Decline of the Old Fashioned Virtue Reasons for the Change.

There is something more than the talk of the traditional grumbler in the charge that the old fashioned virtue of hospitality is on the decline. Where in the days of our fathers or grandfathers it was not unusual for people to have their houses literally flowing with guests, it is now hard to find anybody who ever thinks of entertaining more than one or at the most two at a time, and it has become the exception rather than the rule that it used to be for anybody outside of a country house in summer to have guests at all. The succession of country cousins who were once almost as regular visitors to all well regulated city dwellings as the tax collector and the gas man, are seen no more forever, and the modern housewife would as soon think of opening a boarding house at once as of having her home so overrun as it was in the days of her

The reasons for this change are numerous. In the first place, the in-creased facilities for traveling of modern times has made it so easy for visit-ors to come to town that if the doors swung as hospitably open as of old it is feared that the rightful owners of any given domicile would be in serious danger of being crowded out of their own premises. There is, moreover, the increased expense of living and the complex requirements of modern society, which renders it impossible to keep up the old fashioned customs, with imminent danger of finding any ordinary income and any ordinary strength hopelessly overtaxed. Modern housekeeping, it is to be added, is so much more elaborate than that which obtained in the olden days that it cannot allow the interruptions and upsettings which formerly made no great difference. The housekeeper of today is at the head of too intricate a machine to see with any patience the arrival of guests which throw out of gear the whole mechanism. We are more selfish than of old, and we are forced to be if we hope to keep up at all to the requirements of society. We are asked to be able to do so much that the country cousins, the poor rela-tives, the strangers of all sorts, must be attended to in some other way than that of having the house doors opened

The sense of individuality which has been developed so greatly within the last century has undoubtedly much to do with the present state of things. It is recognized that a man's house must be his castle mentally as as well as physically if he is to pre-serve his individuality from the immay be a sublimated form of selfish-ness, but it is one of the things which the age demands, and to what the age demands it is pretty hard not to accede. Nor is the result wholly without its good side. People are certainly more interesting who do defend their individuality, and develop their personal ity, and in the stress of our over neryous time and climate it would be impossible to meet quirements which stand ready to meet men and women the moment they step over their own threshold, did they not make that threshold a bar to the claims of the outside world as far as

The danger perhaps lies in the direction of the home life's becoming stagnant, and the sanctuary's becoming a mere resting place. tality a fine broadening of the character which is to be come at in-no other way so surely. The chance of entertaining angels manwares is so much diminished by modern fashions that there is room for fearing that we shall all too soon forget how it might seem to entertain the heavenly visitants at all. Of course each in this as in other matters traw the line for himself, but out of regard for himself and for his own character it will be well if he draw it a great deal nearer the old fashioned idea than is generally done in these days. -- Boston

That Crotchety Meters

A gas meter is to my notion a thing of consent. I would like to have some one convince me that it in any way indicates the amount of gas burned as a bushel or a pound represents something that we can prove up. The gas meter will register air blown into it as well as gas that passes through it. Would it not be a more rational to assess gas bills as the water depart ment does on the basis of the num-ber of rooms in a house! Any one who will make the experiment will find that if every burner in the house is lit and turned full head on every night for a month that the bill for that meter, if not burned, will leak away anyhow. That is the explanation of Some safeguard turn off the gas behind the meter dur-ing the day.—Interview in St. Louis

Mr. Grady's Home Life.

At home Mr. Grady was full of fun and frolic. One of the funnest scenes l ever witnessed was during a dinner at Mr. Grady's house, When we at Mr. Grady's house, When we seated ourselves at the table Mrs. Grady gave a warning look at her husband, who had commenced to carve the chickens, as she said: "Henry, I am going to say grace." With a resigned air Mr. Grady sat, his head a little inclined to the right, his lips pursed up. Mrs. Grady, who grace, while Mr. Grady kept up an undercurrent of soft toned, sotto voce parentheses: "Now, dear, the chick-ens are getting cold." "Now, dear, don't make it longer because you've got company." "Now, dear, these people can't be thankful; they look ready to eat me." And yet Henry Grady was a sincerely religious man. He simply could not superess his bubbling spirits. That's all.—Philadelphia News.

