WITH A CALENDAR.

All these calendar leaves, my friend,
Are alike as to the spaces,
Yet finely unlike from beginning to end
In the words that line their faces.

So, though all days of the year must be
Of the four-and-twenty measure,
Yet wide may be their diversity
For others' behoof and pleasure.

Need life be a rueful monotone
Because of its pain and sorrow?
These are the pillars of Wisdom's throne
Whereon today and tomorrow

We can inscribe some word or deed
That shall spur a soul to duty;
Shall hearten its toil or succor its need,
Or lift it up with beauty.
—Charlotte F. Bates in Harper's Bazar.

A TRAGEDIAN.

Mr. Treadwell was making a matutinal repast of a slice of corned beef and an olive, and thirstily watching the concoction of a rosette study in still life, when I first made his acquaintance on a morning two years ago.

He paid for his libation and its more substantial accompaniment with the last coin that he possessed, but he did it with the air of majesty which characterized all his movements on and off the stage.

He was presented to me as "Mr. Treadwell, the tragedian," which implied the compliment that he was quite too well known to need any further description. I will confess, however, that I had never heard of Mr. Treadwell, the tragedian.

Mr. Treadwell, the tragedian, was sadly in need of a shave, and there was a haggard look about his eyes which bespoke hard lines of fate. A hair cut would have altered his appearance greatly, and would have done him no material harm.

His long fur caped and fur cuffed overcoat was failed and threadbare, and was kept close buttoned for the reason, it may be supposed, that his under coat was still less prepossessing to the eye.

But notwithstanding Mr. Treadwell's seedy appearance and the fact that he was almost the counterpart of many another stranded actor who has haunted the Rialto in years past, there was something about him which impressed one favorably and held the attention.

Behind that conventional guise of back number "tragedians" was an individuality that indicated something more than lost opportunity and "has beenness."

"Genius is nothing without opportunity," said Napoleon, and Treadwell had been thus far without the necessary opportunity to raise himself to the heights which he felt entirely competent to attain, and which he was modestly confident that he should attain eventually.

For he was ambitious as few men are. Ambition was the warp and woof of his whole nature. It was honest, legitimate ambition, and it was backed up by a tenacity of purpose that was somewhat remarkable, considering the trials and tribulations he had borne in the pursuit of his aims.

Treadwell came into my office one afternoon, looking more seedy than usual, but graver, more austere and more majestic.

"I have just been insulted," he said, in suppressed, tragic tones, as he set down in the easy chair by the fire.

"No trouble, I hope," I said, by way of encouraging him to continue in explanation.

"Well, no; though I should have preferred to strike the dog down. It was Conrad, the manager of the Metropolitan theater, where a crowd of giggling fools are amused nightly. You cannot imagine what the despicable scoundrel said to me.

"'Treadwell,' he said, in that patronizing way of his, 'you don't seem to be playing in much luck of late. Hang it, man,' slapping me on the back with disgusting familiarity, 'haven't you found out that tragedy is dead and buried? You would starve ten times over while you were convincing them that you were a second Irving.

"'The rattle headed public wants screaming farce—that's what it wants; that's what it's willing to shell out its silver shekels for, and that's what we must give if we want to live.

"'Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you fifty dollars a week to join my Willy-Wally company at the Metropolitan and appear just as you are, without one bit of make up. Your duty will be to go on and act your natural self. Why, man, as the busted tragedian you would have the whole town holding its sides. You don't appreciate what a deuce of a guy you are.

"'You musn't even get a shave, you know. I want you just as you are. You don't say no? There's a good thing in it for you, old man, and it's the only sensible thing to do.'"

"What did you say?" I asked, amused, but disguising the fact.

"Say!" thundered Treadwell, with a magnificent gesture, "I told him to go and boil himself! I was angered as I never was before. I wanted to crush him to the earth.

"'I may starve, sir; yes, starve,' I said, 'but I will not pollute myself and desecrate my noble art by accepting such a diabolical proposition as this of yours. You are a craven insulter, sir!'"

"The offer was very ill advised," I commented, "but perhaps he meant well. You can afford to be charitable, Mr. Treadwell."

I soothed his ruffled feelings as best I could, and presently he asked me to accompany him up that street to Chalmer's theater, where there was to be a benefit performance that afternoon.

I have always been more or less a Bohemian, and the idea of walking up the Strand in company with Gilbert Treadwell had no embarrassment for me.

Furthermore, I understand my obligations, and we pushed in the well known yellow doors and then pushed them out again before we turned into the foyer of the playhouse.

"Who is the beneficiary?" I asked casually when we had gained our seats.

"One of the noblest little women that ever lived," he answered warmly. "Ramona Darling. You know of her of course. She was rarely talented, but sickness and desertion by the man whom she loved has reduced her to absolute poverty."

