THE ARROW-HEAD.

on my story in the success. It is a success to the control of the primeral glade? In the success to dear a shell about 1 the true y's call? I had an a measured guttural? I moderate, the repper face, a war-whoop, and the striped grimac.?

well she remembered the lessons he

had given; what amusement they had had over her awkwardness; the mo-ment of triumph when she could really

## THE OLD GUITAR.

By EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

some in their allent preasts, and many a one-sided conversation did she hold. Tonight, however, she had no words for them. Herself alone, and the past, occupied her thoughts.

"Well, pussies," she said at last, rousing herself with a shake, and dropping them gently on the floor, "this won't do; pitseles must have their suppers, no matter what happens, must hit they?" A purr and a noise which the chose to interpret a new present a new contract. dow, chattering, as such girls will, of overything and nothing. Even a casual glance would reveal the fact that the force of this office was socially far above the ordinary run of such places. In fact, many of these young girls bors in their faces such evidences of refinement that it was hard to understand just how they found themselves there. ment that it was hard to understand just how they found themselves there. To the manager, however, a warm hearted, sympathetic woman, was their reply, as they rubbed known the private history of hearly every girl in the establishment. From disliking her rule as a minavation, and fearing her rule as a curtailing of privileges which they had wrested themselves cut behind the Lady privileges which they had wrested themselves cut behind the Lady privileges which they had wrested themselves cut behind the Lady privileges which they had wrested themselves cut behind the Lady privileges which they had wrested the same way to share the firm, under the very slack.

privileges which they had wrested from the firm, under the very slack management which had preceded her advent, they had grown to respect and love her in spite of the mflexible will the which they were obliged to how. They had gradually recognized the fact they had gradually recognized the fact supper and washing her solitary teature. ging steps, preparing her own light supper and washing her solitary tea-cup, saucer and plate.

All done, and der arrangement for t adherence to duty alone was the udard by which they were gauged, en this fact was thoroughly underthe evening completed, she sat down stood, it soon became a recognized fact that the clerk who disliked the manaand gave herself up to reflection,
What a host of memories had the
idle question of Millie Wendall called ger was one who would shirk her le gitimate work whenever she could.

It was no wender then to see her up, a question forgotten by the querist, It was no wender then to see her almost as soon as asked! "St. John's at Easter!" How well she remembershaing.

"Have you ever been to St. John's at the flush of warm young love she had walked to church with John Gray, her thosen one out of all the world! What the window where she had been watching a runaway, and turning suddenly and protecting—so handsome ad tension for all the girls, and Millie Wendall did not see the quick, nervous class of all the propel in that congrous the hands, or hear the breath sharp of the hands, or hear the breath sharp ly drawn in, as one in mortal pain sincere pagans arise then from that

ly drawn in, as one in mortal pain might do. All she was conscious of

was the quiet reply—
"Yes, Miss Wendall—once—many
ful spring and summer months, that
passed almost like a dream, when all

"Way, Mise Triffet, how big and the world seemed made for happiness, black your eyes are!" exclaimed Net- and the air itself seemed to breathe of black your eyes are!" exclaimed Net and the air itself seemed to breathe of ties award three gold medals annually tie Julian, suddenly, a warmhearted, love. There, under the stars, they had to the designers of the most artistic Impulsive hoyden, who, as she desat, and she had listoned with shining dwellings. The owners of these homes clared, "adored the ground Miss Trif- cyes while John had sung to her use are relieved of half of their annual "Nonsense, Nettle, you make me climes, accompanying himself with a fot walked on."

blush! You must see very Iroll things soft strumming upon the guitar. How with those new glasses of yours. The ides of my pale blue eyes looking big and black!" nd black!"
"Look, girls! See If I am not right!"

ned Nettie, taking Miss Triffet sing the pretty little Spanish difty all

by the shoulders and trying to turn her around.

But Miss Triffet hughingly declared she was not on exhibition, and breaking away from her captor, went to her deak and struck the gong for the close of the noon hour.

The had some that awful time, that even now, after an interval of ten years she could not think of without paling to the lip, and growing sick and

then, with a smothered exno she rose.

