I WOULD I WERE.

I would I were a thought of thine, For then I would be sure That earth held nothing more divine, More heavenly and pure

I would I were the amorous wind That's kissed your virgin cheek. For then I would in memory find fore love than I could speak

I would I were a flower to die Upon your heaving breast. Then I could hear your softest sigh And sink to sleep so blest

I would I were the moon's soft ray That guarded when you slept. Then at the dawn has died away

Only a word, a look, a thought, Then happy could I die. -Donald R. McGregor

Some Wedding Jewelry.

The jewelers of Paris are particularly happy on account of the large number of marriages which have occurred this season. Such occasions are fraught with great profit to the trade. It is now con idered out of place for a bride to wear any jewelry except pearls before she has plighted her faith at the altar. There are exceptions to this rule, however The daughter of the Russian embassador, who was recently married, wore attached to her bodice the badge of her office as maid of honor to the empress. The jewel was composed of diamonds. hanging by a pale blue ribbon. She also wore a superb diamond buckle in the folds of her dress. This jewel was given her by the Prince and Princess of Denmark.

After her marriage the bride is expected to bedeck herself in all the gems and jewels which her friends have seen fit to bestow upon her and to keep them on exhibition during the first week after marriage. In accordance with this custom the Russian bride I have mentioned showed her jewels, among which was an elegant brooch composed of three large sapphires arranged in a triple pendant, a branch of ivy in diamonds and a brooch in the form of a lily made of clustered diamonds, with an elongated sapphire in each petal. Another was in the form of a butterfly with two sapphires in each wing. There was also a cable chain bracelet with a row of sapphires alternated with diamonds set on each link .-Paris Cor. Jaweler's Weekly.

He "Diagnosed" Her Case at Once. Weak but nervous woman as the phy sician enters-Oh doctor I'm so glad you've come I am sure I shall never recover this time Mrs. Brown who died last month you know she was my hushand's cousin had exactly the same symptoms and although she tried every remedy that her doctors or her neighbors recommended and spent no end of money though goodness knows they could ill afford it in visiting the southern watering places until her children almost forgot her face and her husband poor man had no more what could properly be called a home than a boarder with a single hall bedroom she died and a beautiful funeral she had too poor thing and looked that sweet in her coffin it makes my heart bleed to think of it and what do you think is the matter with me anyway and do you think I will soon get over it I cannot sleep I cannot lie still I cannot work I cannot eat I cannot talk what is the matter with-

Doctor (interrupting)-Madam, Ithink von have a decided case of flatulency of the lungs.-New York Tribune.

The College of Women is about starting a quarterly. It is to be called The Outlook, and the first number will appear in January. It is to be published in the interests of the higher education. and will be run by Boston women. Margaret B. Dodge, the editor, hails from Boston university, as does Emily H. Bright, the business manager. The college girls are ambitious in their programme. Miss Dodge tells me that she does not expect to compete with the suffrage organs or with the magazines devoted to bibs and batter cakes, but that The Outlook will promote "unity of aim and action among cultivated women, acquaint society with the strength of the women's educational movement and collect and classify material concerning There's room, say the knowing, for a new magazine once in fifteen years. but if you're looking for courage you'll find it among worshipers of that amiable fetich, the college bred woman.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Miss Nelly Kelly, of The Ohio State Journal, at Columbus, is a regular "first wire" operator of the Associated Press. and receives \$30.50 a week, the same salary that is paid to first wire men. She s said to be the only telegraph woman in the country holding such a place. At 5:30 every afternoon Miss Kelly takes her seat upstairs in The Journal office. In front of her is a typewriter, and close behind her is the eternally clicking "first wire" of the Associated Press. As fast as the receiving instruments clicks, Miss Kelly copies its messages on the typewriter in the shape of neat "copy" for the paper, taking 15,000 words a night. At 2:30 a. m. she rises from her typewriter beside the telegraph instrument. draws a sigh of relief and goes home. alone and safe. She has nevet missed a night, and The State Journal praises her work in the highest terms.-Phonographic Magazine.

Girls at Symphony Rehearsnia.

The girl with a big violin, the girl with her knitting, the restless girl who fits about the audience, the girl with a low necked dress on a winter afternoon. the superior girl with four books and a German dictionary—these are a few of the girls seen at a symphony rehearsal

The latest novelty in cards is a set of fifty bound in a neat little book, from which they are torn like bank checks, having perforated edges to make the operation easy. Especially for business men the novelty is an excellent idea.