I almost felt a personal gratitude to those sympathetic artists who had volunteered to give their time and talents toward the benevolent project of relieving her distress, but the fickle, thoughtless public, unfortunately, had not shown the interest in Ramona Darling's case which it was expected it would, and as a result the audience was not only small, but was composed in greater part of "deadheads," like Treadwell and myself.

This incensed the tragedian greatly. The funniest things that were said and done on the stage only deepened his gloom. It was evident he not only disapproved of the audience, but of the acting as well.

Just before the curtain went down on the final scene, Mr. Chalmers, the manager of the theater and the organizer of the benefit, appeared on the stage.

"I am very sorry to say," he announced, "that the proceeds of this benefit amount to a trifle less than $150. And this sum, I fear, will be required to pay the expenses of a funeral. I have just heard that Ramona Darling is dying."

As Treadwell and I went slowly out of the theater I fancied he brushed a tear from his eye.

"If you'll pay the bus fare, Felix," he said in a strained voice, "we'll go up town to her house. I didn't know she was so bad as that. I want to see her once more before she goes."

I was quite sufficiently interested in Ramona Darling to cordially agree with his plan to visit her, and in a few minutes we found ourselves ringing at her door.

We were conducted up two flights of stairs and shown unceremoniously into a dim, dull room, where the one time popular little favorite lay white and still upon a by no means luxurious bed. Everything about the place betokened poverty and suffering.

She was attended only by a stupid looking German girl, who withdrew as we entered. A child, a sunny haired girl of five, was kneeling pathetically by the bed, clasping the white hand of the dying woman and hiding her face in the covers.

The woman opened her eyes wearily, and a gleam of pleasure shot into them as she recognized Treadwell.

"Gilbert," she murmured faintly, with a great effort holding up her hand to him.

He bent and kissed the hand, and groaned as he sank down on a chair beside the bed.

"Ramona," he said tremulously, "I never thought it would come to this. It is not your fault, I know."

He smoothed back the fine hair from her forehead with a touch as tender as a ministering angel's, and the tears trickled down his cheeks upon the white pillow.

"The benefit was a success," he went on with spontaneous perjury; "there will be plenty of money now to provide for all your needs. You will be quite well in a week. I—I wanted to see you, and this is my friend, Mr. Felix, who used to write pleasant things about you in The Age. I am sure you will be well in a week, Ramona."

"No—no," she responded. "I am dying, Gilbert; oh, God, I am dying!"

"Gilbert," she said presently, "you loved me once."

He looked up at me and said, half apologetically, "Yes, I loved her once."

Then he fell on his knees beside the bed and continued brokenly, "I love you now."

He seemed to me like a new order of Othello as he knelt there grief stricken, unmanned, touched to the heart by this unwonted spectacle of the woman he worshiped, bending to catch the last words that fell from her fluttering lips. He was a tragedian in earnest for once.

"I want you to take her, my little Dollie," she went on. "Take her and see that she is cared for. She is my only one; mine and—his. I can trust you, Gilbert. She is all I have, and you will—cherish her—for my—sake. Do not let her love—unwisely, as her—mother did. Promise me, Gilbert."

"I promise, Ramona. For your sake I will do anything—everything."

She sighed with relief, and for several moments lay silent and with closed eyes.

Then, with a strenuous effort, she raised herself up and held her white arms aloft as if to pronounce a malediction.

"Never let him contaminate her with his touch," she cried feverishly and wildly. "Should he come to you tell him that I died hating him!"

Then she leaned forward and kissed Treadwell, and took up the child in her arms and kissed her passionately. The next moment she sank back among the pillows, dead.

When we had reached our destination he told me he was going to make arrangements for the funeral, and bade me good night. Knowing that he was without money I offered him a note, but he refused it.

We were almost at the door of my office, and I took his arm and pressed him to go in.

"Now what are your plans?" I asked. "You are not exactly in a position to assume such a responsibility as you have undertaken. I speak frankly, old man. How are you going to take care of this child?"

"Can't I do it on an income of fifty dollars a week?" he responded. "Didn't I have an offer of that for my services this afternoon?"

"Yes, but"—I began.

"The circumstances are changed now," he interrupted. "As between the man and the actor I'll be the man every time, Felix. I'm going to Conrad to apologize and accept his offer."

He strode majestically out of the door, and that was the last I saw of him for two days. I read the announcement in a daily paper of his engagement for a burlesque part in Conrad's Popular Willy-Wally company, and I thus knew that his revised plans had been successful.

I had always cherished a certain faith and confidence in Treadwell, born perhaps of my admiration for his utter sincerity and his strength of purpose in clinging to his tenets against every adversity; now I began to respect him.

I knew what a sacrifice he had made as perhaps no one save himself did. I knew that in an hour he had strangled all the ambitions and hopes which had sustained him through long, dark years. I could imagine what torture the new order of things was to him.

For the sake of the mother the child had become more to him than his own future. He was to care for it and cherish it, even as he had cherished the hope of his own eventual success. To do this it was no longer possible to continue in the old way. He must have money, and there was but one way open to him to get it.

