### THE WINDS OF GOD.

Blow, soft spring wind! Out of the amber west, when down the sky The shadows slowly creep, and heaven's lamps

Speak of ev'ning nigh, Fan with thy living breath the rousing earth, And let thy voice tell to all drowsy hearts The vert's new birth.

B.o- sum oer windt When, after deve of drought and sullen heat, Out of the heaped-up clouds there come

Out of the haspen of the of the of the of the sound Like echoing feet, While from the distance, borne on breezy wings, The rain descending on the thirsty plain, Its beauty flings.

Blow, autumn wind!

Diew, autumn wind! Outon the yellow woods and stubble lands; Stir the brown brake and scatter thistle down With myriad hands, Bleep after labor; after toil rest; By strength and weakness, yea, by life an death

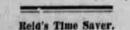
death.

The world is bleat,

Blow winter wind, Out o'er the tumbling seas roll cloud and mist; Roar through bare branches, striking wizard

Where'er you list, Driving the ships: and in and out of all Working Ged's will-who, from the frozen sea Came at his call. Biow, breath divine!

Beyond the depth of the uncounted host, Beyond the mystic circle of the sky, Come, Holv Ghosti Led hatred, biasdianay and sin aspire To raise their devil-thrones amid the gloom; Come, quenchless fire! Yeat and the world is buried still in night, loud and long thy watchmen warn in vain Come, living light



-[Argosy.

The other morning as the managing oditor of the only really first-class advertising medium on the Pacific coast was grinding out an editorial entitled, "Our Corrupt Legislature," a terrible chattering and scratching was heard on the stairs, and a man and and two dogs entered with a noise generally suggestive of a hurricane behind time. As a usual thing the M. E. of a daily

paper never answers a preliminary ques-tion inside of fifteen minutes, but in this case the public instructor turned furiously around and demanded to know what the devil the intruder wanted. The man was a raw-boned, jakey sort of a customer, in a red shirt and yellow pants, and his dogs, huge, scrabby look-ing mongrels of the approved poorhouse breed.

"Why, I want this yer paper to go for that swindlin' bench show up here at ther Pervillian," said the intruder, deftly aiming a squirt of tobacco juice at the editor's left toe. "It's the durn blamest put up job since the Heenan and Sayers futile, and it is very generally fight, and I want you fellers ter jump allowed that it is not much more fight, and I want you fellers ter jump right on to it with both feet-an' don't you fergit it."

"You don't say so, now?"

"Yas, I do say so, young feller; I've bin a taking the Post for the past four

years." "From the doorsteps, I suppose," said the quill driver, grimly regarding one of the dogs engaged in swallowing the dramatic critic's lunch, basket and all."

"From my own doorsteps, smarty; so I think you fellers are bound to give me a lift.

"Oh, we'll give you a lift fast enough."

# gust of air blew off the paper. Instead of a head, the figure on the lounge, (which was carefully dressed in thread-bare clothes to resemble a newspaper man) ended in a cigar box. Let into this was a tin tube, which led through the plastering into the next room. Much amazed, the dog trainer opened the ad-joining door. At the other end of the tube a small and dirty printer's devil sat, sleepily watching the clock and working off the familiar sentence every two minutes. He was running that beautiful and wonderful invention of Whitelaw Reid's known as the Patent Interviewer, or Editor's Time Saver. The man with a grievance threw off

his hat and rolled up his sleeves with a howl, but before he could annihilate the entire staff, he was seized with an epileptic fit and rolled clear down four flights before he came to-dogs and all. But when the racket had died out the sleepy devil calmly put his lips to the pipe and remarked: "Well, and then?"

For the Time Saver on a daily works day and night-hit or miss.-[S. F.

The Black Death.

Post.

