

SOLILOQUY OF A BACHELOR.

To wed or not to wed? that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in man to suffer
The stings and arrows of that blind
young archer,
Or fly to arms against a host of troubles
And at the altar end them. To woo, to
wed
No more; and by this step to say we end
The heartache and the thousand hopes
and fears
The single sufferer—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To woo, to wed—
To wed—perchance repent—ay, there's
the rub;
For in that wedded state, what woes may
come
When we have launched upon that untried
sea
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calibury of so long life,
For who would bear the quips and jeers
of his friends,
The husband's pity or the coquette's
scorn,
The vacant hearth, the solitary cell,
The unshared sorrow or the void within.
When he himself might his redemption
gain
With a fair damsel? Who would beauty
gain
To toil and plod over a barren hearth,
But that the dread of something yet be-
hind—
The undiscovered country—from whose
bourne
No bachelor returns—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus forethought doth make cowards of
us all.
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought,
And numberless flirtations, long pursued,
With this regard, their currents turn
away
And lose the name of marriage.
—New York World.

WILLIAM TELL UP TO DATE.

Courcy Devereaux & Co. is the name engraved on the plate of our office door in Brown's court, No. 113, third floor. I never go there myself unless there is something special on, but my partner, Courcy Devereaux, as he calls himself, attends daily, if only for an hour or so, for the looks of the thing, and to read his paper.

As for myself, I am the "company." Bloggs is my name, plain John Bloggs, and when this office business was first proposed, I felt hurt because Courcy wouldn't put my name in full also.

But I had to give way, as I did to everything he proposed, for he is A1, and a credit to his profession.

To what profession, did you ask? Well, I will try and explain it all to you, but you must first understand that my partner has an extraordinary head-piece for business. It is astonishing the way he can think out everything.

"Bloggs, old boy," says he, one evening, about a month ago, "you remember that house I pointed out to you at the corner of Dovecot terrace?"

"I do. What of it?" I answered.

"I am told that there is living there a rich American. He is married, only one servant—quiet sort of people evidently, and as I know you don't like dogs in your business capacity, I find they do not keep one, big or little. Tomorrow morning, therefore, you must proceed to Dovecot terrace; go to the side door in the wall, and try to sell the servant one of the firm's brooches"—and my partner smiled.

Next morning I set out, for part of my work as partner was to carry a black box occasionally, containing brooches, which I sold to servant girls, as a rule.

"Sold," I said, but, seeing as how we gave about three-and-sixpence each for those brooches, we ought to have got a trifle more than the price my partner told me always to charge, but he was always so good-hearted, he was.

"Charge sixpence each for 'em," says he. "We shall never lose anything by being generous."

It was just like him—he was too generous—but I never had the heart myself to sell more than two at that price to one servant.

My plan of business was that, when the girl opened the door, my box was open too, and a tempting show of brooches met her gaze, and my three words, "Only sixpence each," never failed to effect a sale.

This one was no exception to the rule, and in less than two minutes I was exhibiting my stock in trade on the kitchen table. I can tell you that girl was no fool, for she picked out three of the nicest brooches I'd got, two of 'em for her sisters, of course. It was fortunate for me that she hadn't got six more sisters, anyway.

Then arose a little difficulty—her money was upstairs, and she seemed a bit afraid of leaving me by myself while she went for it, which was only natural.

"Don't be afraid of me, miss; here's my license, properly signed. Thomas Jones is my name, as you can see for yourself in black and white."

She was satisfied, and went away up the back stairs at once.

You see, when this brooch-selling business was started my partner could not bear the idea of having my proper name put in the license—bless you, he is so proud, and he would not for the world like his city friends to know that his partner hawked brooches to servant girls.

But if he is proud, I am awfully curious, and I could not control myself; so I stepped quietly across the kitchen and peeped through the door at the back which led into the scullery, then tiptoed to the door which led to the front of the house, and, turning the handle quietly, peeped through into the hall.

"Nice little place this, altogether; should like one like this some day myself," I thought. For these little glimpses of different houses taught me a lot of useful things, you know, as I am observant of matters that some people would not give me credit for.

Just at this moment the girl came back with the money, and, as my curiosity had evaporated, she found me putting my box in order.

"There you are," she said, "one-and-sixpence. I haven't kept you long, and if you are coming round this way in about a fortnight's time you might call again. I shall have my wages then, as the master and missus are going back to America, and I should like one or two more to take home with me."

As I before remarked, my partner is A1 in his profession, and you would have thought so, too, if you had seen him handle some of his inventions so beautifully. But he never patented any of them, as he often said that such a course made everybody as wise as yourself. Moreover, he disliked notoriety, and so did I, too, I can assure you.

