

THAT SUIT CASE.

Ruth Kenyon was talking earnestly to the girl who sat next her in the train from Northampton one June day. "No; everything is over between John Baker and me," she was saying vehemently. "Frances, I sent that gentleman an invitation to the junior prom, two months ago, and he not only never answered the letter, but went to the prom. with another girl. Such rudeness! I've sent back all his presents and never want to see him again. But, for that matter, I suppose I shall as I get home. He lives just next door and always goes home as soon as college is out."

"Why, Ruth," suddenly ejaculated her friend, looking out of the window. "Here's your station. Hurry, dear, or you'll be late. Good-by, and we'll meet again at Smith in September."

"Poor John Baker, Jr. I pity him when they meet," she added to herself, as she watched Ruth seize her umbrella and suit case and hurry off the car.

Farrington, the driver of the old yellow coach that connected the little out-of-the-way town of Thordale with the rest of the world, was looking up and down the platform. His old eyes brightened when he saw Ruth. "Ben hopin' yer'd come on that train," he cried, taking her baggage checks. "Jump right in. There's only one other passenger and I reckon you know him."

He opened the coach door and the girl stepped in. With a crack of the whip they were off, almost before Ruth had time to recognize in her fellow-passenger—John Baker, Jr.

"Good evening," she said, coldly. "Good evening," was his equally chilly reply. John Baker became at once absorbed in the evening's news. The coach jolted on over hills and hollows.

"Pears to me," remarked old Farrington, putting his head in the window, "ye ain't got so much to say to each other as usual. Your folks go in' to meet yer at the village, Miss Ruth?"

"They don't expect me tonight," Ruth answered brightly. "But Jerry always

ed a perspiring brow and gave up in despair.

The walk seemed endless, but at last the Kenyon house appeared at the end of a long pasture, which was separated from the road by a high stone wall. Before John Baker noticed what she was going to do, Ruth had turned, placed her suit case on top of the wall and climbed up herself.

How it happened neither of them never clearly knew. Instantly there was a rolling sound, a crash, and a moment later John was over the wall lifting the girl's prostrate figure from the ground. In his excitement he forgot everything except that the girl he loved lay motionless before him.

"Ruth," he cried brokenly, "are you hurt badly? Speak, dear!" At his words she staggered to her feet. "I'm not hurt much. That case made me slip," she said, but her lips were pale and trembling. "Thank you," she added, as he handed her a letter which lay on the ground where she had fallen. In the bright moonlight she read the address written in her own handwriting, Mr. John Baker, Jr., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

"John!" she cried, suddenly facing him. "Light a match." And a minute later, "John Baker," she sobbed, "it was all my fault. I thought you weren't a gentleman for not answering my invitation to the junior promenade, when I never mailed the letter. It must have been in that suit case all this time. Can we ever be friends again, John?"

"No," said he, springing forward with a cry of joy. "We can't be simply friends. It's got to be something more than friends this time, Ruth."

John Baker paused on his front doorstep before going in that night to look up at a bright light in the house next door. "Poor girl, she did hurt herself," he said gently. "And it was all on account of that plaguey suit case. But I was desperate, and it gave me a chance to tell her how I feel about us two, anyway." He laughed softly, then opened the door and went in.—Boston Post.

HIS OWN DEATH NOTICE.

It Didn't Exactly Flatter the Concealed Man.

"Some people are so crazy to see their names in print," said an amateur cynic the other day, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "that they would be willing to die if they could only read their death notices." "Did you ever actually know of a case of that kind?" asked an old reporter in the group. "I can't say I ever did," replied the amateur cynic. "Well, I have," said the reporter. "The star actor in the little affair was a lumberman, and a pretty well-known lumberman, too. He doesn't live hereabouts now, and I suppose it would be safe to tell the story. This lumberman conceived the idea he was a very valuable and popular citizen in the community where he lived. The hallucination was unshared by any of his fellow-beings, but it had such a firm hold on his mind that on one occasion, when he was in New York, he decided to wire home that he had been found dead, merely to get a chance to peruse the eulogies he felt certain would appear in the local papers. He intended, of course, to telegraph later on that it was all a mistake. Well, he sent the first message, signing some fictitious name, and awaited developments. In a couple of days the local papers came to hand, and when he read them he nearly had a fit. They had at once adopted the theory that he died from the results of a big spree and printed a spicy resume of his past career to support the hypothesis. They also intimated that the community could struggle along very nicely without him. After he had digested these pleasing tributes he concluded not to send the other telegram, but to return in person and pay his respects to the editors. I have forgotten now which licked, but the affair was the talk of the section for months and effectually cured the lumberman of any hungering for newspaper notoriety. By the way, this yarn is letter true. The incident occurred in Texas."

