Where Has Larry Gone?

Me Larry he's daysarted me! I'm wapin' since the day he wint;
He be's gone away completely an' it's ne wan knows the way he wint;
I'm but a lone grass widdy now; me happiness be's done away
Wid! Larry he's daysarted me, the bould, desavin runaway!

tuk 'is wagon an' 'is mules an' druv around the hill beyant fetch a load of dynamite was at the powther-mill beyant, where he's gone the quarry byes be's doubtin' they will iver know, fled so saycretly an' sly they're thinkin' they will niver know.

The mules be's gone; they only found what luk'd some like the mate av 'em.

A pace av Larry's trousers, too, raysimbiln' av the sate av 'em;

An' these be's all the lavin's found—be'd tuk a load av dart away,

Fur nearly half the hill be's gone; a mighty hape to cart away.

why he did it I dunno; bedad, 'twuz nothin' civil meant; likely tuk the dart away just fur a bit av diviliment.

Larry he's daysarted me! I'm wapin'
since the day he wint!

be's gone away complately, an' its no one
knows the way he wint!

### NANNY'S LOVE STORY.

Nanny Nixon burst into tears. Tears with Nanny Nixon meant some-thing. She was not the type of girl that cried at everything—a wilted rosebud, a pathetic poem, or the tragic last chapter of a paper-covered novel. Life had been too much sober carnest for her to indulge in any such senti-

mental luxury.

Up to her seventeenth year she had toiled hard for her daily bread, working in the button-factory all day, and doing Uncle Joshua's housework of

nights and mornings.
Uncle Joshua took her very much as a matter of course. Girls were born to make themselves useful—that was his opinion. He saw no particular hard-ship in her rising at three o'clock to get the Monday's washing out on the lines before she went to her work; nor in staying up until eleven o'clock Tues-day night to iron his shirts, and do up two table-clothes and the four napkins. Did he not give her a home? Who would have taken her in when she was a lean, sharp-faced little Did he not give her a home?

she was a lean, sharp-faced little orphan, if it had not been for him?
But to-day, when he found moths in his best Sunday suit, the floodgates of his wrath were opened, and he scolded Nanny until she took refuge in tears.
"I'd like to know," said Uncle Joshua, "if this is what you call good housekeepin? I'd like to know what I know you have and lodge you for I keep you here and lodge you for, if this 'cre's the way my things is goin' to rack and ruin? Moths in my best clothes, as I've had for nine years come next October! In my clothes, as I told you to beat and hang out in the sun once a week, till the warm weather

"I'm very sorry, uncle," said Nanny, drooping down like a daisy under the mower's scythe. "I did forget it last week. Oh, uncle, I'm so sorry! Piease let me take them now; I'll mend the place so it will never be seen, and air the clothes thoroughly—I will in-

But Uncle Joshua shook his head. "I can't trust you,' said he sepul-rally. "I hain't no more confidence in you, Nanny. I guess I'll write to my cousin, Widow Leaman, to come down

here and keep house for me. Her son's going to get married, and she'll be glad of a good home."

Poor little Nanny recoiled at this dreadful hint. Cheerless as the old Woodburn farmhouse was, it had still

She was crying very pitifully as she picked over the basket of plantain-greens by the well, when Mark Dau-forth came thither for a pail of water. He was the young engineer at the factory, and the Woodburn well was the coldest and clearest for half a mile round. said Mark. "What's the

matter, Nanny? Have you hart your-

"No, no," faltered Nanny, half ashamed of the tears, and quite ashamed of their occasion. "But Uncle Joshua isn't pleased with me."

"Been seedding you—eh?" said Mark, poising his pail on the well-curb, and regarding the pretty droop-ing little creature with compassionate

"Y-yes. Uncle Joshua---" Mark Danforth sat down the pail "Hang Uncle Joshua!" said be "Oh, Mr. Danforth!"

"Well, I mean it," protested Mark.
"He's no business to make you cry."
"He's going to get the Widow Leaman to come and keep house for him," faltered Nanny. "He hasn't any more confidence in me."

Mark Danforth took the basket of plantain-greens out of her hand, and seated himself beside her.

"Nanny," said he, "I've got confidence in you. If Mrs. Leaman comes to keep house for him, suppose you come and keep house for me? I've wanted to ask you to marry me this long time. Will you, Nanny? You don't know what a good husband I'll be to you!"

Nanny looked up with startled face.

She was only seventeen. Her first instinct was to run away and hide, her second to put her band into Mark

In the meantime, however, old Mr. Woodburn had brushed and beaten his Sunday clothes until it was a marvel that the seams did not part company, and started to hang them out of the south garret-window, muttering cross-ly to himself as he did so. And Mrs. Bigsbee, jogging down the road with a chaise well loaded with butter, eggs, and dressed poultry chanced to look

up. "Good heavens!" cried she, dropping her whip in horror and amazement, "if Joshua Woodburn hain't gone and hanged himself! And Nanny at the mill! I'd better go for Squire Notting

And in half an hour the neighborhood was aroused. Squire Notting lift his dinner balf-eaten, and went for Dr. Hedges at once.