He did not ask me to the theater to witness his performance, but I went one night, and sat where he could not see me.

Conrad's predictions were well founded. Treadwell was a success. His appearance brought forth a storm of applause, and his extravagant manner was a continual source of merriment.

There was an expression of the keenest pain on his countenance when the audience roared at his maneuvers, but it all intensified the humor of the character he so well impersonated, and few suspected that it was not assumed for that purpose.

A day or two afterward he took me to see his new charge. She was harbored in the house of a kind old lady, who provided for her with the utmost consideration and care and took a motherly interest in "the little dear."

She was really the prettiest and sweetest child I ever saw. And as she ran to Treadwell and put her baby arms affectionately about his neck, he kissed her tenderly and smiled. Yes, Gilbert Treadwell actually smiled.—Argonaut.

The Sorrows of One Administration.

Sorrows have accumulated upon this administration to an extent greater perhaps than any other in the history of the country. The little son of President Pierce was killed in a railway accident on the trip from New Hampshire to the inauguration. Mr. Lincoln lost a son while he was president, and was assassinated at the beginning of his second term, and the same fate befell President Garfield. A number of distinguished people, including one or more cabinet officers, were killed by an explosion of a cannon on board a ship on the Potomac during Mr. Tyler's administration.

No administration, however, has had so many sad surroundings as the present one. It will be recalled that the house of Secretary Tracy was destroyed by fire and his wife and daughter were burned to death in the ruins. After a long illness the wife of Mr. Halford, the president's private secretary, died. While Mr. Blaine was secretary of state, his favorite son, Walker, was stricken down and never recovered, and soon after his retirement from the cabinet, within a week or two another son, Emmons Blaine, died almost without a moment's warning. His daughter, Mrs. Coppinger, also died while he was a member of the cabinet, and one of his sisters. Secretary Windom, of the treasury department, while in New York to make a speech at a banquet, died at the table. The chief usher at the executive mansion, Mr. Dinsmore, has died within a year.

In the president's own household sorrows come thick and fast. A sister of his wife has died within the past year or two. Mrs. Harrison, after patient suffering, breathed her last in the White House and was followed a few days after by her venerable father.—Washington Post.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATE LEROY DIVULGES A FEW SECRETS ABOUT COMING STYLES.

A Marked Display of Passementerie and Jet on Fall Garments — Some Bewitching Bridal Dresses—Quiet Weddings and Private Funerals Are the Proper Thing.

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Soft whispers about what is to be this fall begin to circulate, and while no new goods or even samples are yet shown the mysterious little bird that flies around telling secrets is very busy. One of them told me a few secrets, and as I am a woman I am not expected to keep silent, and besides these secrets are not my own, so why should I keep them?

The new season will be one marked in the history of dress from the amount of passementerie and jet. Every garment will be weighted down with it. It will

BRIDESMAID AND BRIDE.

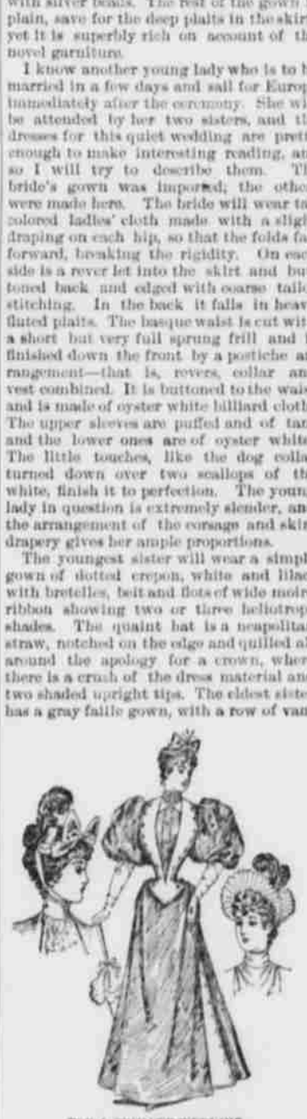
cover waists and form overskirts to gowns, and cloaks will be fairly hidden under it. There is no limit to its possibilities. Jet fringe will be seen at the bottom of the skirts of coats and cloaks, and on velvet and moire pelisses there will be sewed direct millions of fine, cut jet beads, wrought in rich floral designs or arabesques. This trimming is at once the richest and most durable of all the trimmings.

I have seen some laces where every scroll and leaf in the pattern is outlined with beads so small that it is a wonder how a needle was found fine enough to pass through them. These laces will be lavishly employed to trim rich black and dark silks and velvets and other handsome materials. Fine lines of jet passementerie will be used to bead flounces and work out designs on fine tailor suits and other street gowns, but these lines must be very narrow and of the finest beads. Some gowns, however, will have rows, festoons and patterns wrought by large beads. I saw an imported dress of old rose cloth, intended for a bridesmaid. There was a sprung flounce all around the skirt, reaching up to quite a high point on the left side, headed by a row of half inch jet beads. The waist was in form of a corselet, with a round belt of beaded passementerie. On the bust was a row of the same, somewhat wider, and separating the lower part from the upper, which was laid in plaits. The double puffed sleeves were plain on the shoulder, but the forearm was nearly covered with the passementerie.