The answer of the San Diego Union to The answer of the San Diego Union to the complaint of John R. Berry, Collector of Customs at San Diego, in the libel soit for \$75,000 damages brought against that paper has been filed in court, and some of the allegations have created a sensation in that they charge the Collector of Customs at San Diego, in the libel with a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and Missy ran back across the yard to conduct the visitor to the office. When he entered she sat hermonestion in that they charge the Collector of Customs at San Diego, in the libel soit in collector of Customs at San Diego, in the libel soit in collector of Customs at San Diego, in the libel soit in a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and Missy ran back across the yard to conduct the visitor to the office. When he control the soit is a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and Missy ran back across the yard to conduct the visitor to the office. When he collected a soil of the said is a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and Missy ran back across the yard to conduct the visitor to the office. When he collected a soil of the said is a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and Missy ran back across the yard to conduct the visitor to the office. When he collected a soil of the said is a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and Missy ran back across the yard to conduct the visitor to the collected and the said is a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and the collected across the collected acr sensation in that they charge upe con- "Mornia", colonel," said Furnival,

By ILIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THOMPE.")

Copyrighted. All rights reserved. Published by special arrangement with the Beiford Compary. New York.1 About this time the colonel, on going into the office, one morning, was sur-

na," Etc.

rised to find on his table an uncouth package wrapped in a piece of cloth, and tred with a length of twine multitudilaxed in a pathetic smile. This was the price of the old white mule, but how it ame there, upon his table, was a problem he made no attempt to solve. Carefully he tied up the mosey again, and locked it away in a drawer of his big maliogany secretary, against a day of reckoning, a day more distant than he dreamed:

> CHAPTER XVIII. A NEIGHBORLY OFFER.



"Let him go!" he thundered to Furnival. open, for the weather was mild.

"What do you want, Winifred?" he a record. asked, not unkindly; but his voice had

"Mr. Dan Furnival is out yonder," said Missy, eying her father from under ole sake's sake, an' bein' neighbors an' her lowering brows with a suspicious all, an' nuver no gredge betwixt us, ef curiosity. "He wants to see you."

omfortable terms with these humble from here ter Jericho." neighbors. They were in the habit of Missy, who had risen from the doorportunities of the unsympathetic, the been no communication between Thorne don't have runaways!" she cried. "And mitted: she was looking forward to that vexing, the vulgar and the idle. It Hill and Dan Furnival's family, and at I ain't goin' to let nobody track my old good time coming, when the inexorable Christmas the colonel had overlooked Daddy Gilbert! He shall go if he wants

no quarter of beef, no barrel of sugar. up, Winifred," he said, with an un-no pudding with raisins, and no fat wonted gentleness; it touched him to a stage on which she personated her faturkey, the only consolation he had was find that his little daughter felt as he vorite heroes and heroines, with Lottie find in the fulfillment of individual ance. prophecy.

the colonel ain't nuver goin' ter claim us, together. nohow? Drat my brother Job an' his daughter, I say! Me'n the colonel have gasped Furnival. been livin' neighbors, no tellin' how long. an' we ain't had no diffunce ontel now, sir," said the colonel, and turned his There is, all long of Job livin' in town, an' mekin' back and looked out of the window, but Dosia what they call edicated. Sont her saw nothing for the mist in his eyes. He plum off ter Macon, Georgey, one whole knew old Gilbert must have followed year, what has holped, I s'pose, ter git Nicholas. her married ter Nick Thorne, an' us-en

ousted outen Christmas fixins. The Lawd-he knows what I ain't had nothin' ter do with hit," Mrs. Samantha declared, "An' the Lawd-he knows what I ain't hankerin' ter claim kin with the colonel."

"An' I ain't Job, an' I ain't Dosia," pursued Daniel; "an' I ain't goin' ter tote they consekinses.'

"I don't see the jestice of blamin' hit onto us," said his wife, who felt herself cruelly defrauded. "Hit warn't no ways I'm cussed of he ain't sot that ole nigger ow fault what Roxy White come here an' mule free with a wave of his han'.' an' tuk her fling at the colonel; she ain't none o' ow kin.

"Drat Roxy Whitef" said Dan Furnival, with fervor.

"Hit doan do no good, ez I kin see, ter drat Roxy," drawled Mrs. Furnival. savigerous wasp of a gal o' hish has got "You sight better hunt some way ter set her finger in both his eyes, an' she gees yo'se'f up in the colonel's favyior.'