Already Europe is becoming alarmed at the appearance of the plague, or black death, in the East, and fears are expressed that it may spread westward. It therefore becomes important to know the characteristics of the disease. The London Standard' states, on pathological grounds, that it is a "very malignant form of contagious fever," which breaks out suddenly in certain localities and spreads with frightful rapidity, and that the present "type" is as virulent as that of the Middle Ages. It is characterized by swellings of the lymphatic glands and by carbuncles, and beyond doubt one seizure seems to afford no security against a second attack. This is, however, a point upon which physicians have not often had a chance of studying, since "the pest" does not usually leave the same individual a chance of experiencing its symptoms twice. It has been contended that it is not contagious, but in almost every case of an outbreak the disease has been traced to persons having come from infected districts. In the Astrakhan epidemic of 1879, and in that of 1771, which cut off 100,000 people in Moscow, the pestilence was known to have been brought, in one instance from

Central Asia, and in the other from Choezin. Again during the latter out-break, the 1400 inmates of the Imperial Foundling Hospital, who were isolated, and in 1813 the town of Jegla, in Malta, which was shut off from Valetta, where the disease was raging, entirely escaped. Quarantine, however, as a preventive against the ravages of the cholera, has been proved to be utterly potent as a barrier against the plague. No other form of death has ever enlisted into its service historians of such brilliant talent. De Foe could not have been an eye-witness to the horrible scenes of 1665 in London. But he had doubtless talked to many who had survived those dreadful times and were familiar with the tales of the corpse-carrying wagons go-ing its dreadful rounds, of the living being unable to carry out the dead, and

said the journalist, wondering why the ton has given an account scarcely less fighting editor was always out when pictorial of the plague in Florence, and "the pest" which crept like a foul miasma over Asia, Northern Africa and Europe, from Naples to Archangel, and even to distant Greenland, where it smote the Esquimaux by thousands, has secured such able chroniclers that at the out all the fine blood in town. Now, just look at that animal. Only first-class ern Europe naturally grew alarmed. In the years 1348, 1361, 1363, 1569, and 1602 London was visited by the "Black Death," though these early attacks of the disease sink into insignificance when compared with that which desolated the city in 1665, the year which will ever be known as "the year of the plague." In reality, however, though it caused before Christmas a mortality of 68,596 out of the 500,000 people which the metropolis then contained, it did not abate until 1666, while in the thirteen subsequent years there were many fatal cases recor-ded. But after 1679 no death from plague is known to have occurred, and 1704 so entirely had it disappeared that the name of the disease was actually omitted from

#### Mrs. General Logan.

A special correspondent of the Cincin-nati Commercial, writing from Washing-ton, says of Mrs. Senator Logan: All not extensive. She is a beautiful woman, with snow white hair and dusky eyes; with the merry laugh of a girl, and the tender kindliness of a mother. To the young ladies who have been with her during the winter she has the caressing manner which so endears mature life to young hearts, and enters at the same time into their frolics and adventures with the spirit of 16. There is nothing prosy, precise, or mocking about Mrs. Logan Yet she is very earnest in her convictions and conscientious in principle. She is a Methodist and a teetotaler-never touches wine or offers it to others. That she was an incorrigible girl, the following aneclote, which she related to some young "convent girls," is proof:

"I went to a Catholic school; the dear old sisters, what trouble I made them! When we went into chapel I would never

go through all that bowing, and I was taken to task. I said I was a Protestant, and I would not do it. I was very fond of the Mother Superior, and she put it on the ground of our affection that I should conform to this. It was a small thing for me, and it would please her very much; it was very mortifying to have me hold my head stiff, when all the others, whether Protestant or Catholic, made the genuflexion. "I said: 'Now Mother, you don't want

me, just because I love you, to do a thing which I don't believe in? It would be mockery, hypocrisy. You would not teach me that, would you? You are so honest and so pure and so sweet? Nothing more was ever said on the subect; but I was put at the head of the procession of girls, and consequently when we entered the church my failure to bend was not so noticeable as it would have been in the middle of the line.

"But what was such a trivial thing uggested a young hearer; "I should think you would have done that, as all the rest did. It was nothing wrong.

"My dear," returned the lady, "there are no trifles in life. It would have been mockery in me to have followed the slightest custom to which my heart did not assent. If I believe a thing, I do it; if I do not believe, I do not do it simply because others do.

"Don't you see? It is very much easier to live happy if you follow this rule." The gentle pat on the girl's little hands, and the bending of the pretty white head over the blonde bangs impressed the lesson as argument could not have done.

