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Selecting the Gift.

She had married for money—he for a perfect jewel to fit in the golden setting Fate had bestowed upon him. Both had found what they sought.

If with that bargain a terrible void went too, a loneliness and heart-sob that could not be swallowed, Marcia never mentoned it, even to her dearest friend. The head set upon its queenly throat never forgot its poise nor dignity that should attend upon his—no, their—millions.

Stuart was tall, distinguished and reserved. His 50 years of the world had not been spent in vain; now that he had dreamed his dreams and was awake, he appreciated her as a reality that any man might be proud of

Despite the difference in their ages, society called it a perfect match and declared the gem surpassed the setting

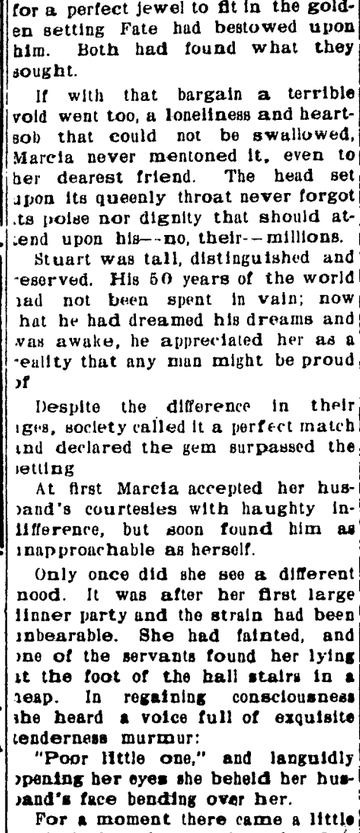
At first Marcia accepted her husband's courtesies with haughty indifference, but soon found him as unapproachable as herself.

Only once did she see a different mood. It was after her first large dinner party and the strain had been unbearable. She had fainted, and one of the servants found her lying at the foot of the hall stairs in a heap. In regaining consciousness she heard a voice full of exquisite tenderness murmur:

"Poor little one," and languidly opening her eyes she beheld her husband's face bending over her.

For a moment there came a little catch in her throat—the color fluttered up to her white forehead—but he had turned instantly and addressed her maid:

"Carlton, your mistress is herself again, it was only a faint. Have James and Gilroy assist Mrs. Stuart to her rooms." Then to Marcia: "I shall be in the library for awhile, Marcia, and at your service, should



He resented her indifference.

you please to call upon me. I trust you will have a good night's rest."

It was Marcia's 21st birthday. Their country house was full of guests, but their congratulations and empty compliments had wearied her, and after the last good-night echoed through the halls she slipped a wrap over her white gown and stole into the garden.

Down the shadowy path she stole like a white wraith, in and out reached the big iron gates almost a mile from the house. If the world could have seen her it would have said the picture was artfully planned for effect.

The net-work of black etched against the moonlight formed a startling background for the figure in white. The red-gold head drooped wearily and one little hand clenched an iron bar as a bird's talon might clutch the bars of a cage which kept it prisoner.

This thought came to the man who had just emerged from the shadows, and he paused irresolutely. What a child she was after all. The pride had gone from the shining head; there was a droop to the haughty mouth that the world and Marcia's husband had never seen.

The millionaire's fingers suddenly closed over the Tiffany box in his hand and he nervously broke off a Jacqueminot from a nearby bush.

Marcia heard the snapping of the stem and turned as her husband advanced.

"I had just driven up and saw you leaving the house," he explained, "so I followed. "I—brought you a little birthday remembrance."

The child's mouth changed to a woman's and the proud head regained its poise.

"That's very kind of you." The hand that gave the box was not quite steady. The lid opened—a single string of pearls lay revealed, perfectly matched and priceless.

"They are very beautiful," she said. Her eyes sought the rose in her husband's hand, then their gaze wandered to his face, and found a new, strange look written there. It sent a wave of color creeping over her cheeks, tinged even her brow and her slender white throat.

"Beautiful," she whispered, the pearls slipping from her unclasped fingers to the ground. "But"—she stretched out her hands to him, "I would rather have the rose."—Boston Post.

TELEPHONING FROM A TRAIN

An Invention of Much Importance in Railroad Systems.

Exhaustive practical experiments have recently been conducted by a Kentucky railroad with a telephone device, the complete success of which is of much importance. By means of this system, says Harper's Weekly, a moving train may communicate with any city having telephone connections, and in the trials, under adverse weather conditions for the most part, conversation was held with parties in New York, while the Kentucky train was moving at a speed of from 15 to 35 miles per hour.

By means of the new system train dispatchers can at any time give orders to a train crew, thus absolutely eliminating all danger of collision, and passengers may call up anyone with whom they wish to speak, just as over an ordinary long-distance wire. Trains traveling in the same or in opposite directions may also communicate with each other. By many prominent railroad officials the device is said to be second in importance as a safety appliance only to the air brake.

