

AS THE KNIGHT GROWS OLD.

A little lad comes out to play, And he sports in childish way, And a little maiden he doth see, And says to her: "Come play with me!"

MAMMA JO.

Julian Vane's Triumph Over Himself and the Woman He Loved. "You will not marry me, Joe?" Outside a north wind drove the snow against the windows with a long, wailing cry...

His voice was dangerously sweet and winning. "I can not—I dare not!" cried Jo, desperately, clinging her fists. "I shall go away from here to-morrow!"

She smiled at him through her tears. "Look here, Joe," he said, coming to a stand-still before her. "suppose I promise to reform—will you marry me? What degree of perfection must a man obtain in order to become your husband?"

She met his angry, gleaming eyes steadily. "The man whom I marry must not spend his life in selfish dissipation, neither must he ride headlong over all the gifts which God has bestowed upon him. Think what God made you, she added, passionately. "Think what you have made yourself."

Jo laughed miserably; she was quite sure in her own mind that she should never see him again. "What, going without another word? Without a good-bye kiss? I go to town to-night, and shall not return until after you are gone. Kiss me farewell, Joe!"

He followed her everywhere, made desperate love to her on every occasion, sent her badly spelled notes, until she finally began to fear him. "One night she was delayed after school by some reports she wished to fill out. The school-house was in a lonely place, nearly a mile from any other building; and, looking up from her writing presently, she was alarmed to see Jerry Galore leering at her from the doorway."

Instantly the ruffian's revolver was leveled at him. "You just make tracks out of here," said Jerry Galore, "or I'll—"

Jo, with a little tremulous cry, ran into the arms outstretched for her, and scathed the beloved face anxiously. "He was paler than of old, and a few white threads glistened at the temple, but he kissed her with a proud and happy smile."

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THE PATENT OFFICE.

America's Incomparable Forces Housed in a Grecian Temple. It is a singularly suggestive fact that the Patent Office building, one of the most beautiful structures in this or any other country, is, in the main, a reproduction of the architecture of ancient Greece.

It is almost paradoxical that the inventive genius of this young and vigorous Nation, a genius that has borne its part in revolutionizing the arts and industries of the world, is thus visibly linked to the remote past; that the system which has placed our country in the van of the march of progress, a system that is necessarily iconoclastic; a system that cares not for what was, but looks only to that which is to be; a system that makes aggressive warfare on the past and contemns the present, while it pays its devotion to the future, is housed in an edifice that was virtually conceived in a brain that molded back to kindred dust three thousand years ago.

It is a consolation to pessimists—and they never tire of parading the fact—that in some respects the ancients were superior to the people of our day. We may as well concede that in architecture, sculpture, and poetry the Greeks have not been surpassed by nations of modern times. But this concession covers only a small space in the boundless field of human effort. Within the inclosure of those Grecian walls that house our Patent Office are wonders that seem to belong to a different world and to a higher order of beings than the world and the men for whom Homer sang.

The ancients knew but few arts. The most affluent citizens of old Athens were surrounded by fewer accessories of any existence than are at the command of the day-laborer of our time. We copy some of the beautiful forms of Grecian architecture, but we add to our buildings the results of ages of scientific progress. In heating, lighting, drawing, ventilation, the elevator and a thousand devices that promote comfort and enhance beauty, we have made more progress in the present century than was achieved in all preceding ages.

The ancients of all nations had few and simple means of traveling by land or sea. Modern invention—invention largely due to the stimulus of our patent system—has brought the ends of the world together and made neighbors of nations separated by oceans. Except his own immortal poem and a few suggestions of the art and architecture of his time, there is nothing on this continent that Homer, resurrected and transported here, would recognize as belonging to the world in which he lived.

The steamships, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, electric motors, printing-machines, factories, and, indeed, all that we use, all that we enjoy, on land or sea, in peace or war, in our homes, in our places of business, on our farms, in our mines, or wherever we toil or rest—all, all is new, all belongs to the new world. The inventions of recent years have so changed the world that the man of thirty is older than Methuselah—older in that he has seen more, experienced more than the oldest of all the ancients. We do not suppose the architect of the Patent Office building intended an anachronism or a paradox, but it was a strangely suggestive conceit to house the iconoclastic forces of America in a Grecian temple.—Inventive Age.

