

CROSS PURPOSES

"Oh, no, it's the other line. I am expecting her every minute. You have been running a race without knowing it, and you have won, you see. I thought she would have been here first. She has been with friends in Cornwall."

"In Cornwall?" Gilbert South repeated the words with a touch of startled interest in his voice. "She used to live in Cornwall—I was there one summer a long while ago. I wonder where she has been staying now? And, after a moment, he added, "Not in the old house, I know."

"It's a beautiful country," said Mrs. Leicester. "Not pretty, like Devonshire, of course."

"No, not like Devonshire; but I like it better, perhaps because I knew it first. The Land's End, on a still mid-summer day— He stopped short in the middle of his speech, and looked down, but his silence was full of remembrance."

"Oh, delightful!" said Mrs. Leicester, fanning herself slowly with a Japanese fan. "Do I hear the carriage? No. Of all places I think the Land's End— and she glided through two or three soft commonplace sentences."

"Yes," Gilbert interrupted her. "I beg your pardon, I mean I think you do hear—"

"Why, of course I do." There was the sound of an arrival in the hall. Mrs. Leicester put down her fan, but the door at the far end of the room was thrown open before she could reach it, and "Mrs. Austin" was announced. "Here you are at last!" she exclaimed, hurrying to meet the new arrival.

Mrs. Austin bent her head twice to receive her friend's kiss of welcome, and the two came up the room with a soft rustle of drapery. The western sun lit up Mrs. Austin's pale face.

"You know Mr. South?" said Mrs. Leicester, and with a smile she answered, "Oh, yes," and put out a gloved hand. He was cool enough usually, but his heart beat fast, and he hardly knew what he said, as he stepped out of a long view of shadowy years and a confusion of memories to greet Mrs. Austin, newly arrived from a Cornwall whose sunsets, blue seas, and fringe of chafing white waves were those of a summer long gone by. It was only when she said, "Yes, it is a long while ago," that he remembered what his own remark had been.

At that same moment Tiny Vivian, a dainty little rustic figure, swinging a bunch of pale honeysuckle and green-coated nuts, was crossing the corner of a distant field. She had gone some way in silence, with thoughts intent upon the romance awaiting her at the Manor-house. It is true that to Tiny it was a dim and by-gone affair, which had been laid by so long that it could have no better sweetness than that of dried rose leaves and lavender, yet, being a real romance, it was interesting; and it was with an absorbed and earnest glance that she looked up at Frank, and said, "I wonder how those two will meet! Don't you think she will feel rather strange?"

"Why she more than he?" demanded Frank. "I should think they would both feel rather queer after eighteen years." He aimed a blow at a thistle as he went by. "I've been thinking," he said, with a laugh, "it must be eighteen years ago, if it isn't nineteen, since I had the measles. I was a huddled little spotted wretch, I know—I remember crying because I could not go to a children's party—I used to wear a hideous tartan frock with frills, and had my hair curled. It is certainly eighteen years ago this autumn."

Tiny laughed too. "I suppose I was a baby—my birthday is in August, you know. Isn't it a long while ago? But if he had been waiting all these years, and had been true all the while, he has nothing to be ashamed of."

"Might be ashamed of wasting his time, I should think," said Frank. "Don't bestow too much sympathy on Mr. South. And you expect Mrs. Austin to blush for her inconstancy? Not she! I'll bet you anything you like that the faithless widow is much the cooler of the two, and, if there is any blushing when they meet, he will have to do it."

"The sunset is doing it," said Tiny. "Look what a glow there is dying away behind those willows."

"We must look sharp," said Frank. He glanced at his watch and quickened his pace. "You can walk a little faster."

"Oh, yes—are we far from home?" and, without waiting for an answer, Tiny went on. "I've made up my mind I shan't like Mrs. Austin." There was a determined expression in her brown eyes as she spoke.

"Sorry for her," said young Leicester. "But, to tell the truth, if it wasn't for pleasing my mother, I could very well dispense with the pair of them. I suppose he'll like some shooting; but I can't go out with him tomorrow—I've promised to ride over to Bridge End in the afternoon. I don't know what you'll all do, I'm sure—go for a drive, if you like."

Tiny pushed out a scornful little lower lip. "All packed in the carriage together!" Then, after a moment's consideration, "Well, we might go to the castle."

"Isn't it rather reckless, using up our one show-place the first day?" said Frank. "Though, to be sure, it isn't worth keeping—there's so very little of it."