In the trials the telephone was placed in the cabin of the engine and connection with local exchanges was obtained by means of two heavy copper wires stretched alongside the track at a distance of five feet. Contact between the train and the wires was maintained by a form of trolley connected with the locomotive boiler. This trolley is made of gas-pipe and carries two small tanks filled with a chemical mixture, through which steam is fed to make a chemical induction at a distance which may vary from half an inch to three feet, thus allowing for all vibrations and sway of the moving train.

The expense of establishing such a telephone line would not, in many instances, be at all great, as the wires could be strung on the telephone poles along the right of way.

How Planets are Weighed.

If a ham weighing thirty pounds were taken up to the moon and weighed there the "pull"—the attractive force of the moon upon the ham—would amount to only five pounds. There would be another weight of the ham in the planet Mars, and yet another on the sun. A ham weighing thirty pounds at New York ought to weigh some eight hundred pounds on the sun's surface. Hence the astronomer does not speak of the weight, of a planet, because that would depend upon the place where it was weighed. But he speaks of the mass of the planet, which means how much planet there is, no matter where it might be weighed.

At the same time we might, without any inexactness, agree that the weight of a heavenly body should be fixed by the weight it would have in New York. As we could not imagine a planet in New York, because it may be larger than the earth itself, what we are to imagine is this. Suppose the planet could be divided into a million million million equal parts and one of these parts brought to New York and weighed. We coud easily find the weight in pounds and tons. Then multiply this by a million million million, and we shall have a weight of the planet. This would be equivalent to what astronomers might take as the mass of the planet.—Current Literature.

Kindness of the Poor.

The old adage that the poor are the best friends of the poor was instanced in the story of a chambermaid who is a young widow with two children to support. After a lingering illness the younger of the children died, and the young mother's bank account having been depleted from defraying the expenses of the weeks of medicine and doctor's visits she was obliged to contract a debt at the undertaker's.

After that she paid a small monthly installment until the bill was half settled, when one day there came through the mail a receipt for the remainder. The recipt was accompanied by a badly written and blotted note from a scrub woman in a large uptown hotel, who knew of the trouble, knew the family and the circumstances and in her note explained that she had no family nor near relatives, and that she earned enough to support herself, and that she wanted to use this surplus money for the little mother who needed all that she could make extra to support the remaining child. As scrub women receive only fifty or seventy five cents a day, one will readily appreciate the spirit which moved one kind soul to help another in distress.—Leslie's Weekly.

Sloth's Verdant Coat.

The green hair of the sloth, almost unique among mammals, has long been a subject of interest among naturalists. The Journal of Microscopical Science contains an interesting study of the hair of the sloth by Dr. W. G. Ridewood. The hair of the three-toed sloths (Bradypus) consists of a central core, or medulla, with an outer layer, or cortex. Outside this again, is an extra layer which develops transverse cracks or fissures in these grow single celled green algae.

His Wasted Ambition.

By F. C. Weeks.

The club piazza was gay with the usual late afternoon crowd; automobiles of every hue and smart traps lined the drive; while waiters hurried about with tea trays, syphons and bowls of ice to the small tables where pretty women and men in flannels were grouped, telling new jokes and comparing new scores.

In marked contrast to all this noise and confusion, the last couple from the tennis courts strolled leisurely in, apparently absorbed in each other's society.

"I hate to be beaten," said the girl earnestly, "but I hate worse to have you deliberately throw me a set, as you did just now, out of kindness or pity."

"What really would please your ladyship, and it is yours, even unto the half of my kingdom," replied the man lightly, but his eyes deepened and his expression changed as he waited for her answer.

"What a generous offer," she said gayly. "May I answer at my leisure, while we have tea, for they have saved us our pet table over in the corner? In 10 minutes, then. Au revoir."

A quarter of an hour later, fresh from his shower bath, John Graham joined the girl at the table reserved for them.

"You are so good at look at, Jack," she said frankly, as she added the lemon and sugar.

"And that is all," he responded, frowning. "You regard me as you would a thoroughbred horse or dog. You never think of the me underneath. You've applauded my football playing, praised my cross country riding, heaped me with laurels for physical prowess these three years, and that is all."

"What else has there been?" she asked, gravely.

"Since you left college, captain of your eleven, what has there been? I had expected so much of you, Jack,

And you see nothing more in me.

but golf or tennis cups and steeplechase trophies have been all that I could praise. Isn't that the honest truth? You have too much money and too little ambition to fight for the big things of life."

"Ethel," he said quickly, "say you'll marry me, and I swear you shall be proud of me. Say it!"