Stanley traveled 5,400 miles in the interior of Africa on his last expedition, all but 1,000 miles of it on foot. Three hundred persons were rescued in the three years.

To prevent that shine to the skin with which so many are annoyed, especially in warm weather, use a little should continue his business.—Exchange camphor in the water when bathing

Sir Percy Florence Shelley, the son of coward ever known in his tribe. He and has composed the score to many of

THE GORILLA

A Fighter from Way Back, and a Tough "The gorilla is the prize fighter of Africa," said Carl Steckelmann, who has personal knowledge of the Dark Continent. He had been speaking of a leopard skin on exhibition in his widow, and had been telling of the danger encountered in fighting with the original owner of the skin.

"Contests with all wild animals pale in comparison with that in which one must engage in meeting the gorilla," he said. "The gorilla is found in only a comparatively small portion of western Africa. He lurks in the woods along the coasts for several hundred miles north of the mouth of the Congo. I have never seen a gorilla in the open country, and, by the way, I think that the fact that he stays in the woods accounts for the fact that he is almost a bired instead of a quadruped. You see the gorilla in passing through the forests reaches out with his long arms, and, seizing the branches of the trees, rises on his hind legs and walks on them, supporting himself with his hold on the branches. Habit has thus almost made an upright creature of him.

"The gorilla is as brave as brave can The male gorilla does all the fighting for the family. If you approach a pair of gorillas the female will run screaming through the woods or will climb the highest tree, uttering all the while cries not unlike a woman in great fright. But the male gorilla will come straight at you. He does not know what fear is. He will fight any number of

"How do you fight them?" "With pistols. It is very unsafe to trust to a gun or to a poor weapon of any kind. The gorilla is so fierce and powerful that you have but one chance at him at the best. The woods where he is found are so thick that it is impossible to see him accurately at any distance. It you fire at him as he comes at you down the tree a limb may turn the course of the bullet. Before you can fire a second time he will be upon you. He drops from limb to limb and comes at a rapid. swinging pace. The safest way is to hold your fire until he is at arm's length and then fire steadily into him with a pistol.

"The gorilla is easily killed. An or dinary pistol shot will have about the same effect upon him as it has upon a man. The hunter's danger is in not making the shot tell. Once I was passing through the forest with a bodyguard of natives. The natives are furnished by the Dutch traders with a miserable gun. the barrel of which is made of gas pipe The natives had learned to be suspicious of their guns. When they fire at any thing they point in the general direction. pull the trigger and fling the gun at the object. They throw the gun because they are afraid it will explode in their hands, as it very frequently does. Well we came upon a gorilla. A native saw him dropping from a tree coming at us. Aiming at the descending form he fired and missed. He had not turned before the grim monster was upon him. Standing and throwing his arms around the ne gro's neck the gorilla seized his throat in his manlike jaws and was crushing the life out of him when we came up and fired a pistol ball into him at close range. But the wounds inflicted were mortal and the native died in great agony." "Are the gorillas numerous in the

strip of country where they are found?" "They are scarce. In making a trip nce I saw two in one day, but that was into battle sounds a fearful warning by beating its breast and giving forth sounds that make the dense forest resound. He is a dangerous antagonist, and you are all the time reminded by his appearance that you are contesting with a creature that has a man's faculties and appearance, a giant's strength and a monkey's agility."-Indianapolis News.

The trials of "hanging committees," in determining the places to be held by pictures at any exhibition, are great and manifold. An English artist says that when he once served as "hangman," preparatory to an exhibition of the Royal Academy, his greatest embarrassment was connected with a picture sent in by an old Academician who had once done good work, but whose hand had now lost its cunning.

It was the portrait of a clergyman, and was not so desperately bad but that it might be admitted, if one peculiarity could in any way be dealt with. His eyes were exactly like those of an owl; the eyeballs were intensely black, with a circle of light, bright blue encompassing

"We tried him on the wall," says the artist, "but distance lent increased terror to his expression; he glared at us so fearfully, that, in regard for the consequences that might arise to unwary visitors, we hastily took him down again.

"'Now,' I said to a brother hangman. what is to be done? It's of no use asking the old gentleman to withdraw the picture-he won't.'

" 'No,' replied my friend, 'but I think we might take some of the enthusiasm out of those eyes."

No sooner said than done. A finger was wetted, a little blacking taken from a shoe of one of the conspirators, the bright blue circle received a glaze of blacking, and the glare of terror inspiring fury was changed into a softened. appealing expression. With that little ilteration the picture took its place among the rest. - Youth's Companion.