"You talk lak the fool ye air," retorted Daniel. "Whar'll I fin' the means, the colonel, you better b'lieve," said Sawith sicher rip snortin' ble tukeycock ez mantha. Col. Thorne?

But Daniel felt himself favored of fortune when the rumor reached him that Col. Thorne's old man Gilbert had disappeared with one of the colonel's mules month will be no larger than usual. "Ef I kin he'p him recover his property." The gas that is forced through the Daniel argued, in confidence with his wife-though he called her a fool-"stands ter reason he'll be under obligagas bills rendered for months when a tion ter the man what kin do that; an' ouse is closed up and no gas burned. then he'll be boun'ter see what thar ain't against waste is to no ground fur gredge beginst me, long

> So Dan Furnival began to make inquiries in all directions, but without success; the only information he received that threw any glimmer of light on old me. Gilbert's flight was furnished by his son with to carry it to the colonel.

Unlike Roxanna White, Daniel preback entrance, and at the stable he demanded of Dublin to see the colonel. There was not a negro on the place

who the colonel's presence; but Dublin did derne

to Tom Quash, who appealed to his grandmother, Glory-Ann, who found in Missy a ready ambassador; for Missy, necting this visit with her brother Nicholas, felt a burning desire to know what Dan Furnival could have to say to her father.

The colonel flushed darkly when he heard Missy's announcement; like her. he thought this visit might refer to his son, but he did not refuse to receive Fur-

with a would be easy air. "How's yer

The colonel returned his salutation with involuntary stiffness, and, as a matter of course, asked after Furnival's family, "They're middlin', I'm 'bleedged ter

ye," Furnival replied, in a tone that re-Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joan flected the memory of a stinted Christ-mas. "I hearn tell, about a week past, colonel, what ole man Gilbert is missin', along o' one o' yo' mules. Pledgee my word, I nuver was mo' tuk a-back in my life; an' I ain't credited hit none, ontel las' night my son Jesse up an' tole me what was knowin' ter him; an' I thought hit mought throw a sorter light on the nigger's disappearance, an' I come straight nously knotted. When this was opened, there lay revealed a quantity of coin to the amount of sixty dollars! The colonel's neighbors, "Daniel proceeded, waxing stern features, as he counted it over, regrowing interest; "an' I ain't minded ter let no recent happenins interfere betwixt us. Me an' Samantha ain't takin' Job's

But an impatient gesture from the colonel warned him that he was venturing on dangerous ground, and he checked

"Hit's ole man Gilbert what I come ter report on," he said, after clearing his throat loudly. "As I was a-sayin', colonel. I warn't nuver mo' s'prised in my life; fur ole Gilbert was ez nigh free ez you or me, an' fur him ter up an' run away! What kin you look fur, nex? sez I. Howsomever, my boy Jesse, he done tole me what he has come on ole Gilbert's tracks time an' agin, in the woods, an' Jesse diskivered, a day or so ago, what the ole coon had a hole in the groun', all kivered with bresh heap, an' a ole pot was buried thar, what must a' hilt a power o' money. So, puttin' of this an' that together, I do bullieve, colonel, what that ole nigger must of planned ter get away ter furrin' parts, say Alabamy or Georgy, somewha, an' so on bevon' Mason an' Dixon's Line, fur aught we kin tell. But he can't a-gotten fur ez yit, not so fur but he mought be tracked."

Furnival was so full of the service he meant to render that he misconstrued the colonel's rising color and burning glance. He knew, indeed, that neither the colonel nor the colonel's father be-As the colonel put his key in his pocket fore him had ever had a runaway slave, ceived visits, and went to dinings, and he looked up and saw Missy furtively and he supposed that indignation was peeping in at the door, which stood wide the stronger against old Gilbert because open, for the weather was mild.

