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Kate's Financiering.

In these days of commercialism they tell us there is no romance, the one excludes the other—commercialism, no romance; romance, no commercialism. Perhaps this is so, yet there must be a few exceptions. I know of one, I, a real estate agent, discovered within a cold, prosaic real estate transfer the threads of a most harrowing case of duplicity, craftiness and romance. Tying these threads together and showing them to the guilty person—my cousin—I obtained full confession after promising never to tell. The best of it is that the other interested person does not suspect the romance in which he figured.

About a year before these events, my cousin Kate had, to prove her independence, obtained a position as stenographer for an architectural firm in town. Here were employed several young draughtsmen, who promptly became interested in Kate, but she treated them all impartially, except one. In this matter, among many others, Kate showed her queerness of taste, for Kate the flyaway, Kate the flirt, Kate the conqueror, chose to "adopt" Billy Thorne.

Billy Thorne was a quiet, hard-working fellow, generally considered rather prosaic. He got a fair salary and saved most of it, never went anywhere and was never known to talk to a girl. Hence, there was great wonderment in the office when one morning in walked Billy Thorne with the stenographer. He repeated this performance several times in the next few weeks, and even went out to lunch with her. He carried on in this way until he became a regular caller on Wednesdays and Sundays. Then Billy began to think. Billy had ideas on certain matters. He thought that a man ought not to propose to a girl till he owned a house; that a man should never get in debt was another axiom.

Inasmuch as his bank account grew slowly he could see no possibility of further progress in his love affair, and he knew that he must go either backward or forward. Hence, he was not at all smiling when he rang the bell at Kate's home on one balmy Sunday afternoon, nor did Kate's proposition to take a walk cheer him greatly. They had taken walks before and Billy had found that contemplation of admirable building sites one could not buy was depressing.

Although Billy had never spoken of building sites in a personal way, nor expounded his ideas on debt and marriage to Kate, she, being observant, had put this and that together and got a fairly good idea of the state of affairs. Hence she understood Billy's glumness and let him walk along at her side, scowling and silent.

As they had done before, they stopped and read a certain sign on a certain lot. Billy laughed—a little bitterly—and said: "If we could only have an earthquake I'd be happy."

Kate looked puzzled and he explained: "An uncle of mine left me 200 acres of rocks on the Maine coast, and a nice, accommodating earthquake might, in the general mixup, set a few acres down here, where I could use them."

"What part of Maine are they in?" asked Kate.

"Other side of Calais. I've been trying to sell that land for several years, but nobody wants it."

"Did you ever advertise?"

"Yes," answered Billy moodly. "Nothing doing."

Then they walked on. Here's where I come into the story. Just because I had proposed four or five times to her—and been rejected each time—Kate used me for all sorts of errands, so I was not a bit surprised when Kate came into the office and sat down.

"Well," I asked, "what is it now? Want me to circulate a petition for a municipal theater or restore a lost dog?"

"No, John; have you met Mr. Thorne?" She even blushed.

"No, but I'd like to on a dark night," I answered, looking as fierce as I could.

"Don't be silly, John; I want you to go to Mr. Thorne and buy some land he has for sale. It's near Calais, Me. I'll buy it from you—you know Aunt Emmy left me some money—so you won't lose."

"What in the world," I shrieked, "are you going to do with land up in that place; start a fresh air hospital or a summer hotel?"

"John," she answered severely, "you were always too inquisitive. Now do as you're told. And John, don't mention me at all. Pay him a good price. I must go now. Goodby."

As usual I did as I was told. It was throwing money away, but it was Kate's money.

And now I go out of the story, for the next day—Sunday—after I bought the gold brick, Billy Thorne ran up the steps to Kate's house and hardly got inside before he announced joyfully: "Sold the rocks in Maine to some fellow—names Marlow—millionaire, I guess, for he paid me a big price. And now I've got something else to say." The rest, Kate says, was "personal."

Some time later Kate—I can imagine her look of innocence at the time—asked Billy: "Did you sell the land through an agent?"

Billy answered: "No, all by myself."

