SHE DID. AND SHE DIDN'T.

She sought her "rights. Robbed by some cruel chance of life's delights with a dissatisfied and restless soul, With a half logic which she counted whole; Earnest no doubt, and honest—not unsexed. But hungering and querulous and vexed; With starving instincts in a fruitless frame. nd with an litching for the sort of fan Which comes from the mere printing of a name She clamored for her "rights," showed solem

And men, Brute men. They only laughed.

She did not seek her "rights." Bhe dreamed not of some path to mannish heights, But followed nature's way, and deemed it good,

she lot the "tyrant," bore her noble part with him, and thought with all

heart She had her rights. She held that something men and women meant To be unlike, but each a supplement Unto the other. Twas her geatle whim He was not more to her than she to him, And little children gathered at her knee. And men.

Brute men, Would die for such as she. -Christian Intelligencer.

ANTONIO.

Antonio was young, handsome and a gendelier. He lacked but two things- fogs begin, and when Antonio advised a gondola of his own and an Englishman. He was too poor to buy a gondola, and though he occasionally hired | waiting until the price should be higher an old and extremely dilapidated one they said to one another what a comfort and trusted to his handsome face to en- it was to have a servant who really able him to capture a party of foreign looked after their interests. So Antonio ladies his profits had to be divided with was commissioned to buy the wood, the owner of the gondola, and thus were and he bought it. He made a handpicked up other small sums by serving fifth of the whole amount of wood deas second our whenever tourists could be convinced that a second our was necessary. Still, Antonio was desperately poor, and he and his young wife were often uncomfortably hungry.

Now, if the Madonna would only send him an Englishman, even if it were only for a single year, Antonio could easily save enough money to buy himself a beautiful gondola, besides living in the lap of luxury. His brother Spiro had owned an Englishman for only 714 months, and already he was a capitalist, with his own gondola, and-figure it to yourself-with 400 francs in the savings bank! And Spiro had done nothing to deserve this blessing, for he was notoriously an unbeliever and never went inside a church except when he course, he prayed with fervor at the of gondoliers, and when the next day worth at least 10 extra soldi of buona mano, whereas Antonio was deeply religious and at least once a year gave a wax candle to the blessed Virgin of Santa Maria Zobenigo. "But patience!" said Antonio daily to himself. "Some day the Madonna will grow weary and will say, 'Give that Autonio an Englishman, so that I can have a little peace and quiet.' And then the Englishman will appear, and Antonio's fortune will be made.

Of course Antonio knew of every foreigner who came to Venice with the intention of making a long stay. There is no detective police in the world that can be compared with the Venetian gondoller in learning the ways and purposes of tourists. To know all about the for eigner is at once his business and his capital. The Englishman who comes to night and mention it to no living soul. there is an Englishman to be striven own minds precisely what apartment he will probably hire. How they arrive at this knowledge it is not for me to say. There are mysteries in the Venice of today, as there were in the Venice of the ten and of the three.

Now, it fell out that one day Antonio learned that an Englishman and his wife, a young couple, who had every appearance of sweet temper and scant knowledge of the world, had arrived at the Albergo Luna and had told the porter that they intended to take a house and live forever in Venice. The porter was an intimate friend of Antonio and had been promised a handsome commission to any foreigner whom he might place in Antonio's bands. Within an hour after receiving the precious information Antonio had put on his best shirt, had said 10 aves at lightning speed, had promised the blessed Virgin two half pound wax candles in case he should land this desirable Englishman and was back again at the Luna and

waiting to waylay his prey. The porter presented Antonio and asserted that, as a combination of professional skill and moral beauty, Antonio was simply unique. Mr. Mildmay, the Englishman in question, was pleased with Antonio's clean shirt, and Mrs. Mildmay was captivated by his chestnut curls and the frank, innocent expression of the young fellow's face. He was hired on the spot, with the new gondola which he professed to own, for 150 francs per month, including his his recommendations to the hotel to be inspected that afternoon and was to begin his duties on the following day, the Mildmays having already secured an spartment in advance of their arrival in Venice.

