

For particulars as to the plan for pulverizing Russia see small Bill.

In taking leave of his girl a Chicago beau stole \$20 and a kiss. Even the kiss has not been recovered.

Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD is said to have received £18,000 for her novel "David Grieve," which weighs fully that much in pounds avoirdupois.

ENTHUSIASTIC Texans paraded with torches in honor of Jay Gould the other night. This seems to be a case of throwing light on a dark subject.

NEW YORK may have overlooked the fact that if there are really 2,000,000 people in that town the condition of the Grant monument fund is all the more discredit.

AN explorer desirous of eclipsing Columbus in the field of discovery would accomplish that feat if he could discover a single literary person not now engaged in writing a life of Columbus.

THE substitution of aluminum tokens for bank notes of small denominations is suggested by Sir Henry Bessemer. He says that they could be made in a fashion that would set at defiance all the arts of the forger, that the aluminum plate or coin would be agreeable to look at, clean to handle, and so light in proportion to its bulk that it could not be mistaken for silver. The suggestion is made to "the people of England," but whatever its value it would be equally applicable in this country.

If a man ventures much into what passes for cultured society he is hardly seated before some well-equipped individual inquires: Have you read this or that book? The impertinence of this kind of question as a matter of civility is evident, since it either calls upon the person questioned to confess ignorance or else lie. Speaking of this species of cultured incivility, a writer in Blackwood's Magazine remarks that there are published every year 20,000 standard volumes, all of which are worth reading. In order to be well up in books a man ought, then, to read at least fifty books a day.

THE Geographical Society of Paris has issued a bulletin written by M. Jules Marcou, describing the latest researches into the origin of the name "America." It is about seventeen years since that gentleman gave to the world his first noteworthy paper on the subject, and since then he has accumulated other material, all of which he claims points to the conclusion that there is no warrant for the generally received notion that the word is derived from the Christian name of Amerigo Vespucci. He makes the following points: 1. Amerique is the Indian name for the mountains between Juigalpa and Libertad, in the Province of Chontales, which separates Lake Nicaragua from the Mosquito coast. 2. The Christian name of Vespucci was indefinite. In Italy it was Alberio, the same in Spain, and in Latin it is Albericus. It is subject to many variations under different circumstances, as shown in the nomenclature of Italian and Spanish saints. But in neither of them is there any such variation—as Americus, Amerigo, Amerigo, or Alberio, and none of these is either a diminutive or variation in use in Italy, Spain or France for Alberio or Albert. 3. It is not to be found in any printed document or manuscript of incontestable authority dating before 1507, when the name was published by Jean Basin of Die. Further, there is no doubt that Columbus and Vespucci went along the Mosquito coast at the foot of the Sierra Amerique, and that the name was reported by the officers and men of those expeditions. In 1515 Schoener, the geographer, declared that the name was already popular in Europe. How far the deduction by Marcou is entitled to respect may be difficult to say. But it ought not to be forgotten that the memoir by Vespucci was published at Strasburg in 1505, which was some two years previous to the first of these dates. It may also be of interest to note in this connection that a New England investigator suggests the word America must have been derived from the name of Eric, who came to this country five centuries before Columbus voyaged hither. He thinks the name sound was prefixed to the name by the natives as a matter of doubt or hesitation, and the presence of the initial and final a can be accounted for by one person as easily by another.

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "Dr. Vetter's Love Affairs," "The Missing Ring," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER III

I reached the old tenement house and there, as usual, was that glorious shining face in the window. I passed up the broken and decayed walk, and into a long, narrow hall. I tapped lightly upon the first door to the right. "Enter." It was a low, pleasant voice and I liked the word "enter," it seemed to have dropped down from out the dim old Bible times. I opened the door and found myself in a plainly furnished but tidily kept room. Near one of the high front windows, in a very uncomfortable looking chair, was seated a girl with a dwarfed, misshapen body, and the face of a saint. Upon a table close beside her were materials for needle work of many devices and colors. She smiled as I approached her. "I am Edith Wilder," I explained. I do sewing about the city, and in going to and from my work have been attracted by something I saw, or fancied I saw, in your face, and that is why I am here."

