Over and over again My duties wait for me, They ever come in monotonous rott Breakfast and dinner and tea. Smoothing the snow-white clothes.

Sweeping and dusting with care—
There is ever some task is mylittle hou.
To brighten it everywhere.
Wast may I claim for my duties' feet.
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be.
Naught but a dull monotony.
Over and over author. Over and over again?

Over and over again The sun sinks low in the west. And always over and over again The birds come back to the nest, The robin sings to his loving mate, Close, close to my cottage door, The same glad song I have heard nim str For many a day before.

What does the robin say to me? If the heart is tuned to love's glad key, No task can be duit menotony Though over and over again.

-Ada S. Sherwood, in Good Housekeeping.

MRS. MOLL'S AILMENTS.

She Was Finally Cured in a Very Lively Manner.

Mrs. Rebecca Moll was one of those unfortunate women who are always "allin'." She was never free from a "misery" of some kind and never knew what it was to see "a well day." Her conversation chiefly referred to the diseases she was suffering from, those she had had and those she expected to have. She always spoke in a plaintive and dejected little whine, but at the same time wished it to be understood that she was quite resigned to her fate. She was sure that she had suffered from most of the maladies common to humanity, and warmly resented the idea that any one had had more diseases than sho.

She loved to awell upon the many times that "four doctors had given her up," and when it was confidently supposed that "every breath would be her last." It might, however, have puzzled her to give the exact dates the house to meet his conferrees. of these trying occasions. Certainly they had not been within the remembrance of some of her friends who had known her twenty-five years.

These triends were, indeed, somewhat skeptical in regard to the genuineness of Mrs. Rebecca Moll's maladies. They doubted her oft-repeated statement that she had had the smallpox, the genuine Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, a distinct shock of paralysis and all the fevers ever heard of. They did not believe that her left lung was "clean gone," or that she ever recovered from a combined attack of typhoid fever, diphtheria, congestion of the lungs and black measles.

One reason for their doubts regarding this last statement was that it was proved that on the day following that on which all these diseases were at their height, Mrs. Moll had walked three miles to a quilting; but when reminded of this fact she said, calmly: Some folks git over sickness quicker'n others, and I'm one of that kind."

It was not uncommon for Mrs. Moll to be "breathing her last" one day, and enjoying a cup of tea at the house of a neighbor a mile distant on the next. The case and grace with which she took on and threw off disease was a matter of surprise to her friends and of satisfaction to herself.

There was one person, however, who all Mrs. Moll's maladies, and that person was her patient and affectionate husband, Mr. Pliny Moll.

"What my Becky has endoored no one but me and her knows," he often said, earnestly. "Many an' a-many's the time I've set by her sick bedside an' said to myself: 'Is she a-breathin' or ain't she a-breathin'?' and I've riz to my feet thinkin' I was a widow man this time-yes, sir. An' ag'in when she's been settin' right in her chair I've looked at her an' said: 'You dead, Becky Moli?' an' when she'd say, so feeble like: 'I ain't quite, Piiny,' I've said to myself: 'Well, it won't be long 'fore you will be, Becky Moll, if you ain't better right forthwith an' faster."

So good Mr. Moll bore in patience the inconveniences to which Mrs. Moll's many sudden and acute attacks and unending ailings subjected him-As they kept no servant, great domestie confusion resulted when, as was frequently the case, Mrs. Moll had to be almost carried to bed from the breakfast table, leaving Mr. Moll to wash the dishes and attend to other domestic duties. But Mr. Moll made no complaint. He would go to work patiently and sometimes tearfully saying: "Poor Becky! poor Becky! it's a sight harder on her than it is on me.'

Oneday Mrs. Moll went to bed, and did not get up again as the days and

"I shall never get up again, Pliny," she said to her husband, "I'm done fer. I don' seem to have the first mite of stren'th, an' I've a kind of a feelin' of goneness all the time. There's somethin' the matter of my back an' chist, an' it ain't long I'll be a burden to you.

Old Dr. Philbrick was called. He seemed unable to understand the case of Mrs. Moll, but told her anxious husband that he'd "have her around in a few days."

"No. you won't," said Mrs. Moll, resolutely, as she came out of the stupor into which she seemed to have fallen. "Pliny might as well be made to understand the truth, dector, an' it can't be kept from me!"