Something About Shoe Laces.

It seems ridiculous to think that fashion regulates even the sort of shoe laces one wears, but it does to a certain extent at least. The very smartest shoe lace is wide, the wider the better, is of silk, and most notable of all, has no metal tags at the ends. The strings should be tied in a large bow and the ends allowed to hang out, when the footwear gives all possible evidence of being up-to-date. They look very pretty, these laces, but one wonders what their effect would be on the temper if, tipless as they are, they had to be laced and unlaced whenever the shoes were assumed. Happily they are used only in low footwear, and are so long that they may be loosened sufficiently to allow the foot to slip out, so this trial to the temper is avoided.

Whisky for Powder.

Among the principal consumers of corn whiskey is the British government, which used 124,000 gallons last year in the manufacture of smokeless powder.

MYSTERY OF JOHANN ORTH.

His Mother Died Believing Her Son to Be Alive.

The saddest episode is that known as the mystery of Johann Orth, one of the most remarkable romances in the dynastic history of Europe in this century, says the Strand Magazine. The Archduke John Salvator of Tuscany, a nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph, had fallen in love with an actress and singer, Ludmilla Hubel, whom he married in spite of all family opposition, renouncing at the same time all his rights, privileges and rank and assuming the name of Orth, after one of his castles. The romantic marriage was celebrated secretly, but in a perfectly legal manner, by the registrar of Islington, and was witnessed by the consul-general of Austria in London. Johann Orth next bought in 1891 a fine ship in Liverpool, which he renamed Santa Margarita; and so anxious was he to guard against the vessel being recognized that he stipulated that all drawings and photographs of it should be handed over to him, and these he burned with his own hands. Moreover, he caused all portraits and negatives of himself and his wife to be bought up at any price, and these were likewise destroyed. We are giving here only absolute facts. Shortly afterward the arch-archduke and his wife set sail for South America, and the vessel was duly reported to have arrived at Montevideo and departed for a destination unknown. But from that moment every trace was lost of the ship and all on board, no news as to her fate having ever been heard, although many a search has been made along the coast by order of the emperor of Austria and his government. Adventurers and treasure-seekers have been at work, as it was well known that Johann Orth had on board over a quarter of a million pounds in specie; it is believed that he intended to have bought an estate in Chile with the money, and to have settled there, but that the vessel foundered off Cape Horn during a terrific storm, which raged off the coast shortly after the ship had left. From time to time since then the most startling rumors have been set afloat about the missing prince having turned up, one being that he had been one of the leaders of the Chilean rebellion, having divided his treasure among his crew, burned his ship, landed on a lonely coast, etc. His own mother, who died only a few months ago, believed her son alive to her very last hour, and expected his return. The Swiss government is of a very different opinion, and assumed the death of the archduke, and paid over to Frau Orth's next of kin a large amount of money, which Johann Orth deposited, as a settlement for his wife, with the Swiss authorities before his departure, and there is little doubt that the Santa Margarita lies at the bottom of the sea, and that all on board perished.

Racing for a Wife.

In Lapland the crime which is punished most severely next to murder is the marrying of a girl against the express wishes of her parents. When a suitor makes his appearance he says nothing to the girl, nor does she often know who he is, but her parents inform her that her hand has been applied for. Then on a day appointed, the girl, her parents and friends, meet together and sit at meat, with the suitor and his intended opposite to one another, so that they can view each other's faces and converse freely. When the feast is over the company repair to an open space, where "the race for a wife" is to be run. The usual distance is about a quarter of a mile, and the girl is placed a third of the distance in advance of the starting point. If she be fleet of foot, and does not care for the suitor, she can easily reach the goal first, and if she accomplishes this, he may never trouble her again. If, on the other hand, she wishes to have him for a husband, she has only to lag in her flight, and so allow him to overtake her. If she be particularly struck with him and would signify to him that his love is returned she can run a short distance, then stop, and turn, and invite him with open arms.

The Kaiser Writes an Oratorio Book.

The current number of "Le Menestrel" is responsible for the statement that the German emperor has blossomed forth in one more direction. This time he has written the libretto of a religious oratorio which will be produced at Berlin in the autumn. It is not stated whether the Kaiser will compose the music for his poem. It is at any rate certain that among his multifarious journeyings and occupations he cannot have had time to study music theoretically or thoroughly. We still have memories of his fearsome "Hymn to Aegir" introduced to this country, with dolorous effect, by Hayden Coffin. But "Le Menestrel" is generally correct.—The London Mail.