"O, I do thank you so much for coming! I have been thinking about you for days. I saw you in my dream one night; the next morning you passed by. And I thank you too for the—," taking up the flowers. "But how strange that you should have brought me roses, I was named out of it to them, for I came to my mother when the roses—her best loved flowers—were in bloom. Rose Owens, that is the whole of it," she said, smiling, and motioning me to a chair near her. In our half hour of conversation, she gave a brief sketch of her life. Her father has been dead six years, her mother finds steady employment in a tailor shop. She has one brother, Dick, a boy of fourteen. The cause of her deformity is an affection of the spine, the result of a fall in her childhood. There are days of comparative comfort, when she can sit by the window and busy herself with trifles of exquisite needlework, for which she usually finds a ready sale. But there are other days full of a keen, torturing pain, of such suffering as cannot be put into words. I wonder at her patience, her cheer, her rare sweetness. As compared with Rose Owens's, how bright and full and free my own life seems. And yet there have been solitary places through which I have passed with weary feet and low cries for help. Has this frail, suffering girl been sent to aid me? He knows whose laws are written upon our human hearts.

On my first visit to Joyce, child though I was, I discovered a peculiar look on the face of Mrs. Volney that impressed me in an unpleasant manner; but now, with a keener sense of perception, this expression of harshness, marking the delicate cast of her features, takes more definite shape, and I seem to understand that it is the result of some bitter, relentless spirit warring continuously with the softer angels of her heart. Something, some other life it may be, presses upon her own, with the force of a lasting pain. I may never know what it is, for Mrs. Volney is a proud and reticent woman, but I do know that some secret dread shadows her life. Unmindful of these things, Joyce is very happy in the thought of school going; but more, I surmise, with the beautiful wardrobe which is being prepared for her.

We were in the sewing-room this morning, Mrs. Volney, Joyce and I, in earnest discussion over the make-up of a rich, wine-brown silk. "There is the postman, Joyce," said Mrs. Volney. "Go, please, and fetch the mail. My Fashion Journal comes today, and possibly we may find some novel design for your dress." Joyce was back in a moment, her hands full. "Mamma always has as much mail as the President," she said, laughing, lights, and laying letters and papers upon the table beside which Mrs. Volney was sitting.

"Yes, here is the Journal, you may examine it, Edith," said Mrs. Volney, tossing it in my lap. Then she uttered a stifled cry; her face was white with some strong emotion, her eyes were fixed upon the letter lying uppermost. I had never seen a letter bearing a fore and post-mark, but I knew intuitively that this one had come from across the sea. Without opening a word of excuse, she took the letter in her hand, and walked slowly to the room. "Mamma always acts just so strangely when she receives one of those great, horrid letters. We shall not see her again to-day, possibly not to-morrow." Joyce said, the frown deepening between her pretty brows. "How provoking! when I wanted so much to see that shimmering piece of silk transformed into a dress, and I should

not like you to cut it without her advice." "Do these letters come often?" I asked, ignoring the dress difficulty. It seemed such a trifle to me compared to Mrs. Volney's suffering. "No, once a year, perhaps. I wish there would never come another!" "Hush, Joyce! you do not know what you are saying. That may be a dreadful thing to wish." Mrs. Volney holds a secret in her life—a real heart secret and it sets her apart from all other women whom I have met. It is quite like a page out of some old romance.

Mrs. Volney came into the sewing-room this morning for the first time since the arrival of that mysterious letter. She took up the subject of Joyce's dress just where it had been left, with no word or sign—save face signs—to tell that she had suffered, or that the silence of hours lay between this talk of fashion and that other one. Joyce tells me that there is a door, leading into what must be a suite of rooms, just across the hall from her own, and which, to her knowledge, has never been opened since she has been one of Mrs. Volney's household.