"If anything's happened," said he, "the coroner is the person to have on

the premises."
Mrs. Bigsbee tied her horse under

the shadow of the nearest elm-tree.

"Tain't in human natur' to go on sellin' eggs and chickens, when a

man as you've sat next to in meetin' for thirty-odd years is a hangin' out of a winder, dead."

Mrs. Holly sent a boy off to tell the Widow Leaman, who was Mr. Woodburn's cousin, once removed, and had "expectations" from him.
"Much property—hey?" said Dr.

"Much property—ney?" said Dr. Hedges.
"Well, pretty consid'able," answered Squire Notting. "He was al'ays pretty close-fisted. Never put nothin' of any consequence in the church-plate. Well, well! we must all die. And so he's hung himself! Last man in the world I should have thought it

The little knot of solicitous neigh-

bors advanced, whispering, along the sunny stretch of road. A child, picking blackberries under the stone wall, stared at them as they went by; the mowers in the meadow swung their gleaming seythes to and fro in the noon light.

"In the midst of life we are in death," sonorously such death," sonorously spoke Squire Notting, as he drew out his big yellow pocket-handkerchief, and flourished it hello! Bless my soul, if it ain't Neigh-bor Woodburn himself! And he ain't hanged himself, after all!"

For in the midst of it all, a little vicket-gate that led into the vegetablegarden had swung deliberately open, and Joshua Woodburn, carrying a bundle of withered pea-vines in his hand, came leisurely forward, as alive

as possible!

Mrs. Bigsbee uttered a screech; Dr. Hedges stood still; the squire rubbed his eyes, and tried in vain to think of Scriptural quotation appropriate to

"Mornin', neighbors-morning'!" id old Joshua. "Pretty tol'able hot, said old Joshua.

ain't it, for this time o' year?'

The neighbors slunk by, feeling as if
they had been detected in some crime. Not until they were well past the house did Dr. Hedges turn reproachfully to Mrs. Bigsbee.

"You told us he'd committed suicide?" snarled he. "Well, look for yourself," pleaded poor Mrs. Bigsbee. "Ef that ain't a man hangin' outin the garret winder

then I'm mistook."

"A mau, indeed!" savagely uttered Squire Notting. "It's a suit o' black clothes, that's what it is! And here you've been and raised the neighborhood about nothing! I'm astonished at you, Mrs. Bigsbee!"

Mrs. Bigsbee went away in great wrath and indignation.
"Any one's liable to be mistook," said she. "And Square Notting's no said she. "And Square Notting's no gentleman to speak that way to a lady!"

Nanny was getting supper ready that evening, and Uncle Joshua was standing on a chair in the buttery, putting some particularly fine Cochin-China eggs into an especial basket to send to market on the next morning's carrier-cart, when the door flew open as if a cannon had exploded on the other side of it, and the Widow Lea-man bounced breathlessly into the room, with her rusty crape vail flying behind her like a meteor, and a per-ceptible odor of peppermint accom-

"Well," said she, "so the mean old miser's gone at last!"

Nanny looked up from the bowl of rrants she was stemming.
"Who do you mean?" said she.
"Why, Joshua, of course!"

Mrs. Leaman had seated berself on the nearest chair, untied her bonnetstrings, and was now fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief. "Gone! Where?" said Nanny. "He's dead, ain't he?" said Mrs. Lea-

"Me!" uttered a bass voice from the buttery, as Uncle Joshua carefully de-scended from the chair, and walked into his cousin's presence. "Dead? Not much, I reckon! What was that you called me, Luclia? A mean old miscr—ch? Well, there's nothin' like speakin' the plain truth, Cousin

eaman!"
Mrs. Leaman turned as many colors

as the proverbial dying dolphin.
She gave a little gasp.
"I never got such a turn in my life," said she bluntly. "They told me you'd been and gone and hung youself, Cousin Joshua."

"Me!" said the old man; "hung my self? Be I a likely subject for that sort thing.

Nanny began to laugh—a soft rippling little laugh, that seemed to bubble out of the very fullness of her "I heard the same thing," said she, "at the factory, Uncle Joshua. It seems old Mrs. Bigsbee saw your best suit

hanging out of the garret-window to air, and—and she thought that it was Uncle Joshua burst out laughing too.

