

"PA NEVER DOES."

"I don't know why I have to tote in wood 'n' help 'n' round, 'N' fix 'n' gear 'n' round, 'N' sweep leaves off 'n' ground, I don't get any time to play; It's getting worse and worse; I wonder why I have to work? Pa never does!"

"He jes' sets 'round 'n' smokes 'n' reads 'N' kicks about 'n' noise, 'N' I don't get ter holler none Like other people's boys, Ma says she'll make a man of me; Gee! don't I wisht I wuz! I guess men don't have much ter do; Pa never does!"

"But ma says I'm her chum 'n' when we get our work all done She reads ter me, 'n' tells me tales, 'N' we have lots o' fun, Las' night I hugged 'n' kissed her good— Nobody knows but us; 'N' then ma cried, 'n' I bet 'twas cause Pa never does!"

—Free Press.



Through the temptation to be coquettish with her lover they had parted, and it was a question which was the most miserable, Mary Derwent-water, who had trifled with his love, or Henry Ashton, now wandering abroad in search of forgetfulness.

Ashton went forth upon the world an altered, almost a misanthropic man. His hopes were withered, his first dream of love had vanished, he felt as if there was nothing for him to live for in this world. His mind became almost diseased. He loathed society, then he veered to the other extreme and craved after excitement. He sought relief in travel. Like the fabled victim in the olden legend, he spent years in the vain search after that Lethe whose waters are reserved for death alone. He found it not.

And Mary, too, was changed. She rose from that bed of sickness an altered being. Never had she known the full depth of her affection until the moment when she found herself deserted. The shock almost killed her, and though she recovered after a long and weary sickness, it was to discard all her old habits and to assume a quieter, yet, oh! how far more beautiful demeanor than in her days of unmitigated joy. She felt that Henry was lost to her forever, yet she derived a melancholy pleasure in living as if the eye of her absent lover was upon her. She directed her whole conduct so as to meet his approbation. Alas! he was far away; she had not heard from him for years; perhaps, too, he might be no more; then why this constant reference of all she did to his standard of excellence? It was her deep abiding love that did it all.

Four years had passed when Ashton found himself again in America, and, sitting, after dinner, with one of his most intimate friends at the table of the hotel. For some time the bottle passed in silence. At length his companion spoke.

"You have not seen Mary Derwent-water yet, have you, Harry?"

Ashton answered calmly, with a forced effort, in the negative.

"You must not positively delay it. Do you know how beautiful she has grown?—far more beautiful than when you went away, although you thought her surpassingly lovely." He paused. "I have not heard from the family for years," said Ashton at length, feeling that his companion expected some reply.

"Then you know nothing of her—push us some of the almonds—why, dear fellow, she is irresistible. But she is different from what she used to be; her beauty is softer, though not so showy, and whereas she once would flirt a little—mind, only a little, for she is a great favorite of mine—she now goes by the name of the cold beauty. A married man, like myself, can speak a little warmly, you know, without fear of having his heart chilled in as the bribe of his head. And do you know that my wife suspects you of having worked the reformation?"—Ashton started, and was almost thrown off his guard—"for it began immediately after a long illness that happened a few weeks after you sailed."

Ashton was completely bewildered. He had now for the first time heard of Mary's sickness. His eye wandered from that of his companion, and he felt his cheek flushing in spite of himself. He covered his embarrassment, however, by rising. His companion continued:

"And now, Harry, let us stroll down Broadway, for, to tell the truth, I promised my wife to bring you home with me. Besides, Mary is there, and I've no doubt," he continued, "no doubt," he continued, "you are dying to meet her."

Ashton could not answer, but he followed his friend into the street, conscious that Mary and he must meet, and feeling that the sooner it was done the better. His companion, during their walk, ran on his usual gay style, but Harry scarcely heard a word that was said. His thoughts were full of his cousin. Had she, indeed, become cold to all other men from love of himself? Strange and yet delicious thoughts whirled through his mind, and he woke only from his abstraction on finding himself in the presence of his cousin, in Seacourt's drawing-room.