"But I was an awful girl," continued Mrs. Logan. "I often wonder how those dear old sisters put up with me. There was a cometery by our school. One of our near girls married a Protestant, who died during the honeymoon. It made a great impression on our romantic minds. He was buried just the other side the fence in unconsecrated ground. His wife was a Catholic, but he was not a professing believer. It looked so hard-hearted to put that poor fellow out of the pale. One night I got a lot of girls and WØ being unable to carry out the dead, and London deserted by the court, and, in-deed, all who could escape into the country. In "Rienzi" the late Lord Lyt-ton has given an account scarcely less pictorial of the plague in Florence, and pictorial of the plague in Florence, and the the transformation of the plague in Florence, and pictorial of the plague in Florence, and pictorial of the plague in Florence, and the transformation of the plague in Florence, and the transformation of the plague in Florence, and pictorial of the plague in Florence, and the transformation of the plague in Florence and the transformation o secrated limits; then the authorities would set the fence straight again. At last I was discovered, and threatened with expulsion if I ever did is again. I never did until the night before I graduated. The next day-it had not been discovered-I bade goodby to school,

#### one card the little fellow sitting on his father's knee, has beside him two grand-

fathers and two great-grandfathers. In A special correspondent of the Cincul-nati Commercial, writing from Washing-ton, says of Mrs. Senator Logan: All my personal knowledge of Mrs. Logan was gained in three short visits, so it is not extensive. She is a beautiful woman, concernedly amidist three generations of his kin.

There are blooming plants in the windows, a fur robe thrown over a lounge, placques on the walls, tidies on the easychairs, ferns and grasses nodding above picture-frames; a framed photograph of the General is on Mrs. Logan's table, and a pearl encircled portrait of the same face fasteps the lace at her neck

I am sorry that I cannot tell the inquiring friend more about Mrs. Logan, for I share her interest in her. She has the name of a brilliant, magnetic woman, of irrisistible power. I can only give the glimpses I have had of her in her home, and surrounded by ladies. These brief glances have impressed me with her remarkable magnetic power, her simplicity of manner, and her de-votion as a wife and mother.

#### Of the Same Opinion Still.

The renowned "sun" orator, Rev. John Jasper, preached from the Book of Exodus: "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is His name." In a very graphic manner the preacher carried his large and very attentive andience over the times, when Israel was in Egypt, and across the Red Sea, the Wilderness, the Jordan, passed Jericho, and down to the wars of Joshua; and at this point proved to the satisfaction of a large class of his hearers that Joshua did command the sun to stand still." The preacher referred to many passages referring to the the rising and going down of the sun. His logic about the distance of the sun from the earth was very fine, when with contempt he said some wise men, so called, stated the distance to be 40,000,-000, others 50,000,000, and one as much as 104,000,000 miles.

"Whar could you get tape line long enough to measure such a distance? And how could a man get up close enough to the sun to latch it on so as to measure? The railreads can't get thar. The balloons come nearer than anything else, but who can go up? Now, in August it is so hot here that folks want an umbrella, a fan, and plenty of ice water, and yet these wise men say we are 104,-000,000 of miles from the sun. It is too foolish to believe such stuff. And, turning around, he looked

the face of one of the most accomplished divines in Virginia and one of the best civil engineers in this country. Mr. Jasper treated all such figures as the work of a wicked, foolish mind, who was not satisfied with the plain word of God but must go outside to teach such things that no man can learn. To his mind the idea of the earth being round is so foolish that he would not insult his hearers with any argument on this subject. The Scriptures say the earth has four corners -and that was proof to him that it is not round.

"How could men be under his feet? How could they stick to the earth? Dey must be like flies, that can walk on the walls. I don't believe any such stuff."

