ANDOVER TOWN TREES.

[illegible]

A TIMELY DISCOVERY.

"Have you seen it?" questioned Cora Brown, excitedly.

"Seen what?"

Willie Lestrand lifted her soft, serious eyes to the girl, inquiring.

"The wedding dress."

"What wedding dress?"

"Why, the one that is being made for the daughter of the head of the firm, Miss Rachel Faland Fielding."

Willie went quietly on with the ruffle she was blind stitching.

"I haven't seen it—no. We inefficient workers seldom get a glimpse of madam's masterpieces."

"That's so!" assented Cora, vigorously prodding a little emery strawberry with her needle. "It was only by chance I saw this. But it was—" she paused for a suitable word—"well, it is just heavenly!" she concluded.

Very crowded, very suffocating, was the fifth floor sewing room of the great dry goods establishment of Fielding & Moore in which the girls sat and sewed.

The capital of the firm was immense, its reputation really national. But the prices paid employes were discouragingly low, and the accommodation of the workers far from sanitary, if humane.

"I happened to be passing the room where they show shades by gaslight. Kitty Davis is assistant there this week, and she called me to come in. Madam wasn't around, so I did go in. Oh, Willie, you just ought to see it!"

"Why?" indifferently.

She picked up a spool of primrose silk and threaded her needle.

She was a small statured little creature, plump and dark. Her eyes were large, pensive and of hazel black; her complexion of rare pearl purity; her lips tender, sweet and seldom smiling.

"Because," said Cora, promptly. "You're not liable to see anything so grand in your life again. I'm certain I shan't."

Willie smiled.

"That is a cruel assertion, Cora."

"Well, it's true!" persisted Miss Brown. "Why, the satin would stand alone—it is the new silver white, of course—and it is paneled with embroidery of crushed pearl seed and crewel silk—daisies and oats and ripe grass. They say the laces on the corsage (it is just like a seam cobweb) is 200 years old. And," sinking her voice in a reverential whisper, "the buttons are diamonds!"

Willie Lestrand nodded. She did not stop sewing, or seem much interested.

"Kitty Davis showed them to me," went on Cora, eagerly. "They are worth—oh, I don't know how many dollars she said—and her train is three yards long. My!"

She paused, quite breathless and ecstatic, and looked at her companion, whose silence seemed to irritate her.

"You don't care much to hear about fine gowns or fashionable folks," she said.

A strange and wistful look was that which Willie gave her.

"What have we to do with fine gowns or fashionable people?" she asked.

When she left the store that evening, she was joined by a gentleman whose acquaintance she had made since entering Fielding & Moore's, two months ago.

He was assistant manager of the store, and to him had the letter of introduction which secured her employment been addressed. He had persistently and devotedly followed up the acquaintance.

He had visited her at her boarding house, asked her out, sent her flowers. And—just three days ago—he had told her that he loved her.

"But," he had hastily supplemented his confession by saying, "I can't ask you just yet to marry me. I have a fair position, of course, but I haven't saved a cent, and I don't think I ought to urge a girl to share poverty—comparative poverty—with me."

It was a speech both plausible and provaricating, but Willie's better judgment was blunted by the fact that the speaker was romantically handsome, and evidently also romantically in love with her.

To the fact she did not know was that he was tremendously ashamed of having lost the organ he presumptuously termed a heart to a mere sewing girl.

Thus he was her escort he tried as far as possible to avoid meeting acquaintances. He was immensely disgusted for his infatuation, and was ready to do anything he can to extricate himself from the situation without injuring the girl's reputation.

Willie was busy all next week with her work for her

living." Harold Kent used to say to himself, "I might sacrifice the club and the boys, and a few other luxuries, and marry her. But if the truth should ever come out—good heavens, it would be terrible!"

By which cogitation the measure of the man's cowardly selfishness may be well seen. Only genuine love, pure and unselfish, can make a man a hero.

When she met him on this particular evening, Willie looked up with a smile. He was so tall, so handsome, had such a distinguished air and such a beautiful mustache and beard, it was hardly strange he should win recognition, if not affection. Or so at least that foolish little girl thought.