RARE COINCIDENCE.

Richard Wagner and the Figure 13—Three Elmer Ellsworths. In searching for "Notes for the Curious" we have unearthed two that are quite rare, one concerning Richard Wagner, the composer, and his 13; the other a series of coincident names. It is a well-known fact that Wagner died on the 13th of the month; he was born in 1813; it takes 13 letters to spell Richard Wagner; his name and the sum of the figures in 1813 equals 13; he composed 13 works and always declared that he set his head on his after career on the 13th of the month. "Tannhauser" was completed on April 13, 1861. He left Bayreuth September 13, 1861. September is the ninth month; write 9-13 and add the three figures together, thus: 9+13, and you have 13.

The other coincidence concerns the name of E. E. Reynolds. During April, 1889, E. E. Reynolds, the Utica (N. Y.) music dealer, was visited by E. E. Reynolds, of New Haven. Each acknowledged that his name was Elmer Ellsworth and that he was named for Ellsworth of Zouave fame. Each was born the same week. The publication of the facts brought a letter from Rev. E. E. Reynolds, of Ludlow, Vt., named the same and born the same week as the others.—St. Louis Republic.

SKELETONS THE LATEST FAD.

Among the latest fads in the craze for skeletons, I hear requests for them at all the bric-a-brac counters in the various stores. "Nothing larger than those?" I wanted a good big one," said one fair dame, disconsolately. Truly this is a prosaic age. Time was when the bare mention of the word skeleton to one of the feminine gender caused a shudder of disgust, and as to having one about the house—barbarous! But now a frolicsome little imp peers at you from a bracket in a dark corner or brushes against your face as you walk under the gas jet. Surely we are getting back to first principles.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

MAKING UP A NEWSPAPER.

Of the toil which a daily newspaper demands, of the unceasing attention it exacts, of the judicious care it requires, the great public of readers take no account. It might lead a dissatisfied purchaser to revise his judgment if he could stand between two and three o'clock in the morning in the composing-room of a great journal and witness the intense excitement, all kept well under in properly regulated offices, which characterize the "making up" of the sheet he sometimes dismisses so contemptuously. The printer, if then in a state to speak calmly, might tell him the great point was not so much what should go in, as what should be left out.—Printer's Register.

A poor Brahmin at Monghyr, North-west Bengal, possessed an amulet which had been in his family for generations, and, as he was almost starving, he took it to a goldsmith for sale. The goldsmith broke it up to test the metal, and found in the hollow center a scrap of paper covered with minute writing. This being deciphered by a learned pundit, the Brahmin learned that by the shrine of Pir Shah Nepal is a well dating back to Mohammedan times, and at a certain distance from the well are hidden fourteen lakhs of rupees. The Brahmin obtained Government sanction to excavate the ground.

"I wonder why so many people commit suicide in the spring, doctor?" "I don't know. I think myself that a river or river would be better," was the doctor's quiet reply.—Elmira Gazette.

RIPE MIDDLE AGE.

The Liberal Spirit of the Present Age and One of Its Results. A quarter of a century ago a married woman of thirty was extinguished under a cap and remanded to the regions of dullness. Her growing daughters monopolized her thought and time. They were first in every thing—their wishes, tastes and inclinations were all in all. At forty she had quite done with the active interests of life. All that remained to her was the supervision of the domestic economy, the missionary society, and the endless making of patch-work. Her time was not something to be wasted. It involved no choice of duties, no substitution of the more important for those less pressing, for she had none beyond those which were classified under the head of natural responsibilities. The existence of unmarried women was even more circumscribed, for they had not even natural responsibilities—home, husband and children with which to occupy themselves. It was this disregard of the experience and wisdom which ought to come with years well lived that won for us the pitying contempt of Europeans. The American school child was justly looked upon with horror as dominating society and arrogating to itself the place and distinction which in Europe were reserved for its elders.

BRUIN'S CROSS NOW.

He Ate Shoe-Blackening and It Didn't Agree With Him. An effort on the part of the Polar bear to digest a box of French shoe-blackening has aroused a speculative interest in the minds of the keepers of the Zoo. Nearly all shoe-blackening contains sulphuric acid, as the ingredients which cause the paste to dry and glaze when rubbed with a brush. Although sulphuric acid is sometimes administered in extremely diluted compounds to the diseased human economy, its effect upon the interior of a Polar bear has never been conclusively shown by experiment of absorbing interest. The bear is still living, although from the general way he departs himself, there is a suspicion that he wishes he was not living.

