THE DYING WIFE'S FAREWELL Raise my pillow, husband, dearest, Faint and fainter comes my breath, And those shadows stealing slowly Must, I know, be those of death.

Sit down close beside me, darling, Let me clasp your warm, strong hand, Yours that over has sustained me To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine, our Father, Thence shall ever load me on, Where upon a throne eternal Sits his love and only Son; I've had visions and been dreaming O'er the pust, of joy and pain; Year by year I wandered backward, Till I was a child again. preams of girlhood, and the moment

Preams or girinoou, and the moment When I stood your wife and bride, How my heart filled with love's triumph In the hour of woman's pride, Dreams of thee and all the earth cords Firm'y twined about my heart-Oh! the bitter, burning anguish, When I knew that we must part!

It has passed, and God has promised All my footsteps to attend; He that's more than friend or brother— He'll be with you to the end. There's no shadow o'er the portal Leading to my heavenly home Christ has promised life immortal, And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee And its chilling billows swell, Thou'lt thank Heaven that I'm spared, then Thou'lt feel that "all is well." Bring our boys unto my bedside-My last blessing let them keep— But they're sleeping, do not wake them, They'll learn soon enough to weep.

well them often of their mother, Kiss them for me when they wake; Lead them gently in life's pathway, Love them doubly for my sake. Clasp my hands still closer, darling, This, the last, last night of life, For to-morrow I shall never Answer when you call me "wife,"

Fare thee well, my noble husband! Paint not 'neath the chast'ning rod: Throw your strong arm 'round our children, Keep them close to thee—and God.
-Memphis Bulletin.

GOING HOME.

The Old Man Reaches the Fair Place of His Dreams at Last.



E WAS an old man and his head was whitened by many winters. His form was bent and his step was tottering. His eyes had long since grown dim and his hands were feeble and wrinkled.

often of evenings he sat in the twilight, and as gazed up and away in the

distance he talked of home, and of the time when he was going there.

"It will not be long," he said, "when I will go back to my home where the Sowers bloomed in the meadow down by the orchard, and where the birds used to sing in the woodland pasture down by the big spring. To-morrow, perhaps, or the next day, or the day after, I shall go back. It is a long time since I was there and since I saw it all, but I know it is just as it was when I came away, for every night I have seen it in my dreams, and it all looks just as it did that day when I left it to wander over the world.

The people said the old man was queer, and many of them were so thoughtless as to laugh at his eccentricity. Sometimes he did little errands about town, and sometimes he begged from house to house, for he was too feeble to work much and he could no longer wander from place to place as he had done for so many years.

He lived in a little abandoned cabin and there was no one but his faithful old dog to keep him company. He did not care for those about him, and when they tried to learn something of his past life



"NO, NO, I WILL NOT GO WITH YOU." he would only speak of his old home, and of its beauties and end by saying that he was going back soon.

Often when the days were clear and warm he roamed in the woods and gath. red wild flowers, or wandered along the banks of the little river picking up shells and pebbles. On such occasions his little cog trotted by his side, and cometimes the old man would stop and talk to him about the flowers and shells, and the dog would look up as though he understood it all.

The summer waned and the beautiful atumn days came on. The people noiced that the old man appeared on the treets less frequently, and it was selom he and his dog went out to roam as wield. They noticed, too, that he was towing thinner and his step was be-

ming feebler. Then there came a time when he did tot appear at all, and when two days passed, the little dog came to a ouse where they had always been kind to his master, and in his way begged bem to come with him to the cabin-

"Something has happened," some one aid, "and the dog wants us to go. Perhaps the old man is sick, or dead." They remembered then that he had then seen, and they followed the Thome, there to find it was as they red, and that the old man was sick. le lay on a poor bed of straw and leaves

sol tossed about with fever. They entered very quietly and talked a les whispers so as not to disturb him, this quick ears caught the sound of oir footsteps, and attempting to shrink by from them, he put out his wasted

as if to stay their approach. "No, no," he said. "I will not go with In I will not be locked up as a pauper there are no flowers or birds, and green fields and no beautiful forests. a going home directly, and they can and me away again. Go away now, sal let me go on, for the journey is not

long and I am in a hurry to get there. Poor old man," some one said; "he is

flighty, and talks of unseen things." The little dog came in and laid his head in the old man's hand. The tired eyes opened for a moment and a soft smile spread over the thin, sallow face.

