THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Editorial Enterprise Always Hits Em to

We extract the following from the last issue of The Arizona Kicker: ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.-Last week we

established a new department in The Kicker—that of answering questions concerning disputed points on games of chance, as well as making decisions thereon. These games will include euchre, old sledge, seven up, pedro, whist, keno, faro, roulette, etc., taking in, in fact, each and every game known to the

sporting world.

This department will be edited by an old gambler of thirty years' experience, and who carries seven knife wounds and the sears of four bullets as proofs of his literary

The fact that such a department hit the bull's eye is evidenced by the fact that we have added twenty-one new subscribers within a week, and they are still coming. We were intending to devote this space to religious news, but after looking the ground over, and discovering that there was none to chronicle, we gave way to the urgent demands of the boys and instituted the new departure. It is the general belief that this will do more to boom our town than if we had secured \$50,000 for a new government building. All communications intended for this department should be addressed: "Gambling Department of The Kicker." Write only on one side of the paper, and do not at-tempt to write with blood.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.-Col. Obedish Shaw, our popular register of deeds, has pre-sented us with a new 38-caliber revolver of Smith & Wessen make, as a token of his es-teem and affection, and we feel as proud as a

boy with his first pair of boots.

We have been, as some of our friends know, greatly hampered in our editorial work during the past year by an old fashioned revolver which could never be depended on in an emergency. It was out of repair all along the line, and when we brought it down on a man we never feit sure which of us would get the contents. It was also too large for our pistol pocket, and on three or for occasions the other man had opened fire before we could get it out.

When Arkansas Bill met us in front of Taylor's bank one day last summer and opened fire he had pulled the trigger three times before we could get our old shooting iron on line with his left lung. We didn't much expect to drop him then, as the hammer was out of true, but when we pulled he turn bled, and he lived long enough to tell us that he made the mistake of his life when he set out to remove the editorial head of Arizona's

great weekly newspaper.

This new weapon adds to our editorial zeal and enterprise, and puts The Kicker on a more certain foundation. We have had only one week's practice, and yet we can draw it and send two bullets ripping through a fellow being's careass while an average school boy can get his mouth puckered to begin the first line of Henry Clay's great speech. shall not be satisfied until we have done a little better than that—five seconds better. Meanwhile, any one hankering for our scalp can find us at the usual place, prepared to do the best we can under the circumstances.

IT RESULTED. - We were born with a spirit of fair play in our composition which has never grown less. We want to see everybody and everything have a fair show. For reason, when half a dozen of our prominent citizens came to us one day last week and suggested a necktie party to remove "Cow boy Jack," as he calls himself, from this sphere on earth to one a great deal higher up, we suggested that he first be given a show to inflict his presence on the people of Tomb-stone or Tucson. He had been with us three weeks, terrorizing old men, women and boys with his pop when a dispute arose in a saloon The assertion of our lopeared contemporary that we wanted to save him until he had subscribed for The Kicker is a declaration worthy

It was suggested that we call upon the gentleman named within the quotation marks, and throw outs hint that he had better walk. We did so. He received us with chilling politeness, listened to our words of wisdom, an then gave us thirteen seconds to get down three pairs of stairs. As he had the drop on us, we got; and as he didn't shoot, it is likely that we saved a second or two. We warned him what the result would be, and the result has resulted. On Tuesday night a score of more of us leading citizens made a call on Cowboy Jack. He was somewhat surprised, but would have done well enough had he been given time. He was taken from the O. K. saloon to Hangman's tree, given the usual time to undergo a change of heart, and then hauled up and left to his reflections. We spoke to him personally just before he was lifted, referring to our former conversation, and it pleased us to hear him reply that we were dead right in our deductions, and that if he had his life to live over again he would subscribe for The Kicker and pay at least two years in advance.—Detroit Free Press.

Emotion Reasoned Down



John-I'm sorry I shall be away so long, may "good-by" to you, but I suppose the best of friends must part, you know.

ple who are nothing to each other growing and over separation! That's the way I look at it.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Mean Distinction. Chicago Girl-The horrid thing!