The keepers have found that the blackening was thrown into the cage with a vicious motive by an Italian shoe-black who went into the garden to shine shoes contrary to the regulations and was stopped by the keepers. When he left the garden he revenged himself by giving the bear the box of blackening.

The bear rolled the box about and finally worked the lid off. Then he smelled it with manifest signs of an appetite, and, feeling quite positive that it was a palatable and delicious substance of food, he dug out small chunks and ate them. His eyes snapped with approval, and he was having a regular picnic when he was discovered and a frantic effort was made by the keepers to dislodge the box from the cage.

Long bars, sticks and every thing else that could be stuck in between the bars were used with dexterity and desperate perseverance until the bear was driven at bay and the mischievous box secured. Around the mouth the bear began to resemble a black bear, and his teeth looked as if they had been carbonized. He howled resentfully at the way he had been despoiled of the only delicacy and variety of food he had known during the monotony of his long captivity. A little later on he grew quieter and more serene. He appeared to be buried in abstract contemplation.

Occasionally he would shake himself and throw out an expression from his eye that was very ugly. He grunted and swore—at least he made sounds in an accent, with accompanying looks and gesture that corresponded closely with an explosion of profanity from the human breast. The keepers tried to comfort him and were filled with anxious solicitude for his future. He got over it slowly. Now he is considerably better, and on a fair road to recovery. His experience has developed an ineffable suspicion that he was betrayed, that he was victimized by a cowardly, degraded and contemptible impostor, and while the internal fires are fed by this burning consciousness of abuse, it is better to keep away from him. For some to come patrons of the Zoo will be warned not to approach the Polar bear's cage, and naturalists will find an interesting new chapter of research upon the chemical combination of vitriol and carbonized bone with the digestive fluids of a bear.

PRICE OF PARIS FOOD.

Interesting Statistics Recently Published by the Prefect of the Seine. The prefect of the Seine has published statistics showing the amount of food consumed by the inhabitants of Paris during last year. The yearly consumption of meat per inhabitant is 147 pounds, and of bread 224 pounds. The average number of eggs eaten by each person is 183. So painstaking are the city officials that they discovered 741,623 bad eggs among the supplies as they entered the city, and very properly confiscated them. The beef and veal are mainly of French origin, but it is a distressing fact for the Parisians that they must eat German mutton. They are always protesting against this Teutonic invasion, and appealing to the government for protection, but there are not sufficient native sheep to take the place of the German product. French, however, are showing an increasing fondness for this meat, notwithstanding its nationality. The number imported rose from 23,000 in 1883 to 84,625 in 1887, and to 223,128 in 1888. Attempts have been made to introduce frozen mutton from Australia, but without much success.

The Parisians are also consuming more oysters than formerly. The consumption rose from 3,600,000 kilograms to 78,350,000 kilograms last year. The increase was mainly in Portuguese oysters, which sell at less than \$1 per 100. The price of a good chicken in the Paris market is from \$1 to \$1.50. Turkeys bring about \$2; hares cost the same as turkeys, and pheasants \$1 each.—N. Y. Herald.

RAT-CATCHING SNAKES.

Dangerous Pets in the Cellars of Memphis Merchants. Whatever virtues a creeping thing may have usually go the way that his creeping self is destined to travel. A snake is doubtless repulsive to the instincts of every one, but there are some who profess to endure their repugnance for the sake of a rapacious appetite which snakes are said to have for rats. Cases of this kind can be cited on Front row in this city, the proprietors of two houses in particular, having a snake in each of their cellars which no one is permitted to molest or harm in any way.

The larger of the two is nearly twelve feet long, and notwithstanding it is docile to approach, and apparently otherwise domesticated, its bite is poisonous, and on divers occasions, when in a bad humor, it has struck at unsuspecting employes.

It is said to have a den in the bluff where it goes during wet and rainy seasons, remaining until the appearance of dry weather. This snake is more particularly a pet with the proprietors and those who are not compelled to go about it.