### The Fashlons in Women

The fashions in women are varying, like the shapes of bonnets, and the colors of them, and the coming and going of flowers and feathers and ribbons. We need to be contented with the simple fashion of dark or of fair women, each of whom had their particular sea-sons of success, but the world has become more exacting in its tastes and now de mands that the women in fashion at the

moment shall be not only of the fashion-able complexion, but shall also have the known fashionable features. Just at this time the style seems to be of women with large months, a style quite as un-accountable as anything devised by dress maker or milliner. Who invented this fashion of big mouths it is impossible to state officially, but it probably has its advantages, if anybody could tell what they are. The large mouth is pretty generally accompanied by a generous expanse of lips, and woman's lips are a thing of actual delight that the inventor

of the fashion of large months doubtless supposed there could not be too much of m. If they were delightful and sweet the according to their size this would completely account for the fashion, but as they are not always so and as fashions are quite often popular because they are actually hideous, the present style is not fully accounted for and the confusion is made still greater by the ever present probability that in a week or a month the fashion may demand small mouths. All the arguments and reasons in behalf of large months would then seem ridiculous. There is but one conclusion: The mouth is large because it is the fashion, and that is all the reason that anyone who follows the fashion wants.

The suddenness with which fashions of all sorts change must lead to particular embarrassment in the matter of fashions in women. Nobody can make over a big mouth to suit the caprice of fashion as bonnets are made over into shapes and sizes. The blue eye in style to-day can-

not be made over into a grey eye or a black to meet the fashionable requirements of to morrow. The dimple cannot be taken from the chin when dimples go out of style, and the pug nose will remain a pug in spite of the fact that the fashion may demand any other sort of a nose but that. It is going to make it very troublesome for the man who wants to get married. If he cares anything about the styles-and every man cares more for such things than he is willing to have thought-he is likely at any mo ment to discover that his wife is alto-

gether out of fashion. If he had married her because her big ears were in the very height of fashion, it would be a dreadful drawback to happiness to discover that large ears were no longer acceptable, but that fashion requires the very smallest thing in ears. When the girls come to consider dispassionately the peculiarities of this branch of fashion they will feel like discouraging it, and allow the world to go on as has been done in other years, when all sizes of months and feet and ears were in de mand according to the multifarious tastes of men. Getting married will be

# Mother's Boy.

Times.

"Is there a vacant place in this bank these are now preserved, as I have which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as, with a glowing check, he stood paved streets have been cleared of rul before the president. "There is none." 'Were you told that you might obtain a situation here?. Who recommended von?' "No one recommended, me," was the answer. "I only thought I would see." There was a straightforwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the main gate of Pompeii, in which are

### SHORT BITS.

Speak little, speak truth; spead pay cash.

Lies are hiltless swords, that e hands that wield them.

Watch for little opportunities of ing and put little annoyances out of

There is one thing that every puts off from day to day, and that is necktie.

Homely women look the best in hats. We state this in the hope of ing only small hats at the theaters.

"A babe," says a disciple of Tup "is a mother's anchor. And then the mother is the 'anchor's' spanker." We don't just see why a woman she like her mirror better than a man, the man will flatter her and the won't.

The man who enslaves himself to money is proclaimed in our very I guage to be a miser, or a miserable m French.

A land speculator, in describing and on a certain estate, says: "It is so ch and deep that by looking into it you A bev see them making tea in China."

Garrick heard a noise in the street o morning. "What's all that?" he ash 'A temperance possession," was then wer. "What nonsense," he cried, swer. don't make such a row when I get sole For Worms in Hogs .- Give at spoonful of copperas to each six men or over; give half the dose to your animals. Give by mixing with m made of chopped grain.

Jones (a tailor suddenly clapped the back by a customer): "Hello, you nearly frightened me into at Customer: "Well, I wish I could frighten this coat you made me, in fit.

"You are a fraud sir! When I bou this horse from you, you assured a that he hadn't a fault. Why, sir; a stone blind!" Vender-"I know he but I don't consider that a fault. I a it a misfortune."