Boston Girl—What's the matter? Chicago Girl—Why, I just got a letter from my brother in India. He shot an els phant the other day, and writes that if he can kill another he'll have a pair of slippers de out of their hidee for me. - Munsey's

Bunday School Teacher—Now tell me what the Epistics are; First Scholar—I dunno. Second Scholar—I does. Teacher—Well, Johnny, what are the Epis-

ond Scholar -The Epistles are the wive of the Apostles -America.

Count Luigi Primole, the son of Princess Bonaparte and a chief among the Italian Bonapartists, is acquiring celebrity as an amateur photographer. His most famous achievement was in securing a picture of the pope during a re-

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE,") Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," Etc.

(Copyrighted. All rights reserved. Published by special arrangement with the Belford Company. New York.) "You got to carry me up to town tomorrow," said Missy authoritatively.

You got nothin' else to do." Old Gilbert shook his head. "Hit mought be a ketchin' complaint, chile." "I hate hard hearted people!" Missy declared, bringing her little fist down on her knee with violence. "And everybody on this old hill has got hearts like mile stones-'ceptin' me. You mean old nigger! I sha'n't give you any Christ-

mas gif'." "You mus tak' patience, boney," counseled old Gilbert. "Hit ain't mo'n three days sence Mawse Nicholas lef' us; things gwan mend-maybe."

"And it might be a thousand years!" sighed Missy.

"Chillen mus' obey," Gilbert reminded

Missy was silent a long time; then she said, at last: "Daddy Gilbert, you've got religion,

ain't you? "Bress de Lawd!" ejaculated the old man, piously. "If," proceeded the child, with great

eriousness, "if you was to make, right ere, a solemn vow to the Lord, like the Bible says, you'd keep it, wouldn't you, if it killed you?"

"Tubbe sho!" the old man answered, a little dazed between the fatigue of his journey and the look of strange resolve on Missy's face.

At this assent she stood up, on the step above him, her hair tossing in the evening wind, her eyes burning, her slender hands clasped against her breast; she looked, in the dim twilight, like a spirit. and old Gilbert felt awed. "Kneel down," she said imperiously.

Old Gilbert obeyed as though the command had come from another world, as he half believed it did.

"Say after me," Missy dictated: "I promise and vow, in the help of the Lord, to keep track of Mawse Nicholas Thorne to the end of my days. Amen. These words Missy recited with fervid olemnity, the old negro repeating after her, in an awe stricken voice; he thought

the child must surely be inspired, "Now," said she, in a matter of fact tone, when this ceremony was over, "I'm goin' back to the house and bring you some supper. I've got to take care of you, 'cause you've got to look after Brer

The old negro stood watching her as she went along the lane, "Dat chile ain't gwan live out half her days," he muttered, with a sorrowful shaking of his old head.

When Missy returned presently with the promised supper, he declared that he could not eat.

"Well, but you better," Missy insisted. You got to go up to town to-morrow. I know Aunt Elvira is goin' to send you.' "Dat cawfee do smell pow ful encour-

agin', tubbe sho," he admitted, with a slow smile, and soon found his appetite. He had just ended his meal, when Miss Elvira stood in the cabin door, and the old man rose stiffly to make his awkward obeisance. "Sit down, Gilbert, you must be tired,"

said Miss Elvira, graciously. "Winifred, my dear, run on back to the house; it is too late for you to be out." "What's the use?" said Missy, with an

mpatient shrug. "I know all about it. Daddy Gilbert had been to look for Brer Nicholas and Brer Nicholas ain't there. "Nicholas is at Mrs. Herry's," said

Miss Elvira, wearily.

"So Missy been tellin' me. Hukkom

you know, Missle-virey?" "Mrs. Herry was here today," she an-

swered, flushing. "You must go up to town to-morrow, Gilbert. You need not start so very early, and I'll see you again in the morning." But the next morning old Gilbert was

ailing, and for several days thereafter he was unable to leave his bed. Tom Quash, who went "up to town" three times a week for the mail, reported to Glory-Ann that Mawse Nick was "mighty sick," then that he was a little better, and finally that he was pronounced out of danger. A fortnight later Miss Elvira added another hundred to the sum she had already given old Gilbert, and dispatched him on an embassy to her nephew.
"I's s'prised at Missle-virey," mused

old Gilbert, as he jogged on his way. with Nicholas' trunk in the ox cart "Hit ain't no mo' use 'n nothin' 't all ter sen' dishyer money. Mawse Nick ain't gwan tek hit. But I ain't gwan say nothin'; when Mawse Nick done refuse hit, I gwan put hit way; come o' use bom-bye. It came to pass as Gilbert had fore

seen; Nicholas would none of his aunt's gift, and indeed the faithful old slave had some difficulty in persuading him to receive the trunk. Miss Elvira, however, made no inquiry about the money she had not expected thanks, nor any kind of acknowledgment, and she preferred to say nothing about it.

