

A CHANCE DELAY

By Lady Johnson.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.] At this intelligent and both ladies looked at each other. Phyllis, between a nervous dread of his displeasure and an inward conviction that her conduct, however unjustifiable from a conventional point of view, had been guilty of real impropriety, burst into tears. Miss Caroline came toward her. "Do not distress yourself, my child. I quite believe it to have been purely accidental, and perhaps you did not stay to consider whether it was judicious to put yourself under obligations to a perfect stranger. I think, Mary, turning to her sister, "we must overlook it this time," and bending her head down they conversed in an undertone. Then Miss Fenton, regarding Phyllis a trifle less severely, said: "We are willing to believe your conduct to have been unintentionally indiscreet, but it argues a most unusual ignorance of the usages of society. However, in consideration of your straightforward explanation and—the recommendation of Mrs. Alfred, we will consider it simply a want of knowledge of the world; but I need hardly remind you that any doubt we may be led to entertain in the future as to the absolute propriety of your conduct will be treated with the utmost severity, and, as though to intimate that the subject was ended, she drew toward her a lesson chart and proceeded to instruct the new teacher in her several duties. Mrs. Alfred's pretty drawing-room had never looked more invitingly cozy than on a February afternoon some three weeks later, as that lady drew her chair up to the fire and prepared for a pleasant "tete-a-tete" with her nephew, who had just arrived from a house in the neighboring county. "It is good of you to come back to me, Alec," Captain Cleveland smiled as he answered: "Did I not tell you I should turn up again, like the proverbial bad penny?" "Charming." "The Dawsons were there?" "Yes." "Their father is very well? He will give them something handsome when they marry. Now is your time! They are sure to be picked up directly, pretty and rich as they are." Captain Cleveland shook his head. "Seriously, Alec, have you never thought of settling down?" A slighter shake of the head, and an amused smile. "Well, I am no advocate, as you know of marrying for money, but you are past thirty, and as your time is up in India, I thought you might—"

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BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Armenia, the Some of the Recent Horrible Massacres. No incident of recent times has caused such widespread excitement as the massacre of the Armenians by the Kurds, which has filled the whole civilized world with horror. In every large city in this country meetings have been held to protest against the outrages in the name of humanity and civilization and Great Britain has even taken steps to secure the views of other European powers preparatory to bringing pressure to bear on the Sultan to prevent such horrors in future. Turkey, meanwhile, is resorting to every means to maintain its position and prevent any interference with its policy. Foreign newspapers have been forbidden in the country; the very name "Armenia" is prohibited, and private letters are ruthlessly opened and read lest hostile criticism of the government's action should be made to any of the Sultan's subjects. Who, and what, then, are these Armenians, the story of whose wrongs is so interesting and arousing the indignation of the entire civilized world? It would be difficult to point out a more delightful and mysteriously fascinating country than Armenia, the land of the Terrestrial Paradise, almost the shadow of Mount Ararat. Armenia is a country of strong contrasts, of opposite extremes of heat and cold, light and shade, drought and moisture, and contains more dark mysteries awaiting the solution of the future naturalist, geographer, philologist and historian than Central Africa, Central America and Hindostan taken together. The ethnologist is still in doubt as to what branch of the great Indo-European family the Armenian people belong; the philologist has not yet classified their language; the antiquarian knows next to nothing of their early history. THE GARDEN OF EDEN. There are rivers in Armenia whose courses, like that of the Tigris, have still to be explored; cities occupying the sites of dried-up lakes; petrifying lakes, the sluggish surge of whose deep, blue waters is the only scene now heard on the spot where populous cities flourished when the human race was young; towns which for part of the year are five-girted islands; woods whose dead trees, unknown outside the neighborhood of old Eden; caves scooped out of massive rocks, which lead through endless windings to mysterious halls and unexplored recesses. "Dead men hang their muffled thoughts" on the walls around—men whose names were household words before Babylon became Semitic, and when the simple laws of Aeneas were still administered within its walls; adamantine rocks covered with quaint inscriptions and strange devices, which the gazing eyes of an irreverent world, not yet too bold to read; slabs of stone, which have carved in arrow-headed characters, the childish boasts, the patriotic hopes, and the pious sentiments of Darius, the king; stupendous columns and "wild images of more than man" whose history and purpose are no longer remembered. VAN AND ITS LAKE. The centre of this interesting country is Van, with its bitter salt water and solitary species of fish, 4,700 feet above the sea level. To the east the lake is protected by snow capped mountains, at whose feet lies the refreshing shadow of a passing cloud, called "the beam," and when this is seen unmarried women should stir their tea very quickly round and round and hold the spoon upright in the center of the cup. If the "beam" is attached to the spoon and clings to it, he will be sure to call very shortly, if not on that very evening, but if the stalk goes to the side of the cup, he will not come. In some places this is also said to denote the coming of a stranger, and if the stalk is soft the newcomer will be a lady, if tough, a gentleman. If you want to know how many years will elapse before you are married, balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry, fill another spoon with tea, and holding it above the balanced spoon let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops. Each one stands for a year. If the cluster of small air bubbles formed by the sugar collect, and remain in the center of the cup, if it is a sign of fair weather. If they rush to the sides, there will be rain very shortly. Population of British India. According to the census of 1891 the population of British India and the native States was 287,223,481, an increase of 84,000,000 in 10 years. Of these, according to religion, there were 207,731,727 Hindoos, 57,221,164 Mohammedans, 9,320,467 Christians, 1,807,833 Sikhs, 1,418,638 Jains, 89,904 Parsas, 17,194 Hebrews and 42,763 of other religions. Of the Christian population 1,815,263 were certified to be Roman Catholics, and the remainder, 969,117, with the exception of a few hundred Syrians, etc., Protestants. He Indored It. A story is told of a country clergyman whose finances do not apparently extend to banking operations and experience. Going to a bank with a check, the clerk handed it back, with a request that he would indore it, and he did then he called. After much deliberation the reverend gentleman came to the conclusion that he could, without violation of his conscience, accede to the request. So he took the check and wandered into the dimly lighted conservatory. "So you leave us tomorrow?" seeing

