A MISTAKE.

Before he went away to make his fortune Samuel Wadleigh had been very much in love with Cora Eastman. It was a boy and girl attachment, and a very romantic one. The boy was a tall, blue eyed fellow, with a small waist and curly golden hair that lay in thick little rings all over his head. He was at once very manly and very youthful in appearance, and it would have been hard for a girl not to fall in love with him if he had tried to make her. Cora was a little brunette with big black eyes and a good color, and he thought her beautiful.

He longed to offer her his hand and heart and get her to engage herself to him before he left home; but he reflected that he had no right to bind her by any promise until he was sure of that fortune he was going to seek, and when he gave her a little forget-me-not ring he only spoke of it as a token of friendship. However, when they parted she knew as well as he did that he loved her, and looked forward to the usual finale of a wedding.

Time passed on. The young people wrote at first once a week, then once a month, then occasionally. "Absence"—says the modern poet—"makes the heart grow fonder of somebody else."

Young Wadleigh went a good deal into society abroad, and Cora had plenty of admirers. He got into a convivial set, where they drank a good deal of wine and had liberal views. She became very pious, and rather leaned to prohibition. Their last letters were very formal, and when fifteen years had passed and Samuel Wadleigh found himself coming home with the fortune he had made after all, he scarcely remembered Cora Eastman.

Certainly Cora did not know him. The light haired youth had changed into a man of 40. All his curls were gone, and his head to his ears was as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball. His waist was gone, too. He had the proportions of an alderman. However, he was still what people call a fine looking man. As for Cora, she had all her black hair and no wrinkles, and had kept her trim little figure, but she had changed curiously. He knew her at once, but she was not the same. What does Time do to us? When does he do it? How does he do it? If we women could but find out!

There was nothing to sigh over in Miss Eastman's case. She was a tight, trim little woman of five-and-thirty. But where were Cora's smiles? the dimples that seemed about to appear when she smiled? the soft brightness of the eyes? the way of looking and moving? All gone—vanished!

It did not occur to Mr. Wadleigh that he had altered much more—it never does occur to men. He told Miss Eastman that he was delighted to see her once more, and she said polite things to him, wondering all the time whether this could be the charming youth who used to set her heart beating by a touch or a glance—this very nice person, portly, well to do, well mannered, but not in the least interesting. She compared him unfavorably with Mr. Sweetsmile, the charming new clergyman who had just had a call to their church, and who had taken both her hands in his only yesterday and said, "What we should do without you in the Sabbath school, Miss Eastman, I cannot imagine!" He was charming!

The course of events threw Samuel Wadleigh a great deal into the society of his old love; the families were connected and moved in the same circle. By degrees he met small nieces and nephews who had been children when he went away, and were now young ladies and gentlemen—among them a certain little Cora, Miss Eastman's niece, prettier than she had ever been, and with all her witching ways, her half-hidden dimples, her smiles and her sweet side glances. She sat opposite him at the dinner table, and he could fancy all the years rolled away, and he the boy who gave the girl he loved the forget-me-not ring. He remembered her a pudgy little child in white fur walking with her maid in the park and kissing her hand to auntie.

"What a charming girl!" he said to Miss Eastman. "You over again!" And then Miss Eastman made the younger Cora come and talk to "her old friend, Mr. Wadleigh."

Cora had heard of him as the gentleman who had been her aunt's admirer and lived single for her sake, and she was very nice to him. She felt that he had a romantic history, and that Aunt Cora ought to have been more constant, and so she was, as we have said, very nice.

And of all this Mr. Wadleigh never dreamed, and little thrills went through him, and he made up his mind that fate had been very good to him. Here was a lovely young creature—exactly the sort of girl he admired—smiling on him and listening to all his compliments in a way that encouraged him to pay more.

"The elder Cora is a very sensible woman," he said to himself. "She has quite forgotten old times; she has none of those foolish little ways that some women would have of reminding me that we were lovers. Really, some of those first letters of mine were tantamount to proposals; but it is all over; I am quite free. I'm a good match. No doubt little Cora will see that at once," and after solemnly deliberating the pros and cons for three days and nights he began to take Cora out to drive behind a pair of very handsome horses, to send her bouquets, and to invite her to the opera. As she resided with her Aunt Cora he naturally invited the other lady as chaperon. He did not say that, but plainly she understood it, for she left most of the talk to the girl and was sometimes grave and silent. Once or twice she even seemed to try to excuse herself.