"Hit's a shame, colonel, ez I do de that hard, cold tone which reminds chil- clar, a cussed shame thet sich a deceitful dren that they should be seen and not ole nigger should plot an' plan, an' steal. mo'n lakly, layin' up of money jes' ter rob his owners of property; an'so, fur you'd a mind ter commission me I'd un-Now the colonel had always lived on dertake ter track that ole hypocritter

consulting him in any emergency, and step, pale with anger at the first sughe had always been ready to bestow sub- gestion of hunting old Gilbert, now threw stantial aid in time of need, but since herself flat on the floor, interrupting not only to spend the day but to remain Nicholas' obnoxious marriage there had Furnival with a scream of rage. "We been no communication between Thorne don't have runaways!" she cried. "And

could be "so pesky cawntrairy;" but he went to Missy, sobbing on the floor, nothing better than to be "turned aloose,"

"Let him go!" he thundered to Furni-"Dawg-gone hit, Samanthy," Daniel val, with a sweep of his arm that seemed said to his wife, "ain't I been tellin' ye to emancipate old Gilbert and the mule

"Good Lawd, colonel! Property?

"I'll have none of your interference "Jest ez you're a mind," said Furnival.

sulkily. 'I wish you good day an' better jedgment."

He went home and grumbled to Samantha: "Ef Col. Thorne doan beat me plum' outen all onerstandin', you kin shoot me. You may live neighbors with him year in an' year out, an' think you know every crack an' cranny of him, an' thar'll come a day you'll but yo' head beginst a corner of his darned, crank sided natur, ez would 'stonish Zebedee, "Well, he's got plenty mo'," said Sa-

mantha, dolefully. "Whyn't be give some on 'em ter Nick. ye that red headed, freckle faced little twins.

an' haws him, you better b'lieve." "Thar ain't nobody don't gee an' haw

> CHAPTER XIX. MASQUERADING.

When Furnival had left the office Missy crept to her father's side. He was still staring out of the window, and the first intimation of her approach was the touch of her fingers upon his hand. Unhappily, Col. Thorne was not demonstrative of affection, especially toward children, and just now, while he was struggling for the mastery of his feelings, he wished to be alone, and he shrank from her touch saying, coldly:

"Go play, Winifred; you interrupt

Yet, even as he spoke, he was conscious Jesse; but this seemed to Daniel of so of a craving for the sympathy expressed vital importance that he hastened forth- in the clasp of those small fingers, and instantly he put out the hand he had so brusquely withdrawn, put it out in ferred to approach Thorne Hill by the dumb entreaty for the caress he had repulsed. But it is the fate of reticent natures to be misunderstood. His inveterate shyness had led him to slight who would willingly name a Furnival in his opportunity, and Missy's nascent teness, once rebuffed, was not easily to was a devout Methodist, began to say not refuse the errand, he simply trans- be won anew. She saw in her father ferred it to Griffin Jim, who passed it on outstretched hand only a signal for her to retire, and her indignant spirit nttered its protest as she turned and left

> I don't see as you're so mighty busy; just lookin' out of the window." And across the yard went she, muttering to herself: "I ain't goin' to try no mo' love father, and one of these days I mean to find Brer Nicholas and stay with him always. Brer Nicholas is glad when I hold his hand."

Angry and sore, Missy sat her down upon the knife block under the magnolia tree, glowing green in the wintry sunne, and wept for the brother who was ssed with the genial gift of expression. Col. Thorne sighed, and locked the door, and thus secured against unwarned. intrusion, he sat before the fire with his

head in his hands, and gave himself up to vain regrets. His little world seemed slipping from his grasp. In the sum of his joys and sorrows, his submissive, inane sister had never counted for much; his son by that hateful marriage was lost to him; he would remember Nicholas no more, and now that Flora was the wife of Alex Gage she could never again be the same Flora: there remained only Missy, and her he had driven away! The colonel's desire to have her with him at that moment was just not strong enough to make him willing to risk a refusal by calling her back, so he consoled himself by making plans for her future. His little daughter's education was a problem that had vexed his soul not infrequently of late, and knowing well Miss Elvira's incompetency he resolved to turn tutor himself.

And now began an era miserable alike for Missy and for her father. It lasted five months. At the end of that time the colonel abdicated in favor of vacation, thoroughly convinced that for a little girl 12 years old a vigilant governess was an imperative necessity, to be sought for diligently and secured at any cost. Meantime Missy and the colonel enjoyed a rest.