HE WAS A GOOD FARMER.

A well-known congressman, who was a farmer before he went into politics, was doing his district not long ago, and in his rambles he saw a man in a stumpy patch of ground trying to get a plough through it. He went over to him, and, after a brief conversation, he asked the privilege of making a turn or two with the plough. The man shook his head doubtfully, as he looked at his visitor's store clothes and general air of gentlemanly elegance, but he let the gentleman take the plough. The congressman sailed away with it in his stride, and ploughed out four or five furrows before the owner of the field could recover from his surprise. Then he pulled up and handed the handles over to the original holder. "By gravey, mister!" said the farmer admiringly, "air you in the agricultural business?" "No," laughed the statesman. "Yaint sellin' ploughs?" "No." "Then what in thunder air you?" "I'm the member of congress from this district." "Air you the man I voted for and that I've been readin' about in the papers doin' legislatin' and stich in Washin'?" "Yes." "Well, by hokey, mister!" said the farmer as he looked with admiration over the recently ploughed furrows, "if I'd had any idea that I was votin' for a wuss of sich good farmin' material, I'd voted for the other candidate as shure as shootin'!" A Curiosity in Railroad Building. A curiosity in railroad building is the road running from Ismid, a harbor about sixty miles from Constantinople, to Anapa, about 300 and only recently completed. The bridge, ties, telegraph poles and rails are of iron, most of which are of German manufacture. The bridges average about four to the mile, there being 1,200 of them; the longest having a stretch of 500 feet. In addition to these there are sixteen tunnels, the longest measuring 1,430 feet. This is the only railroad which penetrates the interior of Asiatic Turkey, the Smyrna lines being near coast. This Tramp Was a Prodigal. Near Rockledge, Fla., a farmer discovered a tramp asleep in his barn. He sent for the town marshal to have the man arrested, but when the tramp was being questioned it was discovered that he was a long lost brother of the farmer. He was then invited into the house and the fattest calf was killed for him.

Intercolonial Railway OF A VOLCANO'S BRENE. The Armenians are kept out of public office where the personal of administration is chiefly Turkish; the courts are presided over by corrupt Moslem judges, who enforce the Moslem religious law in the country which is eminently Christian. The police even are recruited from the Turks and Kurds. It is where the Christian is molested by the Moslem neighbor that the inequality is most felt, and as no Turk will come forward to give evidence against a co-religionist, the Armenians are constantly exposed to oppression of one kind and another, without hope of obtaining even the shadow of redress. The Moslem judges are not only countenancing but support, the worst form of slavery that exists and is rampant in Armenia—treaties notwithstanding. Thus the Armenians live ever, as it were, on the brink of a rugged volcano. It is in such a catastrophe is apt to come; there is an invasion, homes are ransacked and destroyed, virgins and wives become the spoils of the licentious Mussulman, and the abduction rife victoriously and fearlessly away, leaving nothing but ruins and devastation behind them. OUTRAGES BY THE TURKS. Such is the attitude of the Turks toward the wretched descendants of the glorious race. But if the story are a scourge unrelenting to them, how much more so are the Kurds! Bad as the Turkish pachas and functionaries may be, they are kind—say, tender, in comparison with the savage Kurds—a nomadic herd living on pillage, robbery, brigandage and murder. The