"En' hit ain't fur me ter go ter her 'dout I is axed," old Gilbert decided; and very early the next morning he buried Miss Elvira's gold where his own savings

were hidden.
Some days later came the news that Nicholas had left Tallahassee, or rather, it was understood that Job Furnival had taken his daughter and his son-in-law away. It was old Gilbert who brought this news; he had learned it through the negroes belonging to the improvident and despised Furnivals down the road, whose society he now cultivated, as one means of "keeping track of Mawse

"Hit's a fur way, a very fur way fum here, Missle-virey," said he, sorrowfully. "Hit's clean ter Tampa, yuther side o

Madison, de tells me. It seemed quite as far to Miss Elvira as it did to old Gilbert, and she wept abundantly when she heard of her nephew's departure; but Missy took the news very soberly. Old Gilbert, remembering the vow she had extorted from him, expected her to insist upon his setting out for Tampa forthwith; but the child was reasonable. She recognized the fact that Tampa was, as old Gilbert said, "a very far country," and she did not remind the old man of his vow. Apparently, she had resigned herself to the nevitable and was learning to live without Nicholas; but in truth she was only biding her time; one of these days, when she should know more about geography,

she would go herself to Tampa, and Daddy Gilbert, having nothing particular to

bitterness towards her father, never mar, so there's an end of my efforts." speaking to him except when impossible This, however, made little or no im-

pression upon the colonel. Children had few attractions for him at any time, and he was too much a prey to his own bitrness of heart to be conscious as yet of his little daughter's estrangement.

Mrs. Leonard Thorne and her pretty daughter, finding such a state of affairs too irksome to be borne, made all haste to their own home, as soon as two or three rooms could be put in habitable condition,

The colonel did not oppose this plan. He did all that he could, in fact, to expedite the work on the house by way of making amends for Furnival's summary dismissal; but after Flora was gone his he would not acknowledge that he was

Miss Elvira in alarm contrived to have the doctor pay him a visit, as if by chance, and the doctor urged a change

The colonel for a long time resisted but at last he allowed himself to be persuaded to visit an old aunt of his who for many years had resided in New York. He set off alone one sad September day, when the land lay aweary in the sunshine, and the cicada kept up a din, and the cotton fields were white for

CHAPTER XV. PROTEST OF THE FIDDLES.



He broke away from her abruptly and stood looking out of the window. It was the end of October when Col

Thorne returned. Miss Elvira welcomed him with a gentle and dignified self restraint, born partly of timidity and partly of her notion of perfect ladybood, and the colonel expected nothing more from his undemonstrative sister; but there was a perfunctoriness in Missy's greeting that made him at last aware of her estrangement, and struck a chill to his heart. He had brought the child some extravagant pieces of jewelry, but she evinted no pleasure in his gifts, and her father noted, without comment, that she left them lying on the table.

The next morning he rode over to his sister-in-law's place. He hoped to receive from Flora a welcome that should make amends for what he missed in his own home, nor was he disappointed. His pretty niece met him with an affectionate effusiveness that almost did away with the effect of his little daughter's coldness: but it did not escape his observation later that Aleck Gage was in the background, deporting himself with a confident sir.

Mrs. Leonard talked garrulously of wished to make, of the sale of her cotton, ave miles distant. Gilbert could easily the investment of her surplus funds, the have ridden a mule and carried the baspurchase of mules, even of her poultry; ket, but the ox cart enabled him to conout never a word of Aleck Gage.

The colonel deemed this reticence significant, and he rode home vexed. He ket by the way. The most of the day had thought to order his small world ac- was consumed in this jaunt, and it was cording to his own will and pleasure, and late in the wintry afternoon when he now he found it fast slipping from his journeyed homeward. grasp-his son an alien, the niece whom and his own little daughter indifferent to

Aleck Gage in December, the colonel, perforce, resigned himself to her choice with dignified philosophy.