Mary was on a visit to Mrs. Seacourt, and did not know of Ashton's in-

tended coming until a few minutes before he made his appearance. Devotedly as she loved her cousin, she would have given worlds to escape the interview; but retreat was impossible without exposing the long-treasured secret of her heart. She nerved herself accordingly for the meeting, and succeeded in assuming a sufficiently composed demeanor to greet her cousin without betraying her agitation. He exchanged the commonplace compliments of the occasion with her, and then took a seat by Mrs. Seacourt, who had been one of his old friends. Mary felt the neglect; she saw he did not love her. That night she wept bitter tears of anguish.

Ashton did come daily, and although his conversation was chiefly devoted to Mrs. Seacourt, he seemed neither to seek nor avoid his cousin. Now and then he found himself in a conversation with her, and he thought of old times. But the memory of their last interview came across him at such moments like a blight.

"How wonderfully Ashton has improved since his travels," said Mrs. Seacourt one morning as she and Mary sat tete-a-tete, sewing; "and do you know," continued she, looking archly at her companion, "that I deem myself indebted to you for his charming visits?"

Mary felt the blood mounting to her brow, and she stooped to pick up a stitch.

"Oh! you are always jesting, Anne; you know it is not so."

"We shall see. I prophesy that this afternoon, when we go to the exhibition, he will escort you and leave Miss Thornbury to Seacourt's nephew."

Mary's heart beat so she could scarcely answer, but she managed to reply:

"Don't, my dear Mrs. Seacourt! don't tease me this way! You know, indeed you know, Ashton cares nothing for me," and she felt how great a relief would have been a flood of tears could she have indulged in them.

Mrs. Seacourt smiled archly and said no more.

The afternoon came. The little company were assembled in the drawing-room. Ashton entered just as the last moment had come, and when the ladies were rising to go. Mary was almost hidden in one corner, so fearful was she of attracting the railway of Mrs. Seacourt by placing herself near the entrance and in Ashton's way. Her very sensitiveness produced the effect she wished to avoid. The gentlemen naturally sought partners near them, and for a moment she was left almost alone. She thought she would have fainted when she saw her cousin cross the room and offer to be her escort.

They proceeded to the exhibition. For the first time for years Ashton's arm upheld that of Mary. At first both were embarrassed; but each made an effort, and they soon glided into conversation on different subjects. What a relief it was to Mary that night to think she had been alone, as it were, with her cousin without being treated with neglect.

From that day the visits of Ashton to Mrs. Seacourt increased in frequency, yet there was nothing marked in his attentions to Mary. Indeed, he still continued to converse chiefly with his friend's wife, though he did not openly avoid her guest. Mary grew more and more tremblingly alive to his presence, and at times, when she would detect his eye bent on her, half sadly, half abstractedly, her heart would flutter wildly and a delicious hope would momentarily shoot across her mind; but soon to fade as quickly.

One morning Ashton entered the drawing-room and found her alone. She was untangling a skein of silk. She arose and said, with some embarrassment:

"Mrs. Seacourt is upstairs; I will ring for her."

"Not for the world, if she is in any way engaged. I can await her pleasure."

There was silence of some minutes. Mary could scarcely breathe, and knew not what to say. Her fingers refused to perform their duty, and the skein of her silk became more and more entangled.

"Shall I help you?" said Ashton, approaching her. "My patience used to be a proverb with you."

Mary could not trust herself to answer, for her fingers were actually trembling with agitation. She felt she could have sunk into the floor. She proffered the silk without looking up. Ashton took hold of one end while she retained the other. Neither spoke; but Mary's bosom heaved tumultuously, while Ashton felt his heart in his throat.

"Mary!" he said.

She looked half-doubtfully, half-timidly, up.

"Mary, we love each other—do we not?"

There was no answer, but as he pressed the fingers lying passively in his grasp, the pressure was gently returned, and, bursting into tears, his cousin fell upon his bosom.

The Sure Cure.

Dear boy, I will give you a tip About a sure way to cure gripple: Buy some grease at a dollar apiece; And then bury your nose in the grease; Melt some butter in steaming hot rum; And drink till you hear your ears hum; Mix some mustard and salt piping hot, And sit with your feet in the pot; Snuggly under three coverlets creep, And indulge in a long, dreamless sleep! If all this the gripple's grip doesn't shake, Then for Florida's brakes make a break! —The Doctor.

True to His Vow.

She—Come, dear, here are some nice fresh biscuits I cooked myself. Put on your slippers and come to the table. He—Excuse me, dear; I don't think I'll put on my slippers. I've always made the boast that I'd die with my boots on!—Yonkers Statesman.

