

The Brook's Song.
Through all the drifted snow
That fill the woodland nook,
In hissing music flows
The dark, unfiled brook.
While winding swift along
Upon its icy way,
Its song is but the song
It sang in rosy May.
Ah, happy brook, to sing,
While winter days depart,
The melody of spring
That ripples in its heart!
—E. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly.

He Finished the Prayer.
The Rev. W. H. Holmes, of the Methodist church of South Evanston, was notified while conducting prayer meeting Tuesday night that a burglar was ransacking the parsonage next door, but he did not let it disturb his devotions. He had left his 5-year-old son alone in the house, and the boy was lying on a sofa when he saw a strange man enter. He maintained his presence of mind and pretended to be asleep until the man had passed out of the room and gone upstairs. Then he jumped up and ran to the church. Mr. Holmes was in the middle of a prayer when he was startled by the exclamation:
"Papa, there's a strange man in the house!"

The minister hesitated for a moment and then calmly finished the prayer, betraying no sign of excitement. Mrs. Holmes, however, hurried out of the church, followed by three young men of the congregation. They hastened to the house, but the thief evidently saw them coming, for he departed by the back door as they entered the front. The young men gave chase, however, and overtook him, but failed to hold him. He broke away from them after a struggle and succeeded in making his escape. The party then returned to the prayer meeting and continued the service.
The thief was interrupted before he had secured anything of value, although he had gone through some of the drawers of a bureau that contained many valuable articles.—Chicago Tribune.

Druggists Who Disagree.
A correspondent of a St. Petersburg contemporary has published the results of an inquiry he made into druggists' charges, and by so doing he has caused fear and trembling among the apothecaries of the city, who dread some government order on the subject. The inquiring individual presented to fifty-nine different apothecaries a prescription for a solution of boracic acid 1,000 grammes in quantity and 3 per cent. in strength. For this he was charged various prices from thirty kopecks up to a ruble (100 kopecks), and even up to one ruble seventy-six kopecks. And he made the solution at home for about two or three kopecks. This was bad, but worse follows. There was as great variety in strength as in cost, for out of fifty-nine druggists there were eight different ways of reading 3 per cent. In the 1,000 grammes of water there was anything from half an ounce to three ounces of boracic acid.—London News.

Because Willie Went Skating.
Parental solicitude is natural and proper, but it has its ridiculous phases. It wasn't very long ago since Willie went skating. His mother was filled with apprehension, and spent about half the day standing in the front door to see whether he was coming home stiff and cold on a shutter or otherwise. His sister waded through the snow to tell his father, and the old gentleman got his feet wet standing on the edge of the pond trying to make his son hear his command to come home. Nobody but Willie had an appetite for the evening meal. His mother now looks after the hired girl a little when she can leave her room; his father has such a cold in his head that he cannot talk, and his sister has such a cough that she is afraid to leave the house, and when any of them wants any medicine Willie goes out and buys it.—Washington Post.

Where Bill Sikes Put Oliver Twist.
In Chertsey, writes a correspondent, is a house which, if rumor says true, is of immense interest to readers of Dickens, and it is for sale. It is believed to be that into which Bill Sikes put Oliver Twist for burglarious purposes. The house is a good one, and ought to fetch a good price apart from its value of association. If any one of a philanthropic disposition and a keen admirer of Dickens were mindful to erect yet another memorial to his genius, a purchase and endowment of this house as the home for destitute boys would be in every way suitable.—London Star.

Time They Were Tapped.
Mr. Francis Davis purchased a pair of boots twenty-two years ago to be worn at his wedding which are now in good preservation and are good for further service. They have been in use for party wear during the entire time, and this week were improved by the addition of a pair of taps.—Gloucester Times.

Rudyard Kipling is coming to this country in the spring to enjoy a hunting tour in the west before he goes to India, where he expects to spend much of his time during the next few years. Mr. Kipling's father is a clever artist, and has prepared a series of elaborate illustrations for his son's book.

Blankets are loaned to the poor during the winter months, free of cost, by a kind hearted citizen of Brunswick, Germany. They are stamped, to prevent them from being sold or pawned, and they are returned at the close of the cold weather.

It is proposed making engines of aluminum to develop thirty-four horse power, to be used for directing the movements of a French war balloon of 3,000 cubic meters capacity, experiments with which are to be made in April next.

The Weimar Society for the Circulation of Good Literature has distributed since last March 300,000 copies of wholesome tales and novels. At the same time it has increased its membership to 5,000 and has laid by \$10,000.

AN ACTRESS' HARD LOT.

SHE HAS TO WORK HARDER THAN MOST PEOPLE DREAM OF.

