

THE DANGER of BEING A TWIN.

My confession must begin when I was four years old and recovering from swollen glands. As I grew well, my twin brother, Gregoire, who was some minutes younger, was put to bed with the same complaint.

"What a misfortune," exclaimed our mother, "that Silvestre is no sooner convalescent than Gregoire falls ill."

The doctor answered: "It astonishes me that you were not prepared for it, Madame Lapalme—since the children are twins, the thing was to be foreseen, when the elder throws the malady off, the younger naturally contracts it. Among twins it is nearly always so."

And it always proved to be so with Gregoire and me. No sooner did I throw off whooping cough than Gregoire began to whoop, though I was at home in Vernon and he was at Tours.

So far as I had any serious aspirations at all, I aspired to be a painter and, after combating my family's objections, I entered an art school in the Quarter, Paris. Gregoire, on the other hand, inclined strongly to the law. During the next day few years we met infrequently, but that my brother continued to be affected by any unusual conditions of my body and mind I knew by his letters, which seldom failed to contain expostulations and entreaties.

Our mother still lived in Vernon, where she contemplated her favorite son's success with the profoundest pride. Occasionally I spent a few days with her, sometimes more.

One summer when I visited her I met Mademoiselle Leulliet. I know very well that no description of a girl ever painted her to anybody yet. Suffice it that she was beautiful as an angel, that her voice was like the music of the Spheres—more than all, that one felt all the time, "How good she is, how good, how good!"

Never since I was a boy had I stayed in Vernon for so long as now; never had I repented so bitterly as now the error of my ways. I loved, and it seemed to me that my attachment was reciprocated, yet my position forbade me to go to Monsieur Leulliet and ask boldly for his daughter's hand. Artists who had remained obscure, artists whose talent was no more remarkable than my own, had raised themselves from bohemia into prosperity. I was an idler, a good-for-nothing. And then—well, I owned to Berthe that I loved her! I owned that I loved her—and when I left for Paris we were secretly engaged.

Mon Dieu! Now I worked indeed! To win this girl for my own, to show myself worthy of her innocent faith, supplied me with the most powerful incentive in life. In the Quarter they regarded me first with ridicule, then with wonder, and, finally, with respect. For my enthusiasm did not fade. "He has turned over a new leaf," they said, "he means to be famous!" It was understood. No more excursions for Silvestre, no more junketings and recklessness! I was another man—my ideal of happiness was now a wife and home.

For a year I lived this new life. I progressed. Men—whose approval was a cachet—began to speak of me as one with a future. In the Salon a picture of mine made something of a stir. How I rejoiced, how grateful and sanguine I was!

I said that it was not too soon for me to speak now; I had proved my mettle, and, though I foresaw that her father, would ask more before he gave his consent, I was, at least, justified in avowing myself. I telegraphed to my mother to expect me.

On the way to the station I noticed the window of a florist; I ran in to bear off some lilies for Berthe. The shop was so full of wonderful flowers that, once among them, I found some difficulty in making my choice. Hence, I missed the train; and, rather than walk about until the next, returned to my studio, incensed by the delay.

A letter for me had been just delivered. It told me that on the previous morning Berthe had married my brother.

I could have welcomed a pistol shot—my world rocked. Berthe lost, false, Gregoire's wife! I reiterated it, I said it over and over. I was stricken by it—and yet, I could not realize that actually it had happened.

Oh, I made certain of it later, believe me—I was no hero of a feuilleton, to accept such intelligence without proof! I assured myself of her perfidy, and burnt her love letters one by one; tore her photographs into shreds—strive also to tear her image from my heart.

A year before I should have rushed to the cafes for forgetfulness, but now, as the shock subsided, I turned feverishly to work. For months I persisted, denying myself the smallest respite, clinging to a resolution which proved vainly daily. Were art to be mastered by dogged endeavor, I should have conquered; but alas! though I could compel myself to paint, I could not compel myself to paint well. I had fought temptation for half a year, worked with my teeth clenched, worked against my will, while my brilliant beat was dimmed by the dust of my brush.

ler release. I recognized that my work had been wasted, that the struggle had been useless—I broke down.

