LA SENORITA.

[Elvira Sudnor Miller in Courier-Journal.] Elvira Sudnor Miller in Courier-Je I saw her on a golden day, The Spanish belle of Moniterey; When first her beauty's glad surprise Shown out like starlight in the skies Twes evening on the Alamo, When senoritas come and go, Each looking with coquettish glances Ween less mantilla that enhances From lace mantilla that enhances Their beauty as the soft moss throws An added splendor round the rose.

The high comb in her raven hair Held one red blossom prisoned there, And round her neck an amber chain Had caught the sunlight's yellow rain The dusky bloom of throat and chin Was like a flower with vine therein, The glad spring in her step, the South Glowed in the rose of cheek and mouth, While over form and face was thrown A spell the coldest heart must own.

She passed screnely thro' the throng A perfect poem set to song, While e'en her graceful fan had taught Some voiceless love the speech it sought; She did recall a night of stars, Soft screnades 'neath lattice bars, A rose dropped silently below, Where slept the moonbaams' drifted snow, Fond looks for love alone to mark— A dagger thrust made in the dark.

I watched her as she moved apart And left a winter in each heart, Then said, half sadly: "As the flower Hath grace and beauty for an hour, So she, this radiant newcomer, Is but the blossom of a Summer, Like Joshua I would command The sun of loveliness to stand, That one so exquisite as she Might bloom and shine immortally."

Facts for Farmers. [M. Quad's Letter.]

See here, my farmer friend, let me give you a few facts. The average farmer shortens the services of his lumber wagon one year by leaving it out in the sun and dew. His plow would last one year longer if kept painted and sheltered. For the want of a little attention his harness wears out only half its days. His barns and sheds go to rack for the want of paint. Where the hoof-rot could be stopped in the first sheep if he were posted, he stops it in the thirtieth. The farmer who gets his agricultural hints from the almanac loses his hogs by the cholera, his fowls by the pip, and his horses slobber from his gate to the village store and back. Let a man run your farm on business pinciples and the fence corners would not take up four acres out of every forty; there would be no old bex-drains about the house to bring typhoid fever and doctor's bills. Those leaks in the roof of the barn would not spoil three or four tons of hay next year; the want of an eave-trough on the house would not cave in the cellar walls; the first sign of disease among the live stock would be promptly treated, tools and im-plements of every sort should be carefully housed, and -

Well I am going to shock you. I'd have the harness ciled and buggles and wagons washed once a week. I'd have a lawn about the house, and make a display of flowers and shrubs; I'd give a party now and then, and I'd encourage meetings of farmers once or twice a month, not to kick about railroad freights or jaw about politics, but to post each other on farm work and the best way to manage it.

Brave Sam Houston in Alabama. [The Century.]

The fire of the Indians was deadly, and thus, muzzle to muzzle, the combat raged for some time. Houston's major, L. Montgomery, was the first man on top of the works, where he was instantly killed. Young Houston, who had a short time before been promoted to ensign, accing his major fall, sprang at once to the spot and received a barbed arrow in his thigh. With the arrow still in the quivering flesh, the young ensign, calling on his men to follow him, leaped down into the mass of Indians, and by his vigorous strokes scon had a space cleared around him. The works were soon carried, the Indians fleeing before the troops into the underbrush. Houston now sat down, called one of his lieutenants to him, and told him to pull the arrow from the wound. Two strong jerks failed, when Houston exclaimed in an agony of pain and impatience: "Try again, and if you fail his time, I will strike you to the ground." Throwing his entire weight against the arrow, the lieutenant drew it forth, but with fearful laceration and loss of blood. While the wound was being dressed by the surgeon, Gen. Jackson rode up and spoke words of praise to his young friend, giving him an order not to enter the battle again, which Houston begged him to recall; but the general only repeated it more peremptorily, and rode on. In a few minutes Houston was once more in the thick of that hand-to-hand struggle, which closed only with the fall of night.

ONE HEART.