"We are almost there, Sanch, almost there," the old man said, as he tried to pat the dog's head. "It has been a long journey, and the way bas been rough, and sometimes the storms raged high, but we are nearly through it now, and in a little while we will be at home. There is but another hill or two to climb and then we shall see the dear old place with the meadows all in bloom and the trees green with leaves, and we shall hear the birds sing as they used to before we came away. They won't drive us off now as they did then, but we will live in the old house and wander about the garden and orchard every day, and when we are tired we'll go down and rest beneath the big tree where we used to go of evenings when the days were warm. We'll soon be there-soon be

Then the eyes closed and the old man was quiet.

"He is asleep," some one said. "See how he smiles as he reaches out his hands. He is dreaming sweet dreams." For a long time they stood about the old man and watched him in silence. Once or twice his lips moved as if in speech, and the smile on his wasted face grew brighter. Then again his eyes opened and their gaze wandered about the little room.

"I thought we were there," he said, a little disappointed. "I thought we had reached the end of the journey and were resting on the blue grass under the big tree down by the meadow. I smelt the clover blossoms and the wild roses, and heard the birds singing in the tree overhead, and the water as it flowed along over the white stones on its way down from the big spring up under the three old elm trees. But it is not far, and we shall be there before night comes on. Come, now, and let's be going, for we have another hill to climb, and I am anxious to see the dear old place." He was still again for a minute or two. but no one looked up to disturb him.

"Ah!" he said at last, as the smile faded from his features and a look of doubt and trouble succeeded it. "What if they will not let us come in? What if they drive us away again as they did before? But they can not be so cruel as that. No, no; I will tell them that we have come a long way and have walked many, many days to get back to the old home, and they can not be so cruel as to turn us away. I will tell them how well I love it, and of all the fond memories I have of it, and they will be touched by that and not drive us away Often and any more. I will tell them of herof my dear, poor Marian, who came to live with me in the old house. I will speak to them of the times when she and I used to go arm-in-arm about the big pasture, and of the times when we sat on the long porch and dreamed and planned for the future. I will tell them how well she loved the flowers and the birds, and how often we wandered about gathering the roses and the ferns. I will tell them all this and of the day she died, and I will ask them to let me stay at the old home, so I can go every day and plant flowers on her grave. They will not drive us off when I tell them this."

> "He is dying," somebody said, in a soft whisper. 'Yes, he is nearing the end of his journey," the doctor replied, as he bent over the old man. "Does anyone know

Then the door opened softly and a stranger entered. Leaning forward and bending over the avparently lifeless form, the stranger looked on the haggard face for some time, then raising himself he muttered:

A minute passed and they all waited in silence. The stranger did not speak, and the doctor touching his arm asked:

"What do you know of him?" "He is my father. Years ago I went away from home and soon after my mother died. Then there came trouble, and those nearly related to him set to work to rob him of his home. He was old and easily persuaded, and after a time they got a deed to his property, and then they drove him out. They attempted to confine him in a pawper's home, but he ran away, and for years he has wandered about the country. From the day I learned his fate I have searched for him in every direction. Sometimes I heard of him being somewhere, but always a long time after he had been there, and it is only now that I have found him-and found him

The stranger sank down on his knees, and, taking his father's hand in his, bent his head upon it and let his tears fall. Those present fell back a little, and though they were as silent as death their eyes grew dim and tear-drops rolled down the cheeks of some of them. It was but a few moments, perhaps, though it seemed an age, before any one spoke. It was the old man who

broke the silence. "We have come a long way to-day." he said, "and I am growing faint and weak. It is not far now, but I must sit down here by the way-side and rest a little before I attempt to climb the other hill. We have climbed a good many hills to-day, but I was art so weak then. I will lie down here on the grass and you, Sanch, lie down by me, for while I rest I want to tell you about the dear old home that I am going back to, and

