



## MANUELA'S TRANSFORMATION.

THE poet to the contrary, notwithstanding, there are occasions when "it might have been" are joyful words. Most men, upon meeting again in after years their first loves, realize this, and offer up prayers of thanksgiving.

It was so with Hurlburt.

In the early days of the Pacific coast, Hurlburt was stationed at San Diego. It was a picturesque little town. Its streets were not much more than cow-paths, and its houses were mostly of the good old pattern—adobe, one story high, and built around a patio. In such a house as this lived Manuela Lopez, and in one of the cow-path streets Hurlburt first met her. It was upon a Sunday. Hurlburt had just come from inspection, and was on his way to dinner with friends in town. He still wore his regimentals, and was a very gorgeous sight indeed. He was also tall and yellow-haired, and blue-eyed—quite the figure to strike the fancy of a pretty little Mexican girl who was coming home from mass.

She had read no books that could have told her that it was the accepted thing to do; she had probably never given such subjects a moment's thought; but when the mind of a child becomes the mind of a woman, it is at one bound, not by slow degrees. Inspiration struck full upon Manuela's brain, and she dropped her rosary. From which it may be inferred that the love of the fathers and the wisdom of ages has taught woman nothing new in affairs of the heart. The impulse of the impetuous and the child of nature are the same.

Hurlburt, of course, was close to Manuela when the rosary dropped. He seemed to her. If she had not been with a servant, he might have spoken. As it was, he observed more narrowly, what he had been observing for some moments as he approached, that she was graceful and pretty. Then he raised his helmet and passed on.

You can count upon any one but the typical Anglo-Saxon. You expect men of Latin and Slav races to make fools of themselves. But the Anglo-Saxon is such a thoroughly logical, reasonable, clear-headed person that the bottom of your universe drops out when he deviates from the path of common sense. And when he does, it is never a mere digression. He goes, a flaming comet, whirling through space, and carrying all your stellar system of plans and beliefs before him. The last thing any one would have expected of a big, quiet, rational youth, such as was Hurlburt, was that he should wax rhapsodic over a street meeting with a immature ruse to attract his attention. Nevertheless, that same day, after luncheon, he said to his host, as they sat smoking under the ramada, "The lives in the house on the next lot, where the two mocking-birds hang on the wall?"

"You must be more explicit," his host said; "there are a number of houses on the next street, and one and all have mocking-birds."

"Yes," said Hurlburt; "but there is a hedge of red and white geranium in front of it."

"I saw you meet her," the civilian told him; "her name is Lopez—Manuela, I think."

Hurlburt became very red. When his phlegmatic man grows embarrassed he is badly embarrassed. It was some time before he regained speech and came floundering out of the sea of silence. When he did, he changed the subject.

Not that he abandoned the cause. Far from it. It took him two weeks, but he got himself introduced to Senor Lopez, and had then taken to call upon him. The senior was a well-educated man, and the most hospitable of his hospitable race. He made Hurlburt free of the house at once, and showed him everything it contained, save only Manuela.

"You must come again, often," he said, as they parted. Hurlburt replied that he would, and went again in three days. Neither did he see his lady of the rosary upon this occasion. He addressed himself to Senora Lopez, who was handsome and well preserved.

"You have a daughter, have you not, senora?"

Senora Lopez understood only just so much English as she chose. She did not choose to understand this. She turned her soft eyes upon her husband, and he answered for her.

"We have a daughter," he said, "but she is very young."

Hurlburt understood that he had offended a semi-oriental prejudice. It having thus been made obvious to him that Manuela would not be produced by her parents, he went to an early mass at the church, met her, and introduced himself. It chanced that she was alone.

"May I walk home with you, senor?" he said. "I have the pleasure of knowing your father."

"Yes, sir," said Manuela.

It was but a few hundred yards to her home, but he made the most of his time. Manuela answered him in monosyllables and raised her eyes but twice. Hurlburt's infatuation was complete. Senor Lopez was angry. He was very civil to the officer, but he sent the girl to her room at once.

"I met the senorita at mass," Hurlburt explained.

"Are you, then, a Catholic?" inquired the Mexican.

