THE BEGGAR.

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AND.

Mine

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A bergar died last night; his soul West up to God and said: "come uncalled: forgive it, Lord: I died from want of bread."

then answered him the Lord in heaven: This answered min the Lord in heave "See, how can this thing be? are not my saints on earth? and they Bad surely succored thee."

"Thy mints, O, Lord," the beggar said, holy lives of prayer; flow shall they know of such as we? We perish unaware.

They strive to save our wicked souls, And fit them for the sky; Menwhile, not having brend to eat (Forgive) our bodies die."

then the Lord God spake out of heaven Is wrath and angry pain: -0, men, for whom my Son hath died, My Son hath lived in vain."

Arthur Symons in Woman's World.

# HIS REWARD.

Dr. Chester, hurrying along the upper art of New York, still only half finished mingly with years of incompleteness re it, saw as he picked his way through mud of an unpaved crossing a sight made him furious. Some eight or nine -not the children of the poor, but well ed little fellows from the Queen Anne ences and well appointed apartment us of the neighborhood-stoning a man sat among the rubbish of a new exca tion abandoned for the time by the workand who seemed to be quite innocent offense against them. So far the / any a had been physically harmless inats. But even as he looked one flung by is largest boy of the crowd struck an upon the head and wounded it. The and gushed forth and the boys, frightand at last by what they had done, dis ned in all directions and were out of int before the doctor, even with his long les, had reached the spot.

"These imps have hurt you," he said. ling over the man, who was trying to ach the blood with the fragment of an if handkerchief.

"Yes," said the man. "It looks cowardly sit here and stand it, I suppose, but a blow in clothes like mine would soon get inself arrested if he punished boys like int as they deserved. It's a bad world for mpty pockets."

"That's true," said the doctor. "See here. laways have some sticking plaster in my seket. I'll fix the cut for you." And using off his gloves he produced the little se with its plaster scissors and skillfully sed the wound.

"I suppose you are out of employment?" "I suppose you are out of employment?" Is and when he had finished. "I am out of everything," said the man; "tork, money, health, friends, and luck and food and shelter just now. I wonder [haven't made a hole in the water. Why men live when there is nothing to live for one of the mysteries of this life."

We all have something to live for," said is doctor, "though a hungry man don't hink so. You are young and strong. Be amperate and you'll feel well again. Let me help you out for today, and after you've aten and slept come to me. I'll give you some work-rough work-but it will be a sart-if you want it, and come to me sober

"Thank you," said the man, rising; "and God bless you. If I don't come sober I'll not come at all. But I think I'll come." He took the dollar that the doctor gave him with his card, and bowed in a way that proved that he had not always been in his resent position. The doctor obeyed the inpulse of the moment, and with a smile dered the man his hand. He saw that this was no ordinary tramp. For that sort of reature there is no hope and no help. He isso vile that he scarcely deserves mercy, and the doctor knew it well; but to this man a friendly hand grasp was good medidue. It had its effect. A light came into the dull eyes, a smile moved the mouth. "I cannot express my obligations for

your kindness," he said, earnestly. So they parted. The doctor felt touched, and was rather pleased with himself, and a little further on, meeting a boy he recoghind as one of the poor man's assailants le took him by the ear and gave him a lecture, threatening to take him to his father and expose his conduct. However, he did not do it, nor did the boy fear that he

woman. "An' sure but that I knowed your face, and you the kindest doctor anywhere, I'd not have stopped you. I've the money

to pay." But it was not the fee the doctor was thinking about. He felt a curious reluctance to do what the old woman asked. Naturally enough, he commented inwardly, nature demands rest and refreshment. Still the case was one that called for immediate action, and in a moment more he

"Go on, I'll come with you," and followed her westward.

It was a lonely walk across unlighted streets and down some wooden steps to the rails of the Hudson River road. Not a soul was in sight, but a light gleamed from the windows of a dilapidated shanty by the road side, and the woman hobbled in that direction. She entered the door; he followed

her. A man was lying upon the floor. The doctor knelt beside him. As he did so some one from behind pinioned his arms. The

supposed patient sprung up and seized him about the waist, and in an instant, strong though he was, he lay bound and helples upon the floor. Four stout ruffians stood before him. One rifled his pockets while another crammed a handkerchief into his mouth. Before his eyes they examined his watch and counted the money in his pocketcourse.

book "It's a good haul," one of the men said. "Come, we must lose no time. No one will find that fellow before to-morrow, still we might as well get away."