I need say little of the months that followed—it would be a record of degradations and remorse; alternately I fell, and was ashamed; I shuddered at the horrors I had committed.

One afternoon when I returned to my rooms, from which I had been absent since the previous day, I heard from the concierge that a visitor awaited me. I climbed the stairs without anticipation. My thoughts were sluggish, my limbs leaden, my eyes heavy and bloodshot. My visitor was Berthe.

I think nearly a minute must have passed while we looked speechlessly. In each other's face—her's convulsed by entreaty, mine dark with hate.

"Forgive me," she gasped. "I have come to beseech your forgiveness! Can you not forget the wrong I did you?"

"Do I look as if I had forgotten?" "I was inconstant, cruel, I cannot excuse myself. But, Oh, Silvestre, in the name of the love you once bore me, have pity on us! Reform, abjure your evil courses! Do not I implore you, condemn my husband to this abyss of depravity; do not wreck my married life!"

Now I understood what had procured me the honor of a visit from this woman, and I triumphed devilishly that I was the elder twin.

"Madame," I answered, "I think that I owe you no explanations, but I shall say this: the evil courses that you deplore were adopted, not vindictively, but in the effort to numb the agony that you had made me suffer. You but reap as you have sown."

"Reform!" she sobbed. She sank on her knees before me. "Silvestre, in mercy to us, reform!"

"I shall never reform," I said inflexibly. "I shall grow more abandoned day by day; my past faults shall shine as merits compared with the atrocities that are to come. False girl, monster of selfishness, you are dragging me to the gutter, and your only grief is that he must share my shame! You have made me bad, and you must bear the consequences—you cannot now make me good to save your husband!"

Humbled and despairing, she left me. At this stage I began deliberately to contemplate revenge. But not the one that I had threatened. Oh, no! I bethought myself of a vengeance more complete than that! She should be tortured with the torture that she had dealt to me—I would make him adore another woman with all his heart and brain!

How true it is that only the un-forgotten comes to pass! There was a model, one Therese, whose fortune was her back, and who had long bored me by an evident tenderness. One day this Therese, usually so constrained in my presence, appeared in high spirits, and mentioned that she was going to be married.

The change in her demeanor interested me. A little piqued, I invited her to dine with me, but she refused. Before I parted from her I made an appointment for her to sit to me the next morning.

"So you are going to be married, Therese?" I said, as I prepared the palette.

"In truth," she answered, gaily. "No regrets?" I asked.

"What regrets could I have?" she returned. "He is a very pretty boy, and well-to-do, believe me!"

"And I am not a pretty boy, nor well-to-do, hein?"

"Oh," she laughed, "you do not care for me!"

"Is it so?" I said. "What would you say, if I told you that I did care?" "I should say that you tell me too late, monsieur," she replied, with a shrug. "Are you ready for me to pose?" And this changed woman turned her peerless back on me without a scruple.

Well, as I have said, she was not the kind of woman I had contemplated, but these things arrange themselves—I became seriously enamored of her. And, recognizing that Fate worked with her own instruments, I did not struggle. For months I was at Therese's heels; I was the sport of her whims, and her ailments, sometimes even of her insults.

I actually made her an offer of marriage, at which she snapped her white fingers, with a grimace—and the more she flouted me, the more fascinated I grew. In that rapturous hour when her insolent eyes softened to sentiment, when her mocking mouth melted to a kiss, I was in paradise. My ecstasy was so supreme that I forgot to triumph at my approaching vengeance.

So I married Therese, and yesterday was the twentieth anniversary of our wedding. Berthe? To speak the truth, my plot against her was frustrated by an accident. You see, before I could communicate my passion to Gregoire I had to recover from it, and—this insolent Therese—I have not recovered from it yet.

