WHEN WIFE'S A-GO'N AWAY.

Somehow yarns around the grocery Ain't so funny as before. An'T in all the time forgettin' This or that 'ere little chors; When I git out in the kitchen, Want to hang around an' stay; Gness I'm foolish cause this ev nin', Why-my wife's a-go'n' away.

She's a-fixin' things up for me She's a thin thoughtful, lowin' care, With a thoughtful, lowin' care, Tellin' mo that somethin's here, An' somethin' else is over theres Lookin' sober, speakin' low voiced, Though she basn't much to say; Ketch her eyes on me all dim like Guess abe hates to go away.

Wish 'twas over-wish 'twas way off-Wish we didn't have to part; That's jist what I keep a thinkin', An' afeelin' in my heart. Props our specific see much furder Than the partin' of today, An' jest hint what they can't tell us, When a loved one's go'n' away

Calls to mind another journey, By an' by we all must go. Wonder who's a gettin' ready For the train that moves so slow! Brings the tears to think about it. So I git nigh her an' pray It may be my time for startin', Just when she's a go'n' away.

-Omaha World

TWO FORCED HOLIDAYS.

"I aint goin' ter stand this any longer. They's jes workin' me to death, an' there aint no use er bein' a white slave furever. I'm old enough, I guess, to hev somethin' ter say 'bout what I shall do. Yes, I'm comin'!" raising his voice to a shout. "Thet's the way 'tis. Ef I aint a-workin' an' strainin'an' workin' every minute, an' aint jes' where they want me, there's a callin' an' a fussin' 'bout my laziness as of I never worked at all. It jes' aint right?" With slow, awkward steps, the

speaker, an over grown lad of 15 years, moved from the bank of the brook. where he had been resting, to a large clearing in the forest, where his ax and coat were thrown down by the side of a cord of wood.

The soliloguy was merely the natnral expression of the thoughts that had been coursing through the boy's mind, as he lay dreaming on the grassy sods before the sound of his father's voice had disturbed him. The sudden interruption of his daydream irritated him, and the probabl thought that he would be reproved for his actions made his lot seem harder than it was.

"Aint you got them logs piled up yet?" was what he heard, as he shambled across the open clearing to where his father stood. "Here I came up from tother clearin', 'specting you be ready to help me with this 'ere team, an' you aint half through yet. It's too provokin' fur anything. Jim, the way that you put me out !"

Mr. Poulder looked very much an-noyed, and he removed his hat for an instant, and mopped the perspiration from his brow with a quick, jerky movement. Then he jammed it on his head again, and looked toward the half finished work of his son. Jim, meanwhile, calmly leaned against the trunk of a large tree, debating within his mind whether or not it was not the proper time to inform his father just what he had been thinking of.

There was an element of romance in this lonely farmer's boy, and as he looked at his father, he flattered himself that he was a hero. He had al-ready confessed to himself that he was a white slave-a phrase he had culled memorized from a dime novel that had been lent to him by one of his boy-

ish playmates. It was true that, like all farmer boys, he had been brought up to work, and although his father was sometimes a little strict with him, compelling him to do his alloted task when he had attempted to shirk it, Jim Poulder's lot was not harder than that of hundreds of other boys in the country. There seems to be a time in all boys' lives when they become dissatisfied with their surroundings, and long for some sensation, or change in the daily routine of duty. This time had ar-rived for Jim Poulder, and, as an excuse for his indefinite longing for some-thing, he complained that too much work had always been given him ince he was able to handle a hoe or ax. Jim was not a disobedient son, but loved his father and mother, and considered it a punishable crime to cross either of them by word or deed. Yet sometimes he felt lonely and restless on the mountain side, and he often thought that his work would not be half so hard if he had a companion. About his only recreation was found in the woods, gunning, or idly fishing

hard on you, Jim. There has been lots of work to be done on the farm, an' I've only thought of gettin' it through with. I didn't think of you. I hev not been a very good father to you in thet respect, probably, an' I'm glad thet you've opened my eyes, Poor fellow! he has worked hard an' faithfully, an' now he'll hev his re-

ward. Jim moved uncasily against the tree, and wished that his father had been a little more angry with him, and wouldn't talk so kindly about him. Somehow the turn of affairs did not quite suit him, and he wished that it had been different. He felt that his father had not quite understood his meaning: he really in his heart wanted his father to laugh at him, or get angry with him, and order him to his work with a threat. Matters did not seem

to improve when Mr. Poulder continued "Well, Jim, you needn't finish this job. I can do it as well as you, and I will leave the other clearin' until tomorrow. You can go on fishin'." "But, father"-

"Never mind; thet's all right. I can do it without help. You can hey a half holiday."