that I haven't seen for so long. "I will tell you about the old house first, and I remember it well, for it was only last night that I saw it in my freams, just as I have seen it every night for so many years. There is the big room, the one with the great fireplace in which the hickory logs burned and crackled, shooting up soft blazes of light. There is where we used to sit of winter evenings, Marian and I, when we talked of the future and of what life would be to us. I saw Marian sitting there last night, and I saw the happy smile on her face, just as I have seen it so many times in the old days before she went away. Then there is the little garden with the flower-beds that we used to love, and down below is the great, old orchard with the red apples and the rosy peaches. Over on the hill beyond is the old school-house, where Marian and I used to go, and where I first saw her and learned to love her. That has been many years ago, but I have never forgotten it, and it is all as plain now as if it was but yesterday. Then there is the little church, standing in the

edge of the woods, where we used to go

of Sundays to listen to the white-

haired old minister when he told of the

new and beautiful home there is ready

for us all in the better world. They

used to sing down there at the church

about that home, and last night I heard them again, only they sang it better than they used to, and it sounded sweeter and softer than they used to sing. I heard the old minister preach,



THE STRANGER SANK DOWN ON HIS KNEL S.

too, but I was so tired that I could not hear it all, but I know his text was: 'In my Father's house are many man-

"Hush! They are singing down there now. Their voices grow stronger and the words ring out clearer and plainer. It is the same song-the one I always loved so well and the one Marian used to sing-'Nearer Home.' Do you hear them say it? Nearer home. Yes, we are nearer home. We are almost there. Now the minister is preaching. He is telling about that other 'home not made with bands, eternal in the heavens.' It is a beautiful place, for as he talks I can see it. It is fairer than the old home we have been looking for so long. and its fields are green and its waters clear and soft. Its gardens are all abloom with beautiful flowers and the air is filled with their rich perfume. I see it all clearly now, and I hear the softest, sweetest music, and there are angels coming, and as they float down through the air they sing of the land so bright and fair. Be still, now, and let me hear them before we go on. I will rest a little longer here and listen to the songs of the angels before I go

The old man closed his eyes and one hand rested in that of his son while the other lay affectionately on the little dog that had been his only friend and ompanion through all the years of his wanderings in search of his home. 'Twas thus he waited for the coming of the angels, and in a little while he was at lass "at home."-Thomas P. Montfort, in Detroit Free

A POINT FOR REPORTERS.

How a Lawyer Befriended a Fair-Minded Young Newspaper Man.

A Clark street lawyer (no name by request)-I used to practice in the police ourts when I was a young man. One day I had a bad case. For that matter I had a number of such. But this was particularly bad. There was a reporter who wrote it up. It was a ease in which he might have roasted me if he had chosen to do so, and I wouldn't have blamed him. As it was he did not neglect his duty. He referred to me in a kindly manner. In after years, when I had quit such practice, I had a murder case in the criminal court. Charley Reed was prosecuting attorney. My case was a bad one, I will admit. Criminal lawyers must have such cases. The young man who had treated me so fairly in the police court case reported the too apparent. - Washington Star. in the fairest way. The time came when I quit criminal practice. The relief I experienced when I realized that in all probability I should never try a criminal case again was like that which comes to a man when he comes out of a nightmare. I became a corporation counsel. One day a rich client came to me and said he wanted to hire a shorthand clerk and asked me to recommend some one. I thought of the reporter who had treated me with so much consideration and hunted him up. He told ne he was a stenographer and I secured him the job. He kept it until his health failed him and his employer sent him away on a vacation, paying his expenses. I think he went to Europe. When he came back he was still unable to work. His employer let his salary gc on, although the young man could do no work, until the time came when he didn't need any salary, and then his funeral expenses were paid by his employer. He was buried in Graceland. A eat shaft marks the spot where he rests-erected by his kind-hearted employer. I like to think of this story and tell it sometimes when I hear people talking about the "hard bearted world."-Chicago Tribune.

Ribbons Instead of Steere Links, Apropos of the things men wear, rou must drop your sleeve links and substitute for them a very narrow rib bon, which is tied in a stiff little bow

through the two button holes. This is le dernier cri in Paris, and no end of surmises come up as to how the fashion arose. Most fashions have their birth from accidents, and it is fair to conclude that Alphonse, in a spirit of gallantry, gave his sleeve links to Therese, Elise or Marie, and that she, returning the compliment. drew the pretty little ribbon from her lingerie and fastened together, in a feminine fashion, the cut's that were inkless. - Philadelphia Times.

