

SONG.

Time may steal the dewy bloom
Of our summer roses;
He can never bring to doom
Hearts where love reposes.

He may shower us with dole,
He may rack the bosom;
He can never from the soul
Shake one tender blossom.

He can never raise the bar
To that inner garden;
He can never hope to mar
Hearts where love is warden.

Therefore let us not deplore
Any stress of weather;
But, securing fast the door,
Laugh at him together.

—Chicago Record.

THE MONSTER; OR, AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

Thomas P. Corbins lives a mile or two out of Hartford, on rising ground, above a pretty tributary of the Connecticut. He is an excellent fellow, and though his establishment is on a simple scale, because he happens to prefer it, he has made his pile.

His wife is dead, and he has only one child, a pretty daughter. At present Dorothy was acting as cook, her cook in a fit of wrath having taken French leave and her waitress having her hands full caring for the house.

It was a warm summer afternoon, and Dorothy was alone in the kitchen, the ingredients for a sponge cake neatly laid out before her. The clock struck three, and just as it struck the electric train stopped before the house and dropped a young man. He was fair, his eyes blue, his moustache light, but it was not the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon race. In fact, Max de Resal had only very lately arrived in America.

"Aren't you?" she said. "Oh, dear, is it a poor American girl you want to marry, monsieur? There are plenty of that kind."

"Well," said Max, "you see I'm poor myself, and what's more, incapable of earning my living, so I must have a rich wife. But why shouldn't a rich wife love me? I shall never marry anyone I don't love."

"I'll tell Miss Corbins everything you said," she said. "But when you see her you won't want her—she's a monster. Her neck is down between her shoulders, and as to figure, well, she has none."

Max took from his pocket a French gold piece. "Look here," he said, "would you mind not mentioning my visit at all? I'll go back to New York and not see Mr. Corbins. I shouldn't like to spend my life with such a woman as you describe."

"Don't be in too great a hurry," she said. "If you are you may make mistakes, as the author of 'Outre-Mer' did."

"I might have expected that!" cried Max. "You know Bourget, then? What a country! And to think I'm not likely ever to see you again!"

"Why not?" You can see me tomorrow if you find me interesting."

He paused a moment, not sure whether some other adjective might not be more expressive, but he could think of nothing better than "Very interesting!" Then he looked straight into the honest, clear eyes that met his and, leaving the money on the table, went away.

His curiosity had been aroused, he had been amused, interested; more than this, charmed. She was very handsome, of this there was no question; figure, eyes, features, expression, all were good, and she was remarkably intelligent. Still, she was but a cook after all, who wore a white apron and beat eggs like any other cook.

Next day he had not to invent even the mildest of stratagems to carry out his purpose. For reasons of her own Dorothy made things easy for him, and, thanks to an exciting baseball match in the neighborhood, he found the house as empty as the day before.

"Well, you've come for the answer to your card?" she said. "Here it is. Miss Corbins wrote it before she had to go out. You really are unfortunate about her. But she has invited you to dinner tomorrow."

He interrupted: "Just now I am more interested in something else. You have read Bourget, I know. Do you remember what he says about girls in America—I mean girls who—haven't much money and who are so anxious to be well educated that, to go on with their studies, they hire themselves out in the holidays as servants? That, at any rate, was true, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "there was a girl here once who read Virgil and Xenophon, a housemaid; but she had to go; she was really too fond of books."

"Mademoiselle," said Max, falteringly, "I am sure you are one of those interesting girls."

"You are paying me a compliment I don't deserve," she said, presently. "I shall always be what I am now. And don't you think," she went on, with a charming smile, "that a good cook has her value?"

Then Dorothy turned to the table and went on with her jelly making. She tried to pull the cork from a bottle, and the vicomte took it from her and drew it.

"This not the sort of work you were intended for, my poor child," he said. "With your mental gifts you ought to do something more suitable."

Then she said: "I presume you will accept Miss Corbins' invitation to dinner?"

"If I do, what good will it do for either you or me? I shall not so much as see you."