"No," said Hurlburt—and determined to pursue the policy that sages who know nothing of mankind tell us is invariably the best—"I went to the church on purpose to meet your daughter. I saw her on the street the other day," he refrained in a moment of diplomacy from speaking of the dropped beads—"and I admired her very much. That is why I came to call upon you. I thought I would see her openly under her own roof. As I did not, I encountered her elsewhere. Now," said Hurl-

yard; a yet more undid one welcomed them.

Her greasy face was still rather pretty and young, but she was thick, and heavy, and stupid. When she looked full at Hurlburt, she gave a little cry that was more of a grunt.

"Come in; I will tell my husband," she said, and shuffled away with her bare feet.

Hurlburt turned to his wife gravely. "I am sorry to have brought you here," he said, "but it is all we can do, unless you prefer to sleep in the ambulance to-night. That woman was my wife."

"So I supposed," she said. She laid her delicate hand on his arm. "Don't let it trouble you, dear. I do not mind," she smiled into his eyes, and the shadow was forever gone from her own.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## INVENTOR OF LEAD PIPE.

The Interesting Life of Robert Seydell of Milton.

There was born in Milton, Pa., in 1800 a man of wonderful genius. It is said. His name was Robert Seydell, and he died in 1847. Mr. Seydell was a cooper and was almost continuously working out some device connected with the machinery in his factory. To him, it is related by some of the oldest citizens of this place, belongs the discovery of the process of making lead pipe, and like many other inventors, the idea of making the same was stolen from him and further developed to its present form of manufacture.

It was in the latter part of the thirties that the idea suggested itself to him, and the following is the way he wrought it out: He first took a slug, or casting of lead, placing it on a mandrel, or rod of steel, about sixteen feet long and one inch in diameter; the mandrel was highly polished and upon this he drew or rolled out the lead to the full strength of the rod, thus giving him an inch bore, and the material was rolled, it is said, to a one-fourth inch, making a total diameter of one and one-half inches for the pipe. After completing several sections of the length of the mandrel, he soldered them together, making the pipe of whatever length he desired.

He put it to practical use by fastening it to pump heads and also running it from springs to connect watering troughs and spring houses in the country round about here. Being greatly pleased with his discovery, and receiving the most flattering comments from his friends and neighbors in this section, he concluded to make his invention more widely known, and hence made a visit to Philadelphia, taking his device with him.

At the Franklin Institute in that city he gave his first exhibition to quite a number of inventors, artisans and mechanics. As it is now related, all who witnessed it were more than delighted, and so expressed themselves in his immediate presence.

It was not long that he was allowed to remain in a condition of supreme happiness over his invention, for a short time after he made a disclosure of his discovery, and while yet in Philadelphia, he found out that by the very persons to whom he had given an exhibition of the process of making lead pipe his idea had been used and improved upon.—Philadelphia Press.

## Early Writers on Smoking.

The fact has been discovered that Shakespeare never mentions smoking or makes the slightest allusion to the habit. This is the more curious, as most of his contemporaries, Ben Jonson, Decker and others, discuss the then new fashion at length, and the humorist and satirist of the time lost no opportunity of deriding and making game of the votaries of the weed. The tobacco merchant was an important personage in the time of James I. The Elizabethan pipes were so small that when they are dug up in Ireland the poor call them "fair pipes." King James himself was one of the most virulent opponents of the habit, and in his ludicrous "Counterblast" calls it a vile and stinking custom, "borrowed from the beastly, slavish Indians—poor, wild, barbarous men—brought over from America and not introduced by any worthy or virtuous or great personage." He argues that tobacco is not dry and hot; that its smoke is humid, like all other smoke, and is therefore bad for the brain, which is naturally wet and cold. He denies that smoking purges the head or stomach, and declares that many have smoked themselves to death.—Medical Record.

## Birth Rate of Males and Females.

Nature seems to be able to regulate the births of males and females without the help of German savants. It may be remembered that Buckle found that the average birth rate the world over was 21 boys to 20 girls, thus giving every Jill a chance for a Jack, after allowing for the greater death rate among males. The Springfield Republican is authority for the assertion that in Massachusetts for forty years the male birth rate relative to the female has not noticeably changed, the number of male births to each 1,000 female births in the last twenty years being 1,053 as compared with 1,050 for the preceding twenty years. In Europe observations covering ten years indicate an average of 1,060 males born to every 1,000 females, England being at one extreme, with 1,038, and Italy at the other, with 1,071.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Anticipating.