The Value of Kangaroo Skins Up to 1869 kangaroos were killed and eaten in Australia, and their hides were cut into shoestrings. But an Englishman named Brown in that ear discovered the remarkable character of the leather and brought sever-

al thousand skins to this country. He tried to sell the hides to tanners but they were shy of the novelty, and he had to sell them at a sacrifice to a bookbinder. The bookbinder made triangular corner pieces in ledgers and ommercial booksout of the skins, and so ascertained the good quality of the leather. It was in this way that the large leather factories were first at tracted to kangaroo hide. - Nature.

Strong Evidence.

"Young man," said the boarding nistress, sternly, "your comments are out of place. I made biscuits, sir, fifty

veurs ago. Very likely," was the sinner's reply, adding in an undertone to his side partner, "and if circumstantial evince goes for anything, this speci men I'm whetting my teeth on is of 'em."-Philadelphia Times.

Giles-How did you manage to get your poem accepted by the new ed Tubbs -Told him the old editor had

eclined it.-Epoch.

GOOD-BY.

There's a kind o' chilly feelin' in the blowin' o the breeze,
And a sense o' sadness stealin' through the treases And a mist seems fallin' dreary on the mountains

towerin' high,
And I feel my cheeks grow teary as I bid you al "Good-by" the winds are sayin'; "good-by" the trees complain
As they bend low down an' whisper, with their green leaves wet with rain; "Good-by" the roses murmur, an' the bendin

As if they all felt sorry I have come—come to say I reckon all have said it some time or other soft And easy like, with eyes cast down, that dared not look aloft

For the tears that trembled in them—for the lips that choked the sigh, When it came a swellin' from the heart an' made

I didn't think 'twas hard to say; but standin' here With the pleasant past behind me and the future dim, unknown,
A-gloomin' youder in the dark—the tears come ta

my eye, And I'm weepin' like a woman as I bid you all good-by. The work I've done is with you; maybe some

things went wrong.

Like a note that mars the music in the sweet flow But, brethren, when you think of me I only ask you would Say as the Master said of one, "He hath done what he could."

And when you sit together in the time as yes By your love encircled firesides in the valleys fair and free. Let the sweet past come before you, and with something like a sigh

Just say, "We ain't forgot him since the day he said 'Good-by!"

-F. L. Stauton in Rome Tribune.

A Fiber from Chinese Grass Don't frighten bim.

Ramie, rhea or Chinese grass, is by no means a new discovery. It is the fiber of a species of nettle and has been used almost from time immemorial by the Chinese for the fabrication of light clothing, nets and lines. It was introduced into England about ninety years ago, receiving the commenda tion of the manufacturing institutes, and since that day efforts to make the fiber available to modern processes have not ceased. Not less than \$1,000,-000 has been sunk in unsuccessful attempts, some of which have produced cloths of beautiful texture and finish. -Boston Herald.

A Mathematical Personstration.

Danvers—Come, Markham, surely you are not going to propose to that absurd Miss Leavenworth, are you? Markham-Why, man, she

dozen splendid farms out in Kansas. Danvers-Yes; and she's at least forty-two. Markham-Oh, you miss it by about

fifteen summers, my boy. Danvers-You are being deceived, old man-wofully. I heard her describing the fourteen year locusts; and she said nobody could tell her any thing about them, because she had seen them three times. - Harper's Ba-

Horrors of Pompell.

But among all the beauties there are many horrors in Pompeii that leave lasting impressions. There are casts taken from the molds of ashes that incased the victims of the great catastrophe, showing their writhings and agonies as plainly as though they had just died. There are signs of the daily life that was being lived when the

The belief that smoke from soft coal may have beneficial sanitary effects is gaining ground. It is claimed that sulphur in the coal when burned be comes highly disinfectant. Further, that creosote and its allied products are thrown off with the fumes of bituminous coal, and that an atmosphere charged with carbonic acid must be freer from germs of disease than an apparently purer air. - New Orleans Picayune.

