EDISON'S LATEST IDEAS.

Experiments for Telegraphing Between Ships at Sea.

It was rather a weird experience, meeting him there in the great gloomy building, where there are but two men besides himself, at night. was chiefly engaged with his new idea of telegraphing from railroad trains in motion. This is not to be done by a cable laid along the track, on the Phelps plan, but by throwing the electric current, by induction, to one of the wires alongside the railroad. His experiments have already shown that the sparks can be thrown 180 feet. The regular Morse instrument, with certain appliances will be used. battery is to be grounded in the wheels of the car, and on the top of the car there will be condensers of tin foil spread upon long strips of wood. Arrangements are also progressing for an experiment in telegraphing by the same method from one ship to another

"But is that possible," I asked. "How far do you think you can throw the current over the water?"

"I am afraid to say how far," was the answer. "From the data already obtained, the theoretical conclusion is that we can throw it twenty-four miles. Possibly we can throw it more

Then Edison rapidly sketched on paper a map of the two continents and the Atlantic, and illustrated his plan of telegraphing from ship to ship so as to establish certain communication between the shore and any part of the frequented seas. Not content with this projected miracle, which seems to be near its fulfillment, he is also busy upon improvements in submarine telegraphy. The method now generally in vogue of reckoning words through cable by the flicker of a flame thrown upon a mirror is amazingly insufficient, as is shown on a diagram which Edison displayed. The number of dots indicating letters often has to be judged by operators from the length of time that the flame hesitates. Even the siphon reciver invented by Sir William Thompson and used by one or two of the new cables, is not quite satisfactory, although it marks the dots pretty nearly. Edison is trying to devise some means of attaining a higher or better regulated rate of speed so that the record may be made clearer. But "it's a tough job," he

Perhaps the most interesting thing he had to say was respecting his exploration for a "new force." At present he calls it simply x y z. He does not pretend to know what it is. But he says that there are many phenomena which are not explained by any force yet recognized, and it is these which he is going to investigate. Vibrations of matter at the rate of 30,000 a second produce the highest sound we can hear. Between these and the vibrations which, at the rate of millions per second, cause the sensation of heat, there is a large gap; and between these and the vibrations that give sensations of color there is another gap. These gaps, Edison be-lieves, are filled by vibrations as yet unmeasured, which constitute the new. or unnamed, force he is in search of. He brought out from a drawer sundry loose sheets on which he had sketched a number of machines he had projected, which respond to some influence still undefined. "I jot these down as they occur to me," he said, "and when I get enough of them together I shall have the machines made and try to generalize my observations."

Think of it! A man in this skeptical century who dares believe in a dis-covery beyond all discoveries. Here is a student of nature who is not afraid to have the spirit of a Galileo or a Kepler or an Isaac Newton. Permaps we shall learn from him that in returning to faith and insight, aided by bold and patient experiment, we may go forward by going backward. "What do you think as to the nature of matter?" I asked, unserupulously. The asswer was prompt: "I do not believe that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed of a certain amount of primitive intelligence. Look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements, forming the most diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence? When they get together in certain forms they make animals of the lower orders. Finally, they combine in man, who represents the total intelligence of all the atoms."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?"

"From some power greater than ourselves.' "Do you then believe in an intelli-

gent Creator, a personal God?" was the next question.

"Certainly," said Mr. Edison. "The existence of such a God, in my mind, can almost be proved from chemis-

Lucretius thought that all atoms swere moved by feelings of love or hate-what we call attraction or repulsion. Edison's idea is far more subtle, since he allows the atoms only a germ of intelligence. It also seems to be quite in keeping with the doetrine of evolution, while it contains nothing that is not in harmony with the idealism of the Platonists. And so we discover down on Avegue B., in the presaic city of New York, a philosopher who believes in a personal God, and is at the same time the foremost exponent of applied science. Curious that he should be at work here, night after night, in the midst of a million of people, only a few hun-dred of whom know how he is employed during the nocturnal hours! As a usual thing he works until 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, his supper basket remaining untouched beside him; and sometimes it is 9 o'clock of the next day before he leaves the bench of the laboratory. "I can't think out anything," he says, "except when I'm experimenting. I have a library of 6,000 scientific works, but somehow I can't find what I want in books. How do I make calculations? Well. I don't know exactly. I can't do it on paper. I have to be moving