"I had allowed myself to expect a difnot say it harshly.

It was the first expression he had ever Flora, eager to console him, exclaimed, with the indiscreet enthusiasm of youth: "Aleck hasn't a fault in the world, Uncle Jasper; he will be the best of sons to you, if you will only let him!"

The colonel did not say that he had no little time, struggling for command of

bride away."

"That is just what I wanted!" cried Flora, and with a sudden impulse of gratitude, affection and sympathy threw her arms around his neck and kissed him and cried a little.

The news of Flora's engagement threw Miss Elvira into a great flutter. She de clared that it was just what she had always expected, and that she was never more surprised in her life, and then she looked helplessly at her brother.

"Flora will be married in her mother's house, of course," said the colonel; "but Thorne Hill must honor the occasion with merry making, and all our friends must be invited."

"Yes, oh, yes!" Miss Elvira responded, with a sigh of relief. Her brother's disapproval of the match would have been a sore embarrassment; the entertainment by took upon herself the burden of conthe colonel wished to give was a trifle versation, in comparison, though it meant three along beside the ox. weeks of incessant work at seeding raisins, washing currents, blanching almonds and frosting cakes; but those burdens were to be borne by Glory-Ann and Chaney and Dicey, Tom Quash and Grif-

"And since Flora is such a favorite," said Mrs. Herry, when she heard of these great preparations, "why doesn't she put in a good word for Nicholas? The arrant little coward, she knows very well that it was to save her from embar-

guest, that the boy delayed his confession, and so made matters worse. The colonel is pining for a reconciliation with She had found starving impracticable, Flora might do something to bring it but she still maintained an unrelenting about. As for me, I've only meddled to Mrs. Thorne was very angry with Cousin Myrtilla for this speech.

"I don't see how you can talk of a reconciliation with Nicholas!" said she. am surprised at you! As if we Thornes ever could consort with a Furnival!"

To which Mrs. Herry made the exasperating retort that Nick's wife was every bit as much a Thorne as Mrs. Leonard herself.

For all this, however, Mrs. Herry was not omitted in the list of invitations, either to the wedding or to the merry making at Thorne Hill; for the colonel had announced that every connection of the family, far and near, should be invited to the entertainment he meant to give in honor of his niece's marriage. "And ain't Brer Nicholas and his wife

health seemed to fail suddenly, though kinfolks?" asked Missy, with bold significauce. She did not fear her father, and yether poor little heart fluttered wildly when she put this daring question. The colonel's only answer was a dark,

forbidding frown, and Missy betook herself to a corner.
"Don't you fret bout dat, honey," whispered Mom Bee, "now don't you; fur de is gwan be de fiddlers en de

dancin', en' plum cake a-plenty." "Don't want none!" said Missy, who had given herself an indigestion by the surreptitious gormandizing of raisins and citron.

"En' besides all dat," proceeded Glory-Ann to her overwhelming climax, "you gwan be dressed so spruce en' gay; yo' cousins, Miss Lotty en' Miss Bess, in pink, en' you in a hebenly blue."

Poor little Missy, who was fond of dress, dried her tears and reconsidered her determination to abstain from the wedding festivities for her absent brother's sake. But not even the companionship of

Lottie and Bess, not even the dress of "hebenly blue," nor the sound of the music, nor the sight of the mazy dance, could shut out the memory of Nicholas. "Oh, Lottie, ain't them fiddles just dreadful?" she lamented. "They're always sayin', 'Nicholas, Nicholas, whey's

Brer Nicholas? no matter what the chune they play." "Why, Missy, what a funny child you are!" said Lottie, with a giggle; but presently Bess declared that the fiddles did say just what Missy thought; and if the truth were confessed, they said very nearly the same thing to the colonel and Miss Elvira; the name that no guest

dared mention rang in their ears, no

matter what tune the fiddles played. CHAPTER XVL



The colonel lifted his hat.