A GOOD BACKING FOR ARMOR.

Cellulose Raises Our Cruisers Above Their Class as Battleships.

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers held its fourth general meeting at New York. There was a good representation of the membership of more than 500 present, and applications from forty persons who desire to become members were received.

Henry W. Cramp's paper on American corn-pith cellulose, aside from the technical information, with which the architects and engineers were chiefly concerned, had the popular interest that attaches to any additional method for the protection of human life at sea. He explained the origin and the manufacture of the new product, as well as the invention of its application to warships, and recited the rapid advancement made by Americans in the last year over the French discoverers of the material and its uses, and showed how the American product is bound to supersede the foreign.

"American corn-pith cellulose is an entirely new product," he said, "manufactured from the pith of the cornstalk, or Indian maize, into a granular form, and packed under pressure into the cofferdams of a vessel, where it acts as a perfect water excluder and is non-combustible." When a shot pierces the vessel's side at or near the water line where the cellulose belt is laid the cellulose expands as it is wet by the flowing water and completely chokes the hole. Our Navy Department was quick to take up the device.

"Thus in the Columbia, the New York and the Olympia," Mr. Cramp said, "there are protective decks of ample strength to keep out the shells of any vessel they are likely to engage, while their stability is protected by belts of cellulose several feet thick along the edges of these decks. The English armored cruiser Blake, for example, has no such protection to her stability, and would not have the same chances as the above-named vessels of our navy in a sustained engagement. For protection in the comprehensive sense, the cellulose belt of three feet may be said to be about as efficient as a six-inch belt of steel, so that we can protect our stability, when we have a good protective deck back of it to defend the vitals of the ship, with 100 tons of cellulose to an extent equivalent to that derived from, say, 1,000 tons of armor."

Philadelphia manufactured the first cellulose used in the American navy, making it out of the husks of coconuts, and furnished an article superior to the French, but during the last year the department directed its attention to the corn-pith product, which has been found to possess superior qualities. The department tested the two products by building and firing into two steel cofferdams filled respectively, one with 82½ pounds of cocoa cellulose, corresponding to a density of 7.7 pounds to the cubic foot, and one with 702 pounds of corn-pith cellulose, corresponding to a density of 6.5 pounds to the cubic foot. The first drop of water appeared at the far end of the shot hole through the cocoa dam in ten minutes, and pretty soon the water flowed through at the rate of half a gallon a minute. Through the hole in the other dam no water had come at the end of half an hour, nor was the cellulose at the mouth of the hole in the rear damp. The tests led to the provision in the contracts for the Kentucky and the Kearsarge, and Nos. 7, 8 and 9, that their cofferdams be packed with corn-pith cellulose. It is about \$100 a ton cheaper than the cocoa cellulose, and that fact, with the difference in density, makes it cost about two-thirds the amount per cubic foot packed.

Mr. Cramp said: "Our cruisers of the Baltimore type, if they are provided with a cellulose belt, would be warranted in engaging many of the second-class ironclads of other powers; without it they are liable to be sunk by a well-directed machine gun fire. This product of American farms affords a cheap and ready means of vastly increased efficiency of our cruisers, and the unarmored sides of all our vessels should have these belts without delay. This discovery and application of cellulose is of as vital importance to our navy as the development of the Harveyized armor and smokeless powder. This follows from the fact that, without adding very much to the cost of our vessels, we can greatly increase the efficiency of them all by making their sides automatically resist the inflow of water; and as our cruisers carry heavier batteries than similar vessels of other nations, they would, when so protected, be able to give battle to ships far heavier than themselves."

Druggists Keep up to Date.

When the spring days appear and ladies are thinking of putting away their furs the drug store windows suddenly fill with moth balls, powders and preparations warranted to knock the spots off a moth at forty rods. When the sun gets up a little higher the moth balls disappear and tan and freckle lotions and preventives for mosquito and fly annoyances take the public eye. When the blazing heat of summer is with us, cool soda with pure fruit syrup signs, nestle up against corn remedies and root beer packages. The fall comes on and then the cough lozenge is hatched. Alongside it are cure cures for la grippe, colds, influenza and toothache, while hot soda steams and sizzles at your asking.