There are days when she turns her remarkable back on me now—generally when I am idle—but, mon Dieu! the moments when she turns her lips are worth working for. Therefore, Berthe has been all the time quite happy with the good Gregoire—and since I possess Therese, upon my word of honor I do not mind—Leonard Merrick in The By-stander.

Nature of a Request.

Homer Case, of the town of Lafayette, N. Y., bequeathed the church choir there the sum of \$100 on condition that the choir should sing "America" every Memorial Day.

WHEN BUYING RUGS

AVOID LARGE PATTERNS AND STRIKING COMBINATIONS.

Best Colors for Durability—Two Toned Effects Are Good—Future Usefulness Depends Upon the Housekeeper and Cleaning.

In selecting a carpet or rug don't choose a large pattern or one with glaring color combinations, for small designs in soft, almost pastel, shades will be smart this season, and will be found most satisfactory. When you are buying a floor covering, get a good one," says an expert housewife, "for there is nothing one puts in a house that gives as much value for the money invested as a carpet or rug."

"Don't purchase materials with deep blues, or brilliant reds predominating, for they invariably fade even in the most expensive Ingrains or velvets, while dark greens, or even light forest tones, tans and any of the wood colors wear for years without showing any signs of changing color. Remember it is poor taste to have a carpet of such bright colors that a person entering an apartment is conscious of it, for while a rug of some material is essential to the finish of a room, any covering should be so harmonize with the hangings, furniture and surroundings that it would not be noticeable except as a pleasing part of the furnishings."

"Never make the mistake of choosing a large patterned carpet or rug for a small room, as it is not only bad taste but is expensive, for if the material is bought by the yard much will be wasted in matching the designs. Then, too, a big pattern in a small apartment makes the room look infinitely smaller and dwarfs every piece of furniture, the hangings, and even the pictures and bric-a-brac."

"For economy as well as for its appropriateness, get a rug or carpet with a small design in floral or scroll and, if possible, in two toned effects, as a combination of dark and light green, tan and deep brown, or a delicate rose and a rich shade of wine."

"In making a selection of a small rug or of a carpet for a large room, the best plan, in my opinion, is to go to a reliable house, pay a price sufficient to secure good material and then rely on the honesty of the clerk from whom the purchase is made, for there are really no tests by which the average woman can distinguish a properly woven floor covering from an inferior grade, unless it is by the name stamped on the back, and then, unless the buyer is familiar with the titles of prominent firms, these names will mean nothing."

"For practical use where the floors are not hard wood, I know of nothing that gives better satisfaction than a good quality of Ingrain filling in a dark moss green, for it is a yard wide and therefore less of it is needed than with the twenty-seven inch carpetings, and with the former as a background oriental rugs make an apartment most attractive."

"The usefulness of a rug or carpet depends almost entirely upon the housekeeper and how she cleans it, for it's the dust that gets into the weave and wears out the threads and incidentally that dulls the colors and makes the floor covering grow old. I believe that a sweeper should be run over a carpet or rug every day to take off the loose dirt, and that once a week a thorough sweeping is necessary to brush out the grit and dust from the nap of a velvet or Wilton, or from the close weave of a body Brussels or an Ingrain. In sweeping, take a stiff broom and brush with the weaves. After the first dirt is removed sprinkle over the carpet or rug damp tea leaves. Leave them for fifteen or twenty minutes and then brush up lightly, and the brightness of the colors will make the floor covering look almost like new. Dampened pieces of paper spread over a carpet will have the same effect on the colors, for the dampness seems to take up loose dirt that a broom or sweeper cannot catch. Salt sprinkled over the carpet before sweeping is often resorted to, though while it does brighten the colors there is always the danger of the salt that remains in the nap rusting the chair and furniture castors, particularly if there is much dampness about the house."

FASHION'S MANDATE.

Since London—the home of tailor-made clothes—has decreed that separate coats, of many and varied kinds, are to be worn, the long, loose wrap, whether it be coat or cape or a combination, has become even more of an indispensable.

