The Bachelor's Button

By Martha Gray Pillsbury.

The hot, sultry sun, peculiar alone to the month of August, was pouring its rays over the busy, turmoil of an overcrowded city. Through this crowd Julie Clayton was plodding her way to the office where files of dreary papers awaited her glance. Life had become monotonous to her of late. One point on which she prided herself most was beginning to wear off its outer coat of novelty and reveal nothing substantial in the inner light. She had always boasted of being a bachelor maiden, armed with a heart of steel, which no masculine eye, however beguiling, could pierce or affect in the least. Now these fancies were becoming tiresome.

On this particular day, as she was hurrying to her daily trial, the lawyer's office, she met the eyes of an indifferent masculine, whom she had especially noticed for the past week. The fact that made him so conspicuous in her eyes was the saucy little bachelor's button that rested on his coat lapel, whose face of blue stared defiantly at her. All the week this little flower had haunted her vision and bothered her exceedingly. That the wearer should seem so different to her from the other members of his sex provoked her greatly.

Julie entered the office and was soon at her desk working with a furious haste to forget the impracticability of her former thoughts. The arrival of Mr. Forbes the lawyer, did not occasion her to raise her eyes, and soon she heard distinct voices conversing in the room adjoining, one she recognized as her employer's, and the other as a stranger's, but somehow the tones gave her an uneasy thrill, for at their sound the little blue flower came before her mind again.

Becoming absorbed in a legal document, she was greatly startled to hear a voice at her side.

"Pardon me for my interruption, but have you the Welkes deed here?"

Julie held her breath. There was the stranger with the bachelor's button, that had caused her so much thought. Being naturally self-possessed, she soon collected herself to answer:

"Yes, I will look in the file."

Trembling, with too conscious fingers, she procured a bulky document.

"I thing this must be the one you desire."

"Thank you very much for your trouble. Good morning."

In the latter part of the afternoon, Mr. Forbes informed her that he had engaged a young lawyer to help him in the office.

"Richards, come here a moment."

The stranger obeyed.

"This is my new assistant, Mr. Richards, Miss Clayton."

Julie met the new lawyer at frequent intervals during the next week, and on the following Monday, when she raised her head to respond to the usual greeting she noticed that the bachelor's button had disappeared.

He immediately crossed the room and seated himself in a chair beside her desk.

"I hope you will forgive me, but honestly I think you were wondering at the disappearance of a little hobby of mine—the flower that I usually wear. You see, I have always considered myself as enjoying the happy state of bachelorhood, so I wore the flower as a symbol.

"Well, I have resolved never to patronize that flower again, for to be honest, I am actually in love. I always imagined myself a man of sense, but I must have changed. Now do you understand why I do not wear the flower?"

An interruption prevented further conversation, and afterwards Julie was much vexed by a little voice that would set her to wondering who the happy girl was and what she was like.

The next day Julie found herself in the flow of conversation again.

"But what is this 'divinity' like in appearance?" she asked, after hearing much of her charming qualities.

"She has light, wavy hair, and eyes or—well, something like yours," he went on, hesitatingly.

"Does she acknowledge your love?"

"No. That's why I'm despondent. She is utterly oblivious to my overtures. To be serious, I feel that I am wrong in caring for her as she might not be content with my small salary and would scorn my affections if I told her."

"No decent girl would do that," impulsively exclaimed Julie.

"You really think, then, that my case is fortunate?"

"Yes," replied Julie.

"Suppose a man in my circumstances proposed to you, would you accept him?"

"Why, yes, if I contemplated that state," she carefully replied.

"Well, now, I ask you if you will accept," he murmured, drawing nearer.

"What!" gasped Julie.

"My small income and my great love."

The violet eyes wandered bewilderingly for a moment, then the light of understanding beamed through the cloud of ignorance—and all was well.

WONDERFUL ROCK GARDEN.

Englishman Has a Three Acre Reproduction of the Matterhorn.

The largest rock garden in England is that of Sir Frank Crisp, at Friar Park, Henley. It is a faithful reproduction of the Matterhorn on a scale of about three acres. Seven thousand tons of limestone was brought from Yorkshire to make it.

The snow capped peak is represented by quartz. Below it are thousands upon thousands of alpine flowers growing in pockets between the rocks and filling every chink in the trails that ascend the mountain. There must be two hundred different species in bloom at once.

At the base of the mountain says Country Life in America is a miniature Swiss chalet where one may sit and enjoy the scene comparing all the main features with a little bronze model of the Matterhorn which Sir Frank had made for the entertainment of his guests. A brook courses down the mountain side and just before it reaches the chalet it forms a pretty cascade and then spreads out at your feet into a miniature lake decorated with pygmy water lilies and rich margined with pinks primroses gentians and other alpine flowers.