This style of trimming is not confined altogether to jet beads, for a wedding dress just brought over for a bride shows the upper portion of the waist and sleeves to be almost entirely of a passementerie, with silver beads. The rest of the gown is plain, save for the deep plaits in the skirt, yet it is superbly rich on account of the novel garniture.

I know another young lady who is to be married in a few days and sail for Europe immediately after the ceremony. She will be attended by her two sisters, and the dresses for this quiet wedding are pretty enough to make interesting reading, and so I will try to describe them. The bride's gown was imported; the others were made here. The bride will wear tan colored ladies' cloth made with a slight draping on each hip, so that the folds fall forward, breaking the rigidity. On each side is a rever let into the skirt and buttoned back and edged with coarse tailor stitching. In the back it falls in heavy fluted plaits. The basque waist is cut with a short but very full sprung frill and is finished down the front by a postiche arrangement—that is, revers, collar and vest combined. It is buttoned to the waist and is made of oyster white billiard cloth. The upper sleeves are puffed and of tan, and the lower ones are of oyster white. The little touches, like the dog collar turned down over two scallops of the white, finish it to perfection. The young lady in question is extremely slender, and the arrangement of the corsage and skirt drapery gives her ample proportions.

The youngest sister will wear a simple gown of dotted crepon, white and lilac, with bretelles, belt and flots of wide moire ribbon showing two or three heliotrope shades. The quaint hat is a neapolitan straw, notched on the edge and quilled all around the apology for a crown, where there is a crush of the dress material and two shaded upright tips. The eldest sister has a gray faille gown, with a row of van



FOR A PRIVATE WEDDING.

dyke white Spanish lace all around the bottom, the points standing up, and a tiny bow of maize velvet ribbon set on each point. The corsage is round, with a vest of white Spanish lace over maize surah. There is a wide bertha collar of maize velvet and a draped dog collar of the same. The sleeves are gigot. The bonnet is a small beef eater of yellow leghorn, with a shaded surah bow in front, with a pale green, brown and maize showing fitfully. In the back there are three cherry red tips—two short and one upright. I should have said that the bride will wear a plain straw bonnet, with a green velvet bow and gold ornament.

These quiet weddings are considered to be in the best possible taste, and it is quite common for sensible persons to invite no one but their nearest relatives to the wedding. Often the fact of the wedding is not known until the tour is over and the young couple have a reception. Some girls, however, would rather not get married at all than forego the white robe, the bridesmaids and all the other nonsense that has but too often been seen at weddings. It is generally those who can afford it least that make the greatest display.

Reform has become fixed in the matter of funerals, and now the long line of carriages and indifferent or weeping friends are seen only among the humble class, the very ones on whom such an expense falls most heavily. The loads of flowers are not fashionable any longer, and when one reads a death notice now one can instantly tell the social status of the family by the request that no flowers be sent. Funerals are now often held in the evening, so as to give business men an opportunity to be present, but few outside of one's most cherished friends and relatives attend funerals.

While on this subject I will mention that the ghastly habit of putting "shrouds" on the dead has gone its way, and the dead are dressed as in life, usually in garments that have been worn until they have become a part of the lost one's identity. One dear woman whom I loved tenderly recently went to her long resting place in a white lace gown, with a profusion of cream ribbons. This dress had been bought by her son, and she wore it on special occasions, when she was sure there would be no company, to please her only son. She fancied herself too old for that pretty gown, but she loved it as the gift of her dear boy and told them to bury her in it when she was dead.

There is little change in mourning garments. There cannot be much change since there are only two or three real mourning fabrics, and all the difference is in the way they are made up. A house dress was made of Priestly henriette. The back of the skirt was plain, but full, and the front had a breadth of courtauld crape laid in plaits, and this was carried up to the shoulders. Along each side was a band of heavy black lace insertion laid flat over the goods. The sleeves were full balloon shape to the elbow, and that part was covered with crape. The lower parts were of the henriette. This gown is for a young lady and is second mourning generally, though the lace could be added to any mourning gown for the house after three months, though those who wear mourning because their hearts are sad would probably not hanker after the "fleshpots of Egypt" quite so soon or search for something to break the severity of crape trimmed garments.

For first or official mourning there is nothing that can equal the new cudora cloth, but not all can afford so expensive a stuff, though, when one takes into consideration its wearing qualities, and the fact that, denuded of its crape, it is still a superb fabric and suitable for all occasions, it is not so very costly. Next to the two materials mentioned above come crape cloth, serge, camel's hair and cash-

NEW MOURNING COSTUMES.

mere. They are black, it is true, and so may express the gloom and sorrow oppressing the wearer, but they look cheap and poor, no matter how treated, and the best crape even looks raggy.