"Only come," she said; "you will see me, I promise you."

An hour or so later Miss Corbins received the Vicomte de Resal's formal acceptance of her invitation.

Before going to dinner the next day Max made all his preparations for leaving Hartford on the midnight train. When he reached the house the flaxen-haired Nova Scotian let him in and conducted him through large folding doors to the lair of the "monster."

Apparently the room was empty, and Max thought he was too early. Just then, through a half-glazed door, he caught sight of soft puffs of tobacco smoke and heard the tones of masculine voices.

Corbins received him with the warm cordiality of an American, introduced him to the minister and then said: "I thought to have been in there to see you, but my daughter was at

all events. You know her I think?"

"Miss Corbins is not in the drawing room," said Max.

"Is she not? Oh, then, there is some more bother or other in the kitchen. Ah, sir! dinners come into the world ready made in France; but here! It was just by the nearest shave my daughter hadn't to cook it again tonight herself."

"Again?" said Max, bewildered and conscious that he stood on the edge of an abyss.

"Oh, yes!" said Corbins. "For the past week she has been covered up in an apron cooking—for a house full of people, too. It seems to astonish you, sir; but wait a bit longer before you think you understand us. But here is my daughter."

"Come," she said, "dinner is ready."

She held out her hand to him as if no ceremony of introduction were required between them and, taking his arm, led him into the dining room.

"Courage," she said to him, her face radiant with amusement. "Haven't I kept my promise?"

"Yes," said poor Max, "you have and to such purpose that I don't know how to look you or Mr. Corbins in the face."

Max never knew how he got through the dinner, and he thanked God when Corbins and the minister adjourned to the garden to smoke. Miss Corbins thought it too cool for her in her evening dress, but begged Max not to think of staying with her in the drawing room if he wanted to smoke, too.

He looked at her for a moment, then said: "No, thank you. I don't care for a cigarette tonight."

"I am afraid," she said, "you are going to leave us on bad terms."

"What do I care if I am the laughing-stock of all America?" he answered. "I only mind being a fool in your eyes. If just for half an hour or even for a moment I was idiot enough to take you for the—"

"Don't say the word," said Dorothy, "if it hurts you so much. But, all the same, I'm proud of your mistake."

"Ah!" he said, "making fun of me again as you did then, little as I supposed it!"

"Oh, I don't want to hurt your feelings," said Dorothy. "You'll forget all about me; you will soon be on your way to Saratoga or the Catskills, according to the addresses on your introductions. You have some left, I suppose?"

"I have," he said, now in a white rage; "here they are," and, taking them out of his pocket, he tore them to bits and threw them on the carpet at her feet. She watched him quietly, but when she spoke her voice was a little altered.

"I can give you better ones," she said, then stopped suddenly. There was nothing cruel about her, and she saw tears in his eyes. He turned away from her and, standing at the window, seemed to be gazing at the deep blue vault above studded with stars.

But he soon mastered his emotion and again turned to her.

"Sixty minutes more and then good bye forever. So I may speak, as I dared not if we were to meet again tomorrow. I did come to Hartford to look not for a wife, but for my wife. I hoped to find her and take her home with me. Perhaps I counted a little on my happy star, but more on a loyal, honest wish to be happy with her and make her happy."

Dorothy listened, softly waving her white, fluffy fan and taking in his every look and movement.

"To hear you talk," she said, "one might believe you had been on this search for years. America is rather big, you know."

"So I thought three days ago. But now it isn't a country or a state or even a town to me; it is all one house, this house where my destiny was to be determined. If you knew what I felt the very first look you gave me—not a thunder clap, as sudden, but so beautiful, so sweet. You know I came here to marry you or some rich girl, and you know why I dare not say now I love you."

She made a little face; to her he seemed to have said nothing else for the last half hour. He understood what she was thinking and went on.

"Ah!" he cried, "how beautiful, how dear you are! How can you think I shall forget? Think what you please of me, but of one thing be sure, I wouldn't marry an American girl now for the whole world."