"So very sensible," thought Mr. Wadleigh, and at last, when he had, he fancied, spent time enough dancing attendance on this fair one, he seated himself one evening at his desk and wrote an offer of marriage. "Which," he added, "surely cannot surprise you—you must know by my manner how I feel."

This he addressed to Miss Cora Eastman and carried to the house with his own hands.

"For Miss Cora," he said to the servant. "Don't make any mistake."

"Not I, sor," said old William. "I know right well which lady it's for."

Now old William had been in the family many years. He well remembered those old days when this gentleman was spoken of as Mr. Samuel, Miss Cora's sweetheart, in the kitchen. He had no doubt whatever that the letter in his hand was meant for his young lady. The "bit of a girl," her niece, he still considered a child, and so with slow and solemn steps he made his way to Miss Eastman's own room, rapped on the door, opened it and entered on tiptoe.

"Miss Cora," said he in an awful whisper, "Master Samuwell—I mean Mr. Wadleigh—tould me to give you this quite private, and to be particular about it."

"Thank you, William," said Miss Eastman, and when he was gone she sat looking at the envelope rather dismally. At last she opened and read it.

"I thought so," she commented, with a little groan.

On the evening he had appointed in his letter Mr. Wadleigh rang the door bell a little apprehensively. He had a carnation in his buttonhole and a big bouquet in his hand.

William opened the door. His smile was confidential.

"Miss Cora said if you would take a sate in the library she'd resave you in a few minutes," he whispered, and Mr. Wadleigh entered the library. Here all was very quiet and no callers would intrude. Here he would learn his fate.

"And why should I fear it?" he asked, surveying himself in the glass over the mantelpiece. Yet all the same he was conscious of a certain tremor, rather inward than outward, and his ears burned.

Ten minutes at least were given him in which to quiet himself. Then a door opened at the end of the library and a figure entered—Cora. He started up and advanced toward it. It was Cora certainly, but not the one he expected—not his new love, but his old. He stopped—stood still. She advanced; she held his letter in her hand. It suddenly dawned upon him that William had made a mistake.

"Pray be seated," said Miss Eastman, and he was very glad to sit down.

"I beg," said the lady, "that you will give me a little time. I can not formulate my ideas as I desire to. I"——

"Oh, take time, take time!" said he, and walked away to the window.

It was all up with him, he felt. She would shortly exclaim, "Samuel, I am yours!" and perhaps fall into his arms. All the mistaken spinsters and widows in the plays did that, and he must make up his mind to it. There had been a tacit engagement between them. It had never been broken off. He had written to Cora Eastman. She was Cora Eastman. Nothing could alter that, and he could not injure and insult her. After all, she was a nice little woman, and of the proper age for his wife.

She was pretty still, she was good. He had not the strength of mind to get out of this fix, unless it had been bad enough to warrant him in cutting his throat. And at this moment she spoke.

"Samuel," she said—she had not called him Samuel since his return—"Samuel, I have found words at last. Come here."

He came and sat down in a great chair opposite her.

"You can't tell how I feel," said she. "You tell me I must have expected this letter, but I did not. I thought you had forgotten. If you had said a word—one word. I was very constant for years, but time has an influence. I've altered; so have you. I did not know you when I first saw you, but still had I guessed I should have thought it my duty to try—I—I—it must come out somehow. I am engaged to be married to our pastor, Mr. Sweetsmile, and I feel that I have chosen for my happiness. Don't feel too bad, Samuel. I will always be a sister to you."

Ten minutes before this Mr. Wadleigh would have fancied that he must rejoice at this termination of their meeting. Here he was out of his dilemma, free again. All he had to do was to bow, look grave, accept the position of friend and brother, and retire gracefully; but, after all, he had been refused, and he felt angry. He had been informed that he was no longer an Adonis, and he was hurt; and somehow Cora, in her excitement under the influence of emotion, and in the shadows of the library, looked so charming that some portion of his old love sprung to life again. Now that he knew he could not get her, and that some one else wanted her, she became desirable.

"I am an idiot," he said aloud, and Cora answered:

"Oh, dear, no! I shall always remember your truth and constancy very tenderly." He bowed and took his hat. He bowed again and retired to the door. As he went along the passage to the central hall of the large house he heard the front door open.

"William, where is auntie?" said Cora's voice.

"In the library," said William. "But don't you go there. Mr. Samuel is in there offering of hisself. Poor gentleman, I'm afraid it's the day after the fair; but such is life."

Then Cora giggled and ran upstairs.