He could not help it.
"Not yet, anyhow," said he. "The mean old miser's too sensible for that. You ain't going, Cousin Leaman? Won't ye sit down and take a bite of with us? Do." But the Widow Leaman excused her-

"I guess, Nanny," said the old man, when she and her crape veil and her pervading odor of peppermint had taken themselves off, "PII change my mind about having Luella Leaman here. I guess you'll do very well for a housekeeper, if you'll be a little more careful about my best suit of clothes and the moths."

"Thank you, Uncle Joshua," said Nanny, reddening like a rose; "but— but I've got a situation somewhere else

housekeeper."
"Eh?" said Uncle Joshua, peering over the rims of his spectacles.
"I'm going to marry Mark Dan-forth," said the little maid with down-

Uncle Joshua was silent for a second Then he took his niece's face between

his two hands and kisssed it. "I'm glad on't," said he, "even though'l shall miss you. It's a grand thing for a girl to get a good husband, and you may go to Millville and pick out a wedding-gown, an' hev it charged to my account. And don't spare no expense, because you've deserved it." And of all the girls in Millville little Nanny was the happiest that night.

### Her Feet and Hair.

Miss Helen Dauvray possesses two beauties—her feet, which are of the highest regulation American pattern, and her hair, which is actually of inky blackness. In these days of mixed types, such hair stands out in bold relief-or rather, Miss Dauvray's tresses lie down in upfashionable slicknessand that is a relief; but these pleasing features have not succeeded in turning her out a good actress. I would go a long way to see the Dauvray feet, dressed as their little owner knows how to dress them. And, like others at the Hollis Street Theater recently, I was not averse to the little dance at the end of the second act, because it showed them and the lace petticoat to such advantage. All the same, I hope these impromptu steps are not to be introduced into every society play. Girls, even "whirlwind" girls in society are not in the habit of prancing solus around a drawing-room when their partners claim them for a waltz, and why Polly Fargus should do such a thing, unless she has Carmeneita and Otero on the brain, passes comprehen-sion. The "skirt dance" fad will become an absolute nuisance if it is to bring down the cortain on all and every occasion, and I hope the charming gymnastics may be copyrighted or "protected" somehow before Mrs. Kendal breaks into the present folly.

Inguage fitted to express that life, and therefore a life to be expressed.—

Lyman Abbolt in The Century.

#### ONE SHOT WAS ENOUGH MISSING LINKS.

Thoroughbred St. Bernard dogs sell at from \$250 to \$1,000 each. SUCCESSFUL BUT DANGEROUS PUR-Arizona bas 701 miles of irrigating SUIT OF A TIGER. canals that furnish water to 300,000

A. B. Hendry, 14 years old, is princi-pal of the public schools at Antioch, Monatec county, Fla. How a Royal Specimen Was Trapped in His Lair and Followed to His Miss Mary Garrett of Baltimore has

We—that is, the major, doctor and myself—had been pottering about the outskirts of the Terai for some days,

hoping to get news of a tiger, says a writer in *Hurper's Weekly*. We had just pitched our camp when our shi-

karri, Ali by name, came, hurriedly to our tent, saying that the headman

was playing sad havoc with their cat-

tle. The proposition was jumped at, and with Ali and two of his assistants

bullock was bought for a few rupees, and was led out into the jungle.

A good spot was found in an open space that at some time or another had

major told us of his previous experiences with tigers. The doctor had

was mad on ornithology, and he con-

fessed that on more than one occasion

the golden opportunity for a good

We turned in early, and soon the

ushes the fire-flies flashed to and fro

Above all, the insect chorus, however,

could be heard the howl of the hyena

Daylight saw us astir, and with it

came the welcome news that the tiger

Chautahazri, consisting of coffee and eggs, was soon disposed of and we climbed into the howdah, strapped to our elephant, and started for the vil-

lage. Here all was excitement when we arrived. The headman had al-

ready mustered all available hands for

beaters. Tom-toms, tin cans, and short endgels formed their armament,

out of the village that morning.

As we walked silently along the jungle path, for we had left the ele-

phant at the edge of the forest, getting

more and more wet every step from the dewdrops we shook from the tall grass and overhanging boughs, the whole line was suddenly brought to a

In front was the village shikarri,

then followed the doctor. The latter was the cause of the halt. As the

major and myself pushed to the front we saw him cautiously pointing to a tree above him with one hand, while

the other was stretched out for his

shot-gun. "What the deuce is it?" asked the

doctor, excitedly. "Where's that fool with my gun?"

"My dear major, that's one of the rarest of finches. Where's my gun?" continued the doctor in Hindostance.

