MATERNITY.

Mother of God, what is thy thought tonight. As his dear, patient face looks down to thee Moist with the dews of ranguessed agony? Hast thou the prophet's ecutacy of sight. To seem afar the world's mountide of light?

Art thou rejoicing in the jey to be? Perchance, but oh that trembling minor key, The mother's heart still clamoring for its

"Give me my child, if all the world must die."
And through the shadows of the econe of death Streams merning conchine from the former

years; Jeen thy breast the smiling babe doth He. And all the happy days in Nazareth. Break on thee through the blinding mist of

-J. H. Campbell in Youth's Companion. ITALIAN FISHERWOMEN.

They Toll Unremittingly That Their Hus-

bands May Live in Idleness. The chief feature of the dress of the women of the Italian coast fishers is a double skirt, the lower portion of which hangs rather scantily about their ankles. The upper skirt is often booked up at the front and sides, forming a sort of bag. In this they carry seaweed, fuel, fish or shellfish from the sands, and when not in such use it is drawn up over the shoulders and back of the head as a sort of wrap. Mothers also wrap this skirt about their babes when needing to carry them for any distance. The material is usually the coarsest white cotton, but if the women possess any sort of holiday attire the upper skirt may its severe, businesslike aspect" (here I be of scarlet, yellow or green, looped most gracefully above the lower skirt and surmounted by a black cloth, or in rare instances a coarse velvet bodice. They rare ly wear any foot covering and only such head covering as is supplied by the folds of

Although the coastwise Italian fishermen differ from the Venetian lagoon fishers, who are a hereditarily distinct In my most severe tone I replied that I class, making their living by shoal fishing and wading in the mud for crabs and other shellflah, in being invariably deep sea fishers, still they are never fond of long voyages and rarely pass more than three or four nights on the water at one trip. They are fond, like the Chloggian fishers, of forming small fleets of five or six crafts for fishing in one locality, and keeping one of their "bragozi" with its crew plying back appalling "dream" in blond braids and and forth with the "catches," either directly to market with fresh fish or to their stick in a pin to see how recent the apome ports with fish for curing.

The women do not shrink from even the the door on the last one, and sinking in roughest labor on the sea, and it is no una chair silently wished I had taken mmon sight to see wife and daughters handling ropes, nets and sails, cleaning or George's advice and not advertised. How sorting fish on deck, or vigorously engaged did he come to know so m in any necessary labor of the boat. In about women, bother him. did he come to know so much, anyhow, deed, so far as my observation goes, these fishermen's wives are the propelling, ac-tive, indomitable force of their lives and again appeared in the doorway. "What do want anyhow?" he asked. "What livelihood. Their movements are vigorous would suit you? Here are six separate and even virile, while the men are phleggirls," "Oh," I interrupted, for I conmatic and slow. At the tiller, in unfurl-ing or reefing the sails, paying out or haulfess I was annoyed, "I understood they ing in the net, stowing away the fish, transferring them from their craft to the back from the doorway clasping his head market bragozzo, in hauling the boats in an extravagant fashion, and I heard upon the beach, in spreading and drying him murmuring: "Poor fellow! One the nets, in fact in every possible manner girl is too much for a feeble man-but in which they labor beside or in advance of their husbands, they lay hold of their six, six, six-ah!" with a prolonged symtoil with a vigor and muscular vim expathetic vocalization most distressing in hibiting tremendous energy and force. a business office. I was about to make

Their reach of arm and stride of leg are a hasty rejoinder when the outer door remarkable, and the muscles of their opened and in came a neat little girl in shoulders and breasts show extraordinary black, followed by a body guard of development. Studying them as I have often done when they were unconscious of The leader was trembling, and so was observation, their strange, gruff voices, their bawny frames, their immense brute the body guard, Consequently I grew strength and, above all, their savage en | perfectly calm, placed seats for the three ergy of action, has prompted the thought and invited conversation, dimly contact if any future Masaniello were to scious that George was trying to see leap from among the fisher folk with the without being seen in order to be primed about of Monta at mal greaters. Morte al mal governo? for further attentions. the resistless liberator would prove to be an Italian fisherwoman rather than au lady desired to write for me, her mother assuring me of her daughter's ability.