"But shoot him before we go-dead men tell no tales," said the man who had played the part of invalid. "Throw him on the track," said the third

of the group. "The railroad folks will help us keep our secret." The fourth said nothing, but stooping

lifted the doctor by the shoulders, and the others followed his example. In vain Doctor Chester strove to break his bonds or to utter a prayer for mercy. They dragged him toward the track and flung him across. Not content with this, they bound him by other cords to the rails, and left him thus fettered to his fate; and

thus the happiest day of his life had ended. Full of youth and hope, with every rea-son for living, he must die, and such a horrible death! He strove to meet his fate like a man, but the thought of his betrothed

wife was too much for him. He managed by degrees to thrust the hankerchief from his mouth with his tongue, but as he did so he felt the rails tremble beneath himthe engine was approaching! It was far away yet; but what hope was there that he

would be heard before it was upon him! Again he shouted-again, still again-as he saw the red glare from the head light of the approaching engine shine out through

the darkness! His case seemed hopeless, but he spent all his strength in one wild cry of: "Help! On the rails here! Tied to the rails! Help! belp!"

"Courage! Here we are!" shouted a voice "Courage! courage!" Some one near by knelt beside him, some one gasped: "Don't

despair, I've got a knife with me." Ono of the cords was cut-another-he was freed from the rails and clasped in the arms of his preserver, rolled over into the little gully beside the track, safe out of harm's way, just as the express train flew by at full speed. And now there were others to help. Stout policemen with clubs and pistols who helped the first arrival to

free the doctor from all his bonds, and by the light of their lanterns he looked inte the face of his preserver, and saw the man to whom he had acted the good Samaritan that morning. "What does this mean?" he asked. "How

does it come that I owe my life to you?"

"You owe it to your own kindness, doc-tor," said the man. "An hour ago I found a lodging in a low tavern near this spot. I had crept into a bunk without removing hours are not the fashion in that place, and talked freely, though in whispers. One of them had some pangs of conscience about

# A HOME IN VENICE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEAL ABODE time when De Quincey first began, un-IN THE CITY OF CANALS.

Venetian Palace, Its Treasures of Art author it filled fourteen volumes. The and Personal Interest-A Few of the collection was subsequently enlarged Many Ornaments, Pictures, Books and to sixteen, and the contents of each Bits of Rare Brie-a-Brae.

volume have been very considerably increased. But this printed and re-When some five and twenty years ago printed total, so far as can be judged Sir Henry Layard resolved to make for from De Quincey's own assertions, and imself, and for the treasures of art from the observations of those who which he had gathered from the four were acquainted with him (nobody can winds of heaven, a home in Venice, he found, fortunately enough, that the Ca' be id to have known him) during his

(or Casa) Capello was just at the very noment at his disposal. It had been the smaller part of what he actually wrote. abode for several years of an Englishman who had just died, and who had leaving deposits of his manuscripts in left Mr. Malcolm, then well known the various lodgings where it was his among the English residents and now hal t to bestow himself. The greater their doyen, his executor. A friendship part of De Quincey's writing was of a had long existed between Mr. Malcolm kind almost as easily written by so full and Sir Henry Layard, born of similarity of taste, which has ripened with

ordinary newspaper article by an ormany years of neighborhood and interdinary man, and except when he was sleeping, wandering about or reading It was thus that the Ca' Capello came into the hands of Sir Henry Layard, and he was always writing. It is of course from that day it has been his home. true that he spent a great deal of time, Hither in the intervals of his ministerial especially in his last years of all, in reduties, his missions and his visits to his writing and refashioning previously English kinsfolk, he has returned with executed work, and also that illness ever growing zest and affection. Here and opium made considerable inroads he has surrounded himself with a fine on his leisure. But we should imagine library, a noble collection of pictures that if we had all that he actually and bronzes, marbles and mosaics, tap wrote during these rearly forty years, estries, ancient furniture and bric-a forty or sixty printed volumes would brac, relics of the past, the spoils of a more nearly express its amount than long and varied career. Here, too, in fourteen or sixteen, -Macmillan's Mag-

the year 1869, he brought his wife, a azine, daughter of the late Sir John Guest. It is barely possible to reach the Ca' Capello on foot. You may cross the Rialto and bear toward the left through famous goloid dollars in existence. The and across a series of tortuous and intrifirst one of these ever coined is in the cate calli, but the two handsome gonpossession of Col. John A. Stephens, of dolas, reposing on the broad bosom of Angusta, Ga., having formerly been the canal at the door of Ca' Capello, the property of Alexander H. Stephens, which has every right to be called the ex-governor of Georgia and chairman

front, suggest to the callers the only of the committee on weights, measures rational method of entrance. It has and coins at the time these historic been said that the house is not one of the largest; its aspect, however, is un. I'eces were struck. The goloid dollar doubtedly one of the most attractive in is about the size of a silver half dollar, the most beautiful highway in the world. but hardly as thick and much lighter. It has a bronze color, darker than gold, THE HOUSE.