So there he goes, moving around, thinking and working with his hands,

in the big somber building, while the city is asleep. He is the controling power of several large factories, a millionaire, a man of business, a marvelous inventor; yet he is as simple and happy as a child, when wrapped in an old seersucker dressing gown, he can manipulate at will and without interruption the mysterious forces and properties of nature. In meeting him I thought of him more as a poet or a musician than as a machinist and electrician. Like the Brahmin I saw last week, he deals with occult powers, in quite a different way, but per-haps to the same end, of perfecting man's control over the elements that shape life. It was significant that we climbed a dark stairway to reach his topmost place of light and intelligence. Americans are practical and skeptical. It ought to amuse them greatly to least by a beautiful and extensive ter-learn that the champion of their in-

Phil Daley's Chapel.

Phil. Daley, whose Pennsylvania club is said to be the most gorgeous gaming table in America, writes a Long Branch correspondent to The New York Sun, has moved his family into the villa which he has added to his belongings. The house is much bigger than the average of the seaside dwellings, and its architecture is ornate in the extreme. Eccentric gables, irrelevant pieces of roof, and other devices break the lines in all parts, and at one corner rises a round turret somewhat like the steeple of a church. A solid wall of brick with an ornamental fence and gate surround the plot. The exterior surface of the house is polished and stained hardwood, in a semblance of tiles. At each side of the front door is a panel. One is lettered "Tootsey" and the other "Maggie"—the names of Daley's two children. The interior is decorated in a costly and showy style. Handsome wood, exquisite fresco and elaborate wallpaper make the rooms resplendent. The apartment which is more curi-

ous to Long Branchers than was the blue chamber to Blue Beard's wives is a chapel; but no magic key has locked its doors against intruders, and, until the arrival of the dwellers, visitors have been numerous. The chapel is twelve feet square. The floor is pol-ished wood, with an Oriental rug on it. The walls are frescood in imitation of dark drapery. The ceiling is a painted sky, and at the center is a

white dove on the wing. The one window is stained glass, cathedral fashion. The alter is about six feet long and eight high. It is made of carved and finely-decorated wood, the prevailing colors being maroon and gilt. Two heads of angels are em-bellishing features. The draperies are specimens of fine embroidery. A solid gold cross, said to have cost \$4,000, is kept in a safe at night, but by day it is to stand on the altar. The receptacle for the host is provided as in a regular church altar.

Those who know Daley say that he built the chapel in deference to the wishes of his wife, who is a pious from Suffolk to London, and she was woman. He means to engage Rev. forced to take a train on which there Father McCoy, pastor of the Star of the Sea church, directly across the street, to celebrate a mass in the oratory every morning throughout the guard said in answer to her expression season, and the clergyman is willing to do so if his bishop gives permission.

Two Sorts of Courage.

Commodore Garrison was once eaptain of a steamboat on the Mississippi, and while selling tickets one day hap-pened to rouse the ire of a passionate who drew his presenting it at the narrow window, full in the captain's face, fired.