He (about to ask for a kiss)-I have an important question to ask you. She (playfully)-I know what it Charley. You want me to be your wife: I dreamed it. Well, take me. He (rather taken aback)-You dream

-Yes, I dreamed it last night, and I answered you as I am answering you now, and you took me in your arms and

Fissed me. What could Charley do?-Chicago Lei-

A Merchant.

The oldest and largest mercantile es tablishment in Huntsville, Tex., is managed by a woman. The house, repre senting a capital of \$250,000, was for over forty years ago by the late Mr. San-

Gen. Merritt and all others who know old Sitting Buil say that he is the biggest the great poet, is a musical enthusiast good at conspiracy, but when it comes to actual fighting he can't stand up and shoot and be shot at.

Every Moslem believes devoutly in a personal God, in an overruling Providence, in the mission and miracles of Christ, whom they designate as the Messiah, in the duty of prayer, and the immortality of the soul, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and in the inspiration of the Bible. An educated Moslem, if asked why he does not be come a Christian, may not improbably reply that, according to his own interpretation of the New Testament, he is one already. Thus, in a letter recently received from one of my friends, he styles himself "a Moslem and a Chris tian at the same time."

Though a most pious and sincere alo hammedan, he claims to be one of those "who profess and call themselves Chris tians," for whom we pray every Sunday that they may be led into the way o truth. They hold that Islam was the latest revelation, perfecting the Christian revelation, just as Christianity supplemented the revelation given to the Jews Mohammed may be considered as a reformer of Christianity; like Luther he denounced certain superstitions that had

grown up. The Koran says that God gave the Gospel to Jesus to proclaim, and that He put kindness and compassion into the hearts of those that followed Him; but "as for the monastic life, they invented it themselves." "In the time of Mo hammed," says one of my friends, "Christianity had become corrupt, as many of your own writers admit, and it was these corruptions that it was Mo hammed's mission to reform. We reject the corruptions of Christianity. But we claim to have a final revelation, predicted by your own prophets, just as the com ing of the Messiah was foretold to the Jews, who nevertheless blindly rejected him as you reject Mohammed."-Leaves from an Egyptian Note Book.

In attendance at one of the Indianapo lis ward schools is a little colored girl years old. She is miserable, indeed, for at home she is ill treated and the shoe she wears, and often the clothes, are sup plied by the teachers or some of he classmates. There is a tender poetic vein in her make up and it found vent in composition. The teacher took a little pansy plant to school one day and told the pupils of the flower. Two days after she asked them to write a poem o it and gave them the privilege of having the pansy talk and tell the story, and this is what the little colored girl wrote the word pansy in the copy being the

only one dignified with a capital: "I am only a Pansy. My home is in a little brown house. I sleep in my little brown house all winter, and I am now going to open my eyes and look about Give me some rain, sky, I want to look out of my window and see what is going on,' I asked, so the sky gave me some water and I began to climb to the win dow. at last I got up there and open my eyes. oh what a wonderful world I seen when birds sang songs to me, and grass hoppers kissed me, and dance with me. and creakets smiled at me, and I had a pretty green dress. there was trees that grow over me and the wind faned me. the sun smiled at me, and little children smelled me one bright morning me and the grasshoppers had a party he wood play with me and a naughty boy pick me up and tore me up and I died and that was the last of Pansy."-Indianapolis Journal.

A Battlefield Trust.

than the Libby prison speculation. It is est of animals. The male gorilla in going | now proposed by a speculative northerner to purchase all the battlefields of the late war, fence them in, turn them into parks, and show them to visitors at twenty-five cents a head. It will strike those who are acquainted

with the situation that the great Ameri can showman will have a big job or hand when he comes to the cluster or bouquet of battlefields around Atlanta. Our old red hills have good cause to be redder than any other hills that ever frembled through the thunder storm of

be found a spot that was ever so pounded and mangled and harried and scorched as this same Gate City of ours. All over the world there are men now living whose proudest boast is to say that they went through our forty days' baptism of fire or were in one of the many battles fought under our city's walls.

We are not yet ready to sell our blood stained fields of glory to the glib strangers whose only interest in them is to coin money out of them. If we can do nothing better, let us level the grim fortresses and the frowning ramparts, and fill up the silent trenches once so full of heroic life. Let us cover these scars of war with the blooming industries of peace!-Atlanta Constitution.