The long hoped for fortune had arrived at last. "He is a man of excellent heart, the paron," said Antonio to the porter. "He will be as wax in my hands. Already I love him and the sweet parona You shall have your share of him, my Zuane. No one can say that I am

not a just man." Antonio hurried at once from the hotel with a note from the porter to a dealer in gondolas, certifying that the bearer had secured a most eligible Engishman. He had to pay a heavy price for the hire by the month of a nearly new gondola, but the payments were to form part of the purchase money, and Antonio did not grudge the price. Then he stopped at his house to show the new gondola to his wife and tell her the blessed news, and then, armed with his haptismal certificate and an old letter from a notary informing him that the funeral expenses of his father must be paid or serious consequences would fol-

low, he returned to the hotel. The Mildmays were satisfied with the gondola and with Antonio's recommendations, for they could not read Italian handwriting, and when Antonio informed them that the notary's letter was a certificate that he was the most honest man in Venice, and that it had been given him by a German prince

whom he had served 10 years, they were not in a position to contradict the assertion. Moreover, they were already half in love with the handsome and happy face of their gondolfer and would have taken him without any recommendation at all sooner than have taken an old and nigy gondolier with the recommendation of the British consul and the resident chaplain. The next day Antonio entered upon his duties and began the joyous task of making hay while the sun of the Englishman shone on

The gondolier in private service in Venice does many things wholly unconnected with his boat. He usually waits on his master's table, he polishes the concrete floors, and he is sent on every variety of errand. Antonio was tireless, respectful and cheerful, and the Mildmays agreed that he was an ideal servant. Of course they responded to his suggestion that he needed a livery, and he was soon furnished at their expense with a handsome suit of heavy blue cloth, a picturesque hat, a silk sash and an overcoat. He looked very handsome in his new dress, and the difference between what he paid the tailor and what he charged his master provided his wife and his little boy with their entire

wardrobe for the coming winter. Venice is a cold city after the winter the Mildmays to lay in their entire stock of firewood in September instead of painfully small. The traghetto brought some commission on the transaction. him in a few francs per month, and he and in addition he had about onelivered at his own residence. It is true that this was not quite enough to provide him fuel for the entire winter, but the deficiency could easily be remedied by simply carrying home three or four sticks under his coat every night, and Antonio was not a man who shrank from any honest labor when the good of his family was in view.

About 10 days after the arrival of his Englishman Antonio informed him that the gondola needed to go to the squero to have its bottom cleaned, at a cost of 10 francs. This, however, he insisted upon paying out of his own pocket, because the foulness of the bottom had been incurred before he entered Mr. Mildmay's service. This scrupulous display of honesty still further convinced was escorting English ladies, when, of the Englishman that he had the pearl most conspicuous shrine, which was Antonio asked him to give him as a loan, to be deducted from his future wages, 50 francs, wherewith to make certain essential but wholly unintelligible repairs to the gondola, Mr. Mildmay was of his wife's opinion that it would be a shame to require the poor man ever to repay it.

The first thing that shook the Mildmays' confidence in Antonio was a little incident in connection with a chicken. They had had a pair of roast fowls for dinner and had eaten only one, intending to have the other served cold for luncheon the next day. When late in the evening Mrs. Mildmay accidentally discovered Antonio in the act of going out of the house with the cold fowl stuffed under his coat, she demanded an explanation. "It is true, parona," said Antonio, "that I took the fowl, And why? Because all the evening I Venice and determines to spend six had seen you and the paron sitting tomonths or a year in that enchanted city gether in such love and happiness that may reach this decision on a Saturday my heart bled for poor Antonio, who has no happy fireside at which to sit. Yet by the following Monday morning And so I said to myself: 'Antonio, surethe gondolises in Venice know that ly you deserve a little happiness as well as these good and noble people! Take for, and they have even settled in their the cold fowl and eat it with love and gratitude in your heart!" "

Mrs. Mildmay could not scold him after this defense, and she simply contented herself with telling him that he might keep the fowl for this time, but that such a method of equalizing the benefits of fortune must not occur again. Antonio promised both her and himself that it should not, and though he continued to keep his wife's table fully supplied from that of the Mildmays the latter never again found him in possession of surreptitious chickens.

One day Antonio found a goldpiece -20 francs, in fact—on the floor of his gondola. He knew it must have been dropped by the paron, and he promptly brought it to him. "How wrong I was, said Mrs. Mildmay, "to doubt the poor fellow because of that affair of the chicken! No one would ever have been the wiser if he had kept that 20 france piece, but he brought it to us like an honest man." For once she was right in believing Antonio to be honest. Nothing could have induced him to sully his soul and hands by unlawfully detaining his master's money. He was determined to make all the money out of his providential Englishman that he could make in ways that every gondo lier knows to be perfectly legitimate, but he was no thief, and Mr. Mildmay could fearlessly have trusted him with