A few days after these wedding festiv ities Miss Elvira sent old Gilbert to carry various things; of the improvements she a basket of cake to some friends four or vey a load of birch brooms and shuck mats, for which he hoped to find a mar-

As he turned the corner of the brier he had hoped to make his daughter ready field, where the innumerable denuded to marry one whom he had not chosen, stalks of many growths were making a mournful rustling in the evening wind. he was surprised to see a woman trudg-But when Flora came, two days later, ing along in the narrow, sandy road that say that she had promised to marry skirted the wood. She was going in the same direction as himself, and her back was towards him, but there was some thing in her tall, gaunt figure, clad in russet brown, and wrapped in a scanty ferent marriage for you, Flora, as you shawl of red and green plaid, something know," he could not resist saying, nor in the determined manner of her gait, could be say it without a sigh; but he did that had a strangely familiar look to old Gilbert's eyes. He urged the black ox to an unwilling trot, and presently over given to his disappointed hopes, and took this solitary wayfarer, who turned her head as she stepped aside, and old Gilbert recognized Roxanna White. "Why, tubbe sho!" he muttered

himself. "Whoa, Brandy!" Gilbert had long ago decided that this woman was no common "po' bukra." desire to claim Aleck Gage for a son. She commanded his involuntary respect He broke away from her abruptly and by the subtle magnetism of character, stood looking out of the window some and moreover she had the advantage, in his eyes, of belonging, in a way, himself. He was still pale when he re- Mawse Nick; wherefore he felt that it turned; but he spoke with a courtly dig- behooved him to do his best manners "Why, howdye, mistis?" he said, with

"I claim the privilege of giving the a broad grin, as he snatched off his hat. "Huh you do?" "I'm middlin' well, thankee," said Mis White, who was not above displaying she proper manners herself when occasion served. "You're Colonel Thorne's man, Gilbert, onleast I'm mighty mistaken."

Old Gilbert grinned with gratified vani-"Tubbe sho!" he answered, slipping with alacrity from his seat on the oxcart. "Ef you mought lak a lift, mistis, en' wouldn' mind ridin' in de yoxcyart, I kin walk."

in walk."
"I'm obleeged ter yer," said Miss White, promptly. "Don't keer if I do hyst myself for a bit o' the way. I ain't never one o' the kind to spite occasion," The cart was low and Roxanna was active, so the "hysting" was not difficult of accomplishment. She sat flat down in the bottom of the cart, and immediate-Clothier and Furnisher.

[TO BE CONTINUED.

-Jim Webster, you are accused by Sam Johnsing of having shot him intentionally with fine shot while you were out hunt-

white old Gilbert trudged

Webster-No sich ding, boss. He shot his-seff ackerdentally, and now he lays it on me. "But it's not likely that he would shoot himself in the back."

'Oh, you don't know dat nigger. Dar's rassment, while she was the colonel's no rascality what he sin't capable ob doin'.

A King Who Avoids the Truth.

A talk with King Milan is rich mental pabulum for the traveler who is aweary and athirst in the dreary conversational is a delightful causerie set going by conserves after the Servian fashion, and concluded with Turkish coffee and cigarettes, and a more than Persian etiquette prevails throughout. On crossing over into these countries one is immediately forced to the conclusion that Oscar Wilde's lament "over the decay in the art of lying" is at least premature; and in conversation with the exking you, if you never have before, are immediately caught, and participate in the eccentric poet's admiration and enthusiasm for the abie and unblushing story teller who never gives way to philosophic doubt, and who is aware that the criterion of truth is fluctuating.

King Milan falls quite naturally into bombastic blank verse, and when warming to his work even soars to rhythmic rhyme. Your Servian cannot help this. It is inherent in his language and innate in his blood. The minister of finance, whose name I would not venture to spell, made his budget report to the Skoupstchina three years ago in well arranged quatrains. But the budget did not balance as well as the quatrains, and while his report was received as a markable production in literary circles. in the world of finance it excited distrust and suspicion, and Servian bonds would have taken a tumble had they not been already deeply embedded in the bottom rock of Bourse quotations.-Stephen Bonsal in Harper's Weekly.

Bill Posting in Large Cities. Bill posting for places of amusement in this city has become quite a large business. A theatrical manager who has spent a good many thousands of dollars in this form of advertising says about it: "No theater in this city spends less than \$100 per week in this way. Some of them go much higher. Many people get all of their amusement news from the billboards. Barnum had great faith in this kind of display. For years it cost him \$600 per week for every season in this city Reckon it up, and it can easily be figured that more money is paid to bill posters in New York than the president of the United States gets.