"Oh, there is surely a skeleton in Mamma Volney's closet; but what care I, so long as I do not hear the rattling of its dry bones," so Joyce said one day, ending the words with one of her low, happy laughs. "But I care, and mingled with my pity for Mrs. Volney's sorrow is a vague feeling. That the shadow of this secret hangs about my own life; that those closed rooms contain something not unlike a dear pre-enclosed which my heart continually turns.

I am giving a little time at present to Edith Wilder and her necessities. Al- though I am busy from morning till late at night, yet it is such a free sort of labor, that it seems a delightful holiday. It is my own work, and I can drop it at any moment and go out into the old-fashioned flower garden among the birds and the blossoms; or I can gather up a bit of it and go down to Rose Owens's for a chat, hose is embroidering a satin cushion for Mrs. Volney, and she sits at her work in a very pretty new chair, in which she can wheel herself about from place to place without assistance.

I seem to have entered on a new phase of existence in having found a life to which my own has come as a respite from an almost unendurable loneliness. I have a larger home in the world; a vital interest in something outside the frame of my personal needs and desires; and I am beginning to understand that life has purpose beyond anything I had previously imagined. The chair in which Rose rests, even at her work, was bought with money I had laid a side, little by little, for the purchase of a handsome summer silk; but this sacrifice of my girlish vanity has come back to me full freighted with joy. For in a thousand ways those roses reveal her pleasure in its possession; and the rich, dark crimson making a pleasing foil to the delicate, blue-veined face, ministers to my love of artistic effects, and thus becomes a source of real enjoyment.

Edna, too, is taking a vacation, and we are crowding the days with work and books, with music and converse, and with such rare intervals of silence as can only fall between two people who thoroughly understand and love each other. And thus the summer is slipping away with such wonder of glory in its sunrise and sunset, such dreams in its flowers, such thrills in its winds and its voices.

Yesterday was my eighteenth birthday. Mrs. Benton did not forget and dropped down for us, Edna and I, very early in the morning. Mrs. Benton grows absolutely pretty with the flush of happiness upon her face and all its outlines rounded into curves. "What a great shining beauty of a horse," I said. "And what a love of a carriage" chimed in Edna's low voice, as she stretched amid its cushioned cushions. "Yes, my lady drives her own, in these days. Horse and carriage were Mr. Benton's latest gift."

Notwithstanding the lightness of her manner in uttering those words, I knew she felt a pleasurable pride in their possession. How could it be otherwise after those years of toil and privation? The dew was yet on the wayside grass as we rode along with brief interludes of dreams between the pleasant talks. Every tree and bush was jubilant with bird-song, and the low west wind passing through orchards of ripening fruit and over fields of late clover-blossoms came up to us laden with sweetness. Mrs. Benton drove to the little building midway between house and barn, which is her husband's office, and where she knew he would be waiting for her return.

He came out at sight of us with a merry greeting. Then from somewhere beyond the house we heard Charley's shout of joy, and in an instant he was beside us, with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair. "Oh, Dithy," pulling at my hand, "I want you to see old Goldie's chickens this minute, to come old Goldie's chickens!" I put the eggs under her my own self; and they're nicer—why, nicer than they had at the Fair in that in-bater, Dithy! But papa says, pr'aps they're all naughty little roosters." I laughed aloud to see the sudden drooping of his lip corners. "But the roosters are very pretty, I think," I replied by way of comfort. "Yes, to be sure, they're pretty enough, but then they don't lay no eggs. That's what I feel about."

of them, in their pretty new dresses, part feathers, part yellow down. "O, say, Dithy, but there's something nicer even than these! Guess what it is." His blue eyes sparkled, and the dimples came and went about the mysteriously puckered mouth.

"Oh, little ducks!" "No, indeed," with a superior smile. "A lamb?" "How his laugh rippled out. "Womans can't guess at all," he said superberly. "It's a whole nest of little cats. They're real splendid; and so funny, too, with their shut-up eyes. Right here in the wood-house they are, where they was born."

"Grandma thinks she has a claim upon Edith as well as you, dear," Mrs. Benton said, coming down the walk and stepping up behind him. "How brief the day seemed, and so brimming with happiness."