The Passer

Morality was coming down the pike. Every one turned to see her.

"It's a grand sight," said Politician. "So glad that she comes this way every day. It makes me feel better."

"What a pleasant looking old lady," said a chorus girl. "I believe that I could learn to love her in time."

"I believe in her thoroughly," said the magnate. "She ought to be encouraged. If I thought she really needed the money and wouldn't abuse its privileges I'd be only too glad to help her out."

"What would I do without her?" sighed the preacher. Her very presence on the highway enables me to preach about her as a person of true consequence.

"She enables me to live," said the reformer proudly.

Here too, said the yellow journal.

Only three people in the entire crowd there were who did not even notice her as she approached and faded out of sight.

One was a child at play. The second was a laborer at work. And the third was a woman nursing a baby.

The Difference

Edward having been refused another baked potato on the simple but convincing ground that there were no more, according to the New York Sun, made some uncomplimentary remark about the insufficiency of his dinner. "This isn't dinner," corrected the aunt whom he was visiting. "This is luncheon. You don't eat dinner in the middle of the day. You eat that at night." The next day the aunt, being anxious to know if Edward had assimilated his lesson of the day before, said: "Edward, can you tell me now the difference between dinner and luncheon?" "You bet I can," said Edward very promptly. "Lunch is the meal where you don't get enough to eat."

It Was Funny

"Something very funny happened the other day," said O'Beetle to his friend Foo. "I was downtown and found myself without car fare. Before I had a chance to worry over the prospect of walking a few miles in the hot sun, along comes Binker, who tries jokes. I know him very well, and yet I had the nerve to ask him to loan me a quarter. He told me he was glad to accommodate me, and handed over the coin."

"Is that all," asked McFoo.

"It is."

"Well what's the joke?"

"Why, the funny part is that a man who writes jokes should have a whole quarter with him at one time."

Insulted.

In the early hours of the morning it was when he approached the hotel desk. He did not realize that many years along Broadway had somewhat disarranged his appearance. No—he felt sure that his attire was faultless, his carriage dignified. So he felt hurt and surprised when the clerk behind the desk remarked:

"Well, what do you want?"

He fixed that clerk with a withering look.

"A room!" he thundered, "what do you suppose? Old clothes?"

And, with an air of extreme hauteur, he followed the bellboy to the elevator.

Earthquake Areas of World.

The most shaken countries of the world are Italy, Japan, Greece, South America (the Pacific coast), Java, Sicily and Asia Minor. The lands most free from these convulsions are Africa, Australia, Russia, Siberia, Scandinavia and Canada.

Saw Bad Luck in Sneeze.

In the olden days if a man sneezed while dressing he went back to bed again before completing his toilet, and the captain of a vessel would delay his voyage if one of his sailors sneezed while weighing anchor.

True Nobleness of Life.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency—clearness of purpose—quiet and ceaseless energy. All doubt, and repenting, and blotching, and retouching, and wondering what it will be best to do next, are vice as well as misery.—John Ruskin.

Idea of a Philosopher.

"When they's tew ways uv lookin' at a thing it migh help matters tew shut one eye."

A MAIDEN - - - - - - AND - - - - - - A SOLDIER

By Sadie Hoffman Seaman.

People wondered at the thrift of Mateo Menzano. He seldom gambled during the fiestas and this alone marked him among his neighbors of Porto Rico. Not only that, but he owned the neatest and best kept shack in the squatter district near Puerta de Terra and had the prettiest daughter north of Carolina.

To make his aristocracy more complete, Mateo came home one day with a great can of yellow paint, and daubed both the shack and the fence. This action startled his neighbors, but when he bought a table and new chairs for the kitchen and a little white iron bedstead for Carita they were aghast.

To be sure Carita was all he had left. He paid the rent regularly on her mother's grave near Rio Piedras and placed upon it frequently great bunches of the quick fading red and yellow flowers that he gathered along the highway beyond Santurce. He had even been known on Saturday to hand centavos to the beggars on the plaza.

But when the big handsome American soldier from San Cristobal came down to the shack to see Carita the neighbors shook their heads with grave apprehension.

Uncle Sam's fighting men are an unknown quantity. In Porto Rico they cool and calculating and an undisturbed demeanor in time of danger are foreign to the Porto Rican understanding. Their little white clothed soldiers were to them the embodiment of bravery until the American troops marched up from Ponce over the great white stream—the military highway and gained a bloodless victory. They view with fear and apprehension the grande Americano in the khaki uniform.