(Ella Wheeler in Midland Monthly.] To rise carly, work late, hurry through his three meals like some hungry animal, and plunge into bed with the first shadow of night, was John Chester's idea of existence. To sit and talk awhile, to read an

hour, to speak a tender word or bestow a tender caress, were follies and nonsense in his eyes. Yet they would have made Gertrudes life at least content, if not happy.

"Poor thing. I don't bel'eve she has ever had any one tell her she ought not to work so hard," muse | Breece. "Well. I'll do what I can to brighten her dull life while I'm here."

"Are you fond of books?" he asked her that evening, as she sat mending. 'Very," she answered. "I have never

had very many, though, since I came to Iowa.' "Would you like to use mine? or

would you like to have me read aloud a little while every evening, wh le 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 evening for an hour, while the steady, sonorous snore from the next room testified to the undisturbed slumber of John Che ter.

Of course there could be but one result for a woman in Gertrude Chester's situation, exposed to the constant, delightful companionship of a young, re-fined and handsome man. She grew to love him with all her heart and soul. For weeks she did not know her dan-Then she began to realize it: at ger. first with fright and shame, and then with exultation.

"I have done no wrong," she said to her own soul-"I have not by look or word or act brought this upon myself. It has come to me, and it would not have come if it had not been best for me. Life holds a new glory for me; the world is more beaut ful than it ever was to me. I am better, stronger, nobler for my love. He does not know-he need never know its existence. I can conceal it, but I will not try to banish it from my heart."

Breece Berton became indispensable in the Chester household. He often lent a strong arm at the ax, and in the hay field. "It develops muscle," he would say, and as he paid his boardbill regularly, John Chester made no objection. Gertrude grew fre her and younger every day. She had not known what it was to have so much assistance and sympathy in all her married life. She sang like a bird, her step grew elastic, and her eyes were glorious in their new beauty.

She held a strong rein upon herself. She was never betrayed into the slight-est look or act which told her secret. Her manner toward Breece Berton was that of a blithe, frank sister or comrade -whether in presence of others or alone with him, and this love grew, and filled her whole being like a gre t light.

Sometimes she thought of the time when he must go away. The thought always brought a quick, sharp pain with it. yet only for a moment.

"This love is mine, whether he goes or stay-nothing can take that from me," she reasoned, and the spirit within her looked out through her lovely eyes, until all who saw her remarked how young and beautiful Gertrude Chester was growing.

not be profaned. Go, and I will stay. Pat the love is ours, and will help and strengthen and glorify our lives

always." "Yes, and some time-some time. Gertrude, God will give you to me. I feel it. I know it. I can wait. Good night."

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 was su, ering intensely—it was a young man's first passion. He had never loved any woman save his mother and sister until now. All his heart and soul had gone out to this mature and beautiful and retined woman who was six years his senior.

He never liked to think of the weeks which followed, they were so full of keenest torture and misery. There was no sator in life-the city sights and sounds maddened him, the is es of old friends were hateful to him. He dicamed only of the glory of one woman's eyes.

Hewrote occasionally to the Chesters, letters which all the world might see. They were life and light and food to Gertrude. She read between the lines Her days were not so full of misery and pain as his. Her love was an exalted Fort of costacy, which sustained her in his absence as well as in his presence.

"He is mine, here, there in life or in death," she reasoned. "It is a spiritual union which does not depend upon physical presence. Nothing can divide us - now, or ever."

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

Two years had pas ed, when John Chester went on a protracted land hunt to I akota. Gertrude had mentioned the fact in a recent letter. By return mail came one from Breece, a few brief, a seionate lines, begging her to allow him to see her. the, tco, was tilled with a wild longing to see him, but she wrote him a c.lm refusal.

"It is not right, or wise, or best," she said. "Come when he returns, but not during his absence."

Breece Berton's jealous hatred of the man who called her wife, prevented him from accepting the conditional invita t on.

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

And so two more years passed away, and then John Chester's robust frame became the prey of pneumonia. At the end of another year he died.

All that tender nursing and constant care could do, Gertrude gave. She slept only by snatches for months before he died. She sat in torturing positions and held his head upon her breast for hours, that he might rest easier. She lost flesh and color, and dark circles came about her eyes.