"And don't you think it might harmonize nicely with their feelings?" Tiny continued, taking a higher range. "Won't they like to poke about little old remains of something that used

to be very beautiful and splendid? I should think it would give them a chance of saying all sort of things."

"Oh, go to the castle—go to the castle, by all means!" said Frank laughing. "I only hope they'll have your fine sense of harmony, and make the most of the opportunity. Mind you don't interfere—that's all."

"I shall take care of your mother," Tiny answered, loftily. "I shall carry her shawl. And I shall pick ivy leaves off the wall. I hope I know my duty."

"Most people do," said Frank, dryly. "For instance, our duty is to be home in proper time to receive these good folk."

"Shan't we do it?" said the girl, a little apprehensively.

He shook his head. "No, like most people, we shan't! Can you dress in two minutes? You must try to-night, I'm afraid. It's all my fault; the time slipped away, and I didn't notice."

Tiny, in spite of her uneasiness, was very happy. They hurried on, and the glow in the west grew fainter, and the rooks went by in great clouds, cawing their good-nights overhead.

"I can't think what possessed my mother to want those people!" said Frank, with a sudden burst of irritation, as he helped Tiny over a stile. "I hate having to hurry you like this—you'll be tired out, thanks to them!"

"Oh, never mind me!" said Tiny, breathless, but loyal.

"But I do mind you," Frank answered, hotly. "I wish they were a thousand miles away! Anyhow, their touching meeting must be over by now."

He was right, the meeting was over, and, as he had divined, Mrs. Austin had been the more unmoved of the two. While she shook hands with Gilbert South she did not cease to answer Mrs. Leicester's hospitably anxious questions. She was not tired—her train was rather late, yes, but she really was not tired—she would not have any tea—no, she would not have anything. Gilbert looked at her over the top of Mrs. Leicester's head. There was something of doubt, appeal, almost of entreaty in his glance, and Mrs. Austin did not seem to evade it, yet he hardly knew whether it had reached her or not. At that moment he felt it harder to realize how he had parted from Mildred Fairfax than it had been when he stood on the rug and listened through Mrs. Leicester's talk for the sound of approaching wheels. Mrs. Austin's softly-modulated and unhurried speech was like, and yet unlike, Mildred's voice as he remembered it. It seemed like an echo of old days awakened in a strange place. She looked at him with gently inquiring eyes, as if to discover how much he had changed since their parting, and she met the same mute questioning from him. Meanwhile Mrs. Leicester wondered aloud, with much discomposure, what Frank and Tiny could possibly have done with themselves. It was getting late; would Mrs. Austin like to go to her room? So the party broke up, to meet again at seven.

The question which troubled Frank's mother was solved when, at three minutes to dinner-time, she met him on the stairs, looking very hot and dusty. She expressed some views on the subject of punctuality which seemed to make him hotter. "We went farther than I intended—we went along the river after I saw Huntley, and had to hurry back. What's the use of making a row about it?" he said, rather crossly.

"You promised me you wouldn't be late!"

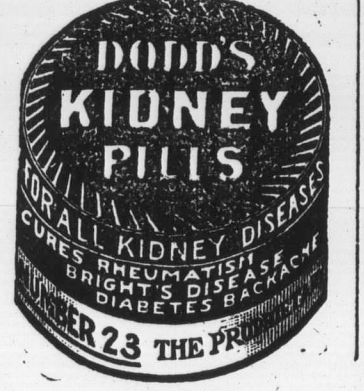
"Well, don't I tell you we hurried home? I believe Tiny nearly ran all the way. I wish I'd made her take it easy, if this is all the thanks we are to get." Frank had the disgusted look of a man who faces an ungrateful world.

"Where is Tiny?"

"Gone up-stairs like a flash of lightning. Look here, mother, it wasn't her fault, you know."

"Well, all I can say is, that it is very tiresome," said poor Mrs. Leicester. "Do make haste, Frank."

"I'm only waiting till you've done talking to me," Frank replied, with boyish impudence, and stood stock-still with his hands in his pockets. Mrs. Leicester uttered an impatient exclamation, and flounced down to the drawing-room, whereupon Frank went up the stairs two at a time, narrowly escaping a meeting with a very cool and carefully-dressed gentleman who was just coming from his room. He made the most of his time; but it was a heavy-browed and rather sullen young host who made his appearance some minutes after dinner was announced, and offered his arm to Mrs. Austin, with a muttered apology. Frank was profoundly dissatisfied with both his guests and himself. People who were busy with their love affairs while he was a very tiresome



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there alone, with an idiotic paper in his hand, which would not distract his attention for a moment, and his thoughts full of the remembrance that he had made fun of Mrs. Austin.