Mudkiss—What would you say, sir, if I should tell you that I love your daughter?

Mr. Cashburn—Not a word, sir; not a word. Your audacity would simply hold me spellbound.—Philadelphia North American.

## Twice-Told Tales.

Writer—That father small pay, don't you think? There were over 3,000 words in that article.

Publisher—I know; but, then, there were more of them that you used more than once.—Boston Transcript.

## Lucky in Both.

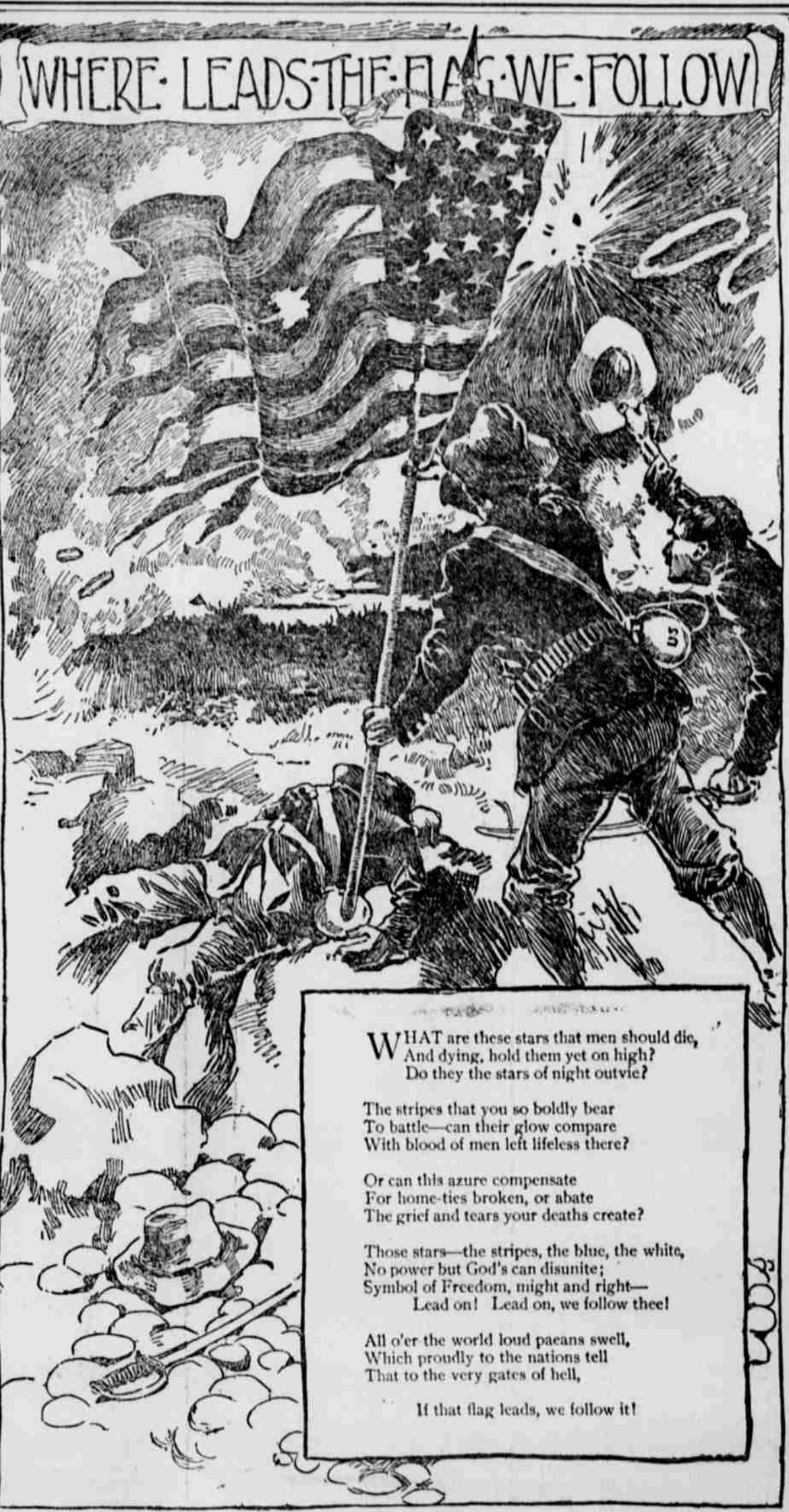
He—You're lucky at cards?