all the money in his purse, Antonio was now one of the happiest men in Venice, but one morning he came to Mr. Mildmay with a face of board. He was to bring his gondola and pathetic sadness and asked for a day's holiday. "It is not for pleasure that I ask it," he said. "My only pleasure is to serve the best of masters. But my little boy is dead and is to be buried today. I should like to go with the coffin

to San Michele." Mr. Mildmay was unspeakably touched by the man's sorrow and the quiet heroism with which he bore it He gave him the day's holiday and 50 francs toward the funeral expenses of his child. When Antonio appeared in the morning, quiet, sad, but scrupulously anxjous to do his whole duty, the Mildmays felt that they really loved the silent and

stricken man. Misfortune seemed suddenly to have run amuck at Antonio. A week after the death of his child he announced in his usual quiet way that his wife was dead. It was very sudden, so he said. He did not know exactly what was the disease, but he thought it was rheumatism. The Mildmays thought it strange that rheumatism should have carried off a woman only 22 years old, but strange things happen in Venice, and the climate is unquestionably damp. Antonio asked for a half holiday to attend the funeral, and he added that unless the paron could advance him 200 francs of his wages he should be unable to save his wife from being buried in the common ditch. Of course this could never be permitted, and Antonio received the 200 francs, and Mrs. Mildmay told her husband that if he should think of deducting it from the unhappy man's wages she could never respect

him again

For a time the darts of death spared the household of Antonia. The gondola made its alleged monthly visit to the squero to have its bottom cleaned at Mr. Mildmay's expense, and the amount of repairs and paint which it needed did seem unexpectedly large. But Antonio was not foolishly grasp-So long as he doubled his wages tradesmen's commissions and by little devices connected with the keeping of the gondela he felt that he was combining thrift with prudence. He made, however, one serious mis take, of which he afterward repented when it was too late. Instead of giving the Madonna the two wax candles which he had promised her he gave her two stearine candles, trusting that she would not notice the difference. It was not in keeping with his honest and religious character, and there were times when the recollection of it made him feel uneasy.

As the winter were on Antonio's derotion to his employers never slackened. Beyond the commissions which it is but just and right that the faithful gondolier should exact from those dogs of tradesmen, even if they did charge the same commissions in his master's hills. he was tireless in protecting the Mild mays from imposition. He was never too tired to do anything that he was asked to do, and although, when his brother Spiro was temporarily out of employment, Antonio discovered that there was nearly alv ays too much wind to render it safe to take the gondola out with a single carsman, and that be would, therefore, furnish a second oarsman in the person of Spiro at his master's expense, he never intimated that he was not ready to row hour after hour while the Mildmays explored the city and the lagoon. Mr. Mildmay was fascinated by the narrow Venetian streets and spent hours exploring alone every part of the city. He was probably per fectly safe in so doing, for highway robbery and crimes of violence are almost unknown in Venice; but, for all that, he was always, though without his knowledge, accompanied on his walking excursions by the stealthy and un suspected Antonio, who kept out of sight, but in readiness to come to his assistance should the necessity arise.

Toward spring Antonio thought it best to have his wife's mother die, but to his surprise Mr. Mildmay did not offer to pay the old lady's funeral expenses. He drew the line at mothers-in law, and Antonio received only his half holiday to accompany the corpse to the cemetery. This miscarriage made Autonio think more than ever of that fail ure to keep his promise to the Madonna in the metter of the wax candles, and he sometimes wondered if she were capa ble of carrying her resentment so far as to take his Englishman from him.

There is gas in Venice, but the judicious householder does not use it, save when he desires to enshroud his rooms in a twilight gloom. If he wishes a light strong enough to read by, he burns petroleum. It was, of course, Antonio who supplied the petroleum to the Mildmay household, and equally, of course, he bought the poorest quality and charged for the dearest. Now, in spite of all the care which a timid person may lavish on a lamp burning cheap petroleum it is nearly certain sooper or later to accomplish its mission of setting somebody or something on fire, and Antonio's petroleum, which was rather more explosive than gunpowder, unaccountably spared the inmates of the casa Mildmay until the month of March, when it suddenly asserted itself.

It happened in this way: One even ing Mrs. Mildmay took a lamp in her hand and started to cross the wide and slippery floor of her drawing room. The rug on which she trod moved under her, and in the effort to save herself she dropped the lamp. It broke, and in an instant she was in a blaze.