A remarkable case of animal intelli gence and fidelity has developed in this city. Every one knows the late D Watson's little dog Zolla, that used to follow him everywhere and often ride beside him in his buggy seat. He would come every morning to his master's office, and if he did not find him there would run over to the livery stable to see if the doctor's buggy was gone, and if it was he would follow the track until he had found him. When his master was in the coffin little Rolla was held up so he could see his face, and showed signs of intense grief.

He was at the funeral at Woodbine cemetery and was the last one to linger at the new made grave. Since that time he has visited the grave night and morn ing and is seen sitting upon it keeping watch, as though he expected his kind friend and master. He often wandered alone on the streets at night, and a gentleman whose profile and beard some what resemble Dr. Watson's has told us that little Zolla has often walked in front of him and gazed into his face and even followed him home and sat for hours in front of his door waiting for him to come out that he might get one more look at this face so much like the one treasured

in his memory.-Jefferson (Ga.) Herald.

The most notable cat that ever lived was Jim, the big tortoise shell feline of the Union Square theatre in New York. It was able to perform sixty different tricks and do almost everything except talk. In his last sickness Dr. Dovey, the cat and dog doctor of Fourth street, was employed at \$3 a visit to attend poor Jim, but his services proved unavailing Knox, the Broadway hatter, has the finest and wisest black cat in the east and Bryan McSwyny, the Hibernian pair of tortoise shell cats that have no

THOSE WRINKLED HANDS

Those wrinkled hands that o'er a woman's breast Now folded lie in death's last solemn sleep, A'ns! how cold and still; but God knows best: His time will choose, while we in silence weep Who had by those dear hands been often blest, But now shall miss the love that flowed so deep No more shall we enjoy their soft caresa, Nor feel again their clinging tends

In those lines where the plow of Time has run And heaped with furrows deep the trace of years. The marks of toil, the change of shade and sun, The record of a lengthened life appears; Many a tale they tell of joys begun, And hopes soon ended in a dash of tears, Those veius of blue her sunny skies unrol That skin so fair the whiteness of her son

But lo: as we read on what sight is this? A cherub form with dimpled hands and small, Bright golden locks, and lips that tempt a kiss, Like paintings seen on old cathedral wall; some angel sent from distant worlds of bliss That sunbeams bring to this dim earthly ball Again we look, a laughing girl is seen— To schools she skips or romps in orchards green

In these oddly fashioned lines next we trace The vision of a maiden sweet and fair; By garden gate she waits; upon her face Rests light's rosy tings, as if gathered there The crimson blush of thousand mornings' grace; Or is that glow of blus beyond compare, Aught else than love's warm thrill, as there sh

Holding in her own another's tender hands! Life's busy noon unfolds; and what befell In sober age, how hands now pule and cold Were moved to kindly acts, oft strove to quell A neighbor's grief, and wipe the gathering mol-Of death from aching brows. Sick beds can tell.

And poor their saintly deeds confess with old;

Then rest, sweet hands, with scars of battle won. Then rest, sweet manus, when the day is dor Like folded banners when the day is dor - Varnum

Hawthorne Time. Figh in the tops of blossoming trees I hear the hum of honey bees; "Tis hawthorne time, Tis hawthorne time. peckers drum far up the bill; The robin's song sounds cheery still;

But sadly means the whippeoreill: "Tis hawtherne time, 'Tis hawthorne time. What though the birds sing day by day? My heart grows sad in sunny May, For one I loved went far away In hawthorne time, In hawthorne time, Though bees may hum and robins trill,

Though faint, sweet scents the breezes fill, always hear the whippoorwill In hawthorne time -Maria B. H. Hazeu in Good Housekeeping.

A Dangerous Calling The public has but an inadequate ides of the danger to which the ordinary trainmen are exposed. Accidents to them are occurring every day in the year, and it is only when the results are made known that the real condition of things is seen.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, according to statements made at the recent convention in Los Angeles now numbers 14,057 members, an increase of 600 during the past year. It was stated, however, that the organization has branches not only in the United States but also in Canada, Ireland and Sweden, so that the actual member ship in this country does not appear from the figures above. Sad and impressive evidence of the dangerous natpaid, and that of the total number of claims over 200 resulted from railway accidents, and of these 130 deaths were caused in coupling cars.

It is distressing to think of the suffer ing and death daily occurring as the result largely of the great variety of coup lings in use, and it must be admitted that there is a crying need of a rapid improvement in this matter by the adopwhich will be both efficient in service and safe in handling.-Kansas City Sun.