"The charges for posting are from three to five cents per sheet per week. When the weather keeps clear sheets last two or three weeks. In rainy weather they need frequent renewal The poster pays rent for space, so that the advertiser's expense is simply for posting and keeping posters in good condition. After paying all expenses some posters net a better income out of the business than the average good professional man or merchant can make,"-New York Times.

A Mad Sculptor's Wonderful Work. When the young sculptor, John B. Leoni, during a fit of temporary insanity, was held in waiting at the Burlington (N. J.) jail, pending the results of inquiries as to his identity, he obtained possession of a common bar of washing soap and proceeded to astonish the jailers. With the nail of his index finger he began to dexterously carve the soap into the shape of the "human form divine," and within an incredible short time, considering the magnitude of the undertaking and the unbalanced condition of his mind, had produced a wonderful model of an Alpine hunter.

The figure, which is now carefully treasured, is said to be equal to anythi ever executed by either Marcon or Vidonquet. It represents a man with his right arm outstretched, the fingers of the hand encircling the neck of a duck, which is as carefully reproduced and as true to nature as the figure of the hunter. The left hand hangs by the hunter's side, holding a shotgun, while at his feet lies the figure of a dog wistfully gazing at the game his master holds aloft. Taken all in all it is a most remarkable work of art. -St. Louis Republic.

A Poet's Advice.

A Dervish, lazy and hungry, met a Suff poet, and he begged of him alms, but the son of songs and the father of sayings said, "I have only the wisdom of God, the advice of the dead and the songs of men."

Will a song fill my paunch?" cried the other. To whom made answer the poet: "Sing a song of sixpence, and that will fill your pocket with rye, and scatter the rye, and that will fetch silly blackbirds to make for you a pie-and any girl will cook it."

"Thanks," said the man, -Century.

Two Babies.

Mrs. Newma-Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cunningest little nose, and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it just dropped from heaven, and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels.

Mr. Newma-Is it as nice as our baby? Mrs. Newma-Mercy! no, not half .-New York Weekly.

Turpentine for Corns.

For soft corns, dip a piece of linear loth in turpentine, and wrap it around the toe on which the corn is situated every night and morning. It will prove an immediate relief to the pain or soreness and the corn will disappear after a few days. -Good Housekeeping.

Ethel-Ive been engaged six times, and now I'm going to marry Charlie Simpson How many times have you been engaged?

Charlie Simpson.-New York Epoch.

The Mean Thing.

Reason for It. Teacher-Willie, I have observed with great pain that for several mornings past you have been tardy. Little Boston Willie (proudly)-Yes. sir. I tie my own neckties now .-

In Guatemala Coffee Districts. Regulations have been established in the coffee districts in Guatemala by which farm era are required to build furnaces on their lands, and whenever a signal is given to in fires of tar, patch or other substance likely to make a great smoke and keep away the frost.

—New York Sun.

The man who ruleth his wife's spirit is s great deal sources than he who taketh a city.

Boston Journal of Education.

are sold in Chicago than in any other Amers can city.

FIELD FOR FEMALE TALENT.

carried out through the efforts of one

exhibitors. These works are employed as models, from which are drawn art in-

spirations, that eventually find their way

into the carpets, china, calico and the

well as domestic economy.

It is to the city of Philadelphia and the

citizens in the eastern states and in Phil-

adelphia, that this important art move-

ment has been made in this country.

The best features of the South Kensing-

ton Art school have been localized, and

Among the subjects taught are de-

both England and Holland.

there.

accomplishment of her plans.

BABY LOUISE School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia. Plany Louise to it really your About the time of the closing of the Yet they do not Centennial exposition in 1876, a committee was formed and provided with \$30,000 in cash, for the purpose of securing from foreign exhibitors specimens of their best handicraft in industrial art

subjects, to be used as a nucleus for an educational museum in this city, the same to eventually comprise a depart-You had been named in a w ment of a school of industrial art. This was one of the practical methods adopted That a girl or mo to render the Centennial exposition of Who didn't know che permanent benefit. It was successfully

Though you plunged in

woman-Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, who is a grand niece of Benjamin Franklin. She Of Rettledru worked in season and out toward the A titled ioon, who is bent and out Yet matters are equal between puris.
For I'm sure that my lord will be see The result of her labors is the magnificent collection of art works that now fill the Memorial hall in Fairmount park, part of which were purchased and the balance donated by foreign and native