Doctor Philbrick did not have Mrs. Moll around as he predicted. He came again and again, and seemed at last to be greatly puzzled over the

"Seems as though she'd reely ought to git some stren'th," said Pliny to the doctor. "Her appetite ain't failed ber yet; she cats more'n I do-"

"Piliny Mott, that ain't so!" orled his wife, indignantly. During her husband's absence from the room Mrs. Moll had been telling the doctor that it gave her pain to swallow any thing at all, and that she didn't eat enough

to keep a bird alive. An elderly relative of Mr. Moll's called "Aunt 'Cindy" had by this time been installed as housekeeper and nurse to Mrs. Moll, who steadily grew worse and now gave daily instructions as to how her funeral should be conducted and what Pliny should do when she was gone. These details

CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE

"You shan't go long as any thing kin be done fer you that ain't been done. An' there's got to be a consultation over you, Becky."

"It won't do no good," said Mrs. Moll, fi-mly; "all the doctors in creation couldn't tell what's the matter of me. It's one of them cases the medical perfession ain't got up to yet, and there sin't no cure for it'

Nevertheless, Mr. Moll determined to have a consultation, particularly as old Dr. Philbrick thought it advisable

to do so. "I've done all I can do, Mr. Moll," he said; "I've bled her and blistered her and poulticed her, and given her great deal and a great variety of nedicine, and yet she is no better. I really think there should be a conultation.

Dr. Philbrick belonged to a class of rural physicians fast becoming exfinct. He failed to keep pace with the age, and sneered at all the discoveries of modern medical science. His remedies were mostly of his own manufacture, and he bled and blistered nis patients until nothing but their ron constitutions and the tenasity with which they clung to life kept them alive through a course of his treatment.

Dr. Peevy and Dr. Hobbson lived in adjoining villages. They were elderly doctors in full sympathy with the Philbrick methods of treatment, and Mrs Moll's situation certainly seemed dangerous when these three wiseacres came together in consultation over her case.

"You've bled her, I reckon?" said Dr. Peevy, while tying his horse in front of Mr. Moll's house.

"Yes, half a dozen times," replied Dr. Philbrick, who had come out of

"And blistered her?" asked Dr. Hobbson, who had ridden up with Dr.

"Yes, yes; time and again," replied Dr. Philbrick.

It was now June, and Mrs. Moll had kept her bed steadily for so long a time that even the uncharitable neighbors began to think that there down-stairs with a huge feather-bed "reely was something the matter of Becky Moll," and great interest was felt in the case throughout the neigh- husband. "Why, Becky, you'll-" borhood.

Mrs. Moll seemed to enjoy the prospect of a consultation over her case. It was a distinction and privilege she had never yet enjoyed, even though she had lived "with one foot in the grave" most of her life. But she black silk dress. You doctors better was firm in the conviction that the consultation would amount to nothing o far as her recovery was concerned.

"It's mostly to please Pliny, poor man, that I've consented to the consultation," she said. "I know that forty dozen consultations wouldn't cure me. I've had so many diseases my system is all wore out and I ain't a mite o' stren'th left. I've endoored all one pore human frame kin endoor. and I'm convinced that I've got an incurable complaint now. My grandmother's aunt lay in bed two years, just as I'm doin', 'fore she died, and Pliny had a second cousin go off jist as I'm goin', and nobody knowed she ran back and personally directed that ailded him. It runs in the family and there's no use fightin' ag'in it. If I live through the consultation it's 'bout all I expect to do."

She received the three doctors with stoical calmness, and replied to all their questions in a meek and feeble

"Please put out your tongue, ma'am," said Dr. Peevy, while Dr. Hobbson felt her pulse, with his eyes

fixed on his immense silver watch. Then Mrs. Moll was put through such a long catechism of questions, and subjected to such a thumping of the chest and pounding of the back that her "feeble stren"th" was subjected to a severe strain. The examination of the patient lasted for a full hour, and then the trio of physicians withdrew to consult together.

"Supposing we walk out into the orchard, Brother Peevy," suggested Dr. Philbrick. "I'm afraid the murmur of our voices will make the patient nervous, as she's in the next room. It 'pears to me like a mighty serious case."