South Middle's Blue Blooded Bedbugs. To Yale graduates of all ages now living the news of a fire in old "South Middle" will be of real interest. This is the oldest of the Vale buildings. The bricks were brought over from England, and it has always been claimed that the bed bugs of the building possessed the insatiable zeal of the transatlantic species. They are possibly descended from those that crossed with the bricks. It had been the tradition, at least it was twenty years ago, that each antumn, when the new freshmen class first appeared, the South Middle bedbugs would stand up on their hind legs and look out of the windows upon the campus to determine what was to be the quality of their winter provisions. Some of the best blood in the country courses through the veins of these aristocratic vermin, and there will be general anxiety to know not only how many escaped the devouring element, but also where they went to continue their own labors in that line.-Hartford Courant.

A Well Fed Committee. At Delmonico's Tuesday night a line of rotund New Yorkers with rosy faces and vast shirt fronts filed up stairs to gather at the great "tasters' dinner" of the year. The "tasters" dinner is that which Delmonico always gives to the twelve committeemen of the St. Nich olas society as a sample of the repast he means to serve to the society on the night of its grand banquet. The sam ple or taste is always pronounced fine and then the great dinner follows. Af ter the dinner is over the same commit teemen meet, at the end of a month, and eat a precisely similar feast called "the settling dinner." Thus they recall the grand good time they had at the great dinner. It is a vast and joyous thing to be a Knickerbocker, but to be on the St. Nicholas dinner committee is fine beyond all else that falls to a New Yorker's lot.—New York Sun.

A year from pext March the railroad now building from Jaffa to Jerusalem will be completed, and tourists will then be whisked away from the coast to Jerusalem in two or three hours, a journey that is now made by camel or in dil gences over a horrible road. The money required to build the line is in the hands Paris bankers, who have just for warded the second installment of funds to the contractors.

One of the minor and yet pleasing evidences of the spread of civilization is the increasing use of the portable coal chute in city and country In the city the pedestrian encounters fewer and fewer coal hills, and in the country the old custom of dumping the coal on the ground is gradually falling into disuse wherever chutes can be made available

It is said that the late Berry Wall when in the height of his glory, had but two books in his apartments. On one of these he hung his cane and on the other his umbrella. The rest of his clothes he of course kept on a chair, like any sensiA Black Femule Samson

Freedman's Town, a suburb of Hous ton, Tex., boasts of a female Sa who has repeatedly proven herself a match for any three men that have pitted their united strength, and who a few nights ago successfully routed Officer John Baxter and three of his assistants. all men of fine physique. The woman is a negress, as black as night and of a stature slightly above average, but magnificently built and extraordinarily active. Her grip was such that she was able to break two of the bones of the hand of the woman with whom she had a fracas recently, and it was on the police attempting to arrest her that she not only was able to prevent them putting the handcuffs on her, but, taking the officer and his posse one by one, flung them out of the house and closed and locked the door.

Baxter, in particular, is accounted a man of unusual strength, and is of large build, but he says his muscles were as a child's when compared with those of the black Amazon. The woman, whose name is Caroline Jenkins, is about 30 years old, and is the mother of seven children. She has been seen to pick up a barrel of flour and carry it a distance of several yards without appearing to overtax herself, and when tested was found to be able to break with ease a new grass rope an inch in diameter. Since her exploit with the police it is said that a party of gentlemen propose traveling with her, if she will go, and give exhil ons of her strength, which is to be ascribed to no electrical or magnetic process, but to her muscular development alone. - St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Out Partridge Huntin\_.

"Did you ever go a partridge hunting, and tramp all day through the brush. tear your clothes half off, get wetter'n a drowned rat, fall in the mud and never see so much as a feather?" queried a well known gunner. "No, indeed. When and where did all

this happen?" "Up in Sardinia the other day. Andrews, the crack shot of that town, invited me to come up there and go shooting, claiming that the birds were thicker in the woods along Cattaraugus creek than honey bees in a sweet clover patch. Of course I went; but I came home all broke up."

"And you didn't get a feather?" "Nary a one. Tried to shoot a chicken on a hen roost, but the farmer caught me at it and chased me four miles without a let up. Andrews killed a chipping bird and a red squirrel, that's all."