Carter Young had been but a few months in Porto Rico but had already become a hero on the diamond and the gridiron where the soldiers and the treasury team were pitted against each other on Sunday afternoons.

On pleasant Sunday evenings when the band played in the Plaza Principal and the matrons and their daughters strolled about in the cool sea breeze, Carita, young and fair, as unlike those about her as different from the flowers. Like him, some soldier and the beautiful maiden of the tropics were indeed the most graceful of all things.

The attentions of the handsome Carita, however seemed to worry Mateo Menzano, and he soon felt well that the soldier had been lectured in a different world than theirs and he wondered what paternal care for the welfare of his child.

When he was selling his cocoas de agua on the early morning on San Francisco street, and when he was gathering the green cocoas in the heat of the day in the interior, his thoughts were more often of Carita than upon his work.

One moonlight night—and such moonlights! Lights as they have in Porto Rico—Carter Young was leaning against one of the frowning guns of San Cristobal looking over the tops of the houses of sleepy San Juan, out upon the Marina, mechanically watching the twinkling and disappearing lights of the small merchantmen that silently moved about the bay. He was thinking of the marvellous things he had told her of his wonderful home beyond the sea. He recalled the mental picture he had drawn of their happiness in that state and when the rivers are frozen in the winter. This picture had been a revelation to the innocent Carita.

He held in his hand a dainty letter with suspicious spots upon it that looked like tear stains. It was postmarked New York.

He reread it in the moonlight.

"Margaret, Carita," he said. "This is a pretty mess and to think I get my discharge tomorrow. Well, I will ride down in the morning and see Carita and tell her I have gained a short furlough. She will believe anything I tell her. And then, as though to relieve his conscience, he added, "Anyway she will be just as happy down here picking oranges with Fredrico. He's a pretty decent spiggety."

The next day the transport sailed, but in the confusion of embarking, it was not noticed until the flags of old Morro were almost lost from sight that the troopers had sailed for home without Carter Young.

The next day in Porto Rico Mateo Menzano, with a strange look in his dark eyes, was as usual gathering cocoas in the valley. Bonito was grazing idly on the hillside. Lying on his back, not far from Santurce, where he had won his victories among his fellows, Carter Young was found with a tiny dagger in his heart, and the hot sun pouring down into his sightless eyes. Carita Menzano, sobbing her confiding life out, lay on the little white bed in the yellow shack beneath the palms.

In Quest of Sympathy.

"The very biggest mistake that married persons make," philosophizes the editor of the Ladies' World, "is to think that their friends will help them in their troubles with each other. The man or woman who goes away from home for sympathy finds sorrow and brings back regret."

FISHES WITH ITS WINGS.

Naturalist's Observation on the Sly Way of the Cassowary.

Habits of the cormorant and of our native fish hawk are generally known. Their methods of taking fish are very much like those of birds of prey. But the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own. A well known naturalist witnessed its operations on a river in the island of New Britain.

He saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about three feet deep, and partially squatting down, spread its wings out, submerging them the feathers being spread and ruffled.

The bird remained motionless and kept its eyes closed as if in sleep. It remained in this position for a quarter of an hour when suddenly closing its wings and straightening its feathers it stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times whereupon a quantity of small fishes fell out of its wings and from amid its feathers. These the bird immediately picked up and swallowed.

The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows in the water along the banks of the river in this island and which much resemble the feathers of the cassowary. The smallest fishes hide in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey on them.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Torpedo Governed from Shore

A submerged torpedo propelled and controlled by wireless electricity transmitted by the wireless method is the work of Carl Abrahamson of San Diego, Cal. The invention is simple. The propelling force is manipulated on the same principle as the wireless telegraph. Electricity is transmitted from aerial wires on shore to aerials supported by cork floats and connected with the propeller wheel of the torpedo which is submerged. A current powerful enough to send a sixteen foot torpedo through the water at a speed of thirty two miles an hour can be transmitted. Control of the device is secured by magnets set on each side of the propelled and connected with the steering gear. These magnets are of different degrees of sensitiveness and are susceptible to varying degrees of power in electric currents. The steering is thus made possible by a variation in the amount of power sent to the torpedo.—Technical World Magazine.

Soap Grows on Trees.

Side by side grow the soap tree and the tallow tree. The soap tree yields a product from which is manufactured the purest article of soap that is possible to be made. Indeed, the pulp of the berry is a natural soap and will make a lather almost like the manufactured article. The soap berry tree is now creating widespread interest and the berries are being imported from Algiers and China.

It will pay to plant the trees and look after their cultivation. The product of the tallow tree also enters into the making of soap and the two together make a nice combination, and their cultivation should be looked after by those in new industries. Besides soap the soap berries make a very fine oil and when the virtues of the tallow tree are fully known it may also yield a fine and profitable oil. The young man who now plants out a ten or twenty acre orchard of these two trees may drop into an easy fortune.—Ocala Banner.