I could tell him a few things, but Kate won't let me.—Boston Post.

The port of London was entered in 1905 by 37,036 vessels.

BUTTS TRAIN TO STANDSTILL

After Which the Rhinoceros Ambled Away to the Jungle.

From Zanzibar, equatorial East Africa, comes the story of a "collision" on the Wyanda railway, British East Africa, that would be possible nowhere else on earth, says the New York World.

A huge bull rhinoceros rushed out of the bush and charged at full speed the so-called "up-mixed" train, which was slowing down, February 14th, as it approached the station Sultan Hamond, 218 miles from Membasa, on the coast, where the road starts.

It was still dark, just before daylight. The train was traveling eight or ten miles an hour when the infuriated pachyderm attacked it on the flank. Perhaps the great brute had been aroused from sleep by the greater monster, whose one big shining eye nearly blinded him. But the rhinoceros, lord of that region, caring nothing for the huge bulk of the unknown intruder, hurled himself upon it.

The engineer felt a series of shocks, of which the first was so violent as to throw two passengers from their sleeping berths to the floor.

The train was stopped and the passengers turned out, most of them in their "robes of night" and some of them badly scared.

The "rhino" was discovered about 100 yards down the track. The impact with the train had felled him but had not cooled his rage. Slowly he raised himself and stood defiantly shaking his head.

Some of the more "sporting" passengers got their rifles and opened fire on the rhinoceros. But the light was uncertain, and probably the mighty beast was not hit. Slowly he returned to the jungle, and was lost to sight.

He did not escape unharmed from the strange encounter, for pieces of his thick skin were found adhering to the train. But the fierceness of his assault smashed the engine step and splintered the inch and a half thick footboard of the first carriage.

Life on the Uganda railway, which penetrates the very darkest Africa, is always sufficiently exciting. When the road was building in 1899 man-eating lions pursued the native laborers with much appetite. The laborers refused to work until a stockade was built around them. Nevertheless the hungry lions carried off several men, including a European railway official.

Jap Servants from Great Families.

The Japanese servants who find employment in New York houses often bear names which show their relation to the good families of Japan. But one employer of domestics of this kind was scarcely prepared for the aristocracy of her butler revealed to her accidently the other day. The servant, who seemed to be studying architecture, had the privilege of placing a drawing table in the kitchen, and his spare hours were spent at work there. He was plainly above the ordinary class of servant, even from Japan, but she did not know who a certain young compatriot of his was who had been to the house several times in a few days. So she asked.

"My cousin, Prince Blank," was the answer. "He had just completed his education in Europe and is now on his way home."

That night the hostess almost hesitated to give an order, but there was no apparent change in the demeanor of her butler. She could not help thinking what the result might have been if a Prince from Sweden, Ireland or Germany had called on a relative below stairs.

Why the Captain Wore Chin Whiskers

Capt. Gibbons had a habit of wearing chin whiskers. I had always thought this was due to the fact that they were more becoming, but I learned the reason to be otherwise. It seems that his chin and throat were scarred and these scars are thus explained:

On one of the ships which he commanded there was a mutiny of the crew one morning on the high seas, which he promptly started to quell. The sailors were too many for him, however, as he was unarmed, and they soon had him down on the deck, bound and gagged with a long knife across his mouth. It was this knife that produced the wounds whose scars the captain carried the remainder of his life concealed beneath his beard. While thus bound and gagged a lady passenger came to him and cutting the bonds handed him a loaded revolver. With this weapon he soon had the crew at his feet and the ringleaders were placed in irons.

Twelve Years Old Weighs 215 Pounds

The biggest boy in Missouri of his age is Early Payne of Fulton, a negro. Early is twelve years old and weighs 215 pounds. He is a brother of W. C. Payne, principal of the colored school of Fulton. His parents, who live near Fulton, weigh about 200 pounds each.

When Early was ten years old his weight was about 140 pounds. About one year ago he weighed 185 pounds. His height is now 5 feet 6 inches. Some of his measurements will convey some idea of his size: Chest, expanded, 47 inches; waist, 42 inches; right calf, 18 inches; left calf, 17 inches.—Fulton (Mo.) Sun.