Antonio was in the anteroom. Th door was open, and he saw the accident. He sprang to Mrs. Mildmay's assistance. He did not attempt to avoid the flames, but rushed directly through the pool of blazing oil, burning his feet and ankles horribly. He seized Mrs. Mildmay and tore away her dress with his bare hands. He had nothing to wrap around her, for he was wearing no coat at the time, but he clasped her close in his arms and smothered the flames that had caught her petticoat by pressing her against his bosom. She escaped with nothing worse than a slightly burned finger, but Antonio's hands, arms, feet and ankles were burned to the bone. By this time Mr. Mildmay, who had been in his study, heard his wife calling for help

and made his appearance. Antonio asked the parona's permission to sit down for a moment and then fainted away. The cook was called and sent for the doctor. She met Antonio's brother in the calle, close to the house, and sent him up stairs. With his help Antonio was carried to Mrs. Mildmay's

bedroom and laid on the bed, and before the doctor came the wounded man regained consciousness and thanked the Mildmays for their care of him. The doctor, after dressing the wounds,

said that the man might very probably recover, but Antonio announced that he was about to die, on hearing which decision the doctor changed his mind.

"When a Venetian of the lower class gives up and says he is going to die," said the doctor, "no medical science can save him. Your man will die before morning if he has really lost all hope. There, he says he wants a priest! You might as well order his coffin at once. I can do nothing to save him."

"Paron," said Antonio presently, would you, in your great goodness, permit my wife to come to see me for the last time?" "You shall have anything you want,

my brave fellow," replied Mr. Mild-"but I thought year wife was may, "I was mistaken about it," said Antonio. "It was her twin sister who died, and they were so much alike that

their own mother could not tell them apart. No; my poor wife is still alive. May she bring my little boy with her?"

I certainly thought your little boy was buried last January. pardon me for saying so. It was my Washington Star. ittle girl who died. Was it not so,

any more doubts of his veracity. ceived absolution. "Did you tell the Ruffles for the wrists were originally father about the candles?" whispered called hand ruffs.

Spiro after the priest had gone.

"I thought," answered Antonio that perhaps the Madonna had not yet noticed that they were not wax, and that it would not be wise to tell her of

it just as one is going where she is. In the early morning Antonio died with the smile of an innocent little child on his face. "I have served the lear paron faithfully," he said just as he died. "I know he will take care of my wife and child, and he will take Spiro as his gondofier.

Spire in the place of the dead man, and consolate widow. He gave Antonio a grave all to himself in San Michele and a beautiful white murble tombstone, facetious mind, and was very sure of bewith the epitaph, "Brave, Faithful and ing talked about by every idle man and Honest." later how Antonio had enriched himself when the rush was over. at his expense, but he said to his wife: ishmen of unblemished reputation code, could not be compared with that foreman if he had cared for the position, of the poor boy who gave his life for for he could ride well, and there were yours, "-W. L. Alden in Strand.

A BUSINESS ROMANCE.

It Is the True Story of the Rise of a Hum-

ble Young Man. young man who was working as tlerk in an importing house had occasion frequently in the course of business to call at a certain large manufacturing establishment. The head of the concern took a fancy to him. One day he asked the young man what salary he was getting, what his chances of promotion were and so on. He was told and then said to the young man that he thought there was a better opportunity for him in his office than in the honse where he was then employed.

The young man replied that he should of course like to better himself, but that his engagement would not permit him to leave for some time to come. The head of the house said he thought be might induce his employer to let him go. He accordingly wrote a note to the senior partner of the importing house, with whom he was on intimate terms, saying that he had formed a liking for the young man, that he believed there was a better opening for him in his office and asking that he be released. The next day the young man came back with a letter in which his employer, while expressing regret at losing his services, said that he recognized the larger opportunity offered him, and, as he didn't want to stand in his way, released him. The clerk went to work in his new position and so confirmed his employer's good impressions that his promotion was rapid. He went from one responsible position to another until be was next to the manager of the house. A short time ago the manager died, and 'our hero," now no longer a young man of course, but still in the prime of life, took his place at a salary very nearly if not quite as large as that of the president of the United States .-New York Recorder.

Customs of Polish Women.

In Poland princesses and peasants wear around the throat several rows of huge coral beads which are supposed to be lucky-the bigger the beads the greater the luck-and the dingy looking merquarter of the town), at Cracow, realize small fortunes from the sale of these (brandy) than forego this cherished orto separate from her lucky beads that, she carries them in her pocket or in the inside of her corsage.

While on the subject of Poland, I may with whom the country literally swarms any physical mark of race, by the silken mained in his presence. wigs which they are forced to adopt on the morrow of their wedding day. Their religion exacts that on the wedding night Tribune.