"She does seem to be pretty bad of," acquiesced Dr. Peevy, as he put on his hat in accordance with Dr. Philbrick's suggestion that the consultation be held in the coolness and stillness of the old orchard, a short distance in the rear of the house. No sooner were the doctors out of the Hobbson?" house than Mrs. Moll called Aunt 'Cindy. And Aunt 'Cindy appeared.

"Where's Pliny?" asked Mrs. Moll. "I see him goin' out toward the medder lot when the doctors come," the house while this here powwow was discoveries as to the patient's condigoin' on. He's been like a fish out of water ever sence he knew it was goin'

"Pore man, pore man!" said Mrs. Moll. "It'll be hard on him to give me up, but he's got to do it. My stren'th is gold faster and faster very day. I wisht you'd tell Pliny want him, and then I'd like you to nake me some b'iled apple dumplin's and b'lle me a piece of cabbage. I'm o fagged out I've got to have somehin' nourishin' for dinner."

There stood in the meadow lot a soltary oak tree, to the shade of which Piny always withdraw when he was n the mood for solitary reflection, and he always came thither in his ours of deepest dejection. He cemed to find sympathy and strength in the sheltering arms of the oak tree, and it had been told all the joys and sorrows of his life.

The good man was almost beside himself on this bright and peaceful June day. There was something so ominous in the presence of those three grave and gloomy-faced doctors that Mr. Moll could not stay under the ame roof with them, and he had fied o the oak tree to remain there until hey had gone. Never had he been nore depressed in regard to Mrs.

"I'm afcord they'll do her no good." he said, with his handkerchief to his Poek was goln' by with a new dress spry as a young colt. eyes as he lay under the branches of

always left Pilny very much dejected. the tree. "Nothing but a maracle will and one day he said. desperately and help Becky now, and the age of maracles is gone. Poor Becky!" and little Mr. Moll was weeping softly in his red cotton handkerchief when Aunt 'Cindy found him.

Aunt 'Cindy was a woman of no little force of character, and she thought that there were not many occasions when a man was justified in giving way to tears. She certainly did not regard this as one of these rare occaions, therefore she said, sharply:

"Well. Pliny Moll, you ain't bellerin'? What for? If there's any thing to cry fer I aint seen it nor yit heered it!" "O'Cindy!" was all Pilny said in

reply to this. "What do they say bout Becky. Has she lived through "Well, she's alive enough to want cabbage and dumplin's for dinner, so

I reckon there's a little vitality left.

The doctors are powwovin' out in the orchard, and Becky wants you." Aunt 'Cindy had not come directly from the house to the meadow. She had stopped at the barn to see if she could find some new-laid eggs for the pudding she intended making for dinner; then she had stopped to dig open a hill of early potatoes to see if they were likely to be large enough for a Fourth-of-July dinner, so that some little time had elapsed since she left

"You'd better come right in." she continued to Mr. Moll, "and if I was you, Pliny Moll, I'd-for the land's

Aunt 'Cindy had suddenly thrown up both arms, and she clapped her hands together as she cried out: "The house on fire, as sure as I'm a livin'

Mr. Moll rose to his feet with a bound, and ran madly after the fleeing Aunt 'Cindy. They met the doctors at the back gate, and all ran into the house, Mr. Moll crying out:

"She'll be scared and burned to death! Git Becky out first thing! We're comin', Becky! Keep ca'mwe'll save you!"

The whole party rushed into the front hall of the house, and there they beheld a singular and unexpected sight. It was Mrs. Moll half-way on her back! "Becky Moll!" gasped her amazed

"Now don't you lose your wits at a time when you need 'em the most, Pliny," said Mrs. Moll, sharply. "I'll manage this feather-bed, and you go up and begin throwin' things out of the winders. Don't you forgit my pull up the carpets, and 'Cindy, you git my gold band chany tea-set out all right. I'll come back and 'tend to my silver spoons and forks soon as I get this new feather-bed out. Fly around,

During the next fifteen minutes no one "flew around" faster than Mrs. Becky Moll, notwithstanding the fact that she was still clad in a long, white nightdress, with her feet thrust into a pair of Pliny's old carpet slippers.

all of you! There ain't no time to

After carrying the feather-bed across the road, and pitching it wover the fence of a field in front of the house. the moving of the other things in the burning house.