Mr. Wadleigh never proposed to the youngest Miss Eastman. Later he married a showy widow who admired him intensely. She had no young Samuel Wadleigh with hyacinthine locks and slender waist to compare him with, and still Mrs. Sweetsmile keeps a little forget-me-not ring in a little Russia leather box and looks at it sometimes.

"Poor fellow!" she sighs. "How true and faithful he was to me, and how little I deserved it!"—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

Two Epitaphs.

Remarkable are two epitaphs, the first of which is said to be upon a tombstone in the city of Sacramento: "Here is laid Daniel Borrow, who was born in Sorrow, and Borrowed little from Nature except his name and his love to mankind and hatred to redskins; who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot; who, through a long life, never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under, beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in the saloon of Jeff Morris, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting Morrow."

The other, which belongs to a Nevada burying place, is a noteworthy achievement in this line. "Sacred to the Memory of Hank Monk—the Whitest, Biggest-hearted, and Best-known Stage-driver of the West; who was kind to All and Thought Ill of None. He Lived in a Strange Era, and was a Hero, and the Wheels of his Coach are now Ringing on Golden Streets."—Chambers' Journal.

Deposits of Loadstone.

A Kansas City paper says that there is a bowlder in the Ozarks which will attract a jackknife dropped nine feet away, and that along the line of the fifth principal meridian, in the counties of Carter, Reynolds, Iron and Washington, the lines of east and west surveys are deflected from the true course several degrees, the needle being affected by the deposits of loadstone.

CHOOSING A CAREER.

A TINSMITH DISCUSSES THE OPPORTUNITIES OF HIS TRADE.

A Practical Talk That Should Interest Thoughtful Parents—What a Boy May Expect in Work and Wages—Details of the Apprenticeship.

Matthew Barr is the walking delegate of the Tin and Sheet Iron Workers' union, and worked for many years as a tinsmith in a shop and in business for himself. "The tinsmith trade," said Mr. Barr to a reporter, "is split into several branches, and to be able to do all kinds of work in tin and sheet iron requires considerable time spent in each department. Sheet iron work, as it is understood in this city, is carried on in what are known as 'furnace shops,' while the manufacture of tin goods is restricted to what are called 'assortment shops.' Apart from these there are the cornice makers and slate and metal roofers, which are included among the branches that tinsmiths must know to round out their knowledge.

"The best age for a boy to begin the tinsmith trade is about sixteen. He ought to have picked up sufficient education from the common schools at this age to give him a fair start in life. No boy is bound out as an apprentice to a tinsmith in this country, but beginners are not looked upon as full fledged journeymen until they reach the age of manhood, no matter how proficient they may be. In some shops a boy has very little show, because there is a system of employment which practically excludes him.

"This is the result of a surplus of labor in other countries. Tinsmiths land here from other lands with but little knowledge of what the trade requires here, but with a general knowledge of the business and the use of tools. They apply for work in shops and they are taken on in preference to the native born boys who desire to learn the trade. These foreign mechanics can learn quicker than a boy generally, and while they are hired for low wages, they in a short time are able to do almost as much work as an expert tinsmith. This system is against the American boy, but so long as there is money in it for the bosses it will be kept up.

"This trade is not such a laborious one that it requires an unusual amount of strength. A tinsmith need not be as strong as a carpenter, blacksmith or bricklayer, but he must have plenty of endurance. He ought to be versatile intellectually, because he is not a mere machine, but is often required to make entirely new things, which can only be done with a fair degree of inventive skill, besides an expert knowledge of the use of tools.

"A boy will never become a good tinsmith if he is not obedient and patient. He will have to do some simple thing over so many times that life will become very weary in the shop before he is set to work upon something that appears to be important to him. In the assortment shops a boy will first be taught how to use the shears. He will be given a lot of old scraps to cut up, and before his muscles get used to the movement he will think that his arm will drop off. He will receive about three dollars a week on the start.

"The foreman watches the boy carefully, and if he does not take hold of the shears and other tools handily in a few days, he will probably remind him that he has made a mistake in his calling. Some boys are put at this and other trades by their parents who would make good clerks and salesmen, but never will be good mechanics. To accustom the boy to the use of the mallet and hammer, he is kept straightening old pipe. When he knows a little about tools and shows the proper spirit in doing his work, he is sent to the journeyman's bench to hold things for him, and in this way gets an idea of the practical use of tools. He may be kept at this for a long time, and this is the period that will test his patience.