MONDAY MORNING. We have just had a call from Mrs. Jenkins, the old lady of whom we rent and who occupies the other part of the house. Most of the time she has a few boarders—young, unmarried men—more, I think, that her life may not drop into utter stillness than from any pecuniary reasons.

"I have a new boarder," she said after a few moments, "and a fine young man he is, too. Perhaps you've noticed him?" "Why, no; at least I have not," Edna replied. "He is Dr. Brownlow," she proceeded to enlighten us, "a partner of Dr. Bates. He seems quite delighted with your music—sings sometimes himself, I take it—and if you do not object I should like to come in with him sometime to hear you play and sing."

"I shall certainly be delighted to entertain in my very best manner, both your self and Dr. Brownlow, when you know him a little better, replied, Edna. "Do you think I would take a young man into my house, who was not perfectly respectable?" was Mrs. Jenkins's austere rejoinder. "I have known his family for years, and they are as good as any in the country."

"I intended to write, Mrs. Jenkins, and send you a note to say, why you come now with the doctor at any time you please." "You're entirely boxed off by it, must be contented. I don't you, perhaps we may call to-morrow evening." "Fred Hammond is a traveling man now; consequently we see him only at long intervals. "I am really glad of his absence," Edna said one night when we were out in the flower garden. We were standing by a bed of Anemone's and white lilies as she spoke, and the moonlight lay heavy with their softness. "I am finishing out that lily vine with my very self. In fact, it is quite a comfortable sensation."

"Ben I, too, am glad," I made answer. "And do you know, Edna, I have a conception that a noble, true woman has no right to give her love (which is the very best thing she has to give), into the keeping of a trifler—a man who prizes it only while the newness lasts?" "But these lilies bloom and exhale their sweet breath, whether one pause to admire, or passes them by unheeding." "A flower is only a senseless thing; back of its beauty and its odor lies no strong, subtle will that can do, or undo it. It must obey the law of its nature, and bloom."

"And a woman must obey the law of her nature and love." Oh, Edith, you do not understand!" Her face was hidden among the lilies, but there was a sound of tears in her voice. "Tear amid the sweetness of that wide, warm night! No, I do not understand."

TUESDAY AFTERNOON. Man proposes, and things happen as they will. This evening Dr. Brownlow was to have called; but Edna precipitated the crisis, and he came this afternoon instead. It was only a misstep, a trifling fall, but it resulted in a sprained wrist. Edna fainted. I ran for Mrs. Jenkins; Dr. Brownlow had just risen from a late dinner—and that was how it happened. I noticed in what a skillful yet tender manner he lathered and bandaged the round white wrist. Edna endured in silence until the last bandage was adjusted; and then began to tremble, and as she lay back among the pillows I placed upon the couch for her, sobbed like a hurt child. "Let her cry," said the Doctor in a gentle voice, it will do her good. I will call again before evening," and with Mrs. Jenkins he withdrew from the room.

"There, I've made a mess of it, have I not?" said Edna after a little, and with a low, nervous laugh. "Well, I rather think you have." "How did he look, Edith?" "Who?" with assumed surprise in the rising inflection of my voice. "Why, the Doctor, of course." "Oh, well, he looked out of a pair of luminous blue eyes, and his hands were white, and strong, and well trained. That is all I remember." "And his voice is something to dream about!" Edna exclaimed, with a smile and a vivid flush. Then she turned her face away from me and was still. I passed into our pretty sleeping room and left her alone with her dreams. "Should like all labor be let us alone. Time drives onward fast, and in a little while our lips are dumb. Let us alone."

SEPTEMBER 2. The Doctor seems to be unmindful of the fact that Edna's wrist no longer requires professional treatment, or at least his calls do not cease. Brief visits as a rule, full of jest and laughter; with an occasional evening of music and talks, that drift on and on, into the deeper streams of life—the two getting very

often beyond my depths and least interested, but silent. Edna has gained a force of character by contact with the world unknown to a young woman. It is easily seen the Doctor is surprised at her acceptions, her ready application of principles, her knowledge of the world and its ways. He seems to delight leading her on from some trifling leading into a discussion which soon deepens into deeper significance. She brings every inch of the ground with a tenacity that calls forth his best effort, and her clearness of vision leads her into false paths.