The two sides of the house, one in the which is due to the copper contained Rio di San Polo, the principal, with the in its composition. porch on the Grand canal, give scope for

a display of color which elsewhere might States of America, 100 cents;" on the suggest garishness, but which in Venice, rim and in the center these words, letpar excellence the city of many colors, is natural and pleasing. As your gon-

dola reaches the broad flight of steps behind the tall green pali, you cannot fail to notice that every window sill bears its burden of flowers after our English fashion, and that the portico is a veritable floral bower, with a conservatory over it, in which, beside the greenery, an immense Venetian glass chandelier is a most striking object. It is a mass of vine with depending black grapes, great creeping convolvuluses, canariensis and white jessamin, all struggling for life apparently, with no inconsiderable degree of success, on the trellis work

which supports them.

As is common in Italian private residences, what we ordinarily describe at home as the ground floor is given up to the servants and the domestic offices of my clothes, when four men came into the the establishment. A broad staircase room. They fancied it empty, for early on the left of the entrance, on either side of which, fixed in the wall, is a frag- to their distorted vision; the whitement of sculpture from Nineveh, leads into a hall of noble proportions which shabby fitting are more attractive to having left you tied on the track, and spoke your name aloud, saying you were kind to the poor. Happily I am quick of hearing qual parts. Here some of the larger and they are under the agreeable thrall

ing absolutely uninflammable.

TASTEFUL FURNISHINGS.

Nor are the exquisite and delightful

productions of the furnaces and work-

no living man more completely what

the slang of the day calls "up to date."

Where the Sun Is Hot.

tin pan, both of which he left on the

seat of his wagon for a short time in the

again he found his bundle of nails in

fiames, the rays of the sun having set

In Great Demand.

"I have no use for a man who lies,"

not -Lewiston Journal.

remarked an editor.

needs fresh blood."-Epoch.

me.

When he came out of the store

A man down-east, a selectman of his

directions.

the

-London World.

### PROGRESS IN ART. T. ) quantity of work produced durfng his singular existence, from the

The Evolution of the Artistic Sense in the Race-Religion's Part.

The history of the development of student of art, commencing with primitive forms as discovered in the remains of Oriental cities, and passing through the cultured period of Greece to the dominancy of mediaval imagery and on to the present time, will be struck with the advantages of each succeeding period, and the complete triumph of taste in our latest civilizations

Primitive art in Egypt, Assyria and served to excite the fears of the people, which they were capable, and thus be- is known as the purpura. came the source, not of moral education but of degradation and oppression

perstitious art, for the latter really mother of the superstitious symbols of religion. In this way the æsthetical perverted the religious principle itself. With the development of a refined esthetics among the Greeks religion had another chance of expressin, r itself, but while primitive art tinctu ved religion with superstition, Grecian 1.wt corrupted it, and in time extinguished its open manifestation. As neither the one nor the other in any way assisted in the purification of religion or

the assertion of its teachings, Christianity finally appropriated it, and has both borrowed from it its entertaining power and conferred upon it its ap-At the present time art stands alone it is not the handmaid of religion, nor is it related to religion any more than it is to civilization. In this isolated condition it may be better viewed and

estimated than when vitally related to a particular religion or a particular form of civilization. It is now in bondage to nothing, but is seeking a channel of its own, a form and an expression that must distinguish it from all associated developments of the art life in man. Free from the direction of religion it is not particularly directing or aiding religion, but is developing itself in spontaneous forms according to its constitutional vigor, and with reference to no ends but art itself, except the great end of all conserving

forces-the education of the race. Art is not for religion, but for itself, and to be judged by what it is in itself, unrelated to other things. Thus its perfection, or imperfection, will be determined, not by its relation to religion, but by its own potencies and the ends it serves in human society. It has outgrown primitism, cultured paganism and Roman Catholic individualism; and, being free, like commerce, philosophy and social statistics, it should powerfully aid the race in culture, refinement and progression. -Methodist Review.