Turnips or Philosophy.

When the little company of New England Transcendentalists were at Brook Farm, engaged in their unsuccessful experiment of living in a community of mutual helpfulness, they soon lost heart. They had expected to work six hours a day and spend the

other six in study and intellectual conversation, and the scheme proved impossible. Practically, they could not make both ends meet; and they were men of a sufficiently delicate organization to require the refinements rather than the hardships of life.

They had many visitors at the Hive, who reported the workers as not always in a cheerful frame of mind. One looked sunburned and very thin, and owned that milking cows on a frosty morning was a chilling sort of business.

But the only persistently cheerful remark came from George Ripley, one of the finest scholars and best-equipped writers of the time, who, just before going there, had published certain essays on Descartes' philosophy.

In the autumn of 1841, a clergyman, went to make a call at Brook farm, where he found only a few of the members present. Mr. Ripley, however, was discovered in the turnip-field with two or three others, throwing vegetables into the cart.

As his friends approached, he went forward to meet them.

"Doctor Francis," said he, "it is really kind of you to come such a distance to see an old fellow. You perceive I am occupied with the philosophy of de cart!" (Descartes.)



A London paper says the shilling edition of William Watson's Armenian sonnets "has gone like wildfire." Within a week of publication, ten thousand copies were sold.

Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" has at last caught the attention of the American public, and during the first week in February the publishers were unable to supply the demand. Its English success is still unabated.

The young poets of Paris have elected as successor to Paul Verlaine in poetical sovereignty Stephane Mallarme, translator of poems of Poe and author of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," whose portrait by Whistler is a masterpiece.

Since Alfred Austin was appointed poet laureate several thousand copies of his works have been sold; but the curious fact is noted that many more copies of his prose works than of his books of verse have had purchasers.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent, contributes to one of the March magazines a biographical sketch of Alexandre Dumas the elder. The article is a succession of anecdotes of the novelist, presenting him in a very picturesque light. An account of the Bohemians and "spongers" who took advantage of his prodigality is included.

"Perhaps," says the London Bookman, "it is not generally known—certainly it cannot be known to the writer of an article in the January Blackwood—that Mr. Thomas Hardy endeavored to withdraw his novel of 'Jude the Obscure' from Harper's Magazine, actually requesting that firm of publishers to cancel the contract. But it was found to be impracticable to do this."

Paul Meurice has undertaken the editing of Victor Hugo's correspondence. Victor Hugo was as punctual as Mr. Gladstone in answering communications addressed to him. No subject, from Paris drainage to the Romanic movement and French politics, came amiss to him. His letters will prove an invaluable memorial of his time. Among his manuscripts has also been found an unpublished melodrama.

Mme. Stepniak has announced her intention to prepare a record of the life and work of her husband. It has been arranged that Prince Krapotkin shall edit and arrange the Russian section of the Memoir, and Prof. York Powell, Mr. Edward Garnett and Malatesta, the Italian anarchist, will contribute chapters, respectively, on "Stepniak as a Critic," "Stepniak as a Political Writer" and "Stepniak in Italy."

Joke by Holmes.

At the time of the Peace Jubilee, Dr. C. B. Porter, of Boston, returned to his office one day, and found the slate in the hall covered with Latin words and signed O. W. Holmes. He immediately got down his dictionary, and with much effort discovered that he had been to the Peace Jubilee, had soiled his boots so thoroughly with dirt that he did not like to go down town in such a plight, and had stopped and asked Mr. Porter's servant for a foot-brush that he might clean up his boots; and he had dignified this rather menial performance by writing it all out in Latin and leaving it on the slate.

Microbes Devour Sewage.

A novel disposition of sewage is made at Exeter, England. The method consists of four tanks, a fourth of the sewage passing into each. Light and air are excluded from the tanks; putrefaction and decomposition are rapidly set up; the microbes multiply and the solid portions of the sewage are consumed and the outflow from the tanks is nothing but slightly colored water, which, after passing through filters, loses all color and taste. No chemical is used, and no attention to the tanks of any sort is needed. Each filter bed automatically cleanses itself by being out of use for a short time.

India Ink.

India ink is made by some secret process which is closely guarded by its inventors, the Chinese.

After a man has made a pleasant allusion to the days when he courted his wife, there isn't anything she will refuse to do for him.



THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

THERE is no rule which should govern the age at which a girl may marry and take upon herself the responsibilities that attach to that condition. It may be broadly stated that she should marry when she is capable of understanding and fulfilling the duties of a true wife and thorough housekeeper, and never before. No matter how old she may be, if she is not capable of managing a house in every department of it, she is not old enough to get married. When she promises to take the position of wife and homemaker the man who holds her promise has every right to suppose that she knows herself competent to fulfill it. If she proves to be incompetent or unwilling he has good reasons to consider himself cheated. No matter how plain the home may be, if it is in accordance with the husband's means and he finds it neatly kept and the meals (no matter how simple, served from shining dishes and clean table linen, that husband will leave his home with loving words and thoughts and look ahead with eagerness to the time when he can return.

Let a girl play the piano and acquire every accomplishment within her power, the more the better; every one will be that much more power to be used in making a happy home. At the same time, if she cannot go into the kitchen, if necessary, and cheerfully prepare just as good a meal as anyone could with the same material, and serve it neatly after it is prepared, she would better defer her marriage until she learns. There would be fewer domestic jars and fewer unhappy households if these considerations were lived up to.

Fencing at Afternoon Teas.

Among the latest amusements indulged in by fashionable girls at dove afternoon teas is that of fencing, says a New York paper. On these occasions no prying men are admitted, chiefly for the reason that not all the girls who exhibit are experts, and, of course, they do not wish to have their mistakes observed by rude male eyes. As a general rule the regulation fencing suit is worn.



FENCING AT FASHIONABLE TEAS.

especially if the occasion be a club affair. This consists of an accordion-plaited black silk skirt, which descends half way between the knees and the ground. With this is worn a black velvet bodice made loosely to render the necessary perfect freedom of the body and arms. Low-cut tennis shoes finish the costume. At a recent club tea one strikingly handsome girl wore a dark blue skirt, with waist of white duck buttoned diagonally down the front from shoulder to waist.

Virtue in an Afternoon Nap.

The divinity that doth hedge a king is as nothing to the sacredness that attends the afternoon nap of the society woman. Upward souls in the prosecution of various business callings who have had the misfortune to break in upon the slumbers of such are made to keenly feel the enormity of their offense, but what is said to them is as nothing to the lecture that is bestowed upon the servant maid who knew no better than to believe that the business world cannot wait until society's nap is over. Most women who indulge in the habit—and a very wise and commendable one it is, to be sure—give their maids explicit instructions that they are not to be called between certain hours for any purpose whatever.

Make a Home of a Houschold.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and making all tight, send before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought

home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy when among good men, we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.—American Cultivator.

His Opinion of the Matter.

Little Harold had been a naughty boy, and his papa had sentenced him to an hour's solitary confinement in his bedroom as a punishment. When the hour was over, and the small prisoner was allowed to return to the sitting-room, he went to his mamma and in a stage whisper said: "Mamma, I think you might have done a great deal better than to marry papa."—Harper's Bazar.

Successful Woman Lawyer.

A New York woman has changed the current of thought of the keenest body of men in the metropolis. She has made them believe that a woman can really



NELLIE STANLEYETTA TITUS.

become a good lawyer. Not only has she accomplished this feat, but at the same time has won the respect and esteem of all the members of her profession with whom she has come in contact.

This modern Portia is Miss M. Stanleyetta Titus. She has introduced another innovation among the methods of the legal profession in New York by establishing her office in one of the most "swell" apartment buildings in the city. Miss Titus is no bluestocking. Her face, as the accompanying picture, drawn from a photograph, indicates, is that of a rather pretty and certainly distinguished looking young woman.

An Evening Gown.



Apples as a Skin Beautifier.

The mischief done by the apple which Eve shared with her infatuated lord can never of course be overcome. Women, however, should know that the advantages of apple-eating will to some extent console her for the mischief made by our first parents. Doctors say that apples act directly upon the liver, thus strengthening the digestion, and, as a consequence, improving the texture of the skin and the color of the complexion. Raw apples are the best, but baked ones may be substituted for a change, or if the fresh fruit should be found unpalatable or difficult of digestion.

Accounted for.

Grace—I never saw any one with such a vacant expression as Cholly. Lillian—No; he's always thinking of himself.—Puck.