The same evening we talked matters over a while more, and then, after supper and a cigar, we both donned our mackintoshes, into certain inside pockets of which we inserted a few of the before mentioned inventions.

When we started out it was beginning to rain slightly, but we did not mind that, and, strange to say, just about 12 o'clock we found ourselves at the side door of 1 Dovecot terrace.

"Why, all is darkness, Bloggs. I suppose they have gone to bed. Well, we won't disturb them, eh, old man?"

He was very thoughtful, you see, for other people, was my partner, so he left me while I unfastened the door in the wall, and strolled along the road a little way, after which he joined me inside the little yard, when we closed the door once again, fastening it inside.

"Good business so far, Bloggs. Now give me No. 2, and we will soon be there, my boy."

No. 2 was one of those wonderful inventions I have spoken about, and such an insinuating work of art was it that in a very few minutes we both stood by the table on which I had placed my box the morning previous.

Locating the door which led into the hall, we found it unfastened and like a pair of specters we passed through, and so on to the door, which led into the front parlor. This door was fastened.

"Sorry to spoil our friend's door, Bloggs, but we shall be obliged to use No. 2 once more."

No. 2 was again manipulated by my partner with such dexterity and silence that the slight instrument soon began to show its effect on the woodwork, inasmuch as a small shower of sawdust was apparent, to our joint satisfaction.

My partner whispered again: "Now for No. 3, Bloggs. Then turn the light on a little more, and we won't be long before we invite ourselves inside, and, after our business is transacted, old boy, why—hey, presto! begone!"

Necessarily I stood quite close to my partner as I lighted his operations.

Were you ever in a railway collision or pitched out of a balloon crash upon mother earth?

Perhaps not, but, anyhow, as my senses began to return to me I fancied I had experienced both, and then I gradually opened my eyes, at the same time trying to raise my hand to an enormous lump which I felt sure I was suddenly possessed of.

Both my hands and arms were tightly secured to the chair I was seated in, and, turning my head, there was my partner in the same predicament.

"Feel better now, old fellow," says he, "after your tumble?"

Ha! now I remembered. The sudden glare of electric light over our heads and at the same instant a sudden swishing something landed round our shoulders, and, with a tremendous jerk, down we both went crash on the tiled floor—then oblivion.

After that the dismal awakening, tied up, and with the knowledge that some good Samaritan, to bring me to my senses, had insinuated about a quart of water around my neck.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said a voice at my elbow. "Sorry to interrupt you so suddenly at your work, but the fact is the £250 pounds which I suppose you were expecting to find in the escrow was put by me into the bank only to-day."

And the speaker, who had hitherto been standing behind us, came in front and regarded us with a quiet twinkle in his eye.

"Come here, lassie, and let me introduce you to our visitors," he said, as he flicked off the ash from a cigar he was smoking.

The "lassie," who was evidently his wife, came to the front door also and stood by the man's side.

He was altogether a splendid specimen of humanity; she, however, was rather a small built woman, but had evidently plenty of nerve, and by the manner in which she handled a small silver-mounted rifle I was convinced that she was able to use it.

"Gentlemen, this is my wife, the champion lady shot, and for myself, well, I am supposed to throw a lasso as well as most where I came from."

Now I understood the swishing noise and our sudden overthrow.

The lady had been an amused spectator until now, but suddenly a thought seemed to strike her.

"Biram, just wait a minute, please."

So Biram bent his head while she whispered.

Then he laughed and they left us.

"We are trapped, old fellow, this time, and no mistake; they have gone for the police," said my partner, turning his head toward me. "Where will it all end?"

"Dartmoor," said I, "if—"

"Silence, please," said the lady (for she had now returned tapping the butt of her rifle); "and, moreover, do not stir."

The reason of her request was evident. Mr. Biram—an amateur photographer evidently—now came and planted a camera in front of us as we sat bound and helpless.

Now, as her majesty's photographers

In different parts of the country have the honor of possessing my likeness—more or less distorted, I admit—I protested and proceeded to disarrange my features with the idea of baffling their intentions.

She looked at me and, smiling quietly, said:

"Wait a minute, Biram, I'll fix him for you."

When she came back she had a different gun in the one hand, and a common wine cork in the other, which she placed carefully on the bald spot on my head.

"Now, my man," says she, "did you ever hear of William Tell?"

"Never knew him, that I am aware of, ma'am."