"I haven't the whole world," she said, smiling; "I can only offer you—"

"What?" he said, with a strange thrill of expectation.

"Myself!"—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Antique Vegetables.
Asparagus was originally a wild sea-coast weed of Great Britain and Russia, and is now so plentiful on the Russian steppes that the cattle eat it like grass. In some parts of southern Europe the seeds are dried and used as a substitute for coffee.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Five Hundred Trips.
The White Star steamer Britannia recently made her 500th trip across the Atlantic. She is 24 years old, and her engines and boilers have never been renewed. She has traveled more than 1,500,000 miles.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

Interesting Statistics Concerning Their Social and Intellectual Condition.

A great deal has been written about Spanish men, but I think one may find a truer key to Spanish character by taking a glimpse of the misery of the Spanish women. I doubt if the Turkish woman, and while American women are not clamoring for a conflict, the fact remains that the taking of Spain from the European geography might prove a great step in advance for the women of that land.

It appears from an official document which came my way the other day that but 2,636,615 Spanish women can read or write. This fraction is almost as big as the male army that knows its own language. It is a pitiful showing, but it is only the beginning of the table of female wretchedness. The municipalities list 51,946 professional beggars who wear petticoats. Then there are 828,531 women who earn their living by working in the farm fields. There are 329,596 women rated as day servants who get but little more than board and shelter for their work, and in all the dying dynasty there are but 719,000 girls in the schools of any kind, public or private. There are twice as many female mendicants as male. The census shows that 6,764,406 women have neither professions nor trades, and are altogether dependent upon charity, the possibility of getting married, or hard labor at starvation wages.

The same lamentable condition of the Spanish woman is shown by a glance at another side of her life. The kingdom has but seventy-four women classed as literary writers. There are but seventy-eight women physicians in the mother country and all the provinces. The women school teachers number only 14,400, as compared with 24,612 men, but this does not include the nuns, who are classed by themselves, and number 28,540.

Spanish women who are fortunate live in the most magnificent homes and seem never to bother their heads about the poorer sisters at their doors. The favorite resort for the grande señoras is San Sebastian, and the lives the careless Spanish women of fashion lead there during the summer are said to be a scandal over all Europe. There is scarcely a pretence at propriety or even ordinary conventionality. As in France, a majority of the young girls of the best families are educated in the convents. Their greatest accomplishment is embroidery, and they sit and sit at their knitting until some man from an ancient and bankrupt house or a bull-raising plantation comes along and marries them. Club life is unknown. Marriages are celebrated very early in life, and but few people who get weary of these early alliances ever go to the trouble and formality of getting a divorce. The unhappy couples simply divide up the household things and live the balance of their lives the best way they can.

Spanish women, as I have found, have very little outdoor amusement. The bicycle is just beginning to be admitted, but under protest. The young women love their queen next to pretty frocks and glittering fans and bright ribbons. They flock to the cruel shows in the ball rings and laugh and cheer at the horrible spectacles. They show no more pity than an American girl bestows upon the dashing hardships which the average tennis player or the golfer undergoes when he performs in a broiling sun to amuse her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

JACK PAST AND PRESENT.
The Man-of-War of Today and Years Ago.

The American man-of-war's man of today is as different in personal character from his predecessor of a few decades ago as is the steel-clad, turreted, mastless battle ship of 1898 from the graceful, wooden frigate of past generations. The new weapons, motive power and other equipment of latter-day war vessels necessitate different and often higher qualities in the men that handle them. To this is due the fact that the modern man-of-war's man is more of a mechanic and a soldier, than a sailor pure and simple.

But this is not all. The general character of Uncle Sam's blue-jacket has undergone a change since the development of the new navy, as radical as his professional training. Such familiar phrases as "Like a drunken sailor" and "Spending money like a sailor" no longer apply, for Jack is today staid, more self-respecting and better behaved than the average man in his own walk of life on shore.