Yet her spirit never faltered, some strange power sustained her.

After he was dead and all was over, she was ill for a time.

Two mouths alter John died she wrote her first letter to Breece. It was but a few lines announcing his death, and her own subsequent illness.

It brought a letter of conventional sympathy in return. She had not exected more, yet in her heart was a new feeling. the could not curb her love, now that it was not wrong, yet she waited for him to be the first to suggest

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. She had dwelt in a state of spiritual exultation, and had forgotten the years that were stretched

between them. In that old time neither of them considered her six years of seniority. Now, they both thought of it, for as she looked in the mirror, it was painfully evident.

"Yes, I am fatigued," she said. "The journey tired me, and then I attended the matinee, and the air was close." "Yes, it was close. I did not see you there.'

"I saw you," she answered, "and your companion. She was a lovely girl."

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."

"And liable to hold a nearer place yet." Gertrude suggested, her own voice sounding strange in her ears. There was a moment's silence, and then he lifted his eyes and met hers

"Yes," was all he said. Soon after-ward he rose to go. They exchanged a few commonplaces, and then he turned and took her hands.

"We are to be friends always, I hope?" he queried.

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

"Well, I hope as much. But it's sometimes hard, after an experience like ours, to establish a friendship. It cannot be done unless the passion is wholly outgrown. I knew it was on your part, four years ago, when you re-fused my last appeal to see you. I think your fee ing was more pity and sympathy for a mad boy than any-thing else, but mine was a gen-u ne frenzy. I had to fight it for years Gertrude. During the last two years. I fancied I was outgrowing it: and during the last year I have dared dream I was beginning to feel a calaer and more heathal love in my heart. I half dreaded to meet you, though, lest the old fury should return. But now I am glad I have met you, for I know we will be royal friends hereafter -and that the past is wholly buried."

He paused. "ies, wholly buried," she replied, "and we must a ways be royal friends, indeed, Breece."

"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." It was true - but the plan had been

conceived during the last five minutes. She could not let him think she came from lowa wholly and solely to meet him, and risk this result.

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

She closed the door behind him, sending a blithe good-bye after him down the hall.

Then she turned the key and was alone, with her castle crumbled at her feet, and the happiness of six years lying dead beneath. separation, while the difference in tint

"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. And to think it could be outgrown-and leave nothing, nothing. Then she arose from her crouching position before the open grate, and ret red. Next morning a strong smell of gas pervaded the room, and Gertrude

MAKING CASTS IN PLASTER. The Model-The Danger-Coat-Re-

producing Marbles. [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." So said Mr. Howard Kretchmer, the sculptor, in answer to innumerable questions. The specimens of celebrated works of sculpture seen in America are good, bad, and indifferent. Too often they are the copies of copies-that is to say, they are not made in the molds taken directly from the original. The infinitesimal variations in the first copies-differences so slight as not to be detected by eye or measurement-are serious if continued.

"Did you ever notice that when a carpenter is sawing several lengths of board he always uses the same piece for a measure? The reason is, that, whatever difference or error may occur in any single measurement cannot be continued or increased if the original measure is adhered to.

"But you wish to know how plaster casts are made; well, then I must first 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. Now, a tinted preparation of plaster of Paris mixed with water, of the consistency of rich cream, is thrown in a thin layer upon the soft, moist clay model. This is called the danger-coat. and is followed by a thicker coating of coarse plaster, sometimes supplemented by iron rods or sticks imbedded in it to give proper strength to the mold. In a few moments the plaster by a chemical arrangement sets and becomes a hard, rigid covering, the inner surface of which is in close, perfect contact with the surface of the model, following the very minutest detail of form and texture. This covering or mold is divided or separated into such portions as the character of the form may render necessary by pieces of tin or brass set edgewise, like a division wall in the clay, before the plaster is applied.

"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. Any adhering clay is removed; the surface is carefully washed, and after the application of oil, soap-suds, or a solution of soda-to prevent adhesion of the plaster with which the inner surface of the mold is afterwards covered-the pieces are adjusted and firmly bound together.