"I've heard of your good fortune," she said, brightly. "Let me congratulate you, Mr. Kent.

They still addressed each other quite formally. Though he had expressed his affection for her, she hadn't given him to understand she entertained any feeling more than friendly for him.

He looked rather annoyed she fancied.

"What good fortune?" he questioned.

"Why, that you have been appointed European buyer for the firm," she answered.

"Yes," the frown on his usually serene forehead deepening. "I've got it—at last. I suppose I shall go abroad—confounded inconvenient the duties of the place in the spring."

Willie was silent. She expected he would say, "Now, I am in a position to marry." Or, "Now you must come with me, dear, as my wife."

But his conversation, while inferring devotion, was wholly non-committal.

The next evening, when he emerged from the employes' exit, she discovered that it was raining heavily, the dull, chill, dreary rain of early October.

She drew back. Cora Brown—who, to put it descriptively and alliteratively, was freckled and friendly—rushed up to Willie.

"Take my gossamer. Yes, you must. I've only one block to walk when I get off the cars—you have four. You must.

She thrust the little bag containing the cloak into Willie's protesting hand and ran off.

Feeling very grateful the girl, returning to the vestibule, put on the rain proof wrap, and then made a rush for her car.

As ill luck would have it, the first one bound for her street was an open car—one of several continued in service on account of a certain city convention which made multiplicity of vehicles necessary.

The short autumn twilight was fallen.

"Not—with a quiet decision—if I can get one of Fielding's daughters. Do you take me for a fool?"

"Why, no, Jim; but I take you for an honorable fellow."

"And—with a harsh laugh—you've found out your mistake!"

"Still minus money, I suppose, Kent."

"Hang words break no bones," he said.

"No; but if I was that little girl's brother, I wouldn't restrict myself to words."

"You'd be kicking, I suppose?"

"I assuredly would."

Thanks for the good will!" laughingly. "Well, this is my street. I get off here."

"So do I."

So, instantly decided Miss Lestrand, did she.

As the car rolled on and the three were left standing in the wet and gloomy twilight, Kent suddenly recognized the young lady who was making her way to the sidewalk.

"Miss Lestrand!"

Just at the corner of the street she turned—confronted the two men.

"I made a mistake; I took the wrong car. I must wait here and take another back."

Kent felt decidedly uncomfortable. Had she heard anything? If so, how much? Pshaw! it was unlikely.

He begged to be allowed to see her to her correct car, but was firmly if politely refused.

They did not meet again for several days; then it was at the great wedding of Ross Fielding's eldest daughter.

Kent had, as he had bragged to his friend, a card to the house, and there, in the midst of all that was luxurious, splendid and superb, he encountered Willie Lestrand. In pale pink satin and pearls, she was quite an entranceing and exquisite vision.

"I believe you young people know each other," Mr. Fielding said, smilingly, as he presented Kent. "My little girl here, Willemina, got the notion in her head that our employes were ill treated and poorly paid, and being beneficent to the degree of eccentricity, went up to the house of a relative in town, and from thence daily proceeded to the store—mine, where, unrecognized, she worked. She has convinced me the pay is inadequate, the accommodations insufficient, so we are going to inaugurate a reform. You, I believe, were very kind to her while she was there."

Off he sauntered, leaving Willie and Kent looking at each other.

"What a pleasant surprise!" he said.

"And what a grand wedding this of your sister's is! Willie—now that I've got a position which gives me courage to speak out the truth—won't you marry me—soon?"

Her eyes, grave, dark, steady, met his—his, which were so light, shining, shifting.

"No, Mr. Kent. I will never marry you!"

"Why?"

"Because I heard your conversation with a friend in a street car, over a year ago. You remember?"

He remembered.

"He crimsoned hotly through very shame.

"Then, I suppose, there is no more to say."

"There is no more to say."

And she bent her pretty, high held head and floated off.

Later—coolly enough it chanced—she came to know Tom Russell. And not only to know him, but to love him.

"When he asked her to marry him, she answered:

"Yes."

And one day she told him of the conversation she had overheard in the street car.