Montrond.

Raikes asked Montrond once if it were true that Louis Philippe gave him pension. He answered, "Yes, 20,000 francs a year for speaking well of him in the clubs and in England. " Montrond before his death went through the form of a conversion and made his peace with the church. When the priest asked him, You probably in old times uttered many pleasantries against religion? 'No," said be coldly, "I have been accused, and justly accused, in my lifetime of many vices. I have never been accused of being an imbecile."

Montrond was an inveterate gambler. One day he had a quarrel with some people he had been playing with at cards. He flew to Talleyrand in a state of great agitation. "Would you believe it," said he, "they threatened to throw me out of the window?" "I have always advised you," said Talleyrand very quietly, "never to play cards except on the ground floor."-San Francisco Argunaut.

Elevator Girls.

There are three buildings in Philadelphia in which the clevators are exclusively run by girls. They are the an's Christian association's big building. at Eighteestk and Arch streets, the Girls' High school and the Normal school. In the first building all the employees are women except the engineer and fireman.

Succinct Definition.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, who had Tell her to bring anybody you may been reading from a stray scrap of pawant to see," replied his master, "but per, "what does dernier ressort' mean?" Meandering Mike looked at him with the supercilions contempt of superior 'The paron is mistaken, if he will knowledge and replied, "Work."-

The Ashley river, in South Carolina, Spiro confirmed Antonio's statement, was named in honor of Sir Anthony like a loyal brother who is afraid of no Ashley Cooper, afterward the Jamous fraternal lie, and Mr. Mildmay had not Earl of Shaftesbury. The Indians called the heart to trouble the sufferer with the stream Kiawah, a word of doubtful significance.

FURNER AND HIS GUN

DOUBLE-L ECK, THE COWBOY, AND HIS MODEST RECORD CLAIM.

How He Showed His Dislike For a Horse-Spirit Was Conquered by a Mild Mannered Soldier With a Winchester.

Now and then a "bad man" tries to enlitivate something which he mistakes Mr. Mildmay religiously carried out for humor. One of these devotees of lev-Antonio's dying request. He installed ity used to haunt the cattle range of western Kansas, and every fall and e settled an annuity on Zanze, the dis-spring he appeared in Dodge City at the general "roundun." Every time he came to town he left some proof of a He came to know somewhat most of the busy enes who remained His name was Eck Turner, though

'After all, my dear, Antonio was Dodge City will best remember him by strictly honest according to his own the title "Double-L Eck," the duplicated sode. I think I have known some Eng- capital being Leonard & Longhrain's brand, and he being one of their best whose honesty, according to the English riders. In fact, Turner might have been few more expert with the rope and probably none who could bear fatigue and hardship more patiently than he.

But the trouble was he wanted recompense for the dull life of a cowboy. He didn't care for money. Any wages going were acceptable to him. But when the eattle got rounded up and there was half a day's escape from the tedium of labor Eck Turner wanted his fling. And he always went into town and had it.

Now, a foreman cannot do these things. He must stay by the herd all the time, preserve a clear head and firm place in the saddle. He is the representative of the owner-the custodian of much wealth-and dissipation is not to be thought of.

One of Eck Turner's pet bits of humor was to pick out people whose appearance displeased him and shoot just ear enough to them to express his sentiments. He particularly disliked to see horsemen go by on the trot. It was in a cowboy country, and cowboys galloped, whether or not they were in a horry.

And if the rider had a habit of "risng" in the stirrups, as conventional trotters often do, Eck Turner hated him violently. So that when he came down Main street one day and saw a rather well dressed man go by trotting and 'rising' with the motion of his horse Eck called general attention to the specincle.

Really the trotter was not a very good horseman. It was possible, as Eck observed, to "see daylight under him" ev ery time he rose in the saddle. And the glimpses of that recurring "daylight" provoked Eck to a bit of pistol practice.

"I bet," said be, watching the rider and reaching for a large revolver, pretty well back on his belt, "I bet I can shoot between him and the saddle and never ouch a feather."

He had been drinking in so decorous manner as to be dangerous, and so no one interfered. The rider was half a block away when Eck fired, and the bullet must have gone true, for the rider passed on unconscious, while a sign diagonally across the street was shattered by the shot.

He tried it again later in the day and fortunately-miraculously-escaped the infliction of injury. Dodge City talked about "Double-L Eck" and his new joke chants of the "Zwierjenetz" (Jewish all summer, and in the autumn he came in and tried it again.