June had come again, but Nicholas had not been heard from, nor had old Gilbert returned. The two names were instinctively avoided in the colonel's presence, but otherwise life at Thorne Hill had resumed its accustomed course. Company came and went; Miss Elvira bought new finery and gave parties, paid and rethrough it all read her daily allotment of Bishop Ken. Every Sunday, if the weather was fine, she drove to church with Missy. At long intervals she went to see Mrs. Herry, for the colonel had withdrawn his prohibition when Flora was married; but the intercourse was not cordial as of old, and, except for Missy's importunities, Miss Elvira had made her visits not only few and far between, but of short duration as well.

Missy held the opinion that she could not visit her cousins too often, and on a certain day near the end of June-it was the anniversary of Nicholas' departure, though Missy made no allusion to thisshe insisted upon going to Mrs. Herry's, the night. Miss Elvira sighed and submitted: she was looking forward to that governess should be discovered.

Dan Furnival had been predicting this without half believing that the colonel faded; a softer light came into his eyes: a welcome guest, and she herself desired when the Christmas tide brought with it and put his hand on her head. "Get as Glory-Ann phrased it, in the lumber that which human nature is prone to did in regard to old Gilbert's disappear- and Bess Herry and their little twin factory.

but these had lost their novelty, and on rhododendron in that country in full this particular day Missy was inbilant flower. over the discovery of a faded and shrunken nankeen suit that had been Paul Herry's-the eldest grandson-in years found within the limits of the frigid long past, and had since been lying forgotten in an unexplored closet.

Amid much tittering and expostulation from Lottle and Bess, Missy attired herself in this suit, and as if suddenly endowed with the fire of genius proceeded to improvise a drama based on the adventures of a lost boy.

It was already late in the afternoon Lottie, when she saw the light beginning to fade, reminded the protagonist that order to be dressed for tea.

"Yes; 'cause Brer Paul is comin' home ef niggers an' mules is so plenty? I tell comin' in the stage," piped one of the wegian barley may, in favorable seasons,

Missy had heard this news before, but at this moment it seemed to have gained

a painful significance for her. "Do you s'pose I want to see him?"

"And my Brer Nicholas far Down she sprang from the little stage, thus bringing her performance to an

abrupt conclusion. But Missy's drama was not yet over:

before the children could divine what she would do, she had seized a pair of shears, and with two or three swift strokes, had severed her tangled, red brown locks from her head. The riotous curis fell around her on the floor, and she threw down the shears and ran-ran as if for life, down the back stairs and after, half afraid, and wondering what was to be the end of this escapade.

But Missy outran them. They lost sight of her beyond the row of quince bushes, near the fence, and thereupon abandoned the pursuit. The dog, that had been close upon her heels, turned back, when he saw Lottie and Bess and the twins no longer following; he thought the game at an end, and he was not unwilling to rest and pant in the broad walk, while his playmates sat upon the bench under the bean arbor, and waited

They waited there until the crescent moon brightened in the west, as the stars came out, and the shadows gathered over the garden; but Missy did not return, and when the tea bell rang, the children went back to the house in fear and per-

"Where is Winifred?" Mrs. Herry sked, as they filed into the dining room. Miss Elvira, being at that moment ab sorbed in the perusal of the last few lines of the day's appointed portion of Bishop Ken, had not observed her niece's

cace.
'She's waitin' for her hair to grow, I recken," said little Joe, with an hysteri-cal giggle, in which his brother and sisters joined.

Oh, very well," said Mrs. Herry, who did not understand this joke; "we will not wait for a laggard little girl."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLOWERS OF THE SNOW.

What Schwatka Found Blooming in the Arctic Regions.

An English botanist estimates that the tropics have from 40,000 to 50,000 species plants, the north temperature zone about 20,000 species, and the Arctic gives about or less than 1,000, with some 2,000 among the Alpine flora, or about 3,000 species enjoying (2) an Arctic climate. Small as this cold weather class is, it amounts to more than most people give it credit for having, the popular opinion being that the polar regions and snow clad mountain tops are practically devoid of vegetation. It is singular, too, that while there are 762 kinds of flowers in the Arctic regions, within the Antarctic circle a flowering plant has never yet been found. Everything is against plant life at that end of the earth's axletree. The weather is more severe throughout the year, and there are few tracts of of great extent on which plant life can flourish; and we have already seen that it is well inland on large land areas where such life flourishes the best in the Arctic, where it can absorb some of the little heat that is coming down, without being chilled to death by contiguous ice But of these 762 kinds of flowering

lants in the Arctic, only some 50 of them, as far as we know, or about onefifteenth, are wholly residents of that zone. Thus it is seen that a nival or Alpine flora, as compared with that of the Arctic, is a much more distinctive one, or has more species wholly its own in proportion to the total number found. The polar flowers seldom have any perfume, and the few that exhibit this de lightful quality, however feeble, are, I think, from that class that have crept over the cold border marked by the Arctic Circle; or, in short, none of the fifty mentioned - Esquimau flowers, we might call them, in a popular way-have any appreciable odor.