No! I cannot, must not think came that John Gray had been killed

if I cannot, must not think anot afford it!" she said to she throw hower into the she throw hower into the afternoof Bad feverian not know him! So stunned was she by the hlow, that when a few weeks inter the crash came, and her father died of despair, she hailed her changed great clock across fortunes with pleasure, and threw here struck twice and self into the work of the business

The same work of the afterngon, was thrown into her walk as
abe wended her way home Peauls who and initierneath aft her reflec-tion, was running the strain of the little Spanish ditty learned so long ago, and fraught with such precious recol-lections. Never since that night, so many years back, had she touched the guitar, but tought she was irresisting nothing, quietly turned aside and let her have the right of way. Arriving at a large old fashioned house on the edge of the city, she opened the door with her latch-key and ascended three-flights of stairs to the place she called "home"—"Old Maid's Hall"—as she laughingly termed it.

As she entered her rooms her two-black cata raised their heads and greeted her with a gratified purr, at

greeted her with a gratified purr, at

once dropping back into their comfortably positions behind the "Lady Frank-lin," which did duty for an open grate in this cosy set of apariments, which consisted of two large rooms upon the third floor, overlooking a large yard full of great trees.

So absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she omitted her customary coromony of stooping to pat them on the head and give them a word of endearment. Throwing herself in her chair, she had just given herself up to redection when she felt herself gently pulled by the skirt.

"Why, poor old Jetty," she exciaimed, "it is too bad, I almost forgot, you, you poor old crook-negled fellow! I think I feel more for you than do for Tippie, you poor unfortunate!

We've been communicated.

the had just them a word of them. Throwing herself in her he had just given herself up to them a he felt herself up to the whom a he felt herself to the word to the core to the whom a her arms as if he had been "Come on Tipple! There's the word was the that the person on the other side of the door was obliged to knock loudly three times before the sound was carried to this "Figure inner consciousness."

"It was the war to the old Spanish ditty, and dear in the old Spanish ditty, and the well a sail of the past. Over and over again she many the little song, her voice gaining confidence at each repetition, until it swelled forth with almost its old-lime beauty and fulness, so absorbed was she that the person on the other side of the door was obliged to knock loudly three times before the sound was carried to him. "Pieuse, him Triffet," said the landlady, when she finally gained a hearing, "the gentleman on the floor shove the cripple! I told ron about), has anked me who it was aloging down anked me who it was aloging to the loor was obliged to knock loudly three times before the sound was carried to hims.

"Nothing but the ghost of lost hap

As her auditor turned his face to the light Eillen Triffet heheld—John Gray.

"Oh, Eillee! Eillee!" he eried "Forgive me for sending for you. My heart cried out for you so, I could not help it, dear, I could not help it! It has been so hard all these years, but I would not come into your bright young life, I a wretched cripple, dependent upon the bounty of my friends. For give me, dear, forgive me! I knew you thought I was dead, and it was latter so—but, oh, my darling! how hungry my heart has been for you."

During these impetuous words Miss Triffet had stood as if frozen to the floor.

swift motion she went to the bed and knelt by his side. 'Oh, my love! my love! how could you, how could you, all these years?'

"Sweetheart, did I not tell you I was dependent upon the bounty of my friends? How could I marry you? It was best that you should be left to forget me."

"You are no longer dependent upon Your wife, dear," she replied to his questioning look, flushing till she looked almost as young as she had done ten years before, under the woodhine, "your wife will take care of you.
Nay! No protests. You cannot help
yourcolf. I shall marry you in spite of
yourself. See, dear, this is leap year, yourself. See, dear, this is leap year, and I intend to press my righta. Dear," the added tenderly, "on not break my heart by refusing to accept this from me, Would you not have done it for me! Life will seem an Edon, if we can be together. Think what you are doing for me by just simply living and heave your own tree self." being your own true self!"

A loving smile gave assent.

he with mock meekness. Ellice Triffet laughed. swered softly, but firmly, as one whehe has made arrangements that were not to be gainsaid.—Waverley Masgazine.

and of all the people in that congregation, from no heart did more joyous, sincere paeans arise than from that weight about three pounds, is considered equal in contents to twenty-four

To encourage the erection of beautiful residences in Paris, the authori-

The United States is the greatest

RSE ENTITLED "AN OLD

since the control of the control of

with excitament, she ascended the A SERMON FOR SUNDAY | The Christ they were looking for was to stairs to the auditor.