Those who are compelled from necessity to frequent this haunt have a well-defined aversion to his presence, and would doubtless make short work of him if it could be secretly done without actual combat. On a number of occasions attempts have been made by parties whose duties brought them in contact with the reptile to administer poison, but thus far it has either had no effect or else the rat-eater attends to his own business.

The snake is jet black, as sleek as a ribbon and has a white rim around its neck, breaking into a bow shaped mark on its throat. It is said to exercise wonderful ingenuity in seeking out rodents, which, when caught, are swallowed at one gulp.

It is a fact, however, that a snake will keep premises clear of rats; and, while the majority of people would yield to almost any pest rather than bear with the knowledge that one was about, a few, and a very few indeed, prefer the reptile.—Memphis Appeal.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—More than 287,000 was posted in letter boxes in England last year in letters that bore no address. —The late Augusta left Queen Victoria a splendid gold bracelet, containing the words "For ever," set in precious stones.

—An English woman who married an Austrian Count and was left a widow has set up in the manure business in London, and has a distinguished patronage. The rank of the lady and the riches of her friends enables her to charge half a guinea for her manipulations, and she will not work for less.

—Australians complain that there is a great increase in destructive insects since the English sparrows arrived and drove out the native birds. It is found by examination that the sparrow is more of a scavenger than an insect eater. The birds will not touch insects if they can get grain or other kinds of food.

—Oriental furnishings so delighted the German Empress during her late stay at Constantinople that Her Majesty intends to fit up some of her apartments at the Berlin Palace in Eastern fashion. She has commissioned the German Ambassador to the Porte to procure for her large quantities of carpets, hanging divans, etc.

—There is no country like France for starting journals. During 1889 no less than nine hundred and fifty new newspapers were brought out, of which not one remains in life. On the other hand, the Petit Journal now claims a circulation of 1,095,000 copies. During the same period there were printed in France over fifteen thousand new books, including 5,000 new musical pieces.

—All suggested remedies for the rabbit plague having failed, New South Wales and Queensland are depending on rabbit-proof fencing to limit the unwelcome guests. There are no fewer than 87 miles of fencing constructed, including the fence on the South Australian boundary line. Meanwhile the rabbits increase grievously in New Zealand.

—The collection of maps destroyed by the fire of King Leopold's palace in Laeken was probably the finest in the world. The library contained 4,000 volumes, and included manuscript works by Sir Walter Raleigh and an edition of the reports of the reports of Columbus. The maps had been collected during the last thirty years utterly regardless of expense.

—Mrs. Bischoffshelm, the Marquis d'Harvey and the Princess Potocka have always been great skaters, and the Parisians who gathered to see them skate—in those days when there used to be ice on the lake in the Bois—called them the Three Graces. They wore other skins embroidered with gold, and amethyst-colored velvet, trimmed with chinchilla. This season velvet polonaises and hussar jackets are very fashionable.

—From some curious calculations made by the Minister of Finance, it appears that the loans—redeemable and perpetual—incurred by France since 1816 are thirty-nine in number, representing in round figures seventeen milliards of francs, or 680,000,000 sterling. The second empire borrowed four milliards, and bequeathed this debt to the republic, which, moreover, considers the empire responsible for the five milliards which were needed to liberate the territory from occupation and the three milliards to place the army on a proper footing in the matter of war material.

TRAINING A PRINCE.

How the Prince of Wales Was Made to Over His Government. Many years ago Miss Hillyard, the governess in the royal family, seeing the Prince of Wales inattentive to his studies, said: "Your Royal Highness is not minding your business; will you be pleased to look at your book and learn your lesson?" His Royal Highness replied that he would not.

"Then I shall put you in the corner," said the governess. His Royal Highness again replied that he should not learn his lesson, neither should he go into the corner, for he was the Prince of Wales; and, as if to show his authority, he kicked his little foot through a pane of glass. Surprised at this act of bold defiance, Miss Hillyard, rising from her seat, said: "Sir, you must learn your lesson, and if you do not, though you are the Prince of Wales, I shall put you in the corner."

However, threats were of no avail; the defiance was repeated, and that, too, in the same determined manner as before—His Royal Highness breaking another pane of glass. Miss Hillyard, seeing her authority thus set at naught, rang the bell and requested that his father, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, might be sent for.