With from Seven to Nine Performances a Week, Traveling and Daily Rehearsals, She Has Little Time Left for Pleasure—The Story of One.

"Seems to me it must be lots of fun to be an actress. I should so like to be one. You have such nice times traveling around, and then you see so much of the world." It was a sweet little bit of ingenuousness with large brown eyes which made this remark. Her vis-a-vis, whose name is well known to the theatrical world, looked at her a moment much as a fond parent listens to the sometimes startling chatter of a child and replied, half sadly, "You have much to learn, my dear."
Then, after closing her exquisitely curved lips over a succulent Blue Point, she pushed her plate from her and added: "But don't try to learn the truth or falsity of your belief by experience. Put full confidence in me, little one, when I tell you that this time you are very wrong. There is very little fun in the life of an actress—none that she might not have in some other vocation—and as for seeing the world, by which you doubtless mean taking in the sights of the different cities in which she plays, well, listen to me a moment.

REHEARSING.
"A week ago Sunday night in New York, after rehearsing for three hours in the afternoon a play which we had been producing nightly since the beginning of the season, we took the train for Boston. We got there Monday morning, and after breakfast rehearsed at the Globe theatre till half-past 1. Then we lunched and took the 3 o'clock train for Worcester, where we arrived just in time to get to the theatre and dress for the play. It over, we repacked and took a train the next morning at 9:30 for Albany, where we arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We rehearsed till 6 o'clock, got supper and rushed back to the theatre to dress. My cue comes a few moments after the curtain goes up, and that night, owing to a delay in getting my trunk, I was late in getting dressed and kept the stage waiting not quite fifteen seconds, for which I was fined \$5. We rehearsed two hours the next morning, and the afternoon was spent listening to the manager read a new play and give his directions as to how he wanted the different characters interpreted.

"That night after the play we took the 1:35 a. m. train for Rochester, where we arrived in time for breakfast. Then we rehearsed the new play till noon, and in the afternoon we rehearsed the old one. The hotel westopped at was a poor one, and the meals were worse. My dressing room at the theatre was so cold that I got a sore throat. We took the 2:20 a. m. for Buffalo, after almost freezing to death at the hotel, and in order not to mar the even tenor of our way there was no fire in the car.
"We all counted, however, on being able to get some rest at our hotel in Buffalo. But immediately we had breakfast we were ordered to report at the theatre for rehearsal. We rehearsed till 1 o'clock, and were told to be back at 3 to rehearse an act of the old play. I lay down for a moment after dinner and did not awake till supper time. Of course I missed the rehearsal, and of course I was fined \$5.

ON THE ROAD.
"The next day being Saturday the manager was good enough to leave us to ourselves in the morning. But, my love, you may be sure that if any one spent the time taking in the sights of the city it was in his dreams, for no one got up till dinner time, and after dinner we had all to go to the theatre for the matinee. After the evening performance, which was cut at every possible point, we packed as quickly as possible to catch the Chicago train at 11:30. I had an upper berth over some old man who snored so I couldn't sleep, and when we reached Chicago Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock I was worn out. But I managed to snatch an hour's sleep at the hotel; then I had to rush to the theatre, for in Chicago, you know, we play Sunday nights. No, we don't play in many other cities on Sunday, only in New Orleans and St. Louis, but in the afternoon we must always have a long rehearsal, which is about as hard.

"Well, because the play went a little badly in one or two places Sunday night (and it was no wonder, considering that most all of us were nearly dead for want of sleep) we had to rehearse it twice on Monday, once in the morning and once in the afternoon. Tuesday we rehearsed the new piece twice, and on Wednesday morning we rehearsed it again. In the afternoon we had a matinee. This morning we had to rehearse, and we had another matinee this afternoon—and when we have finished our supper, little one, I must hurry back to the theatre to play.
"Is this the way I always work? Yes. And too, as I expect to have to work so long as I remain on the stage, and as most all whom you see before the footlights with smiling faces and who, you think, must have such lots of fun and see so much of the world, have to work. Now, do you like to be an actress?" The little one stunned for the moment by the death of her ideal life, looked mournfully into the face of the actress, then slowly shook her head.—Chicago Herald.

His Opinion.
The matrimonial state can hardly be said to have been extravagantly landed, either explicitly or by inference, by the bachelor who exclaimed, "I'm glad of it!" when he heard that an acquaintance of his was just married, and then, after a moment's reflection, mused aloud, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm."—All the Year Round.

Making Duty Pleasant.
Sheriff to culprit whom he has just arrested)—This is a very unpleasant duty to me, I assure you.
"Well, make it pleasant for both of us by letting me go."—Epoch.

MAKING DIAMONDS GROW.

It Is Not Very Difficult if You Turn Them Over Often Enough with Profit.