For the moment we were speechless, but the sight of the half-frightened

servant coming up with the gun loos-ened at least the major's tongue. He

seized the gun himself, and turning to

the doctor said: "Do you mean to say you are thinking of shooting that bird?"

tonished doctor.
"And give the tiger notice of our ap-

proach? I've a good mind to shoot you first," angrily retorted the major. "By Jove! I forgot all about the

As we entered the open space signs were not wanting that the bullock had

been killed, for sitting on the boughs of trees were vultures, while others were circling above in the air. As we came in sight of the carcass two

jackals were seen running for the shelter of the neighboring jungle, while

some of the carrion were gorging them-

selves on the corpse. The tiger had made a meal of the hindquarters and

we could easily trace its spoor down toward the nullah, or water course.

The doctor, who had won first choice of stations, determined to take

up his position in the fork of a tree that commanded the open patch and also a short stretch of the nullab. The major and myself had to make a de-

tour to take up our posts lower down the water course, as in all probability

"stripes" would conclude to cross it and seek for shelter in the dense jungle

Half an hour saw us in position. The

major ensconced himself behind a rock.

with a capital view of the now nearly dry river bed and a friendly tree in

his rear, while I commanded a long

stretch of the same, which just at the foot of the rock on which I lay took a

sharp turn to the left. I also had a partial view of the patch that the doc-

tor was supposed to guard. Word was sent to the beaters, and I, at least,

waited anxiously for coming events.

It was not long before the silence of the jungle was broken by the noise of the villagers.

There are few things more exciting

than waiting to get your first sight of a tiger. Despite the knowledge that

one must keep cool, the nerve got the upper hand, and it seemed as though

the holding of the rifle steady had be

come an impossibility.

Now and again the long grass that

bordered the pullah stirred, as some deer, log or jackal, fearful of the dia, would dash across the yellow stream and vaulsh in the jungle that stretched

I was peering into the thick under-

growth when suddenly Ali touched me and whispered, "Bagh! bagh!"

for miles behind me

There was no doubt he had.

"Of course I am." answered the as

"Don't you see it?" answered the

Do you mean that infernal little

standstill.

proach?

tiger.

beyond.

had killed our bait during the night

or the bark of the prowling jackal

bath in her home lined with Mexican ouyx that cost \$6,000. A Mexican millionaire named Terry now owns the fastest trotting horses in Paris, and promenades them daily.

Mr. C. P. Huntington began life as a tin-peddler, and while he still has a large quantity of tin he does not peddle In Russia, which is the great horse country of Europe, they never put blinders on a horse, and a shying horse

almost unheard of. Mrs. Stanley has revived the long disused fashion among ladies of wear-ing the hair in a simple roll at the back, and many following her example.

have adopted it. Capt. William Parrish, who was pilot the Confederate ironelad Merrimae at the time of the battle with the Monitor and the frigates Cumberland and Congress in Hampton Roads, died the other day in Richmond, Va.

Gen. Merritt declares that Sitting Ball is the rankest coward that ever bedaubed his ugly face with paint. He is a villainous old rascal, but as a waror he is no good at all. He is known at home as the "squaw man with much

Mr. Elliott of the Smithsonian stitution thinks that seven years' in-activity in sea fishing is the only thing that will save the seal from extermination. If the seal sacque could be run he had been watching some rare speci-out of fashion for awhile the same men of the feathered tribe and lost end would be attained.

Representative Lanham, reelected from the Eleventh Congressional District of Texas-probably the largest in country-represents ninety-seven counties that are said to exceed in area ten States. One of the counties in his district is 1,000 miles by rail from his

of the Pine Ridge Agency, South Da-kota, is a native of Pottstown, Pa. He is over six feet in height and robust proportions and during the late Re-bellion won distinction on the battle-field and was several times badly wounded.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Moses of Cape Elizabeth, Me., celebrated recently the 70th anniversary of their wedding. Mr. Moses is the last of eleven children, is 95 years of age, and is hale and hearty. His wife is 88 years old and is remarkably well and active for and it was a motley crew that marched one of her years.

Gen. Lord Wolseley, who shares with Gen. Sir Frederick Roberts the honor of being England's greatest liv-ing General, was on Longstreet's staff the Rebel army, just as the Comte Paris was on McClellan's. Tom chiltree is the authority for this story, and of course it is true.

The latest fad of girls is a friendship cane. It is hung in the parlor, and is ornamented with half yard strips of ribbon of various colors, each piece contributed by a friend. The girl who practices this fad is under obligations to remember the particular piece of ribbon contributed by each friend.

Senator Evarts said to a reporter the other day: "I think now that, if I were standing where I was fifty-three years ago and journalism was what it years ago and journalism was what it now is, I should choose as the busi-ness of my life that of a journalist. I can see in it greater possibilities than are embraced in other professions."