She—Very.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!"

"I don't believe it. I've been refused three times."—Yonkers Statesman.

There are three times as many musclics in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.



WHAT are these stars that men should die,  
And dying, hold them yet on high?  
Do they the stars of night outvie?

The stripes that you so boldly bear  
To battle—can their glow compare  
With blood of men left lifeless there?

Or can this azure compensate  
For homesites broken, or abate  
The grief and tears your deaths create?

Those stars—the stripes, the blue, the white,  
No power but God's can disunite;  
Symbol of Freedom, might and right—  
Lead on! Lead on, we follow thee!

All o'er the world loud peacans swell,  
Which proudly to the nations tell  
That to the very gates of hell,

If that flag leads, we follow it!

## BABY SOPRANO.

Wee Two-Year-Old Girl Who Sings Grand Operas.

The youngest musical wonder in all New York is little Marguerite Mandelkern, just 2 years and 3 months old. The wee girl has not yet learned to lip plainly the mingled English and German in which she expresses herself, but there is no music too difficult for her to sing with absolute precision after once or twice hearing it upon the piano.

The little treble voice is as clear and true as a bell, and most intricate measures are given with a strict adherence to time that would make a prima donna envious.

The child is a daughter of Joseph Mandelkern, of No. 100 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, and has doubtless inherited her marvelous ear from her father, whose ruling passion is music. For hours, while her sister Elizabeth, a pianist of no mean order, is playing, Baby Marguerite will creep into the room and lie silently listening. This has been going on for some time before the family observed the little one's habit and became aware of her devotion to melody.

It was when near her second birthday, however, that the infant musician essayed her own powers. Her choice was grand opera, and her debut made in an aria from "Aida." As the first note was struck "Gracie," as she is known at home, stopped suddenly in her play, threw back her head, parted her red lips and to the surprise of every one present sang in a sweet, pure thread of tone the entire aria.

Once having found her voice, the little maid, tremulous with delight, went on to make her own every theme that appealed to her. And Gracie knows, too, everything that she sings. It is a matter of moment to this small music lover whether it be Verdi or Mendelssohn that occupies her attention.—New York World.

## COSTLY EXECUTIONS.

Bills for Killing Criminals Formerly Paid in Holland.

Edam, in Holland, where the Dutch cheese comes from, has just opened a museum of local antiquities, and among the most interesting of the exhibits are the accounts of the municipal executioners during the eighteenth century. One of these functionaries, by name Vogel, presents a detailed bill, dated Dec. 19, 1713, in which he sets forth a claim for 6 florins for one decapitation and 3 florins each for a sword and winding sheet, with 3 florins 14 cents for a coffin for the decapitated one. His charge for hanging a criminal was also 6 florins, with the further addition of 3 florins for "cutting down and impaling ditto." "Breaking a man on the wheel" was a costlier luxury and ran to 9 florins, while for supplying "nine new lashes for scourge" the charge was 27 florins.

## INDICATE CHARACTER.

What Different Kinds of Noses Mean to Their Owners.

A thick nose and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material instincts, while a turned-up nose with wide nostrils betokens a vain disposition.

Especially wide nostrils are signs of courage, strength and pride; small nostrils of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are usually found among men, and when a woman possesses a large nose it indicates she is masculine in character.

The nose, the form of which has so much to do with the beauty of the face, is amenable to culture, and we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half an ordinary human life the nose is capable of receiving more noble form. The mental training of an individual has a great deal to do with shaping the nose.

The small, flat nose, found among women and called the soubrette nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable cast of countenance, indicates a gracious and cheerful nature, combined with considerable curiosity. Such a nose is seldom found among men, and when a man is unfortunate enough to possess it he is characterized by weak and definite sagacity.—Philadelphia Press.

## German Geographical Prize.

Herr Krupp, of Essen, has given 10,000 marks to the German Geographical Society for a gold medal, to be awarded yearly for geographical discovery. It will be called the Nachtigal medal, after Krupp's friend, Gustav Nachtigal, the African explorer, and, where the merits of candidates are otherwise equal, will be given in preference first to discoveries on the African continent, and next to exploration in German colonies elsewhere.