"It is always a red letter day for the beginner when the foreman gives him a piece of metal and tells him to make a drinking cup. He has seen it done many times, but when he comes to cutting out the tin and getting it into shape his fingers seem to be all thumbs. He wants to make a good cup, but his anxiety will knock it out of shape. When it is all brightly polished it is taken to the foreman for inspection. Nine times out of ten the beginner is told to take it home as a memento. He feels very happy, but he would not think so much of his work if he knew that the real reason that it was not taken by the foreman was that it could not be sold.

"The boy will soon find this out when the foreman keeps him making cups until he gets a perfect one. From a cup he goes to other things of minor importance, which he is kept at until he gradually acquires skill. It depends upon the boy himself how much time he will waste before he becomes an expert. If he is civil and obliging the journeymen will teach him pattern drawing, and in this way the boy will learn how to block out the models of every kind of work and cut out patterns for himself.

"During the last thirty years there have been many changes in the tinsmith's trade. Machinery has taken the place of hand labor in the manufacture of nearly all utensils, but this has made no change in the tinsmith's condition. Organized labor has protected the workman. The principal machines in the assortment shops are presses giving the general outlines of manufactured goods, and lathes, which are used to perfect the lines of spinning. An important fact in the trade is the wheeling machine, which gives the bright polish and puts on the finishing touches. The polishing used to be done by hammers on an anvil, but the wheeling machine can do better and more work. During the five years that a boy ought to spend in learning this trade he ought to become expert in the use of all the machinery, if he has had the proper instruction. A boy will learn the trade better in a shop than in a trade school."—New York Recorder.

Proof Positive.

Tom—I am quite certain Mr. Smythe is a foreign nobleman in disguise.

Jack—How do you know?

Tom—He has such a dignified way of asking you to loan him $10.—Chicago Journal.

Off His Hands.

"How is it you have had so few deaths on your hands, doctor?"

"That's easy enough. When I find I have a bad case I order the patient to take a trip abroad."—Judge.

Appropriate.

A farmer of our acquaintance has named one of his hogs Maud because she comes into the garden so much.—Huntsville (Ala.) Mercury.

BEFORE HE THOUGHT.

The Poor Fellow Was Really Hungry and Spoke His Mind Too Frankly.

Tom De Witt, Jack Ford and Ed Stillman had been living on cigars and hope for two days and were nearly starved to death.

They had decided to honor some of their Vassar friends with a visit, at the time of the commencement, when the college discipline is somewhat relaxed; but a short stay in the place had convinced them that the fare of the Poughkeepsie boarding house was inadequate to satisfy Murray Hill appetites.

So when, after a morning drive, the girls announced that they intended to effectually silence the current feeble sneer at the cooking abilities of fair collegians by giving the party a lunch prepared by themselves, there was joy in the hearts of the men. At the word "lunch" Tom looked at Ed and Ed looked at Tom, and Jack looked straight into the face of the prettiest girl and said most felicitously, "Oh, thank you!"

It was to be served in one of the rooms at 2 o'clock; "in the meantime they would stroll about the grounds and get up an appetite."

At last the lunch came. It was a "pink" one. The table was artistically and tastefully decorated. Big pink bows and bunches of roses covered the cloth, and elaborately painted dinner cards directed the guests to their seats.

As course succeeded course the men began to wonder where the substantials were coming in, and to realize that a third disappointment had fallen to their lot.

The little tubs of deviled salmon, the impalpable croquettes with tender asparagus tips, the tiny dabs of shrimp salad in the center of cool, green lettuce leaves, the salted almonds, the olives, the meringues glace and the strawberry sherbet were all very dainty and delicate, but not particularly satisfying to earthly mortals whose thoughts were running on thick, juicy English chops and big pewter mugs the size of an infant's bathtub.

And when as a finishing touch cute little packages of tutti frutti, cunningly tied up in pink ribbons, were passed around on a silver plate, the men felt unequal to further conversational effort.

A few hours after the feast Tom De Witt remarked that it was time for them to be starting, as they expected to catch the 7:50 train for New York.

"Oh, you'd better stay over until the 10:10," remonstrated a sweet sophomore; "you will just spoil your evening. What will you do when you get back to the city?"

Here was the great opportunity of Jack's life, and unconsciously he rose to it.

"Oh," he said earnestly, "we'll go straight to a hotel and get something to eat, for we haven't had a square meal since we have been in this town!"

For a moment three girls stared blankly at each other, and then the young men gathered their hats and canes together and, saying hurried "good nights," sped, with horizontal coat tails, in the direction of the depot.—Harry Romaine in Homemaker.

How the Cobra Gives Warning.