"Get my winter cloak, Pliny," she shouted up the stairs. "It's bran new, and it's got to do me five years vit! Here, Dr. Philbrick, you and Dr. Peevy carry out the parlor sofy! 'Cindy, 'Cindy, fly around! Get ev'ry thing out of the pantry!"

When the nearest neighbors arrived the whole second story of the house was in flames, and it was unsafe to enter the lower part. Mrs. Moll bad been the last to leave. She came rushing out with a family heirlooma big blue-edged platter-in one hand and a pewter teapot in the other. Carrying them to a place of safety, she climbed over the fence and dropped down on the feather-bed, saying as she did so:

"Pliny, bring me a quilt or some thing to throw over me! I look scand'lous! I'm afeerd this'll give me an awful back set! Well, Dr. Philbrick. what do you make out is the matter

"There ain't nothing the matter of you, Becky Moll; that's what there ain't!" said Dr. Philbrick, tartly, as he mopped the perspiration from his crimson brow. "Ain't that so, Dr. Poove?"

"Yes, it is," said Dr. Pecvy, briefly. as he gathered no his sadd's-bags. "Honbson thinks so, too, don't you,

"Of course I do!" replied Dr. Hobb-

This was far from the conclusion at which the learned doctors had arrived while in the orchard; but the opinions replied Aunt 'Cindy. "He seemed to of the most learned men are subject be too worried and oneasy to stay in to change. They had made some new tion-revealed by the events of the fire-which had literally thrown new light on their investigations.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to talk to a dyin' woman like that!" said Mrs. Moll, rising from her bed and pointing her finger scornfully between the rails of the fence toward the departing doctors.

The household goods were carried into a small but quite comfortable old house across the road, in which the Molls had lived before building the house that had burned. The neighbors lent their assistance in arranging the furniture, and by night Mr. and Mrs. Moll found themselves comfortably installed in their old home, with nost of their effects around them. Then Aunt 'Cindy went out to the barn where Mr. Moll was feeding his horses and sald:

"See here, Pliny; I'm goin' home. doing for a woman that's as well as I whale. am, if she'd only think so. I'm a believer in the mind cure for Becky; for

and hat on, she run to the window to

see; and that, and what's happened to-day, has made me think I aint

needed here, and I'm goin'." In fifteen minutes she was gone, and Mr. Moll sat for the next half hour on the barn floor with his back against a grain bag, chewing the end of a straw and meditating. At last he rose and went into the house and into the bed-

room in which Mrs. Moll was lying. "Becky," he said, in a strange but decided tone, "Aunt 'Cindy's gone, and I reckon if you want any supper tonight you'll have to git up and git it. I'm goin' out to milk the cows now, and I wish you'd have some fiannel

cakes for supper when I come in." There was a hidden degree of firmness in mild-mannered little Mr. Moll's character not often revealed to others, but Mrs. Moll knew of its existence. When she heard Pliny speak now she knew that he meant all he said. She herself was very hungry after her exertions at the fire, and Pliny found her frying eggs and cakes and making an appetizing cup of coffee when he came in with his pail of foamy milk. That was the last of her "in curable maiady," and the last of many of her other diseases. She died of old age twenty-five years later. - J. L. Harbour, in Youth's Companion.

A COURAGEOUS BOY.

With the Help of a Dog He Outrides Storm and Saves a Vessel.

At Bourbon, the most neglected port in the French Indies, a number of vessels rode at anchor. Suddenly a tidalwave was signaled and a cannon shot conveyed the order for all vessels to leave the port. The crews hastily regained their vessels and in less than ha f an hour all ships but one had left the port. The one which remained despite the order was a large brig in ballast, on whose deck not a living soul could be seen. A second sho was fired and the brig slowly pivoted and with flapping sails made for the open sea. An hour later it was discovered that the entire crew of the brig had been detained on shore and the only living creatures on board were a lad fifteen years old and the captain's dog.

In order to obey the order twice given the lad must have let the ancho chain slip and cut the hawser, but when could be get the strength to hold the helm against a cyclone? Three days passed and all the vessels had returned to port but the brig, and fears gained ground. Suddenly on the morning of the fourth day a naked mast was seen against the horizon. Like a stick a first, it grew longer, and then a hu appeared. All the sails were furleand the brig-for it was the brig-wa sailing under masts and cordage only kept on her course by her little ji hoisted one-third high. A quarter of an hour later a tug was at its side The brig was brought back after more than three days' terrible strife with the elements.