The dumfounded lad remained in the same position until he saw his father swing the ax over his head,

and begin cutting up the trees into proper lengths for cord wood. Then, abashed by his own boldness, and feeling a certain exultation of success in the encounter, he turned away from the clearing, and went back to the brook. From his position on the grassy bank he could not see his father, but he could hear the steady blows of the ax on the trees.

The fish were as plentiful as usual that afternoon, and several good bites were made on the bait, but the young fisherman did not enjoy his sport half

so well as on other occasions. He trolled his line about listlessly, and paid more attention to the distant woodchopper's heavy, ringing blows than to the snapping of the speckled trout. Every unusual sound seemed to startle him from his revorie, and he glanced hastily around toward the clearing.

The afternoon slowly waned, and Jim Poulder's memorable half holiday ran itself out. For three hours he re mained sented on the bank of the small brook, watching the bright leaves on the trees and the trouts in the brook, and listening attentively to the sounds that came from his father's ax. About sundown he walked slowly

homeward, and stopped at the barn to feed the animals. But some one had already performed his nightly duty, and the animals were taken care of for the night. Then he went to do a few little chores around the house, and found that these too had been done by his father.

"Well, he means to give me a half holiday in earnest," Jim muttered, as he stood just outside of the door before entering for his supper. "I wonder what he'll say bout it to the supper table. S'pose I'll hey to make up fur it ter-morrow.

He gave the stick with which his favorite dog was playing a violent jerk, and ordered the canine to charge, in no gentle tones. Then, as if ashamed at his show of anger, he patted the animal on the head, and told him to follow him into the house.

If the overworked boy expected to hear some reference to the day's work, or to his half holiday, he was disap-pointed. His father and mother both talked of other things that were quite foreign to the subject which was up-permost in Jim's mind. All that evening they tried to make things bright comfortable for him, but he felt moody and ashamed, and at an early hour he hurried off to bed. The following morning was a bright and clear one, and the sun was shining warmly into the lad's sleeping room before he opened his eyes. Then he started up with a jump, and made an exclamation of surprise as he looked out of doors. It was fully 9 o'clock, and his rising hour had always been 6, while breakfast was invariably served at half-nast 6. "Gracious sakes! what's the matter anyhow?" he muttered aloud, as he hurriedly dressed himself. "I didn't hear any one call me." Then, as remembrances of past mornings when he had slept on after being called rushed through his mind, he tried to think whether he had repeated such an offense. But, no, he could not remember having heard his mother or father call him that morning. He walked down into the breakfast room a little sheepishly, expecting to be re-proved severely for his laziness. But no one was in the room; his mother was busily engaged in her work out-side, and his breakfast was standing in the small brook that flowed across on the table waiting for him. He sat down immediately and hastily drank his coffee and munched a few rolls. Then picking up his cap he started for the barn to begin his work. "Good morning, Jim. Your father has taken the horses to the mill tohis mother said as she caught night. day.' sight of him. "You can't go to the clearin' today; there's no hurry 'bout thet work. This was another surprise for the boy, and he stood for several minutes undecided what to do. It was so World. strange to have the horses fed and harnessed up to the farm wagon and taken away to work before he was up, and yet stranger still was it to be to that the work in the clearing could wait until a later period. He did not know quite how to act, but, after a short hesitation, he turned to the wood pile near him and picked up an ax with the intention of chopng some wood for the house stove. He had not split two sticks before he heard his mother calling him again. "We've hired Sandy to come an' cut up thet wood, Jim," she said. "Your father thought he could do it better than you, an' then you would hev less ter do. Never mind cuttin' it now.'

saying but little, but thinking much. The afternoon was more dreary than the morning. He was left alone to do as he pleased, and after exhausting his few pleasures in the woods, he became disconsolate and lonesome.