"Well," says she, "William Tell was the man who, with a bow and arrow, shot an apple from the top of his son's head, placed just like that"—and she pointed to the cork on my head. "Now we folks out West," she continued, "can beat those old-fashioned games hollow, but we use guns, and by preference, as I don't wish to disturb the neighbors, I will use an airgun. Please get me the small mirror from the kitchen, Biram."

I suddenly grasped the position, but couldn't speak a word to save my life, nor dared I stir. My features straightened instantly, and, shutting my eyes, I tried to count how many jills I had seen the inside of, and what the different chaplains had talked to me about, but I couldn't remember.

Biram came with the glass, and—oh, it was horrible!—she stood with her back to me, while Biram held the glass for her.

"Ping!"

What a frightful sensation it was as the cork flew off.

"Fix that camera again, Biram," said she, turning round. "I think after that he won't trouble you again; if not, I must try again at something smaller."

I tried to look as pleasant as possible under the circumstances.

And so the pictures were completed to their satisfaction, but not to ours, you may be sure.

Mr. Biram then undid the cords about us, to our great relief, as we were cramped horribly.

"Sit still a minute, you pair, and be advised by me," he said, eying us both sternly. "Do not stir or move a hand without my permission; otherwise you must take the consequences."

We understood and nodded, for Mrs. Biram was fingering a small revolver in a manner that I did not much care for, while my partner listened gloomily.

"You may think your lucky stars that I shall not give you in charge, for the reason—"

"Hear, hear, guv'nor!" I said.

"Because," he added, "we wish to get back to the States soon, and your trial would delay us somewhat; in I warn you to steer clear of London for a time, for if my wife sees either of you hanging around she would certainly go in for some more gun practice; so remember."

I heard Mrs. Biram say something laughingly to her husband, and then: "I believe," he said, eying me, "that you sell brooches very cheap?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, meekly, "too cheap. I am thinking of going out of that trade after all this."

"You may," he answered, grimly smiling, "after another transaction with my wife, and respecting which I desire you to forward to her that she may receive them not later than this evening twenty-four similar brooches. If not, why, you must take the consequences; and then, of course, we shall be compelled to stop and see the fun."

.....

"Bloggs," says my partner, as he was packing up the brooches to be posted as soon as the office opened—"Bloggs, I've got an old aunt in North Wales who hasn't seen me for a long time. Will you come?"

I thought of the woman who, without winking, knocked corks off the heads of honest men; and then—"Would I come?" I fled.—Answers.

Nature's Cycle-Path.

Most of us, at one time or another, have basked for a while upon some sandy beach of ocean or lake; we have bathed in the surf, gathered shells upon the shore, and then whiled away many idle hours. But it was reserved for the bicycle to make us really acquainted with those stretches of beach and shore which seem to have been purposely prepared by kind Mother Nature as a glorious cycle-path. Whether or not she originally intended it for wheels, she certainly spends a great deal of her time in keeping the path in repair; and those active servants of hers, Wind and Wave, Rain and Sun, are kept very busy at work upon it all the time.

This long and varied path stretches in its entirety hundreds of miles along our ocean shores and around the borders of our great lakes; but the particular bit with which we became familiar during happy summer weeks, and to share in whose delights I would tempt others, is a comparatively small portion on the southern shore of Lake Erie. It begins with the extreme end of Cedar Point, which with its long arm holds in a portion of Sandusky Bay, and extends eastward fifteen miles or more up the shore. This sandy shore continues all the way to Cleveland and beyond; but because of some intervening piles of rock one cannot ride the whole fifty or sixty miles. The shorter distance is, however, enough for a summer day's ride, especially if one takes it comfortably and leisurely, and appropriates to himself the countless joys spread before him.—St. Nicholas.

When a girl disappears for two or three days, it is a sign that she has been washing her hair.

Probably every man has made an honest effort to talk less, and failed.

A SHORTHAND TYPE WRITER.

Machine Which Writes Entire Words at One Stroke of the Fingers.

Business men and stenographers will hail with delight the invention of a typewriting machine which can be so manipulated as to print words entire with one stroke of the fingers instead of the old method of spelling each word out. The machine is intended to take the place of ordinary shorthand writing, and at the same time to make a record which can be read by anyone.

In the ordinary typewriting machines speed is limited by the fact that but one key can be operated at a time and only one character printed.

The inventor saw that if several fingers could be used at the time, as on the piano, to select the letters for a word, and the word printed at a single stroke, sufficient speed could be gotten to take speeches from dictation direct on machines instead of using shorthand. He then constructed a machine after this idea. It is a very small affair, weighing only two and one-half pounds, occupying a space only six inches square, and can be placed in a case two inches deep.