Where in former days but few would return on board ship on time, "clean and sober," from a day's liberty, it is now the exception for liberty to be broken. A party of liberty men on shore from an American cruiser is an orderly, respectable body of men. Several causes have contributed to this change for the better. One is the apprentice system, which has been in successful operation now for about twenty-five years, a period long enough to give predominance to the American-born seamen graduated from the apprentice training ships. This system has given to the service a large number of respectable young Americans, who have displaced a like number of

irresponsible foreigners, waifs of fortune, whose only interest in our navy was the pay and the food, both decidedly better than they could get in the navies or merchants marines of their own countries.

Another potent cause of the good quality of the American man-of-war's men of the present day is more intelligent treatment. In the days of the "old" navy the men were allowed to draw but a small fraction of their pay each month, the remainder accumulating until the end of the period of enlistment. The final balance due was paid in full at the time of discharge. The men, unaccustomed to handling much money at a time, did not know the value of what they had received, so they squandered their money. Quite likely they became the prey of sharpers. In either event they were compelled to re-enlist soon, and in dismal spirits.

When "liberty" was given in the old days it was the custom to let a whole "watch"—half the ship's company—go ashore at once, and then only at long intervals. Knowing that it would be a long time before they would get on land again, the men thus freed would endeavor to concentrate as much revelry as possible in the short period given, and were usually regardless of consequences.

All that has been changed. The crew of a man-of-war is now divided into three conduct grades, according to behavior. Those in the third or lowest grade are permitted ashore at long intervals, in the discretion of the commanding officer; those of the second may have liberty once a month, and those of the first once a week, while there is what is known as the "special first class," the men in which are given almost as much shore leave as the officers.

FLOWERS AND PERFUMES.

An Industry at Nice That Has Grown to Huge Proportions.

The very few industries of this place aside from hotel keeping (which is not an industry, but a fine art when properly done) are eminently in keeping with the tone of an ultra-fashionable watering place. They are the growth, arrangement and shipping of cut flowers, the distilling of sweet waters from flower blossoms and the manufacture of candied fruits, olive oil and marguerite. It was Alphonse Karr, the French author, who began the flower business here, and it has grown until it brings in something over \$250,000 a year. They raise roses and other flowers by the acre, arrange them in bouquets, pack them in boxes with the stems sticking through a hole, and ship them to the uttermost parts of Europe. A great quantity of the winter flowers of Paris come from here, and they go without damage to London, Berlin, Vienna, and even as far as St. Petersburg. Roses, pinks and carnations are the favorite flowers for shipping, and a large number of orange and lemon trees are literally "nipped in the bud," being grown exclusively for the blossoms, which, when cut off, are either mixed with the flowers or used for distilling. The orange flower water of Nice has a good reputation, and it would be hard to find daintier confectionery than the crystallized violets, orange blossoms and rose leaves that are made there in great quantities. Marguerite is rather a high-sounding name for the little carved love boxes, handkerchief boxes and tea caddies that are made here, sometimes very handsomely inlaid. They are made in great quantities, generally of olive wood, and the people who buy such things are not all dead, though one would think they must be nearly extinct by this end of the century.—Nice Letter in the New York Times.

Victim of Thirteen.
The late Woolf Joel, the many times millionaire, who was murdered recently at Johannesburg, was noted for his abstinence from anything in the shape of "blue verbiage" in his speech. He rather prided himself, says a London correspondent of the New York Mail and Express, on never using an oath except in serious temper, and he was very seldom, if ever, out of humor. A curious fact has transpired concerning him, which will interest the Thirteen club. He arranged for a party of fourteen by way of a farewell dinner just before he sailed from England. One of his guests was unable to attend. Mr. Joel remarked on the common superstition, and added that as it was generally supposed that he who rose first from the table would be the first to die he would take the risk upon himself and take precedence in moving from his seat. He did, and you know the rest.

Explaining a Phrase.
"While Giggs is regarded as the flower of the family," said Mand.

"Perhaps," rejoined Mamie, "that explains why we so frequently hear him alluded to by the men as a 'blooming gay'."—Washington Star.

Sacrifice Which Paid.
"That absconding cashier got away by sacrificing his beard, did he?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said the detective, "I missed him by a close shave."—Indiana Journal.