The first shot he made he hit a man coral necklaces, for a Pole of the lower in the leg and was very indignant beclasses will almost sooner go without cause they would not give him another food or without her beloved "vodki" chance, assuring the crippled victim it was an accident, and urging him to nament. The "grande dame" is so loath | mount and trot past just one time more, rising no higher than he had done, and when donning evening dress with its guaranteeing to put three shots out of paraphernalia of pearls and diamonds, five between him and the saddle or buy the drinks for the crowd.

But it was the uncertainty about the other two shots that interfered with neadd that the orthodox Jewesses there-- gotiations-that and the trotting man's persistent endeavor to enjoy the frealom -are easily distinguished apart from of his own pistol arm while Eck re-

Eck thought it was funny, and that hallucination grew on him till he got into trouble. When the wave of "Texas the tresses should fall under the bites of fever" swept over Kansas in 1880, killa pair of silver scissors, and the massa- ing off so many of the Kansas cattle, a cre is so complete that, shorn close to state law stopped those "drives" which the scalp, they conceal the skull under had been the life of western Kansas, and a hideous construction of coarse silken | Eck Turner lost his occupation. He went strands, highly ornamented in most cases | farther west and south and tried to shoot with bands of black velvet sewed with the top off a man's plug hat in Colorado small pearls and turquoises. - New York | Springs because he insisted the fashion was two inches shorter than the man

was wearing. At La Veta he took exception to the sputtering sound occasionally made by an electric lamp and went about shooting the earbons in two till the city marshal engaged in repartee and shot off the end of Eck's thumb, alleging as a sufficient reason the fact that no man with two good thumbs could be a really "bad man." Eck replied in kind, and there were no applicants for the position the marshal's demise left vacant until it was known that Eck had left that region and gone to Arizona.

At Fort Wingste he had the misfortune to shoot into an ambulance driven by a very mild mannered private soldier, who pulled up a winchester and crippled Eck for life, destroying the usefulness of both shoulders and incidentally putting out his right eye.

After that Eck Turner went to Flagstaff and developed a remarkable habit of winning at fare and taking care of his money. He confessed to a record of five men slain, but he was given credit for twice as many on account of his well known modesty, and when he finally opened a boarding house for seamen in San Francisco he permitted all the turbulent habits of his cowboy life to drift away to forgetfulness -New York Herald.

The Horse's Hope, Young Horse-Nothing but work, work, work. I've a great mind to com-

Old Horse-Have patience. When you are so old that you can't walk, you'll be advertised as suitable for a lady to drive, and after that you'll live in ease and luxury.-New York Weekly.

mit suicide.

It is supposed that the average value of furniture per house in the United Kingdom is about £160. This estimate includes the valuable pictures, plate, horses and carriages, which are appendages of the more pretentious establishments.

Lobelia, also called Indian tobacco, is known as a common herb, often growing as a weed in many parts of the United States

A QUEER OLD ENGLISHMAN.

Thomas Laugher and His Curious Experiences, Physical and Otherwi

Thomas Laugher, who is said to have died at the age of 112, has an amusing record that connects him with Holborn. He was a well educated man, for he had man Who Rode at a Trot-Finally His studied at Christchurch, Oxford, for 12 years. In early life he had been a wine merchant in Tower street and failed, owing to the failure of a very large house in the same trade, Neele, Fordyce & Co. It so affected Laugher that he became blind and speechless, and the skin peeled off from the whole of his body. Though a wine merchant, be never he had a severe fit of illness, and then a fresh head of hair came, and new nails on the fingers and toes. A contraction that took place in the fingers of each hand at this instant remained always after. Nothing is said about new teeth misfortune had deprived him o. so abruptly.

He had a son, who died at the age of Tommy." This boy of fourscore looked very much older than his father, and the of that. He was a fool, sir!" fact led to some curious mistakes on the part of strangers who saw them togeth-

perfect truth of the story. All four turned laughers then; at their separation all Holborn beamed with smiles, and grew quite radiant for a moment, but the next second it relapsed into its bustling but somewhat melancholy quotidian business-cash hunting. One feels amused at this fussy moralist, who showed such prevailing anxiety and officiousness to direct others in the path of virtue, smiting, as the mote, unconscious of the beam. - Notes and Queries.

HOW TO REMEMBER.

Advice to Those Wishing to Commit Songs or Music to Memory.