The most dangerous reptiles of India and Africa are the cobras. No snakes, not even rattlesnakes, are more dreaded, and with reason. As the rattlesnake warns the ear by its significant "rattle," so the cobras warn the eye by the mode in which they expand the upper part of the body when irritated. This expansion is produced by a sudden movement of the ribs of that region of the body. Usually they incline backward, but the animal, when irritated, makes them stand out at right angles to the body, and so, of course, forces outward the skin which covers them. Thus the neck, or part just behind the head, becomes greatly expanded and flattened, as it also does, though in a less degree, in the Australian blacksnake. This expansion is called a hood, and so the animals are called hooded snakes. In some of them there is on the back of the hood a dark mark, something like a pair of spectacles, and they have therefore been called spectacle snakes.—Quarterly Review.

How Hawthorne Wrote.

We never think of local color in connection with Hawthorne. Apparently he didn't need to put it on. Perhaps he would not have understood about it. He might have thought that the counterpart of the literary term (local color) applied socially would refer to the women who paint, the term has such an artificial sound. One has an idea of a colored photograph; the local color is not a part of the substance, but is imposed. Hawthorne was not conscious of any necessity of giving local color to his creations. He wrote of that into which he was born, and his creations, even when they were in foreign settings, glowed with that internal personality which is never counterfeited by veneering.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

Philadelphia Pretzels.

Philadelphia pretzels are a thing by themselves; that is, the genuine Philadelphia pretzel is, but unscrupulous manufacturers have been making imitations with machinery which have served to lessen the high standard raised by the reputation of the homemade pretzel. The pretzel came over with the Dutch, and it is still found in its original purity in Lancaster and Berks counties, the inhabitants of which have been so many generations in this country that they are unable to speak their mother tongue. They have not been here long enough to learn English, so they make their pretzels as they were taught, and talk the language which they have manufactured.—New York Sun.

Soapsuds Are Valuable.

Few persons know how very useful soapsuds prove when employed as manure. Applied to the roots of vines, fruit trees, roses, etc., they impart a vigor and rapidity of growth which is perfectly surprising. No one who is so lucky as to have a garden should waste this valuable form of manure. It is an excellent plan to have a large tub, and put the soapsuds and dirty water into it till required upon the garden.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Medicine Lake.

Medicine lake is a wonder that draws many visitors annually—a body of water that does not contain a living thing, and at certain hours of the day is full of a gelatinous, spongelike substance that sinks and leaves the water clear. At the lake are two mountains, one of pure obsidian, the other of pumice stone in layers.—Potter Four Corners.

THE COLORS OF WATER.

A Simple Object Lesson That Proved Interesting to a Child.

"Is it not true, grandpa, that water has no color?"

"Yes, dear child, it is blue, but so little so that you cannot see it."

"Can you see that it is blue?"

"No, but still it is blue. Look at this."

I took a little ultramarine on the end of the brush and mixed it with water.

"Does it look blue now?"

"No; I see nothing."

"Nor I. But you saw how I put a little blue color in it with the brush."

"Yes, but there was not enough of it. Put more in."

I silently took the glass and set it on a piece of white paper in the bright sunshine. "Now look from above down into it."

"It is blue," said the little one, clapping her hands, "but only a very little."

"Look at it from the other side, where the sun is shining into it. Is it not a little bit red, like the bell flowers which you picked yesterday?"

"That is wonderful," said the little one. "It is blue from above, a little bit red in the sun, and when we look at it from this side of the room we see nothing!"

"Think about it a little. The glass is as broad as my finger is long. But it is at least three times as high as my finger. When you look at it from the side, you see only a finger's length of water; but when you look down into it, you see through three fingers' length of water—three times as much. You see it blue from the side, and three times as blue from above, don't you?"

"Is that really true?" said the little one, as she measured with her finger. She nodded that she was satisfied.

"Now imagine that the water is as deep as the height of the church steeple, and deeper—that it reaches from here up into Salvan and down to Vernayaz. Then you would see the water from above it all blue."

"Is the lake, then, really so deep?"

"Yes, and deeper."

I will not continue the conversation any longer. It went on with various simple experiments, beginning with differently colored stones, which I let drop into the water, and then placed on the white, then with setting the glass with its weakly bluish contents on differently colored papers, and ended with my trying to make the children perceive how the colors changed when they were seen through the whole depth of the glass. I will not say that the little ones were brought to a full comprehension of the matter, but they stuck fast to the assertion that water is blue, of an infinitely weak blue, and that the blue color cannot be seen till one looks into a certain depth of it.—Carl Vogt in Popular Science Monthly.