Then He Knew.

Professor (describing ancient Greek theater) "And it had no roof." Junior (sure he has caught the professor in a mistake) "What did they do, sir, when it rained?" Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing a moment) "They got wet, sir."—Stray Stories.

SAYS EARTH IS ROUND

AND HE MAY BE THROWN INTO PRISON.

Sad Condition of Affairs in England—Sir John Gorst Accused of Intention to Teach False Precepts—City of Portsmouth Excited.

It is painful to read that Sir John Gorst, the head of the British educational department, is in serious trouble and has been threatened by Mr. Ebenezer Breach and other taxpayers of the city of Portsmouth, in the kingdom of England, with prosecution under the "imposters' act." It seems that the schools of Portsmouth have been teaching the damnable and heretical doctrine that the earth is a sphere. Sir John's attention has been called to this dissemination of seditious and treasonable doctrine, but he has refused to correct the abuse. Ebenezer and his friends know, of course, that the earth is as flat as a pancake. They have been patient with Sir John, and day after day have allowed the false teaching regarding the shape of the earth to go on, but can stand it no longer, they say, to see their children corrupted with this most "heretical doctrine," as the complainants call it in this protest. Sir John Gorst has many political enemies, and even his political friends do not always agree with him; but the depth of his depravity was not known until he was unmasked by Mr. Ebenezer Breach and his friends. Sir John may cavort about parliament and deceive some people, but when he runs up against a body of respectable British taxpayers, the bulwarks of the throne and the guardians of the constitution, it is another matter. Such new-fangled ideas as that of the earth being a sphere he may impose upon the frivolous persons who riot in the ungodly city of London, but not upon the taxpayers of Southampton. Ebenezer and his friends mean business, and have served formal notice upon the Portsmouth school board that the teaching that the earth is a sphere "cannot be allowed to continue under any circumstances, plea or explanation whatever," and that it must be abandoned under pain of the "punishment for schism by the law provided." After having stamped out the dastardly doctrine in the schools of Southampton, the committee announce that they will next go up to London and bring the London school board before the courts, being well advised and informed that the same doctrine regarding the shape of the earth is also taught in the London schools. Sir John, meantime, is to be brought to court and prosecuted under the "imposters' act" aforesaid. Now, the "imposters' act" is a part of the British constitution, probably no one knows what is, and what is not a part of that nebulous thing—and provides certain pains and penalties, such as forfeiture of estate and burning at the stake, if recalcitrant. Ebenezer and his friends are worthy and reputable citizens and mean business. If necessary they will light the fires of Smithfield again for the wicked Sir John. At last accounts Sir John was still at large, and so was Ebenezer.

Women of the Orient.

A recent visitor to the Philippines says that some of the women of the island are remarkably pretty, having big, languishing eyes, and an abundance of long hair. They fasten up with a big gold pin and then adorn with flowers. They do not wear hats, but use sunshades, and do so very coquettishly; they wear very dainty shoes, but do not wear stockings. They are distinguished by grace of figure and movement, though according to our ideas not especially by refinement of habits, for both women and children smoke huge cigars and indulge in betel chewing. It is their custom to keep the thumb nail of the right hand very long, as this assists them in playing their favorite instrument, the guitar. The use of the fan originated in China and sprang from the following incident: A royal princess, very beautiful, was assisting at the feast of lanterns, her face covered with a mask, as usual. The excessive heat compelled her to remove it, and in order to guard her features from the common gaze she moved it quickly to and fro in front of her face, thus simultaneously hiding her charms and cooling her brow. The idea was at once adopted throughout the kingdom.

How to Get Beer in Wales.

The well-known attorney, J. Willis Gleed of Topeka, is going to Wales on business, and Howell Jones has been instructing Mr. Gleed "how to ask for two glasses of beer in Welsh." This is the proper version: "Byddwch maringedig a dyfod a dau wydrïad o diod oredd sydd genych."—Kansas City Journal.

No Trouble at All.

Grimes—I should think it would be awfully hard to write a sea tale. Tinson—Not at all. You only want to speak of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand and to say that the boat was as far off as you could toss a biscuit.—Boston Transcript.

A MUMMY MYSTERY.

Remains Found of Woman of Gigantic Proportions.