## A PERFECT CLIMATE.

There are no sudden changes of season here. Spring comes gradually day by day, a perceptible hourly wak-ing to life and color; and this glides into a summer which never ceases, but only becomes tired and fades into the repose of a short autumn, when the sere and brown and red and yellow hills and the purple mountains are waiting for the rain clouds. This is according to the process of nature; but wherever irrigation brings moisture to are perpetual the year round, only the green is powdered with dust, and the cultivated flowers have their periods

of exhaustion. I should think it well worth while to watch the procession of nature here from late November or December to April. It is a land of delicate and brilliant wild flowers, of blooming shrubs, strange in form and wonderful in color. Before the annual rains the land lies in a sort of swoon in a golden haze; the slopes and plains are bare, the hills yellow with ripe wild-oats or ashy gray with sage, the sea-breeze is weak, the air grows drier, the sun hot, the shade cool. Then one day light clouds stream up from the southwest, and there is a gentle rain. When the sun comes out again its rays are milder, the land is refreshed and brightened, and almost immediately a greenish tinge appears on plain and hill-side. At intervals the rain continues, daily the landscape is greener in infinite variety of shades, which seem to sweep over the hills in waves of color. Upon this carpet of green by February nature begins to weave an embroidery of wild flowers, white, lavender, golden, pink, indigo, scar-let, changing day by day and every day more brilliant, and spreading from patches into great fields, until dale and hill and table-land are overspread with a refinement and glory of color that would be the despair of the car-pet-weavers of Daghestan.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

# WHAT CONSCITUTES & NATION.

Forty millions of people on three millions of square miles of territory do not constitute the United States of America. A million or so of people occupying twenty-one thousand square miles did not constitute Greece. It was the Greeks who constituted Greece; it is Americans who constitute America. So many people thrown together on one territory no more make a nation than so many blocks of stone thrown together in a pile make a temple, or so many types in pi a book, or so many threads in a tangle a fabric. Every nation has its own distinguish-

(tiger, tiger) pointing toward the plot.
Yes, standing out in the open, with
its head turned in the direction of the
din and hubbub, angrily twitching its
tail, stood a magnificent tiger. For ing features, its own type of character. its own consciousness, its own life. To constitute a nation there must be not some seconds—they seemed an hour— that tiger stood there some 200 yards only people and land and law, but laws that are self-evolved, literature from me and then turned back into the woods. The noise of the beaters that is the expression of national life, grew louder and louder, and I was be gipping to fear that the beast intended to break through their line, when al-

most exactly opposite me, the tall grass was gently pushed aside and out into the full glary of day stepped the

tiger. It started to pass down the nullah, but for a second halted on a slab of rock to listen to the noise of its onemies.

enemies.

It was a spiendid shot. A sharp erack of a rifle and then to my joy I saw the quarry lying on its stomach, tearing up the ground around in its impotent rage and growling as only a tiger can. There was no necessity for a second shot, for as we scrambled to the top of the rock that had concealed us the royal brute rolled over on its side while a stream of blood from its side while a stream of blood from its mouth made assurance doubly sure.

### FOOLING THE CAMERA. Skillfully Painted Faces May Deceive the Leases of the Photographers.

of a neighboring village wished to speak with us. With him were some of the villagers, who came as a deputation, praying us to rid them of a tiger that Some of our girls are learning how to be photographed beautifully and trickily. "Have you observed and wondered," said one of the most colbrated of the camera men, "how well the actresses manage to look when the eve of the camera is focused on them Well. I can tell you how to do as well I returned to the village with the headman. A wretched specimen of a as they do. First, choose an artistic photographer. No matter how much you know about what you want and what to wear, there are matters view, and light and shade, for which space that at some time or another had been cleared for cultivation. A dead tree stood conveniently near the dense forest, and to this the bullock was tied, and we left the poor brute to its fate, while two men climbed into a tree to watch. Dinner was ready by the time I returned to camp; and the pasion told use of his progress was presented by the context of the progress was tree. you must depend absolutely upon him. But he will not be able to advise you how to make up your face and will probably object sweepingly to any such device. That is where he is mistaken. If he were wise he would know how to pose a girl, and then with a bit of white and a bit of black chalk make her levels for the tries. her lovely for that view. Several of the New York photographers do this now. The stock pose, into which been on many a tiger hunt, but had never yet bagged one of the royal quarry. The fact of the matter was he photographers, on general principles, put victims over whom they don't intend to bother, is three-quarters, which is an abomination to most faces. There is small chance for expression; the eye gets no show at all, and the contour of he cheek, which is seldom beautiful, except in children, is betrayed. You will find they have a rooted objection camp was bushed in silence, but the forest was alive with animal and in-sect life. Thousands of stridulating to full-face positions. I have never been able to discover why. There is a cleada seemed to make the very air vibrate, while here and there among tendency to raise one eyebrow higher than the other, or look cross-eyed; but t is his business to look out for that, and stop you if your features begin to wander around your face.