The lethargic quality of the men is illustrated by their inordinate capacity for food and sleep, and especially the latter. The amiability. Amiability in a business moment the fisher arrives on shore his laoffice! Then the older sister turned up bors, which, if his quests have not been far and dangerous, have already been per-formed largely by women aboard his bragozzo, are at an end. His banchetto, or precoming feast, is always ready, and he betakes himself to this, while his wife cares for boat, gear and fish, with the rain one breath (I have heard of one handkerchief perfamily, but one breath!) pacity of a half famished dog. I have often seen a single fisherman thus eat at one sitting more than a quart of stufa or hodge that it was the very place. And how podge stew of shredded fish and vegetables, a pound of bread, and that dearest of land avenue car, and it had taken them all delicacies to an Italian fisherman, a nearly forty-five minutes. than his shargy head, with a goat's milk cheese as large as his fist.

This done, he flings himself upon the end again-and all the time the little floor of his but or beside his habitation in the warm sand of the shoreside street and girl sat there just as quiet as a mouse, which pleased me very much. instantly becomes oblivious to all worldly concerns in sleep, and he will sleep from should she write to show me her handtwelve to twenty hours without changing writing, and I said "yes," So she took his position.-Chioggia Cor. Pittsburg Dis-

Taking Ink Stains Out of White Goods Let me tell of a discovery I made recent-An inkstand was carelessly overturned | have no idea what an extremely unbusithe bed, ruining (as I supposed) the nesslike thought darted into my head nice, white spread. Feeling that an effort should be made to remove the stains, I resorted to experiment. Gathering up the inky portions of the spread, I thruit it into an earthen bowl and completely covered it with kerosene oil, adding a handful of scap. Letting it soak in this until the next day, I wrung it out and rinsed it in warm pleased he would have been that she water. The stains were by this time of a should be employed by so considerate a dim color. I again returned it to the bowl. gentleman"-and a reckless profusion of adding fresh oil and soap, and allowed it to stand until washday, two days later, and bows from elder sister, and when, after washing and boiling, the stains entirely disappeared. —Cor. New York ly shut the door on them and waited for

Matrimony's Ten Commandments. When Theodore Parker was married he entered in his journal on his wedding day the following resolutions:

Never, except for the best reasons, to op-

"She will break your heart and ruin our pose my wife's will.

To discharge all duties for her sake office comb." there firing remark after remark, I sat

Never to scold. Never to look cross at her.

Never to worry her with commands. To promote her piety. To bear her burdens.

overlook her fotbles. To save, cherish and forever defend her. To remember her always in my prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.— Philadelphia Record.

Food for the Complexion.

A well known woman is reported as say ing: "No sort of food is better for the com plexion than catmeal and oranges. The est complexions in the world are thus of the Italian and Spanish ladies, who live largely on coarse grain food and fruit like fact is becoming appreciated in the east, and that some ladies, to acquire and preserve a good complexion, are living almost entirely on oranges."—Albany Express.

The Nurse's Business.

The Caller-Do the children mind you when the mother is out? The Nurse-I don't require any minding, ma'am. I was not hired for them to mind me, but for me to mind them .-

Few York Press.

"FOR THAT SWEET SILENCE." Along the slope of yonder hill we went Through the still air of evening den

From new plawed earth arose the sharp, swee ment; The cricket shrilled below in the dark croft.

THE TYPEWRITER.

I am a business man; I like business

places. That is, those were my senti-

become, but that is-not another story-

but the tail of this one, and stories and

wasps should never be grasped tail end,

in spite of the habits of novel reading

young ladies and unsophisticated child-

office. I will not deny that my partner

advised me not to do so, strongly ad-

vised me against it, and in an experience

The next morning upon my arrival at

the office George, the aforesaid partner,

kept hurling remarks at me from the

doorway of the inner office about the

illumine the dark apartment, rob it of

winced) "and even lend an air of beauty

to his forlorn room," etc. I growled

to him to shut up, that there was to be

and there wasn't to be any sentiment in

the matter. Here he gave an ironical

laugh, and asked me was I "dead sure?"

Just then the "visions of loveliness"

George and his voice temporarily disap-

Well, I was greeted by all shapes and

sizes of visions from one specimen with

untidy hair and dirty bare hands to an

so much paint that I was tempted to

plication was. I was disgusted. I closed

George's voice was heard, and George

I soon found out that the youngest

superb penmanship, moral character and

and said how Carol was so thoughtful

and desirous of helping them along, and

so had insisted upon trying to get some-

thing to do, and by a lucky chance that

day her eyes had rested on my advertise-

ment, and how they had all said together

they had come in the Spruce and Wood-

All this time my dear little Carol-1

beg your pardon, there is that wrong

When they had finished she asked me

her glove off and went to the desk and

wrote her name thus Caroline Welton

and then I told her to write mine and

she wrote-Richard A. Yohe-and you

when I saw those two names together.