In this invention the operator can bring into play any or all of twenty keys without changing the position of the hands for any combinations.

There are sixteen keys which lie next to one another, within the four outer keys. On these are printed all the letters and characters that are to be printed. If any of these keys are struck without touching another of the outer ones, it will print the letter or character which is marked on the end nearest the operator. When it is desired to print any of the letters on the second line, it can be done by pressing at the same time one of the outer keys, which are marked "ton's line 2" or "vow's line 2." This brings forward either the consonants or vowels. The same is true of line three. The figures are printed by using the fingers of the right hand, while pressing a lever at the left of the head of the machine. The sixteen keys are so arranged that they can be operated in pairs, so that one finger can press down either one or both keys of each pair.

The machine cannot do accurate spelling, nor will the writing do for correspondence, but phonetic spelling can be done and it is possible at each stroke to print the greater part of a word if not the whole of it. The inventor has made several of these machines and placed them for use in business offices. Those operating them are able to write 100 words a minute.

The principal advantage this machine has is its speed, and if not accurate the words are more easily read than if written in shorthand. It can be used to advantage in taking speeches for the press and other matter that is turned into an office just before the paper goes to press. In this case a good compositor could get up the matter from its record. The record is printed on a narrow slip, as shown by the accompanying slip cut. The letters read across the slip from left to right. Many of the words are spelled phonetically, but their meanings are obvious. The letter in the illustration translated in long hand runs as follows: "If you could make it convenient to call at the Sun office to-morrow night, Thursday, I shall be glad to see you."

A LAMB IN ICE.

Exported from New Zealand to Test a Refrigerating Process.

This is a picture of the smallest lamb exported from New Zealand. It was frozen into the block of ice as represented to demonstrate the capabilities of a refrigerating process.

Had Cause for Tears.

Father (nervely)—Confound it! What's that child screaming about now?

Mother—Why, the poor dear overheard the nurse remark that he grew more like his papa every day.—New York Times.

Very Circumspect.

"Is Miss Strutlace circumspect?" asked Miss Pert.

"Circumspect!" cried Miss Caustic; "why, she won't accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon."—Tit-Bits.

Say nothing; it is the only way to avoid being misquoted.



GOOD ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS of New York is one of the latter-day pastors who do not believe in confining themselves to simply preaching the old-fashioned gospel, but prefer occasionally to discuss sociological and even political topics. Dr. Peters recently delivered an address which gave great satisfaction to all his hearers, particularly those among them who had marriageable daughters. The pith of the sermon is herewith given:

"First, I warn you against the snare of appearances. There are tricks in love as well as in trade. One of them is to make things seem to be what they are not. As you value your life do not marry a mankin, a hatter's show block, a tailor's lay figure. Secondly, never marry a man to mend him or reform him. If a man will not reform to please his sweetheart he will never do so to please his wife. I am the father of two little girls, and rather than that they should marry men who drink I should prefer to see them taken to the cemetery. Thirdly, marry your equal. On the other hand, do not marry for ambition. Do not marry a man whose age is greatly disproportionate to yours. You do not want to spend your best days ministering to a superannuated person. Fourthly, do not make matrimony a matter of money. So common has the mercantile estimate of marriage become that I should not be surprised to see the 'hymeneal market' list chronicled in the newspapers and the prices current quoted on the Stock Exchange.

"I know it is accounted a silly thing to marry for love, but the woman who for the want of it reduces marriage to a mercenary contract degrades marriage, degrades herself and inflicts an irreparable outrage on the man she marries. Don't hesitate to marry a poor man, but be sure that he has something more than his poverty to commend him. And here let me say, marry a man who is industrious. The young man who lives off the earnings of his father until he can find a girl who is fool enough to marry him will very likely live off his wife's father. A do-nothing young man will make a good-for-nothing husband. Lastly, pause long before you say the word that ends your chance of realizing your ideal of marriage. Do not become cynical. The world is full of good husbands and full of young men who will make the right sort of women happy."

To Preserve Husbands.

See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely mended, with the required number of buttons and strings sewed on. Tie him in the matrimonial kettle by a strong silken cord called comfort, should the one called duty prove too weak. Husbands are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs, and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Put them on a clear, steady fire of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near the flame as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and frizzles do not be anxious, for some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sweetness in the form of kisses, but beware of mixing vinegar or pepper. A moderate amount of spice improves them, but it must be used with good judgment. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle so as to become useless. You cannot fail to find out when he is done. If thus treated you will find a husband divisible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want him unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.—American Jewess.

little things; consider every trifle about your cycling costume, your wheel and your action; improve where improvement there can be, and, when you can no longer do so, be happy in having procured the desired end.