Island a Huge Magnet.

The island of Bornholm, situated in the Baltic, acts as a huge magnet. It exerts such an influence on the compass that it can cause a vessel to turn perceptible from its course. The effect of this magnetic island is perceptible at a distance of 9½ miles.

LEGEND OF THE LIMITED.

How a Hobo Happened to Become a Student of Geography.

A story is told about the first run which the now famous Twentieth Century limited train made from New York to Chicago. The story goes that, when the fireman lowered the chute which scoops up water from between the rails and fills the reservoir in the tender, he failed to gauge correctly the capacity of the tank, and the water, overflowing, ran through the full length of the vestibule train, so powerful was the force which impelled it against the door of the first coach.

The railroad company sought to remedy this trouble, and, on the next run, a blind coach, one without a door opening next to the engine, was used. This proved to be a prevention of the flood trouble.

One night, after the Twentieth Century had made a name for itself, a tramp climbed aboard the platform of the first coach as the train was leaving Cleveland. He knew that the next stop was at Toledo, more than 100 miles away, and saw an opportunity to travel undisturbed on a limited train, but the fireman saw him as he comfortably settled down for the trip. When the train took water a few miles out, the tank overflowed quite profusely, and again the deluge occurred just before entering Toledo, and the engineer tells that, while he was spending a moment with his engine in Toledo, the most washed-out specimen of humanity he had ever seen came up to him and said: "Say, mister, what was the name of them two rivers we went through?"—Army and Navy Journal.

Trying to Knight a Sweep.

The visit of the King and Queen to Burton-on-Trent recalls a story that has been told for generations past in Burton, but which is so good that it is worth repeating.

During the latter years of the eighteenth century, when George III was King, the Regent happened to visit Burton, and being in an excellent humor with himself, and also with Burton, he wished to knight somebody in honor of the occasion, and that somebody the first man he could lay hands on. A chimney sweep named Saltinstall happened to be the nearest person to the Regent when he formed his hasty resolution, and regardless of the soot that came out of the man's clothing he seized the sweep and told him he would knight him.

The man was too scared to utter a word, but as the Regent was calling for a sword with which to confer the honor the Marquis of Anglesey, the Regent's host, pointed out that his solicitor, John Fowler, was a worthy recipient of the honor. The Regent was, after some demur, persuaded to alter his hasty decision, and the sweep was only too pleased to get away, and Sir John Fowler worked a comfortable practice for many years, which still continues.—London Mail.

Facts About Germany.

Germany's best schools are her public ones. Poor boy and prince alike attend these schools. Thus, there are not two dialects—the vulgar and the aristocratic, as in England and France—but all Germans speak alike, and the language, both written and spoken, is kept pure.

Berlin's sewage is used to fertilize the city's huge sewage farm—a farm thirty square miles in extent.

The German Emperor's cigars are seven inches long and come from Havana to him in glass tubes hermetically sealed.

A Berlin man breeds rats for surgical experimental work.

Germany's proportion of suicides is the largest in the world.—Chicago Chronicle.

Paris Cabby's Ruse.

Paris cab drivers are in the habit of causing their taximeter to register the waiting tariff every time their progress is blocked by traffic or any other obstacle. In this way the traffic obstruction which makes Paris insupportable is to them a nice little source of profit. All is grist that comes, sou by sou, to their mill by causing their horses to move the wheels back and forth in a confined space.—Le Figaro.

Sea Fish in Fresh Water.

The finny folk of the briny deep are colonizing the lakes and rivers. It has been found by experiment in Germany that deep sea fish can be acclimated in fresh water and will live and breed in rivers. A number of different kinds of fish were taken from the sea, including whiting, herring, sole and flounders, and kept in a pond of salt water. The percentage of salt was gradually lessened by the addition of fresh water until finally no salt remained. Practically no material difference took place in the fish, which were as lively and healthy after the treatment as when taken out of the sea. So encouraged has been the result after a test extending over several months that the fish now are being introduced into the various rivers and fresh water lakes in order to bring the experiments to a practical issue. The success of this experiment may change entirely the fishing industry.