A very elegant new style for making up a handsome street costume of cudora has the upper skirt bound with a 10 inch band of heavy English crape and lifted on the right side in a few effective plaits. The waist is of crape draped with cudora, and the upper sleeves and falling elbow caps are of crape. The bonnet is a small affair, with a net veil bound with crape. There are two lusterless tips and a crape veil. This would not be considered the deepest mourning on account of the bonnet and the dotted veil. The bonnet for very recent bereavement is close and invariably made with folds of crape and all crape trimming. This season suede gloves are better liked than the glazed ones.

From sorrow to joy: The latest carriage and afternoon dresses are being trimmed with and even made entirely of crepe lisse, silk mousseline and gauze materials—never before seen in day dresses. The effect is etherval and charming and gives the wearer a nebulous and misty appearance as lovely as novel. Naturally these gowns are very fragile and must not be exposed to damp air, and woe to her who gets caught in a summer rain! But aside from any evil atmospheric effect these new gowns are visions of delight. White is the favorite, though a few are seen in tints. Indeed white has taken a place for summer dresses not anticipated at the beginning of the season. And ribbons—everything has them on—all that the garment will possibly bear. New combinations of lace and ribbon are seen hourly on the summer girl.

I started to tell what the little bird whispered to me. She said that moire is to be the favorite silk this coming season, and a new stiff brocade in glistening tints, called in ancient times "watchets." All the thin, soft silks now being worn will be forgotten soon. Cheney silk in all its mysterious beauty will be the favorite for evening, and velvet will make itself seen and admired everywhere. The woolen goods follow the quaint patterns of 40 years ago, but with new colorings more pleasing to the eye. Damiers in silk and wool will be made up very often. This excellent material has heretofore been made up occasionally for excursions and voyages, but has now become a favorite on account of its solid qualities and durability. There will be an immense line of woolen brocades in solid color and also in two tone. Many of them will have a woven pattern for flouncing and other trimming. Mouse color, mole and squirrel are among the prettiest new shades. MATE LEROY.

A Typical Wall Street Woman.

A man standing in front of the newsstand of an up town elevated railroad station the other day found himself rudely pushed aside without apology, and looking around with a scowl found himself suddenly disarmed, for the offender was a woman. She was a small blond person, clad in fashionably cut plain skirt, neat sealskin coat and jaunty hat ornamented with a sage green ostrich plume. She was daintily gloved and she carried a natty silk umbrella. Her rudeness was explained by her haste to get at the newsstand. She already carried under her arm several of the morning papers. She bought the daily Wall street publications, coolly pushed her way through the crowded aisle of the car to a place where she found a seat, and rode down town with a host of fellow speculators, her eyes fixed upon the market column.—New York Letter.

Corneille was a very stupid talker. Descartes rarely spoke when in company. Addison could not converse at all; neither could La Fontaine, while Dryden's conversation was slow and dull.

The only half cent probably which was ever coined was a piece now in possession of Jesse Rogers of Newbury, Mass. It is an old Massachusetts coin presumably cast as an experiment.

During the summer season Krupp supplies his workmen with cold coffee and vinegar at intervals through the day, and such of the men employed in connection with the puddling works receive one-eighth of a quart of brandy.

THE FINANCIAL END.

TRIALS OF THE BOX OFFICE MAN AND THOSE WHO WATCH HIM.

Story of the Bit of Cardboard That Admits One to the Theater—The Manager on the Road Has to Keep His Eyes Open, Says a Man Who Has Been Through the Mill.

There is something about the wear and tear of the duties incidental to the box office that prematurely ages a young man. Stay by him a single day, and you'll know what it is. When he comes to the theater in the morning and arranges his tickets in the rack and counts out his change and the advance sales on that day, it is with an air of resignation such as kings and queens used to wear just before they were carted out for execution.

There are so many tickets of various kinds and prices prepared for each performance and duly dated and numbered and marked with a big letter or number for the day of the week. This larger designation is with the view of handling rapidly. There are drawers containing the tickets of the following days, each day by itself, and when an advance sale is made he puts the money received for it with the tickets for that day. When the day is over, he puts that tray of tickets and money in the safe for the night. The advance money is thus usually kept until the day comes around and then goes into the pile received for the night's performance.

The peculiarity of this business is that everything connected with the box office is cash. The sales are cash sales, and if a combination show is in the house the settlement with the combination treasurer is made in cash at the close of every performance. Simply put, therefore, at the close of the day the difference between the number of tickets on hand in the morning and the tickets left unsold is represented in the cash drawer.

As a matter of particular fact, however, there are numerous complications incidental to the operation, and the treasurer of the house and his assistant—the box office young man before alluded to—become prematurely old and abnormally smart grappling with them.