There has just come into the possession of the Historical society of Kansas a most interesting and remarkable relic of the days when giants trod the earth. The relic consists of the mummified body of a woman of gigantic proportions, in whose arms are clasped the remains of an infant. The bodies were found in a cave in the Yosemite valley. There was no clew to the age of the mummy, and so far no authority on archaeological subjects has been bold enough to go on record with an opinion regarding the probable time in the earth's history when the mother and babe were living beings. The information so far gathered is somewhat meager, although those most interested in the matter are doing their best to arrive at some plausible theory. Here is the signed statement of the historical society, which throws as much light on the subject as it is possible to obtain at present: "We have no history of the relic, excepting that G. F. Martindale, whose home is at Scranton, Osage county, Kan., left it as a temporary deposit with the Historical society. He reported it as having been found by a party of prospectors in a cave in the Yosemite valley, in California. He says he is endeavoring to trace its history. Our best local authorities on matters of this kind are uncertain as to the probable origin of the relic. The mummy is 6 feet 8 inches in length, 14½ at the shoulders, and 18 inches across from elbow to elbow, appearing very narrow for the height. There is a necklace about the neck, consisting of perhaps a leather cord, in which two or three slender white teeth are inserted. Coarse black hair shows in the wrapping about the neck. The shroud has the appearance of a very thin piece of buckskin, badly worn and frayed about the edges, covering the head like a hood, and enveloping the greater part of the body. It seems to have been divided below the knee and drawn up about the leg and laced at the foot and ankle. The color of the mummy is a dusty gray, much like an old chamois skin, which has been wet and long exposed to weather and where the flesh is exposed it presents the appearance of old putty."—Pittsburg News.

THE FLAIL.

Its Sound Has Departed from Nearly All the Farms.

The sound of the flail has departed from nearly all the farmsteads and the calling of the thrasher has gone with it, says Notes and Queries. Yet for some time after harvest was over there was no more familiar sound in the country places than the "thud! thud!" of the flails as they fell upon and beat out the grain on the barn-threshing floors. There remain, however, some sayings in which "like the thrasher" occurs, but the use of these grows less and less. A short time ago some friends were in a country place where a part of the thrashing is done with the flail. A couple of the implements were hanging on the barn wall and a heap of straw was on the floor. The use of the flail was explained and demonstrated for the benefit of those who had never seen this "weapon" of husbandry. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the sayings, "Sings like a thrasher" and "Works like a thrasher," came from that occupation, and are "as old as Adam." "It looks easy enough; that can't be very hard work," said one of the company, a remark which led to the flail being put into his hands for a try at the "easy work." One swing was enough for the amateur, for to other end" caught him "a friendly whack" which probably he will remember to the end. It also doubtless impressed upon his memory that "working like a thrasher" as he had done had not led to "singing like a thrasher." "You'll get a good flailing." Has any reader seen the flail employed as an effective weapon? When used by an old hand there is no standing against it.

More Magnificent Than Niagara.

A correspondent writing in The Spectator says the Gersoppa falls, on the Sharavatti river, in South Kanara, India, are larger and more magnificent than Niagara. He says: "The river is 250 yards wide; the clear fall is 830 feet. The Gersoppa falls in the rainy season are incomparably finer than Niagara in every respect. The roar of the falling waters is simply terrific; the whole earth shakes, and the thunder is so great that it completely drowns the human voice. When I visited Niagara and told my American friends about Gersoppa they replied with polite incredulity, 'We never heard of Gersoppa.' I replied, 'Make your minds easy; the people at Gersoppa have never heard of Niagara.' If Niagara could see Gersoppa she would wrap her head in a mist."

Slaughter of Birds.

One million five hundred and thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight is the precise number of birds estimated by the British consul in Venezuela to have been killed last year to provide cigarettes for ladies' hats.

Weight of Packing Hogs.

We are told and impressed by the authorities in the provision trade that there is no possible chance that heavy hogs will be in favor for a considerable time. If ever, again, says Texas Stock Journal. This view we are informed is based upon the requirements of consumers and the retail and export trade. Formerly a packing hog was heavy at 350 to 450 pounds; now packing hogs are considered heavy at 50 to 250 pounds. Packers get all the lard they can possibly handle without buying a single lard hog. The best marketable weight now is about 150 pounds, and the best all-around porker does not exceed 225 pounds, although that weight is too heavy to-day to sell well. Farmers who make their hogs too heavy to suit the buyers must expect to get low prices, as the light weights bring the most money. The sides are manipulated into breakfast bacon, canvassed and sold for 8 to 10 cents per pound, shoulders converted into "California hams" and retailed for 10 cents per pound; the hams are small and sell readily for 12½ cents, and some with an extra finishing touch retail for as much as 15 cents per pound. Then, isn't it strange, taking into consideration the above facts, that our farmers and feeders will continue to feed after their pigs are thoroughly ripe for market, while with every breath the packer is saying to them, "If you feed another feed, I'll dock you." What is to their interest, the same is to our interest. Then it behooves us to reach out for quick, growthy, fatten at any age pig, and six months after the pig is fattened turn him over to the packers, who in return will pay you more than if you had fed it seven months, so far as profit is concerned.