Idleness was something unsuited to one of his restless nature, although it was what he had been longing for for weeks past. Now that he had it to

his heart's content, he wished for some work that would kill the time and banish certain thoughts that would worry him constantly, no matter where he was. "But this is lonesome," he exclaimed

rather emphatically, late in the after-noon, raising himself from the soft, grassy couch on which he had been resting. "I do wish I hadn't said any-thing to father 'bout work. I don't know what ter do with myself, an' I

has work? I never thought of it before. It don't seem right ter be idle nuther when everything is so bright sun as giving the central point of di-and busy. Them fishes and birds aint rection. idlin', I know. They're workin' to get somethin' to cat. Poor things! an' they get caught every time they make

a mistake in their work, an' ni ble the wrong food. I'll feed 'em now without tryin' to eatch 'em.'

For a brief instant Jim Poulder forgot his own lonesomeness in his endeavor to make the fishes in the stream happy, and he leaned over the bright, gurgling brook as he threw all of his bait away, and watched it while it was eagerly devoured by the creatures of the water.

He did not know that, in this simple act, he was learning one of the greatest lessons of life; that the best panacea for ennui is to turn the mind and energies towards the helping of others, and thereby making the lot of sufferers happier and more endurable. The next morning Jim Poulder was up bright and early, but his father had anticipated him, and had already fed

the animals. He could really do nothing before breakfast, and he returned to the house a little disappointed, though still strong in the resolution that he had made the preceding day. He had at last become thoroughly disgusted with himself, and he meant to

make his apology by actions as well as by words. Father, I want to do my regular work today," he said, boldly, as he saw his father getting ready to leave for the woods. "I am tired of idle-

Mr. Poulder looked at his son for a brief instant, while a peculiar gleam of satisfaction came into his dark eyes. He did not answer for a moment, but let the boy have time to hide his blushing face from his gaze.

"The other day you were tired of work; now you're tired of play. Isn't that rather contradictory, Jim?" "Yes, but I didn't knew what I

wanted then. I want to work now. I've got to hev somethin' ter do. It's too lonesome up here to loaf. It don't and become lost. agree with me.

sentences so forcibly that his father could not doubt his carnestness, and the two rode away to the woods to- son, "has a Greenwich nautical algether. It was a clear summer's day, manac, and so being sure of the in-and the air was sweet with the scent formation when he wants it, the man of the wild mountain flowers.

Similar days had been enjoyed before in the woods, but none seemed so bright to Jim as this particular morning, when he chopped the great trees In citics he often is, and sometimes down by the side of his father, and even in the woods. It is his confidence forgot all of his complaints in his in himself which has led many persons

lesson that he never forgot, for, after Indian who said, "Indian no lost; wigall, he concluded that work was the warn lost," may well have been true, greatest blessing that is given to young men on this earth. His love and respect for his father of direction. were also increased by this little incident in his monotonous life. Instead of reproving him in violent words, Mr. Poulder had taught him the folly Mr. Foulder had taught him the folly the most part have the gift of judging of his wishes by letting him feel it the direction instinctively. They never himself, which, after all, is the keen-say, "turn to the right," "turn to the est punishment that can be devised. Jim was bright enough to see the subtlety of his father's actions, and he admired the scheme no less than the originator of it.-George Ethelbert Walsh in Youth's Companion. It Cured Her. panion. "Good night !" said the youth, and a movement he made

WHICH WAY IS NORTH!

Different Methods of Righting Persons Who Get "Turned Around.

Nothing is better known than that some people have a keen sense of di-rection, while others do not, and yet

every one is apt to "get turned around" sometimes, losing the correct judg-ment of direction. When such an error is made, the person who has become "turned around" is under the necessity of being set right. The French have a special term for this; one who establishes his direction is said to s'orienter, which means literdirection is called "orientation," a and finally had the satisfaction of see word which the English language has ing its great wines been a set of the satisfaction of see borrowed.

The tendency of the English speaking people, however, is to use the feel too mean fur anything when I'm north as the starting point of direc-with him. When can a feller do tion, rather than the east. A people among these mountains without he whose ancestors have lived chiefly inland, like the Romans and the French, think naturally of the rising of the

A sea faring race, on the contrary, looks to the North Star as the one fixed, unchangeable point, sure to guide a ship accurately. So a person of the Anglo-Saxon race is almost sure to ask, when "turned around," "Which way is north?"

When one has found the North Star, or seen the sun rise or set, after being "turned around," is he really set right in his own sense of the direction?

One may easily make a mistake, especially in a city or within a house, and even become "turned clear around," making north seem south, and east, west. When he is corrected is it within his power to make the directions seem right? There is a great difference between

individuals in this respect. Some are instantly conscious of the points of the compass wherever they may be they may err, but they cannot avoid the sense for a moment that one way is north and another south.