On the rural circuits the traveling manager is obliged to be very wary in his dealings with the box office man. As soon as the theater doors are thrown open to the public the combination manager or treasurer looking after the interests of the company playing in the house makes his appearance and takes up his stand at the door, where he can watch both the box office and the ticket taker. When you enter any theater where a combination is playing, you'll see this wary individual at his post of duty. He is there on the presumption that the local people will "do" him if they can. He knows all the tricks and wiles of the box office young man and the doorkeeper and takes nothing for granted.

He sees that every comer hands in a ticket of some kind, and that the doorkeeper puts that representative of so much cash in the padlocked box. The pasteboard in that tin box represents the receipts of the house, of which his company has a certain percentage unless playing on a certainty. He carries the key to that box, and if he is "fly" never lets the box go out of his sight. There is another watcher at the gallery door taking the same precaution. Of course he knows the nice box office young man wouldn't cheat him—not for the world! But all the same he is on guard against a possible lapse of conscience.

"On the road," said Billy Keogh, who has had experience in the box office and as traveling manager and ought to be pretty well up in the tricks of both, "the traveling manager goes on the principle that every box office is going to 'do him up' if it can. The first thing he does is to go to the theater and get his mail and 'size up' the local man. And the first thing the local man does is to get 'fly,' and if so it will be diamond cut diamond. That process we call 'jollying' begins at once.

"The traveling man is always on the defensive. He can't beat the other man. All he can do is to prevent the box office from beating him. He must be up to the tricks and as hard as nails. You know in small towns the local treasurer gets a yearly benefit and the doorkeeper gets a benefit. So these two men will 'play' traveling companies for the benefit of their friends at every opportunity.

"The collusion between the box office and the doorkeeper is perfect. Sometimes they are very sensitive about being watched, and sometimes they pretend to be indignant. The most indignant treasurer I ever met was in a place where we caught the doorkeeper, who was on the landing just above the box office, sliding tickets down a crack in the floor into the box office below.

"Take a popular price house and big audiences of from 1,400 to 1,500 people, and in the rush it is hard to prevent being 'done.' If I can manage to hold them down to $10 or $25 margin, I'm pretty well satisfied. A new pocket register has come into use that helps keep run of the admissions. You can stand at the receiver, and with your hand in your pocket count every person that goes into the house.

"When the ticket seller and the doorkeeper are close together, there is the most danger, for they will communicate with each other with a nod or by signs or words that the company's representative will not understand. No, I don't think the house itself often profits by these tricks. It is considered a rule that the house is 'done' along with the traveling company, though this is not always the case, to my personal knowledge."—New York Herald.

His Sole Regret.

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher by the bedside.

"No," whispered the chronic kicker, "but it does worry me to think that I shall soon be with the silent majority, when all of my life I have so enjoyed being in the noisy minority."—Indianapolis Journal.

Retrospection.

A Scotchman had two sons, one of whom was a doctor and the other a clergyman, of whom he was very proud. "If I had kent," said he, "that ane of my sons was to be a medical man and the other a meenister I would never hae had auld Jenny McCosh for their mither."—New York World.

African Horses.

William Youatt, in his book on the horse, states that the horses of Nubia or Dongola, in Africa, are the most perfect in the world. One was sold at Cairo in 1816 for a sum equivalent to $5,000.

BOOKS AS FURNITURE.

Well Bound Volumes Do Much to Make a Room Look Homelike.

Regarded purely from a utilitarian standpoint, with no reference whatever to their contents, but simply looked at as furniture, the value of books can hardly be overestimated. Although popularly supposed to be dear, books, considered as investments, are amazingly cheap. In no other direction does so small an expenditure go so far in returning good value for money spent.

To say nothing of the obvious fact that the presence of books in assemblages, so to speak, at once sets a stamp of cultivation on a household, giving it a certificate of refinement which neither costly bric-a-brac nor beautiful upholstery can confer, books are decorative. They lend themselves to the furnishing of alcoves and corners. They are beautiful in shape and charming in color, and marshaled in rows in bookcases tall and stately or bookcases low and cosy, they form agreeable points on which the eye can rest. A bright red book makes a spot from which other colors radiate pleasantly. It is garnered sunshine in a permanent form.

Books lying about on tables or placed in quaintly carved racks, or standing on brackets, take away from the bareness of a room and impart to it an exquisite living quality, a quality of life.

This is inseparable from the idea of a book, which is really a bit of embalmed personality, the exhalation of a human soul saved to an earthly immortality. Women always love their "things" in a clinging way to which men are usually strangers. But a man loves his books, loves to see them around him, loves to sit surrounded by them as by friends while he enjoys the ease of slippers and the homely luxury of an evening pipe.

Let nobody fancy herself extravagant when she buys a book. Books are to be owned, not to be borrowed. Is there lacking to your best room the nameless distinction which you have sought in vain, in rugs of price, in faintly toned and glimmering draperies, in billowy chairs and pillowy divans? Let the carpenter construct for you a set of shelves of pine, if you do not desire a costlier wood. Pine is a fragrant, close grained wood, beautiful in itself, and easily stained, if a deeper tone is required. Have your shelves low.