It was with a singular sensation of being at once very dull and clumsy, and curiously keen-sighted, that he approached his guests. For the first time in his life he understood that real life could be dramatic, since hitherto he had supposed that novels and plays were interesting simply because of their unreality. To say that such a thing was like a play, meant that it was unlike anything which would really happen to a sensible Englishman.

He had not sufficient imagination to enter into the feelings of the people who came and went about him. Long habit might teach him something of their likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, but he had little or no instinct in such matters, and consequently saw nothing beneath the every-day aspect of life. That night, however, his mother's reminiscences had given him a clew to the deeper meaning of what was passing under his roof, and with that secret knowledge of Mrs. Austin and Mr. South he grasped the situation as if it were on the stage. He saw it as if it were on the stage, but he knew that it was more than a spectator.

There was singing, and Frank halted little way off as if to listen. He had never felt so shy and ill at ease in all his life; never felt so little at home as he did standing there in the Manor-house drawing-room—in the very heart of his kingdom. Of course, he knew well enough that he was the master of Culverdale, but he did not see that Culverdale had anything to do with the matter. In fact, for the first time in his life, he was profoundly dissatisfied with Culverdale; it was a hole of a place to live in—it had no capabilities. How should they amuse Mrs. Austin? She had been everywhere; she would be bored—she would laugh at it. It was all very well for Tiny, but Mrs. Austin was very different. They might have company, might as well call the neighbors in; all the neighbors were bored. Frank had not discovered the fact before; but he perceived it now in the light of Mrs. Austin's presence, and reflected that a dinner-party of twenty-five people would not mend matters much.

Tiny's song came to an end, and Frank awoke to the consciousness that he was looking at Mrs. Austin, in his perplexity.

(To be continued.)

CHIMNEYS ON LAMPS. Why They Prevent the Lighted Wicks From Smoking.

When a lamp is burning without a chimney it generally smokes. That is because the oil which is coming up through the wick is being only partially burned. The carbon, which is about one-half of what the oil contains, not being burned at all and goes off into the air in little black specks with the gases which are thrown off. The reason the carbon is not burned when the chimney is off is that there is not sufficient oxygen from the air combining with it as it is separated from the oil in the partial combustion that is going on.

To make the carbon in the oil burn you must mix it with plenty of oxygen at a certain temperature, and this can only be done by forcing sufficient oxygen through the flame to bring the heat of the flame to the point where the carbon will combine with it and burn.

When you put the chimney on the lamp you create a draft which forces more oxygen through the flame, brings the heat up to the proper temperature and enables the carbon to combine with it and burn. When you take the chimney off again the heat goes down when the draft is shut off and the lamp smokes again.

The chimney also protects the flame of the lamp from drafts from the sides and above and helps to make a brighter light, because a steady light is brighter than a flickering one.

The draft created by the chimney also forces the gases produced by the burning oil up and away from the flame. Some of these gases have a tendency to put out a light or a fire.

Visitor (at private hospital)—Can I see Lieutenant Barker, please? Matron—We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative? Visitor (boldly)—Oh, yes. I'm his sister. Matron—Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother.—Boston Punch.

TRAPPING A PYTHON.

The Monster is a Victim of His Own Greedy Appetite.

The python's weak point is its stomach; it is a glutton. Not satisfied with a full supper, it will start at once on next week's breakfast if by chance that future meal happens to be within easy reach.

A python generally lives in a hole in the ground or a hollow in a tree, but if it can find an old ruin in the jungle—and there are many old ruins in India—it likes to take up its sleeping quarters there, because even in the heaviest rains the water runs off the ruins quickly, whereas a hole in the ground is likely to be flooded. The python needs to eat only once a week, and to get that meal it lies flat along the bough of a tree near a stream and waits for its prey to come to drink.

When the natives see the long trail that the python's body makes near the bank and find a heap of ruins near by they make a hole in the ruined wall just exactly big enough for the python to get through. They then tie a pig to a stake near the hole on one side of the wall, and on the other side of the wall opposite the hole they tie another pig to a stake. They also tie a wire to the leg or the tail of the near side pig, and as evening draws on they twist it from a distance, and the pig squeals. As the python comes home to bed it hears the squeals.

So the python comes along merrily and seizes its supper at a single bite. Down goes the pig into the big snake's throat, sucked in slowly by sheer muscular action. In about half an hour the pig has passed completely down the long neck, and in another half hour it is down a couple of yards farther into the python's stomach.