The cap snapped. He tried a second time, and again failed. Garrison's own pistol lay within reach, but in-stead of taking it up he quietly opened a drawer, took out a box of percussion caps, and, handing it to his would-be murderer, said:

"Take a new cap; yours don't work

The furious man stared at him a moment, then burst into a laugh, and held out his hand. Another kind of courage is exem-

plified in a story told by a young New York inventor, who, about twenty years ago, spent every dellar he was worth in an experiment which, if successful, would introduce his invention to public notice and insure his fortune and what he valued more-his useful-

It failed. The next morning the daily papers keaped unsparing ridi-cule on him. Hope for the future seemed vain. He looked around the skabby room, where his wife, a delicate little woman, was preparing breakfast. He was without a penny. He seemed like a fool in his own eyes; all these years of hard work were wasted. If he were out of the way, she could return to her friends. He went into his chamber, sat down and burried his face in his hands, with a desperate resolve to end it all. Then, with a fiery heat flashing through his

body, he stood erect.
"It shall succeed," he said, shutting bis teeth. His wife was crying over the papers when he what back. "They are very cruel," she said.

"They don't understand. I'll make them understand," he replied, cheer-

fully. "It was a fight for six years," he said afterward. 'Poverty and sickness and contempt followed me. I had nothing left but the dogged determination that it should succeed." It did succeed. The invention was a great and useful one. The inventor is now a prosperous and happy man. "Be sure you're right," he says to younger men, "then never give up." - Youth's Companion.

It took the boa-constrictor in the New York "Zoo" thirty-one hours to shed his skin. Nature ought to have given him a linen duster

A South Carolina murderer wants the sheriff to use a wire rope at his execution, believing the time has come for hemp to take a

A New Jersey divorce was brought about by a dispute over a single chestnut-a very old

back seat.

A Great Iron Family.

On the 26th of May, writes a Lan-caster, Pa., correspondent to The Philadelphia Times, Clement Brooke Grubb repurchased the old Mount Hope furnace property in this county for the sum of \$300,000 cash. This is one of the finest old iron properties in this country, embracing 2,500 acres of land, with a fine farm and the man-sion, although built by Henry Bates Brubb nearly one hundred years ago, s one of the finest in the state, and is really a modern style, having an immense hall and ceilings fifteen feet aigh throughout. It is situated on an minence which affords a front view of ilmost unprecedented beauty and grandeur extending to and over the city of Lancaster, which city is fifteen niles distant, and it is flanked on the learn that the champion of their inventive genius is largely a believer in things unseen and unknown.—New York Cor. Rochester Union and Advertices of this estate with the great Cornwall ore mines, in which it has a perpetual ore mines, in which it has a perpetual right for a full supply of ore, is what gives it its great commercial value, and the desire to again possess the old nomestead where he was born, and to regain that ore right which was conveyed by him to his brother, A. Bates Grubb, more than thirty years ago, induced Mr. Grubb to make the pur-

Mr. Grubb is now, by inheritance, the patriarchal iron master of the United States, being the oldest member of the oldest iron family in this country. His great-great-grandfather, Peter Grubb, came from Wales, near Cornwall, to this country in 1679, and made large purchases of land in what are now Lebanon and Lancaster counties from the Indians, and subsequently had the titles confirmed by William Penn, and upon one of these tracts he found an immense deposit of iron ore, which he named Cornwall, and which mine is still the wonder and admiration of all who visit it. Mr. Isaac Lowthian Bell, M. P., and the greatest ironmaster in England, and whose opinion is considered authority throughout the world, told me when he was in this country in 1876 that he had visited most of the great iron mines in the world, including those of Spain, Algeria, the continent of Europe, England, Scotland, and Wales, and many in this country, including those of Alabama and the iron mountain of Missouri, and then said: "But Cornwall bears the paim as the great-est iron mountain in the world." From geological investigation, aided tests made with the diamond drill, it has been pretty well demonstrated that Cornwall can produce 500,000 tons of ore per year for three hundred years to come. The original Cornwall furnace was built by Cirtus Grubb in 1725, who operated it for many years. Peter Grubb, the second, built Mount Hope furnace in 1784. The Cornwall ore mines are now owned and worked by the families of the Grubbs and Colemans under the head of the "Cornwall Ore Bank company."

Mr. Spurgeon's Modesty.