Now, in painting a face for pho-

tography the eyes can safely be made up a great deal. Put black under the re, only don't let it be just one heavy black line. Shadow it out softly. Blacken the lashes as much as they will stand, only don't let them be lumpy. Increase the apparent length and sweep of the upper lid, by which the size of the eye is judged, with a line continuing the line of the lashes, and a parallel one continuing the line of the crease that shows just above when the eye is open. Draw these only as long as can be done without their showing as lines. An actress obtained a clever picture, in which the effect of very long lashes is given by lines, presumably shadows thrown by said lashes, painted above the eye, just under the eyebrows. Use red very carefully. Your lips probably need painting into an improvement upon their own shape. Do it softly, and with very faint red. Red takes black. Look carefully and you will trace a hard line about the lips of many actresses' photographs. Sometimes you don't need to look carefully. If you want a dimple to show specially, you can heighten its light and shade a little; but unless your photographer poses you so that the device does not betray itself the effect will be a failure. Having thus accentuated your face, don't disturb its arrangement by s smile, or smirk, or any other grimac of expression when the lens is opened on you. Otherwise, art and nature will make a hopeless mess of your features. But if you have planned an expression in harmony with the make-up, save it till the last moment. The operator is bound to grip the back of your neck with his monkey wrench, and if you hang on to your joyful smile all through that ordeal you will get something demoniac and wild to send to your friends."—N. Y. Sun.

#### A Kentucky Minister of the Olden Time.

A tall, thinnish man, with silky pale brown hair, worn long and put back behind his ears, the high tops of which bent forward a little under the weight, and thus took on the most remarkable air of paying incessant attention to everybody and everything; set far out in front of these ears, as though it did not wish to be disturbed by what was heard, a white, wind-splitting face, calm, beardless, and seeming never to caim, beardless, and scenning never to have been cold, or to have dropped the kindly dew of perspiration; under the screne peak of this forehead a pair of large gray eyes, patient and dreamy, being habitually turned inward upon a mind toiling with hard abstractions; having within him a conscience burning always like a planet; a bachelor— being a logician; therefore sweet-tem pered, never having sipped the sour pered, sever having sipped the sour cup of experience; gazing covertly at womankind from behind the delicate veil of unfamiliarity that lends en-chantment; being a bachelor and a bookworm, therefore already old at forty, and a little run down in his toilets, a little fraved out at the elbows and the knees, a little seamy along the back, a little deficient at the heels: in pocket poor always, and always the poorer because of a spendthrift habit in the matter of secret charities; kneeling down by his small hard bed every morning and praying that during the day his logical faculty might discharge its function morally, and that his moral faculty might discharge its function logically, and that over all the operations of all his other faculties he might find heavenly grace to exercise both a logical and a moral control; at night kneeling down again to ask forgiveness that despite his prayer of the morning. one or more of these same faculties— he knew and called them all familiarly by name, being a metaphysician-had gone wrong in a manner the most abnormal, shameless, and unforescen; thus on the whole, a man shy and dry, gentle, lovable, timid, resolute, forgetful, reorseful, eccentric, impulsive, thinking too well of every human creature but himself; au illogical logician, an erring moralist, a wool-gathering philosophe but, humanly speaking, almost a per-fect man.—James Lane Allen, in Harper's Magazine.

### Gethsemane's Garden.

It is said that a wealthy gentleman of Liverpool has purchased the Garden of Gethsemane, near Jerusalem, in which the Savier passed the night before his cracifixion. The purchase was made in order to prevent specu-lators from carrying out their schemes of building on the sacred grounds hotel for the accommodation of visitors and tourists in the Holy Land. WIT AND HUMOR.

Love is a species of intoxication that wells the heart instead of the head.— Boston Courier.

A saloon is like a barbor-most of the wreeks are to be found outside the bar. - Terre Haule Express.

Resolutions are like messenger boys. They are the easiest thing imaginable to pass.—Boston Transcript.

Contributor—"How much ought I to get for that poem?" Editor—"You ought to get about fifteen years."—

"When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone." "The drinking?" "No, the working."—Fliegende Bluetter.

Mrs. Fangle-"This Russian Influenza is very contagious, is it not?" Fan-gle — "Yes, even a detective could catch it."-Life.

The lawyers in the case are like a pair of shears. They never cut themselves, but what is between.—Lawrence Brown—"Does your wife keep her temper very well?" Jones—"Um-er —some; but I get the most of it."—

Boston Gazette The reason why it hurts to have a tooth pulled is supposed to be that you can't bite your lips at the time.-

Fliegende Mactter. When we see a young father wheel-ing his first baby in the street we obtain a realizing sense of the joys of a carriage and pere.—Puck.

Irate Housewife — "You're always breaking something." Servant— "Sure but I ain't tried it on your record for

fault finding."-Rome Sentinel. Bronson-"See here, Cadley, did you tell Smithers I was the meanest white man that ever lived?" Cadley -"No, I didn't draw the color line." N. Y. Sun.