"I liked you for defending a friendless girl then," she said. "I love you for your own sake now."

And that time she was not in error. Her lover was one of nature's noblemen, and made her the most loyal and devoted husband a woman's heart could desire.—Kate M. Cleary in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

Authoritative.

Miss Prim—Mrs. De Fashion, I want to ask you a question. Some authorities say cheese should be eaten with a fork, and some say with the fingers, the same as bread. Now—which is right?

Mrs. De Fashion—both are right, my dear. New cheese should be handled with the fork, but very old cheese should be taken in the fingers. It might wrangle off the fork.—New York Weekly.

His One Charm.

Carrie—You don't mean to say that you enjoyed meeting Mr. Pheeblewyt at the reception?

Kittie—I did, indeed. You see, it was so horribly crowded that the vacancy of that man's expression was absolutely refreshing by contrast.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Barber's Fast Record.

A barber in Boston affects to be disgusted with the record of a London barber who, on a wager, shaved sixty men in sixty minutes. The Boston man says that he has frequently disposed of the grizzly growths of twelve faces in ten minutes "just for fun," and that the London artist's feat is as nothing. He talks of challenging the barbers of America to a shaving match for the championship of the United States.—Chicago News.

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A CITY OF GEMS.

Ceylon's Treasures Which First Became Known in London.

Ratnapura, the city of gems is the center of a district twenty or thirty miles square, in almost all of which a stratum of gravel at least ten to twenty feet under the surface exists. Throughout this area gem pits are to be seen near the villages, some being worked now, others being abandoned. The pits work there in companies of six or eight, and pay a rupee per man per month for the privilege of working a certain allotment, where they begin by marking off a square of about ten feet. After removing about three feet of soil, the sounding rod, a piece of iron about half an inch in diameter and six feet long, is used to sound for the gravel. If successful, the digging is begun in earnest till about four feet deep. On the second day gravel is taken out by baskets handed from one man to another till all within the square is excavated.

Should the miners find the soil fairly firm at the bottom of the pit, they turned all around for about two feet, drawing out the gravel and sending it up also to be heaped with the rest, which usually completes the work of the second day, a watchman remaining near it all night. On the third day it is all washed in wicker baskets by a circular jerking motion, which throws out all the surplus light stone and rubbish till a good quantity of heavy gravel is left in the bottom, which is carefully examined. There is hardly a basketful that does not contain some gems of inferior value, which are usually sold by the pound for about nine rupees.

Should no valuable stones be found, another pit is sunk, and so on till one or two or perhaps three really valuable gems are unearthed, when the work is stopped and the whole party goes off to Ratnapura with the prizes. If these are worth, say a few thousand rupees, they are kept secret and only shown to one or two men of money, who make the owners an advance and look after the safe custody of the precious stones. Then they gamble and drink for some time till another advance becomes necessary, and so on till half the value is obtained. Then the party, with the mortgagee, proceeds to Colombo or Italutara, where rich Moorish traders are summoned to purchase, and the gems soon find their way to London.

The general public know nothing about these transactions, and valuable gems are never heard of in Ceylon, and scarcely see the light of day till they reach Bond street. The natives have a great fear of exposing their finds till they are sold, and they have most extraordinary superstitious ideas about showing them. This system has been in vogue for centuries past. It is only occasionally one hears of any native having enterprise enough to dig a few feet below the first gravel to see if by accident, a second bed of gravel is within reach, for they fear the expense of bailing out water, which increases as the greater depth is attained, although the second gravel is well known to be much richer than the first.—Ceylon Observer.

Where Did He Do His Shopping?

The (American) storekeeper never says what a commodity is really worth intrinsically or in his particular market, but places its value about 25 per cent. over and above what he will take for it, and then is ready to accept 25 per cent. over what he paid for it. The bargaining which goes on in all the provincial cities and towns is extraordinary. The process is called "jewing down," and proceeds something like this:

Scene: Store. Enter prospective buyer, posms laconically to article, and inquiries: "Say, what's this worth?"

Storekeeper—One dollar, and dirt cheap.