An English lady had occasion some time since to travel without escort were no carriages reserved for ladies. of disappointment, "perhaps you do not object to riding with him."

The lady acquiesced, and accordingly was so placed. An inquiry on the part of the reverend gentleman in relation to the window opened the conversation, and presently the two travelers were discoursing amicably upon general topics. At length they reached Mr. Spurgeon's native village, where the train paused a few mo-

"I presume, Madam," the gentl+ man observed with genuise enthus-lasm, that you have heard of Spur-geon, the great preacher. This village has the honor of being his birthplace."

He went on from this text, drawn out somewhat, it is true, by the lady, and praised himself most unsparingly. declaring Spurgeon to be the greatest divine in all England. When London was reached he politely assisted the lady into a cab, and was bidding her good-bye, when she said: "I thank you very much for your

kindness, Mr. Spurgeon." Surprise, chagrin and anger all painted themselves upon the face of the other, but he apparently struggled to maintain his countenance and his temper. Striking himself melodramatically upon the chest, he exclaimed:

"Down, temper! Down, temper, down!" And, turning upon his heel, he letf her abruptly.—Ex.

A Salt Lake Saint's Architectural

Freak. On the corner of Third South and Eighth East streets, Salt Lake City, a man has built a fantastic crib, gaudy with whitewash and paint and lace and curtains and rude images-a something between a Chinese temple and a brigand's tent-and his neighbors say he has erected it in anticipation of the second coming of the Savior; that he expects the Master now at any time, and has prepared this place for His reception. When people speak of him they tap their foreheads, as though in their judgment there were rats in his intellectual garret. Probably there are; but it is a clear case that he has but accepted as literally true what has been preached around him for these forty years. We do not know whether or not he is a Mormon, but he has in his work caused real Mormonism to materialize, so that it can be seen by the naked eye on his premises precisely as it has been preached by the Mormon chiefs through all the weary, pitiable years. He has evidently stinted himself and those dependent upon him to prepare this fan-tastic house, just as the Mormon chiefs have robbed their people and starved their minds by not supplying them with decent schools, in order to build gaudy temples, within which not one in ten of their people can ever rest their tired feet .- Salt Lake Tribune.

Scott got scot free into Canada with \$160,000. He is one of the "Scotts wha hae" the boodle

LIFE'S DAY.

Into the field of life we pass
At early morn. The jeweled grass
With sunbeams kissed spreads at our feet;
And youth, like morn, all pure and sweet
And bright is filled with rosy dreams;
While in the purple heavens gleams
The star of fortune and of fame,
And in its light we read a name— O dream, most sweet, it is our own: More glorious still, it shines alone!

The sun speeds on; the star no more I seen. Illus ve dreams are o'er.
Fortune and fame so coy and fleet
But mock our weary, way-worn feet
Ambilion's fairest prize has flown;
A name appears, but not our own.

What have we then for all our pains?-What have we then for an our pains;—
For all our prayers? Are there no grains
Of good to show? Has all been lost
In that our cherished plans are crossed,
And dissipated each fond dream
As snow flakes melt within the stream?

Ah, no! See how our souls are filled With wealth of harvests we have tilled: With wealth of narvests we have thieu;
With meckness, patience, love and truth;
Blest springs of everlasting youth;
Bright jewels of the crown within;
Ripe fruit of life's sharp discipline;
Of which there dawns the twilight gray Of day that dies not with the day.

—George W. Crofts, in The Current.

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

It was the evening of the commencement exercises at Mrs. Weston's large boarding school.

All was noise and excitement. The pupils were flying about in a flutter of anxiety, and in various stages of in-

completed toilette. "What have you done with my flowers, Nell? There, how provoking! You have tipped over my powder. Your elbows are always in the wrong quoth Miss Lydia Holeamp, one of the older girls, her temper get-ting the better of her. "Dear me! There, I'm ready at last. I wonder where that Miss Barker is. I want her to give me another arilling in that recitation. I dressed early on purpose, and now I suppose she will be away prinking her dollyfied self!"