Voiles and grenadines and their numerous kin are to be better than ever this winter—plain ones, of course, but as many of them interestingly embroidered, or as interesting in the way shadow effects have been developed and applied to stripes and checks and even to curious broken plaids.

Touches of black are upon almost all the gowns usually black velvet. Velvet, for that matter, promises to be very popular.

As to crepe de chine, it—even in its palest tints or white—is an economical investment for the woman whose house gowns have to do duty over several seasons, for it cleans and washes and dyes as practically no other silk does, and lends itself to all the wonderful dressings and shirings that everybody affects these days of illible materials.

This Year's Eclipse.

Many well-equipped expeditions will leave this country and Europe to view the big astronomical event of the year 1905 from the most advantageous points. This event will be a total eclipse of the sun, which will occur August 30. William H. Crocker of California has offered to defray the cost of sending expeditions from the Lick observatory, California, to Labrador, Spain and Egypt. The naval observatory of Washington will probably send three expeditions, one of -k -60000H? sb-5cpt. danscarceETA which may be located near Burgos, Spain. Photographs of the corona by means of a camera of five inches aperture and forty feet focus will be made by the Crocker parties.

Miss Mary Proctor, the famous woman astronomer, writes as follows: "An expedition composed largely of amateurs will go to Burgos, Spain, which is probably one of the most desirable stations along the route of anticipated darkness. A program is being arranged for covering the minor details of an eclipse, such as observations of the dimming sunlight; the peculiar shadows cast by the foliage on the ground when the sun is nearly eclipsed; the strange waveling lines or shadow bands, as they are called, which make their appearance a few moments before totality; the swift onrush of shadow, and finally the glorious but indescribable corona."

"Thus, while the astronomer is absorbed in special details which require his whole and undivided attention, the amateur enjoys the opportunity of watching the unfolding glories of the corona from the standpoint of a poet or artist. Words fail to convey the impressiveness of the scene. From remotest times it has been described with enthusiasm as being one of the most beautiful of natural phenomena."

An Italian Wedding.

In one of the churches on Baxter street in the center of the downtown colony, the marriage record reaches the startling proportion of from twenty to thirty a day, and more on Sunday during the early spring months. The summer is comparatively marriageless, but during the winter the record reaches its zenith again.

For three successive Sundays the banns are given from the pulpit, and by this means the entire colony keeps tabs on the brides, says Leslie's Weekly.

The Italian girl has a much easier time with her trousseau than has her American sister, for it is the duty of the Italian bridegroom to furnish both the wedding dress and the going-away gown. As the conventional honeymoon and going-away custom has not yet come in style with the Italians, the latter dress is worn on the first public appearance of the bride after the wedding. The only other place on the American continent where the bridegroom furnishes the wedding outfit is among the Zuni Indians, where the man weaves it. The wedding dress of the Italian bride is almost invariably of white satin or silk, the quality and number of yards used being regulated by the financial state of the bridegroom. Orange blossoms of wax are always in evidence, and the bride carries a bouquet of fresh white flowers. In addition to the wedding gown it is incumbent upon the Italian bridegroom who wishes to do the correct thing to bestow upon the bride certain jewelry. Aside from the regulation ring she generally receives a watch and chain, a brooch and a pair of earrings.

The ceremony over, carriages convey the party from the church to the house or hall where the celebration is to be held.

Fun at Home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearth-stones it will be sought at other less profitable places.

Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment around the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Pig as a Pet.

A man named Yates was seen in the Little Bull's Head public house, Birmingham, on Tuesday by an inspector of the City Health Department in possession of a suckling pig. The animal was sitting at Yates's lap and drinking milk from a jug. The inspector informed Yates that he would have to take out a license if he wished to travel with the pig. The man pleaded ignorance, and when asked the name of the person from whom he purchased the animal he said he bought it from two men named Jones and Burnett for 6s.

Five suckling pigs had been stolen from the pig market, and upon investigation it was found that the man Jones had stolen them while Burnett kept watch.—London News.