SALT PANS OF INDIANS.

THE PURPOSES FOR WHICH THEY

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A DISCOURSE ENTITED "AN OLG Substitute for the life lives and the second state of the

en and dining room economy were nat-turally not the only evidence of early Indian life found in the old village so long hidden under the plowed furrows of modern agriculture. The excava-tion, not yet fully completed, has ala village, the cemetery differing from most of the indian burial places al-ready found and opened in various ready found and opened in various parts of the United States, in that it was very much smaller than was usually the case. Although occasional iso-lated graves have been discovered, the eperience of previous archaeological investigations would have led natural-ly to the epectation of finding either a very small group of graves, each containing one skeleton or neveral skeletons, or a very large one embrac-

only 27 graves were discovered, al-though this number represented the burial of several times as many In-

not earlier than the 17th century, were found many smaller specimens of pottery, chiefly carthenware bowls in which the friends and relatives of the departed warriors had placed what they considered would be food enough to last them during their jour-ney to the harmy hunting seconds. ney to the happy hunting grounds— one bowl in some cases having evi-dently been considered sufficient for two warriors, while in other cases a

How well the people know King leorge of Greece and how attached bey are to his per-ju is evident from the following aneconic. One summer of believe it was the season following to managination of President Curno

GERMAN TOY INDUSTRY.

Large Factories.

Large Factories.

The toy industry of the Erzgal 'go, or ore mountains, which has been developing for centuries has been slowly drifting into economic difficulties, according to a report of Consul Monaghan at Chemnits. With the application of steam power and modern machinery to the production of toys the house industry has gradually been forced to the wall. With an increase in the price of wood and a decrease in the price of finished product, these people of the mountains decrease in the price of finished prod-uct, these people of the mountains have been put into a position where it is necessary to toll night and day for a meagre existence, which is apparently becoming more and more severe. For some years the inbor press of this part of the country has busied it-

self with a portrayal of the wretched conditions existing among the peasants of the mountains, with the result that an investigation was recently made by the industrial commission of Freiburg, which largely substantiates even the strong representations of the labor organs. The main points of the report of this commission may bu summarised as follows:

ments engaged in the manufacture of toys is increasing. This might be sign were it not for the fact that the toys are not manufactured upon the regular factory plan with hired hands space and machines quite independently of one another, and who form a sort of voluntary association banded together only for the sake of economy in roof and equipment, but carrying on their own separate businesses. A disinclination is said to prevail among the young men to enter a factory on the young men to enter a tacher the basis of wage carriers and be subjected to the immediate control, supervision and direction of an employer. Ranner than earn the higher income af-

forded by the factory wage, the young men in the hills prefer a much more meagre existence in the independence and freedom of their own homes. Be cause of the fact that the inhabitants of the mountains make but few and simple demands upon life, the real wretchedness of their situation is said to be but rarely fully appreciated. The wage conditions existing in the toy industry can be readily observed

from the following figures prepared by the commission referred to. most remunerative branch of the trade affords a gress income of from 24 to 40 marks (\$5.71 to \$9.52) per week, one-half of which may be considered as profit. In other branches the net income is as low as 6 to 9 marks (\$1.42 to \$2.14) per week. It must be remembered that these incomes are not the carpings of a single person. but represent the labor of entire fam-

paid for certain kinds of toys is can be seen in the case of pencil boxes of the cheapest quality, for which the maker gets from 48 to 58 cents per gross, or about 1 13 cents a doze

The daily meals of these people are reported by the commission to be conbread and coffee, and, at times, meat

on Sundays. With the price of wood rising, toy factories increasing in numbers in other parts of the country and the price of toys falling, it seems that the people of Brzgebirge must in their increasing wretchedness find some ers of toys who operate large factorie in this neighborhood report good business, and are of the opinion that is doomed and that the peasants will be forced to give up their independent production and enter factories.

America's Future Climate. On the whole, the winters will be come milder, the summers dryer and dustier. Like the Nile, the lower Mississippi will protect its own, but the midland region of the great cotton belt will become as dry as a Kansas undo all the mischief of what Parson Brownlow used to call the "run and run aystom of agriculture," the ante-bellum plan of wearing out the or-ganic life of one district and then pushing on to devetate the next. Some 12,000,000 acres of cotton lands were wasted in that manner and now sigh to heaven in the form of barren bramto heaven in the form of barren bram-ble fields, torn by deep guilles, and getting dryer and gulchler from year to year. Springs are falling and the migratory locust, the ominous harbin-ger of the desert, has made its ap-pearance on the Atlantic coast plain. Droughts will become more frequent

Fight With Swamp Serpents. Fight With Swamp Serpents.

