number are sold in the South, the Southwest and the West, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence, and cattle are more likely to stray. There are sold in those parts of the country a hundred dozen cowbells to every ten dozen sold in the East. American cowbells are exported to the various countries of South America and to Australia.—New York Sun.

"Drinking" Oysters.

One of the biggest oyster dealers at Fulton market, New York, said that three weeks ago in one week 1,000,000 oysters passed through his scow.

"The season this year," he said, "has been very good, and the oysters we are getting are superior to any we have had for years. Most of the oysters handled in this market are what we call 'sounds.' These are grown in Princes bay from seed taken from the East river and Staten Island sound. They take about three years to mature, and are the best for general all-around use. Many of these are used in the Western trade.

"We wholesalers distinguish the varieties of oysters by the shape and color of the shells. When oysters are brought to market here first we put them through an operation known as 'drinking.' They are taken down to Port Richmond, Staten Island, and shovelled off the sloops into floats at high water. They remain in these floats for six hours, and during that time absorb or 'drink' enough water to give them the correct taste. The water in the floats is much fresher than that from which they are taken in the first place. The water of New York bay is just salty enough to flavor oysters just right. After the oysters have gone through the floats it would be difficult for the most expert connoisseur to distinguish variety by the taste, and he could only tell the name of the oyster by seeing the shell."

Remarkable Cycling Accident.

A correspondent at Montreal writes: At the annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle club a remarkable accident occurred in the first heat of the two-mile tandem race, when, during a spurt in the last lap at the far curve on the south side of the grounds, where the track curves up against the fence surrounding the grounds, the tandem ridden by L. S. Robertson and J. Drury became unmanageable. The machine actually jumped the fence, which is over three feet high, and the pedals of the one ridden by Provencher and Eaves becoming entangled with it, their machine followed it. The four men and the two machines disappeared over the fence as if the earth had swallowed them up. Beyond a few bruises to the men and a broken chain on one of the machines no damage was done.

Provencher and Eaves were able to ride in the final heat, but Robertson had to go home in a cab. It was a remarkable accident, and it is a wonder that any of the riders escaped without broken bones.—London Lancet.

A Dream That Was Verified.

A young man, riding home to the farmstead from a harvest field near Dunoon, the other evening, was upon the horse starting at the sudden report of firearms, dislodged from his seat, dragged a considerable distance along the roadway and so severely injured that he expired shortly after admission to Glasgow infirmary. The remarkable feature of the case is that in a letter found in the lad's pocket, received the day before the accident, his father told him of having dreamed that he saw him either killed or severely hurt by a horse and cautioned him to be very careful, at the same time asking him to write at once and let him know if anything had happened to him.—Westminster Gazette.

How It Worked.

"It works this way," said the agent. "When a burglar tries to open the window this bell begins ringing and wakes you up."

"Bell rings and wakes me up?" said Popper. "And it will wake the baby, too. I don't want it. Take it away. I guess you don't know that kid of mine."—The Yellow Book.

Children's Column



Bobby's Three-Inch Smile.

Sister measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me,
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.
"Oh you're a Cheshire cat," said she.
"Father said, 'That's no sin.'"
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.
Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said, "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."
—Boston Traveler.

Saved His Life by a Jest.

Amelia Wofford tells of "The Court Jesters of England" in St. Nicholas. The author says of one of them:

Archee Armstrong was the beloved jester of King James VI of Scotland, afterwards James I of England, and this is the traditional story of their introduction:

"One day a shepherd with the carcass of a sheep upon his shoulders was tracked to his cottage on the moorlands by the officers of justice. In the cottage they found a vacant-faced lad, rocking a cradle with more attention than a boy is accustomed to give that duty; this, however, did not arouse their suspicions. They searched the cottage thoroughly, but failed to discover the sheep. They were about to depart, when one of their number accidentally looked into the cradle, and—the stolen sheep lay there! The lad, who was supposed to be the thief, was brought before King James VI of Scotland. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to die. He began to plead with the king. He was a poor, ignorant fellow, he said; he had heard of the Bible and would like to read it through before he died. Would the king respite him until he did so. The king readily gave his consent, whereupon the culprit immediately said: 'Then hang me if I ever read a word o't, as lang as my een are open.'

The witty reply captured the king. He pardoned the prisoner, and took him into his service as jester. In this capacity Archee was soon a prime favorite.

Carberry's Christmas.

Last Christmas there was a great surprise in the little town of Carberry. For years and years—ever since the boys and girls could remember—there had been a public celebration in the town hall, with a huge Christmas tree lighted from top to bottom with candles and bright with all sorts of presents for the boys and girls of the village. Usually old Captain Conklin in his big buffalo overcoat, which was buckled tight with a string of sleigh bells, acted as Santa Claus and kept everyone laughing and expectant as he passed out the gifts, reading off the names one by one in a big, hearty voice.