Shortly after the Prince arrived, and having learned the reason why his presence was required, addressing the Prince of Wales, and pointing to a stool or ottoman, said: "You will sit there, sir." Prince Albert then went to his own room, and returning with a Bible in his hand, he said to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales: "Now I want you to listen to what St. Paul says about the people who are under tutors and governors."

DEAD TO THE WORLD.

Nunneries Which Are Closed Even to Priests and Bishops. A severe order near enough to Brooklyn to have its workings observed by visitors to the Sisters of St. Dominic, at the convents at Newark, N. J., and Hunt's Point, N. Y.

URBAN POPULATION.

The Growth of Cities Compared with That of the Whole Country. Mr. Albert B. Hart has an interesting and instructive article on American cities in the current number of the Quarterly Journal of Economics. The article shows that the rapid development of cities in this country lies chiefly within the last forty years. The population of the United States since 1790 has been increased by sixteen times, and during the same period, taking 8,000 persons under a single local government as the definition of a city, the number of cities has been increased by sixty times, and the urban population by one hundred and sixty times. In 1790 the number of cities having an average population of 35,000 was only 85; in 1860 the number was 141; in 1870 it was 236; and in 1880 it was 296 with an average population of 39,000. In 1790 the urban population of the country was about one-third of the whole; in 1860 it was about one-sixth; and in 1880 it was nearly one-fourth of the whole.

These figures show a remarkable growth of cities and city populations, as compared with the growth of the whole country. One of the causes of this result has been the large immigration to the United States within the last forty years, and the general tendency of immigrants to crowd into cities rather than disperse themselves in rural districts and devote themselves to agriculture. This rapid increase of cities carries along with it a corresponding increase in their political power, and makes the problem of good city government for local purposes one of increasing difficulty. The key to the future in respect to city government, as Mr. Hart thinks, is a thorough system of popular education by which "right examples and right principles" shall be widely instilled "into the minds of children." Our public school system aims to attain this end, and is the best practical agency for the purpose. More stringent naturalization laws, as called for by the President, are also of great importance.—N. Y. Independent.

NEW BROCADES AND NEW GOWNS.

Gold brocades in new arrangements of stripes and colored grounds are sent out from Paris to combine with dresses of plain bengaline or velvet. These new stuffs, as rich as the lampas used for upholstering furniture, come in stripes of contrasting colors, with golden threads woven in vines of laurel leaves or flowers through their center, with thick gold cord separating the stripes. Red and black stripes, each two inches wide, have the same bright gold decoration, and white and rose stripes have paler gold vines. The entire front of a dark bengaline princess gown is formed of this rich fabric. In the skirt are two striped brocade breadths, with a seam up the middle of the front gored narrower toward the top to make the stripes meet in Eiffel Tower points. In the waist the brocade forms a full waistcoat plaited in four small plaits to the high collar, then gathered under a wide velvet girdle, and fastened under the left side of the bodice; a high standing collar passes entirely round the neck and fastens on the left side, while a high Medicean collar of the bengaline of the gown is confined to the back of the neck.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—The collection of maps destroyed by the fire of King Leopold's palace in Laeken was probably the finest in the world. The library contained 4,000 volumes, and included manuscript works by Sir Walter Raleigh and an edition of the reports of the reports of Columbus. The maps had been collected during the last thirty years utterly regardless of expense.

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And having read the passage to him, he added: "It is undoubtedly true that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly you may some day be a great man—you may be King in the room of your mother; but now you are only a little boy; though you are the Prince of Wales, you are only a child under tutors and governors, who must be obeyed, and must have those under them to do as they are bid. Moreover, I must tell you what Solomon says; and he read to him the declaration that he who loveth his son chasteneth him betimes; and then, in order to show his child, he chastised him and put him in a corner, saying: "Now, sir, you will stand there until you have learned your lesson, and until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out; and remember that you are under tutors and governors, and that they must be obeyed."—Christian at Work.

DEAD TO THE WORLD.

Nunneries Which Are Closed Even to Priests and Bishops. A severe order near enough to Brooklyn to have its workings observed by visitors to the Sisters of St. Dominic, at the convents at Newark, N. J., and Hunt's Point, N. Y.

This order is one of the strictest in the church and the Hunt's Point House will be a branch of the convent established in Newark, N. J., by Archbishop Corrigan when he was Bishop of that see. The sisters are strictly cloistered and see visitors through a double grill.