I engaged her to come on Monday to

begin work, and amid a flood of recol-

lections from ma of how her dear dead

husband "never expected dear Carol

would ever have to work," and "how

smiles and bows from elder sister, and

a demure nod from the little one, I final-

"You are a Sybarite-an epicure of

has pretended to be indifferent to wom-

And all the time that donker stood

and sat and felt foolish. I don't know

why. Finally he went back to his work

whistling "Love Comes Like a Summer's

I had a business engagement and man-

aged to get out. So the revolution be-

office, followed by me.

The young idiot! Fortunately

Then in a heartbroken tone,

George to appear. He appeared.

NO."

Starb."

peared, for which I was very thankful.

But I persisted and adver-

hood.

women."

tisad.

WAR

turned his back on me and shook with Thy dovelike eyes, as if in stient prayer, Were lifted to the stars so still and fair; And I, who read thine inmost thought laughter.

"Well, dearie," clerped elder sister "has it seemed like a long morning" o
"Yes, somewhat, though I have been spoken, Loved thee for that sweet pilence left un-

interested too. How's may -Olinda Guerrial.

and myself.

"Very lonely without you. She me to go with you to lunch so that you would not think we had forgotten you." "Oh, that will be nice," said Carol.

worst was to come. Fortunately no

one was in the inner office but George

"And ma said as it was your first day we should be a little extravagant in our methods strictly observed, and no senti-Inneheon.

ment in business hours or at business "That's splendid. I'll see if I can go ments. But I have become revolution-I managed to get on my feet and blindized-I don't know what I am-I have

ly got to the door, feeling that I didn't

your lunch. Please be back by I The fact is I advertised for a "Thank you. Yes, sir." So while she young lady to do copying for me at the plained that she had run in to see how Carol was getting along. (Run in! She smitten tone said, "Never depend on

> Wonder who will come tomorrow. has got to run in? Pity too. She seems few hours later by receiving a letter from quiet enough. But these girls you never New York city announcing that they were can calculate what they are,

"visions of loveliness that would soon I am surprised that I did not mansacre George, but I have always felt that his unpleasant manner should be viewed in the light of an infirmity. He went on: "Very businesslike with 'Dearies' and

no nonsense about this thing. The girl was to be engaged for business writing. will be 'Darling.' His intonation of the last word was positively distressing. I went out for lanch and left him to take care of the

office. It was my only revenge. The days came and left as visitors will began to apply for the situation, and do. Our own individuality is the only thing we can reasonably count upon in

this world as sure to remain. For six weeks my little copyist came regularly and did her work with neatness and dispatch. For six weeks her family came almost as regularly at various times through the day. Ma would drop in (ma used to drop in and elder sister run in), and would say, "Well, pettie." It struck me the first time she said that, and afterward, too, what a singularly appropriate name, but extremely unbusinesslike.

Then sister would run in and say: "Ma is making apple pies, and can you get off a quarter of an hour earlier. dearie, and come home to luncheon? And Carol would say:

"Oh, I wouldn't like to ask." Then I would speak up and say, "You may go a little earlier today, Miss Wel-

Then another day her little brother Rob would stamp in with a bag of cookies ma had made or a bit of a ribbon to be matched on Carol's way home And once an old uncle tottered in and delayed me one-half hour while he bubbled of his deceased brother Andrew used my office for a family room, I suppose. And after some particularly aggravating chatter and interchange of feminine, unbusinesslike epithets would go in to George, forgetting in my vexation his demoniac character, and yow I wouldn't stand it. Then he would ret up and implore me not to be harsh and unkind to the dear little thing, and I unconsciously said, "Who could be?" And then he would shake and chuckle and quote, "O woman, woman, lovely woman!" or repeat, "Well, pettie, how's big?" or "Dearie, sanerkraut today. Come home with me," or "Carol, darling, is the boss just as much gone on you as ever?" or some like idiotic remark that he had coined out of his own imbecile brain.

But when ma came in one day about 11 o'clock in the morning and sat for one mortal hour crocheting or knitting or ome such useless feminine idleness, I purposes only, to be thus desecrated was too much.

So that evening when the little daugh ter was getting ready to go home started out with her, as I had happened to do some few times before, and on the way to her home I told her straight up and down that this thing could not continue. We finally arranged that I should buy a house in the northwestern part of the city, and that in two months she would wear my wedding ring. It has been fully arranged, however, that mamay drop in and the elder sister run in, but they are not to stay in as permanent

One strange part of it to me is how George could ever have surmised that I was in love with her. I always had made it a point to use the most business like manner in speaking to her in the office. He says any fool could have seen it. He ought to know best about the sight of fools. However, he has bought us a tidy lot of silver and is coming to the wedding. Dear old boy, it's only his way. Carol says it is his high spirits. Elder sister says she felt in her inmost soul what would happen when she

feminine loveliness, a gay deceiver who read my advertisement. Ma wants to know what I will do for another office girl. I certainly shan't

engage her other daughter.—Josephine G. Dolman in Philadelphia Press.