Others seldom give the directions in a strange place a thought until they are informed, and such persons find it hard to understand the case of others who, though living for years in a place where they have once been "turned around," can never make the point, "seem right," and are often much distressed by the fact.

There is reason to believe that the people who find it hard to escape from an error of this sort are really the ones who have the keenest natural sense of direction. They are acutely conscious of direction, and when they have made a mistake, find the impression so deep that it cannot be shaken off.

Such persons' errors are apt to be few, and to be made in towns and the interiors of houses. In the open fields and woods they seldom err, while the person who easily adapts himself to the information of others is likely, in the woods, to move about in a circle,

The savage has a better sense of di-The impulsive boy blurted out the rection that the civilized man, because he has had more occasion to cultivate it. "The civilized man," says Emerin the street does not know a star in the sky.

But it is a mistake to suppose that the Indian is never "turned around." to suppose that the Indian never errs His two holidays had taught him a in his direction. The story of the lost

WANTED, A TYPEWRITER.

Problem Agitating the Academy of Sel-An Inventor Discourses on the Machine of ence-A Company to Boom Invention. the Future.

An adventurous aeronaut succeeded "No, I have not been sick; I have in flying a couple of nules in the sub-arbs of New York, with the aid of a not been drinking, neither am I suf-fering the pangs of remorse."

ruge machine that had wings, and that "What on earth makes you so lean seemed to use them with considerable and pale, then?" The question was addressed to a me-

chanical engineer who has made one the flora and fauna of the country, re-or two hits with his inventions, and is lates the finding of a singular growth

the times."

"What's that?"

"A typewriter that shall be cheap, rapid, compact, light and noiseless. Why, sir, there's millions in it, positively millions. If I could devise such a machine I'd get all the backing I wanted in less than an hour. I know a concern in Hartford that has expended \$12,000 in experiments and hasn't anything to show for it yet.

the country at work on the same prob- sembling more than anything else the lem. For some time the patent office branches of a weeping willow denuded at Washington has received more ap of all foliage, but of a dark, nearly plications for patenta on typewriters than anything else. The man who strikes it will clear a fortune.

"The machines already in the market that satisfy the requirements as to speed cost too much to make it pos-was only with the greatest difficulty sible for every man who has much that he succeeded in severing the fleshy, writing to do to get one Then they are too heavy and bulky to be carried amazement the naturalist then say that around easily, and the noise they make renders them objectionable in offices where conversation has to be carried on.

"The right thing will be struck "The right thing will be struck some time. It always is. Why, the waste of time in writing—the mere mechanical labor of writing—is a dis grace to civilization. The average invest of critical is for a structure and the annual staggered as a from weakness and exhaustion. In cutting the vine the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about Mr. Dunstan's hand, and it required no speed of writing is from fifteen to slight force to free the members from twenty words a minute-not more, its elinging elasp, which left the flesh What an immense gain it would be if that average could be brought up to forty or fifty words a minute. And it will be done some day. The type-writers of the future cheap, rapid, efficacious-will do it.

along without them."

"But you've money enough, why need you worry yourself sick schem-ing about it? Take it easy and let some poor devil that needs the money solve the problem."

The problem has taken possession of me and I can't shake it off. It haunts "I should advise you to seek a doctor

"Oh, hang the doctor! He'd tell me to let it alone, and that's just what I can't do!"-New York Herald. He was able

Taking the Oath.

sun, which was the common object of their adoration, while the Scythians pledged themselves by the air they power of suction is contained in a numbreathed and by their scimitars. De ber of infinitesimal mouths or little scending to more modern times the suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open Saxons pledged themselves to support their homes and privileges by their lie's Monthly.

A BLOOD SUCKING PLANT.

A Peculiaria Deadly Vine That Grows in the Wands of Measurgha.

Leroy Dunstan, a well known naturalist of Now Orleans, who has returned from Central America, where he spent nearly two years in the study of in consequence well endowed with wordly goods. I have the matter of the swamps which surround the great lake of Nicaragua. He was "I've been scheming," was the re-sponse; "scheming for the last three years on one of the greatest needs of which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot from which the aniamal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in a perfect network of what seemed to be a fine, rope like tissue of roots or fibers, the nature of which was unknown to him.

