

THE NEW WOMAN.

Do you see those daily rumors, "The New Woman wearing bloomers," "Pictures of her every morning," "Page of newspapers adorning," "Bathing suits are next recorded," "In neat phrases, brightly worded," "All her follies are related," "All her virtues estimated," "Counsels of wisdom—lectures solemn," "Peal to her from every column," "But this fact remains engraven," "On the hearts of men and maidens," "You may doubt her, you may scout her," "But you cannot do without her."

A CROWN OF COBRA STONES.

The Rajah smiled and stepped up to the jewel-case lying on the little table of bamboo. Already, in fancy, he grasped the sceptre of Ceylon. He unlocked the cabinet and drew out from its nest of crimson velvet a crown. But what a crown! He sank into a rich divan, and fell to admiring it, holding it at arm's length, and turning it to let each subtle fluorescence play upon his dark eyes. It represented a cobra rising tiara-like in a three-fold coil, with head erect and hood inflated. But it was not the peculiar design or the two priceless rubies blazing in the eyes that made the crown remarkable. It was the stones in the body of the serpent. Most of them were a glossy pearl-white and gleamed in the dark like so many glowworms. They were cobra stones.

The smile deepened into a sneer on the Rajah's lips as he recalled how he had been mocked at when he had told the young King about cobras searching for the precious glow stones and guarding them, when found, with their lives. The Rajah meant to use that want of tact as an excuse for depriving the King of life and throne. He had left the palace in anger, vowing not to return until he could bring His Majesty, not one, but a hundred such stones to prove his story. But at first, even in his rage, he had not thought of committing regicide. It was only towards the close of his stay in the jungle that the idea of killing his master entered his head. At first he had but a return of an evil idea, but it had returned again and again, breaking down a little of his resolution each time. Then he found himself considering how he could accomplish his design without doing apparent violence to the person of the King. He was next in succession but he knew the people would not endure his rule a single day if once they found out he had made away with their beloved ruler. He had thought of using one of the many poisons, but had rejected the plan as being too liable to detection. For many long cold nights, surrounded by all the mysterious shadows and noises of the forest, he had puzzled over the problem. Then one night the night he had captured that large stone forming the tip of the tail, the solution had flashed upon him with stunning force. He would gain his ends and be revenged on the King by those very stones His Majesty had mocked at.

On this particular evening he had been especially unfortunate. Not a cobra had he seen, and he only needed one more stone to complete his hundred. He had descended from the tree where he had stationed himself to watch, and had started for the hut in which he lived during his sojourn in the jungle. Suddenly he had stopped. There, only a few paces in front of him, he caught the gleam of a stone and right above it the awning fascinating head of a large cobra. Perhaps it was the stillness resulting from his stop that frightened the snake. She had not been disturbed by his somewhat noisy approach. At any rate she seized the stone and turned to flee.

The stone was a large one, the largest the Rajah had ever seen, and he could not let it slip away. Instantly he sprang in pursuit. He knew if cobras once get started it is almost impossible to catch them. They are gone like the flick of a whip across a horse's back. Then too, cobras in the tall grass are very dangerous. They can lie hidden until it is time to strike, and their bite is death. In his eagerness the Rajah seized the snake by the tail and swung her up against a tree. Even when she fell herself laid hold of she did not drop the stone. She had struck at him, but could not use her fangs on account of the stone. It was only when she fell dead against the tree that the stone left her mouth. The Rajah saw it sparkle as it rolled into the grass, but quicker still he caught the flash of several cobras uncoiling and darting towards the stone. They had been waiting for just such a chance as this. He had barely time to snatch it and swing himself into the tree before they were upon him. Indeed, one of them did strike the head of the Rajah as he dived himself up.