After seeing no one come the boy, knowing that to stay was destruction, had let the anchor slip, sawed the hawser, and grasping the helm set her head for the sea. Slipping a rope with a running knot larboard and starboard to prevent sudden lurches, he remained at his post with the dog. sleeping and waking, nearly one hundred hours.

The colonists raised a subscription for him and he was sent to the marine school, whence he came out an officer. -Philadelphia Press.

He Would Break It Small.

Cumso-Is it true that Gazley's wife has eloped?

Fangle-Yes; it's true. "Does Gazley know about it?"

"Not yet. We haven't decided who chall break the news to him." "Let Briggs do it. He's the varman. He stutters, you know."-N. Y.

A Very Knowing Horse. Horses are just like men-some have ense and some have none. There is one hill horse on our line that knows as well as I do when his work is done and with what car he is to go to the table. The car leaves the terminus it midnight and passes the corner where he is hitched ten minutes later. I don't know whether he knows the number of the car, or the team, or the driver, but he knows the time, and ne night when they tried to keep him to help up another car, a few minutes ater, he kicked, and squealed, and bit, and refused to pull, so that they had to let him go. The other hill horse that works with him doesn't know a thing, and will pull cars up all night without having sense enough to bject -Street-Car Driver in Globe-Democrat.

God Bless Jur Home.

"Whoop! Look out there. Johnny." shouted the old man, as he stuck his head out from behind the woodpile, 'you better not go into the house.' "Who's after you?" asked Johnny.

Yes. Somebody tangled all the tephyr that she was using to work a been out of temper ever since."-Washington Capital.

-A Texas man who was innocent of came an improvement in footwear and crime was sent to prison for twelve top boots were supplanted by shoes. rears. He thought himself forsaken The bootjack has declined and several by Providence, but as the officials did of Chicago's retail dealers say they not oblige him to cut his hair, he came have not used a bootjack in their out with it hanging down to his knees. stores in the last ten years. It has and a dime-museum man gives him come to pass that the history of the forty dollars a week for a year. How American bootjack is closed and may little we know what is for our own be filed away among the records of good.-Detroit Free Press.

-A resident of San Francisco re- its name or never knew that it existed. cently witnessed a terrific battle between a swordfish and a whale in the harbor at San Francisco. The sword- Niagara Falls varies with the height I ain't goin' to stay here any longer fish was finally victorious, killing the of the river. Prof. W. D. Gun-

if she only thought she was well she'd | Manheim, Pa, has a twenty-five-yearold horse that was so stiff that he "I've seen her do some queer things could hardly walk. He was put into for a dyin' woman of late," Aunt a pasture through which runs a creek. 'Cindy went on, emphatically. "I It was noticed that a great part of his caught her in the pantry eatin' pie and | time was spent in bathing and lying in cold beef one day last week, and when the water, and, in a short time, to the high as 100,000,000 tons per hour. In I told her the other day that 'Mandy surprise of the owner, he became as comparison, the recent flood at Johns-

A REMARKABLE CITY.

An Indian Capital That Has No Counter-Lying between Assam and Burmah

the remote little Hill State of Manipur, lately visited by Indian officers one of whom, writing on the forests of be state in the "Indian Forests," gives on extraordinary account of Imphail. the capital. It is situated in what appears a dense forest. "Neither spires nor chimneys cut the blue sky, nor is smoke observed to ascend from the sylvan scenes of the capital. Nothing, in fact, bespeaks the busy home of 30,000 to 40,000 people, and yet hidden away among these trees is the palace of the Rajah, and hard by are the houses of his favorites, each family having a large inclosure around the homestead. Imphail may thus be described as a city of villages, or rather suburban residences around the palace. Straight, wide roads, lined with trees, frequently intersecting each other at right angles, afford the means of communication, but neither shop, artisans nor wheeled conveyance exist in the city. Industry and skill occur only in the distant rural homes."

The people of the capital are the promoted favorites of the ruler, who have had assigned to them plots of ground near the palace, and live by pressing upon the persecuted agriculturists of the state.