The plant or vine seemed composed "There are hundreds of men all over entirely of bare, interlacing stems, reblack hue, and covered with a thick, viseid gum that exuded from the pores. Drawing his knife, Mr. Dunstan enamazement the naturalist then saw that the dog's body was covered with blood, while his hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and the animal staggered as if

> from the vine was of a dark grayish tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, very powerful and nauseating to inhale.

"You young men will, I expect, live to see the day when nine-tenths of all the writing done for newspapers est horror of the vine, which they call will be done on typewriters. The re-porter will consider the typewriter just as necessary an instrument of his profession as is now the pen or pencil. death dealing powers. One of these Than it will be a common thing to stories was of an Englishman residing rattle off a column in an hour or in Managua, who, while hunting in the three-quarters of an hour or even at a swamp a few years before, lay down spurt in half an hour. Then you beneath a tree where a large and pownewspaper fellows will wonder how erful specimen of this singular plant on earth you ever managed to get was growing, and, inadvertently falling asleep, awoke to find himself enveloped in its web, and, in spite of every effort made to extricate him, perished in its deadly embrace.

Another sfory was of an escaped con-"Can'L You don't know what it is viet, who had hidden in the swamp, to be cursed and blessed by a talent for invention. Do you think it is the money that attracts met Not a bit before Mr. Dunstan's visit. These storbefore Mr. Dunstan's visit. These stories, remarkable as they may seem, are me when I go to bed. It prevents me firmly believed in by the people, but from listening to the sermon at church. 'I'll stick to you till you solve me,' is what it says." largest would probably, if extended in a straight line, measure nearly, if not

He was able to discover very little about the nature of the plant, owing to the difficulty of handling it, for its The ancient Persians swore by the grasp can only be torn away with loss

success. For something like a genera-tion the inventor of this flying machine had been at work upon it, and had been laughed at because of it as beartily as ever the irrepressible Keely, of motor fame, was laughed at. But he

CAN MEN LEARN TO FLV

was a Scotchman, who possessed true Scotch tenacity. He stuck to his idea ing its great wings beat the air over Coney Island and carry it a consider able distance before it was thought well to let it rest.

As a result of this there has been orranized a company with a capital of \$1,000,000, the object of which is edu cate the public in the matter of flying, and to supply the wings that will be

necessary. Even the august academy of sci ences, which once every week discusses subjects that most people know nothing about, and whose members know pretty much everything that mortal man ought to know, is taking some cognizance of the alfair at issue, and in a quiet way are discussing the question as to whether or not man will be able to fly. Many of the learned professors insist that, as man has by the help of machinery been able to propel himself through the water, there is no reason why he should not conquer the air in the same manner. But many more of the professors shake

their heads in solemn negation when this argument is advanced.

Still the Scotch inventor's success has created an impression. His fly-ing machine is cigar shaped, some 60 feet in length and 42 feet in diameter. Its wings work exactly like those of a bird by the aid of a propeller worked by electricity, and the passenger is carried justas an eagle carries its prey. It is a peculiar affair, but has been more successful than anything of its kind, and hence the arguments among the scientific professors. Most of these professors believe that man will be ble to fly by mechanism only when that mechanism is made after that of the bird. One of these learned men, discussing the matter the other day, expressed this opinion. He said that from the earliest time the dominant wish of man had been to fly after the manner and method of the bird. Most models of the air ships that have been attempted have been after the

bird of flight, and particularly of the sea bird, whose ability for continual flight, owing to the power of lighten ing its body, is well known. "Should man ever fly successfully," said the learned man, "he will have to

do it by means of mechanism modeled after the elastic and muscular form of the sea bird." The authorities tell us that the fly-

g machine is of prehistorical origin. e are told also that some 400 years R C. a wooden pigeon was made to fly with considerable success. As this exploit was accomplished more than 2,200 years before the trial of our Scotch inventor's machine we have not much to boast of. Just what will come of the discus-

sion at the Academy of Science remains to be seen. Nothing at all may come of it in the end except a good deal of theorizing. But in the mean-time Patrick C. Campbell, the doughty Scotchman, who is the inventor of machine that made the successful flight through the air, is going right ahea and is terribly in earnest. He has worked nearly all his life on his inven-He has

his father's farm. He had left his work for a few minutes to indulge in this pleasure, when his father came upon the scene, and it was partly a guilty conscience reproving him that made the boy so irritable and cross, and put him into such a defant position toward every one.

"Father, I'm tired of work!" he finally broke out, after his father had been staring at the felled trees for some time.