Search Lights versus Torpedo Boats.

It is stated that one of the most effective means of protecting a ship in these days of torpedoes (the grouping together of a number of stationary search lights, each illuminating its own section so that the ship is surrounded by an unbroken circle of light), is to be adopted in the new American warships. This has been suggested by a very pronounced defect in the usual search light practice. In order to afford sufficient time for a careful examination of the water's surface at points removed from the ship, the beam of light must be revolved very slowly, and hence during a great portion of the time any particular section of the water is left in darkness. As it takes only five minutes for a torpedo boat to run a distance of two miles, it will be seen that the conditions are all in favor of the attacking force. Before the revolution of the search light is completed there is plenty of time for the torpedo boat to run up and discharge her deadly weapons.—New York Telegram.

An Electrical Sunrise.

A Twenty-third street theater has brought out an electrical sunrise. A curved screen, part of which is made of gauze, so that the light may shine through, extends around the stage, and behind it is an elaborate system of incandescent lamps. The controlling apparatus is so graduated that fifty different degrees of light and shade can be produced, thus causing the sunrise to grow imperceptibly. Another use of the electric current made at the same place is in representing the explosion of a bomb.

A paper shell contains just enough powder to explode and make a flash. This is fired by electricity, while at the same moment another circuit controlled by the same key sets off a gun behind the scenes, which furnishes the necessary noise.—New York World.

A Tiny Timepiece.

M. Morquet, a friar of the Florentine order in Paris, has constructed a perfect watch only a quarter of an inch in diameter. Besides the two hands seen on all watches it has a third which marks the seconds, besides a microscopic dial which indicates the days, weeks, months and years. It also contains an alarm, and on its front lid is an ingeniously cut figure of St. Francis. On the back cover, by aid of a powerful glass, you can distinctly read two verses of the "Te Deum."—Philadelphia Press.

In the Business of Revolution.

The Englishman imagines that revolution and treason are serious affairs and must be conducted with set teeth and grave face. Not so the men of the Latin races. To them revolutions are like race meetings, with a certain amount of danger added. An Englishman feels disgraced at the idea of recurrent revolution. Not so a Frenchman or a Spaniard.—London Spectator.

Why He Desired a Cannon.

It is related that an Indian chief once approached General Crook and wanted to borrow a cannon. "Do you expect me to loan you a cannon with which to kill my soldiers?" the old veteran inquired. "No," the chief replied; "kill soldiers with a club; want cannon to kill cowboys."—Cor. Topeka Capital.

The Power of Observation.

The Bank Clerk—It's a shame the way some men rob their employers by loafing when they're paid to work. There's a bricklayer on that new building across the street who hasn't done a stroke for an hour—I know it, because I've done nothing but watch him.—London Tit-Bits.

Hebrew tradition says that the tablets of Moses were of sapphire. In Hebrew the word sappir means the most beautiful. It symbolizes loyalty, justice, beauty and nobility.

BUYING PICTURES.

A REPORTER CHATS WITH SEVERAL WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

The Painters Pretty Generally Agree That One Should Buy the Paintings Which Please Him—Judgment Is Capable of Cultivation and Will Improve.

"How do people buy pictures?" Colin Campbell Cooper repeated. "Well, I suppose the majority of collectors consult the advice of a dealer or some artist, and yet there are those, not pretentious connoisseurs, either, that know a good thing when they see it, and evince unusual wisdom in their purchases. To some, however, self reliance in investing on a large scale in paintings has proved rather a disastrous experiment. The other day a collection made by a man thirty or forty years ago was sold. There was hardly half a dozen good things in it, simply because he bought and he did not know what he was getting.

"Art in this country is gradually waking up. Perhaps the Centennial might be called the American Renaissance. We know infinitely more about art than our grandparents did, and with opportunities increasing from year to year it is fair to suppose our children will show a still more marked improvement in taste. Greater facilities for traveling have done much to bring about a change in our little world, and the tendency of our art is rather toward the cosmopolitan than provincial. Naturally, time is required to educate the public taste along artistic lines.

"I think people will buy more pictures when they understand painting is not an accomplishment merely a pleasure to the eye, but that it is a part of education, of civilization. It will require time to realize this. Exhibitions are visited and the majority like to look at pictures with an admiration rather ephemeral. When the picture is out of sight the impression is gone. With a general diffusion of art paintings will be bought not solely because they appeal to the senses, to personality, but for their artistic qualities; not simply because the subject illustrated is rather a pretty idea, but because the work is technically a good art production."