The capital of Manipur is a royal residence dedicated to luxury and amusement All are happy. streets are crowded with smiling, healthy faces, of which few bear the marks of toll or labor. There are no schools in the state, and court favor and promotion are secured by success in polo. Coinage is unknown, and the men are not allowed to trade. Imports and exports, except in certain articles that yield a royal reveaue, are practically prohibited. The women from the distant villages

repair on a certain day to the capital or to other recognized centers. Each carries on her head a neatly-made aquare backet, in which has been placed the surplus stock of the home tead, the labors of her industrial skill of her husband's agricultural knowledge. On reaching the market place the contents of these baskets are exposed and bartered, when each returns again to her family, carrying off the proceeds.

On market days the long, straight road from Bishenpur to Imphail is crowded by groups of women hurrying to and fro. Each wears an elegantly striped dress in bright colors, made of sick and cotton. The stripes run along the length, and the top and action are neatly embroidered. A long piece of cloth is cleverly carried across the breasts and just under the armpits, instead of round the waist, and is firmly tucked up, so that the top embroidered edg falls forward. adding an additional fold to the garment, while the botte n edge reaches a little below the knees. The legs and arms are left exposed. The women are the only traders in the whole state. - London Times.

THE MORIBUND BOOTJACK.

in the British Museum is a portion of the stone floor of an ancient Greek acuse. In one of the steps that lead from one room to another is a niche shaped like a V. This was used as a bootjack. Its sides are polished as if well-informed circles regarding its original purpose. In early France the boot first received its name from the old French word "bot," meaning a stump which the boot of that day resembled. So necessary is the jack in European armies that the saying of the poor German officer to his orderly, "John, pack the bootjack, we are going to move." has become a maxim. In the Washington museum there is the campaign bootjack of George Washington. The notch is generous in its breadth and depth and points to the fact that the father of his country was no dude in the selection of his boots. The bootjack of the flery Andrew Jackson is another heritage of the past reverently preserved in the historic hermitage. The edges are dented and notched, for "old Hickory" was never particular what instrument he used when in a domestic or foreign war. The bootjack of the martyred Lincoln is not preserved. Perhaps he never had one. He improvished a bootjack, as they do now in the West, by placing the left foot behind the right leg. with the toe of the boot resting on the calf of the leg. Then the heel is grasped by the right hand and with a vigorous jerk the boot is removed. It has received the attention of inventive genius, as the records of the Patent Office show that fr .m 1853 to 1866 forty different patents were granted. The palm of incongruity must be awarded to a patent of Messrs, Osborn & Crandall, of Ition N. Y., who in 1876 invented a bootjack that combined with God Bless Our Home' motto, and she's | that function those of a nut cracker. tack hammer, tack puller, wrench and nail puller. With the improvements in country roads and city pavements

. The amount of water passing over ning estimates the average amount at 18,000,000 cubic feet per minute. Al--A farmer of Sporting Hill, near lowing 621 pounds to the cubic foot this would give a total of 562,500 tons per minute, or 25,312,500 tons in fortyfive minutes, of which somewhat more than two-thirds passes over the Horseshoe Falls. Other estimates place the town was a gill.

the moldy past. Even the present

generation of cats has either forgotten

-Shoe and Leather Review.

THE PSYCHE CORNER.

The newest thing in the way

a beautiful woman.

A New Idea For Young Women Who Are Not Over-Beautiful.

household ornamentation, decoration and coziness is the Pysche corner. You do not know what it is, nor why it is called the Pysche knot or a Pysche mirror? Is not Pysche the soul, and why should the name not mean, in connection with the corners, the soul of beauty? It does. The corner is beautiful, soulful, and when properly filled it is filled full with the beauty of A Pysche corner is first of all a corner, if you choose to have it a corner. or it is an alcove; but if you have no available corner and no alcove, then you must arrange draperies so that they simulate one of these things. If