"Did that rough fellow that you pass back yonder offer to take off his hat t Tom?" "No; but he made you. though he were going to pull off a coat for me." "What did he ma by that?" "I don't know. I didn't stop

Fearful iniquity overheard w leaving the Fifth Avenue Theater: H And now, Miss B., we will finish evening with oysters and ice-cream Delmonico's-shall we?" Miss B.: "C thanks; but you can't expect me have much appetite after Ol-i-vette"

### The Dead Citles.

In the year of our Lord 79 Vesuvi had an uncommon eruption, which su denly and very completely buried out sight the cities of Pompeii and Here laneum; and they remained so buried! sixteen hundred years-until early inth last century, when their sites were ac dentally discovered. After much patie labor and at an enormous expense, abo more popular when the fashions in women are less rigid .-- [Philadelphia one-third part of these dead and buris cities has been dug up; and the excan tions are still going on. Vast treasu of gold and silver, rare statuary, pair ings, and household utensils were reed ered in good condition, and many bish, and compare favorably with the was the answer. of the cities of to-day. The houses a open to inspection, and one can easil gather from them a good idea of the manner of life among the people wh were buried into eternity with sud frightful celerity eighteen hundred yes There is a large museum just within the man of business, and induced him stored vast numbers of articles record ered from the uncovered houses. The are bottles, vases, plates of bread, dris frvit, glasses, towels, candlesticks, ladle scales, needles, baskets, funnels, et But, among all these familiar things, was most impressed with an iron safe an actual iron safe-identical in patter with those knobbed articles that only few years ago were cousidered the be safes in the world for banking house and counting rooms. And yet dozens persons have within fifty years taken out patents for newly invented safes. I saw also a lot of fish-hooks of th identical pattern now so eagerly prized by anglers—the veritable Limerick hook Is the world progressing? And then women, skeletons of horses, cats, dogs, and rats. And there are many skulls-one of them still retaining some of its hair. All these dreadful trophies, snatched from the jaws of death, serve to illustrate the terrors of the dreadful night when fire and brimstone rained down upon the devoted cities and wrapped them in the darkness of death and desolation. If I may judge from paintings and sculptures on the walls of many rooms, and from the translations of numerous inscriptions on door posts, the people of Pompeii were not strictly virtuous in every respect, for there is everywhere evidence they had reached a remarkably low degree of licentuousness, as well as of luxury. Almost every house had its fountain, its hot and cold bath, its spacious yard or garden, its statuary and pictures, and excellent culinary arrangements. But now it is a silent city. Its houses are tenantless, and its streets are Tears filled the boy's eyes as he re-lied: "My father is dead, and my sisters and rothers are dead, and mother and I are to be a set of the set of envious tour-ists. All is desolation—still beautiful and wonderously attractive, but dead, very dead. Despite its paintings and its stantes, and its glorious sunshine, it was to me but a pathetic suggestion of woe and despair. I would not care to live in a dead city, and if I did, I could find one nearer home,-Correspondence Baltimore American.

wanted."

"All right, then; I'll give you the nsiness. You see, this whole d-d business. You see, this whole d-d Bench Show Committee are a gang of old stiffs and duffers, who are working to get all the prizes for their own lot of broken down curs, and acrowding pointer in the State, and they acterally wouldn't let him in. Lie down there, Bonyparte!" and he threw a ruler at the leanest of the two shodows, who was just finishing the paste pot.

Restraining an inclination to blow a police whistle, the moulder of public opinion led the way to another room Extended on a lounge in the corner was the figure of a man with an exchange covering his face.

"This is the man you want to see, said the editor, "He is our sporting editor. He's not asleep-the light hurts his eyes, you know. Just go ahead and tell him all you know," and he slid out.

"Well, then, as I was asaying," continued the dog owner, lighting a five-center and taking a seat, "they wouldn't let that splendid animal enter their blamed old show.'

"Well-and then ?" said the S. E. from under his paper.

"The cheek of that crowd is just aw ful, and yet they let in Meares' lot of snide rabbit dogs, and Colonel Taylor's mangy, one-eyed, broken-down wreck of a watch dog.

"Well-and then ?"

"That air dog, Muncher-I call him Muncher, because he's such a hog-has got more trainin' than all the rest of 'em put together. I sold him once to a man goin' to Australia. The man lost him in Sydney, and in less than two weeks he reach home again. Swum all the way. Now, what do you think of that ?"

Well-and then ?"

Oh! he did no end of other thingssaved six men from being drowned, acts as special watchman and Fire Patrol on the square where we live. Turns on the alarm every time."

"Well-and then ?"