Colorado holds the record among the states of having 407 mountain peaks exceeding 10,000 feet; 33 of these are 14,000 feet and over.

IN THE VALLEY OF DECISION.

By Miss Ella Kenney.

The pale shadows of departing day are creeping over the earth, the last lingering rays of the setting sun cast a golden light on church spire and roof and the bluebird chants forth in melodious voice the last sweet notes of his evening song.

High up in her room among the stars face sits a girl, whose face and figure are thrown into strong relief against a background of scarlet and gold. She sits at the open window, and the soft mellow rays of the setting sun cast gentle shadows that seem to accentuate her isolation. In her face is expressed the remoteness of the spirit that will ever see visions and dream dreams, while in her dwelt in sweet accord all those qualities, those subtle elusive elements of perfection that we esteem but can never wholly fathom.

As she raises her eyes her glance falls in the room—the open fire, the easy chair, the table on which rests a bundle of manuscripts, and a soft smile creeps over her countenance. "Children of the Mist," she murmurs, and lays caressing fingers on the neat pile of papers. Her fancy wanders in and out through the vista of departed years and she sees herself a young and happy girl embarking on the sea of literature. A brief and hardworking period of novitiate found her at the height of fame. Her books became a household possession and her presence was sought at many a gathering, not only for her fame as a writer, but because her sweet, sympathetic nature drew humanity toward her, and her charity and sweet helpfulness cheered many an unsuccessful follower.

One window of her room looked out on many a roof garden, but one little opening that caught the first sweet flush of dawn and the last lingering set of sun. She loved the wide glory of the purple sky its loneliness and its mystery. A sleeping princess, waiting for her prince," she designated herself. This little world had at time a fairy brightness that contrasted with its occasional loneliness and the dark hour when frost and snow shut out her view of sun and moon and stars. It made one side of her life, one part of her existence. The other half of her consciousness belonged to the world outside, to the ostentation and vanities that characterized her fellowmen. She found that standing on the outskirts of the dim multitudes she could view here, as well as in her high window, rising constellations, fleeing eclipses and intermittent silences.

The view fascinated her, and when at last the prince came, her whole heart had leaped responsive to the great happiness; she was carried along in the whirl, utterly swept off her feet, robbed of all volition. There seemed no leisure hours to spend at her high window, and she felt blinded and deafened by the clamor of her heart. But at last there came a quite moment when, seated in her nook among the stars, her thoughts resolved themselves from chaos and she could survey calmly and logically her position. As she glanced at the solitaire he had placed upon her finger she seemed to see in its place a chain that bound her in rivets of steel.

"My wife," he would say in one of their plans for the future, "must not be a public woman. The life of a woman in the public eye is utterly distasteful to me." That she should give up her writing was the sum of his desires. At first in the poignancy of her grief she had tried to eliminate him from her life, but the long stretches of loneliness and the insistent cries of her heart rendered futile all attempts at separation, and she realized with a pang that she had come to a parting of the ways.

Now once more seated at her high window in the clouds, her hands caressingly, lingeringly laid upon her manuscripts, she feels that something she had begun to live for has gone for nothing; something sweet, ardent and keen must come to an end.

She crosses the room to the open fireplace, where the fitful darts of flame cast fantastic shadows on wall and floor, and kneeling, she stirs the dying embers into a bright glow. Then gently, tenderly, she places the neat parcel on the coals. "Children of the Mist," she whispers, "farewell." As the papers catch the glow they quicken into flame, then die out: a coal becoming detached from its security falls with a sibilant, hissing noise and in the rosy glare is reflected a subtle change in the face of the kneeling girl—the old look of surprise in the brown eyes has gone; the old air of enchantment has departed; she seems to have gained in equipoise; she had lived through something.

The sleeping princess had come into her kingdom.

Steam Plant Accidents.

During the 12 months ending June 30, 1905, 14 persons were killed and 40 injured from British steam plant accidents; in the United States 383 persons were killed and 585 injured. The number of steam boilers in the United States does not exceed by more than 50 per cent. those in Great Britian, so that, in comparison, the actual percentage is ten times as great in the United States as in England.