Miss Hurryup - Ah! George, you

The Tactics of Love

### How Ancient Dyes Were Secured. Two kinds of boring sea snails supplied in ancient times the most famous

of all dyes, known as Tyrian purple, which was considered too splendid to be the artistic sense in the race is quite as worn by any but kings and nobles. One surprising as that of the evolution of pound of wool dyed with it was worth any other faculty or power, or of any \$175, the process by which it was exgreat movement that may have had tracted being very tedious and six city, and his usual pledge is a ring, centuries for its culmination. The pounds of dye liquor being required for staining a pound of wool. The liquor to the reporter. was procured by placing the very small whelks in a mortar and crushing them. To this the animals extracted from the larger shells were added, as well as certain proportions of urine and water in which the snails had been allowed to putrefy. In the mixture thus compounded the cloth or wool to be dyed was soaked, being afterward exposed to light. Chemists say that by this proc-

ess there was effected a transformation Pheenicia, with its grotesque images of uric acid into purpurate of ammonia, and incongruous ideas of heauty, termed for short "murexide," because one of the two species of snails used was developing all the superstition of the murex. The other species was what

The murex and purpura were mixed in the process in the proportion of two to one. Fabrics thus dyed had a very surprising and beautiful effect of color, presenting metallic green reflections from one point of view and in others preceded the former, and became the showing brown and purple tints. Chemists for some time imagined that the iridescence of the feathers of humming principle, untrained and without sub- birds and peacocks was caused by a sub- of the signers of the Declaration of ective strength, ran to objective stance of the nature of murexide, but it Independence, had two beautiful forms that discredited it, and really is known now that these brilliant hues daughters, who went to England in are occasioned by a structure of the 1794. One married the Duke of Leeds feathers which breaks up the light, and the other Richard Wellesley, Murexide is now obtained from guano afterward the Duke of Wellington. as well as from mollusks.-Interview in At the marriage of the latter, which Washington Star.

# German Discipline.

The Empress Victoria, wife of the Arthur Wellesley. late Benperor Frederick of Germany, eyed disciplinarian in domestic life. jature painter of that date, are beau-She notices the slightest variation in tiful in design and execution, and the she used to detect a fault in her chil- and rubies to the eye of the connoisbecame every morning the scene of a ginning-

vigorous and tearful struggle on his part against "tubbing."

that he must submit to them; but she Carroll family until it came into the finally gave the nurse orders one present owner's hands by gift from morning to let him have his own way. Letitia, the last of the Carrolls, now Prince Menry, confident that he had mother superior of a convent in Balgained a remarkable victory, was ex- timore.

ultant, and when ne set out for his morning walk took no pains to con- have gazed upon this beautiful ring. ceal his triumph. He indulged in sundry taunting remarks to his attend-ants; but on seturning home he was tiful bride in Dublin castle are no surprised to notice time the sentinel at more. All the great armies of Welthe gate did not present arms as he lington and all these mighty hosts passed.

second sentinel equally reariss, and to the great beyond, while the bauknowing as well as any of his ble, just as bright, the colors of the punctilious military race what was paintings just as clear as ever, now due to his rank, the little fel- reposes in the safe of a Boston money low walked up to the man and asked, severely: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, Hoheit," said the sen-I am?" "Yes, Hoheit," said the sentinel, standing motionless. "Who am )

"Prinz Heinrich." "Why don't 11" you salute, then?" "Because we do not present arms to an unwashed prince," replied the sentinel, who had little damage to electrical plants

HISTORY OF A RING.

flomance of a Jewel Owned by the Duke of Wellington's Brother's Bride.

A gentleman well known in busigess circles as a bold speculator is one of the regular customers of a well known money lender in this which the proprietor offered to show

The manager took the newspaper man to the outer room and, opening a mammoth safe, pulled out drawer after drawer full of jewelry, watches, chains, earrings and the thousand and one varieties of the jeweler's art, each with a tag attached and a number corresponding with the numper opposite the name of the owner in the big book kept for that purpose. After selecting a little box the manager resumed his seat and said:

"This ring has a history and a romantic one. It has been pledged numberless times, and the owner would not sell it for any price on account of its history; which he has related to me minutely several times. and which I know to be authentic in every particular. I can give names, except in later generations, just as he has told me.

"Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one took place in the Castle of Dublin, the bride received this ring from Sir

"You will see the two figures has always been a careful and keen painted by Nomar, a celebrated minthe dress of a housemaid as quickly as manner of the setting of the pearls dren, and panishes one as inexorably seur prove it to be genuine without as the other. Prince Henry, the doubt. This ring was won at Brusbrother of the present emperor, had, sels the night before the battle of when a small boy, the greatest objec- Waterloo at the party described in tion to his daily bath, and the nursery the well known poem of Byron, be-

There was a sound of revelry by night.

"To make a long story short, the Lis mother tried in vain to persuade ring descended, generally by will, him that baths were inevitable, and through different members of the

"Think of the bright eyes which "All the people living at the time which followed the war drums of his On reaching the palace the found a foe, the great Napoleon, have gone Herald.

# A Lightning Arrester Wanted.

Severe thunder storms have done no received his orders from the prince's throughout the country, and foreibly attention to the need of a lightning arrester that will arrest lightning. at least to the extent of protecting dynamos. It is worth noticing that there is a wide difference between the comparatively mild action of lightning on are machines and its deadly attacks on incandescent dynamos. In the first case the field magnets and the armature, with its immense number of windings, serve as a pair of impedance coils of imposing dimensions, with the usual result of limiting the damage to a more or less serious are across the commutator. In case of the incandescent machine, jury do ue by the lightning is generally "Now, Joe," said Murphy's friend, slight. It is enough if it merely puncquent short circuit completes the work hooked, and the shingle's full broad of destruction. To protect this class side will offer such resistance that he of dynamos, then, it is necessary to will be held where he is. We can set head off the lightning very completely a number of these lines and then go and to take elaborate precautions further along and fish for perch. against dan gerous short circuits. The When we come back we will probably high tension power dynamos are espe-"find a big catch." This struck the cially thin skinned, and create no little comedian as a great idea, and they set demand for some protective device out eighteen of these shingle lines be that shall prove effectual -- Electrical

of the intellectual life. Religion was not the mother of su-

proval and benediction.

A Voluminous Writer

usu: 'ly late, to write for publication

was very large. As collected by the

late: years, must have been but the

I'e was always writing, and always

kind almost as easily written by so full

a reader and so logical a thinker as an

The Goloid Dollars.

There are said to be but 135 of the

On one side are the words, "United

ters and figures: "Goloid, metric. 1,

G.; 16.1. S.; 1.9, C.; Grams 14.25."

On the other side are the words "E

Pluribus Unum, 1873," on the rim, and

n the center the head of a female,

ith the word "Liberty" across the

row. The figures indicate the compo-

ion, which is the invention of a man

med Hubbell. The composite metals

1 its makeup and toral exactly \$1 in

cash. Goloid is a composition of nine-

teen different metals, of which but one

part s gold, sixteen and one-tenth silver

and one and nine-tenths copper.-St.

The Victim of Excessive Industry.

Some men work because they love

vork and hate play. They do not

shine in society; they have no conver-

sation: the fair sex are not passing fair

washed ceiling of their office and its

"I didn't throw the stone that cut the fellow," he said. "It was Tibbs." "How would Tibbs like to be arrested.

ask hims" said the doctor. Then he walked mand the incident faded into insignificance. After all, it was unlikely that the man would come to him.

The doctor was a very popular man in the upper part of the city, and his day was well filled. He was, besides, bent on two missions, both important ones. He was about to make an offer of his hand and hart to a lady of whose feelings he had very little doubt, and he intended to deposit in a certain bank a sum of money which he carried about his person. It was a large one-the half yearly salary he had received from the managers of an orphan sylum to which he was physician.

Such a sum would endanger a man's life I he were known to have it about him as he walked across those newly cut streets or past blocks of yet untenanted houses. But then, who knew? And the doctor was large and muscular. Need one ask whither his steps first took

him? Naturally to the feet of his lady love. She was young enough to look all the wester in the bright light of day, and her pretty morning dress became her. She had expected the offer and accepted it without affectation, and the young doctor made all sorts of charming speeches and was permitted more than one kiss.

At last, however, he was obliged to say alieu, and as he ran down the steps he said to himself that he was the happiest fellow alive. Already out of fear of poverty, enanged to the only girl he ever loved, healthy, and with a clear conscience, what young pro-femional man was ever in better ease? As be passed the spot where he had that morning seen the boys stoning the unfortunate man, the picture arose once more before him. What a contrast in their positions, be th ought to himself! Well, he had worked for his, and no doubt that poor fellow had worked as hard in another way to bring toon himself the fate that had befallen him. Still it was pitiful.