Stephen Ferris said: "The world is full of good pictures to be bought for reasonable prices, but unfortunately many thousands of dollars, many fortunes, are spent for nonsense, while good work remains unsought and unbought. Common sense is happy capital in picture buying as in any other business. One can hardly provide a set number of rules to be observed in buying. Many books have been written on military science, yet the world has seen comparatively few fine generals. Judgment rules the world, and in picture buying one person is more successful than another because a spirit of superior intelligence dictates his purchases."

Thomas Eakins would like to have people buy pictures that please them and appeal to their taste. "The majority are afraid to buy what they like; they must have some one else's advice. Well, if they start with bad art, perhaps before long they will come to the good. Let people buy what they want."

"I have not thought much about buying pictures," said Mr. Frederick Waugh. "We artists are more chiefly concerned in trying to sell them. It is the privilege of the artist to paint pictures which appeal to people; which they understand and want to have for their own. But he should have a high standard, and he cannot succeed if he lower it to cater to the popular taste. He is fortunate if in working out his ideas he pleases the public and yet does not lose his independence nor forfeit his originality. His work may be appreciated by large numbers, but it is always certain that some few will recognize his endeavor and will want to buy it.

"In the Old World art is accessible to all. The Luxembourg and the Louvre are filled permanently with the masterpieces of all ages, the best that have been done. There, too, the spirit of union is strong among artists. They gather together and talk of everything pertaining to the art world, consequently they live entirely in a congenial climate and they grow and develop in an essentially art atmosphere. Impressionism? Yes, this is the great word nowadays. Many have an idea that it is a synonym for vaguely treated and partially unfinished pictures. Impressionism claims to record facts as observed by the artist. Sincerity to nature is its aim. After all, there is nothing so beautiful as truth, and the nearer we get to it, as we find it in nature, the better artists we are."

"Many Americans buy pictures," Mr. F. de B. Richards responded, "because they have accumulated money, and pictures are the proper thing to have. Generally they know very little about it, and a dealer does the work for them. If people purchase pictures to flatter their vanity, let them spend big sums and buy high priced pictures. If they buy for pleasure, let them buy what interests them. I remember meeting Edwin Forrest after a sale. 'I've bought a picture,' said he. 'They told me not to do it, because very likely it is not original. But it pleases me, and I should buy it if it were by somebody I never heard tell of.' A picture pleasing to the eye is a source of education for the time being at least. Adverse criticism may lead a man to scrutinize it and study it more closely than if he had bought one he did not like half so well."

"I think I should be inclined to buy what I liked personally," was the opinion of Edwin Swift Balch, "not forgetting that the pictorial qualities should not be lost sight of in the desire to get a pleasing subject. Good handling, the proper placing of values and meritorious color, allied to a sympathetic subject, will tend to keep our interest in a painting alive."—Philadelphia Times.

Equal to the Occasion.

A couple of burglars were trying to effect their entrance into a house. The master of the establishment heard them, and, opening the window gently, he observed: "You had better come again after a while, as we haven't all gone to bed yet."

Why Dinner Was Late.

Mr. Grubbs—Thunderation! Hungry as a bear, and no signs of dinner. What's the matter?

Little Benny—It's the girl's day out and ma hasn't got back from cooking school.—Chicago Herald.

His Past Experience a Help.

Capt. Anson's late successes as an after dinner speaker show what a deserving young man can accomplish by long years of conscientious talking back when the umpire's decisions do not suit him.—Chicago News.

FACTS ABOUT THE BANJO.

How It Came to Be Developed from a Calabash to Its Present Form.

The swell negro minstrel was tuning up a banjo of the most gorgeous description, eliciting a plaintive tinkle-tinkle from the strings with the finger and thumb of one hand, while with the other he manipulated the finger board from fret to fret, and now and then screwed one of the little ivory keys a trifle tighter. It was in his handsomely furnished apartment at an uptown hotel that he sat, humming snatches of a new popular song in an undertone while he toyed with the instrument caressingly—as well he might, for it was a beauty, presented to him, doubtless, as a tribute to his skill as a professional troubadour by some admirers.