To Make Pulled Bread. Pulled bread is liked particularly well by English people, we are told. They eat it with cheese. To make pulled bread, take a loaf of freshly baked bread, while it is still warm, pull the inside of it out in pieces the size of your hand and smaller, and put these into the oven and bake them to a delicate brown. When cool they are crisp and thought to be especially good with cheese.-New York Tele gram.

About the Ear.

Ears vary greatly in form and size, and the peculiarities of shape they as sume sometimes give an index to the character of the individual. have much better shaped ears than men. They are usually much smaller, and lie close to the head. Some people possess a singular muscular power over the ear, and can move the upper part at will, but it is rarely met with. Pall Mall Gazette.

Our Dunces

Among persons who have good cause to congratulate themselves that their lines have been cast in the "so called Nineteenth century" is our old friend the school boy dunce. Dunces are now going to be treated on scientific principles. Twenty or thirty years ago they were made to stand on a bench with a paper extinguisher on their heads as a sign of disgrace.-London Telegraph.

Conclusive. Mr. Simkins is a great enthusiast on the subject of "chest protectors," which he recommedds to people on every oc-

"A great thing!" he says. "They make people more healthy, increase their strength, and lengthen their

"But what about our ancestors?" ome one asked. "They didn't have iny chest protectors, did they?"

"They did not," said Mr. Simkins,
riumphantly, "and where are they
sow! All dead!" -Youth's Companion.

The Requisites of a Husband. A certain pretty little girl, with great big serious blue eyes, was tell-ing her companion on the street car why she was going to marry George.
"You see, Maine," she said, "George is awfully good looking; he always sends me flowers when we go to the theatre; he never seems to be so shockingly busy, don't you know; he's got plenty of money, and he does just like I tell him." Prospective husbands, there is a catologue of the requisites.—

-The ancient Greeks used olive leaves for ballots, and the Australian voting system is a revival of the prac-ties in Rome 2,000 years ago.

INFANTILE DON'TS.

What You Mustn't Do With Your Unfortunate Baby Nowadays.

Even the baby is the victim of reform.

Methods employed twenty years ago are intolerable in the nursery of to-day. The infantile don'ts are almost as numerous as the etiquettical negatives. Among the approved are: Don't rock the baby.

Don't let him sleep in a warm room. Don't let him sleep with his head un-

Don't let him sleep with his mouth

Don't "pat" him to sleep. Don't try to make him sleep if he is

not sleepy. Don't let him nap in the afternoon. Don't let him be kissed.

waist or wrists. Don't have ball-buttons on the back of his dress. Don't have clumsy sashes on the back bers.

of his dress. Don't cool h's food by blowing it. Don't feed him with a tablespoon Don't use a tube nursing-bottle.

Don't change the milk you started

Don't bathe him more than three times week. Don't allow a comb to touch his head.

Don't let him sleep on a pillow. Don't coax, tease, torment, mimio or

scold him. Don't whip him. Don't make him cry. Don't notice him when he pouts.

Don't tell him about ghosts, bugaboos or had places. Don't shake him Don't put him in short shoes. Don't dance, jump or dandle him.

Don't overfeed him. Don't let him sleep with an adult. Don't place him face to face on a bed or in a carriage with another child. Don't let him swallow things or

ashes Don't let him roll down-stairs. Don't let him fall out of windows Don't teach him to walk. Don't wash him with lye soap. Don't let him chew painted cards. Don't expose his eyes to the sun unss protected by a peaked hat or vail.

Don't seream in his ear. Don't rap him under the chin. Don't lift him by the wrists or arms Don't starch any of his clothes. Don't allow him to wear wet bibs. Don't worry him. Don't give him any thing to eat between meals.-N. Y. Evening World.

HUNTING ALLIGATORS. The Usual Price Pald For the Saurians 81 to 82 Per Foot.

The demand for full-grown alligators fer Northern museums and aquariums begins with the warm days of spring. they carry in their hands. and many an alligator's retreat has been carefully marked by the alligator catchers who, when the signs are ripe, will dig the saurians out and sell them at from \$1 to 83 per foot, according to the length of the animals. The negroes loop ropes around the big alligators and drag them out in triumph.

