

LA SENORITA.

(Elvira Sudnor Miller in Courier-Journal.) I saw her on a golden day...

The high comb in her raven hair Held one red blossom prisoned there...

I watched her as she moved apart And left a winter in each heart...

Facts for Farmers.

See here, my farmer friend, let me give you a few facts. The average farmer shortens the services of his lumber wagon...

Well I am going to shock you. I'd have the harness oiled and buggies and wagons washed once a week...

Brave Sam Houston in Alabama.

The fire of the Indians was deadly, and thus, muzzle to muzzle, the combat raged for some time.

The works were soon carried, the Indians fleeing before the troops into the underbrush. Houston now sat down...

Accidulated Fruit of the Vine.

"There's a seat," said one Brooklynite to another in the bridge-cars the other morning.

A Rapid Traveler.

"My son," said an economical father, "an express train attains great speed.

Kissing in Pittsburg.

Irate Pittsburg Parent—This thing has got to stop. You have been allowing young Nicefellow to kiss you.

European Passenger Traffic.

On all European railways there are first, second and third class fares for passenger traffic.

ONE HEART.

(Ella Wheeler in Midland Monthly.) To rise early, work late, hurry through his three meals like some hungry animal...

"Poor thing. I don't believe she has ever had any one tell her she ought not to work so hard," mused Breeco.

"Would you like to use mine? or would you like to have me read aloud a little while every evening, while you sew?"

"O, if you would only read to me!" Gertrude answered, her cheeks flaming with a sudden glory.

"I will," he answered, and after that he read almost every evening for an hour, while the steady, sonorous snore from the next room testified to the undisturbed slumber of John Chester.

Breeco Berton became indispensable in the Chester household. He often lent a strong arm at the ax, and in the hay field, and as he paid his board regularly...

She held a strong rein upon herself. She was never betrayed into the slightest look or act which told her secret. Her manner toward Breeco Berton was that of a blithe, frank sister or comrade.

When questioned by Gertrude if he was ill or in trouble, he answered that his business matters annoyed him, nothing more. Yet, as the weeks went by, Gertrude knew that there was something more.

A week later he announced that he was going away. They were quite alone—John Chester sleeping heavily in his room.

"Indeed," she answered very calmly; "when did you decide upon this? and why? Something must have occurred."

"Yes, something has occurred," he replied. "May I ask what? or would you rather not tell me?"

Her heart was beating wildly, a sickening fear that he referred to her love for him made her feel faint and dizzy.

He reached forward and took her hands from her face. She drew them quickly away, and faced him, white and beautiful as a goddess.

not be profaned. Go, and I will stay. Put the love in yours, and will help and strengthen and glorify our lives always.

The next day he said good-by to her in the presence of her husband; a white circle about his mouth and his verted eyes alone spoke his agony.

He never liked to think of the weeks which followed, they were so full of keenest torture and misery. There was no sa or in life—the city sights and sounds maddened him.

Two years had passed, when John Chester went on a protracted land hunt to a akota. Gertrude had mentioned the fact in a recent letter.

She believed in this fully, and was happy, but she wrote nothing her husband could not see, and she felt sure Breeco would understand all that she left unsaid.

He wrote less frequently after that, but he sent her papers and books. She always felt herself remembered, even when six months passed with no letter.

After he was dead and all was over, she was ill for a time. Two months after John died she wrote her first letter to Breeco.

Eight months went by, and no line from him. The silence grew unbearable. She wrote again—a formal enough letter, and yet she felt that it would breathe the life of her soul in every line.

"It is like a dream—a dream! But O, he predicted it; he foresaw it! He said I would give me to him." And great tears broke over her cheeks.

The messenger brought back word that Mr. Berton was just going to the native with a lady; that he read the note and begged the messenger to say he would call in the evening; that he was already late, or would write his reply.

Her heart fell. Could she wait until evening? And how could he ask it of her? How could he bear the interval, and she so near?

She called back the messenger. "Do you know to what theater he was going?" she asked.

"Why, with the crowd, to hear Gerster, I suppose," the boy answered. "Everybody goes there to-day."

Gertrude rang, and ordered a carriage. She, too, would attend the matinee. She swept the house with eager eyes.

He heart heaved with a wild, suffocating passion as she looked at him. He came forward with easy dignity, and gave her his hand, and one swift, all-noting glance.