While Charles Wilcox was gathering huckleberries at the head of Union Lake pond in Miliville, N. J., one afternoon, he had an encounter want two hugo rattlesnakes. At the first note of warning Wilcox ran and secured a stout hickory club. He then cautiously retraced his steps and found a huge reptile colled and ready to strike. After a desperate struggle of half an hous the succeeded in killing the snake.

HYPHENATED NAMES

Mistress Stenseller-Van Googer-Fitz Liewellyn-Standich-Snoyth!
Now, therewith
Goes descent from Entekerbookers,
Fundy puritanic knockers
Who knocked roysity to bits.
Welshmen-kindly note the "Fitz!"
So you see
That the name's a pedigros.

Should this style continue for Say, a hundred years or more, Fashionable appellations Will display their hyphenations By the score:

Mistress Stensellaer-Van Cooger-Fifn Liew ellyn-Standish-Smyth - Hohenstaufen - Poniatow-ski-

los-Penalosa - Estechany - Aguinaldo - Cran Horse!

Thus of course, Showing the ramifications
Grafted on by all nations
For, in those days, of the man
And the maid American
Such will be
Probably the pedigree,
—New Orleans Times-Democrate

HUMOROUS.

Hoax-He is a man of many callings Joax—A jack of all trades, eh? Hoax —No; a train announcer.

Hobson-How is your brother doing at college? Dobson-Fine. He's singing first tenor and playing second

first thing to do if a boy should be sunstruck? Willie-Let him stay home from school.

"Is she roud of the milita should say she was. Why, she has all her books bound in one color, so they will be uniform." New Boarder-What's the row up-

stairs? Landlady- It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's ssion to go out this evening. "He took some fine views with his camera." "Yes. There was nothing else he could take without laving it charged up extra in the hotel bill." Blobbs—Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected. Slobbs— What is he doing now? Blobbs-Writ-

ing essays on the decline of the dra-LaMontt-There goes a man has done much to elevate women. La Moyne-Great suffrage reformer? La Montt-No; maker of high French

of 'Wild Animals I Have Met' got his inspiration? Whealton-Prabably gaz-

exchange. "Is your wife a good cook?" asked the visitor from out of town. "Is she?" echoed the flat dweller. "Say, you just ought to be around when she roasts

the ianitor." "Now here is a hatpin," said the with," replied the little girl at the foot

of the class.

Gritty George Yer cat is washin its face, mum. Der say it is de sign of rain. The Last Yes; and I guess if you were to wash your face it would be the sign of a hurricane. Mrs. Bates-You must miss your such a good man. Mrs. Stipple-Miss him! I guess I do! I always depended upon him so to whistle the dog into

"Is this town getting richer," asked native; "the society reporters used to say the matrons were superbly dressed, but now they state they were superbly gowned."

Miss Beacon (f.om Boston)-I suppose you encouraged your daughter to study Browning? Major Witk—The practical kind. Miss Beacon—Practi-cal? Major Wick—Yes; browning beefsteak and potatoes.

"I'll bet a dollar if I should ask you to marry me you'd refuse," ventured Gussle, trying to inject a little more spirit into the conversation. "My, but you're a cheap one!" responded the girl. "W-w-w-why?" stabulished Gussie. "Because you won't bet more than a deliar on a sure thing."

Where Richelleu is Burjed.

Although a stern edict has gone forth to no longer bottle up the new wine of science and letters in the old receptacle of Richelleu, even official iconbolants have spared the familiar dome which covers the great cardinal's tomb. The new Sorboune, however elaborate, would harnly be the Sorboune at all without Richelleu's splendid chappl as its heart. Students and professors no longer have to bow before the altar, and no Sorboune doctors fill the pulpit; but whose chooses can enter and either find a service, or at least view the beautiful surcophagos beneath which lies the dust of the great armand Jean du Plessia himself, in the midst of the institution he Where Richelley is Buried.