"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. The coarse plaster and binding irons of the mold are now broken off by means of a dull, blunt chisel and mallet, leaving the plaster cast covered by a thin coat of tinted plaster. This danger coat is then carefully removed by the same means, the previous application of oil and soda admitting of easy

between the cast and the danger-coat serves as a valuable guide in the delicate operation. "I have already explained to you the way in which a copy of a clay model is robin came to the conclusion that that made by means of what is called a waste was no place for him. mold. Both model and mold are de- Hardly had the victorous sparrow stroyed or wasted in the operation. The turned to taste the sweets of his triumph method employed to reproduce the cast, when there was a sharp whirr, and a or a marble, bronze, or any other rigid thrush darted through the air, swooped form, without injury to the original is down upon the sparrow like an avenging very different and requires great skill, angel, and the feathers began to fly. Indeed, very few of the for-matones—as men who follow this industry are called in Italyand only those of exceptional ability, are permitted to make copies of the valuable works contained in the public and private galleries of Europe. The reason for this-the danger attendant on the work-1 will explain to you presently. "Reproductions are made by what is called a piece mold, which is so arranged that the various pieces can be readily removed and readjusted. "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. A pear of irregular shape might require three or four pieces. And when you consider the intricacies of forms in a figure or group you will not be surprised when I tell you that several hundred or even a thousand pieces are sometimes necessary. These pieces are held together or keyed by a plaster cover of two or more parts, called a cask, which serves the same purpose as the hoops around the staves of a tub or barrel, or a printer's chase for type. "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. When a plaster cast has been made in this the mold may be removed, as I have just related, and is ready for another copy. When many copies are to be made from it it is dried, oiled, etc., details unneccessary to describe. Gelatine molds are now frequently used, the gelatine being held in position, like the piece

The Ancient and Modern Needle. [Hardware.]

The needle is one of the most ancient

instruments of which we have any rec-ord. 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. It is probable, however, that the needles of those people who lived in very ancient times had no eyes, as instruments of bone, which were most likely used for this purpo e, were found in caves that were inhabited by the ancient people of France; and the needles of ancient Egypt, which are pescribed as being bronze, do not ap-Sear to have been made with eyes. dome writers are of the opinion that in place of the eye a circular depression was made in or near the blunt end, in which the thread was buried. Pliny describes the needles of bronze which were used by the Greeks and Romans. These instruments have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremburg 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 impress you with the fact that sculpture 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. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived and has continued ever since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. Damer established needle factories at Long Credon, Redditch, near in England, 1850, and these were soon followed by other London needle makers.

Redditch is still the center of needle manufacture. The eyes of the earliest needles were square. Many unsuccess ful attempts were made to bring out the so-called "drill-eyed" before they were finally introduced in 1826. Two years later the burnishing machine, in which the eyes of the needle were polished was completed. In this machine the needles are strung on a steel wire, which is caused to revolve rapidly and thereby impart a beautiful finish to the eye.

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. In 1840 the substitution of oil for water took place, and as this caused a large number of the workmen to be thrown out of employment, a riot took place at Redditch, and the introducer of the oil process was driven out of town. The machinery for making needles has now been brought to such a state of perfection, that from the coil of steel wire to the finished needle, the machines used perform their vigorous operations in a manner that may > said to be almost automatic.

A Battle of the Birds.

[Long Branch Cor. New York Sun.] In front of Maggie Mitchell's cottage in Park avenue, near Elberon, a robin, plump and large, was enjoying a soli-tary feast recently in the middle of the road, when a pugnacious sparrow alighted alongside of him. The sparrow chattered and flapped his wings as if to invite the robin to leave. The robin evincing no disposition to retire, the sparrow forthwith proceeded to perch upon the robin's spinal column. The contest was brief and bloodless. The