X-Ray to Determine Sex.
Another new use of the X-ray has recently been discovered. Much difficulty has been experienced in distinguishing the masculine from the feminine silk cocoon, and the distinction is important, as the former yields more silk. The female cocoon contains many uric acid eggs, rich in mineral salts. The dark shade produced by them denotes the sex.

THE FLAG.

Lo! the sight dry rods have boomed
In flowers of red and white and blue;
On every staff the dawn's illumined
The new glorious banner waves anew!
No blossom this, to droop and fade
In sulphurous smoke of belching guns;
Its roots were set, its tints were laid
In the best blood of Freedom's sons.

Across its hues the eyes of men
Flash each to each with patriot fire,
And heroes press its sacred stem
To lips that smile as they expire.

The sluggish blood, by commerce chilled,
Leaps to its fount with sudden pride;
And children gaze, with bosoms thrilled,
At this their heritage and guide!

—Grace Duffie Boylan.

HUMOROUS.

Newsboy (to distinguished author just arrived)—Extra, sir. Full account of your arrival.

The Rejected One—I have a rival, then? The Girl—Hardly that; I have promised to marry him.

Many a young man who has entered on a career has been glad soon afterwards to get a steady job.

Mrs. A.—Do you think Mary Gilbert is as old as she looks? Mrs. B.—My dear, she couldn't be.

Faddy—Are you in favor of a single tax? Duddy—I go farther than that. I would have no tax at all.

Teacher (showing off his pupils)—Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided. Johnny (vivaciously)—By earthquakes, sir.

Clerical Friend—I hear you are having trouble in your church. The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—Not a word of truth in it. The trouble is in the choir.

His Wife—They say a photographer is to establish a place here soon. The Suburbanite—How can he expect people who live here to look pleasant?

Miss Blackleigh (looking at her photograph)—I shou'ld like to know what people say about my picture. Miss Daisey—No, dear, I don't think you would.

She—Do you recollect the night that you proposed to me? I bent my head and didn't say anything. He—Quite right; but you've made up your mind since.

Proud Father—My daughter strikes B and is reaching for C. Friend—Oh, but you can't really complain until she begins to strike you for V's and reach for X's.

Editor—Why don't you want your article on "Advice to Housewives" signed? Hack-Writer—Because I want my wife to take some of the advice herself.

Governor, the bicycle trade positively refuses to go to the front." "What's the reason?" "They claim that they would be at once disabled by the hard-tack."

He—"In the spring the young man's fancy—" you know; the little birds begin to mate—the— She—Yes; in the spring, even the potatoes begin making eyes.

"Pa, can I go to the circus?" "No, my son; if you're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus." "Then I'd better go while I'm bad enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?"

"Do you think said the man who is slightly superstitious," "that a comet presages danger?" "Well," replied Mr. Meekton, with the deliberation of a man who is accustomed to think many times before he speaks, "it does if I stay out late enough to see it."

Pat was suffering dreadfully from seasickness, and there was no prospect of relief, for the vessel pitched and rolled without cessation. "By thunder," he cried in his agony, "Won't somebody second this motion and let it be passed without debate!"

A teacher asked a little boy to spell "responsibility," which he did. "Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of that big word?" "Yes, mum," answered Tommy. "If I had only four buttons on my trousers, and two came off, all the responsibility would hang on the other two."

"Papa," said the youthful student of history, "is an ultimatum the last word?" "No, not exactly; that is, not always," replied the old gentleman thoughtfully. "You see, there are circumstances under which a man may give an ultimatum to a woman—his wife, for instance—but, of course, that doesn't mean that he will have the last word; not by a good deal."

A Better Expression.
"I suppose," said Mrs. Snaggs, "that when soldiers are said to be sleeping on their arms the idea is that they are ready for instant service?" "Your idea is correct," replied Mr. Snaggs. "How did you guess it?" "But would it not be more expressive," Mrs. Snaggs went on, ignoring the sarcasm, "to say that they slept on their nap-sacks?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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