But last year it was all different, so different, indeed, that Carberry is going to try the same kind of celebration again this winter. And it was quite unique enough to furnish ideas for any of our inventive boys and girls who wish to get up something new and striking for this year's Christmas entertainment.

You see old Captain Conklin was taken sick early in the winter and had to go south, and a Christmas tree without Santa Claus would have been no celebration at all. So the principal of the Carberry school and some of the older pupils got together and discussed the situation. As a result they were appointed a committee on arrangements for the celebration, it being understood that they were to have the entire work of decorating the hall and of arranging the presents.

From that time on a dense cloud of secrecy hung over the school. The teacher and his little band of helpers—which included about a dozen of the older boys and girls—held a meeting early every night at which the details of the great plan were discussed. By day they all went around with wise glances as one another and frequent mysterious conversations, until the younger folk of the town were all but wild with curiosity. It was also the topic of conversation among the older folk, for they were not allowed to know anything about it either. Mysterious bundles of all sizes and shapes were carried into the hall, the windows of which had previously been closely curtained, so that no prying eyes could peep inside and discover the secret. Two weeks before Christmas six of the prettiest little girls in school, all of about the same size, were chosen for some mysterious purpose, and they were at once enveloped in the general cloak of secrecy.

Christmas eve arrived bright and crisp and cold. At 7 o'clock the doors of the town hall were opened and a crowd of boys and girls, who had been waiting outside for an hour or more, surged in and filled the front seats. But as yet there was little to be seen for a big curtain covered the entire front of the hall, shutting out all view of the stage. The members of the committee bustled about mysteriously, ran in with covered bundles, and again, shadows flitted across the stage, and there were occasional smothered bursts of laughter, at which all of the younger children would stand on their tip-toes and fairly shriek with anticipation. But there was one sound that was wholly unexplainable and which set every one to guessing and wondering. It was a slight squeaking noise which no one had ever heard before in connection with a Christmas celebration.

Before 8 o'clock every seat in the house was filled and a large number of men and boys were standing around the stove and lined up close to the wall. There was only a moment's delay, and then from somewhere behind the curtain came the voices of the six little girls singing a Christmas carol. Just as they reached the last verse the curtain began to rise slowly and their voices were drowned out in a wild burst of applause. Indeed, the audience was on its feet with craning necks and eager eyes trying to take in every detail of the brilliant display.

"A wheel, a wheel!" cried little Susie Jenkins, her shrill voice sounding above the roar of applause.

And a wheel it was—a Ferris wheel which any one would have recognized in an instant. It occupied the very centre of the big stage, and it was slowly turning round and round. The cars were loaded full of gifts with dolls for conductors. There was candy and crockery, toys jack-knives, skates, new red mittens, caps, books, and almost everything else you could think of. Every car was blazing with light from several wax candles, and the rim of the wheel, the supports and the spokes were festooned with strings of popcorn and twined with ribbons and evergreen. Besides that the stage was beautifully decorated.

But another surprise was in store. Up from behind the wheel stepped Jack Frost, Santa Claus' son, dressed in natty knee breeches and coat, and wearing a powdered wig of the style of the last century. Every one recognized him at once as Captain Conklin's nephew, who was one of the brightest boys in the Carberry school. It was some time before he could speak owing to the cheering, and then he told the audience that this new Ferris wheel was invented in Santa Claus' workshop, and that Santa Claus had placed the gifts in the cars. After that there were a number of songs and recitations, during all of which the wonderful wheel turned round and round, and he dolly conductors leaned out of the windows to see that the machinery was in good working order. Of course the exercises were very interesting, but I am sorry to say that they were frequently interrupted by "ohs" and "ahs," and many other whispered exclamations from the front rows.

At last Jack Frost arose and ordered the wheel to stop. The six little girls bounded forward and the distribution of the presents began, and continued until the great wheel was empty, and every one in the hall was happy.

Do you wonder that the folks of Carberry are going to have the same kind of a celebration this year?

The Ferris wheel was easily made by three of the boys of Carberry. They took two old carriage wheels and cut away parts of the spokes, and fastened them together on a central axis running through the hubs. The cars were made of large pasteboard shoe boxes obtained from one of the stores. These boxes were about thirty inches long by ten inches high by fourteen inches wide. Doors and windows were cut in them, and they were suspended to the wheels so that they would turn easily on their pivots. The wheels were then supported by a light framework of wood and provided with a crank at the back side. This completed the framework. It was fun for the committee to meet night after night and decorate the wheel with colored paper pasted on the boxes, and with evergreens and popcorn strings. Candles were fitted everywhere there was room for them, and then the cars were filled up with presents, care being taken to load them so that they would swing easily and without tipping. During the celebration a boy turned the crank that kept the wheel going.

The whole wheel only cost a few dollars, and any of our boys who are clever with a hammer and saw could make one like it. For a Christmas surprise it cannot be excelled, especially if the people who are to attend the celebration expect an old-fashioned Christmas tree. It may be used either for a home gathering or for a public celebration.