The Man In the Iron Mask. A letter to Louvois by Louis XIV, written in cipher, has been long in the archives of the ministry of war and has at length been deciphered. In it the king orders Louvois to arrest General de Burlende for having raised the siege of Conti without permission, to send him to Pignerol and to conceal his Monday morning at 8 o'clock Miss Weiton appeared, demure and slightly mask. The order was executed, and the nervous. So was I. George was in the presumption is therefore violent that the next room, inwardly chuckling, I am Man In the Iron Mask"-it was a black morally certain. After a deal of cirsumlocution (I think that is a master erai de Burlonde. The story tailies with velvet one with iron springs was Genword for the operation) I managed to the known fact that the prisoner made show her what she was to copy and how repeated attempts to communicate his it was to be done. Silence reigned for name to soldiers; that he was treated age or banana. It is said that the actually two hours. Then some man with respect by his military jailers, and came in to see George and me. He that Louis XV, who knew the truth of stared at the blond head leaning over the whole affair, declared it to be a matthe lesk and retreated into George's ter of no importance. The difficulty is office, followed by me.

One after another of business ac precaution, but he may have feared disquaintances dropped in, but time were content among his great efficers or the on slowly. I never knew such a long soldiery. It must, however, he possible morning until it was 12 o'clock. The to discover from the lists in the war winks, the grins, the sly chuckles from office whether General de Burlonde was

some of the callers and the aggravating recorded as "missing" or "dead" about

shetting responses of George, and my the right time. -Saturday Review.

constant atarm jest she should overhear nearly gave me a nervous fever. But the worst was to come. Fortunately no

Twelve o'clock struck and in walked Anti-Gambler Quinn Loved the Evangelist's Pretty Daughter. ider sister. I quailed and George

THEIR SENSATIONAL ELOPEMENT.

He Is Forty-seven and She Seventeen Quinn Has Had a Picturesque Career, and Elopment Is Not a New Experience to Him-His Anti-Gambling Car.

Very extraordinary and romantic was the secent elopement of John Philip Quinn and Miss Mand Goff. He is 47 and white haired. She is not yet 17, with black tresses and a pretty face. He was known as one of the most accomplished card "sharps" and "brace" gamblers in the country before he became converted and gained fame as an care, and that George could go to the evangelist. She had not finished her school days. And now they are married. The "You may go now, Miss Walton, for private car where they all lived is desolate, our lunch. Please be back by 1 says the New York World. Mr. Quinn has been touring the country for some mouths in his private car, the

"Thank you. Yes, sir." So while she Roanoke, in company with Evangelist E. got on her coat and hat elder sister ex- F. Goff and the latter's family. The car was side tracked in the yard north of the Pennsylvania railroad station in Jersey certainly wasn't out of breath.) And City a short time ago in order that the then they went. I awaited George. He evangelist and the ex-faro man might conclude arrangements for a series of revival meetings in several Jersey City churches. Quinn and Mand Goff disappeared one day, Wonder how many relatives she and the giri's parents were astonished a married. It is very dreadful to Mr. and Mrs. Goff, because it isn't comfortable to have a son-in-law older than one's self.

Fortune has smiled upon Quinn during the past two years. His book, "Fools of Fortune," an expose of gambling, has brought him in more than \$500 a month. In addition he has been fortunate in mak-'Sweeties' and what not. Nice talk in a ing investments in Chicago. His evangel-business office, eh, Dick? Tomorrow it istic work, too, has been successful. About istic work, too, has been successful. About eighteen months ago Job H. Jackson of the Jackson-Sharp company of Wilmington placed at his disposal a beautiful private



QUINN AND HIS OBJECT LESSON.

car named the Roanoke, after Quinn's na tive place. He was to pay for this as he chose. The evangelist has been going about the country in luxurious style conducting revivals. The Rev. Mr. Palmer has been sciated with him during the greater part

of the time. Quinn's car is supplied with anti-gambling literature of all kinds, tracks, leaflets and books, part of which are given away freely and distributed as widely as possible It also contains a collection of gambling implements and swindling devices, which and Andrew's family-the same that are judiciously used to illustrate the vile practices of gamblers and confidence men. Mr. Quinn says the car in Itself is a preacher, a teacher, a center of moral influence, a moving agency of good.