During the last six months there have sailed eastward from New York city 112,572 passengers.

LIFE ON MONT BLANC.

Scientific Observers as Badly Off There as Arctic Explorers.

Life in the observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc is even frostier than on an arctic expedition. The observatory was founded by Pierre Janssen, the French physicist, in 1893, and since the first ascent of the mountain in 1786 a temperature above freezing was never recorded there until 1906, when for a few minutes a temperature of two degrees centigrade, or about 36 degrees Fahrenheit, was observed.

The observatory is generally occupied from about the beginning of June to the end of September. These are the utmost limits at which men could live there. The work is both astronomical and meteorological.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the work is the stream of tourists in July and August, who expect to have everything shown to them regardless of the loss of time to the men of science.

One of these, W. de Fouvielle, in a recent account of the work on the mountain top dwells on the courage that it takes to spend weeks and months amid the monotony of the snowfields and glaciers. The mental depression is all the harder to fight on account of the physical conditions, to which it is very difficult to become accustomed.

At that elevation human beings are tortured by an unceasing thirst due to the rapid evaporation of moisture from the body. On the other hand, the appetite almost entirely disappears.

At first all the system can stand is a few glasses of warm tea daily, with plenty of sugar and pulverized milk in it. Recourse to alcohol is absolutely forbidden. Spirits of all sorts are found to be exceedingly harmful.

When the men begin to get acclimated, a diet pricipally made up of meat is found to be best. The meat is carried up from Chamounix and frozen in order to insure its preservation.

It is stored in the cellar of the observatory, where the temperature ranges from 12 to 15 degrees Fahrenheit. Canned or preserved meat is never used. It is found to be too trying to the digestive powers in that region.

The meat is for the most part boiled. Green vegetables are eaten with it to prevent scurvy or similar disorders.

The process of cooking is far more tedious than at ordinary levels. As water boils far below 212 degrees, it takes four or five times as much boiling to render the food fit to be eaten as it does in ordinary places.

The scientific men who spend their summers at the observatory have to live in Arctic clothing. They spend day and night in an atmosphere at freezing point. It is true that the building is warmed with fires of coal and wood. But it is only warmed 32 degrees Fahrenheit. The moisture from the breath of the inhabitants condenses on the walls in a thin coating of ice, and icicles depend from the ceilings and beams an lintels. When it gets a little too warm the ice melts and there is a veritable rainfall in every room.

The observers gradually learn to be comfortable at 32 degrees. They take off their gloves to handle the more delicate instruments. They sleep in bags and keep their health. When they go home for the winter they don't feel the cold. Their scientific work is, besides, generally recognized as compensation for all they endure to accomplish it.

Value of Nutria.

Nutria fur comes from a little animal which makes his home on the banks of the River de la Plata in South America. The climate and location suit him so well that he has never been found in any other locality. He is equally at home in the water or ashore, being provided by nature with nostrils set very high, so that he can swim with just the tip of his nose out of the water. The old lady Nutria swims around with five or six young ones on her back, the rest of her anti-race-suicide family tagging along as best they may. Nutria holds the same position among the hunters' furs as gold does among the metals or silk among fabrics.—Hatman.

Shooting the Whale.

The Norwegian whale fisheries extend over nearly the whole of the Arctic Sea, from the north of Norway toward Spitzbergen and even to the Shetland Islands.

The whales are shot from small steamers, the implement used being the so-called bomb harpoon, an arrow shaped iron spear furnished with a line, which is discharged from a small cannon.

The whale often drags the vessel a long distance until it becomes exhausted and expires. It is then towed to the anchorage, where it is stripped of the blubber.

This whale fishery was begun by a well known Norwegian, Svend Foyn, in 1868. While only thirty whales were killed in the first year, 1,080 whales were taken in 1897, when 513 men were engaged on twenty-five steamers. At first only the blubber was utilized for train oil; now the bones are crushed for manure and the flesh is used for fodder.