"Look at this stone," said a young journeyman jeweler in a street car the other day, removing a tissue paper wrapping from a piece of white wax, in the center of which a beautiful diamond blazed. "That is worth at the least \$180."

"How is it that you can afford to buy such a valuable stone as that?" asked one of his friends who knew his circumstances.

"I will put you on to the snap," said the jeweler. "That stone has been growing for a year, and I think it has got its growth."

"What do you mean by a diamond growing?" asked the friend.

"I will tell you. You remember the little spark I had in my scarfpin Christmas. Well, this is what it has grown to in less than a year. That little stone cost me a dollar and the pin cost me \$2.80. I sold the pin for \$8, and bought an eight carat stone a little off shade for a trifle over \$5. I bought a stud setting. You know you can get those things quite low now. They are made up by the thousands by firms which do not take finished goods. Well, I put the stone in the setting on a spiral and sold it the same week for \$18. Then I went to the office and bought the best stone I could get for \$15 and mounted that in the same manner. I wore it a month and then sold it for \$30, and I put \$25 into another stone. It was a little beauty, and I traded it for another one of about the same size, and got \$5 to boot. That put the stone down to \$20, and I put it into a setting which cost me \$3, and sold it a few days later for \$35. I got another stone for \$30, and had it two months before I made a turn with it; then I cleared \$12 and put the money into a beautiful stone, which brought me up to \$60, when I sold it in a handsome stud setting.

"Then I got a chance to sell a ring for \$75, and I made it to order, putting in a stone which cost me \$42.50. I put the whole \$75 into another stone, which I carried around for a while, and had fully made up my mind to keep, but a butcher offered me \$100 for it and I sold it to him. It was in a crown setting, which cost me \$6.25. For the hundred I got a dandy stone, and I was sure I could keep that one, but I have had four better ones since, and have got up to \$180. I can't get much higher than that, I guess, for there are few men among my acquaintances who can afford to tempt me with a profitable offer for it. I wouldn't sell it to-night for \$200, because I know that I have got a bargain. I'm a pretty good judge of diamonds, and when I put that stone into a nice ring I will make it look like \$250 worth, and I don't think that anybody can persuade me to sell it for anything less. In all the changes I don't think that I have put in more than \$16 or \$18 of my pocket money. The rest has all been profit on the stones and settings."—New York Sun.

In Mortal Peril.
Dr. C. C. Abbott, in "Outings at Odd Times," tells a tragic tale of an adventure which once befell an old lady, "long, long ago." The spot where she lived was almost a wilderness, and was beset with the perils of a new and scantily settled land.
The now almost forgotten Camden and Amboy railroad was in operation, but though scarcely a mile distant, it was as nothing to her. She knew neither what nor where it was. But where the best whortleberries grew, in the back swamp, that was knowledge worth her possessing.
Although her cousin Abijah had killed a bear there during the winter, she did not stop to think of that, but one day started for berries where few men would care to follow. With a light heart she gathered and gathered, until at length an ominous shrieking fell upon her ears.
"Could it be another bear?" thought she, and turned her face homeward. Her big basket was not quite full, and there were such loads of fruit within easy reach! This was tantalizing, but all her doubt vanished with the second shriek, more unearthly scream.
The path was no longer plain, nor was she surefooted. As she pitched recklessly forward the berries were bounced by handfuls from her basket, and finally in despair she threw aside the basket itself.
And still sounded through the swamp the terrible screeching of that angry bear. At last she could see her cottage through the thickly set trees, but not so plainly the tortuous path. One misstep and she sank waist deep in the yielding mud of an old well, and there she stood screaming until her husband came to the rescue.
"Do be still, Hannah," was his first remark, after she had chokingly called his attention to the still audible cries of the bear. "That's only the new fangled steam engine whistling!"
"And to think," the old lady was wont to remark, on concluding this story, "to think I lost all them beautiful berries!"

Wanted—Lymph.
One of the local churches furnishes a calendar every week on which are announced the various services and meetings during the week. The pastor usually has a hand in getting up these calendars, and a few days ago he described a new "disease" which affects church members, and he calls it "Morbus Sabbaticus." He describes it thus: "It attacks church members; comes suddenly, on Sundays, morning and evening. The patient sleeps well on Saturday night, awakes refreshed, eats a hearty breakfast, perhaps reads a Sunday newspaper, but at the ringing of the first church bell (10-15) the sickness begins and continues till the service ends. The patient is then well enough to eat a hearty dinner, after which a walk or a ride is enjoyed. Returning home the supper is greatly relished. But about church time there is another attack of the disease, which lasts about an hour. It is apt to attack the head of the family at first, but the children soon are affected by the contagion."—Springfield Republican.

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