

THE BEGGAR.

A beggar died last night; his soul went up to God and said: "I come uncleanly, but forgive it, Lord; I did not want of bread."

HIS REWARD.

Dr. Chester, hurrying along the upper part of New York, still only half finished, was seemingly with years of incompetence as he picked his way through a street made him furious.

"You imp have hurt you," he said, breathing over the man, who was trying to reach the blood with the fragment of an old handkerchief.

"Yes," said the man. "It looks cowardly to sit here and stand it, I suppose, but I follow in the tracks like mine would soon get to where they deserved."

"That's true," said the doctor. "See here, I always have some sticking plaster in my pocket. I'll fix the cut for you."

"I suppose you are out of employment?" he said when he had finished.

"I am out of everything," said the man; "not money, health, friends, and luck and food and shelter just now."

"Thank you," said the man, rising; "and God bless you. If I don't come sober I'll be at your door. You are a hungry man, don't you think so?"

"I didn't throw the stone that cut the fellow," he said. "It was Tibbs."

"How would Tibbs like to be arrested, ask him?" said the doctor. Then he walked in and incident faded into insignificance.

A HOME IN VENICE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IDEAL ABODE IN THE CITY OF CANALS.

A Venetian Palace, Its Treasures of Art and Personal Interest—A Few of the Many Ornaments, Pictures, Books and Bits of Rare Bric-a-brac.

When some five and twenty years ago Sir Henry Layard resolved to make for himself, and for the treasures of art which he had gathered from the four winds of heaven, a home in Venice, he found, fortunately enough, that the Ca' (or Casa) Capello was just at the very moment at his disposal.

It was thus that the Ca' Capello came into the hands of Sir Henry Layard, and from that day it has been his home. Hitherto in the intervals of his ministerial duties, his missions and his visits to his English kinsfolk, he has returned with ever growing zest and affection.

It is barely possible to reach the Ca' Capello on foot. You may cross the Rialto and bear toward the left through and across a series of tortuous and intricate canals, or the two handsome gondolas, reposing on the broad bosom of the canal at the door of Ca' Capello, which has every right to be called the front, suggest to the callers the only rational method of entrance.

The two sides of the house, one in the Rio di San Polo, the principal, with the porch on the Grand canal, give scope for a display of color which elsewhere might suggest garishness, but which in Venice, par excellence the city of many colors, is natural and pleasing.

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 the establishment.

The dining room and the drawing rooms are filled, but not crowded, with beautiful works of art, including masterpieces of such painters as Gentile Bellini, Bonafazio, Sebastian del Piombo and many other famous Italian masters.

One of three women who was visited, and who was reporting an invalid husband, a little boy and a baby, was not more than 25 years old.

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.

"This is a family living at 110, and I want to know something about them."

"You're Dr. Chester, aren't you, sir?" she cried. "Och, doctor, darlin', you're wanted immediate—it's my old man is taken down in our shanty by the railroad."

A Volunuous Writer.

The quantity of work produced during his singular existence, from the time when De Quincey first began, unusually late, to write for publication, was very large.

It was always writing, and always leaving deposits of his manuscripts in the various lodgings where it was his habit to bestow himself.

There are said to be but 125 of the famous gold dollars in existence. The first one of these ever coined is in the possession of Col. John A. Stephens, of Augusta, Ga.

On one side are the words, "United States of America, 100 cents," on the rim and in the center these words, letters and figures: "Gold, metric 1, G.; 16.1, S.; 1.9, C.; Grams 14.25."

Some men work because they love work and hate play. They do not shine in society; they have no conversation; the fair sex are not passing fair to their distorted vision.

While a Jersey City blacksmith was turning off horse shoes the other day a man stood in the door and watched him for a while, and then slowly advanced, stooped down and carefully kicked aside weeks before.

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.

There has been considerable discussion of late on the probable usefulness of an electric tricycle, and it is stated that the invention of such a machine is now an established fact.

There is no gun for him. The Italian who comes to America does not adopt any new ideas in the matter of weapons, but clings pertinaciously to his stiletto.

"I have no use for a man who lies," remarked an editor.

PROGRESS IN ART.

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

The history of the development of the artistic sense in the race is quite as surprising as that of the evolution of any other faculty or power.

Religion was not the mother of superstitious art, for the latter really preceded the former, and became the mother of the superstitious symbols of religion.

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.

Some men work because they love work and hate play. They do not shine in society; they have no conversation; the fair sex are not passing fair to their distorted vision.

Miss Hurrup—Ah! George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

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?"

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and the next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

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 ain't hot." "Who said it was?" asked the smith.

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 worn by any but kings and nobles.

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.

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.

On reaching the palace he found a second sentinel equally anxious, and his knowledge as well as any of his punctilious military race what was due to his rank, the little fellow walked up to the man and asked, severely: "Do you know who I am?"

On one side are the words, "United States of America, 100 cents," on the rim and in the center these words, letters and figures: "Gold, metric 1, G.; 16.1, S.; 1.9, C.; Grams 14.25."

One day he went out on a fishing excursion with a friend who was full of bright ideas in the angling line.

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

Salaries of London Journalists.

Higher in Patent Leather.

"You keep \$3 shoes?" "Yes."

HISTORY OF A RING.

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

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.

"You will see the two figures painted by Nomar, a celebrated miniature painter of that date, are beautiful in design and execution, and the manner of the setting of the pearls and rubies to the eye of the connoisseur prove it to be genuine without doubt.

There was a sound of revelry by night. "To make a long story short, the ring descended, generally by will, through different members of the Carroll family until it came into the present owner's hands by gift from Letitia, the last of the Carrolls, now mother superior of a convent in Baltimore.

"Think of the bright eyes which have gazed upon this beautiful ring. All the people living at the time this ring was given to the beautiful bride in Dublin castle are no more. All the great armies of Wellington and all those mighty hosts which followed the war drums of his foe, the great Napoleon, have gone to the great beyond, while the bauble, just as bright, the colors of the paintings just as clear as ever, now reposes in the safe of a Boston money lender.

A Lightning Arrestor Wanted.

In case of the inexcusable machine, however, the field magnets serve only to force an incoming discharge to break through the country, and forcibly call attention to the need of a lightning arrester that will arrest lightning, at least to the extent of protecting dynamos.

Two Kinds of Courage.

In some of the very day occurrences of life women exhibit much more moral courage than men. You can see that on the "L" cars if you see your eyes. When a man retains his seat while a woman endeavors to maintain her balance by hanging to a strap in front of him, he generally makes a pretense of not seeing her.

"You're Dr. Chester, aren't you, sir?" she cried. "Och, doctor, darlin', you're wanted immediate—it's my old man is taken down in our shanty by the railroad."