Flowers Without Foliage.

One of the most extraordinary flowers in cultivation is Hall's amaryllis, which reverses the order of nature by blooming in midsummer without any foliage. Ordinary bulbs bloom in summer but Hall's amaryllis suddenly appears out of the bare ground during the dry season.

This extraordinary plant has fragrant, rosy lilac flowers which are banded with yellow. In the spring the leaves make their growth, die down, and after a long interval of rest the flower stalks appear with the strange effect here described.—Garden Magazine.

Dogs Have Cancer.

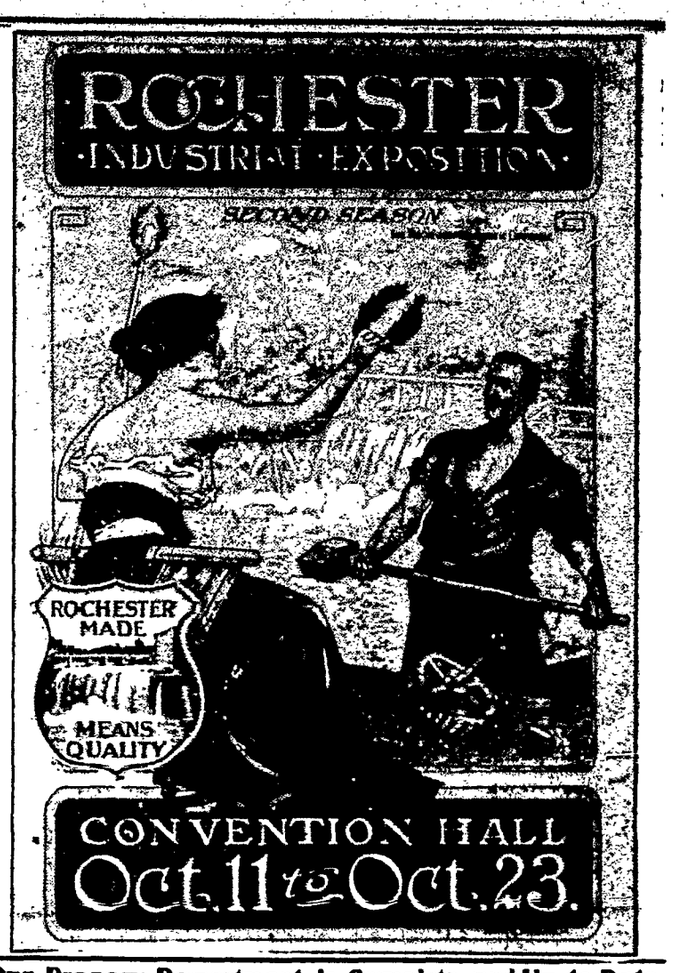
Among animals reptiles are practically the only species in which cancers have not been found, but it is the domesticated animals or those living in closest association with man that suffer most. Thus horses, cows, pigs, parrots, canary birds, cats, mice, rats—all these have cancer, and it is the closest animal associate of man, the dog, that is the most commonly afflicted. If all the lap dogs of Fifth avenue and our other fashionable quarters were examined a considerable proportion would be found to be afflicted with one or more malignant tumors.—McClure's Magazine.

Addition for a Lady.

She entered upon her stage life at the age of 15, had attained phenomenal success at 20. Ten years later she toured the States as a star. She was then 23. Eight years after she left the glare of the footlights, married, got a divorce and returned to her old love at 24. Notwithstanding the fact that her long career upon the boards (25 years) has left its mark on her face, she seems as ambitious and nimble at the head of her own company as she ever did. She is now 28.

Daily Thought.

A man is only happy when he believes himself to be so, in whatever way the proposition is turned, and no man believes himself so happy but what he might be happier.—F. Marion Crawford.



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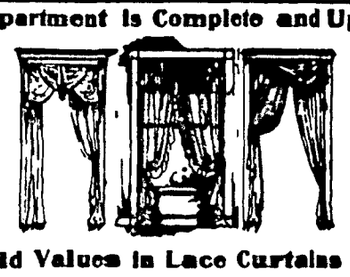

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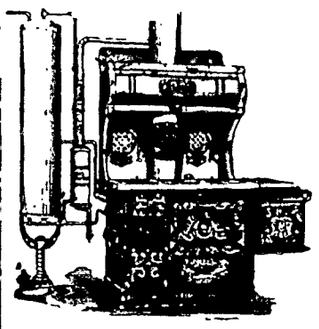

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