it is an alcove made by a window then the light must be very subtly arranged to suit the complexion of the modern Pysche who is to fill the niche, and a basket of flowers must hang from the ceiling. But if there is no window, then the wall or walls are covered with mirrors hung about with rich draperies, and a tiny antique lamp that burns perfumed oil hangs from the ceiling in place of flowers. The only piece of furniture in this alcove is a diwan, and a divan such as is not seen in every house. It is long, it is low, it is broad and it is soft. It is covered with some soft silken Eastern stuff, about which clings the faint odor of some Arabian perfume, and it is heaped up with pillows. These pillows are of different sizes. Some are square and some are oblong, and they are covered with materials of different colors; but the tints are harmonious and blending, and the pillows are all as soft as eiderdown can make them. In front of this delicious divan are fur rugs and more cushions. Such is a Psyche corner prepared for occupancy. Here, then, the most fashionable beauty reclines on her divan amid her many pillows, a perfect picture in a perfect room they receive small attention from frame. If there are other women in the the men, who flock to the divan, for the occupant has a decided advantage over all the other women present.

A good many women who are not beauties have set up such a corner, for it is the most becoming thing in the world, making a plain woman look almost beautiful. -N. Y. Letter.

MICROBES IN A TRUNK. They Infect Four Children After a Lapse of Thirty Years. Thirty-five years ago an opulent family lived in one of our most beautiful suburbs. Two lovely children graced the happy household. But

scarlet fever closed their eyes in death. The grief-stricken mother gather up little slips, slippers and toys with two golden tresses, and reverently laid them away in a trunk as sad but priceless mementoes of her lost darlings. War came with its tragic vicissitudes, and death time and again threw its shadow over the hearthstone. Finally the place passed

into strangers' hands. Last year two families took it as a summer residence. The children, six in number, with childish curiosity, began to exp the secret recesses of the grand old house. In a closet was found the forgotten trunk. A touch dissolved the time-corroded clasp, and one by one the sacred relics were removed until a faded newspaper was found, which told the pathetic story. by long use, and no doubt exists in Half-spelling out the meaning, they took it to their mother, who chided their curiosity and tenderly replaced

the treasures. Five days after this occurrence two of the children were seized with scarlet fever, and forty-eight hours later the other four were attacked. Two cases were grave, the others mild. All recovered. Was the disease contracted from the trunk? I think so, because there was no other ascertain-

sole source of infection. Moral: Silks, woolen and hair, being good fomites, should not be put away in air-tight trunks as mementoes of friends dying with infectious diseases, because they may become, at some remote period, the starting point of a wide-spreading and disastrous epidemic, a calamity which was averted in this instance only by complete iso-

lation. - Journal of Surgery.

What Irrigation Will Do. It is my opinion that irrigation will be the means of doubling the population of every Western State and Territory within the coming ten years. I firmly believe that in the East, where the rainfall is heavy, but uncertain, irrigation will ultimately be resorted to in order to insure greater regularity of crops. Four-tenths of the area of the United States, not including Alaska, require irrigation. This territory includes parts of California, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, all of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, and portions of Dakota and Washington. Through this vast territory there flow a number of streams with narrow valleys capable of cultivation. In these valleys settlers have taken up their abode, cities have been built, and now the cry is for more room. The room is there, and the only thing needed to make the broad sunburned plains vie with valleys is irrigation. The sentiment in favor of this method of reclaiming lands is growing strong, and I predict that ten years will witness a revolution.-Cor. Kansas City Times. ---

-Te following sentence, from a letter written by Livingstone a short time befere his death, and which refers to slavery, is inscribed on his tomb in Westminster Abbey: "All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessings come down on every one, American, English or Tork, who will help to heal the open ore of the wor'd."

-The way it is done: First citizen - What have they arrested the China-Second citizen-"O some oys smashed his windows and he their fists at our American boys."- to say 'confirm."" Boston Courier.

THE GERMAN NAVY. Ten New Ironclads For Coast Defe-

A new German man-of-war, the Sies fried, has been launched at Kiel. The vessel commands some special interest, since it is the first of a series of est, since it ten constructed for const defense to destined to protect the mouths of ris. ers and canals, particularly of the great canal between the North and Baltic s us, now in course of constraint tion. The new vessel is 228 feet long and 45 feet 6 inches wide and draw about 16 feet of water, with a displace ment of 3.400 tons. The engines as of 4,800 horsepower, and the ship is propelled by two screws. She is protected by a broad steel belt on the way ter level, and carries three he wy gua in two towers, situated forward as aft on deck. Except a signal staff be tween the towers there are no masta the sole reliance being on the steam power. The speed is sixteen knots as hour, probably as great as the low draught of water and consequent great width would permit. The deck, how. ever, is narrow, the sides being drawn in, and thus the freeboard is low and affords only a comparatively small mark for an enemy. There are also contrivances for i unching torpedes, and besides the three heavy guns the new ironelad will be armed with quickfiring and revolving guns and will be lighted by electricity.