The poet says that "Tis love which makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go around" quite frequently Sunday nights.—To-ledo Commercial.

"What is your idea of a gentleman, Yellowly?" "A true gentleman al-ways laughs at the joke of a story and never says that he heard it before."— Boston Courier.

He—"What did your father say when you told him that we were en-gaged?" She—"Oh, Augustus,you must not ask me to repeat such language!' -Boston Budget. A clever man has invented a system

of reading music for the blind. How delightfull Now they can feel the eloquence of Wagner's music without having to hear it .- Life. Wickwire - "What is the reason Mudge does not speak to you any more? Have you offended him in any

way?" Yabsley - "Yes. I claimed that he had nothing but a common cold."-Terre Haute Express. Jones-"I never saw anything go like the sugar in this house. Four pounds in six weeks! It's awful! How do you account for it?" Mrs. Jones—"I don't know unless the grocer puts quicksand in it."—Binghamton Leader.

Severe Adorer (about to enter the ministry)-"I trust you find a great deal of comfort in thinking of Scripture verses." Interesting Invalid - "Yes, indeed! That text, Grin and

bear it 'does me a heap of good."-"By thunder, old fellow, what ha happened to you that you smile so all the time? What is it so good?" "O. nothing at all, but you see one never knows nowadays but somebody may be photographing bim."—Fliegende

"I observe with regret, George," said George's father, "that you are still at the foot of your class. Is there no pros-pect of your doing better?" "O, yes, pect of your doing better?" "O, yes, father; I expect to be second or third in the next class below next term."—

'You know what a fashion Miss Gnawledge has of quoting proverbs at all times?" "Yes." "Well, last night as I remarked about midnight that I must go, she looked at the clock and murmured, 'Better late than never."

Primus-"How did Fergus do at the speaking?" Secundus - "Well, sir, when Fergus' time came there was round after round of applause." Pri-mus-"Good! I must congratulate him on his success." Secundus - "And when he finished you could have heard a pin drop."-Harper's Bazar.

Young Wife (who has just caught sight of her husband's face in the mirsignt of her husband's face in the mir-ror)—"Why, dear, what's the matter?" Husband (savagely)—"I can't get the combination of this blanked four-in-hand tie." Wife (sweetly)—"Well, be careful not to look 'round this way, dear; I'm feeding the baby its milk."

After the railroad accident, Husband (extricating bimself from the wreck)—"Emily, thank God you are safe! Heavens! isu't this awful?" Wife—"Dreadful! Hear the poor peo-ple groan! Dearest?" Husband ple groan! Dearest?" Husband —
"What is it, love?" Wife—"Is my
hat on straight?"— Burlington Free Press.

Smith—"That was a very interesting lecture of yours on the Catacombs. Did you write it while you were in Rome, or after you returned home? Spouter "O, no, I wrote it before I went.
Wanted to get it off my mind, you know, so that when I got abroad I'd have nothing to do but enjoy myself." -Boston Transcript.

The parties who undertook to show the Pan-American delegates the indus-tries of the United States don't seem to have understood their business. The greatest of all American industries was overlooked. The visitors were not taken to see a base-ball match, -Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Fangle—"Did you see Dr. Big-pill last night, dear?" Fangle (absent mindedly)—"Yes, I saw him and went him several bet—ter, I mean, I saw him for a moment only, and I forgot to tell him to call and prescribe for you. I'll telephone to him as soon as I get to the office."- Epoch.

From a Philosopher's Note Book: "One should never marry, because, first, if the woman is plain she will form too disagreeable an object of daily contemplation for one's self; while, second, if she is good looking she will prove too irresistible an attraction to other people."—Judge.

### New Diving Dress.

A new diving dress has been adopted by the French may. It contains but three pieces—belmet, collarette, and body. The belovet is fitted with an incandescent lamp inclined forward at an angle which enables the diver to derive the fullest advantage from it and fitted with protector and mirror.

INVENTIONS OFBROOKLYN MEN. New Type-Setting Machine and an Elec-trical Smuke-Smelling North

I met a Brooklyn man here in New York the other day who has invented a clover arrangement for setting type, which, he thinks, will revolutionize the which, he thinks, will revolutionize the whole business, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. It's a very simple-looking little machine, something like a typewriter, or at least the keyboard is the same. When the compositor strikes a lottered key it throws up into line a matrix which remains in place, the next key struck places the next along side, and when a line of type is formed melted type is thus cast and set formed melted type is thus cast and set up at the same moment. This is removed and the second line formed and so on, the work requiring about one-half the ordinary time consumed in such matters, and the result being that the type is always fresh and can not be pied, as each line is a solid block. As soon as the stereotype is made the type goes back into the melting pot and is ready for use again. The N. Y. Tribune and the London Times have for a year or more been employing type-setyear or more been employing type-set-ting machines with a great deal of success, but the machine is a laborious and clumsy affair, and the Brooklyn man thinks be has improved on it as much as the second order of sewing-machines improved on the old "cornshellers" that Howe first put upon the market when it was first invented to save woman stitches, but which required about two-horse power to work. The inventor claims he can make these The inventor claims he can make these machines and sell them for \$300, and that they will do the work of three men. He is as enthusiastic as most of these inventors are, and thinks his machine will create dismay in the typographical unions. After a while there will be nothing more for men to do; machinery will do it all.