Hundreds of young men who have been losing their all at the races and gambling hells, many of them defaulters at the time, have come to the car and consulted Mr. meetings and confesses their sin, signed the anti-gambling pledge and resolved to begin a new life. Many confirmed gamblers' hearts have been touched by the earnest appeals made to them.

E. T. Goff, a Buffalo lawyer who has been connected with revival work for sevyears, became interested in Quinn. Last December he purchased a half interest in the car and entered upon the work with He took his family on board with him-Mrs. Goff, a handsome woman; Maud, who will be 17 in four months, and Ward, a boy of 11.

The lovemaking between the elderly Quinn and the youthful Maud commences some time ago and went on without any one but themselves being the wiser. To be felt that I must speak. My office, a sure, the jealous parents knew that Quinn business place rented by me for business admired their dainty daughter. Once they spoke to him about it. He said he loved both the children. All the same, Mrs. Goff guarded her daughter with jealous care, ot because she really feared anything, but because she is a mother. It never occurred to her that the child could fall in love with Quinn, who looks old beside Mr. Goff, in ose glossy black hair and side whiskers there is no trace of gray.

The parents remember now that Quinn ould sometimes laughingly display a big roll of money and say his wife should hav everything she wanted. There is a young and handsome man in Buffalo who is mad ly in love with Maud. Only the day of the elopement a letter came from him in which he said he should die if he lost her. Mr.

and Mrs. Goff approved of this young man. But the gentle Mand turned her eyes toward the gray haired ex-gambler. Perhaps it was the skill and grace with which he operated his gambling apparatus before the embled multitudes in order to convince them they had no chance in trying to win money; maybe the dexterity with which he dealt "pat hands," "full houses" and "straight flushes" interested her; possibly was his eloquence as a speaker. Like Desdemons, she may have loved him for the dangers he had passed.

Quinn has had a sensational career, which is more or less familiar to the public. He was born in Missouri, and until 1887 he was a gambler and confidence man of the sharp est type. He was convicted of swindling in Indiana and sent to prison for three years. It was afterward discovered that he was innocent, and Governor Gray pardoned him when the sentence was only half completed. Quinn was converted while in prison, and in 1887 he began to tour the country and deliver public addresses in which he illustrated the case with which gamblers win at will from their victims. His lectures are given point by his use of cards, faro layouts, rou lette wheels and all the paraphernalia neo

essary to chesting. His first wife was Miss May Harvey, the daughter of Dr. W. C. Harvey of Rosnoke, She ran away from boarding school to marry him. She died in 1870. He married Lily Boas, whom he met through an advertisement which he inserted in a newspaper, in 1883. She secured a divorce fro him in 1887, when he was in prison.

Colonel Burr's Career. Colonel Frank Barr, the well know newspaper correspondent, has had a re-

markable career. When but a child, he was stolen by a tribe of Indians and remained with them for several years. When the war broke out, he was a locomotive engineer. He enlisted as a private and came out of the service wearing shoulder straps. He then studied civil engineering and int out Deer Park, the famous summer resort on the Alleghanies. Becoming a newspaper corremost famous of the guild.

RAILROAD SCRAP IRON.

It Is Carefully Saved, Assorted and Then field by the Companies.

Nothing goes to waste on a big railroad, and every scrap of iron and much secondhand material is valued at a fixed price and carried on the books as so much stock on hand. The system followed by the storekeeper's department of one railroad is a sample of many. The secondhand metals are gathered and placed in piles, regularly assorted.

Then they are classified by the foreman and taken into stock by the storekeeper or assistant. There are regular schedules-one of material which can be used again, which is denominated sec ondhand, and another of material which has to be melted before it can be used which is known as scrap.

The classes are arranged something after the following order: Steel scrap, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, at prices ranging from \$28 a ton down; wrought iron. Nos. 1. 2, 3 and 4; cast iron, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Even borings are taken into account, brass borings being credited at eight cents per pound and brass scrap and copper at twelve.

This material is shipped to division shipped in carloads to big dealers in old Pittsburg, Cincinnati and such points. Orders for as high as 500,000 pounds of one kind of material are occasionally received from single firms. Most of the in the shops, but it is previously taken on the books at a fixed price by the store- structress keeper and is charged up to the account of the articles for which it is used. All usable No. 1 wrought iron is received and charged up at 11 cents a pound, and cast iron at one cent. - Philadelphia Call.

Cannibalism In Saghallen.