The new ironelad, as described is built as an experimental ship to serve as a model for the other nine of its kind. Its construction and shape above the water level adapt it to the strain of high seas and enable it to escounter ocean ironclads at some diatance from the coast, particularly in view of the fact that but few of the present armors, whether steel or iron can withstand the force of its guns. The vessel, though destined princh pally for coast defense, has great power of attack.

The cost is about \$775,000, not including the battery, estimated at about \$220,000 more. Thus the whole feet of ten vessels will cost about \$10,000. 000, perhaps \$11,000,000. The Siegfried is built of German steel, its plating being composed of compound welded steel and iron plates upon a bucking of Irdian oak, and it is almost sq. perfluous to state that the vessel is guarded against sinking by watertight compartments, and as to auxiliary esgines, etc., lacks no improvement that

has been made use of in recent times. The German fleet will gain an effective and a formidable reinforcement in these ships, and our American Gor. ernment might well take notice to what extent the nations of the old world are preparing to meet the erigencies of a coming strife for the sppremacy on the waters that govern their coasts and harbors, the keys and doors to the homes and to the live. the property and the families of their citizens.-Cor. Chicago Tribune.

CARLO IN TEARS A Pathetic Dog Story Told By a Veteran Sportsran.

"He had been owned by Rev. B C. Phelps, a Methodist preacher stationed at Danielsonville, Coun.," responded the Major, who does not hesiate having told a story twenty time to tell it twenty-one times. Mr. Phelps was removed to another charge he made me a present of him. The dog took kindly enough to me as yellow dogs always do to small boys, and we struck up a great friendship and had glorious old times hunting woodchucks and rabbits. It was 'hunting without a gun,' but with Carlo's help I captured lots of game, such as it was. The dog had not appeared to mind parting from its former owner, and as time went by I took it for granted that he had forgotten that he ever owned any other master than myself. One day, it must have been a year afterward, we had been out on a hard campaign against the woodchucks and I reached home just at sundown. As I went into the house by one door Mr. Phelps entered by another. He had been an intimate friend of my father, and now walked right in without any ceremony. After greetings by my father and mother and just as Phelps was seating himself Carlo came running in without noticing that he was there. 'Why, Carlo!' said Mr. Phelps. The dog stopped, looked and with a bound was in his old master's lap, and lay across his knees motionless, with his head hanging down while tears rolled down from his eyes and dropped on the floor. Well, sir. at seeing the dog weep Phelps himself choked and tears came into his eyes. Father he followed suit, and I heard something that sounded like a sob

from mother."-Forest and Stream -Joseph G. Parkinson, of Chicago. is said to be the only deaf and dumb lawyer in the country. He is associated with his twin brother, who does not share his disabilities. When Mr. Parkinson was twenty-three years old he was chief examiner in the Patent Office at Washington, a place he held for six years. In 1879 he resigned and soon afterward was admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. He now ranks as one of the most successful patent lawyers in the

country. -"How are you getting along with your work on the piano?" asked Blinkins of a young woman. "Oh. very well; I can see great progress in my work." "How is that?" "Weil, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I commenced to practice. The next family stayed a month, the next ten weeks, and the people there now have remained nearly six months."-Wa-hington Capital

-- A citizen of Fairfield, Mich., was

sunstruck and stung by bumblebees at the same time recently, and since then has been obliged to keep cool because every time he gets warm be faints. -Says an English verbal critic

"Americans are generally falling into the habit of using the word 'affirm' for 'confirm.' For instance, when an hoos his fist at them." F. C.—"And official is questioned as to the hey are sted him?" S. C.—"Cer. fulness of a certain rumor, his answer fulness of a certain rumor, his answer. ainly, These moon-eyed Mongolians is apt to be: I will neither affirm por must be taught that they can not shake deny the report. Of course he ought