Langshans

J. W. Wale, in an address before Missouri poultry-raisers, said:

I have a friend who has been raising Light Brahmas for several years and has been very successful in the big shows with them, who told me last year that he used to think no fowl laid as well in winter as the Light Brahma, but after trying the Langshan for four years he said they laid a great deal better in the winter than the Brahmas. He also said he did not believe there was any kind of a fowl in the United States that equaled the Langshan as a winter layer.

Judge C. A. Emry, after breeding them with several kinds for about fourteen years, says they are the best winter layers of any he has tried. I could name a number of others who have tried them with other fowls as egg producers and whose testimony would be in favor of the Langshan. There are but few instances where the testimony is the other way. As sitters I don't think I have found as good in any other breed. They do not get frightened while being handled; very seldom break their eggs, and as a rule are not hard to break from sitting. They are good mothers, but a great many wean their chicks too soon, but they go to laying as soon as the chicks are weaned.

The Langshans are very hardy, do not bag down at 2 or 3 years old and become worthless. I have some Langshan hens that were hatched nearly five years ago, and they are some of the best layers, sitters and mothers on the place.

Transmitted Equine Infirmities.

Hereditary entailment is not confined to deformity, says Newark Call. It is now certain that all defects are transmissible and that accidental deformities frequently become perpetuated in the progeny. But it is not alone physical deformity that may be entailed. Habits, peculiarity of temper, behavior, and many singularities are transmitted with unerring certainty. Few trotting sires or trotting dams produce speed uniformly, but the trotting instinct and the disposition to do nothing but trot is so strongly hereditary in so large a proportion of the progeny that the absence forms the exception to the rule. The whole problem of heredity presents the most interesting phenomena. The lessons that are being learned from the wonders it presents to the material universal are of incalculable value to the scientific breeder. To him heredity has a wide significance. He takes advantage of the hereditary tendencies toward good qualities and works from those that bring bad forms and compromising progeny.

Exercise the Young Pigs.—It frequently happens that at this season of the year, or earlier, when the brood sow is too fat that the young pigs become very fat and victims to the thumps, a disease which, like cholera, is practically incurable, says Wallace's Farmer. Unlike cholera, however, it is not difficult to avoid and the method is not medicine, but by compelling them to take exercise. Drive the sow out of her lot and compel the little fellows to go with her. Take off excessively fattening food, let her have plenty of grass, oats, bran and exercise and thumps will not trouble them. One likes to admire those sleek fat fellows that would make the mount of an epicure water and bring to remembrance the gentle Eli's essay on roast pig, but it is not profitable to indulge in such dreams. Better take a whip and give those bloated milk holders some exercise.



"RUTH," HE CRIED, "ARE YOU BADLY HURT?"

comes down about this time for the mail, and I shall ride back with him."

"John goin' with yer?"

"If he likes," she said, stiffly.

"I shall walk tonight. I'm not going directly home," came decidedly from John Baker, buried behind his paper.

"Oho!" said old Farrington, softly. He shook his head once or twice, but said no more. "Don't see your wagon hereabouts, Miss Ruth," he ventured to remark as he handed down her suit case at the end of the route.

"It will be right along, and I'm in no hurry."

And she sat down on the postoffice steps to wait. John Baker strode off without a word.

The minutes passed, but no wagon came. After a time the postmistress came to the door. "You ain't waiting for your Jerry, I hope, Miss Kenyon," she said, "for he said this morning he wasn't coming down again today."

"Thank you," replied the girl, with rather a vexed laugh. "Then I must walk." She picked up her suit case and started down the long, dusty road. The spirits of our college girl drooped as she pattered on in the hot summer twilight, from time to time shifting from one hand to the other her heavy dress suit case. She began to think resentfully of all she had crammed into it at the last moment, particularly of seventeen different photographs of the same Yale junior, all of them dated before that junior prom.

Then there was a sharp step behind her. Looking quickly back, she confronted—John Baker.

"Ruth!" he said, angrily, "they told me you had started, so I followed. This is no place for a girl to be alone." He glanced about, at the gathering darkness. "Let me carry that suit case; it's too heavy for you."

Ruth Kenyon suddenly straightened like a ramrod, and her eyes flashed, but she made no answer. John Baker's wrath blazed higher. "Miss Kenyon, I must find out what all this outrageous treatment of me means. I will not stand it any longer."

"I will not discuss the matter now, Mr. Baker," she broke in. Baker wip-