"But you brought home some birds?" "Very true, I bought them on the market, the same as the other Buffalo boys do. Let's see, it cost me about \$20 in cash, and I've got to buy a new suit of clothes and a new hat. Bet your boots I don't go partridge shooting again. Tired? I can't walk; am lame all over. and feel like a second edition scarecrow. Andrews walked me all over four towns: wanted me to invest in real estate, too, ure of the trainmen's occupation is and all that; talked about their great given in the statement that during the race track and the metropolitan Sardinia year 275 disability and death claims to city of 1990, and filled me so full of the amount of nearly \$275,000 had been glorious enthusiasm that my head is cracked from ear to ear. Fun? Well, 1 should snicker, but one dose will last the lifetime of Methuselah!"-Buffalo Com-

> Another Bear Caught by a Cowcatcher. As the Louisville and Nashville pas senger accommodation was passing through Wade's cut, a deep and narrow passage through the rocks, about eight miles east of Milan Tenn. Engineer George Pendor was surprised to see a big brown bear come into the cut at the west end, about ten rods away. The bear stopped directly in the middle of the track, facing the engine. The locomotive bearing down upon him seemed to paralyze the bear, and he was perfect ly motionless until the engine was within thirty feet of him, when he arose on

his haunches preparatory to a spring. The train was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour through the cut, and seeing that he might wreck the train by a collision with bruin Engineer Pender shut off steam. As the train came in contact with the bear his hind legs opened, and he fell forward on the cowcatcher, clawing savagely at the hard wood. He seemed stunned or be wildered at the strange occurrence, and did not manifest any inclination to get off. He rode into town on the cowcatcher, and was shot and killed .- Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No one but a person connected with the Oswego postoffice can have the least conception of the extent of the confusion growing out of the similarity of the names Oswego and Owego. The postmaster in Oswego directed that a count of the letters designed for the village of Owego sent to the postoffice in this city be kept for one week. The number by actual count was 481. Let our Owego friends apply for a city charter and call the place the city of "Auwaga." "Auwaga" was the Indian name of the place. It contains the "Auwaga house," 'Anwaga bank," etc. It seems to be a name they are proud of, and it is euphonious and pretty name, and is what the village or city should be called. If they object to the change, why let them continue to receive their business letters via Oswego, averaging 500 weekly, from twenty-four to forty-eight hours behind time.—Oswego Times.

The result of the inquiries recently made as to the sanitary arrangement connected with the trade of baking is anything but reassuring. Bakeries are said to exist in Manchester where the cleanliness which should obtain in the preparation of food is impossible. Some of the bakers complain that the ma-chinery now used takes "the flavor out of the bread." They prefer the old method of "dancing on the dough." The Lancet commissioner naturally expressed a hope that "the men washed their feet," and was cheerfully assured that they did after the bread was made, as otherwise they could not put their boots on again. It is desirable that the city authorities should deal with this matter immediately, and see that the staff of life is supplied to the people un-der somewhat better conditions than at present.-London Queen.

Congressman-It affords me pleasure. Mr. Scribbleum, to present you this commission as postmaster. I have brought it to you myself as a little surprise.

Editor Scribbleum-Col. Greath you have, indeed, taken me by surprise and placed me under infinite ob What! is the blamed document rolled? Sir, I reject it!-Chicago Tribune.

BABYHOOD'S PILLOW.

REVERIE THAT TAKES A MAN BACK TO HIS INFANCY.

A Character Reminiscence of Childhood's Happy Hours-Papa Gives Him Candy for Being Good-The Mother Whose Kiss Finds Her Little One in the Dark.

Eleven o'clock strikes. Immediately make ready to set my papers in order on my desk and turn out my lamp, when all at once my bed, on which I have somehow turned a more contemplative look than usual, begins to wear a strange, mysterious air, meditative and thoughtful, with its coverlet turned down, its sheets open and its pillow ready for my head. Why do I sit down again and think an hour? and still another hour? My lamp goes out of its own accord, and the night passes without heeding me.

IN THE LITTLE WHITE CRIB. I am 3 years old again. I sleep in a little white crib, larger than papa's leather valise, smaller than mamma's piano; a crib draped with fresh curtains which close about me every evening and are fastened with a silver pin "to make me a little room." When I raise my head I see above me an ivory cross swinging at the end of a blue ribbon that hangs from the cornice; on each side of me is a long white silk net, so that I shall not fall out. But I am always kicking off the covers and slipping Herald. through it and they continually find me with an arm or a leg caught and hanging in the meshes.