Mr. Gugie Bourquin, who is an authority in such matters, says that he ashes began to fall; occupations half has known \$25 to be offered for a 12-foot him.—Boston Postdone and suspended in the awful mo- alligator. The colored men on his place ments when the danger became only have two big fellows "boled," and when listen to with the greatest pleasure.— hand some other enterprise with a view out. He g ves the negroes the alligators and they g ve him all the terrapins found in the holes.

Queerly enough the alligator and the terrapin live in the same domicile and upon terms of the utmost harmony. This may be due to the fact that the awallowing capacity of the alligator is not equal to the occasion, as only small particles can be swallowed by the aurians, the gullet being disproper tioned to the anatomy of the alligator mouth, and as a result of which whr the alligator kills such animals as dog and hogs it is said they guard their prey until decomposition sets in so that that the food may be in such a condition

as to make deglutition easy.

The alligators are said to be getting fewer in the waters of this section, as they are continually being hunted and killed from the t me they come out until they lay up again for the winter. Hundreds of them are shot for the mere sport of shooting, and no effort is made to find them after they are shot It is only in unfrequented streams and along marshes and impenetrable swamps where they are now numerous.-The Cold Air Cure.

On returning from a crowded lecture hall, a stiffing sickroom, a stuffy omnibus, etc., I remove my bed to the draft side of the house, and open a window the full extent of its mechanism, taking care to go to sleep facing the draft. I have often been awakened in the morning with my head grizzled with hoar frost, but without the slightest vestige of the catarrh which had announced its approach the night before. Cold is an antiseptic and a powerful digestive stimulant. The hospitals of the future will be ice houses. Dyspepsia, catarrhs and fevers of all kinds can be frozen out of the system, not by letting the patient shiver in the snow bank, but by giv ng extra allowance of warm bed lothing with the additional luxury of oreathing ice cold air, which, under such circumstances, becomes as preferible to hot miasma as cold water to warm ditch water. - Herald of

The Sound of Light One of the most wonderful discov ries in science that have been made is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substanles. A disk having alits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and dow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel .- American Art Jour

The Que tion Is Casas wered. You are an authority on feats of strength, I believe?" remarked a stranger to the sporting editor. The latter bowed and replied:

What can I do for you?" "I wish you to tell me which is the stronger, the female shoplifter or the woman who holds up a train?"-Munsey's Weekly.

-The strength of women lies in their accurate knowledge of the weaknesses of men. - Somerville Journal.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

-The first Young Men's Christian Association in the United States Army has recently been established at Fortress Monroe, Va.

-Leading clergymen of Boston, irrespective of denomination, have petitioned the State Legislature to permit the Salvation Army to use its peculiar methods of attracting the attention of the multitudes.

-In northern Michigan there are many counties without a church of any denomination, and thousands of men, women and children grow up in the towns and in the woods who never have heard the word of God or seen a church. -World-Wide Missions. -Protestant missionaries began Chris-

tian work in Corea in 1885. The first Illinois lawyer. Don't let him wear a garment that is native convert was baptised by Rev. tight enough to bind his throat, arm, Horace Underwood, July, 1886. In 1887 a Christian church of the Presbyterian polity was organized. This had, in October, 1889, nearly one hundred mem-

-Germany is to have a new Rible. For twenty-five years a committee has been sitting in revision of the famous work of Martin Luther, The last meeting of this revisory body was held on the On't bathe him in hot or cold water. In the printers, and it will soon be made public.

-In Cincinnati the Woman's Undenominational Society is working hard to Don't let him eat at the family table, establish a free kindergarten for the Don't let him taste meat until he is children of the six thousand Italians who swell the population, and the Woman's Conference of Charities is trying to introduce industrial training into the public schools.

-The lumber camps of Wisconsin have recently been the scene of remarkable work. The State W. C. T. U. has kept an itinerant missionary constantly in the field and the camps have been supplied with the best of literature by the various unions throughout the State. Men do read with eagerness all that they receive and are grateful for the intorest shown in their welfare.