At first only a few snakes beset him, but these few multiplied with such bewildering rapidity that soon there were hundreds of writhing, hissing reptiles. It seemed as if every cobra in the jungle were there. There was a sickening, snaky odor in the air, and the Rajah could see the countless eyes glowing like so many live coals. The horrid hissing grew still. The snakes began to coil themselves, and the rasping of their bodies was like the rustle of dried leaves. An ominous silence followed. Even the howl of the prowling jackal ceased. The forest seemed to be holding its breath. A vague dread fell upon the Rajah. Suddenly the heads of the serpents began to upbraid in unison. Their eyes glowed, now hot, now cold. The Rajah grew faint and sick. A terrible numbness oppressed his body. His hands and feet tingled. He grew dizzy. The forest seemed to be whirling around him, but always those terrible changing eyes were before him. Oh, if he could break the spell! If he could only think! But there was only that horrible craving to go nearer the reptiles; to give up the fight. He felt himself growing unconscious. He began slipping. The branch was leaving him. He was almost floating in the air. Suddenly a deep, dry rattle rang through the forest. A brown body fell, twisting and turning, before the Rajah's eyes. It was a monkey upon whom the terrible power of the snakes had acted. It had leaped to its death. The instant it struck the ground it was covered with writhing, biting reptiles.

The forest rang with his unholy mirth and the chattering monkey answered back. The spell was broken. The Rajah kept his eyes from the ground. The spell had acted as a stimulus to his mind and he could think freely. He began to consider how he could get rid of the snakes. As he was pondering on this, with his eyes in the air, he saw a branch near him move. He rubbed his eyes. There was a cobra crawling

steadily towards him. Several more were following. He looked around. The tree seemed to be full of climbing cobras. He broke off a dry branch and began striking them and pushing them to prevent their getting at him. He must act quickly. He looked down at the ground. There were hundreds of snakes there still. Terror oppressed him. Fate seemed to be against him. He fought steadily, however. He killed several. The rest of the snakes in the tree drew back for a second. Suddenly an idea struck the Rajah. He drew out his tinder and set fire to the dry branch in his hand. Then he dropped it into the grass at the foot of the tree. It instantly blazed up and drove the reptiles back. They gave way reluctantly, coiling and knotting themselves as they crawled back. The Rajah dropped to the ground and fled to his hut, stopping there, however, only long enough to get his jewels before he set out for his palace.

It was while wondering at the persistence of the snakes that the plan, infernal in its cunning, occurred to him. If he were thus attacked for the possession of a single stone, why should not other people be attacked for the possession of many? He would make a crown, unique in its design, setting in it a hundred cobra stones, and offer it to the young King on his birthday. His Majesty was almost miserly in the way he personally guarded his jewels. The Rajah would give him the crown and await the results. If necessary he could even introduce a couple of cobras into the palace. If nothing happened he would have nothing against him. If the plan succeeded the King would simply die from a cobra bite. That would be all. A few servants would have to be killed for not guarding the person of their King better and for not keeping the palace free from dangerous reptiles. To-morrow was the King's birthday. If all went well, in a short time the Rajah would rule over Ceylon.

So occupied was the Rajah with these thoughts that he did not notice the rasping of dried leaves blown across the matting. Suddenly he felt something touch his foot. He looked down and with difficulty suppressed a shiver. A large cobra was beginning to crawl up his leg. Others were approaching. He felt that horrible feeling he had experienced in the jungle coming over him. Yet he knew if he moved he should be a dead man. He scarcely breathed. He lay back on the divan as if frozen stiff. A couple of snakes lay on the divan beside him. He coiled carefully around his neck. Several reptiles were springing up from the floor and trying to reach the crown as it lay in his outstretched hand. Their bodies kept falling back on the floor with a soft thud. The Rajah was being slowly covered with a struggling, crawling mass of snakes all trying to reach the crown. He felt a horrible shudder coming over him and could not stop it, although he knew if he stirred he should be bitten in a hundred different places. Suddenly he began laughing, laughing that terrible, mad laugh he had laughed in the jungle. Instantly he was covered with a mass of writhing, striking serpents. He struggled to his feet and tried to tear them off. Only his red head showed above the writhing ball. He was stifling. He was being crushed beneath the weight of the reptiles. He sank slowly forward.