On the upper one leave space for a bit of royal Worcester or Lowestoft, for a statuette or a candlestick. Arrange your books below—Black and Besant, Hardy, Dickens, Scott and others who have given you of their intellectual wealth. Your Shakespeare is of course a many volumed, annotated set, for you must have a Shakespeare you can hold in your hand and slip under the pillow on your lounge. You need a shelf for Shakespeare. And when the bookshelves are made and filled, your room is no longer bare—it is well furnished.

In a little hamlet among the hills, remote from a railroad, in a region where the good wife still sews her rags into great many colored balls and weaves her own carpet at her own hand loom, there stands a house most simply yet most luxuriously furnished. No curtains to hide the hills that go to sleep daily opposite the windows and awake in the morning flushed and rosy like children opening sweet eyes to the new day. No rugs on the floors, few pictures on the walls, but everywhere books—in the mother's chamber, in the boys' room, in the father's study. And the house is abundantly furnished.—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

On His Bridal Trip.

"There is no use talking," said a Missouri bridegroom the other day, "it is just impossible to conceal your identity when on your bridal trip. At first I proposed to my intended that we travel incognito, but we saw the futility of that, and then determined to 'go as you please,' not caring whether anybody suspected us of being married.

"Well, everything went along nicely for awhile. We reached St. Louis on our bridal tour, and I informed the clerk at the Southern that we were a bridal couple and wanted the best of everything in the house. He smiled and accommodated us. In fact everybody seemed to be anxious to share in our joy.

"We had been in town two or three days, when one evening I had occasion to be away from my wife for several hours. It was simply torture to me, and when I returned to the hotel she was waiting for me at the elevator, near the ladies' reception room. Finding nobody in sight I clasped her to my heart and gave her an enthusiastic hug, but in the midst of it my glance fell upon a drummer who occupied a chair in the barber's shop, just across the hall. What do you suppose he did? Sat bolt upright, with his towel around his neck, and hugged himself! I'll get even with him yet."—St. Louis Republic.

Man Was Always Right Handed.

Some authorities have deemed the whole difference between the right and left hands an affair of fashion; nevertheless, if right handedness be a fashion, it is all but universal and the most ancient fashion known. There are many men and women who are left handed and many can use both hands with equal dexterity at all kinds of work. The history of writing, the evidence of language and drawings and tools, not only of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, but of races the memory of whose existence had passed away before the earliest histories were penned, give us evidence that they were right handed.

The ancient drawings represent faces in profile looking toward the left, just as a street Arab would draw them with his right hand with a piece of chalk. The uncivilized nations all use the right hand in preference to the left. The Eskimo, our Indians, Maoris, negroes and natives of the Oceanic islands place their sword, staff or whip in the right hand, the assegai or boomerang is aimed by it, while the shield is held in the left. All languages give testimony to the antiquity of the preference for the right hand.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Two Ruskin Anecdotes.

There are some characteristic touches of Ruskin in the introduction which Mr. Arthur Severn has written to the catalogue of his water color drawings. The great critic cannot bring himself to believe in the aesthetic value of London's fog and smoke and gloom. "I remember once," says Mr. Severn, "many years ago, my showing him a large drawing I did from Manchester buildings, close to Westminster bridge, of St. Paul's at sunrise, looking across the river. He said, 'What a beastly subject!' I was rather surprised, and he saw that I felt it, for he at once took me by the arm and said, 'But, my dear Arthur, that little cloud is wonderfully true and could not be better.' I fancy it was the great Shot Tower and the Charing Cross railway bridge he could not stand."

On one occasion his niece's husband was more successful in appealing to Mr. Ruskin's sympathies. The artist had been busy all day on a sketch of Brignol bay, in Yorkshire. "When I arrived," he writes, "at the little inn (where we were staying) at about 9 o'clock, having been at work till then, and having had no dinner, he insisted on my sitting down at the table, and went himself to fetch the different dishes, with what help the little shy Yorkshire maid could give, saying, 'Arthur has done a capital sketch; must be tired and hungry, and I will wait on him.' Had I done a London subject equally well, he wouldn't have cared a straw."—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Where Ignorance," Etc.

Bridegroom Elect (who has given every reason he can find to justify his marriage)—Besides, old man, it will improve my position. Now, you were well off before you married, weren't you?

Henpecked Husband—Yes, I was. But I didn't know it.—London Judy.

GIRLS AND HIGHWAYMEN.

How the Young Women of Chicago Act in the Presence of Robbers.

The small girl is in hard luck just now. Every place she turns somebody is ready to hurl some horrible tale about robbers and masked highwaymen at her. It doesn't make her feel very happy either. She runs over to a neighbor's house for the one purpose of getting away from Brother Ned and his dreadful stories, but her little heart droppeth down to the soles of her shoes when she gets there, for the whole family, with staring eyes and wide open mouths, are listening to the slow and sonorous voice of their venerable grandparent. He is right in the middle of a newspaper article dealing with the latest suburban murderer, whose chief business in life appears to be gathering up loose change from passing pedestrians.