-In Paris there are five professional schools for girls. The course of instrucever, was thinking of the convention and tion embraces modern languages, domestic economy, industrial designing. cutting and fitting garments, and accounts. Each school is equipped with a kitchen, and workshops for making corsets, feathers and other staple articles of trade. Girls are admitted at fourteen, and remain three or four

years. -Rev. W. H. Murray, a missionary at Peking, has devised a system for teaching the blind, and has reduced the Chinese language to 408 syllables. By this system the blind have been enabled to learn to read with marvelous facility. The blind themselves are employed in the stereotyping and printing of books, which are produced at an amazingly low rate, compared with books embossed for the blind in this country. Among the Chinese the blind are regarded with great consideration, and they are watched with intense interest when they read with their fingers from the books which

WIT AND WISDOM -The man who takes things as they come never has any "go" to him. -Boston Post.

-The man who thinks he is bright is seldom inclined to keep it dark .- Buffalo Courier.

-It seems strange that the sharper a man is the harder it is to make a tool of

-The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, with a thought of fame. - Longfellow. -If you can't marry a woman with follars, the next best thing is a woman

with sense .- Binghamton Republican. -Pride is wise when it goeth before a fall. If it waited until afterward it could not go at all .- Milwaukee Jour--Sometimes, to unkindness and in-

justice, silence may be softer than even the soft answer which turneth away -A horse has the advantage over man in one thing. He's worth more after

he's broken than he was before.-Berkshire News. -Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striv-

ing good enough to be called a failure. George Eliot, -A man will always confess that he is like other men, but he will never admit that he was ever anything like any

baby he ever saw .- Atchison Globe. -The world is full of would-be philosophers; but, like the majority of physi-cians, we do not find them taking their stock prescriptions when occasion arises. Boston Budget.

may be, he never succeds in showing the depths of idiocy to which he can de scend until he tries to run the universe for other people. -They who have never known pros perity can hardly be said to be unhappy:

it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost that the arrows of affliction are pointed .- Mackenzie. -Love is the highest happiness. may also be the deepest anguish. An unloving heart can not take any deep hold on joy or sorrow. The more we love the greater the possibility of bliss or agony.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

-He that will give bimself to all manner of ways to get money, may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from beng witty.-Selden.

-Moderate desire constitutes a character fitted to acquire all the good which the world can yield. He is prepared, in whatever station he is, therewith to be content; has learned the science of being happy; and possesses the alchemic stone which will change every metal into gold.-Dwight.

-A genuine aspiration is never otherwise than noble and unselfish, even when it draws one away from the natural companionships of life; separates one, that is, not in feeling or in sympathy or in the common fidelities, but in taste and habit and intellectual companionship.—Bural New Yorker.

A Curtous Birth-Mark. Joseph H. Rotherman, a carpenter, residing at Connellsville, Pa., has a crescent-shaped birth-mark on the back of his neck which has aroused considerable curiosity in that vicinity. When the moon is new Rotherman's mark is hardly noticeable, but as Luna turns the first quarter it begins to turn red and swell. By the time of full moon it has swelled into a hornlike roll over two inches in thickness. As the moon wanes the mark ecreases in size and color until it again becomes a blueish, crescent-si mark, hardly raised above the skin-St Louis Republic.

A NEW LINCOLN STORY. " He Played Ball the Day Before He Was

One among many memories of prominent public characters stored away by Mr. Edward W. Cox, of the Dennison House, is a recollection of having played hand-ball at Springfield, Ill., with Abraham Lincoln the day before the lat-

ter was nominated for the Presidency. Before the nomination of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Cox was traveling in the West for an oil house. During his travels he for several days used trains which were full of people bound for the Chicago convention. Mr. Cox and a fellow drummer, who was out for a Zanesville ink house, polled all the travelers they could reach and found the utmost onthusiasm for the

Thoroughly convinced that Lincoln

would be the nominee, the pair of drum-

mers took a run down to Springfield to

see the coming man. They found no

excitement there, and on asking to see Mr. Lincoln were told he could be found next day, which was the one before the convention, down at the ball park playing hand-ball, a game of which Mr. Lincoln was passionately fond. Next day they visited the park and there they found the man of destiny busily engaged in batting a ball against a blank brick wall and endoavoring to strike it in such a way that it would rebound out of reach of his opponent. There was quite a crowd sitting about watching the game. Mr. Lincoln wore, among other gar-ments, a long-tailed, black coat, and an old felt hat which tended to magnify his tall, ungainly form and prominent features and he looked quaintly picturesque as he danced about, now hitting the sphere a hard blow and again "babying it' so easily that it barely reached his antagonists. When Mr. Lincoln sat down on the players' bench, having finished a triumphant turn, Mr. Cox was introduced to him. Mr. Lincoln received him cordially, asked if he ever played the game, commiserated with him when

