

FAIRY TALES.

The time like fair tales
When I look before me
And when the sun is shining

FLAKI'S BIRTHDAY.

As it was winter and very cold, they had drawn around the prince the screens of precious woods in the little hall where he sat

It was also true that this princess, who tomorrow would be sixteen years of age, possessed all that it was possible to possess

The daimio told himself, shaking his head, that he had too much indulged his beloved daughter, that he should not have indulged her thus till she had exhausted

The face of this young girl was white as cream, her tiny mouth like a cherry cliff in bloom

At the prince's entrance the symphony ceased, and Flaki quickly concealed behind the spindly webs of her sleeve

It is certain, said he to himself, that spring and autumn only are the seasons when the earth is so happy

And when the sun is shining
And when the sun is shining
And when the sun is shining

"You shall be obeyed, master," replied the prime minister bowing himself on backward

"It is really impossible to simulate spring, and thereby, instead of rain and sunshine, conquer eternal fortune"

"An order to be executed under penalty of death before the dawn of the day," said he, recklessly indifferent to the terrified faces surrounding him

Her women had just finished dressing her next morning when the Princess Flaki heard under her window the notes of an orchestra and the chant of many voices

Flaki hastened to descend. The daimio met upon the terrace steps and she threw herself into his arms with a cry of "Father! father! then art in truth a God!"

They then strolled the park and gardens to admire this magic spring. Flaki laughed and danced and clapped her hands like a child

Flower, more generous in all respects than the real springtime.
And what a delicious perfume!
Cried the happy little princess

"I must have it," she cried, "a branch of that plum tree to carry with me as a souvenir of this wonderful spectacle."

"I will do myself the honor of plucking it for you," said he, putting spurs to his horse and returning a moment later with a superbly flowered branch

"Thou art truly a wonderful man," he murmured in the minister's ear, as they re-entered the palace

"Our Old Nobility," as most people are aware by this time, is a superstition. At least a half of the hereditary peerages have been created within the last sixty years

There is greater individual freedom in Great Britain and her colonies than in America. For instance, every Sunday

Traveling men are not very fond of disposing toward the telephone. After quoting prices or selling goods to one customer they are likely to learn that other customers in the same trade have been

SWINDLING BY MAIL.

DISHONEST SCHEMES WHICH KEEP POSTOFFICE MEN BUSY.

How "Green Goods" Men Evade Being Prosecuted—Strange Ways That Some of the Projects Are Discovered—A Few of the Common Methods Employed.

The United States government is an unwitting party to many a swindling scheme of which the public never hears, for the mails are used by many rascals with many plans to exchange experience for money

Everything about the letter seemed regular, but the missive reached the dead letter office because it was not such as that which the letter was apparently sent. The scheme was this: A well dressed man would arrive at a hotel

Ordinarily, the merchants would send the goods to the bank, and the swindler, who would sell them and disappear before the notes he gave in payment fell due

At half past 6 they went into the dining room to dinner, but "supper" as they seemed to think, and the key among the children had both his eyes wide open

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MOSEBY'S "CLOSE CALL."

How the former-Chief of Police Was Once Captured, Shot and Left for Dead.

"It was one of the closest calls I ever had, and I was pronounced as good as a dead man by the Federal surgeon who made a hasty examination of me after the shooting."

The speaker was the noted southern rider, Colonel John S. Mosby, who now resides in San Francisco, but was spending a few days in the city. He and I sat together on a settee in the corridor of a Broadway hotel and talked about war times

"I looked down the barrels of several revolvers and surrendered. Of course I racked my brain to find out some avenue of escape. It came in a dangerous way

"Although it rained in torrents and the lightning was incessant I was carried away in an ox wagon. All the mules and horses in the place had disappeared weeks before and only a yoke of oxen remained

The national congress comprises within its bounds and metes a number of great American citizens who are not what might be called "riggers" in society or quite comme il faut as to all the proprieties

A strange fire of a bolt of lightning occurred at Jeannette during the heavy storm last evening. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kristman reside in a small tenement house close to the Catholic church

INCREASED SERVICE.