The Vladivostock, a newspaper published in eastern Siberia, reveals a terrible state of affairs among the convicts on the island of Saghalien. It would appear that the convicts there have been treated by some of the subordinate prison of the island has been obliged to interfere for their protection.

A warder named Khanoff and some of his assistants, who at one time were convicts themselves and had been raised to the rank of jailers, have been removed from their posts. Khanoff's treatment of the priscners was so abominable that a number of them crippled themselves, cutting off fingers and toes, in order to be treated as invalids and to be freed | the teacher passes out thoroughly weary from his terrible cruelties. Others fled to the impenetrable forest, where they suffered all the horrors of hunger.

In a satchel belonging to a fugitive convict who had been hunted down were found some pieces of human flesh. Investigation revealed that this man had been one of a party of four, and that only one of them now remained. The others had been killed and devoured by their comrades. Similar cases of cannibalism are, according to the Siberian journal, not infrequent.

In Frozen Russia.

In Russia, where the cold is very intense, the markets are very curious things. The meat is frozen: the carcases of dead animals, as sheep and pigs, stand upright outside the stalls; everything, even game and poultry, requires to be thawed before it can be cooked, and the market people's dress is as picturesque as it is warm and comfortable.

Then the rivers are frozen over all the winter long, and so thick is the ice that every one can skate, anywhere and any time. Stalls are put up on the ice and busy markets held there.

In the Asiatic part of Russia the people live chiefly by hunting and fishing. and the fur of the Russian animals is very beautiful-the ermine, fox, sable. sea otter and others.

At the end of the winter, when the snow melts, the huntsman pursues the elk, wearing long shoes, in which he can glide over the snow very quickly, while the poor elk sinks into the snow deeper and deeper every step and is at last overtaken and killed. -Good Words.

A Widow.

Our house servant is a Japanese, polite as are most of his race. Among his duties is taking care of the chickens. One day be chanced to find a nest of fine yard, contributed by a hen that had escaped from the others, and as a conse quence the eggs were not fertile. In ignorance of this fact, however, an old lady of our household-a widow-imme diately put a hen to "set" on them. Biddy stuck to business, but to no purpose, When the required time had more than elapsed, the lady was very much put out and puzzled that no chickens had been hatched. Turning to the Jap, she said, "What do you suppose is the matter of those eggs, George?" George (bowing low): "Excuse me, ma'am, excuse me, but I t'ink [bows again], 1 t'ink that hen was a widow." Widow satisfied. - California Review.

When He Stopped Payment.

The bullying manner sometimes as sumed by certain barristers in cross examination, in order to confuse a witness and make his replies to important questions hesitating and contradictory, is notorious, and many are the tales told of "cute" witnesses who have turned the tables on their persecutors. The following relates to a case of this kind:

In a civil action on money matters the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross examination he was asked if he thorne. 'People are just waking up to the had ever been bankrupt.

"No," was the answer. Next question was, "Now, be care ful; did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes," was the reply.
"Ah," exclaimed the counsel, "I thought we should get at it at last. When did that happen?" "After I paid all I owed," was the answer. - London Tit-Bits.

Where They Eat Tobacco

Perhaps there is nothing more peculiar about the Eskimoes of Point Barrow than their methods of using tobacco, which, of course, they procure from the whites. They know good from bad tobacco. When they get hold of a few vessel of the United States navy, they show a marked appreciation of it. The habit of chewing the weed seems to be universed Men, women and even un-weaned children keep a quid, often of enormous size, constantly in the mouth. The juice is not spit out, but swallow-

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THE BAD BOYS FRIEND.

Miss Haythorne Teaches School In the Chicago Jail.

the Is Successful, Too, In Numerous Cases and Has Rescued Many Bright Boys From the Downward Path-Her Ideas on Pris-

For three years Miss Florence Haythorne has been teaching a school for boys lodged in the jail at Chicago awaiting trial in the criminal court, and through her noble efforts many boys have been saved from lives of ignominy and crime. When she was a little girl 12 years old, Miss Haythorne became interested in those who for their offenses against society are deprived of their liberty. A woman who had been employed in her father's family as a laundress was for some misslemeanor put in the county

The woman wrote to Miss Haythorne's headquarters when a carload has accu-mulaied. Here it is disposed of by the this way it came about that the little girl storekeeper on order of his chief, being visited the jail. She was deeply stirred by the scene. When she grew older, she made metals in large cities. Much of it goes to the acquaintance of Eliza Bowman, who has for so many years been the matron of the Newsboys' home. Miss Bowman's kindly work inspired Miss Haythorne, she became interested in homeless boys, and when the Chicago Women's club estabsecondhand material is used over again lished a school for boys in the Cook county jail she gladly accepted the position of in