She drew her breath sharply. "I can't, Jack," she said at last—"you attract me, heaven knows, but the qualities I admire, brains, talent, ambition, power that is not brute force, you have deliberately pushed into the background. A man must be more than a splendid animal."

"And you see nothing more in me?" he said bitterly. "Thanks! No wonder I could not win you."

"Of course there is more in you," she answered sweetly, "and that is the pity of it, for you have stifled it to burn incense to your lesser gods. Jack, I should be afraid of a future with nothing else in it."

The man squared his shoulders with a characteristic gesture.

"Listen!" he said quietly. "My life of ease is over. My grandfather's money has pretty well gone up in smoke. Some of it I've filtered, some of it was badly invested. There was never as much as the world thought, but it's too long a tale for to-day. Now to-morrow I start fresh. I go to Arizona. I didn't think you'd be interested, so I've never told you that my serious hours I have put in on engineering and chemistry. I'm not all fool. I've a cousin out West who knows mines, owns a few, and wants more. He is giving me a chance at the bottom, and if I promise to come back some day sooner or later on top—and what I promise, dear, you know I'll do, if I live—will you wait for me? May I feel that I have the inside track?"

The girl's whole expression changed.

"At last you are showing me yourself," she cried.

"For the you I have just seen I will wait willingly, and confidently, until you come back to me again. An hour ago you asked what would please me and now you have given it to me, for you knew!" and in the fast gathering dusk the girl impulsively held out both her hands.

"I would follow the man I have just met, even unto the ends of the earth," she whispered frankly, and on the deserted clubhouse piazza he gathered her to his arms.

CHINESE PHRENOLOGY.

Some of the Points They Regard as Important.

Phrenology, as a science, has been familiar to the Chinese for many centuries past, and it is worth remarking that the earliest notice of it in Chinese literature—by a famous philosopher known as Hsiin Tzu, of the third century B. C.—is a denunciation of its principles and practice as charlatanism and humbug. This attack was directed especially against those quacks who began to stretch the function of phrenology beyond the outward expression of emotions and intellectual faculties on the surface of the head, to prophecy and directions for guidance in regard to the future of each individual. How far he succeeded may be guaged from the fact that in any town in China at the present day may be found professors of phrenology who, for a small fee, will examine your heard and advise you on marriage or other investments.

In regard to the head, Chinese investigators, especially in recent times, writes Prof. H. A. Giles of Cambridge university, have always shown a marked preference for the face, and three-fifths, perhaps of what has been written by them would come rather under the head of physiogomy.

The skull is considered most perfect when round, with a tendency towards a conical rising at the top, the latter feature indicating great intellectual powers. A hatchet face, with a broad flat top to the head, means vacillation and indecision.

The most important parts of the skull are the forehead and the occiput, the latter of which is called the pillowbone. Generally speaking, a high and broad forehead gives good hope of long life.

Bumps and depressions on the occiput play an important part. Taking a diagram of the occiput as an example, we find two connected bumps, low down at the back of the head, to denote a martial temperament; an bump nearer the top, shaped like egg lying on its side, to denote truthfulness and firmness; two similar egg-shaped bumps, but standing on end one on each side of the head, to note a fiery temperament and great self confidence; two crescent shaped bumps between these last two, denote longevity; three small bumps above a ridge to denote intelligence and so on.

In conclusion, it may be said the Chinese believe the outer figuration of the skull to be dependent upon the shape of the brain and that they connect certain qualifications with certain bumps depressions found on the skull conformity with the Confucian that was born good, and becomes evil only by his environment, further believe that bumps depressions are developed on the face of the skull by influence from within, which influences, in their turn have been inspired from without.

RATTLE OF THE PORCUPINE.

Animal a Noisy Neighbor When Disturbed at Night

The Superintendent of the London Zoological Gardens, Mr. F. has been giving the members of the Society some interesting notes on the rattle of the porcupine. The animal, it is well known makes a rustling noise when it moves, especially when irritated or alarmed. In gardens it is described as very noisy nights, and sounding its rattle whenever anyone approaches its pen. The noise is produced by the agitation of certain modified tail spines. These are formed of a slender basal part ending in a long spatula; others are quill like with open tips, a gradual passage from the normal quills to these modified forms being traced.

At the end of the eighteenth century Thunberg drew attention to these curious spines in the tail of the Ceylon porcupine, but they seem to have had any idea as to their use. He states that he was told they were for the purpose of carrying water for their young. The animal was supposed to have the habit of bending over these hollow spines into the water supply, where they presumably by suction. The fluid was supposed to be thus carried home.

The porcupines present a remarkable division of the rattle order, and are chiefly notable for their very efficient armor of spines. These spines being modified hairs, point backwards as the hairs of animals. And if put on the animal, as when pursued by a dog, use them very effectively by backwards.