"Dear me, Lydia, you have had more instructions on your recitation than any of the rest have had on theirs. I should think it would be better to study by yourself, and let Miss Barker have a little rest. The poor thing is overworked." "Oh, pshaw?" exclaimed Miss Hol-

camp with a sneer; "she likes to show off, that is all. If she didn't like it she wouldn't be a teacher of elocution."

Thus speaking, Lydia Holcamp departed to seek her instructress in elo-

cution-an art upon which the young lady prided herself. Lydia was especially anxious to distinguish herself to-night, for the reason that among those present she expected there would be a certain Mr.

Harry Quintard, a member of a wealthy family whom she had visited during her vacation. Her own father was a rich man, and the families had always been on terms

of friendship. Harry and his sister she knew would come, and failure was not to be thought of. But Miss Barker's services were not to be secured; she was engaged

"You can not see Miss Barker," remarked the preceptress. "You will have no difficulty with your piece, Miss Holcamp, unless you fail to remember certain passages. If I recol-lect correctly Miss Barker advised you to make sure of those points. Have you done so?"

"Oh! I remember it perfectly!" answered Miss Holcamp with confidence. "But I wished Miss Barker to show me how to fall into that dramatic attitude which I like so much.' "Think of what you are saying Miss

Holcamp, and that will aid you to the expression. Miss Barker can not give all her time to one." Lydia went pouting away. The evening anvanced, the guests

assembled, and at last Lydia's turn to recite arrived. She was a girl of most remarkable assurance, and she went fearlessly on

untill suddenly her memory failed her. It was what the teachers had fear-Miss Holcamp had some ability,

they said, but no application. She was no student. She glanced helplessld toward Miss

Barker, who promptep her. Again she went on. Again she stopped for want of words. At last, after several promptings, she came to the end of her selection.

Miss Barker had retreated behind the draperies, sore and disappointed that one of her most promising pupils had thus failed. "It was all your fault," burst forth

Lydia, "you hateful, disagreeable thing! I believe you were jealous, and meant I should fail, when you went and hid yourself away with those children to-night. You knew I needed another lesson.

The fair little teacher turned pale and trembled. She was not accustomed to such language. Most of her pupils were kind and obedient.

She was slim, and young, and pretty, this teacher and a great student and worker. All the teachers respected and liked her. "You have made me fail, and I hope

I may never see your face again!" concluded Lydia as she flounced Just outside of the draperies stood

a handsome young man. He heard the abuse lavished upon the young teacher, and his lip curled.
"Who is the tall fair girl in grey!"

he had inquired during the evening.
"Miss Barker the teacher of elocution," had been the reply. He started.

"Is it possible?" said he. "She appears as young as the pupils." Not one word came from Miss Baker's lips now, but he heard teachers and scholors exclaiming that it was a shame after the attention she had lavished upon Miss Holcamp during the past term.
Mr. Harry Quintard (for he it was

who had overheard Miss Holcamp) made his way to the preceptress when the exercises were over, and asked her for an introduction to Miss Barker.

"Ah, you mustn't be making love to my pet teacher, Mr. Quintard." said the lady, with an arch glance and an admonitory tap of her fan. Nevertheless, Mr. Harry Quintard

was presently seated by the side of him. "pretty Miss Barker." as nearly all Ha called her in the school.

She looked a little pale and wearied, and Harry noticed that her hands

"No wonder," he thought. "It must be very exhausting work, teaching all those great girls," he said. "I should dearly like to hear you recite something yourself."