The sparrow chattered as if calling for assistance, but kept on fighting like a Turk. The thrush make no noise. For a minute the fight was maintained with great obstinacy and with doubtful results. The sparrow, in point of size, was overmatched, but in agility he was the superior. The birds rolled in the dust, picking and clawing at each other. The sparrow at last gave indications of weariness. but when two others of his species clattered up, like reserve fire engines after a third alarm, his courage revived. But now the thrush resorted to strategy. He darted away, thus separating his antagonists. He then spread his wings, and, like a flash of lightning, dashed into the nearest sparrow, stretching him out in the dust. The other assistant sparrow displayed no longer any enthusiasin to continue the contest. The sparrow that first got into the fight, seeing one of his comrades prostrate and himself deserted, flew up into a tree and gave vent to his feelings in chatterings. The thrush, finding himself the sole survivor of the fight, helped himself to the repast discovered by poor robin, and looked unconcernedly at his stunned and prostrate foe, gathered himself together and flew away. While the thrush was in the road not a sparrow interfered with him, although there were ten or twenty of them in the vicinity, watching his movements.

Acidulated Fruit of the Vine.

[New York Journal.] "There's a seat," said one Brooklynite to another in the bridge-cars the other "You sit down," was the remorning.

ply to the invitation. "Really, now, I don't care to sit down I have to be scated so much during the day that-" Before the first speaker had Before the first speaker had finished his second say a school girl had, with a well assumed air of innocence, slipped under their gesticulating arms into their sent.

"I really prefer to stand in the more "So do I," said the Brooklynite, while the scated passengers betrayed the ghost of a sarcastic smile.

A Rapid Traveler. [New York Sun.]

"My son," said an economical father, "an express train attains great speed Lightning is proverbial for its rapidity, comets are supposed to hurl themselves through space at the rate of millions of miles a day, but, comparatively speaking, all these things are snails, my boy, all snails."

"Why, father," replied the young man, lazily puffing a 25-cent cigar, "what can possibly go faster than lightning?" "A \$5-bill after it is once broken, my son."

Kissing in Pittsburg. [Philadelphia Call.]

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

"But, pa, why do you think-" "I doe't think; I know. He kissed you all over your mouth and on both cheeks." "Why, a, you were not there, and-"No, I was not there, but I am here. see that there isn't a bit of soot left on your face below your forehead."

European Passenger Traffic. [Chicago Herald.]

On all European railways there are first, second and third class fares for passenger traffic; the third-class fares yield the largest margin of profit. During the last ten years the rates have been generally re duced, and it has been found that the reduction has invariably increased traffic enormously, even peasants, who formerly did not dream of traveling, indulging in the luxury of riding behind the iron horse.

Breece Berton finally grew grave, moody and absent-minded.

When questioned by Gertrude if he was ill or in trouble, he answered that his business matters annoved him, nothing more. Yet, as the weeks went by Gertrude knew that there was something more-she feared that he had discovered her secret, and was angry or displeased. She drew more within herself, and treated him almost with coldness.

A week later he announced that he was going away.

They were quite alone-John Chester sleeping heavily in his room. "For long?" she questioned, as she

bent over her sewing. "For good," he replied; "I have

thrown up my government businessmy land agency affairs- and I am going back to I hiladelphia to eater into business there."

"Indeed." she answered very calmly; "when did yon 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 taint and dizzy. But he was not looking at her.

"I would rather not-I must not tell you," he responded. "It would pain and anger you."

She knew now that he did refer to her love for him. That he had discovered it, and was driven away by it. A blaze of angry pride brought the blood back to her cheeks. El e would convince him that he was mistaken, if the effort killed her.

"If it concerns myself, or my husband," she sa d, "I insist upon knowing. I think it is my ri. ht to know."

"It concerns you both vitally," he answered, "yet, unless you insi t, I would rather go away without telling you." "out I do insi-t."

He shoved back the chair in which he had been sitting, and arose and stood before her w th fo ded arms. "Well, then," he said in a low slow

way-"1 am going away because 1 love you with all my heart and soul, Gertrade."

"She co ered her face with her hands. He heart ceased beating, her whole being thrilled with the most exquisite delight as she lotened to his words-a delight that was almost agony. He loved her-he loved. Ah! now she was ready to die.