Mr. Poulder turned his head quickly loward his son and surveyed him wonderingly for a few seconds without speaking. Jim's eyes dropped be-fore those of his father's, and a slight binsh stole into his tanned checks.

"Tired of work, you say, Jim?" The question was slowly asked, as if the speaker was reflecting, or had not ret quite understood the full import of the lad's remark.

"Yes, father," continued the boy, sining courage by the silence that followed. "I ain't never grumbled "I ain't never grumbled fore, an' I've allus done jes' what ye told me to, but it wa'n't because I didn't feel's ef I had more'n I oughter do, There ain't many fellers thet has to do the work thet I hev, an' there unt many thet would do it without makin' a kick. Ef I aint right on hand jes' when ye want me there's a preat stewin' an' fussin', jes' as ef I'd main where a young feller left home fur good fur jes' such treatment, an' how he made his way up into the world in another state. He com-plained 'bout his hard lot, but his

https://wouldn't listen to him. Then he ran away.

"You haven't thought of doin' thet, ter you, Jim?" interrupted Mr. Poul-

"Yes-n-no, I can't say thet I hev," fly replied the lad, wincing before er's straightforward glance. You think your lot hard, then, my byr continued his father, with a

er look in his eyes. Well, yes, father, I hev thought

"Tou hey too much work, you say!" Thets your trouble?" Then, as if alling to himself, Mr. Poulder con-med: "Probably I're been a little

Jim slowly dropped the ax. Then facing his mother, he said, "Well, mother, then let me help you. Don't you want some work done fur you?" "Oh, no, I've very little to do today. I don't need any help," was the reply. So Jim Poulder was forced into

idleness that day. Everything that he attempted to do, he found that some body else had engaged to do before Finally, he walked away from him.

the farm towards the brook, bewildered and surprised. He tried to interest himself in fishing again, but after a short trial he flung down his line with disgust. From the brook he walked on to the clearing in the woods, but his ax was not in its place, and everything was silent and still. After

watching a squirrel at play for a time, he then turned his footsteps towards home again, hoping that his father had returned from the mill.

He was disappointed in this hope, and he ste his dinner with his mother,

As if he would kiss the dear girl; But her head she drew back, And it hit the hat rack With a loud sounding thwack That made her head painfully whiri.

"My own!" he exclaimed, as he threw his strong arms nd the form of the frightened young miss

"For your own darling sake Don't repeat that miatake, But a solemn vow make That you'll never again dodge a kiss." [And there is every reason to think that she made the required vow, for no further acci-dents of this kind have been reported .- Chicago Tribune.]

A Suspicious Title.

Omaha Girl-Ma, Mr. Nicefellow has invited me to go to the theatre to-morrow Omaha Dame-Humph! What play is it!

"It's a new play called 'The Duke." "An English dukef"

"I suppose so." "Mr. Nicefellow ought to be ashamed of himself. You shan't go a step."-Omaha

Very Distinguishing.

Counsel-Had the accused any distinguishing features by which you recognized him! Witness-Yes, sir; he was bow legged in both eyes.-Burlington Free Press.

Nothing Like Being on the Safe Side.



-that is that you will not on any account exhibit any of them in your shop windows. Photographer promises -Judy.

Kanaas Hyperbole.

Leavenworth, in comparison to any other eity in the state, is as an electric light to a tailow cardle. Size is the diligent daisy, the diamond depository of the daring, dauntless common wealth of Kansas. If you are not misfied now, ring up telephone 22 -

for even the savage, though he trusts his own judgment, may lose his sense But the Chinese, although the first

people to use the artificial means of fixing the direction-the compass-for left," in showing the way, but always "turn to the north," or to the south, and so on. Their sense of direction probably does not, however, come from a particular gift, but from the practice, very common with them, of studying the beavens .- Youth's Com-

The Promoter,

"The minds of American inventors are fixed on coast defense guns," said an expert at Fort Lafayette a day or two ago. "The cream of contemporary inventions seems to be found in field pieces. Dr. Gatling's latest invention is a police gun, or street piece, for use in riots. Dr. Gatling, by the way, has a promoter who has for years looked after his enterprises. He is a gray haired, close cropped, rather wizened looking man of some sixty years of age, who in New York is generally found about the Coleman house. His name is Cormick, and he prides himself on his wide acquaintance with public men. Mr. Cormick has one ad-vantage which in a promoter is a great one. He easily convinces a hearer of once more.-"Jubilee Jaunt to Norhis implicit confidence and belief in way. his principal. It looks as if the time were not far distant, by the way, when no enterprise requiring legislative ac-tion can succeed without a promoter selected for his ability and acquaintance. Acquaintance is the great thing. It is better to be known unfavorably than not to be known at all." Just then Old Tom, an enormous black cat, who is Fort Lafayette's only steady garrison, ran out and interrupted the conversation.-New York World.