"I wish you would teach me how to commit to memory the songs I want to of my friend Mr. Spectator is that every sing," said an amateur musician to a time you meet him he has a fresh story friend. "I have never been able to com- to tell you about an infallible system for mit my music to memory-at least have never done so-and I think it would be of use to me if I could."

"The process is not a difficult one," long time ago. Take any popular song, 'The Last Rose of Summer, ' for example. It is a good plan to read it over and get the sentiment of the verse, which is nigh to share its pleasures or answer rose and faded leaves all around. Once had won 100 louis. this is fixed in the memory it is comparatively easy to fill in the remainder of the words. This is one of the simplest and surest way of committing the words

of a song to memory. "With most people memorizing the air of the song is much easier, and this system?' I asked. 'Utter collapse,' he is done by humming again and again, referring to the music whenever there is any question. It is important to learn an air correctly at first, for when a mistake is made at the outset one is almost certain to blunder at the same place ever afterward, "-New York Ledger,

RAW BEEF FOR WRINKLES.

A Girl Who Used It Lost Her Lover, but Didn't Give Back His Presents. Joseph Slavinski, a tailor of Browns

ville, Brooklyn, was to have been mar ried to Rosa Marks, a neighbor, with whom he had kept company for nearly a year, in about a month. Rosa is known all over Brownsville for her good looks and had many admirers before London Telegraph. she met Slavinski. One day last week Slavinski received an anonymous letter saying his affianced was in the habit of using raw beef to beautify her face, and that she used paint to blacken her eyelashes. Slavinski made an investigation and is alleged to have discovered that the girl had wrinkles in her face and for a long time had used raw beef to take them away.

Slavinski wrote to Rosa breaking off the engagement and requesting her to return a diamond ring and a silk umbrella which he had given her. She refused, and Slavinski had her in the Second district civil court in Broadway, Williamsburg, on a summons to explain why she refused to return the articles, When Justice Petterson was told that raw beef had caused the engagement to be broken, he said to the girl:

"If you have used raw beef on your face, it's had good effect, for it undoubtedly has drawn out some hidden beau-

The justice added that as long as Slavinski had given the ring and the umbrella to Rosa they were her property. -New York Dispatch.

They Have It In Atlanta. Atlanta is quick to catch on to all the

latest curves. It was announced not long ago that the milkmen of London in order to alleviate all suspicion of adulterated milk drove their herd of milkers through the streets and extracted the lacteal fluid in front of the residences of their customers. An Atlanta milkman has started in the footsteps of the Londoners. Every morning soon after daybreak a milkman may be seen moving along Pulliam street with a herd of five fine milkers, stopping here and there in front of the residences long enough to milk one of the cows. The cows are well drilled and have learned the home of every customer. The sight is a unique one, and it serves to illustrate the statement that Atlanta is keeping pace. - Atlanta Constitution.

ON THE ROAD TO RUIN

STORIES OF THE TEMPLE OF MAM-MON AT MONTE CARLO

ome of Them True, Many False, but All Highly Interesting-Backum and the "Wellington Boot System"- A Talk With Mr. Spectator, a Man Who Knows.

But who should this be sipping some feed vermonth at the marble table but an old friend whom I will call Mr. Spectator. He lives at Monte Carlo, he has passed a score of sensons here, he drank any fermented liquor for the first has plenty of money, he goes to the 50 years of his life. The old man's Casino every day and every evening and memory was prodigious. He well re- he never plays a cent. It is his occupamembered, in 1705, seeing Queen Anne tion in life to be an observer of things going to the house of peers, seated on a and to mark the ways of man and wompillion bekind the Lord Chascellor, and | an kind. In the summer he will mark talked about the death of William them at Aix-les-Bains, at Lausanne or III. He had been a well made man, at Trouville. He knows everything rather above the middle height. At 80 about what is going on just now at Monty," what Russian princess pawned her diamonds last week and what Cuban sugar planter did not die of apoplexy at the Hotel Carmbole, but poisoned himself with prassic acid. 'He was a fool, sir," quoth Mr. Speccoming in his case, and he must soon tator. "Why didn't he go to the adminhave recovered sight and speech, which istration? Why didn't he make his declaration? They knew well enough that he had lost 200,000 francs in the course of ten days. They would have paid his 80, and whom he always called "poor traveling and hotel expenses back to Paris, or back to Brazil, for the matter Mr. Spectator went on to explain that