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

"No," she said. "do not stay-go. It is best. But I am not angry with you -1-1, too-love you. No: do not speak-do not touch me, Breece. Let this love remain as holy and beautiful

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 tre of her soul in every line. He replied after a month or two, with a letter of some length, but made no reference to any meeting. "I fancy you will soon be besieged by fortune hunters," he said. "You have my sympathy." She smiled over that. Ah! that was

it! he feared to be accused of seeking her fortune. That was why he kept away from her. Well, she could go to him.

the had sent no intimation to Breece of her visit, but she dispatched a messenger with a note, telling him of her arrival in the city, and asking him to call that atternoon. She found it difficult to await the return of her messenger. She paced her room, saying over and over :

It is like a dream-a dream! But O, he predicted it; he foresaw it! He said Col would yet give me to him." And great tears broke over her checks The messenger brought back word that Mr. Berton was ju t going to the n atince w th 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 re-

ply. 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?

Ah, but he was acting as escort for a lady.

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. "Everybedy goes there to day."

Certrude rang, and ordered a carriage. She, too, would attend the mat-

ince. She swept the house wi h eager eyes. And not in vain. She saw him with a fair young girl at his side. She was very young, not mo e than 18, and he was the soul of devotion.

It was a herrible afternoon to Gertrude; one of slow torturing doubt and fear.

At last he came. He had grown handsomer and grander during the six years since they parted. his form was more majestic, his hair darker, his tace had more expression. He was a superb man-a man to win hearts without making the least effort.

Her 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 gla I to see you again," he said; "but you are not looking quite well; I fear you are fatigued.

The disappointment in his glance the formality in his tone, cut her to the as its source, which is divine. Let it the tall mirror opposite. Ah! she ha

was quite dead. "Ouly a Man."

[Ben: Per ey 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. She was tall and commanding in appearance, with a strong and pleasant face, keen black eyes and affable manner. She was born in a house which stood near where the congressional cemetery was afterwards located, was married in the same house, died within sight of the place, and was buried in the cemetery. Mrs. Davis saw Washton lay the corner-stone of the capitol on Sept. 18, 1793. She was then a little girl, 6 years of age.

A few years afterward she saw the father of his country at Rockville, Md., and was fond, in after life, of telling an incident of that occasion. So great was the enthus asm that the people took the horses from the carriage and pulled it along the crowded thoroughfares. At a certain point the carriage was stopped by the crowd opposite to where she was standing. Directly in front of her a mother proadly lifted up her curly-haired boy to get a glimpse of Gen. Washington. The little fellow burst out in exclamation: "Why, mother, he's only a man!" Washington heard the remark, and laughingly called the child to him, gave him a coin, and said: "Yes, my son, only a man; always remember that."

A Solemn Decree.

[Chicago Herald.]

From a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following par inmentary decree was solemnly passed and duly registered under hing | ouis XV.: "Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotion wool, iron corsets, hoops, shoes with high heets, or false hips shall seek to entice into the bands of marriage any male subject of his majesty, shall be prosecuted for witchcraft and declared incapable of matrimony."

Licorice.

A company in Connecticut manufactures nearly all the licorice used in this country-17,000,000 pounds a year Confectionery and medicine, take about 1,500,000 pounds, and the remainder goes into tobacco.

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.

mold, by a cask. "A great danger in making plaster molds on marble lies in the fact that luxury, among the Europeans she is "A great danger in making plaster 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.

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:

"If a woman is bad," writes the queen, 'man is generally the cause thereof." "Do not trust a man who does not believe in thy happiness in thy home."

"Among the savages the wife is an ani-

both. "The woman of the world is seldom the wife of her husband."

"An unhappy wife is like a flower ex-posed to the blast; she remains a bud for a long time, and when she develops to a blossom she quickly withers and fades."

"The virtue of a wife must often be very great, for not unfrequently she must have sufficient for both herself and her husband."

"If one forgives one loves no longer, for true love knows nothing of forgive-

"The jealousy of those who love us is the grandest flattery."

"Man and wife should never cease to do a little courting, no matter how old they may be."