A large cobra, with the crown fallen over her head, was crawling majestically through the open window. Hundreds of snakes were trooping after her in a fascinating throng. — Charles Clayton Dana, in Romance.

Fighting One Fire for Forty Years.
The Commissioners appointed by the local government to inquire into the "history, causes and effects of the coal-mine fires of Fitch County have just finished taking evidence. The work of the Commission was directed mainly toward an investigation of the condition of the Fitch pit. This mine has been on fire in one place or another since the fifties and it is burning yet. Explosion after explosion has occurred, and many lives have been lost. When fire broke out in one place, the miners resorted to another, sinking a new shaft. To avoid the fire on an upper level, a shaft was sunk and coal taken out on the level immediately below the fire. Soon the fire came through, and again the miners were driven out. Nothing that the owners could do availed to drive out the fire, and the splendid mine has been practically abandoned, though a little coal has been taken out on a level below a part that is on fire. The object of the Commission is to learn whether something cannot be done to save so valuable a property as the Fitch pit. — Halifax Herald.

Saved by a Mileage Ticket.
Mileage tickets in Berlin go by the name of "kilometerheft," and the stamped stubs show exactly where and when the holder of the ticket was at any given time and place. This is what saved the drummer for a Carlshut from the other day in a predicament. Just as he was climbing into a train leaving for Mannheim he was arrested. An awful crime had been committed a few hours before in the Haardt forest, not far away, and the minute description of the perpetrator tallied exactly with the appearance of the unfortunate drummer. Then the ticket came to his rescue. That furnished an undeniable alibi for him, as it showed him to have been 100 miles from the scene of the crime at the time of its occurrence. The proof was furnished so promptly that the drummer did not even miss his train.

The Bicycle in the Army.
The growth of the bicycle, both in the sphere of usefulness and pleasure, continues to be very rapid, and there seems to be no limit to the noteworthy achievements which are constantly being made on the wheel. So great has the interest in this machine become that it is now recognized and approved wherever civilization exists. The latest proposed accomplishment with the wheel will be the attempt of Albert Matthay, a private in the United States army, to ride from Fort Hamilton to Fort Sheridan, Ill., carrying a message from Gen. Miles. Among civilians, as well as army men, the proposed ride is creating no end of interest, and it will be an excellent illustration of the possibilities of the wheel. — New York Herald.

Animal Life in Hawaii.
Some interesting discoveries have recently been made about animal life on the Hawaiian Islands. It appears that all the land and fresh water shells are peculiar to the locality. Nor is this all. Fifty-seven out of the 75 species of birds, and 700 out of the 1,000 species of insects do not exist in any other portion of the globe.

KLING-TAOS OF SIAM.

A STRANGE HALF CIVILIZED PEOPLE IN AN UNTRADDED REGION.

Some of Them Worship Snakes—Possess Some Agricultural Skill—A Brave and Fearless People—Magicians Possess the Most Influence in the Tribe.

In the course of my explorations in Asia a portion of my route carried me through the wilds of Annam and Northern Siam, a land covered for its greater extent with well nigh impenetrable forests and malarial swamps. Little has been written about this almost unknown country, and yet it is one of the most strange and interesting regions of the earth. Of all the mixed communities of the much-mixed East the country about the headwaters of the Mekong River offers a more varied object lesson in interracial complications than probably any other locality of its size in the world.