From my vantage ground of observation I am studying these two, who consciously have dropped into a close, unobtrusive intimacy. They have each a possession, a similarity of tastes, do, which gives life to a peculiar cast of the soul. Some far-reaching fate has drawn them together. I have my dreams for them. Mr. Hammond called one evening, found the Doctor ahead of him, and seemed at once to comprehend the situation, and like a wise tactician, quietly withdrew.

A distance of many miles lies between Joyce and me, for the first time in a long life. She clung to me a little at first. "Dear old Dithy," she said, "I'm afraid I shall miss you sadly." "That was all—but it was something coming from Joyce."

SEPTEMBER 12. Something a little out of the ordinary way came into my life to-day. I stayed two weeks I have been sewing at Mrs. Courtney's. She is a very pleasant lady, with graceful, high-bred ways—a woman "to the manner born," who has been known one ungratified desire which money could procure. She has but one child—a son—and he is just returned from an after college tour, a brief European trip. "He is the handsomest, great darling in the world," his mother said the day of his arrival, "and such spirits as he possesses! No one can remain sad for five consecutive minutes where Leon is. There has been such a sense of desolation brooding over our home during his absence. And now to have him back again, is like coming into a paradise."

At times during these days I have heard him passing along the hall with a quick, easy tread, and whistling softly to himself from some opera, or singing in a rich, full voice the words of some old, tender love-song. Very often I have listened to the sound of his voice from the rooms below in converse with his mother and the many friends who daily come and go; and no voice among them is so melodious in intonation, no laugh rings out so free, careless and happy as his own.

From my work of silence I have speculated about him. Not, however, after the manner of most girls, for so gleams of romance has colored my dreams; but I considered his past, hedged in by love, every want supplied, every taste gratified. I thought of his present; of his strong young manhood with its carapaces of refining influences; its temptation to drop into a narrow, selfish, servile existence. I wondered did his soul possess any latent forces that would enable him, if need be, to fight for place and power; or would even the attributes, which now make the charm of his life, be destroyed if he were exposed to such fierce flames as many men and women travel through daily.

Mrs. Courtney was out shopping this afternoon. The house was therefore very quiet, and I was busy with my work—a lovely mauve colored satin—and my fancies, when suddenly the silence was broken by the swift rush of feet up the broad, softly-carpeted stairs. Forward came the foot-steps through the wide hall and into the very room where I sat at work.

["TO BE CONTINUED."] A Sugar Warfare Promised. NEW YORK, April 11.—In speaking of the wholesale grocers' project to build an independent refinery on Staten Island, Mr. John E. Seales, secretary and treasurer of the American Sugar Refining Company, said: "We do not fear the new combination. Arrangements can be made whereby we can open agencies and supply the retail direct." The indications are that a warfare will be begun which will greatly cheapen sugar for consumers.

Will support Gresham and Polk. CINCINNATI, April 11.—Deputy Supreme Master Workman Cavanaugh, who has returned from Philadelphia, says that the conference of K. of L. leaders in that city resulted in a determination to support Judge Gresham for President, and Polk of North Carolina for Vice-President. It is stated that Judge Gresham strongly intimated that if a modified platform was adopted he would accept the Third Party nomination.

To Bless Flour for Russia. NEW YORK, April 11.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, will bless a shipment of 250,000 pounds of flour on the Lunan line dock, pier 43, North River, to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. The shipment of flour is to be sent to the Russian sufferers by famine by the "Red Star" steamship Conemaugh.

A Respite for a Murderer. HARRISBURG, Pa., April 11.—William H. Painton, who murdered Mrs. Strominger in York County last summer in an attempt at robbery, has been granted a respite until June 16 next by Gov. Pattison. He was to be hanged next Thursday. At the next meeting of the Board of Pardons application will be made for the commutation of the death penalty to imprisonment for life.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN. OF THE PRESS.