At 9 o'clock every morning she repairs to the jail and is enthusiastically received in the schoolroom by a motley collection of ragamuffins. It is first necessary to stir them up, or, as Miss Haythorne says, to bring a smile to every face. This is accomplished by a number of rousing songs, in which the boys shout the choruses with a vengeance. "Pull For the Shore" is a prime favorite, and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" is very frequently demanded as the closing song. Then the daily lesson are begun. There are three grades-those who can neither read nor write, those who can read short words, and the number and authorities so harshly that the governor history class. It is a curious mixture. The boys range from 10 to 18 years, but the size and age have little to do with the grading, and the primary class standing in a row, with a big overgrown boy at the head and a little weazen faced fellow next to him. presents a striking picture of inequality. It is slow work. The classes are often in-terrupted by the addition of new boys or the discharge of old ones. It is constantly necessary to revive the interest with storie and songs. At 12 o'clock the bars open, and

with the strain. Miss Haythorne tells many amusing incidents. Some of the boys have friends, and these are constantly bringing "dookie," or presents, and it is almost invariably the case that the "dookie" is divided among the whole "gang." "Dookie" consists of a curious assortment of so called good things. A basket comes with a pie crushed into the bottom by a suit of ragged red underclothes. On top of this are often a loaf of rye bread, a string of bologna sausage and a bottle of molasses, or "smear." things the boys receive they like,"smear

The teaching in the jail has shown some wonderful results. One example is enough.

A boy who stole money from his employer



MISS FLORENCE RAYTHOUNE.

was arrested and sent to the county jail. While there he came under the influence of boys much worse than he and would certainly have become a bardened criminal had it not been for the influence of the school. After he was released none of the big mercantile houses would think of em-ploying him. He was a jailbird. But Miss Haythorne finally succeeded in getting him a place where he could carry boards in lumber yard. From there he was belped to the doctor. a good position in a wholesale house. eggs at the barn, away from the chicken attended night school, worked very hard and has recently successfully passed a civil service examination.

Miss Haythorne keeps in touch with the boys as long as she can after they leave the tail. Here is a letter from one of them:

id like to let you know how I was getting soon i got out thay ask mee what my name was and i told them and hee said iff I can reemamher about 5 months ago. and he sad my time wasent up yet and so thay put the coofs on my wrist and took me to the herrson (Harrison) st. stason and i telefond to my papa and hee coon over gust as soon as he heard i was discharged This is the close of my letter.

Here is another letter from a boy who was confined for robbing a saloon and subsequently discharged. He writes to a friend begging to be bailed out:

Mister Nick Yadeagar: Wood you please get me out before sunday cant you try your best will you pleas nick get me out on bons so that I can spend my sunday over buy your house so will you get a be to bale me out and if you do i can make it even wit the man that put me down, say nick ill pay you back ever sent will you pleas get me out on bons so that I can spend my sunday ever buy your house. say nick will you pleas get me out on bons so that i can see my Mother and see how she is cretting alone. Not seen and see how she is getting along. Nick won you please get me out on bons i might haf to stay for six monts id like to eat turkey soop on tanksgeven day so pleas bale me OUT.

"I believe better times are soon comin for the boy criminals,' and treated properly there may be many reformations. The first thing that is becessary is a home where they will be sur rounded by good influences as soon as they leave the jail. It would be well if we could have a very elementary manual training school where they might take a short course. I am afraid the new Armour institute will not reach our class. Then, first and last and all the time, we need a juvenile court. It is wrong to deal with a child of 10 as you would with a hardened criminal, and we are earnestly trying to stir up public opinion until we can get a change."

A Girl Graduate's Determination. The twelfth annual commencement exercises of the Marshall High school were held in the opera house Tuesday plugs of commissary tobacco from a night. Rather an interesting feature it extensive,—advertise, and, in fact, was the appearance of Miss Anna Clay make quite a handsome income out of it. pool among her classmates. Only a few weeks ago she effortunately broke her right leg, and though suffering constant pain pluckily pursued her studies. passed the examinations successfully and was carried to the opera house in ed with the saliva, without producing her invalid chair, delivering her oration spondent, he soon became one of the any symptoms of nausea. - Washington while seated in the chair. -- Illinois Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

A WONDERFUL HAND

An Artificial Substitute Nearly as Part.

as the Natural Member, Willard A. Lucas, the son of a gree woolen manufacturer at Poquetannes Conn., wears an artificial hand make of aluminium which is really one of the automatical wonders of the century Young Lucas lost his hand in his fa TRIES TO REFORM YOUNG ROGUES ther's mills, and Lucas, Sr., who grieved exceedingly over the results of the so cident, wrote or went in person to every known manufacturer of artificial limis in this country and Europe, value seeking a false hand for his son. Am scial hands could have been procured from any of them, but what was want ed was not to be found-viz. a hand that would perform all the functions of a real flesh and blood member.