when a cleaned out player made a caner. Once, when they were walking in did admission of his impecuniosity the Holborn, the son could scarcely keep administration gave him a sum of monpace with the father-in fact, with so ey sufficient to defray his journey by great difficulty and distress did he do so railway to the place whence he came that he attracted the attention of a gen- and his incidental expenses en route. tleman, who went up to old Laugher to He mentioned one case in which a whole expostulate with him on his want of family of five persons were allowed 15 filial duty in not aiding more his vener- louis apiece to take them from Monte able father. The old man told him of Carlo to London, the sole condition athis mistake, but the stranger refused to tached to the largess being that the give the least credit to his assertion un- recipient should not re-enter the Casino til somebody passing at the time, who unless he or she recouped the adminisknew the Laughers well, certified to the tration for their outlay. In the case which he cited, one of the party, a lady, who had not gone farther than Nice, received some weeks afterward a handsome remittance from England. She went back blithely to "Monty," repaid the 15 louis, re-entered the Casino, and backing the douze dernier, not forgetting zero, won £300. "You are not to be lieve," added Mr. Spectator, "a tithe of the sensational stories printed about ruined gamesters hanging themselves to trees in the gardens, or blowing out their brains in the reading room." majority of these canards are set on foot by obscure French newspapers which have not been subventioned or bribed by the administration to puff Monte Carlo. One of the pleasantest characteristics

winning at roulette, and this time he regaled me with a succinct narrative of what I may call the "Wellington boot system." Captain Backum had played was the reply. "I have always found it for many years a large number of syseasy to remember songs and poems by a tems, and by the time he was five and certain rule or method that I adopted a forty had played away a handsome fortune. A happy thought occurred to him. He always wore Wellington boots. His capital was just 5 louis. This he changed into 5 franc pieces, and he nevcomprehends the idea of loneliness, the er staked more than one piece at a time, fading away of beautiful things and the and if he won he withdrew his stakes aftlack of sympathy in sadness. The rose is er the third coup. His winnings he careblooming alone. Its companions are fully placed in a side pocket, and whenfaded and gone. No flower or kindred ever he had won four pieces he changed them into a louis and slipped the coin to its sighs. This is the groundwork- into one of his boots. He played for the skeleton, so to speak—of the verse. seven consecutive hours before his stock Impress this firmly on the mind and capital was exhausted. Then he returned familiarize the thought with the senti- to Nice, somewhat heavy of footstep, ment. Imagine the garden with the one and drawing off his boots, found that he

"This was two years ago," continued Mr. Spectator, "and only last week I found Backum at a third class botel at Nice. He was in a dressing gown and slippers and looking by no means cheerful. 'How about the Wellington boot replied. 'Confounded run of bad luck.' And the boots?' I went on. 'The boots?' he replied. 'I pawned them yesterday afternoon.'"

So this is "Monty" in full swing-'Monty," with its ups and downs, its ceaseless whirl of gayety and dissipation. There is no rest at Monte Carlo. When you are tired of play, there are dramatic performances, there are concerts, there is pigeon shooting, and in the spring and summer there is plenty of yachting. But all these are only side issues. The Grand Trunk line of Monte Carlo leads to the temple of mammon. It is crowded night and day by people lusting for money which they have not earned, and it is the road to ruin .-

The Barber's Little Joke.

"I see you wear a Grand Army but-" said the man in the chair. "Yes, sah," said the barber, with a

mile. "Belong to a colored post, I suppose?" "No sah. The cullud post belongs to me, sah, "

It was not till he had stepped out and seen the barber's sign that the customer waw the point. - Indianapolis Journal.

The Horseshoe Superstition.

The other day as wedding guests were leaving the old South church a motorman left his car to pick up a horseshoe. For luck? Not at all, but because it lay directly on the rail ahead, and in the interest of passengers and possibly rolling stock he gathered it not over tenderly and gave it a fling so that it fell almost at the feet of three ladies, one of whom was about to pick it up, when a practical member of the trio said : "Don't soil your gloves, and never mind if there are three nails in it. It was not you who found it, but the motorman, and he has flung it away, good luck and all." The citizen passed the spot three minutes later, and no trace of the horseshoe was found. Why? Because a Bencon street girl's escort captured it and carried it off on his cane. - Boston Post.

The Woman's Hible.

We have read some of the passages of the commentary prepared for the "woman's Bible" by that very accomplished Ame ican woman and Biblical student, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. They are a great deal more satisfactory many of the comments upon the same texts that we have read in other and more pretentious commentaries. Mrs. Stanton's interpretative remarks are often shrewd and sensible. They could perhaps sometimes be rendered more acceptable to the critical mind by the assistence of a rabbi well versed in the Hebrew. - New York Sun.