OUR YESTERDAYS.

I saw my yesterdays go past,
A sinuous steam of souls of days,
Clad diversely; in the vague haze
Some forms, it seemed, no shadows cast,
Each right hand held its mirror fast,
Some wreathed with myrtle, some with
have.

bays, And those that answered to my gaze me my memories as they pa

Over a twilight pisin afar
Their blurred line faded out of view
Toward mountains mystic as the sea
But, shining each one like a star, The mirrors wherein I saw you Gleamed backward through the dusk to

-Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

### BOB GORMAN'S LETTERS.

Mr. Barlow was in a reminiscent mood

"Poor Bob Gorman!" he said musingly. "I have often said, Mr. Whomso, that in this day and age of the world there was no excuse for a person growing to man's estate without being able to read. at least fairly, and write well enough for his everyday business or social requirements. But my experience with Bob Gorman slightly modified that opin-

"Bob had been born and reared in the very wildest of the Montana mining and grazing districts. He absolutely had ever had the opportunity to acquire the alightest knowledge from textbooks or by oral instruction, and when I saw him some two years ago, he was a strapping fellow. warmhearted as a woman. but illiterate to the last degree

"He came here from Montana with a berd of bronco ponies to dispose of to the settlers around Skytown. We were threwn together many times in a busimess way, and I came to admire Bob Gorman for his manly qualities and strict attention to the interests of his employer. He seemed to like me, also, would come to the store and talk For hours at a time about life in the mines and ranches west of the Missouri. "One day he came to me with a let-

"Mr. Barlow,' he said, in a half hesitating way. 'will you please read this to

"'Why, can't you read? I exclaimed in surprise without pausing to think a second time.

"Gorman blushed painfully. I would have given almost anything to unsay the

"'Y' see. I sin't never had no " 'I understand, Bob. Yes, I'll read it

for you.'
"It's from Nance—my wife,' Gorman explained, and an expression of great happiness beamed from his eyes. Nance, she lives at Mingersville, an she's the finest girl in Montanny, you can bet on that. I'm goin' to own a ranch of my own one o' these days, an' then I'll be fixed so I can stay at home with Nance an' not have to go knockin zoun' the country, sellin' broncos. Please read the letter, air.

"The writing was almost iflegible, and the third person was used all through the letter, so it was evidently from another's hand. It told how 'Nance was sick of a feever, but was a-gettin' 'long' and 'sends her love to Bob, wishin' he'd

"The happiness faded out of Gorman's face the moment he heard of his wife's illness, and when I finished the letter his voice trembled as he asked:

" 'Is that all, Mr. Barlow? Don't it my how she is. nor nothin' more 'bout what ails her?"

"'No.' I answered, with deep sym-

" 'My God! I wish't I knew!" "He remained in silent meditation for

" 'I wouldn't worry.' I said; 'it can't

be very serious. "He shook his head forebodingly.

'She'd never a let 'em write to me that way if it wa'n't. "Tain't like her. Ill fix up my things here an' go back. quick as I can.' he said, and walked hur-

"In a short time he returned with a postal card.
"Just say for me, Mr. Barlow, that

I'm cummin' home. Begin it Dear Nance-but you know how. She's sick, an' I want it to be kinder lovin'. Tell her I'll be there just as soon as I can get things fixed here. Send it to Nance Gorman, Mingersville, Dawson county, Montanny. Be sure an put on the county, 'cause it's a small place. an' I want her to get that, sure.' "I complied with his request and he

left the store. "In a couple of days he came back to

ae again. He had an old sachel in his hand, and his face was fairly aglow with

"'Where are you bound for, Bob? "'Montanny,' he said, slapping his sachel brusquely. 'I'll be with Nance inside o' twenty-four hours. I feel like a boy, Mr. Barlow - been away three months, y know. I only hope she's better. I'll leave Ole Rumsey in charge o' the berd. Give him anythin' he wants on credit-it's all right.

"He fumbled in his pocket and finally

drew out a letter. 'Got a letter here. Guess it's from Newt Tremble; he runs the Ten Strike ranch-the one I work for, y' know. Least I think it's from him; it looks like his handwrite. If you'll just read it to

" 'Certainly,' I answered, with a smile. His happiness was infectious.
"I opened the letter and a glance at
Its contents startled me. Here is the

way it read:

DEER BOB-I tak mi pen in han toe lett you and That nance she dide last nite hard luck Ole chap dont feel toe Bad cum home soon from CLAPPER. " What does it say, Mr. Barlow? sked Bob anxiously, noting my chang-

How could I tell him? Here be was, all ready to start for home, anticipating a joyful meeting with his wife, and it

was reserved for me to dash his hopes—mayhap break his heart.