The color of these boreal blossoms are generally of the cold tints, as if in harmony with the chilly surroundings, instead of the warm hues that would break in upon the desolation with double effect by sheer contrast where so few cheering sights are to be seen. White and light yellow predominate, and these colors seem associated with frosts and cold weather, for it appears that those flowers we call "everlastings," and which are the longest to defy the nippings of the coming winter weather, are mostly tinted like the northern snows and yellow northern lights. It is in the depths of Old Ocean that we find some of the largest expressions of plant life in the polar zone. Here, within a short-distance of shore, are colossal kelps and other life that grow throughout the year; of course, vegetating the most in the short summer months.

Land plants, as already said, are pigmies compared with those of the sea, or even the corresponding class in the lower latitudes, and this dwarfed condition, a naturalist tells us, is not due so much to the intense cold in the Arctic winter as to the fact they do not get enough warmth in summer to develop them per-fectly. Dr. Joseph Hooper mentions it as a rare property of one of the gramineæ (the grasses), Trisetum Subspicatum, that it is the only polar species known which To Lottie and Bess, Mrs. Herry's two is equally an inhabitant of the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

Nearly all of the plants of these cold countries are of the biennial or perennial sorts, as the season is too short to give annuals the whole length of time they demand for the maturing of their fruit to insure the next season's growth. These perennials act like our hardy spring flora, the snow is all off the ground and with times as coadjutors. As audience they the very first cessation of the vernal cold. could not be more appreciative than Am- I have seen flowers in bloom so close to ity, who often fled in terror from Missy's the snow on King William's land that realistic impersonations, but as coadju- think the foot could be put down and tors they were unquestionably more satis- leave an impression on the edge of the snow and crush the flower at the same The children had manufactured a stor; while Middendorf, a Siberian theatrical wardrobe and "properties," t. eler of note, says that he has seen a

It is hardly to be expected that any useful or cultivated plants should be zones, and yet both are known in this unexpected locality. There is the scurvy grass, a rough cruciferous plant that is famous for the good it has done among explorers in that rough clime in contending with the terrible disease which has given it its distinctive name. Barley is grown in good crops as high as Alten, in Norway, in latitude 70 degs, north, or about 250 miles above the Arctic circle. when this performance opened, and It is June, July and August in growing, and the rapidity of this polar growth under a never setting sun may be plainly she ought to hurry the catastrophe in shown by stating that these barley stalks have been known to grow two and a half inches in twenty-four hours. Where the this very night for his vacation; he's heat is held by little valleys this Norbe ready to cut in about two months after sowing; and thus two crops secured in one summer; just as California brags of its two crops of certain growths in one season. But what would california think of bleak Norway as a competitor in raising three crops on the same piece of ground in one year? There is a tradition in the province of Thelemarken-the place from whence comes the celebrated snowshoe men of Norway-that a certain farm known as the Triset gets the first syllable, tri (three), from the three crops ace reaped on the land in one season. tye, which is not so hardy, is cultivated Norway for 150 to 200 miles above the

Arctic circle, and even in Sweden it is c. ried up to that line. Barley was ra. ed in Iceland from 870 to 1400, and the abandoned for more profitable cattle into the garden, her cousins following rai g, but is again being cultivated to avoi famines which are sweeping that land. -Lieut, Schwatka in Woman A Play in Prison.

"Of all the experiences I ever had," emarked Annie Russell, "the most singular was when I was a child playing in a juvenile 'Pinafore' company. were to give a performance on Christmas day in Auburn penitentiary before the convicts. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me as I passed through those frowning gates. dressed behind screens on an improvised stage, and while we were so occupied we heard the wardens speaking to and arranging the prisoners. I had never beeard human beings spoken to so roughly. When I came out upon the stage and saw that sea of faces, many of the most repulsive type, and knew that nearly every crime had its representative here, I could scarcely go on. At first their laughter was terrifying. It was human. But little by little the charm of the music and the sight of the fresh young faces softened them. They quieted down, till from their behavior one could scarcely have told them from an ordinary audience. And at hist I saw many weeping and some sobbing almost convul-sively. It was a wonderful experience, and I do not regret having known it, but I do not think anything could tempt me to go through it again."-New York

ALREADY PARADISE.