"Why, ain't that enough? Now, Bonyparte, here, is the best duck dog as walks on logs. He lies in the tules and quacks just like a mallard-decoys the ducks right up to him. When they light he dives under the water, catches 'em by the legs, pulls 'em down and swims ashore with 'em. Got ninety-two last Saturday.

"Well-and then?"

"He's powerful good on California lions, too. Hunts 'em hisself. Last wintor he killed two about ten miles from camp-tied their tails together and pulled 'em both-

"Well-and then?"

"What the infernal blazes do yer mean by croaking that way every few minutes. You can't come any uv yer games on me, young feller. Yer can't guy me fur a cent. Get up here and I'll "Well-and then?"

The exasperated dog fancier was about no ownership. The law is rather queer of fetch the exasperating sporting writer in its working sometimes.-[Springfield to fetch the exasperating sporting writer in its workin a tremendous kick in the ribs when a Republican.

# the bills of mortality.

### A Woman's Victory.

Across the river there lives a woman who has been twice married but is now widow. She has one child of her first husband and two of her second husband to support. When the latter gentleman died he was in debt by an endorsement for \$1000, and among his assets was a second mortgage on a small farm which

it would not pay to take owing to the size of the first mortgage. How the wife managed to work things when thrown on her own resources makes quite a story of feminine New England enterprise. Take, for example, the case of the worthless second mortgage. The owner of the farm had abandoned the property, and the holder of the first mortgage, real-

izing that some day he would get it, thought it wise to begin early, and so planted a crop on the land in the spring. The plucky widow, however, finding i would take him several months to fore close, got from the owner a deed of the

Then she went and plowed under land. the first mortgage man's crop and set the fields herself to tobacco. The other party was powerless until the machinery of the law foreclosed his bond, and, before that time, the widow had cut and removed her tobacco and was just so much in. By pluck and activity, work-ing hard herself, she got along supported herself and family, and, little by little, reduced the face of the \$1000 debt, which

was in the form of a mortgage on her farm, and was held by a trustee, and so could not morally be compromised by him. Finally by her own labors she cleared the whole farm of debt and

wiped the mortgage all off. This per-haps answers the question whether farms can be made to pay in Connecticut. To finish the story it may be added that the husband left no will and consequently the farm, now that she has paid for it, does not belong to her but his children, and for all her labor she has

and sisters, and priests. I said to Father 'I want to make one last request of Please don't tear that fence down vou. again. I built it strong this time; please let poor Mr. Smith stay in your yard.'

"I never will forget how horrified Father — looked. Just as I was leaving for good, I peeped in to see if he was in a good humor. He laughed in spite of himself, and shook his long finger at me as I drove away. "I did not see that place again for

over twenty-five years. A few years ago I went back on a visit. No one knew I was coming. When I was at school I was a slender thing, wore my hair curled down my back, and put back with a round comb. I look so unlike now what I was then that my own mother would not know me, but as I was crossing the stile over the fence, the old portress cried out: 'Here is Mary coming home, coming over the stile, and when I got to the door the sisters were gathered there to welcome me."

"For all I am a Protestant, I had my daughters educated in a convent-the sisters and the old convent school are among the very sweetest memories of my life.

"Did you find Mr. Smith out in the cold when you went back, after twenty-

five years?" "Yes, poor Mr. Smith's grave was sunken and almost obliterated. I gave up trying to get him into the fold, but I pulled the weeds off and freshened him up a little one day when 'Sister' and I were walking over the old grounds. She had a bunch of wild roses she had taken from a bush in the pasture, and we put that on his shabby old grave. All of his own folks seemed to have forgotten

Mrs. Logan's work basket stands by the Senator's writing table in their rooms and one evening I found bright silk hexicons scattered over and above the letters and documents thereou.

"I am making a silk quilt you see; yes I always sew when I talk, and as I talk most of the time, I sew a good deal. That is what Mr. Logan says. I always keep some little pick-up work around. My silk quilt is almost finished. Some people think these preity little things a waste of time, I do not. I do this when I would be doing nothing else. The combination of colors is a great pleasure to me. I enjoy work in colored silks or crewels especially. Mending? Yes; what woman is exempt from mending! what woman is exempt from meaning: This is my company work, the socks I keep for Mr. Logan. When I appear with an apron full of socks and sit down by my husband's side, he realizes that he is in for it. Socks mean a good family talk."