"Bob,' I answered buskily, 'this isn't from your employer.

"Ain't it from Newt? Who is it

"Do you know any on. by the wante

of Clapper?
"Clapper? Oh, yes—he's foreman
of Newt's. What does he say? "I did not reply.

"'Anythin' wrong at the ranch? "Unconsciously a tear must have come to my eye, for Bob Gorman caught my arm as in a vise. "'Read that letter!' he commanded in

"I read it to him. slowly, solemnly. sympathetically. He stood like a stone

some minutes after I had finished. I tell you, Whomso, that silence was awful I could do absolutely nothing to console the man who stood before me filled with a grief that was wrecking his

'Great God' he finally exclaimed, tossing his arms above his head and staggering like a drunken man. I tried to catch his hand, but he shook me off

"I never saw him after that, but one day old Rumsey came to me.

'Got a letter from the ranch,"he said. in a trembling voice, 'and what do you think has become of Bob?

" What? I asked eagerly " 'Dead.' said Rumsey sadly. 'Some a bullet hole in his heart. You can bet there was foul play somewhere-why. Bob didn't have an enemy in the world. "Ah, but he had one enemy, and test was-his fate!

"That is why I excuse ignorance. William Cooke in Chicago Figaro.

Not Exactly a Claquer.

At Chamberlin's the other night a party of distinguished rounders were and quips and witticisms. There was a story about his astonishing watch. It seems he went to the trouble of procuring an enormous silver watch, the size of a rutabaga turnip. Somewhere within the vast interior of this instrument he had placed a contrivance of such a nature that when one turned the stem as though to wind it up it gave forth a loud and rasping noise like unto that of terlocusts sawing their resounding legs at once. It was a startling and an awfui racket, calculated to shock a nervous person and to irritate the most phleg matic.

Armed with this engine of torture Field used to repair to theaters where dreadful and heartrending plays were in process of evolution, and then, at harrowing points, when the villain was unfolding his hellish plot, or the virtuous maiden defying a ruthless persecutor, and everybody was hanging in suspense upon the same, Field would unsheathe his watch and turn the crank with industry. He always broke up the tragedy. -Washington Critic-Record.

Rubber and Rubber Goods.

How much pure rubber is contained in the manufactured article? About 70 per cent. The best Para gum costs ninety-five cents a pound, so you see rubber boots and shoes cannot be made for nothing. In the smallest rubber shoe made there are about four ounces of pure rubber, and from that to probably four pounds in a pair of rubber

Old rubbers are ground up, lining and all, into what we call rag carpet, and it is used for insoles.

The work is nearly all done by hand, and in the factories are employed young children, men and women. A bootmaker gets twenty cents a pair for making em, and a good man can turn out from ten to twelve pairs a day

There are between fifteen and twenty rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, with a total capacity of over 150,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day

There are four factories having a capacity of over 25,000 pairs each, and one which has a capacity of 40,000 pairs It is a mystery where they all go to .-Denver News.

Bald Heads Are Sensitive. A man without a hair on his head came into the barber's shop and sat down on a chair.

"Shave or hair cut, sir?" said the at-"A shave, please," was the answer.

When the shave was finished and the baldheaded man left the customer who was getting his hair cut in the next chair said to the barber: would have his hair cut? Did you mean

to insult him?"

Free Press.

"Not at all," was the answer. "You ee, it's like this: A baldheaded man is rather sensitive on that point. I treat this gentleman just as I do every customer who comes and sits down on the chair. He knows that he has no hair to be cut, and I know that he has no hair to be cut, and he knows that I know he has no hair to be cut. Nevertheless he likes to be treated as if he had a head of hair, and he comes regularly."-Detroit rant.-Gentleman's Magazine.

The Man from Romulus. morning," he began to say to the policeman on the corner. "Where's Remus?" interrupted the

facetions cop. who was also somewhat of a classic. 'Remus? There ain't no Remus." he said, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, there is, too. Didn't you ever ear of Romulus and Remus? "Never heerd of Remus. No." What never heard of the twins the

she wolf suckled?" "Twins nothin'," he exclaimed. "You don't know what you are talking about. There ain't no Remus, and Romulus is the town out here on the railroad where I live. You'd better study up your jography, before you try to learn strangers anything," and he left the policelhan paralyzed.—Detroit Free Press.

The chimney has the effect of bright-ening the light of a lamp because it increases the supply of oxygen to the flame by producing a draft, and concentrates and reflects the heat of the flame, in conuence of which the combination of carbon is more perfect, and very little

WHERE JEWSHARPS ARE MADE.