Why the Arkansan Didn't Believe in Gir ing to the Heathen.

It is a difficult matter to impress upon the mind of the rural man of Arkansaw the ne cessity of paying immediate attention to the heathen. During a camp meeting in Saline county a preacher from Little Rock made an eloquent appeal in favor of the poor wretch who eats harmless missionary instead of eating hurtful bulk pork. When the preacher had concluded, an old exhorter arose and

"Brethren, I've been might'ly interested in this 'lectioneerin' for the heathen, an' I to keep up. A hair h

Then addressing the minister, who had just taken his sent, the exhorter said:

"Brother, I would like to ask you a fee questions. The boys all say that they ar waitin' to see what stand I take, so you won't object to a few questions, will your"

"Certainly not." "Thankee. Wall, now, how's politeness

the heathen's country!"
"He knows nothing of politeness."
"Ah, hah. Well, how is the question

apital and laborf" There is no capital-no labor."

"No strikes?" "Got no canderdates?"

"No candidates." "Don't have to wear no clothes, if I und stand the situationf" "They have no clothes."

"No lawyers there, I reckon?" "No lawyers" "Wall, parson, that's the country I'm loo in' fur, an' ef a emergration agent wuz come here be'd ketch every sensible man Saline county. Boys, I don't think we ke give Mr. Heathen anything. It would be

foolish as haulin' water an' pourin' it in th

river." -Arkansaw Traveler. Compulsory Philanthropy.

"You were disorderly," said the police udge as a decent looking prisoner stood ut before him, "and you resisted the officer wi

"That's right, jedge," replied the prisone cheerfully. "What's the damage?"

'Twenty-five dollars and costs," "Here's the stuff, yer honor," remarked the prisoner pleasantly, taking a roll of bills out of his boot leg. "I am a philanthropist in my way and want to help your old town, but I'm so durned stingy that I won't give up a cent unless I have to. Now," be continued after the amount had been counted out 'give me a receipt and put my name in the papers as a public benefactor. You ain't got a cigar about you, have your"-Washington



Red haired Bridget, who has been out hopping, shows her mistress a long black

Mistress-Why in the world did you buy black switch, Bridget! Bridget-Sure haven't I got enough red hair widout buying any more?-Munsey's

He Wanted to Know.

Tommy-Grandpa, do you remember Dan iel Webster! Grandpa-Oh, yes, my child; I remembe him very distinctly.

A pause.
"Grandpa, you are a good deal older than "Yes, indeed," "How much older must I grow to remen

ber George Washington "-Texas Siftings.

On His Guard. Tramp-Will you give me the time, boss! Citizen-No time to lose. Ta. tal-Time



"Did you ever call upon Dr. Banquet, pre fessionally ?"

"Yes, once. I Yes. He diagnosticated my case on the stant and wrote a prescription on a chip,

which he threw into the water where I could

get it." "What was the prescription?"

> A Central Attraction. From rosy morn till dewy eve Her evenings, though, are all hers— While countless calls she must receive She never sees her callers. An interceding angel she "Twixt creditor and debtor To her unknown, except it by By number or by letter.

I twirl the little crank around, Announcing my intention, And business secrets most profound Shout into Bell's invention. But many plans that reach her ears Would meet with full destruction If she divulged one half she hears Or learns of—by induction.

Sweet ideal pictures of her face My inmost thoughts encumber The telephone I would embrace Tis quite an aggravation; So distant is she, though they say She's not above her station.

With little treats, to chat a while, I often try to bribe her In hopes that maybe some day I'll Be more than a subscriber. A single wish to her I'd tell. I'd like to ring this Central belle The ring to be a gold one
-F. H. Curtis in New York Sun.