HOW THE TYPEWRITER HAS AFFECTED TELEGRAPHY.

Backed by an Extensive Code, the Telegraphic Service of the Various Big Press Associations Has Been Revolutionized by the Machine.

By far the most important and valuable improvement in the efficiency of the electric telegraph in the past three or four years has been brought about by the introduction into telegraph work of a machine that has absolutely nothing electrical about it—the typewriter.

The most striking example of the value of the typewriter in telegraphy is afforded by the press service. In this branch it has entirely superseded the pen and stylus throughout the whole country, and no operator is eligible for a position on a United Press or Associated Press circuit, or practically on any press wire, unless he is a typewriter expert.

A first class operator can send about forty words a minute, continuously and well, but experience has shown that it is very difficult for a man to write with a pen or stylus more than thirty or thirty-five words a minute, steadily and continuously, for a number of hours.

A few excerpts from the code will show its character and scope and give an idea of what may be accomplished in the way of speed with its aid. Short phrases that occur frequently are represented by single letters, as "F" means "of the," "K" means "out of the," "V" means "of which," and so on.

Stones were found into the shapes of beads by the ancient Egyptians. They regarded the beetle as an emblem of immortality, and hence it was the most popular of all forms of ornament. Counterfeit beads of common stones were commonly buried with dead persons, and it was customary to engrave upon them the expression of wishes for future repose and happiness

VANITY IS HARD TO DOWN.

What Female Prisoners Will Often Engage in to Adorn Themselves.

An ex-keeper of a penitentiary being asked the other day to describe some of the characteristics of the female prisoners in the wards, said that one of the things that struck her most forcibly was the way in which the personal vanity of women prisoners remained strong within most of them to the last, no matter what other traits prison life crushed out.

"I remember the case of one woman in particular," said the speaker, "who managed to excite and sustain the envy of nearly all her companions in misfortune by keeping her short black hair shining with oil. How she did it, where she got the oil, was a mystery that I set myself to find out. It took me a long time to do it, but finally I was rewarded. She used to let her soap get perfectly cold. Then she would carefully skim off the grease that had risen to the top, and use it on her hair.

"Another woman managed to rouge her cheeks, on which the prison life was setting its inevitable pallor. This caused more envy than any other thing she did, and when coaxing failed to draw the secret from her the other prisoners made charges of favoritism against me, intimating that I let the rouge checked woman have privileges I denied to others. I watched this prisoner also for some time. I found that she could make her hair shine easily, by scratching them with her nails, and by brushing she applied to her cheeks with gratifying success.

Fielding's "Tom Jones." Notwithstanding the good prices he received for his books, Fielding was always more or less in difficulties from his reckless mode of living. "Tom Jones," however, was nearly being sacrificed in one of his impetuous fits for the sum of twenty-five pounds. The publisher, fortunately asked for a day's consideration, finally said: "I will give you the sum of twenty-five pounds, but Fielding must be accepted than did Fielding hoping to be refused. He was refused!

Tombs of Romeo and Juliet. In 1891, M. Victorin Joncieres, the distinguished composer and musician, visited a tomb in Verona, and he states that the tomb of Romeo's sweetheart, which is at the end of a garden in the old cloister of the Franciscan convent at that place, is absolutely in ruins. Above it, in a kind of niche in the garden wall, which is of brick, is a beautiful millstone and weather stained visiting cards. Hanging on the wall near by the niche is a wreath with a card attached bearing the name of "Mrs. Talbot Shakespeare," whom M. Joncieres puts down as a descendant of the Bard of Avon, and who is said to be a portrait of Elizabeth Lawrence.

He Left Him in a Bad Place. I will give one instance of the ever ready wit of Dr. Barrow. Meeting the Earl of Rochester one day the witty peer exclaimed, "Doctor, I am your usual patient, to which of your clerical dignities replied, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." The peer continued, "Doctor, I am yours to the center." "My lord," retorted the doctor, "I am yours to the Antipodes."