

THREE STREETS.

I sought the new, unknown to most. And found a gay and favored street. Where fashion walked with fitting feet. And as I watched, a golden gleam Pierced swiftly through the summer air. And darted o'er the human stream; Then nestled 'midst some dusky hair. I gazed upon the hair's dark grace. The tender frame to woman's face. That pictured all its charms so sweet. Then as I looked I met her eyes. Deep as the blue of southern skies, And from them glanced a baby smile My own poor treasure to beguile; Through every vein, throughout my frame, There swept a dry, an ardent flame, Love's passion!

Cash Girls.

While talking with James Miller, who has been a floor walker in one of New York's big emporiums, but has set up a store in a neighboring town for himself, he said to me: "The newspaper which will take up the cause of the immature children who are engaged as cash girls in the large stores of New York will be doing a great work for humanity. I have no means of knowing how many cash girls there are in New York, but I should say about 20,000. Fully one-half of them are under fourteen years of age, and many even under twelve. They are not governed by the factory laws of the states which prohibit the employment of children below certain ages in factory work, and they are subjected to drudgery that is sometimes terrible. "If I was obliged to make a choice for my own children of such ages, between a factory and one of the big stores, I should choose the factory, where their labor would be of such character as to keep them busy all the time. In the stores they have moments, when they learn all sorts of wickedness.—New York Press.

The Wilds.

Oscar Wilde, since he is a pere de famille, is no doubt a wiser and a sadder man; he has cut his hair, and no longer wears garments a la Disraeli; he has left off turn down collars and short waisted coats and fobs, etc. Oscar has grown very stout. His conversation is still brilliant—rather too epigrammatic and wanting in simplicity. Mrs. Wilde is young and pretty; very quiet, almost demure. She is as silent as Oscar is loquacious. Lady Wilde (Oscar's mother) is a striking old lady, very accomplished. She can speak seven languages, and though she has suffered terribly from the state of Irish affairs, she bears her many troubles bravely. Her non de plume is Speranza.—London Star.

A Wealthy Priest.

Rev. James McMahon, of New York city, who recently gave \$500,000 worth of real estate to the Roman Catholic university at Washington, is perhaps the richest priest in this country, his wealth being the result of judicious investments in real estate. He is an accomplished Biblical and Hebrew scholar, and once published his version of the New Testament. Of late years he has given much attention to the perfection of church organs, making many improvements.—Harper's Weekly.

A Woman's Reason.

He—Darling, why are you such a tease? She—Because I'm educated up to it, I suppose. He—I don't understand you. She—Well, I wore my tea gown nearly all day, then went to a tea in a T cart, and afterward to a choir rehearsal, where we practiced a Te Deum for two hours.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Acre of Bananas.

An acre of bananas will support twenty-five times as many persons as an acre of wheat; 1,000 square feet of land, growing bananas, will produce 4,000 pounds of nutritious substance, the same space devoted to wheat or potatoes will produce only thirty-three pounds of wheat or ninety-nine pounds of potatoes.—Current Literature.

The return which the education department presented to the two houses of parliament shows that there are 4,714 board schools, 11,923 schools maintained by the Church of England, 551 by the Wesleyans, 946 by the Roman Catholics, and the undenominational schools number 1,365.

The depth at which some of the Belgian coal mines are worked is something prodigious. In a pit at Fluett the work is now done at 3,700 feet; in a pit at Fremerin at 2,800 feet, and in the St. Andre pit, at Montigny-sur-Sambre, at 3,000 feet.

Analysis of individual beets indicate that maturity, more than size, determines the sugar contents of the beet. A high weight of leaves, as compared with the roots, was no evidence of higher sugar contents, but rather the reverse.

From the Hindoos the Egyptians and the Persians learned to use cotton for clothing, but the Persians at first employed it only in the vestments of priests.

ARE WOMEN EVER MEAN?

An Instance Which Shows That There Are Some Who Are Very Cruel. "Mean!" exclaimed Sparkins, as he lighted the last cigarette in the fourth bunch since morning. "Why, the meanness of women toward each other is colossal."

It was generally conceded at the club that young Sparkins was an authority on the female question. "You chaps may not know," said he, "that a woman is always worried that something may be wrong with the back of her dress. Well, that's feminine characteristic, just as the habit of sitting on the floor when they put on their stockings is. A woman on the streets is never perfectly at ease in regard to her appearance from the rear. She can look up and down the front all right, but unless she has a girl friend to advise her she is never sure about her back."

"Now, you can imagine how easy it would be to upset the peace of mind of a nervously constructed woman by making her fancy that some misplacement of attire at her back is attracting the attention of people to her. Well, now, what do you suppose I have found out? Why, that there's an organized band of young female fiends who devote themselves at odd times to the business of breaking women up on the street by conveying to them the impression that their garments are making gnyts of them. The plan is to look straight at a certain point of the victim's skirt just as she is passing, and then to turn and cast up the eyes to the victim's face with a look in which pity and ridicule are equally blended."