A Richly Merital hely The literary wife of a week went to hear Riley one aight the went to hear Riley one aight the went to hear the author's readings were too the purse, and she gladly availed benefit duced rate to hear the star of the tion. She was much in earnest that her seat lay among a ke of clatter, she could not follow the te those for whom the words wer i

which there have been a progress within Bagging at the Knes the past five years that is simply marvel-A great many inquiries are make ous; oilcloths, calicoes and all sorts of to prevent pantaloons from barre textile fabrics, two-thirds of all the ees. There is only one answers "genuine Smyrnas," are made in Philacan't be done. Your trouvers will be you can't belp it. The bagging on delphia. In clay modeling for the decoened by frequent pressings and his care of them, but as long as men in rative art trade instruction is given. A particularly important branch is the china decoration. The advancement made knees in walking their pasts will be skin would also, if it didn't set is in pottery manufacture has brought into great many men pull their paname demand hand painters of all descriptions, this is very foolish. The smaller as as well as designers who can make the patterns that are printed upon our more trousers is that around the calved is common stone china by machinery. and, of course, in pulling them was China decoration has kept pace with china manufacture, and now American goods successfully compete with those of sponge the cloth so it would not be The purpose of the school is to furnish such instruction in drawing, painting. modeling, carving and designing as is re-

quired by designers, superintendents and workmen in the various decorative arts, and to serve as a training school for teachers of these branches. In the pursuance of such instruction the pupil is taken through each successive branch of practical art to which he or she is adapted. No knowledge of drawing is flashiest, loudest and broadest date required in beginning, and all studies are dress that man can conceive or land directly from objects and from nature. As the pupils advance they are taught | American citizen that the draw had o make their own designs, the character of the designs being confined as closely as possible to work that could be applied to practical use. Even if the life classes, where copies are made from the seminude, the models are posed in attitudes

that could be applied to architectural designs. In fact, in no department is the industrial feature lost sight of, and from the first attempt in geometrical drawing to the highest perfection in copies from life this object is kept steadily in view. An important feature of the instruction is that of compelling the pupil, after having made the designs, either in textile in a purely art department, to work them out in real articles. Looms exactly like those used in New England and

carpet from his or her own pattern. In an institution owing its existence almost wholly to the indomitable pluck and push of one woman, there are naturally a large proportion of women students, but they are by no means the majority of those benefited. Ambitious artisans in the hundreds of industrial mills of the city find here immense advantages for self improvement. Women find the same, and they are availing themselves of the privilege, both here and in the older institution for industrial and art advancement-the School of Design for Women. The latter was a pioneer in this country in the task of providing congenial and

profitable employment for women. Within a few months art schools in three large western cities have sent representatives to this city to ask after the feasibility of industrial plans. It is recognized that women must be provided with the means of earning a living, and the vast field of industrial art furnishes a broad and hitherto uncultivated and unoccupied one. The number of women now filling remunerative positions in the mills as designers attest the claim of industrial art education to notice. - Eugene M. Camp in San Francisco Chronicle.

Better Than Hotbed Processe "Better know one thing well than many indifferently," was the rule by which the children of the last generation were trained, while a good education was thought to be a growth of years and careful, patient study, and not to be forced by the hothed process now too much in vogue. It was thought, too, that no education could be complete unless there was first a solid foundation on which to build, the bottom layer of said foundation being a thorough knowledge of reading, writing and spelling, geography, arithmetic, history and grammar, These are homely accomplishments, but far more necessary to one's success in life as a scholar than a mere smattering of the higher branches and an ambitious attempt at an essay, which may have in it fine figures of speech borrowed from some text book, and classical allusions taken from the encyclopædia, but is still lamentably at fault so far as writing and spelling and grammar are concerned.— Mary J. Holmes. Mande (demurely)-Only twice-to

> When you have the fill luck to tear the last pair of gloves you have suited to the occasion, just as the occasion is at hand, you can repair the damage by placing a bit of court paster under the rent on the inside of the glove. A small snag or tear in cost or trousers can be mended in like manner, and it will show less than if repaired by the tailor.