Similar Face—More Likely a Bill for \$100—Cold Comfort—Her Military Admirer, Etc., Etc.

A FAMILIAR FACE. —So you've been out West. Did you have a nice time? —Only so-so. I went to a party last night in Denver expecting to have a good time, but there was only one familiar face in the room.

—Who was it? Some friend's from East? —Yes. It belonged to a clock made in Connecticut. (Detroit Free Press.)

MORE LIKELY A BILL FOR \$100. —Dingling (looking up from the newspaper)—When mendacious reporters count stories they ought at least to make them somewhat probable. —Dingling—Well? —Dingling—Here's a paragraph which reads that a poet in Omaha has been sued by handling a \$100 bill. A poet, mind you. (Jestor.)

COLD COMFORT. —Mr. Sloop—To—tell the truth, I'm a little afraid to—ask you—after your hand. —Miss Charge—Oh, you needn't worry. I say I am ruinously extravagant. —New York Weekly.

HER SOLDIERY ADMIRER. —Miss Litchhead has a world of confidence in you. —Yes, she has. —"Has she any admirers?" —"One when she is awake."

FOR OTHERS, NOT HIMSELF. —"Bonnie looks very seedy these days. —Yes, but he expects to sell the manuscript of the book he is writing to-night to get him good clothes." —"What is the title of his book?" —"From Indigence to Affluence, or How to Become a Plutocrat."

—Why doesn't he try some of his directions on himself? —"I shall! Doctors never take their own prescriptions." (New York Press.)

DID NOT KILL THE BILL. —Old Lady Tetro is one thing, but she is particularly about that you mean who calls to see you. He seems to have an inborn, instinctive respect for women. He treats every woman as though she was a being from a higher sphere, to be approached only with the utmost delicacy and deference. —Granddaughter, sweet eighteen! —Yes, he's horridly bashful. (New York Weekly.)

ANSWERING THE SAME PURPOSE. —Binge—I wish you would try some alcohol on this coat and see if you can get some of the spots out. —Mrs. Binge—There isn't any alcohol left, but you might breathe on it. (Clothes and Furrier.)

A SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION. —Mrs. Younghusband—And you'll spend the money for that purpose? —Mrs. Younghusband—Why need I ask? Isn't all my money yours, sweet? —Mrs. Younghusband—But I don't earn it, dearest. —Mrs. Younghusband (tenderly)—No, er—but you help me to spend it, ling.

A RAT'S DOG. —"What the deuce did you sell me that dog for?" exclaimed an irate purchaser coming into a fancier's shop. —"I don't remember," responded the dealer politely, "but I think I sold you for \$10."

—That's exactly what you did, and said he was excellent for rats." —"Isn't he?" inquired the inquisitive dealer. —"No, he isn't worth a cuss. He'll get away from him every time." —"Well, isn't that excellent for you, and the dealer, and the questioner, and the purchaser who once and walked out." (Detroit Free Press.)

SOMEWHAT QUALIFIED. —Little girl—Did you ever see a little boy? —No. —"Didn't you ever, really?" —"No." —"That's queer. Everybody has ghosts." —"Everybody?" —"Well, I don't mean that exact nearly everybody has known people have heard of people who have ghosts."

WHAT IT WAS ABOUT. —Neighbor—What is all that about over at your place? —Johnny Pegstraw—Willie pulled a jug of molasses on himself in the try this morning, and as is comb hair. (New York Sun.)

THE NATURAL CONCLUSION. —Editor (of monthly magazine reading the manuscript)—Your article has great literary merit. —Author (of poem in a voice of awe)—Then of course you can't read it. (Chicago Tribune.)

A CHANGE OF BASE. —Featherstone—What are you doing now, Uncle? —A living now, Uncle? —"Uncle Ebony"—I's gone into goods business, and Featherstone—What are you walking? —The shop is gone.