She Liked the Boys Best.

Mother (nursery dialogne)-Nellie, I have told you a great many times not to romp with Tommy, and you must obey me. Nellie-Could I play with him if he was girly

Mother-Perhaps. Nellie-But I wouldn't want to .- Burlington Free Press.

More Than It Was Worth. Robinson-What was the amount of your

doctor's bill, Dumley! Dumley-I paid him \$200.

Robinson-Two hundred dollars1 That's too much. Dumley-He saved my life, you know

Robinson-Yes, I know he saved your life. But \$300, Dumley! That's too much .- New York Sun.

A Lesson in Geography.

Teacher to boy who had to be corrected frequently-Can't you tell me where the Blue Ridge is!

Boy (rubbing his shoulder)-No; but I can tell you where the black and blue ridge is, He is treated more rigderously than ever .--Texas Siftings.

She Would Scallop Oysters. "Trim the hoat!" exclaimed Mr. Popinjay

rather sharply, to his wife, while they were out for an evening row. "Don't be unressonable," retorted Mrs. Popinjay. "You know I haven't got the materials with me." -Burilagten Free Press.

tion, and now, backed as he is by a capitalized company, he thinks he sees success ahead.-New York Mail and Express.

The Midnight Sun. Imagine yourself on a ship at anchor

looking west or straight in front of you. There is a broad expanse of sea a little to your right hand, behind you will be the rugged coast, and to your left the long, narrow flord between the islands and the mainland that the steamer has just traversed. You watch the sun as it slowly, slowly sets; the islands and the coasts look like a rich dark purple, and the shadows cast by the ship's mast, etc., grow longer and longer. After a bit, when the sun has sunk apparently twelve feet from the horizon, it stops and seems to remain stationary for about twenty minutes; then the very sea gulls hide away, while the air all of a sudden strikes chilly. Each one has an awed, expectant feeling; the tourist steamer broods a silence that may be felt. Soon the sun rises very slowly once again, and the yellow clouds change with his uprising to even greater beauty, first to the palest primrose and then to a bluish pink. The sky, which was just now see solar be honor.-London Standard. which was just now rose color, be-comes gray, then pale emerald green, and lastly blue. Rock after rock stands out, caught by the sun's bright vantage to an operator a typewriter is. rays, and the reign of day has begun

A Great Free Library.

The reading room of the Cooper Union library is open until 10 o'clock every evening. I dropped in there about 9 the other night to consult an authority. The big room was filled with readers. I consulted the work I wanted and then waited until 10 o'clock to see how the assemblage would break up. Suddenly the still ness was broken by the sound of a bell. Intantiy books were closed, the readers taking an eager parting look; chairs were shoved back, and the volumes carried up to the librarian's desk, where they were exchanged for round brown checks, which the readers receive on entering and give up on going out. The system was perfect, and the order was such as an army might envy.-New York Star.

She Didn't Appreciate Him

The funny man wrote him a humorous joke and he thought the wit was immense, and he chuckled, "A big phenomenal stroke. Ah, this is genius intense!" For the wit was so rollicking, weird and wild and of such original power, he lay down and rolled in the grass like a child, and laughed for nearly an hour. Then he took the joke in to read to his wife, and said: "Now, wife, listen and hear the funniest joke you have beard in your life, I prithee wheel toward me thine ear." He began to read with a lusty strength, and her face, which was round as a squash, it stretched away out to a cucumber length as she said, 'What bosht what bosh!" .and when he came to the point of the joke he burst into a loud guffaw, but she said, in words like a thunder stroke, "What miserable trash. On, pshaw!" Then her face grew long as a baseball hat and as black as the oven door, and her forehead stretched up through her towering hat, and her chin trailed on the floor. But the joke went forth in the world's wide throng and was copied o'er and o'er, but thereafte her face remained so long that she couldn't go through the door.-Yankee Blada.

lie's Monthly. arms and the punishment for perjury or non-fulfillment of an oath was the