The circular rim inclosing the head—itself a disk of sheepskin so fine as to be almost transparent—was of gold overlaid upon wood, with brackets all around of the same precious metal to hold the drum taut; the finger board was elaborately inlaid and ornamented, and nothing seemed omitted that could possibly add to the cost of the tintinnabulatory contrivance. For burnt cork art in these days is exhibiting a persistent tendency toward the decorative. Counterfeit darkies, to gratify the sated public taste, must wield the tambourine and bones in Monte Cristo dresses of black satin and jewels, while little Lord Fauntleroy reclines gracefully at the front of the stage, singeing his curls of best quality tow in the footlights, with other things to correspond.

"The banjo is a decidedly better instrument than it was fifteen years ago," said the troubadour, sweeping the strings to tuneful chords while he talked with the writer, who was making him a visit. "And the reason of it has chiefly to do with the head and the strings. The brackets are better made and more of them are used, so that the sheepskin is kept tighter stretched. In the primitive banjo as few as four brackets were employed, while this one, you see, has thirty. Tap the drum with your knuckles and observe how firm and resonant it is. Now, too, the strings are made thinner and more carefully twisted. How are they manufactured? Why, of sheep's intestines cut into fine strips and twisted together. It is a very skilled process. Poor strings may not be composed of more than four or five strands of gut, whereas first rate ones have from fifteen to eighteen. After they have been twisted, they are polished off with pumice stone and other things, so that they are made quite round and the twisting cannot be seen, though in the cheap ones it remains visible. Banjo strings are all imported; they are manufactured in Germany and Italy. Most people suppose that the shells attached to fish hooks are of the same material, but I happen to know that they are in reality made of the bodies of silk worms taken in an immature state and stretched out. Seems wonderful, doesn't it?"

"How about the heads?"

"They are made of ordinary sheepskin, carefully cured, stretched and scraped to the proper thinness. Sometimes a hide is split into two layers for the purpose, the part next the hair being the more desirable. Banjo heads are made in this country, as, indeed, the banjos themselves are also. The best instruments come from Philadelphia, though they are made in great numbers also in Chicago, Boston and New York. One other important improvement on the banjo in latter years has been the addition to the fingerboard of raised frets, which do much better than the marks that were meant to serve the same use formerly. Altogether — ti-tum-ti-tum-tiddle-ti-tum—this is a wonderful case of evolution from the orginal African thrummer."

"You refer the banjo to an African origin, then?"

"Without a doubt. The original banjo was a calabash with strings of some sort across it. If you traveled in Africa you would find this same primitive instrument still in use at savage festivities, as it has doubtless been for ages. The negroes brought to this country as slaves fetched the idea with them, and a century ago, or even much less, gourds cut in half were employed for the purpose by the blacks in the south. Nobody knows exactly how the first steps in the development of the banjo were taken, but it is recognized that it owes its present form to the application—tum-ti-tum—of the guitar principles to it. In all likelihood the negroes themselves made the first improvements upon it, taking suggestions from the guitar, and white folks took it up afterward. Anyway, it is as perfect an instrument now as it will ever be. Musicians say that it isn't really a musical instrument at all, but only a barbaric thing, to be classed with the tom-tom. However, I don't agree with that."—Washington Star.

He'd Had Experience.

A gentleman well known about town adopted the bright son of his deceased brother some time ago, and has brought the nephew up as a member of his own family. The little fellow is but 6 years old. He dearly loves his uncle and aunt. The former is rather gruff naturally, but he is kind hearted and he thinks a great deal of the boy, who does not appear to mind his gruffness. Recently his aunt started in to read him "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He grew deeply interested in the fascinating story and followed the trials and troubles of the little lord very closely. His aunt dwelt upon the chapters depicting the cruelty of the crusty old earl, but the boy did not seem to mind this at all. He seemed to know that Fauntleroy would come out all right in the end. "Don't you think that the earl was a mean old fellow?" asked his aunt one day as she finished a chapter. "Oh, I don't know," replied the boy. "I think I could stand him. I stood Uncle George." The story was finished without further comment.—Chicago Herald.

A Cunning Child.

"Oh, Tom, the baby is so sweet! To-day he took off his shoe and threw it in the fire, and when I told him that he was a bad, bad boy he only said 'Nah.'"

"'Nah,' eh? Well, what do you think I'm made of—money? That's the second pair he's lost in a week."

"Oh, no, dear; it was the mate of the one he tore to pieces."

"Oh, that's different—isn't he cunning!"—Harper's Bazar.

A Loving Jay.

Olive Thorne Miller tells of a jay that she once tamed, and that repaid her kindness with every mark of gentle regard. The jay never squawked at her as he would at others, but whistled gently and coolingly. He always got as near her as possible, and did as near kissing as a bird can; that is, he laid his beak on her cheek.