THE WILD DOGS OF INDIA

Very Cunning, Very Sly and Very Seldom Shot by Huntsmen.

Mrs. Nora Gardner describes an experience while hunting big game in the central portion of India as follows: "We had been shooting for some months, and up to a certain date had had very good luck. Tigers and other beasts were all plentiful, and our bag was a good one. Suddenly our luck changed. Blank day followed blank day—not because we had missed easy shots or had to reproach ourselves for losing wounded beasts; but simply that we had seen nothing in the shape of a wild animal to shoot. Pachmark, the hot-weather station of these parts, was just above us, so my husband and I, with a few servants and baggage-coolies, started to climb up the hill. He and I were riding a little in front, when he drew my attention to a number of kites and vultures circling in the air just ahead. Here this, of course, meant carrion or a dying beast of some kind, and we went on a 'syc' to see what it was. The man came creeping back on all fours 'Wild dog, sahib! Wild dog!' he said.

"My husband got his rifle as quickly as possible. He crept forward and suddenly came on the pack making off nearly 300 yards away. He took a hurried shot at the last in the pack and missed. The rest galloped off to the right, the one he had aimed at going to the left. While we were meaning our luck the 'syc' touched my husband. 'Look, sahib, he comes back,' and sure enough, away to the right, we saw the dog going back to join the pack. How he crossed the track without our seeing him is a mystery. He was already 200 yards off. My husband made a most brilliant shot, and 'got' the dog just as it was crossing the bank to the river.

"Wild dogs are not only very shy, but very cunning, and very seldom shot. They do an immense amount of damage. As soon as a pack takes possession of a jungle everything else leaves it. Even a tiger will go if he smells wild dog. This accounted for our recent bad luck and the little game we had seen lately. The one we got was a young dog, rather like a fox, but with longer legs and body, thinner brush and rounder ears. There were six in the pack and they were devouring a young buck they had just pulled down."

Dog Finds Money For His Living.

Press Clark of Wilkesbarre, Pa., owns a fine bull dog which is earning his own living by finding money. For some time he has almost daily been carrying to his master pennies and nickels, and an occasional piece of silver that he has found in the street. On two occasions he has found bills, one of \$2, and one of \$1.

But he has topped all previous achievements this week by finding a check for \$125 and recognizing its value, and his proud master now believes that the animal's money finding capacity is unlimited. He expects him to bring home bonds and securities at the rate he is progressing.

Clark was out walking the other day when the dog dashed up to him and laid a slip of paper at his feet, barking joyously. Clark paid no attention to it and walked on. The dog again laid it at his feet and barked. Clark still paid no attention and the third time the dog dashed in front of him, placed the wet and dirty piece of paper at his feet and seized his trousers. This time Clark picked up the paper, while the dog showed his joy by barking and wagging his tail furiously.

Clark found it was a check for \$125 made out to C. D. Simpson of Scranton. He called up Mr. Simpson by telephone. The latter said he had been visiting friends the day before on the street where the dog found the check, but that he had no idea where he had lost it.—New York Sun.

SPARKLES.

Be good and you'll be happy—and probably poor.

Culpability is about the only ability some men possess.

There is plenty of room at the top for the hair tonic manufacturer.

When a man gets the matrimonial fever he catches it from some woman.

No matter how bad a thing is you should be thankful that it isn't any worse.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some remain little to the end.

Perhaps some people are descended from monkeys, while others merely dress differently.

It was probably some married man who first discovered that troubles never come singly.

Few men can be intensely interested in anything without letting their neighbors know it.

A woman never doubts what her husband says when he gets home late. She knows he is lying.

Not Much To Know.

Wise—That's young Van Gilder who just passed.

Strange—You seem quite familiar hereabouts. I suppose you know more than half the swell young fellows of the town.

Wise—Hub! If I didn't know more than all of them put together I'd go to school again.—Catholic Standard and Times.

CITIES LEARNING TO BE CLEAN.