A Family of Smiths Do All the Mano-

The village of Bath-on-the-Hudson, though its manufacturing interests are few, can boast of possessing the only jewsharp factory in the United States outside of New York city. Simple as the jewsharp is, it requires, nevertheless, no little skill in construction.

The proprietor of the factory in Bath is John Smith, and he has perfected himself to such an extent that his work is recognized as among the best in the world. The factory is a small building situated a short distance off Third street, and although unpretentious contains every facility for the manufacture of jewsharps.

Twenty years ago, in England, Mr. Smith began his apprenticeship at the trade. Hearing from friends in this country that here would be found a better market for the sale of his spe cialty, he determined to emigrate. Arriving in New York he failed to secure employment, and deciding to start in business for himself he went to Troy and opened a factory there. He was but moderately successful in Troy, and of the boys found him on the perary with after a short time moved to Bath, built a factory and is perfectly satisfied with the location. The Smith jewsharp is sold principally to firms in New York, Boston and Chicago. These firms sell the goods to retailers throughout the United States.

When the factory is running at its fullest capacity over two gross a day are turned out. The busiest time of the year is that just preceding the holidays. During this season the factory employs exchanging gossip. Somebody began to five people—the proprietor, his two sons tell of Eugene Field, of his various tricks and two other Englishmen, who live

near the factory.

The manufacture of the "harps" is an interesting process, and but few people are aware of the large amount of work expended in making a jewsharp of good tone. The frames of the instrument are not made by Mr. Smith. He buys them from a foundry. Upon these frames is bestowed the least work; it is in setting the steel tongue in the frame and filing the lower portion of the frame to fit the tongue that the most care and skill are required.

The first work done on a jewsharp is to place the frame in a vise, file off the roughness and taper down the points, so that each side presents a sharp edge, be-tween which the tongue is to vibrate. The most delicate work then begins. A piece of steel wire is cut from a coil, hammered flat at one end and left round at the other, and tempered with the greatest care. The flat end is then set in the arc of the frame, and then the two ends are carefully pressed and hammered until they come as close as possible to the tongue without touching it.

The round end of the tongue is then

bent in the form of a right angle, the point is turned over, and the "harp" is ready to be placed in the hands of a finisher. There are seven sizes and four kinds of finishing-the common, gold bronze, lacquered and tin plated. The harp can be toned to any pitch. To make the tone high the tongue is made small and pressed back toward the frame; to make the tone lower it is bent forward. Mr. Smith is not only a good maker of the harp, but can extract quite a little music from the little instrument. He can also play two at once, which he tunes so that they are in harmony, by filing the frames.

When business is rushing Mr. Smith's whole family is pressed into service, and each member excels in his or her particular work. Mr. Smith prophesies that within a few years the instruments he makes will be in more general use than now. He has once enlarged his factory, and expects to do so again.-Albany

Conversational Equality.

For conversation society must not be very unequal. By inequality I do not refer to the doubtful distinction of banking accounts or family trees. So far as these are concerned there is nothing so democratic as conversation. But it does demand some approach to a similaritynot in opinions; with good temper the may widely differ-but in manners and taste, and, above all, in intellectual capacity. When people are brought together without care for these similarities we know what happens. If their number be large enough they invariably split "Why did you ask that man if he up, not by cold exclusiveness, but by cold bave his hair cut? Did you mean natural selection, into mutually appreciative groups, of which each member has some affinity for the rest.

Where this instinctive distribution is. through smallness of numbers or the fussiness of a host, impossible we may expect a dull time. All know Bret Harte's tale of a man who had never heard of Adam before and asked "What was his other name?" But there have endure much at the hands of the igno-

Superficial Judgment of Men. In our judgment of men we are to be-"I left Romulus at 10 o'clock this ware of giving any great importance to corning," he began to say to the policegenerosity weak men endeavor to redeem themselves in their own estimation; vain men to exalt theraselves in that of mankind. It may be observed that there are no men more worthless and selfish, in the general tenor of their lives, than some who, from time to time, perform feats of generosity. Sentimental selfishness will commonly vary its indulgences in this way, and vainglorious selfishness will break out into acts of munificence. But self government and self denial are not to be relied upon for any real strength, except in so far as they are found to be exercised in detail. —New York Ledger.

> Granddaughter's Granddaughter William Bunce, of Cochituate, became a happy great-great-grandfather lately, and Mrs. Neal, of this place, a lady six-ty-eight years old, his daughter, becomes a great-grandmother. Her daughter is Mrs. Dean, and Mrs. Dean's daughter is Mrs. A. Lyons, who has just given birth to a little daughter. Mr. Bunce is nine ty-three years old and still hearty and strong.—Farmingbam (Mass.) Tribune.

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