Firmly convinced that nothing save a speedy, determined, even impetuous, advance would enable me to succeed where others had repeatedly failed, my journey into this untraded region was made by following the course of the



Some Warriors of the Tribe

Mekong River nearly to its source in Southeastern Tibet. My expeditionary force consisted of twenty Bangkok coolies. Leaving Saigon early in the year by midsummer we had successfully overcome the dangers which beset us from the fierce Lao tribes and had penetrated to the heart of the Chiao Plain, a region occupied by one of the strangest races in the world, the Kling-Taos, an important branch of the great Lao race of Siam. For several months we remained among this strange people, thoroughly exploring their country.

Character of the Race.
The Kling-Taos although generally recognized as a distinct race are in reality the issue of an amalgamation of races entirely alien in their general characteristics and differing widely in appearance and language. The level of civilization varies, but seldom reaches even the average standard of Southern Asia. This people are of medium height of fleshier than muscular frame, in color a sooty brown, with high but rather narrow and receding forehead, thick lips and high cheek bones. A peculiarity is the variance in hair some having it long and straight, as in the Mongolian races, while among others it is black and curly, as in a full-blooded negro.

Most of these tribes are migratory. There are but few settled villages, and these even of the most miserable kind. The houses are one-story affairs constructed of wicker and bamboo with a covering of clay and raised on piles to a height of five or six feet from the ground. Among the more savage Kling-Taos it is the practice to build dwellings in trees. This is done to safeguard the dwellers against enemies and evil spirits.

An Improvident People.
All of these tribes show considerable agricultural skill, but in spite of the fertility and natural richness of the country they are singularly improvident, and during an especially trying season they die by hundreds of starvation. When this occurs whole tribes migrate to the south and raid and make war upon the more civilized natives of central and southern Siam. The Kling-Taos, being bold and warlike, are really the "bogies" of South-eastern Asia, and the fierceness characterizing these periodical forays and the dread which they inspire among their more peaceful neighbors have hitherto saved them from retaliatory punishment.

My acquaintance with the Kling-Taos was not confined to meeting marauding parties of warriors or trading bands. I visited and studied these remarkable people in their own country. We camped one day by the side of a tiny rivulet in the country of the Kazylos, one of the proudest tribes of this race, and knowing the savage nature of our surroundings we had built a strong "kao," or stockade, of thorn trees, which afforded us protection from attack. The camp was in an open plain, and on our way thither we had been made aware of the interest we created among the inhabitants by the glimpses of bands of Kling-Taos who were intently watching our movements from little eminences off to the west. Sometimes when we could not see the warriors their presence would be revealed by the glint of the sun on their bright spears, or on the "senge" ornaments of the women. "Senge" is the Siamese name for a thick iron wire, which answers the purpose of money among these people.

Anxious to See White Men.
Hardly had we settled in our "kao" when hundreds of warriors, followed by women and children, came streaming into camp. The news of the arrival of a white man's caravan was the signal for a general mustering of the population of the entire surrounding

country. They wished to see what we were, to trade with us and to demand tribute for the privilege of "passing" through their country. Boldness and impudence are not attractive qualities among civilized beings, and in a savage they become intolerable. We soon discovered that these traits predominated, for even the little children were bold, insolent and aggressive. They were afraid to take liberties with the mysterious white-faced leaders of the party, but they seemed to be at great pains to impress our coolies that they considered them no better than animals. Our men for several months past had stalked about among the weak tribes previously encountered in a boastful, bullying manner; but now the case was quite different and otherwise, and it was laughable to see the tables turned on our men so completely and so suddenly.

Treatment of Travelers.
The head-man of the district was a pompous old warrior. He announced his intention of preventing our passage through the country unless we submitted to the exorbitant charges for the privileges which he demanded. We promptly seized upon his person, threatening the most dire punishment should he attempt to put his threat into execution. Then his insolence vanished and finding that we were not to be cowed by threats he became more gracious. The Kling-Taos being brave and fearless themselves, admire these traits in others and the effect of this summary treatment was to secure for us the freest opportunities for exploring the surrounding country and completing our investigation.