Finally the elder Lucas, who is known as a rare mechanical genins. that would be useful for the manifold purposes to which such members are put. The result is a surprise to every maker of artificial limbs in the world The automaton is of aluminium and much resembles the steel gauntlets worn by the knights of the middle ages. The fingers are all perfect and lifelike. the joints in each bending as readily as those in a natural hand, making it possible for the young man to perform every kind of labor. An expert report on this wonderful piece of mechanism reads as follows:

With it he can grasp and handily use all kinds of tools, pick up things from the ground, drive, handle a gunin fact, use it quickly and skillfully at any kind of work. Like a natural hand, the artificial one consists of a palm that is provided with a fastening by which it is attached to a cork 'stump.' the joints working by a ratchet, so that the fingers may be bent forward at any angle and held there. The hand may be only partly closed or tightly shut, and only one finger or all, as the wear, er desires, may be closed at once and instantly by striking them against the body or other object. To release the grasp it is only necessary to touch a spring at the back of the hand. The invention is as nearly a perfect substitute for a natural hand as could be devised and is the only thing of the kind known in the world. "-St. Louis Re-

The Head Walter's Cocktail. In a swell hotel on Broatlway the head waiter is not allowed to indulge in bibulous refreshments during the hours he is on duty. The other evening be was filled with an irrepressible longing for a cocktail. He managed to get

it with such ease that it was evidently a well tried and efficacious trick. His method can be best understood

by quoting the waiter: "Sure, we're not charging yes for a cocktail," whispered a waiter to a young gentleman to whom he had just brought a check, "but the head waiter wanted a cocktail and thought yes would be the wan who would moind laste having it put it on to yes bill. You see," whispered the waiter, confidentially, "he couldn't put it onto the bill of the gists in the house, they might remark it, so he had to put it onto the bill of somebody who came in from the strate. I'll bring yes the twinty cents back and thank yes fur the accommo-

"The head waiter has either discerned that you are a man with a liberal and sympathetic disposition or one who knows how good a cocktail tastes and how bad a man wants it when he can-not get it," remarked the young lady who was dining with the gentleman whom the head waiter rightly singled out as a possible friend to a fellow man in need of spirituous consolation. - New York Herald.

Tricks In Atl Trades. The young doctor was sitting in his consultation room chatting with a friend when some one entered the outer office. He stepped out, and the friend heard

"Pray take a seat. I'll be at liberty in a few minutes." Then he came back into the consulta

tion room and closed the door after him. "I'll skip." said the friend. "Not for the world. Sit down," said

"But you have a patient waiting." "Well, it's a woman. Let her wait about 15 minutes." 'You may lose her business,"

"On the contrary, I'll get it regularly. I always make them wait."

"To give the impression of a rush of business. It is the only way to keep a woman. If she thought I wasn't rushed to death, she'd lose confidence in me and go somewhere else."-Chicago Record.

A Cabman's Revenge.

A good story is told of a stipendiary magistrate in a Yorkshire town, not given to err on the side of leniency, who heavily fined a cabman for fast driving. A few days after the magistrate, detained rather longer than usual in the court, was hurrying along to catch his train when, seeing an empty cab handy. he hailed the driver and directed him to proceed to the station, telling him that he was pressed for time. The driver, however, heedless of the hint, kept to a gentle trot. "I say, I say, my man," exclaimed the fare, with his head out of the window, "drive faster than this!" "It can't be done, sir," replied the driver. 'Ye see, if we drives faster we're had up afore the 'beak,' and we gets fined, so we has to be careful." He did not alter his pace, and neither did the "beak" catch his train. - London Tit-Bits.

Women are, as we know, invading most trades and professions, but it is interesting, says the London Lady, and not a little startling to learn that they have even taken to the doubtful one of usury. "You would hardly credit," said a well known solicitor recently, "what a huge number of women money lenders there are about." Many of them have small private coanections only, obliging feminine friends or acquaintances pressed for the amount of some dressmakers or milliner's bill with temporary loans at interest. But there are others who go in for

Their Bellet. Bloomfield-The are very few infidels in Arizona, New Mexico and the

other territories. Bellefield-Is that so? Bloomfield - Yes; every man others believes in a future state.-Phibung Chronicle-Telegraph.

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