Pretty Dresses for the Home.

loss of the hand that held the weapon Many of the actresses, who are as at the compact. The Spartans were wont to assemble around a brazier of particular about their house as their fire and, pointing their short swords stage dresses, wear a long coat or opera to the sky, call upon the gods to bear witness to the compact. Swearing by the sword, in fact, retained its signicloak, tightly girdled at the waist and left open in front to show a pretty white petticoat. A lady up town, a ficance down to the comparatively modern times, though in a slightly doctor by profession and something of a crank on hygienics, wears cheese modified form. Thus, while the Pagans extended the point of the cloth yoke dresses that cost \$1 each, weapon toward the supposed residence and she has a new one every six weeks, of the gods, the warriors of Christian-The neck is yoked, made of silk or velity, after kissing it, directed the hilt-the true emblem of their faith-to heaven. A later form of oath was the of ribbon, sewed over the shirred belt. pressing of the thumb upon the blade. is the only attempt at decoration. One Gradually, however, the practice be-came obsolete, and the kissing of the month she receives her morning patients in pale blue cheese cloth, worked hilt, accompanying the words: "By this good sword!" was handed down with navy blue silk; the next month almost to the time when the wearing of the cloth is pink and the yoke maroon sword by gentlemen was abolished as velvet, and just now she is wearing one of the strictest codes of civil cream eloth gathered to a voke of cream cloth gathered to a yoke of brown velvet. Brown ribbon is girdled about her waist, brown half shoes **Operator** and **Typewriter**. cover her feet, and the whole tollet-A person who knows nothing of telegraphy cannot imagine what an ad-

shoes, dress, ribbons and all-cost her \$6.80. Pretty woolens can be bought for forty cents a yard, and six yards, It is a strange thing to me also that with one and a quarter yards of plush the operators do not more generally recognize it. An operator, even though he may be rapid with his pen. or velvet for trimming, will make a Josephine dress. Why disfigure yourself generally three or four words bewhen a pattern and a day's work will hind the sender, or even more, and thus is compelled to carry the word-ing in his head. With a typewriter, if he is even fairly expert, he can keep reproduce the artistic, tidy, easy and world renowned dress?- New York World.

Understood the Business.

First Dude-How is it that you get invitations to balls, parties, weddings and like festivities?

If he is carrying a message in his head he is liable to lose it and have to Second Dude-It is the simplest break in on the sender to repeat it. thing in the world, my dear fellow. This gives hima bad reputation. Then mistakes are less liable, as the operator is taking the dispatch word for acquaintances are going to give a blow When I suspect that any of my bigbug word, and is not liable to write sevenout, I tell them that I shall be out of teen instead of seventy or seventy in town. They imagine it is safe to invite stead of seventeen.-New York Teleme. They do so, and lo and behold, I bob serenely up. Strategy, my boy,

A Saratoga man has in his possession

"How did you like the reading?" strategy !-Texas Sliftings. asked a gentleman of an old lady who hzd attended an entertainment given A Saratoga man has in l by a noted elocutionist. a monster fish somewhat resembling a

"Oh, ever so much! I thought sturgeon, but having long, sword shaped that piece about Casar crossing the laws, which was taken from Lake Rubicorn was splendid, and so w that one about the 'One Hoss Shay.' always did like Shakespeare.' wu8 Youth's Companion.

gram.

up with the sender, and if he is very fast he will find himself waiting.

This is a great thing for an operator

The New Gun Powder

The British government has at last settled on a white, almost smokeless, powder for use in firearms. The importance of this statement is evident view of the fact that, until the powder had been decided upon, it was mpossible to ascertain accurately the length of the cartridge and, consequently, the proportions of the com-ing weapon. There is, therefore, no nger any obstacle to the manufacture of the new magazine rifles, the production of which will make rapid progress. The powder gives out a very small report-not much greater than that of an air gun.-

Champlain. It is called a fresh water swordfish. This specimen weighs eighteen pounds, and is four feet three inches long, eighteen inches around the body and six inches across the back. Another Name.

jaws, which was taken from Lake

Friend-Do the editors throw all your poems into the waste basket, Miss Bostonia /

Miss Bostonia (the Boston poetess, coldly)-No, none of them, but sometimes they consign some of my verse to the waste paper basket. -Yankee Blade.

It is proposed to transport mail matter from Buenos Ayres to Montevideo, a distance of 180 miles by the Telferage system, which can also be used for light