There is another Brooklyn man who

spends the great part of his days in New York, who is also an inventor. He is rich and belongs to well-known society people, but likes to dabble in electrical matters for his own amusement. His latest device is an electrical nose, which, when it smells smoke, rings a bell, and if it smells a very great deal of smoke turns in a fire alarm. That sounds like a joke, but it is an actual electrical fact. The diagram of the machine is so treated that the action of smoke upon it causes it to move and set an alarm-bell ringing, and this effect, increased, connects with a fire alarm. It is curious to see the model, which is set up here in the owner's office, when the inventor puffs a mouthful of smoke from his eigst upon it. The bell rings wildly, and it he continues to blow the smoke in it makes prompt connection with a fire alarm. In inventing this nose the Brooklynite stumbled upon what is probably one of the most remarkable discoveries since the discovery of electricity itself. This new discovery has not yet been sufficiently tested for the discoverer to be willing to inform the world of its nature, but it is likely to create a great revolution in the manufacture of all fabrics of every descrip-tion when he has made sufficient experiment to be sure of his ground. These inventions stumble so closely upon each other's heels that the faculty wonder loses its sensibility, but of wonder loses its sensibility, but where a means of suspending a great natural law is reached one finds it im-possible to grasp with the imagination the possibility of man's future control over the inanimate world.

### Ludierous Errors

The method of lending money on furniture, which has sprung so far and rapidly into public favor, is constantly begetting ludicrous errors in chattel mortgages, said a clerk in the record-er's office to a St. Louis Globe Democrat reporter. This is due to the fact that so many illiterate men with small that so many liliterate men with small capital and a passion to increase it like sixty are indulging. We are compelled by law to copy every instrument put here for record letter for letter. If there is an error we copy the mistake, but underscore it to indicate that it is not the fault of the office. Not long since a man presented a mortgage that described "a blue mule with red plush trimmings." Whether it was an article of parlor or street car furniture I do not know, but I suppose he did.

Another curiosity was the description of a "marble top stove, a bureau with seven baking utensils, a luttuce-colored silk dress, mixed with yellowish blue fringe lace and flour barrel fixin' hind, and a patent apparatus for stir-ring eggs up fine." "Lusterless silk (2), a frying pan, egg hatcher, cracked spittoon, sausage machine and Reub-en's chromo" is an extract I got from an incongruous collection one day. "A bureau with a lookin' glass an' drawers to set what's left over in," was the sentence used by one man to keep track of a sideboard. An S tete-a-tete was recorded as a "settee with both ends warped skin ways and the back in the middle," while an invalid chair was marked down by an expressionist as a "double bicycle chair, devilish easy to set in any shape." But one I remem-ber excelled all. It spoke of a fine taxidermist's cabinet as a "glass case full of dead birds that don't stink and

a squirrel to boot. But their orthography is great. Curtains often go as "kirtins," center table as "sent her tabil," and bedstead with mattress as "begstid wit ticks," while "soin masheen," "x10shun table" and 'screetwar" for escritoire are common, though "chickens in a pecuo" for a Chickering's piano is not. But these must be rendered, on our books true to copy, which led to a very quaint engrossment soon after the legislature reduced the number of notaries public from 700 or 800 to 100. One of the ousted notaries, in writing his last acknowledgment, took occasion to remark at the bottom that the members of the last assembly were a class of men which he designated by a hyphenated trio of words which few Am will be called without trying to whip somebody, and the application of which is popularly considered a justification for trying to whip anybody. But his opinion was recorded and will stand for years as a concise sizing up of a dofunct legislature.

# Feeding Chickens By Clockwork.

Fred Leach of Ansonia has some fine

poultry, and he believes in feeding them as regularly as he eats his own meals. He is unable to be at home at night before the chickens go to roost, and in order that they may be fed without fail he has rigged up an ap-paratus which works like a charm-The usual quantity of corn is placed in a tin can, which is suspended from a string and weight. An alarm clock in the outer coop releases the spring at a certain hour, the can turns bottom-side up, and the corn is scattered. There are four coops and each has its can, all working at the same time. -