Free Baths Claiming Larger Attention Than Ever Before and Growing Rapidly.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," is a familiar saying to which usually a Biblical origin is ascribed.

Really, however, the phrase came from one of John Wesley's sermons. Its correctness is more widely acknowledged today than ever before; and many cities throughout the United States are helping their inhabitants to live better lives by helping them to be clean—by establishing public baths and bath houses.

It is only within the last fifteen years, however, that these public baths have become at all numerous; and they are not nearly as plentiful yet as they should be, and as they will be.

Until 1890 there was only one public bath in the United States that was open all the year. It was in Boston. The other public baths were accessible only in summer.

They were beach baths and floating baths only.

In 1889 Dr. Simon Barush, of New York, brought the matter to public notice, and a large shower-bath establishment was opened there shortly afterward.

Since then a good deal of interest has been developed, and in New York and in Massachusetts laws have been enacted providing for public baths.

Massachusetts was the first State to pass such a law, but it merely "permits" such baths. The New York law "requires" them in cities of the first and second classes.

Since 1890 cities have seen the value of public bath houses, until now there are thirty-four municipalities in the United States operating 136 baths, thirty-eight of them open all the year.

Even since these statistics were collected other cities have opened or prepared to open baths.

Besides those owned by cities, there are eleven baths owned by private concerns or corporations open to the public at low rates.

Experience shows that the shower bath is the best for public service, and baths of that kind are now being installed in many towns.

Pool or swimming baths are also found advantageous. Tub baths alone are tabooed as wasteful and requiring too much time for operation.

At present New York has floating baths mostly, and they are open only in summer. But all-the-year-round baths are being put up in various parts of the city.

Perhaps in time New Yorkers may be as clean as the Romans in the days of the great empire.

Personalities.

Mente, a Greenland Eskimo boy, is one of the most interesting of the pupils in the public schools of New York city. He was brought to New York by Lieut. Peary and has been transformed from a blubber eater into a clever young American, bright in his studies and captain of a baseball team. The tribe to which he belongs is very small, comprising less than 250 people. They are the northernmost known inhabitants of the globe, dwelling in complete isolation on the barren shores of Smith sound, on the west coast of Greenland, a region of desolation and gloom.

It is said that the duke of Norfolk, one of the richest men in Great Britain, having a daily income of somewhere between \$10,000 and \$15,000, until a short time ago had never taken a ride in a motor car. At the conclusion of the run, which was taken with a friend, he expressed much pleasure at the experience and asked what the cost of the car was. On being told that it was \$5,000, he said, thoughtfully: "Ah, I shall wait until they become cheaper before buying one."

Twenty-five years ago Horace Fletcher taught Marquis Oyama how to shoot. Fletcher had published a pamphlet on how to shoot with a rifle and copies of it reached Japan. The author was in that country shortly afterward and was sent for by Marquis Oyama, then minister of war. Fletcher gave him lessons. He says that when Oyama first hit a moving object—a teacup thrown into the air—he "capered about and screamed in his delight like an excited schoolboy."

A Man-Propelled Torpedo.

The Herreshoffs of yacht building fame have invented a torpedo conveying and propelling system which, if successful, does away with the torpedo boat and reduces the submarine in its possibilities. The business of the torpedo boat is to convey the torpedo within striking distance of the battleship or cruiser and to discharge the torpedo. The Herreshoffs propose says Everybody's Magazine, to construct a larger torpedo boat than the present standardized Whitehead and to use it just as a small whaleback boat would be employed. Two men wearing life preservers set out with it from shore or from large vessels, and navigate it within striking distance of the enemy's craft, point it, lock the steering gear, slip it into the water and wait to be picked up. The torpedo thus launched with far better aim than from a tube and with a longer carrying range, could scarcely fall to sink its victim. As it is now the percentage of torpedoes that "arrive" is but one in twelve. If a man can cross the North Atlantic in a 16-foot dory, as has been done more than once, two men should be able to navigate a pneumatically sustained Herreshoff torpedo in some very rough weather.