Mrs. Logan during this pleasant tete-a-tete, showed us the picture of her grand-son, the child of her only daughter. On milk or without, according to taste.

It was quite by accident that Lister onceived the idea of utilizing silk waste. Going one day into a London ware-house he came upon a pile of rubbish which strongly attracted his attention. He had never seen anything like it before. He inquired what it was, and was told that it was silk waste. "What do you do with it," he asked. "Sell it for rubbish that is all," was the answer; "it is impos- to continue the conversation. He said: sible to do anything else with it." Mr.

ished the London warehousemen. It was neither agreeable to the feel, the of knotty, dirty, impure stuff, full of bits ingly: of stick and dead mulberry leaves. In

the end Mr. Lister made the offer of a half penny a pound for the "rubbish," ed, the vendor being especially pleased to get rid of it on such advantageous terms. When Mr. Lister got this "rub bish" to Manningham, he spent some time in analyzing it, and he came to the be done with it. He found silk waste was treated all the world over as he had

seen it treated in the London warehouse -as "rubbish." He built new machinery leave it?" and imported skilled workmen, and in the end conquerd his difficulty. But he spent nearly two millions of dollars in perfecting machinery for the manufac-

ture of silk waste before he ever made a shilling by it. Now, thanks to his perseverance, everything that enters within frankness, the gates of the Manningham mills is utilized in some shape or other, a surprising variety of articles being produced from silk way of example: may be enumerated by way of example: Silk velvets, velvets with a silk pile and a cotton back, silk carpets, plush, velvet ing voice: "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy that You shall fill the first vacancy that to me. But duced from silk waste. The following bath-towels, floor-cloths, dish-cloths, etc. And all these from the once despised give me your confidence. Why do you silk waste! The consequence has been that silks have been greatly cheapened. Team and that a material which was regarded plied: as worthless has come to have a value in the market.

CHCCOLATE .- For those who wish to keep the imagination fresh and vigorous. chocolate is the beverage of beverages. However copiously you have lunched, a cup of chocolate immediately afterward will produce digestion three hours after. and prepare the way for a good dinner. It is recommended to every one who deentered. votes to brain-work the hours he should pass in bed; to every wit who finds he has become suddenly dull; to all who

find the air damp, the time long, and the mulation of soot may be prevented by atmosphere insupportable; and, above putting a quantity of salt into the mor-all, to those who, tormented with a fixed tar with which the intercourses of brick idea, have lost their freedom of thought. | are to be laid. Then there will never be To make chocolate (it must never be cut with a knife) an ounce and a half is requisite for a cup. Dissolve it gradu-ally in hot water, stirring it the while

"You must have friends who could Lister felt it, poked his nose into it, and aid you in a situation; have you advised pulled it about in a manner that aston- with them?" The quick flash of the deep blue eves

was quenched in the underlying wave smell, nor the touch; but simply a mass of sadness as he said, though half mus-"My mother said it was useless to try

without friends," then recollecting himself he apologized for the interruption and the sale was then and there conclud-ed, the vendor being especially pleased gentleman detained him by asking him why he did not stay at school another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reconclusion that there was something to plp; "but I study at home and keep up there are prostrate figures of men and with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?" said the interrogator. Why did you

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with a half reluctant "I must do more for my mother.'

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener and recalled the for-

you need a friend, come to me. But wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled the boy's eyes as he re-

brothers are dead, and mother and I are left to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you. Se saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tremblingly

The American Builder says the acou intercourses of brick

ally in hot water, stirring it the white the three from the atmosphere every damp quarter of an hour, and serve it hot with day. The soot thus becoming damp, milk or without, according to taste.

Ground for early peas is best manured in the fall. If that has not been done, plow in the manure early, letting the ground warm a day or two, then harrow and let it have a day or two more of sun in which to warm up. By this practice you will get peas earlier than if you put the seed into the cold ground as soon as plowed.

It is a pretty serious thing to break an old friendship, for, like old china, it can never be made quite whole again. A broken friendship may be soldered, but it will always show the crack.