It is simply awful, and there is scarcely a girl in this beautiful city of Lake Michigan breezes that hasn't pictured herself as being robbed.

One young woman says that during the robbing process she would be very calm—oh, so calm, just like a beautiful morning in June. If a bold man should march up and demand her pocketbook the brave maiden would remark with all the nonchalance imaginable, "Why, certainly, my good fellow; you are welcome to it, I'm sure." Then she would dive into the voluminous depths of her jacket pocket and haul out a well worn wallet, carried for that especial purpose.

No doubt this well planned scheme would work beautifully, but when the girl had cause to display her ingenious idea she forgot all about the calm part, and just yelled, "Mamma! M-a-a M-a-a-a-a!" and raced off. That wasn't a bad plan at all. The extensive test of that girl's lung power filled the highwayman's heart with fear and trembling, and the probabilities are that he has reformed and started into a safer occupation.

There is another girl who is celebrated for her honesty, and the most casual allusion to a robber makes her hair stand on end. Her plan is to deliver all valuables with as little loss of time as is possible and accompany the deal with trembling hands and chattering teeth. Why the trembling hands and chattering teeth are essential to the transfer of property she fails to explain.

When a horrid old highwayman yells, "Your money or your life!" at her she'll just say: "Here's my purse; there's $1.17 in it. Here's my watch. I haven't any rings—left them on the washstand at home. That's all I've got. Go away! Go away!" And if he still lingers, in the hope of getting more plunder, she would scream for a policeman, and of course the blue coated officer would land on the scene at once and take the offender off to jail. She might yell, "Police!" in the first place, but it would upset her plans, and that wouldn't do at all.

Another girl declared that she would depend on running to save her riches, but one evening as the shadows were stealing softly down upon the busy world and the fleet footed young woman was trotting along, peeping behind trees and into gloomy doorways, a burly colored gentleman suddenly appeared ahead of her. Somehow or other she didn't think about running just then, and as she was about to pass her new brunette neighbor grabbed hold of one of her arms with all the assurance of a street car conductor and quietly if not elegantly remarked, "See here, honey, I want yer mun; see?" She saw, tightened her hold on that little leather purse and tried to yell. The yell failed to materialize and amounted to nothing more than a little feeble "O-o-oh!" that wouldn't really awaken a drowsy sparrow.

The maid and the villain became involved in a beautiful melodramatic scrap, and, strange to relate, the man got the worst of it. His fair opponent succeeded in jabbing about two inches of hatpin into one of his arms, which made his colored highness howl and loosen his grasp. Then the girl escaped and ran for dear life. She had to buy another hatpin, to be sure, but she still has her pocketbook, and is now posing as one of the bravest girls on record. Major McClaughry might make a police woman out of her.—Chicago News-Record.

The Devil's Nut.

A remarkable curiosity is a nut which grows at Hermosillo, Sonoro, Mexico. Major Davis, who is just now holding down Colonel Barber's chair as adjutant general in the department of Dakota, was sitting in his easy chair contemplating a half dozen of the meats of these nuts, which had just been sent north by an officer of the regular army who is now in Mexico.

The meats were dancing about in a very mysterious way, and the reporter and several others who were watching the strange performance were completely mystified.

"I'll not tell you what is the matter with those meats," said the major. "I'm not going to give away my trick. When a man learns a good sleight of hand performance is he going to give it away for nothing? I guess not."

The nuts continued to dance, and Lieutenant Sturgis, who was as much in the dark as the reporter, began a critical examination of the crazy objects supposed to be inanimate.

"Oh, yes, I think I have the trick," said the lieutenant. "There is something alive in these meats. There is a strange throbbing in them."

The reporter picked up one of the meats, and surely enough, there was a very peculiar throbbing sensation in it.

The major was so thoroughly amused by this time that he could not longer withhold the secret. It seems that a worm is born on the inside of the meat of this nut and that it lives there for some weeks and dies without seeing the light of day. The worm eats out the inside of the meat, then becomes restive and moves about a great deal. It is in this period that the nuts become apparently animate.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

As Good as a Compass.

The compass plant of Asia Minor, known all along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and as far east as Arabia and Persia, is mentioned in the Bible, where the prophet refers to "that senseless thing which is more stable than man, inasmuch as it always pointeth in the one direction." It is an annual shrub, much resembling our wild or false indigo, but with all the branches arranged along its stem on the north side. It is of the greatest value to travelers of those regions, who use it with as much assurance of being carried aright as does the seaman his mariner's compass constructed on the latest scientific principles.—St. Louis Republic.

Population and Land Characteristics.

A population of 2 to 6 to the square mile indicates a grazing country; of 6 to 8, a farming region in an early state of development; 18 to 45, a farming district highly developed, and a greater number a manufacturing region.