Fourteen Beautiful Man Haterr A number of young ladies in Frankford have formed a society, the title of which is "The Man Haters." The membership now includes fourteen of the prettiest girls in Frankford, who have been courted during the winter months, and who intend to take things into their own hands during the summer in anticipation of the annual summer slight and flock by themselves. The entire club attended church in a body on Sunday night, going home without male escorts. Many of the former favored young men met the young ladies on the street, and were painfully amazed when their polite salutations met with no response. The pretty president declared that the young men would be boycotted until they come to terms.-Philadelphia Record.

WOMAN'S WORK

How Production "It is not true," power applied to sev merely increases produ power was used the in a measure, by wor pace. With steam tude is possible. It lunch. Occasionally the utes are allowed absent from the room, but a min time brings its fine. Then cheap work give out the coats by the dozen for in The finishing of a cost an mean everything but the to

able to finish a down on say, twenty-eight hour ninety-six cents. This is a "Coat finishers," conformer, "for such goods are larger Broadway house, the to thirty five cents. Have carefully such work is done of these coats know. It was expert worker that coals than two of these costs. than two of these costs in day's labor.

A mother and daughter by working fourteen hom

day's labor.

'Coat finishing is desert.

It is perhaps fair to the best lished houses to believe the s know the conditions unler done nor the pricespaid. It is indeed employed to special and annoyance in the make specimen case—seventen as men are huddled in a sual m is a roaring fire for the ima reeks with heat and the sa from the workers. Thus, ar the heat, are scarcely deep opportunities for breeding to feeting the garments are not only the cheap shops a

the public health. "A woman, for makings trousers, receives nine only usual price. By working into the night she can miss On the eighteen cents a drag supports herself and for is for she is a widow. Fully the working women of the of employment. From deli-watch and follow the ways advertisements in the never are the changing conditions women who used to earn free a week as feather curles and but from \$10 to \$12 a week 1 rate of decrease is seen in the -New York Evening Sm.

Chinese Gamblers' Super Chinese gamblers are to tious than the mass of theres All colors, save white a avoided by the owners in the decorations of their pair White, the color of morning robes worn by the spirits in always considered images sociated with the idea of iss and is believed to bring in

and is believed to oring as their patrons, with coresu-to themselves. Even its ar-the tutelary gods are always white paper, and while a burned before his shrine he red ones ordinarily used in their way to play fan us with if any one jostles them or the come in contact with any som a player's hand encount he lays his stake on the tals put his money on the min

which he was reaching. Gamblers refrain from m before playing, and both a garded with favor in game from the word "she" (m) like "she" (to lose more) spicious words are avided almanac, "Hung she," is in "Gut sing" through uses utter the ominous "she" h of daily use among games, calendar of lucky and unkers is special mention of the day for playing and, besides it it tains a dream book, and in much importance to the imp

dreams, -New York Time

This allusion to los tors to my asking the impressie! and not degenerated. "Los toros degenerated" # "Dios mio, son tan brayes on los angelistos (our balls pa they are as brave as en angels)! One would think as seen a bull fight. We am breeds in Northern Span he in Andalusia. The Arms arriquiri are the smallest in

erful and terribly que

They have a knack of jumps barriers into the sort of runs round the ring between often leaped up, as theydis years ago, right in the mids's seats, los tendidos, and case panies thereby.

"A Navarre bull costs ba cost of carriage and may be penses that increase 2) penses that price. The Castillas in

good and cost from \$350 to \$ sive of incidental expense famous breeds in Castile at menar, a few lectures from pasture lands, where you out the animals while gray
you are a good rider, for use
chase any outsider they
Cor. Philadeiphia Times Living Entirely es li

Dr. T. W. Greene, writing journal from Montevidee, st meat forms the staple critical part of the province of he where he lived for four pass and fruit were unknown amount in the autumn, bress had, and biscuits and fanks, from a modifical ways to come from mandices, were too poor. The population lie meat, and crink nothing into yerba, a bitter kind of kee the same active principles It is not uncommon for a me or five pounds of ment man Greene thinks it contains

albumen, and more salts at English meet. He never he scurvy, or anything like four years he practice to habitants. Hoston Bairs. Hard Study Not fit Hard study is by as healthy factor in collect popularly supposed to be Perce, of Harvard, public to the collect popularity supposed to be priced by the collection of the coll

in the last triennial clearly establish the fact is of deaths during the first graduation is fou dents whose scholastic ast ments were below the ignoramuses are as healthiest or the larged in Times.