"Mr. Lincoln, I believe you will be the nominee." Mr. Lincoln laughed and said: "I think not. I believe those Eastern chaps will enchre us out of it, but you are very kind to think I will be nominated, and I am much obliged to

Mr. Cox said he didn't understand it

and offered to teach him. Mr. Cox, how-

Finally one of the players dropped out, and Mr. Lincoln invited Mr. Cox to take a hand. Mr. Cox of course did so, for he was anxious to play with the man be was sure would be nominated, and the game lasted some time. Mr. Lincoln displaying great skill and strength. When the game was finished Mr. Lincoln kept score for another set of players by notching the points on a stick and calling out "score" in a loud voice .--Cincinnati Times-Star.

CHINESE COTTON MILLS.

A New Departure, With Possibly Far-Reaching Results. The efforts of Li Hung-Chang to es-

tablish an extensive railroad system in China have evidently awakened emulative progressive feelings in the breasts of certain other high Chinese officials. The latest evidence of this is a memorial prepared by Chang Chih-Tung, Acting Governor of Canton, advocating the establishment of cotton mills under Government supervision within the boundaries of his province. It is pointed out that India and Cevlon are successfully competing for the China bea to improvement of trade and the prevention of the outflow of money. The memorial states that as "It is at present impossible to prohibit the import of cotton goods, the only alternative that remains open is to purchase machinery to reel the cotton and to weave the cloth in order to improve the welfare of the laboring and mercantile classes, and to safeguard the source of gain." After establishing the mills under Government supervision and by Government aid, it is proposed, as soon as the success of the undertaking is demonstrated, to make them share-owning concerns, the capital raised paying off Government advances. Later advices from England report that arrangements have seen completed there for the purchase of 1,000 looms for the preparation of machinery suitable for reeling yarn, dying yarn and for preparing cotton for bro-cades, as well as for bolters, furnaces, pipes, etc., involving an expenditure of about \$450,000. This looks as though the project had passed from hope into fruition. Dependent upon the fortunes of these first mills are other schemes to construct cotton mills at Shanghai and Hong Kong, and later on at Tientsin and other parts of the Empire. Of the success of these cotton mills the Acting Governor of Canton has no doubts what--Whatever a mans personal follies ever. He points out that there are ten different kinds of cloth (cottons) most in demand in China; three of these can be manufactured from Chinese-grown cotton alone, the other seven requiring an admixture of some 30 per cent of foreign cotton. The low cost of labor is, however, the great point in favor of success and, with the easy market obtainable for the goods, excellent profits ought to be realized; the Governor expects "much greater profits than those derived in foreign countries."-N. Y. Commercial

Bulletin. The Effect of Tight Lacing. In order to test the injurious effect of tight lacing on the respiration, Dr. Lauder Brunton, while in India, made a number of experiments on female monkeys, for the simple reason, as Dr. Brunton ingeniously explains, that they are more like women than dogs are. A monkey was enveloped in a plaster of Paris jacket to imitate stays, and a tight bandage was then tied around the abdomen so as to imitate the band which would sustain the petticoats. They were then given chloroform. The result of the experiments is reported to have been "very marked indeed," so much se that several of the monkeys died very quickly. Dr. Brunton added that the arvival of some of the animals experimented upon was probably due to the fact that the diaphragm is able to compensate to a large extent for the enorced loss of chest movement.-Medical

"George," inquired the proprietor of the market, "isn't this the day to send Mrs. Neer her regular chicken?"
"No," answered the boy. "It doesn't go till day after to-morrow."

"The Neers get just one chicken a week," explained the proprietor to a customer. "They cook it for dinner the first day, make soup from it the next four days, and then live for two days on the feathers, and I've got to be pa ular about sending the chicken at the right time or I'll less their trade."-Chicago Tribune.