My crib, which I warm with my little

childish body, where I am given my warm milk in the early morning, which is so comfortable when the doctor says I am sick, stands at the foot of papa's and mamma's big bed, so that it gives me great confidence to be so near themthey who are afraid of nothing! I do not know how it is, but I must be always asleep when they come in to go to bed-I never see them. Their bedtime is later than mine, much later-perhaps even an hour. As soon as Pie, my nurse, a big girl, brusque and good hearted, who teaches me how to say my prayers to the Bon Dieu in German-as soon as she has given me my dinner, quick! I am popped into a little bed whose end my feet never see. When shall I be as big as my night gowns? In spite of all my efforts I can never catch up to them.

Then as soon as I am stretched out on the mattress, and Pie has vigorously tucked me in, I cry out with all my might, lamentably, like a little dog that is being whipped: "Mamma! Mamma!" Some one comes. There is a noise of footsteps in the corridor. It is papa and mamma. Papa says: "Will you stop making such a noise, you little rascal? We can hear you allover the house!" He turns to the nurse and frowns:

"Pie," he says, "tell me the truth. Has this child been naughty?" "Nein, he has been very goot," says

the excellent Pie. "Then he shall have a piece of candy," says papa, satisfied at once. "Mint, papa, mint!" I cry out. "Yes, mint!" and papa himself drops into my little moist, open mouth the big.

white crumbling penny which I love so, and which I begin to taste as soon as its penetrating odor reaches my nose. Under my little teeth the mint drop disappears like magic. Mamma whispers: "Eat it up, then, little goose!" or, "He will break his teeth to pieces." MAMMA DOESN'T SAY A WORD.

whip out my two arms from the coverlet to clasp her around the neck. I know very well that it must tire her to be weighted down so, but still I like to do it. And then I love her so! She kisses me twice, three times-then with her pretty fingers she hurriedly traces the sign of the cross on my forehead (before I came there were two little brothers who both went away to heaven) and she tenderly closes the curtains without ceasing to look lovingly in at me through the opening which grows smaller-smaller.

At last the curtains are tight shut and I can see nothing more. But I can hear. Papa has already gone away to his study, where I somehow know that he is goin to smoke a cigar. Mamma, ah, but mamma is still there. She is talking to Pie in a low voice—she is talking of all kinds of things and they are all about me. Then the lamp goes on its nightly journey. It travels about, it changes its place; finally it is put on a certain corner of the mantelpiece, always the same corner, where its dim light cannot reach me. Then I hear the noise of the fender -a chair put in its place-a carriage in the street—then—

All at once I am at last a man, and am wearing trousers like mylUncle Edward. But often I awake with a start and then a great fear of the night and the darkness seizes me; I stretch out my arms and knock-toc, tool-on the hig bed. The big bed will protect me. Toc, too! Too, too! The knocking itself

frightens me in the silence. The big bed creaks confusedly. papa, half awake, telling me in a queer, droll tone to be quiet. "Sah! We are all asleep," he says; "everybody is asleep." Mamma does not say a word. She rises ahe rises—and ah! even after forty years my heart recollects the light fall of her dear soft feet on the carpot and the sound of her low voice, invisible like erself, murmuring close to my cheek, without hesitation her kiss comes straight to me in the night and unerringly finds me. -Translated from the French for The Philadelphia Times.

What a Samoan hurricane is like and what chance a ship has while at its mercy, may be imagined after reading Abercromby's "Seas and Skies in Many Latitudes." He says:

"Much has been written about han

dling ships in hurricanes and elaborate maneuvers have been described which hey are to perform near the center of a typhoon. Many a ship has been saved by skillful sailing on the outskirts of a cyclone, and even after the characterisic squalls and driving rain have be But when near the center she gets in the kernel, as it were, of the hurricane, and the wind comes in great gusts which no canvas can withstand, when the roaring Edward. Heretofore the salmon have of the wind is so tremendous that no been planted in Adirondack streat voice can be heard, when the sky and and it is believed that better results cloud and spindrift are mixed up indistinguishably from one another in a general darkness, then it is as impossible general darkness, then it is as impossible to give an order as to obey it, and the sailor can only hope that her timbers may not open so as to spring a leak, and that her steering gear may hold so that she may not broach to and be overwhelmed by the waves."—New York Telegram.

Poisonous Natmegs.