"Parents who did their best by me, a happy home, more kindness than I deserve lave been mine," he said. "How do I know what the man's childhood was? I hope he will come to me to-morrow. I am glad I helped him a little."

He was yet to be still gladder. How lit-tle we know what threads of good or ill we braid into our lives by what seem our most unimportant actions. From house to house the doctor went.

Anxious mothers kept him on in talk. There were those who felt that their well being depended on telling the doctor all about that "queer sensation" and that "worried feeling," and banking hours were long over when he emerged from the resistress. dence of the last patient upon his list, and, indeed, it was growing quite dark, and,

like all healthy mon, the doctor was grow ing hungry, and his dinner awaited him. He stepped forward briskly, but had only gone a few steps when an old woman ap-proached him, wringing her hands and sobbin.

"You're Dr. Chester, aren't you, sir?" the cried. "Och, doctor, darlin', you're wanted immediate - it's my old man is taken bad down in our shanty by the railraad. He fell upon the floor, he did, and it's sinaliss he's lyin'. I've the money. Come, doctor, come along; a minute may mane life. It's near --- street."

Then why didn't you go to Dr. O'Shane? His office is close by you," said the doctor. "I did, but he was away," said the old

and jump at an idea. I crept out of my pieces of furniture, such as the cabi- of no diverting hobbies. bunk behind their backs, jumped from a window which was close by and, only stop-ping to put on my shoes, I dashed down the I had no idea which way I should track. go, but felt that the spot near the tunnel

would be the most likely one. On the way I met a boy and bade him find a policeman and tell him that murder had been done. Happily I was in time. That is all I know out it. Thank God, who led me here." "Amen!" said the doctor. "My gratitude must be expressed in deeds, not in words, and there is one who must thank you also -my promised wife."

Meanwhile the police had returned to the tavern, whither the doctor and his friend followed them. They found the desperadoes drinking in the upper room without suspicion that they had been discovered, while the old woman who had decoyed the doctor to the shanty sat at a table gloating over her share of the plunder. They were arrested before they had an opportunity to make resistance, and the doctor was so unusually lucky as to get his own again after thieves had stolen it. As yet fortune favors him. He is married to the woman he loves, and by his aid and through his friendship the man who saved his life has become happy, respected and prosperous, and in their household he is as a brother.--Mary their Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

## A Tailoress' Hard Lot.

One of three women who was visited, and who was supporting an invalid hus band, a little boy and a baby, was not more than 25 years old. Her home was one small room, about 12x14, on the ground floor of a queer, rambling old tenement house, whose only means of entrance was through an arched passageway which led back and opened into a small court yard, around which the buildings rose four stories high on every side. She sat stitching away on the piles of trousers, rocking the cradle with one foot while the little child was trying to feed himself at the table from a loaf of rye bread and some molasses. The baby woke with a cry, and as she nursed the child from her famished breast she told the story of her working eighteen and twenty hours a day to keep her little family in food and pay her rent. There has never been any kind of organization among the tailoresses, and they stand in mortal terror of doing anything that could imperil their place in the shops.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

A regular industry is being started in

this country in the manufacture of gearing for electric railways out of raw hide. It is preferred to metal, as it makes far less noise and wears better. The material is said to finish up in the working as well as metal. The use of this material indicates that very severe strains are brought to bear upon cogs not capable, if of metal, of standing the

How to Obtain Information. "There is a family living at 110, and want to know something about them."

"Why don't you go there and make our inquiries ?" "That would be a little indelicate."

"That's true. Well, then, go to the the paper afire. History does not renext door neighbor and you will find cord whether the nails were scorched or out all about them."-Boston Courier.

An Impossible Animal. "I have an idea that Bagsby is some thing of a liar himself." "What makes you think that "

"Well, he says he has a trick dog that will perform his tricks when they have company."-New York Ledger.

Louis Republic.