True porcupines are confined to the Old World. The all terrestrial animals and the quills are not mingled with ordinary hairs. Their New World relatives are, with one exception, aerial in their habits, and have the quills intermingled with ordinary hair, and in some cases concealed by it. The flesh of the true porcupine is said to be not bad eating, and sometimes pork and veal in flavor.

Crowning Charles.

King Charles of Roumania wears a remarkable crown. It was fashioned, in accordance with his wish, of steel from a gun captured at Plevna a lasting remembrance to all time of the events on the battlefields of the war, and of the fact that by trade he was not hampered when he was crowned. At his coronation, he said he crown in his hands and crowned me with pride this crown, fashioned from a cannon sprinkled with the blood of our heroes and consecrated by the Church. I accept it as a symbol of the independence and power of Roumania."

ROMANCE OF THE CUTTY PIPE

It is For a Man of Deeds Rather Than Meditation.

An Englishman wrote recently to the Pall Mall Gazette: "Can any of your pipesmoking correspondents recommend good short clay, such as we were wont to cherish in the fifties? It was a neatly shaped pipe, known as the 'cutty,' and, although light in weight, was strong enough to be carried in the pocket without a case. If my recolection serves me aright, this little pipe bore the stamp Milo Strand. That pipe, like many other good things of the past, was worth knowing."

Has this pipe disappeared in England forever, as the linen duster worn by American citizens, with a plug hat and carpet bag, is no longer known here, except to the antiquarians? We saw a cutty a few days ago in active use, says the Boston Herald, in the street. It was black but coaly. The cutty—the word need not be inclosed in quotation marks for it is a good dictionary word—was also known as the nose warmer. The French call it the "brule gueule." The cutty was also called the cutty-gun. The word is in literature. Did not Mrs. Mackenzie refer George Warrington the use of his cutty pipe when she lunched in the Temple though she lighted Col. Newcome's cigar with her own fair fingers. Cutty knife, cutty spoon, cutty stoup—they are all good words, as cutty sark—the one "o' Paisley ha', in longitude tho' sorely scanty" prettily undid the spellbound Tam O'Shanter, the illustrious rubber-maker.

A cutty is for a man of deeds, a long clay for one of meditation. Pirates should surely prefer the cutty—which goes with the Jolly Rogger, the raw, black, rakish craft, doubloons, pots, and pieces of eight. Explorers in African jungles and city slums should use the cutty. It is an honest pipe, far to be preferred in the open air to the spurious briar and the meerschaum. There was Mr. Gallaspy, who did not swallow a fluid after the manner of others, "but if it was a quart poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher, bumped." This Mr. Gallaspy, who used to drink seven in hand—that is, with seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand that in drinking the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. This Mr. Gallaspy, when he smoked, always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils. We are sure that each pipe was a cutty. For Mr. Gallaspy fought everything, and had killed at least two men in duels. He was a man of action, not given to oriental reverie.

The San Jacinto's Last Fight.

As we neared the reef, through which we must pass to insure our safety, I turned the ship over to the Bahama pilot, saying in a whisper: "Armbrister, are you sure you can take the steamer through yon reef?"

"I would bet my life on it," he replied confidentally.

I pointed to my revolver. "Then know that your life is the stake, for I dreamed that your confederates were awaiting you in a schooner, and that you intended to set this vessel on a reef. If you do, I'll kill you the moment it strikes, and feed the sharks on your carcass. Go ahead, now, and be careful!"

He turned pale, but took the wheel with a firm hand, and in a few minutes more we were in the white-capped foam of the treacherous reef. The sailors all seemed to hold their breath until we passed out of the foam into a beautiful sheet of water. The Captain of the San Jacino, closely following, watched our passage through the reef, and thinking he could pass through the same channel, followed in our wake, when his vessel struck a rock with a crash, then slowly settled down amid the breakers.—Forest and Stream.

Life Saving Devices.

In Amsterdam there stands a building that marks the first effort of mankind to abolish the slaughter of modern industry—the famous Amsterdam Museum of Security, founded in 1893. Berlin, Paris, Munich, Zurich and Vienna also have such museums. Here are exhibited models and photographs of protective devices, and in many cases the devices themselves showing means whereby the workers in every trade and occupation that involves risk may be safeguarded, and the loss of life minimized to the lowest possible fraction. In the United States the American Institute for Social Service has taken up the same work.

For the fact remains, says Everybody's Magazine, that the only measures that will prove adequate are not remedial, but preventive. Not until employers are willing to spend the money necessary for providing proper safeguards for their men; not until contractors have ceased to say, as one in New York said recently, "It is cheaper not to protect the men—plenty more where they came from!"—not until we realize that in our disregard for human life we are consciously or unconsciously fast approaching the callousness of the Oriental, will the wanton slaughter of the toilers cease.