No Settled Government.
There is no settled form of government among the Kling-Taos, and the constitution of society is very simple. Rank is hereditary but as no respect is shown for birth the chiefs have little power. The religious institutions are likewise simple; there is no general object of worship. There is a vague notion of a universal ruler, who is represented by several malevolent spirits. Man, the most powerful, inhabits the woods in the form of man-eating animals. Narge who carries off children lives in the clouds and he who lives in the streams raises storms. As a protection against these the people construct a tree for the purpose certain rude images called kwars each representing a recently dead progenitor, whose spirit is then invoked to occupy the image and protect them against their enemies and give success to their undertakings. The kwars is about a foot high with head disproportionately large, the male figures are sometimes represented with a spear and shield the female holding a snake. Omens are observed before starting on any expedition; if they are unfavorable the person threatened retires, another day is chosen and the process repeated.

Magicians and Rainmakers.
The most influential members of the tribe are the magicians and rainmakers whose business it is to regulate the weather and to whom is intrusted the process of ordeal in discovering crime. The desirability of this position is open to question for should the unfortunate magician fail to provide what is required of him he is punished in a horrible manner. A hollow tree is selected and in it he is imprisoned, his head protruding from a narrow orifice while the remainder of the opening is sealed up with clay. In this position he remains until he dies or until some fortunate chance assists in his release, which is not often.



Some of the Traders.

The position of woman among the Kling-Taos is very low, and the traveler cannot fail to be struck by the hardness and misery of her lot. Although a woman is looked upon as a valuable commodity, she is treated in the utmost contempt, and her existence is infinitely worse than that of the animals of her lord and master. Polygamy is generally practiced, and in addition the more powerful chiefs maintain concubines. I have known of a man who possessed at one time four wives and nearly twice as many concubines. At death a man's property is transferred to his relatives, but the women of his household are looked upon as common property and may be seized by the first who comes along, and who is able to uphold his claim by combat.

Among nearly all savage races a certain affection is manifested by parents for their offspring. Among the Kling-Taos such a moral quality is unknown.

Knives Made by Pressure.
It is announced that an entirely new method for the manufacture of table cutlery is being introduced into Sheffield, England, and is exciting much interest. A round bar of steel is placed in a machine, and by means of hydraulic pressure a perfect knife is formed—blade, bolster and handle. The "flash" is taken off, and it is subsequently ground and polished by machinery. One such machine is capable, it is stated, of producing 5,000 of these all steel knives per day at a comparatively small cost in labor. The machines are capable of dealing with any kind of cutlery or tools.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

Painters Which Will Tell You How to Remove Stains.

MILDEW. Iron rust and grease spots are persistent worries in summer time to the careful mother. Rub mildewed spots well with lemon juice and salt and expose to a hot sun. The most delicate fabric will be unharmed. The spots will disappear.

For removing grease spots take equal parts of strong ammonia, water, ether and alcohol. To prevent the ring forming about the cleaned spot rub with a cloth slightly dampened with the same solution. In other words, rub out the ring. If the cloth is too wet it will only make another one.

Ink spots should be attended to before they dry to save the garment. Sponge with milk until all the ink is removed, and then sponge with benzine to take out the grease left by the milk. Ink spots can be removed from goods of which the color will not run by applying salts of lemon.

When varnish gets on any garment the cleansing should be done as soon as possible. Wet the varnish thoroughly with alcohol two or three times and then sponge off with a clean cloth. If the color has been affected the material should be sponged with chloroform, unless the color is blue. Then vinegar or acetic acid should be used instead of chloroform. Both of these are hard on the hands and should be used with caution. Muddy spots on white dresses may be removed by washing in a solution of carbonate of soda in water. Lay the soiled part on a cloth and sponge well.

One often notices a new linen yellow stains left by the sewing machine. Such garments should not be put into the wash until the spots have been well rubbed with liquid ammonia. Repeated applications of fresh lard or butter will come as near as anything to removing tar, though a spot is almost always left.