Girls We Read About.

The girl who is a dream of loveliness when she is drying her hair in the sun. The blacksmith's daughter in the country village who reads Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

The beautiful little governess who wins the young lord's heart.

The poverty-stricken maiden, who, gowned in simple white muslin and blue sash, outshines her better-dressed sisters, and is the belle of the ball.

The girl who looks fresh and sweet in a dainty gingham when she is cleaning house.

The girl whose wind-blown tresses fall in a golden shower about her alabaster neck, when she takes a canter on her spirited bay.

The proud beauty who scorns the attentions of the humble young artist, and learns too late that he is a man of fame.

The untutored maiden with the voice of a nightingale who brings the whole audience to her feet on her first appearance.

The heiress who wanders about disguised as a poor girl and falls in love with the fisherman's son.

The girl with two or more madly jealous suitors who can keep them all at her beck and call, and induce them to do anything by a glance of her liquid eyes.—Philadelphia Times.

New Duty for Maids.

Among the notions of the present day is that of "breaking in" the bride's shoes. This duty is generally enacted by the chief bridesmaid. But this only can be done where the feet of two women are nearly of one size; and it is not a pleasant idea to think of anyone else standing in our own shoes. It would get them out of shape. Yet it is very nice to have the initial stiffness taken out of a pair of stout walking boots, and one morning's wear will usually do it. Tan shoes are worn in the morning for bicycling; patent leather, kid and cloth-topped shoes for afternoon and satin slippers in the evening.

Novel Ground for Divorce.

A Boston man, wedded but three months, is about to bring suit for divorce upon somewhat novel grounds. His wife has always been regarded as an attractive woman, but she was courted and won by her husband largely on account of her luxuriant and beautiful blonde hair. His compliments were showered upon her hair profusely before and after marriage. Now he has discovered that all but a few straggling threads of that hair were purchased in a switch. It is said that he made the discovery about a week ago and has not been living with his wife since.



Orange and stem green satin vests make a stylish addition to the little jacket bodices and those with short boleros.

Cording and tucks vie with each other for the embellishment of the plainer waists when a second trimming material or applied garniture is not desired.

All the latest adjustable ribbon stocks are wound twice around the back and fastened in the back or front as preferred, the latter way though being much newer and more practical.

An old-fashion revived is to have a sleeveless waist or alternate stripes of velvet or satin ribbon and lace with girdle and bolero to match over a silk slip. The sleeves and stock match the slip, of course.

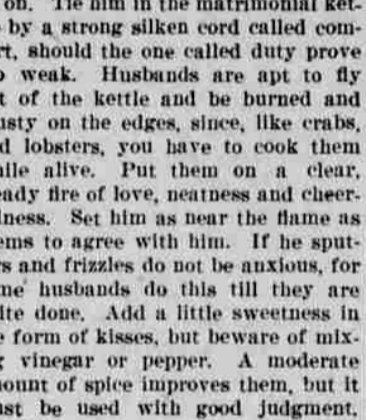
Both fitted and half-fitted jackets are worn, but those with the back snug and taut to the body give the most becoming appearance to the figure. Have the back reach quite to the waist line. They are very apt to ride up, and if too short are very ugly.

The jacket fronts which will be extensively worn this spring may be round, square, pointed or cut into any fancy shape your taste may desire. They may be high or low, but no matter what the shape they always give the effect of a jacket over a full vest or waist.

A utilitarian idea is to have a bodice with an adjustable yoke that can be hooked on, so that when it is removed the gown is cut low and can be worn for evening. Many of the most fashionable modistes are making their handsomest gowns in this way this spring.

Most Popular Woman.

In the voting by the readers of *Woman*, the English journal, to decide who is the "most popular woman in the United Kingdom" outside of royal circles, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts led the list, with Ellen Terry second and Mme. Patti third.



HOUSE GOWN.

To Look Graceful Awake.

It is only natural that every woman should desire to look graceful on a wheel, and this longed for result lies largely with herself. Avoid all unnecessary motion, particularly with the knees; learn to pedal as much as possible from the ankle. Have your machine perfectly adjusted to you. Have a trim, well-made and becoming suit, fitting so well and fashioned on such lines that your coatails will not be flying out behind, your skirt blowing on either side and your neck bent to keep your hat from blowing off. Sit up straight, have your handle bars sufficiently high to allow you to take a tight but firm hold with the forearm straight and the elbow on a line with the waist. Don't despise the day of



A LAMB IN ICE.

frozen into the block of ice as represented to demonstrate the capabilities of a refrigerating process.