## Forest in a Former Lake Bed.

Lake Rikwa, or Leopold, between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyansa, in Central Africa, which when first discovered forty years ago, was 180 miles long by 80 broad, is reported by recent travelers to have dried up completely. The bed of the lake is now a plain covered with thick woods.

## He Promised.

"Oh, George," she cried, after he had kissed her, "you'll never tell any one, will you?"

"Never have the slightest fear on that score," he replied. And it must have been the way he said it that made her angry.

## Female.

"Any mail for me this morning?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir, but there was a lady," replied the bright boy.—Philadelphia North American.

## A Successful Meeting.

At a recent meeting held in Ohio two newspaper reporters got saved.—Harbor Lights (Salvation Army).

## On the whole, however, Mr. Vogel

was a moderate man in his charges or the value of human life went up a good deal in the next fifty years, for in the no less circumstantial accounts of Johannes Ka, presented Aug. 1, 1794, we have a charge of 12 florins for "going on board the Hans and preparing instruments of torture," with a like charge for "torturing one person." But this must have been for the "lesser torture" only, as on Aug. 30 the same Johannes sends in a bill for "torturing three persons at 75 florins a head"—total, 225 florins, while a few days later no less than 900 florins is charged for "hanging four persons at 150 florins each," and for "hogging two persons and burning a third" he exacts 150 florins. Clearly considerations of economy, if not of humanity, must have tended toward the reform of the criminal code in Holland.—London Chronicle.

## Bird Cage Made by Navajos.

Here is another illustration of the ingenuity of the Navajo Indians. It is



ORIGINAL AND SERVICEABLE.

a bird cage made of bamboo. The design is original and the material very serviceable.

## The Cabin Boy's Mistake.

When the British fleet was seen coming over the bar with her ensign upside down, the ships in the harbor at once lowered lifeboats and raced to be first to give assistance to the supposed sinking ship. When the first boat got within hailing distance they saw the skipper clapping his hands and shouting, "Go off! Come on! Well pulled!" etc. The officer in charge then said: "What's the matter, captain?" "Nothing the matter," said the skipper. "Then why have you got your ensign upside down?" The skipper glanced aloft as his colors. "It's that boy Joe again," he cried, in disgust. "I thought it was a regatta."

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## To the Spaniards.

By the little ones that have died at their feet,  
By the cries that have reached our ears,  
By the pain they have wrought on helpless ones,  
We have measured their tale of years,  
And it is black with evil deeds,  
And heavy with women's tears.

For that they have been unmerciful  
For the wickedness they have done,  
For that they have denied the gentle word—  
The laws of the rifle gun  
Shall speak to them, and tell the world  
That the murderers' race is run.  
—New York Press.

## Over Morro Castle.

There's a flag aloft to-day,  
Over Morro castle,  
That hasn't long to stay  
Over Morro castle!  
Keep a lookout for the flash,  
There is going to be a smash,  
Something hot about to crash,  
Into Morro castle.

There are remnants of the Maine  
Down near Morro castle;  
We will pick a bone with Spain  
Down by Morro castle!  
When we've ended this affair,  
When the smoke clears from the air,  
You may see Old Glory there.  
Over Morro castle  
—Cleveland Leader.

## War.

A sparkle from the bugle horn  
Of scattered notes—the reveille!  
A shout sent up to greet the morn  
From millions' throats for liberty  
And to the earth a thrill of cheer,  
The tramp and tread of marching feet.

A blast of bugles through the land  
"To horse!" the call, the full and clear,  
A loosening of hand from hand;  
A teardrop's fall; a kiss so dear!  
A father's clasp, a mother's prayer,  
A rose hid in the knapsack there.

A broken boom of jarring guns;  
To arms! Huzza! the echoes wake!  
For peace hath raised up fighting soars  
To break her law for freedom's sake.  
A flag undimmed of stars or war  
Above a host. This, this is war!  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Uncle Sam to Gomez.

I am coming, Brother Gomez, I am coming  
With my boots,  
An' my boots are rammed with thunder, yea,  
An' so—  
An' I'm goin' to speak a little piece I think  
Is rather cute;  
I am coming, Brother Gomez. Wait for me,  
I ain't much on palaver, an' I ain't no hard  
to talk.  
But my guns are stout speakers, an' their  
lungs are never weak,  
An' they're coming down to help you in your  
argument of guns;  
They are coming, Brother Gomez, an' they've  
got a piece to speak.