Fine linen is continually in danger of iron-rust, and unless such spots are attended to at once there is little hope of removing them. Soak the spot well as if for general washing, pass a hot iron over a wet cloth, and when the latter steams well put it under the stained garment. Then on the upper side of the goods rub a little oxalic acid where the spots show. The action of the acid is hastened by the heat and the moisture. The rust disappears. Then the whole garment should be washed with soap.

Paint on woollen clothing may sometimes be removed by rubbing the spot with the same cloth. It is supposed that the paint disappears in the fuzz produced by the rubbing. If this is not successful try turpentine.

Blood stains are about as difficult as any to get out. Here starch comes into use. Make a thin paste and spread on the stain. Leave it to dry. Then brush off. Generally the stain will go with the starch. The worst stains, however, will require several applications of the starch.

A poor ironer is one of the great trials of housekeeping. Scorched clothes are often discarded as hopelessly, but if not too much burned may be made all right by the patient use of onion juice. Bake the onion, and squeeze out the juice. Mix it with an ounce of fuller's earth, a little shredded soap and a wineglassful of vinegar. Heat the mixture till the soap is dissolved. Rub it well over the scorched place, leave to dry and then put the garment in the regular washing.

It is sometimes difficult to remove large coffee stains. First pour boiling water through the stain, then dip the spot in strong ammonia water, rinse in cold water, and put out in the sun to bleach. For tea stains nothing is needed but plain water.

Old Veranda Seat.
A large hoghead makes a most comfortable sheltered and, at the same time, picturesque seat for a windy porch, if cut with a saw like the above sketch. The top, which serves as a



Hoghead Used As a Veranda Seat.

seat, is fixed at the right height. A large, comfortable cushion fills in the space at the back, another one covers the seat. The wood is painted a color to correspond with the decoration of the veranda. — New York Tribune.

Her Compliments.
She was standing in front of the post office, chipper and neat in a lilac shirtwaist and a "sassy" Ladysmith hat, and she wanted a drink of soda water.

He came along at that moment and raised his hat. He was got up to kill, if he had passed fifty years of age, and she smiled demurely as he saluted her. She hesitated a second as he invited her to accompany him to the soda water stand, and she gurgled "Nectar and ice cream" in the cutest manner possible. She gobbled up the ice cream in a hurry and drank her soda, willing to escape as soon as possible. He ordered orange phosphate, and after making all manner of eyes at her remarked:—

"I don't care for the ice cream! It hurts my teeth!"
"I should take the ice cream by myself, if I were you!" she answered.
"You could, my dear, but you wouldn't," he said, looking at her with a twinkle in his eye. "You could, my dear, but you wouldn't," he said, looking at her with a twinkle in his eye. "You could, my dear, but you wouldn't," he said, looking at her with a twinkle in his eye.

WOODEN WIVES OF THE EAST.

A Divorced Woman Who Was Not to Be Married by a Man.

"I hope you will not become one of those 'divorced women' who are so common in the East," began Wesley Higginbottom, looking into the unoccupied seat by the door of the young woman, "but I am getting on this train and I am alone. I am going twenty-five or thirty miles, anyhow, and further still if necessary. I want to have a talk with you."

"Mr. Higginbottom—"
"I know what you are about to say. I am taking a liberty not warranted by our short acquaintance, and all that sort of thing. But I am not. I have been in the case nearly a quarter of an hour. Miss Jarvis, waiting for a good excuse to come and take this train, and when I saw that I was in the same train with the blue-eyed, whiskered and the molasses-colored girl of color that got on at the last station making for this seat, I felt it to be a duty to forestall him. Will you oblige me by taking a look at those whiskers, Miss Jarvis?"

"I see them, Mr. Higginbottom."
"Well, that's why I popped down here so suddenly. I am not vain, Miss Jarvis, but I took it for granted."
"Yes, you seem to have taken it for granted," she interjected.