In heaven's name let such men work nets, are to be found; and here, too, a pair of admirable three-quarter length all through the day if they like it. portraits of Sir Henry and Lady Lay- They accumulate immense fortunes, ard, painted in Madrid by Palmaroli, and even though they may be miserly head of the Spanish academy at Rome, in their lifetime, when they die some face each other. Another portrait of one benefits by their millions. Sir Henry Layard challenges an even

A man of this kind on an enforced closer inspection-that, namely, by Ludholiday is a very compassionable object. wig Passini, which was shown in the ex-I remember one such who, while hibition of the Royal academy. Large driving through some of the most enreception rooms give out on either side trancing scenery of our land on a fair of the hall, and, like it, all are floored summer da", hid his face behind a with terrazza, a material which to its great beauty adds the advantage of be journal of the money market all the time. His doctor had told him he would kill himself if he did not take a The dining room and the drawing change. He obeyed the letter of the rooms are filled, but not crowded, with injunction, but not the spirit. And he beautiful works of art, including mas- did really die a little while after of terpieces of such painters as Gentile paralysis of the brain, or something of Bellini, Bonafazio, Sebastian del Piombo the kind, due to excessive industry.and many other famous Italian masters. All the Year Round.

#### He Beat Dad.

rooms of Murano forgotten. Of the While a Jersey City blacksmith was modern Venetian glassblowing procturning off horse shoes the other day esses, Sir Henry is most indisputably a man s. od in the door and watched the founder, and some of the most perhim for a while, and then slowly adfect specimens of this beautiful art are. vanced, stooped down and carefully as it is fitting, to be seen in his house, picked 1 an old shoe which had been as well as some beautiful inlay work. kicked mide weeks before. He held it and the admirable woodwork by Biraghi, who executed the famous double stair- ready to drop on the instant, but after case in walnut wood for Lord Wim- a minute grinned all over his face and borne, at Canford, under Sir Henry's chuckled:

### "She ain't hot."

Sir Henry's own sanctum is on the "Who said it was?" asked the smith. apper floor of the Casa. Here are "But that's where I've got dad. He records and memorials of a more perpicked up one yesterday, and we heard sonal kind than were noticed in the him holler seven miles. Dad says my lower reception room, and among skull is too thick, but I ain't hollering them the Englishman does not fail to any to speak of, am IT-New York notice the framed certificate on filumi-Sun. nated vellum, headed "Challis, Mayor,"

#### The Difference.

which sets forth the bestowal of the "I remember when we were in school honorary freedom of the city of Lontogether so many years ago you had a cabinet, but that did not satisfy him. don upon Austen Henry Layard. Here, warm friend who was always praising He died feeling that if he had not been too, are some noble bronze figures, your good qualities. What's become portfolios, huge volumes bound in vellum and gold, and a host of booksof him? nearly all, it may be remarked, of quite

"Oh, we're friends still, but I never hear of his putting himself out to he might have been president. Corwin modern literature-together with the latest periodicals. It is characteristic glorify me.'

of Sir Henry Layard's wide and comprehensive intellect that, identified as forever running you down. What's helped out his serious argument.-Haris in the popular imagination with become of him? history of the remotest past of which we have any knowledge, there is

"Oh, he's at it yet."-Chicago Times

No Gun for Him. The Italian who comes to America sion of late on the probable usefulness does not adopt any new idea in the of an electric tricycle, and it is stated matter of weapons, but clings pertinaciously to his stiletto. In the city now an established fact. This accordtown by the way, bought a pound of of Philadelphia within three years this weapon has been used in over sixty in- use of a form of storage battery much nails, which he had wrapped up in a stances, and wherever it has been used piece of brown paper, and a bright new against a revolver it has always won. Several of these placed in a light, port--Detroit Free Press.

10

His Own Divinity.
fr. Humble-To err is human, to
give is divine.
Ir. Haughtier-Did you say "to
give is divine! former—I did.
atter-Ahem! Then 1 suppose I
st forgive you Chicago Times.

Son-The boss told me today that he lidn't know what he would do without ma. Father-That was nice. What did you "Well, I have," rejoined a publisher. "If you know a good liar send him to The Haggard school of novelists

cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

Mr. Holdoff-Troubles, Carriel Ol what nature, pray?