Having saved about a teacupful of broken pieces of toilet soap, put them into a tin cup, with just enough hot water to cover, place on the back of the range, and when oughly melted pour into a china cup or small id; when cold turn out. Allow this to harden a few days before using. It is best to do castile soap separately.

When the under flannels become so worn that you cast them aside cut them off at the waist and make into underskirts for the small children by gathering or plating the cut end into a binding. These make nice warm inside skirts, and are so very ensily made that no child ought to be

thousand and one other things of art, as women to whom the going was They did not care for Riley my in state of Pennsylvania, supplemented by the generosity of a few public spirited and they talked small talk all the a The senator's wife was distracted she sent several severe glases letter out avail. Finally she could at a outrage no longer, and, rising the tone loud enough to be beard by an the methods of the French, German and Belgian designers have been freely util-"For God's sake, women, stop you's or adjourn to the lobby with it may ized. The progress made by the latter country is something wonderful, many people hear what they paid there of the best suggestions coming from not your nonsense." There was que neighborhood through the remainer programme.—Washington Letter signs for carpets, rugs, wall papers, in

> on the cloth. There might be some much, but so far no tailor has some bardly lessening the cause of the sal The tailor who does make the days, at the same time make a forum.—In

It seems to the ordinary observe to soon as a person adopts the stareman himself or herself on the outside It looks to the common, everying save the adopters from carrying apar an actor," in all the glory of yellow w green letters. The men get into them cut garments they can find, and the are always looking for some but waistpiece or gewgaw that will and geze of the gaping multitude. Fire to may make fine birds, but loud dress street does not proclaim the war

fession. - Clipper. The Prairie Lark's Love Song As the full springtime comes on the ber of these short chants is graily according to their prolongations and strains to the most casual observer that in fires are kindling and that each man Pennsylvania manufactories are provided striving to the utmost of his poses and the pupil makes a rug or a piece of pass all rivals and win the lady lets choice. On one occasion, as I by all near a fence, three larks came size over the plain, they alighted with a yards of me, and two of them best song, sometimes singing together mit times alternately, but the third and When at last they flew up I notice to silent one and one of the sagen is gether. I had been witness to a tournament, and the victor had in bride.—American Magazina

actor of genius or a shining light in the

The Rattle of Waterles. A foolish woman in society occursis Duke of Wellington to give her as of the battle of Waterloo. "Oh," miss "it is very easily done. We punneds
they pummeled us, and I suppose as
meled the hardest, so we gained us
Mitford said that Creevy went to inafter his return to Brusses from was congratulate him. The dute reset gratulation and said, "It was a to business, 30,000 men destroyed, as it near thing." When the duke we set Phillips the latter asked him, "Wastingrace surprised at Waterioo" "Set now," he answered.—Raikes

A Sudden Attack He dropped on his knees at bris began the speech be had been to it "Darling love I hate you I -me ling, bate, I love you, no-no-l mai.

Here his face assumed a lirid land gan to the itself in hard knots.

"What is it-paralysis?" she said "No, love," he whispered hours!"

"No, love," he whispered hours!

"No love," he whispered hours! An Old Political Lies. When Felix Pyat re-entered the parliament, "Well, old tion," and the deputy to him, "I suppose you will see you roar again," "No, my friest, the elect of Marsoilles, "at my ap lionger roar—they groun." This state time to bus been a deputy, and is him.

time be has been a deputy, and is by will be the last. - Foreign Letter. Not Very Far. In an old Scottish towns was su stealing a cost from a slop. The july ing to the witness, asked what he oner) said when he was charged. He said it was a joke. Judg note How far did you carry the joke! no' richt shure," was the responsational it wis about twenty parks.

Scotsman. It Should Be Stopped Husband (a member of the Spr Flub)—I see they have arrested some the east for shooting birds on the sis Wife Serves them right. Bet shoot them on the head or on the let men have no idea how ugly a peal looks on a hat.—Pittsburg Balletin

Important to Men of Fahin A gentleman who several years both logs informs us that his tree bag at the knees. We print the in-for the benefit of such of our reads hitherto been unable to discourant for this annoying propensity of passing Boston Transcript.

A Bit of History.

Abdailah was the father of Malors as no beautiful that two young hose paries to his town committed day of his marriage, and the clergyman kissed hi New York Sun.