"That between a young man of at least average respectability in appearance and a seedy old hunk with dyed whiskers no young woman of taste could hesitate a moment. Hence—"
"Upon my word, sir—"
"Hence I am here. Of two evils, Miss Jarvis, I always choose the better looking. When I want any fine young man, I'll let you know. You will confer a favor by strolling along down the aisle. I was going to say, Miss Jarvis, that there's nothing accidental about this. I am on this train in pursuance of a deliberate design. I am sitting by your side entirely on purpose. At exactly 10 o'clock last night I made up my mind I wouldn't hang on by my eyelids any longer. I decided I would seize the first opportunity—"

"The train had been going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The usual application of the air brake brought it quickly to a stop. There was a confused sound of voices. Rifle shots were heard. Mr. Higginbottom listened a moment, and resumed:

"I decided to seize the first opportunity to tell you—"

"For heaven's sake, what—"

"To tell you that I—"

"No, no! I mean what is that noise about? Something dreadful is happening! I am sure it is!"

"There's some disturbance at the forward end of the train, I presume. Viola Jarvis—"

"Oh, Mr. Higginbottom, at such a time as this how can you—"

"A man as far gone as I am doesn't stop to reason about things. I have only known you about six weeks, but I think I have wanted you all my life."

"Crack! Boom!"

The wildest consternation reigned. Passengers were crouching down between the seats. Faces were pale with terror. And the fusillade continued, varied now and then by a loud explosion. A bullet occasionally came through a window and buried itself in the woodwork of the car.

"Oh, Mr. Higginbottom—"

"My name is Wesley."

"Are we in any danger?"

"Danger? I feel as if my whole future were at stake! This is the most momentous crisis of my life! My darling girl—"

"Oh, Mr. Higginbottom—"

"Wesley. My name is Wesley. Crack! Crack! Crack! Boom!"

"How can you think of anything—"

"I can't, dear! I can't think of anything except that the sweetest, loveliest girl on earth—"

"Crack! Crash! Boom!"

"Is holding my hand in glassy eyes, so—"

She dropped it instantly.

"I—didn't know it," she faltered.

He merely gathered her trembling little hands in his own and held them fast.

"You have only known me six weeks," he resumed, "but—"

"If it had been six years—"

"Please, Mr. Hig—"

"Wesley."

"Well, Wesley—"

"You darling!"

"Crack! Crash! Boom!"

"Oh, what will become of us—"

"Viola, dear, it only rests with you to say. I don't believe in long engagements. Four weeks from this day, take your hands away from mine and I'll kiss you before all these people, you willful girl! There! now you are acting sensibly—hello, conductor, what's the matter?"

"Train robbers," replied the uniformed guardian of the train, who had just entered the car. "They've looted the express car and got away with \$10,000. The danger's over now, though. The gang's gone. Those last shots were heard were to keep everybody quiet till the thieves had got clear. You can all get up from under the seats now. I guess none of you are going to be fatally killed."

"And now, darling," resumed Mr. Wesley Higginbottom, "I have only to say that—"

But he spoke in a tone too low to be heard except by the ears for which it was intended.

When the train moved on again, however, after further delay of fifteen or twenty minutes, he still held those little hands in his—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Moneys of the East.
Most things move in cycles, and contemporaneously with the reappearance of our grandmothers' sleeves and petticoats the taste for old-fashioned ornaments is revived. There is a great call for the perennials and amiable which enlivened the borders of the East and those who are fortunate enough to possess these old-time treasures are well paid for the trouble of keeping them. We are apt to think that a good deal more about flowers than we are about old-time treasures, but the fact is that there are many people who are very fond of old-time treasures, and they are well paid for the trouble of keeping them. We are apt to think that a good deal more about flowers than we are about old-time treasures, but the fact is that there are many people who are very fond of old-time treasures, and they are well paid for the trouble of keeping them.