I am coming, Brother Gomez, an' I've got  
a piece to speak,  
An' no Spaniard will cry "Lander!" I shall  
speak sufficient plain;  
An' my little recitation will be heard, I calculate,  
An' will be distinctly audible in Spain.  
I have got my piece committed, an' I reckon  
that I'll speak,  
Though I'm not a man to bluster or to roar;  
But my guns have got two voices, an' I think  
I'll talk through them.

An' I don't expect a call for an encore,  
—New York Sun.

## Old Glory.

Now let Old Glory's silken folds  
Upon the morning breeze float free;  
While bugle's notes and drums' roll  
Call men to arms from sea to sea.  
Stream out, proud banner, on the wind,  
In every hero's heart enshrined!

The tide of war that rises now  
Will stand at flood till every stain  
Of martyred blood is washed from  
The riven wreckage of the Maine!  
Float out, proud banner, brave and free!  
The hero's guide to victory!

## From every fortress by the sea.

From every fortress by the sea,  
On every mast and spar  
Of battle-ships, a token be  
Of victory in war.  
Proud banner, float Old Glory, wave  
O'er serried ranks of freemen brave!

Now let the haughty Spaniard feel  
The lightning of our long-pent wrath;  
The bolt that belittles his deed  
Will sweep the tyrant from his path.  
Wave, wave, Old Glory, proud and free!  
And perish Spanish tyranny!  
—Washington Times.

## "Remember the Maine."

When the vengeance wakes, when the battle  
breaks,  
And the ships sweep out to sea;  
When the foe is near, when the decks are  
cleared,  
And the colors floating free;  
When the squadrons meet, when it's deed to  
beet,  
And front to front with Spain,  
From ship to ship, from lip to lip,  
Pass on the quick refrain:  
"Remember, remember the Maine."

When the flag shall sail, "Advance in line,  
Train ships on an even keel!"  
When the guns shall flash and the shot shall  
crash,  
And bound on the ringing steel;  
When rattling blades from the armored masts  
Are hurled through the air,  
Let their voices loud through the blinding  
cloud  
Cry over the fierce refrain:  
"Remember, remember the Maine."

God's sky and sea in that storm shall be  
Fit's chimes of smoke and flame,  
But across that bell every shot shall tell  
Not a gun can miss its aim;  
Not a blow will fall on the crumpling mail,  
And the waves that engulf the slain  
Shall sweep the decks of the blackened  
wreck.

With the thundering dread refrain:  
"Remember, remember the Maine."  
—Chicago Journal.

## Chickamauga—1868.

They are camped on Chickamauga  
Once again the white tents gleam  
On that field where vanished heroes  
Sleep the sleep that knows no dream.  
There are shadows all about them  
Of the ghastly troops to-day,  
But they light the common campfire—  
Those who wore the blue and gray.

Where the pines of Georgia tower,  
Where the mountains rise the sky,  
On the arms the nation's warriors  
Wait to hear the battle-cry.  
Wait together, friends and brothers,  
And the heroes' souls their feet  
Sleep the long and dreamless slumber  
Where the flowers are blooming sweet.

Reveries, pause, on shadow challenge  
Rock-rithed Thomas goes that way—  
He who fought the foe ineffectual  
In that awful battle fray.  
Yonder pass the shades of heroes,  
And they follow where Bragg leads  
Through the meadows and the river,  
But no ghost the sentry heeds.

Field of fame, a patriot army  
Treads thy sacred soil to-day!  
And they'll face a common foe,  
Those who wore the blue and gray.  
And they'll fight for common country,  
And they'll charge to victory  
Neath the folds of one brave banner—  
Starry banner of the free!

They were camped on Chickamauga,  
Where the green tents of the dead  
Turn the soil into a glory  
Where a nation's heart once bled;  
But they're clasping hands together  
On this storied field of strife—  
Brothers brave who meet to battle  
In the freedom-war of life!  
—Baltimore News.

## It is often hard to bring a girl of the

period to full stop.

## A fine ostrich is calculated to yield

\$2,000 worth of feathers.