"I am very glad to see you again," he said; "but you are not looking quite well; I fear you are fatigued."

not thought of it before, but she had grown old. O, very old, since they parted. The physical aspect of their love had never entered very largely into her views.

"Yes, I am fatigued," she said. "The journey tired me, and then I attended the matinee, and the air was close."

A slow flush crept over his face. "Yes, she is a beautiful girl. A guest of my mother's—and a great favorite at the house."

"Certainly; why not?" she responded, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

"I will see you again, I hope?" "No, not this time. I am on my way east and only remained over here one day to meet you."

"Then good-night and good by," he said. "Write me at your leisure, and when you return, come and visit—us. I think we shall be settled by that time."

"My life is all in ruins—all in ruins—God help me," she moaned. Then, after a little, she said slowly: "It is not so much that he has gone—but that it has gone; the love which was so beautiful and terrible—so strong with life and passion."

"Only a Man." (Ben Percey Poore.) Aunt Sallie Davis, a well-educated lady of the old school, who died in September, 1881, aged 94 years, had shaken hands with every president, from Washington to Hayes inclusive.

A few years afterward she saw the father of his country at Rockville, Md., and was found, in after life, of telling an incident of that occasion.

A Solemn Decree. (Chicago Herald.) From a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following parliamentary decree was solemnly passed, and duly registered under King Louis XV.

Licorice. A company in Connecticut manufactures nearly all the licorice used in this country—17,000,000 pounds a year.

Thriving Industry. One of the most thriving industries of Germany is the manufacture of antique armor, which modern wealthy families buy to exhibit as heirlooms.

MAKING CASTS IN PLASTER.

The Model—The Danger-Coat—Re-producing Marble. (Chicago Tribune.) "Casting in plaster is apparently a simple process, but in the art centers of Europe it is really a profession, and one in which years of practice are required in order to obtain proficiency."

"But you wish to know how plaster casts are made; well, then I must first impress you with the fact that sculpture consists of three distinct processes. First, the clay or wax model; second, the plaster copy; and, third, the finished work in marble, bronze, or whatever material is desired."

"When the plaster is hardened sufficiently the several pieces are separated from each other and from the clay with but little difficulty. Of course the clay model is partially and sometimes wholly destroyed in the process of removal."

"We have now a plaster form akin to a jelly or ice-cream mold into which a preparation of plaster is thrown and worked, covering the inner surface to the necessary thickness, and allowed to harden."

"I have already explained to you the way in which a copy of a clay model is made by means of what is called a waste mold. Both model and mold are destroyed or wasted in the operation."

"Thus, in molding a sphere, or say an egg, by precision in the dividing line, the mold might be made of only two pieces, as both would draw from the object without difficulty."

"When the mold is completed the cask is first removed, the parts being laid near the work, and into them the various pieces of the mold are adjusted as they are removed from the figure. The parts of the cask are then fastened together, and we have a plaster form similar to a waste mold; the cask taking the place of the heavy coating, the pieces of the mold representing the danger coat."

"A great danger in making plaster molds on marble lies in the fact that plaster expands slightly in setting. While this quality adds to the perfection of the impression, it may, unless great discretion is used, crack or break forms in high relief, such as ornaments or even limbs or delicate masses of drapery."

When They Will Realize. The Boston Globe thinks that when the 112 young fellows who have graduated from Princeton as "journalists" have worked twenty-three hours out of twenty-four for a few weeks, they will begin to realize what Longfellow meant when he wrote: "Life is real, life is earnest."

Dr. Talmage: Genius is worse than stupidity if it moves in the wrong direction.

The Ancient and Modern Needle.

(Hardware.) The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The modern needle is a pointed instrument having an eye, and is used for carrying a thread through some kind of fabric or other material.

The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremberg in 1760, and while the date of their first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process.

Redditch is still the center of needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill-eyed" before they were finally introduced in 1826.

The process of hardening needles was for many years accomplished by casting them, while red-hot, into cold water. By this means a large proportion became crooked, and the services of a large number of workmen were required to straighten them.

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What a Queen Has Written. (Exchange.) Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, is one of the most literary ladies of European courts. She has written much about women, and some of her thoughts are worthy of transcription.

The woman of the world is seldom the wife of her husband. "An unhappy wife is like a flower exposed to the blast; she remains a bud for a long time, and when she develops to a blossom she quickly withers and fades."