P. B. (who really wants it)—Ah, wal, it's not quite what I want. But I'm in no pertickler rush today. (Pauses). B'lieve I'll give yer seventy cents for it.

S.—Seventy cents? Why, I declar it's dirt cheap at a dollar; but—splitting—I'll let yer have it for ninety cents.

P. B.—That's quite ridiklous! However, I ken jist let un rip! (Turns over about a dozen articles and then prepares to leave the store.)

S.—Come now, yer shall have it for eighty cents, thar! I couldn't make it better nor that, anyhow.

P. B. (examining article attentively, butgrunting the while.)—No, Sir-ree; it won't runit. Now—confidentially—I'll tell yer what I will do. I'll give yer seventy-five cents—seventy-five cents—impressively—and not a red cent more. What say?

The storekeeper fires a bolt at the nearest spittoon, shakes his head, and turns to serve another customer. Prospective buyer saunters around the store, and eventually reaches the counter. At this moment the storekeeper calls out:

"Say, you can take that durned thing; but come and see us again, will yer?"

And so the compact is concluded. Both are fully satisfied, and think nothing of the ten minutes they have wasted, for both conclude they have "bested" the other. This phrase "come and see us again" is the usual farewell. I have had it said to me scores of times.—Arthur Montefiore in Temple Bar.

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Trapping Devils.

If the locality is wealthy, or has a few wealthy men in it, the priest generally makes out a stiff price for his services in exorcisation. All this time the people dwell in morbid fear, pending deliverance. At length the priest announces their ultimatum. It will require a fee of 100 rupees (about $133 American money) to procure safety. The money is raised by public subscription and paid over to the priest in charge. Then the capture of the devils is the next step.

A bottle or jar is secured for each devil, and the priests secure a bait in the shape of imitation gold and silver tinted paper (called Joss paper). This paper is imitation money, and when it is reduced to spirit by being burned, the devils do not know it from genuine money. Here again showing their low mentality—and they enter the bottle in which the Joss paper has been burned. When they are thus entrapped, the bottle is sealed and carried away by the priest. Then the people feel grateful to their deliverer, and the priest has again impressed his importance to the welfare of the community and at the same time replenished his bank account. The "Guiding Li Yamen," or office of the head priest of this sect, is a curiosity. It has large halls and rooms filled with dust covered and sealed jars, in every one of which is confined a devil, "captured in the above unique plan." And were each and every jar filled with silver I question if it would equal the sums paid for the capture of these imprisoned devils.—"The Taouist Religion," Warren G. Benton, in Popular Science Monthly.

Near Silverton, Ore., is a quarry of what is called "fireplace stone." It is soft when mined, and can be sawed or chopped into any desired shape, and when subjected to intense heat does not seem to be affected. It is considered the best material for fireplace flues.

The precepts of youth will never be forgotten.

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To any Person purchasing two 25c. Bottles of our 50c. Bottle of "Ideal" Tooth Powder, and sending us the tickets which are wrapped around the necks of the bottles, and 6 cents in 2-cent stamps (for postage, etc.) we will send at once by mail a handsome Engraving, size 20 x 24 inches, either of the following subjects: *Evangeline, Bayard, Monarch of the Glen*, or *The First Step*. These are not cheap Lithographs, but works of art, exact "facsimiles" of the originals, which cost $24.00 wholesale. "Ideal" Tooth Powder is too well known to dwell on its merits. We ask simply say, if used once, you will use no other. It is perfectly pure, free from grit and acids. Its daily use will give white, sound teeth, healthy gums and keep the breath sweet. Advertise ask for it is a trial. Ask your dealer for it.

HALF A MINUTE, PLEASE.

Though you were a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt, it is worth thirty seconds of your time to learn that "Ideal" Tooth Powder will preserve your teeth from decay, and by so doing save dentists' bills and hours of agony from your old enemy, the toothache. Dr. R. E. Gleb ner, Pa., says: "When I first began using "Ideal" Tooth Powder I could not use a brush on my teeth on account of injuring the gums. Can now use as stiff a brush as obtainable with impunity. It has also hardened the enamel of my teeth.

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