The eyes which looked into "pretty Miss Barker's," were frank and ad-

At this moment, his sister came up to them. She looked cold, and drew her brother aside. She had left Lydia,

who had recently joined her, and wanted her brother to come to them. . "Lyd," said she, "is only a teacher in the school, Hal. Come with us." "You will have to excuse me for the present," said Hal, who saw that others were making their way to Miss Barker's seat, "unless you and Lydia will join us, for I like Miss Barker

very much. She is a perfect lady."
And Hal kept his word. He kept
by the little teacher's side for the rest of the evening, much to Lydia's cha-"Tell me, where will you spend your vacation?" he asked at parting.

She colored as she replied: "I'm going to a very lonely place in the country, and shall spend the time

in working very hard. "But why not rest?" he added; "you need rest, surely. "Tell me then," he added, "where you will go, that I may hope to see you again?"

She shook her head. "It is best not," she said.
"What!" he exclaimed; "have I then treated you so badly that you

will never see me again,' Miss Barker's eyes fell, and again the warm color came over cheek and forehead.

"There is a lady who was once very kind to me," she said, who lives very humbly among the mountains of Cumberland, and I am going to spend my summer with her. In the autumn I hope to begin a new phase of my art. You see I am poor, Mr. Quintard, and depend upou my exertions for a liv-

ing."
She looked straight into her companion's eyes as she spoke, and Harry Quintard read there both determination and pride. The expression included something else, too. It said, "You know now my circumstance, and also that I wish you to know them.

Harry's eyes, however, never faltered beneath hers. They grew earnest

and ardent. "Will you give me the name of the place?" he asked gravely, and yet in pleading voice.
She wrote the address upon a small card and gave it to him.

It was a month later that Harry Quintard entered the parlor of one of the most fashionable hotels in Kes-

It was a popular resort among the lake tourists, and to-night there was a grand reception going on. Music and recitations were to be fol-

owed by dancing in the ballroom. Someone was singing as he went in, and presently a murmur ran through the throng as a lady, young, fair as the morn and graceful as a willow, was led forward and received with a greeting of warm applause.
What was there about this charming

vision that sent Harry's blood tingling through his veins with a wild pleasureable thrill?

Sleeping or waking he had scarcely once lost his fair face from his mental sight since last they had met.

Yet-what could this mean? This brilliant entree among people of walth and position? He had thought again and again of their meeting. He had fancied all kinds of rural scenes places isolated and beautiful, yet wild withal, with none but himself to admire the charming face and form that had so bewitched him; but to meet her thus, surrounded by an eulogic crowd

this indeed he had never thought of.
Later he made his way to her side. She had not forgotten him, that was plain. Nay, more, Harry saw that the surprise was also a pleasure. The rosebud face with its spirituelle

light, was lifted to his, above her raiment of pale blue, and Harry knew that the excitement of her success made her radiant, yet under all that the young man felt there lurked a deeper pleasure at their meeting.

"I gave some recitations in the town near where I was stopping, 's aid Linda Barker, in explanation; "I saw the Barker, in explanation; minister there, and he arranged to give me the church." The form of the young artist grew dignified and grave as she thus recorded her business proceedings. "The people who heard me were so kind as to invite me to recite for them, and so it happens I am here. I shall be kept very busy, I trust, this summer."

Mr. Quintard looked down in open

admiration of this darling young girl with her baby face. "Then I am to be cheated out of

those coveted woodland rambles. I have been counting upon them ever since we parted." Linda smiled.

"If you knew my history, Mr. Quintard, you would say that I was not, indeed, born for my present surround-

"They become you so well that I could never think that," he re-They were now away from crowd.

you to-night I want you to promise me something. I want you to promise you will marry me in the autump. "But how could that be, Mr. Quin-

tard? Even were you not the affianced of another, your family would never regard me as a suitable mate for you. "Affianced to another!" Harry was

so bewildered that he could only repeat her words. "What do you Before she could reply a voice sounded at their side. They had thought

themselves alone. "Yes, Harry Quintard-dare you deny it?" It was Lydia Holeamp who stood

there before them and thus accused Had Harry Quintard not once heard Lydia's abuse of her teacher, he dying as the fool dieth.

would indeed have been dumb founded. As it was, he read the game

"Yes, madam, I do deny it," he ejaculated, looking Lydia straight in the face.