Most animals would go to sleep right away after a gorge like that. But meanwhile the second pig on the other side of the wall has realized its unhappy brother's woeful fate and has set up a most distressing noise. The python puts its head through the hole and sees it.

"Ah!" it says to itself. "Here's my next week's breakfast."

And instead of waiting for next week to come that greedy python swallows the second pig too. The wily natives wait until the second pig is well on its way down the python's body; they then have the snake caught. Pig No. 1 prevents it from advancing, and pig No. 2 prevents it from retreating. The natives lassoo the python around the neck, break down the wall and pass a coil of rope between the two lumps of pig before they can amalgamate. Then they bear away the python to captivity.—Wonders of the Jungle.

QUEER PERSIAN VEHICLES. Riding in Them is Like Being in a Rolling Ship at Sea.

The two kinds of vehicles in common use in Persia differ only in appearance, the palaki being open, the kejavah covered with a light roof, generally made waterproof and with curtains before the entrance to keep out the sun, rain, wind and snow. The kejavah is the more elaborate conveyance, heavier and more expensive to hire, and therefore is used chiefly by the richer classes.

But the most comfortable means of travel and one which is used only by the wealthiest and most luxurious classes is the takhtiravan. This is a sort of palakin consisting of a box about seven feet long and five feet high, fitted with doors and windows inside and a soft mattress and some comfortable cushions. The whole is built on the sedan chair principle, but with mules instead of men as bearers.

The poles rest on the pack saddle on the backs of the mules, which walk tandem. They can, of course, only be used in the long plains and are useless when the route goes over hilly country. The motiea reminds one of a rolling ship, and some people even get giddy and seasick at first in them.

Such personages as princes, governors and high officials always travel with many followers and hangers-on. It is a most picturesque sight to meet such a caravan, from which the pipe bearer is never missing. In front of his saddle are fastened large round cases covered with bright red cloth, containing the silver water bottles and the silver tops of the kalien (water pipe). Under the horse on one side is a perforated metal fire box hanging on a chain and containing the burning charcoal, while on the other side swings a heavy leather bottle full of water in readiness to prepare the pipe on the road. A clever bearer prepares the apparatus as he rides along, gallops up to his master and hands him his ready prepared smoking pipe, to enjoy a few pulls.

The luncheon or tea horse is another necessity for the journey. Anywhere on the high road it can be un-

loaded, and within a few minutes the felt carpet, carried on the saddle behind the rider, is spread on the ground, the samovar, cups, sugar and lemons arranged on a tray on one corner, and, kneeling behind these, the servant hands out the tea to the travelers. When ready to remount they leave him behind, and he packs up and follows at a smart canter, soon rejoining the caravan.—Lieut.-Colonel A. Helticke in Travel.

SOME HOWLERS. Answers by Public School Pupils in New York.

A triangle is a circle with three corners to it.

The alimentary canal connects Lake Erie with the Hudson River.

The government of a country that is ruled by a king is a monkey.

A saxophone is an instrument played on by the early Saxons.

A mountain range is a big cooking stove used in a hotel.

The torrid zone is caused by the friction of the equator, which runs around the earth in the middle.

Longitude and latitude are imaginary lines on the earth which show you which way you are going.

A vacuum is an empty place with nothing in it.

A Mr. Newton invented gravity with the aid of an apple.

There was no such man as Hamlet. He lived in Denmark.

A curve is a straight line that has been bent.

Bi-monthly means the instalment plan.

The climate is caused by hot and cold weather.

The Pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

A moat was something like a wart which grew on barons.

A boy who is amphibious can use all of his hands.

The days are shorter in winter because cold contracts.

Gold was discovered in California before anyone knew it was there.

Mars is the name of a star so far off it would take a million years to walk there in an express train.

A miracle is anything that someone does that can't be done.

When a volcano spits fire it is called caliva.

Epidermis is what keeps your skin on.—New York American.

The Bull of Perillus.

Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.

Ring Weighed a Pound.

One of the largest rings is the one which was presented to President Franklin Pierce, in 1852, by some citizens of San Francisco. It weighed one pound. The hoop of the ring is cut into squares, on each of which was shown some scene in the history of California. The bezel, bearing the seal, has engraved upon it the arms of the state of California, surmounted by the stars and stripes of the United States and the name of Franklin Pierce. This ring was valued at \$2,000.

We all admire a man who does things, unless we happen to be numbered among the things he has done.