It will doubtless surprise many to learn that in nutnegs we find a powerful poison, generally believed to be of the narcotic order. It is only comparatively recently that cases of poisoning by it have been recorded in this country, probably for the reason that, being so universally considered harmless, when dangerous or fatal consequences have folowed its use the cause has been overlooked. The quantity of nutmeg which it is necessary to take to produce serious symptoms has never been estimated. In ne case, however, one and a half nutmegs, it is said, caused in a woman stupor, followed by excitement, with signs of collapse.

Dr. Waugh has recently reported the case of a woman who was advised by her neighbors to eat nutmegs for the relief of dyspepsia due to constipation. One forenoon she ate five of medium size. No unpleasant symptoms followed until some nine or ten hours afterward. Then she became sick to her stomach, giddy, and had a chill, accompanied by vomiting, headache, dryness of the mouth and throat, and a sore, strained sensation in the eyes. Her sight became affected, and she complained that everything appeared misty. When the chill passed off, slight fever and sweating followed, with intense, throbbing headache. Under roper treatment this woman recovered. in her case no narcotic symptoms appeared, but that does not prove that nutmegs are not of the narcotic order.-Boston

Teaching Their Young.
There have been two scientific facts discovered through the mediumship of the Zoological garden, about which the public have been kept in ignorance. Early one morning in Thompson's time Herr Schmidt went out to see the old sea lion and her baby. He was astonished to see the mother with the young down on the edge of the bridge, vomiting some sort of oil all over it. Thinking something wrong, he at once called Thompson, who, seeing the operation of the mother, said, "That's funny," and great was the astonishment of both when the mother nosed the young one into the water. He floundered about and got back on to the bridge. She nosed him in again and kept on repeating the dose for five or six times, then took the young one and carried him into the house. "I've learned something good therefrom not known to scientists, and that is that the mother seal oils her young with oil from her stomach before she teaches them to swim. That's something new in natural history. The other discovery was that young grizzlies weigh at birth only about a pound or a pound and a quarter, and the way they taught their cub to swim was funny. The father would push the cub into the water, where it would paw and flounder, then both mother and father would go to the edge of the water tank, and reaching out their paws, rake the cub up, invariably dropping it half a dozen times be-fore they landed it."—Cincinnati En-

quirer. More trouble with and lack of condition of horses are due to ulcerated and irregular teeth than is generally supposed. They should be removed forceps. There is no reason to doubt that a horse with ulcerated teeth suffers as intensely from toothache as a human subject. Irregular growth or fracture of the enamel on the outer edges make the teeth so rough as to in jure the inside of the cheek, sometimes causing ulcers. more slowly than others and fail to mee those in the opposite jaw, causing what is called "quiding," imperfect mustication of the food. The remedy is to file the teeth into the proper shape. Horse dentistry is now recognized as an important branch of veterinary practice .-New Orleans Picayune.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Mother

The Empress Frederick is touched by suffering and takes much interest in charitable enterprises. She was present recently at the great meeting of the mittee of the society for sending the weak and sick children of the poor of Berlin for change of air to the country, the seaside and various health resorts-a society which was called into existence ten years ago at the suggestion of the then crown prince and princess, and which last summer was able to give some weeks of fresh air and healing. baths and waters to more than 2,000 poor little city children. Eight boys and eight girls, who have benefited by the society, were allowed to hand bunches of violets to the Empress Frederick, and as she took them she was heard to say: "Ah, if I could only take them to him! He was always so fond of violets."-Exchange.

The Nickel's Leverage The field of the nickel and slot ma seems to be practically limitless. I am informed that a St. Louis inventor is now at work on a machine which will give you a clean shave and a picture of your uture wife, while the band plays your favorite air as you wait. Another ma chine will tell your fortune and polish your shoes and administer a dose of pills for a nickel; while another will pick the winners of the next day's races a ply you with the morning paper, nickel and slot machine fills a lon want, and has a long career of useful-ness before it, and the public is saving its nickels for the next departure with de interest.-St. Louis Re

The Swiss railways intend to introduce the zone tariff for passengers, now that the system proves so succe Austro-Hungary. During the first year of the zone tariff in Hungary the various lines carried over thirteen million pas sengers, against some five million during the previous twelvemonth.

the great actor, made his recent debut on the classic boards of the Comedie Francaise the father is said to have been much more overcome by stage fright than the son was. The boase was crowded, and the young actor was entlically applanded.

Twenty-five thousand salu six months old will be put into the Hudbe reached by placing the you

The method of stopping the elect system is used is not done by the ordinary brake, but by momentarily circuiting the motor and immediate versing the current through the fie