He had heard his sister say that Miss Holcamp was sojourning in the moun-tains, but he had not troubled himself

to enquire where. Lydia, however, was not to be thwart-

ed in her purpose.
"Do you deny this, too?" and she coolly read a portion of a letter containing vows of affection, and having for a signature his own name.

"It is a base forgery, and you know it, woman!" cried Harry, al-most beside himself with her persistency. And let me tell you at once, before you go any further, that I can very easily prove it to Miss Barker, if in no other way, through my own writing."

He had taken the letter from her hand.

"There is a very palpable difference between this writing and my own-

He showed Linda one that he took from his pocket as he spoke.

Linda turned toward him a pale but trusting face. He was trembling from head to feet with indignation. She laid her hand

on his arm and whispered:
"Come, I believe you," and while
the girl's mocking laugh followed
them they left the room.

Once away from her, Harry clasped Linda to his breast. "Tell me," he cried, "do you really trust me? Do you know that girl

fabricated that story because she hates you?"

"And loves you," murmured Linda, with downcast lids. "And in your eyes does that excuse her? Tell me, do you love me, Linda —darling, answer me?"

"I can not answer you until you hear my story," faltered Linda, drawing away from him and sinking into a

seat. She had grown pale, and her eyes

were suffused with tears. "Hear the blunt truth. I am the daughter of a coal miner." Harry heard with profound aston-ishment, it is true, but he did not start from her-a smile, indeed, dawned

upon his face. You remind me of something which perhaps I ought to have told you," he said. "My grandfather was a poor carpenter, my father began his career in my grandfather's shop. From that he became a builder, and is now to be sure a rich contractor. So you see I am not much in advance of

you in that respect." Both laughed, but Linda said: "Ah, but with you all has been difmake a rich match. I have had to earn money while striving to educate myself. I worked in a factory for two years, when father died. He was killed in a mine, and as my mother was also dead, I was left alone. I had attended the common school, and was there encouraged to recite. I saved money and went to Manchester, and worked for one year in a factory there. While in that city I attended every free entertainment, and studied much at night. At last I applied for a posi-

tion to teach, and secured it. Then you met me." "My noble girl," cried Harry, "I would rather have you for my wife to-day than any petted idle darling of

luxury that I ever heard of.' Harry Quintard meant what he said, and Linda Barker knew it. He stooped his face till his lips met

hers in a long kiss.

Thus the daughter of a miner and themselves in true modern fashion. And among the circles of fashion and art to-day there walks no more

perfect lady than Mrs. Harry Quintard. -Alfred Crayon. Bill Nye and the Bronze Goldess.

I am in favor of a Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap win-ter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here and oppress us. We are used to it and we rather like it. If we don't like it we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high

old time. The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It may be productive of good in a direction that many have not thought of. As she stands there day after day bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss grown Mormon moving toward the far west, a confirmed victim of his matrimonial habit, may fix the bright. picture on his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity may be led in after years to try it on himself.— Boston

Where the Scorpion Gets His Poisen. When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than toget a tenth part of a drop of this-liquid into his blood. It is not neces-sarily fatal, particularly in the Baha-"Linda," he said, "before I leave mas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South-America scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having been killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed on decayed. wood. In South America, where dvewoods and other poisonous woods abound, the scorpion feeds upon them, and thus work into themselves a good supply of outside poison, which, taken together with his naturally poisonous liquid, does its work for whoever is unfortunate enough to be stung. But, in Nassau, such poisoneus woods are few, and the scorpions have to fattenthemselves respectably on pine, cedar-and mahogany.—From a Nassau Letter.

They rocked the boat and were drowned in South Park Lake, Chicago. This is certainly