Miss H.-Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying, 'When is it to come off?" as if marriage was a prize fight. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such things as: "Carrie, what are Mr. Hold off's intentions? What does he cal upon you so regularly for, and stay so late when he does call?" And he sometimes looks so mad when he asks these questions that I actually tremble. Mr. H.-And what answer do you make to his questions, Carrie, dearest? Miss H.-I can't make any answer

at all, for you see you haven't said anything to me, and-and-of course,

thing in Carrie's ear, and the next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply .-

#### Tom Corwin's Disappointment.

There is something pathetic in the failure of the wits of political life. Thomas Corwin never ceased to attribute to his reputation of being funny his inability to compass the highest honors. He felt that his abilities and services entitled him to any honor within the gift of the people. He rose to be secretary of the treasury in Fillmore's so funny, if he had not indulged in his exquisite ridicule of the Michigan militia

was immeasurably greater than his rep-

## An Electricycle.

There has been considerable discusthat the invention of such a machine is ing to report, has been affected by the lighter than the kind hitherto used. able box are sufficient to drive the machine with an ordinary load about a hundred miles at the rate of eight miles the rider, and the batteries can be recharged whenever water is available .-New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Carthagenians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail driver through the center were issued in Franc by King John the Good in 1806.

mother. The little fellow said not a word, but walked on, bravely winking back the two big tears which filled his eyes. Next morning, however, he took his bath with perfect docility, and was never known to complain of it again.-San Francisco Argonaut.

## Great Shingle Float Fishing.

Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, is an enthusiastic angler, and never misses an opportunity to go on a fishing trip.

One day he went out on a fishing excursion with a friend who was full of bright ideas in the angling line. As the two paused at an inviting spot and prepared to cast, one of Murphy's friend's bright idea struck him. Pick-friend's bright idea struck him. Picking up one of a pile of slingles lying few windings, offers very little effective on the bank he tied a line around it, restance. The result is a short cirput on a hook, which he baited with a suit either through the core or between live frog, and threw it into the water. coils, and in either case the armature is The shingle floated on the surface of immediately destroyed. The actual inthe water.

"if a big fish bites he will try to go to tures the insulation, when the subse the bottom after he finds himself fore they left the spot. Then they World.

went along and had great-luck catch ing perch. "But what do you, suppose we found when we returned to our traps?" Murphy asks. "We found our Herald.

#### Salaries of London Journalists

Herr Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of The London Times this salary is \$50,000 a year!), is the largest salaried employe connected with journal- bet screen, he will pretend to be enism in Europe. Several Loudon critics are well paid—notably Clement Scott, bluis to all that is going on around of The Daily Telegraph, who is sup him. In one way or another he will beposed to receive \$10,000 a year. An- | tray the fact that his conscience is makdrew Lang must draw a large salary ing a coward of him and that he is tryas an editorial writer for The Daily ing to cheat it. News, and, aside from his occasional It is very different with the average journalistic work, he is a fertile book- woman. Who that travels much in the maker, and he lectures regularly be- "L" cars hasn't seen her often drop her fore a number of educational institu- child into a seat that has just been va-

don journalists are small salaried men; the average reporter gets \$15 a week, her? She has paid to think to hold it abe could very well continue to hold it and one seldom commands more than in her lap; she knows that she is making \$25-I mean the local equivalent therefor. When Mr. Bennett started the London edition of The New York Her- Does she act as if she were ashamed of an hour. The elements of the "active ald he paid traveling expenses and \$50 hersel? Does she seek to avoid the material" are supposed to be carried by a week to the American reporters he glances that are bestowed upon her by imported. But already he has sent hiding her face benind a newspaper most of the importations back home. Not a bit of it. She doesn't let her con--Eugene Field in Chicago News

# Higher in Patent Leather. "In patent leather?"

"Yes; but we charge \$6 ents."-Harper's Bazar. Sec. 1 Two Kinds of Courage.

In.some of the pveryday occurrences of fife women exhibit ,much more moral traps?" Murphy asks. "We found out eighteen frogs calmly amusing them-selves on eighteen shingles."--Chicage Herald endeavors to maintain her balance by hanging to a strap in front of him, he generally makes a pretense of not seeing her. If he has a paper with him he will appear to be absorbed in its perusal. If be cannot avail himself of that conven-

tions. But the large majority of Lon- cated, while women in various stages of weariness are standing up all around her? She has paid no fare for the child; some woman stand who would otherwise get a seat. But is she abashed science make a coward of her. She looks the people about her square in the eyes without flinching. She says, or rather seems to say, "Well, I know that you don't like it; but what are you going to do about it?"

If this isn't moral courage what would you call it?-New York Herald.

"You keep #3 shoes?" "Yes."

Asked for a raise .- Epoch.

general who attacked Gen. Harrison, Then you had an enemy who was utation, and his fun almost always

per's Weekly.

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered some Boston Courier.