"What do these imps do but go out on to the avenue of an afternoon, distribute themselves at equal distances in pairs and proceed systematically to frighten every well dressed woman that comes along by their staring. And they gloat over the discomfiture they produce when they get together afterward. They were delighted the other day when they drove a lady back to her house, about ten blocks away, after convincing her that her white underskirt was in full view. Now, what are you going to do with a sex that's so mean as all that?"

"Nothing," replied one of the listening group. "What are you going to do?"

"Well, I've got to take a couple of 'em out to supper tonight," said young Sparkins. "After the theater?" some one asked. "Oh, of course," he replied. "These are theater ladies."—New York Letter

Strong Writer.

Uncle Stephen, an old negro, had come to cut the grass in the front yard, and as Colonel Winter started out to his office he stopped to greet the old man. "Well, Stephen," said the colonel, "I hear that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's what I does, sah. I knows what tis ter struggle erlong widout larnin' an' I is 'termined dat my son sha'n't trabble bar'foot ober de same hard road dat I did."

The Burglar Stole a Kiss.

The house of Thomas Owens, a well to do farmer at Valley station, was entered Friday night by a masked burglar, who secured about thirty dollars in money and several articles of clothing. The door of the family bedroom had not been locked, and the burglar entered without difficulty. He carried a dark lantern.

In leaving the room he looked at the sleeping ones, and saw the innocent face of Mr. Owens' little daughter. He suddenly bent over and kissed her on the cheek. She awoke and uttered a loud scream. This aroused her father, who, springing up, spied the burglar. He was not quick enough, however, and was knocked senseless by a powerful blow on the head with the lantern the burglar carried.—Louisville Commercial

Kilkenny Cats.

During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798, or it may be in 1803, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a troop of Hessian soldiers, who amused themselves in barracks by tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them across a clothes line to fight. The officers, hearing of this cruel practice, resolved to stop it. As he entered the room one of the troopers, seizing a sword, cut the tails of two as the animals hung across the line. The two cats escaped, minus their tails, through the open window, and when the officer inquired the meaning of the two bleeding tails being left in the room, he was coolly told that two cats had been fighting, and had devoured each other all but the tails.—Notes and Queries

She Had Read About It.

The trombone player was fitting a mouthpiece to his instrument with a good deal of care, and a young woman was heard to ask, "Mamma, what can that man be doing?" "I don't know, my dear," answered the mother, as she leveled her glass upon the musician in question, "unless he is winding his horn. You often read of players doing that, you know."—Boston Post

A New Shoe Blacking.

A patented shoe blacking, which contains no acid, is made in Germany by dissolving casein in a solution of borax or soda and adding resinates of iron, besides the usual boneblack, grease and sugar. A brilliant luster is imparted by casein, and the resinates of iron gives a deep black color.—New York Telegram

THE RIDE OF JIM BELL.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY BROUGHT THE SIOUX WAR TO AN END.

Three Men Who Undertook to Carry a Message from General Terry to General Crook Endure a Lonely Trip Through a Hostile Country.

There was a certain man named Paul Revere, who took a famous ride in days gone by. He went skurrying past Middlesex villages and farms, and faced the deadly dangers of barking dogs and crowing cocks. Longfellow has sung him in rhyme that school children are given to recite. Perhaps it was a brave and noteworthy thing. But out in the west men rate heroism by a different standard.

Some day or other a western poet shall sing the song of Jim Bell, for he is a hero, a fine, grizzled hero. There was a western matter of fact sort of tinge to his daring act, but if one goes deep enough one shall find a touch of the old knightly heroism of other days.

In one of the ante-rooms of General Miles' offices in the Pullman building sits a grim, young-old man with grizzled, close cut hair, a brown, luxuriant mustache, and hard braced military shoulders. Messenger James Bell, if you please. A little chap in a blue sailor suit, reefer and cap complete, is perched on his knee, and youth of seven being the son and heir of General Miles, and wearing worthily the patriotic name of Sherman Miles.

There the little chap sat securely and tugged at the old soldier's mustaches, while a reporter put questions and got answers.

"You want to hear the story of my ride?" continued the old scout. Then he told the story of his epic ride, bearing dispatches from General Terry to General Crook. This was in 1876. Custer had just been slain; it was absolutely necessary to get the two generals in touch. Terry was on the Big Horn. Crook was at the headwaters of the Great Goose creek. In the tangled interland the Indians swarmed. Bands of reds were lurking here and there curled about General Terry's camp. Scouts had been sent out. One after another drifted back to camp; they had met Indians; they had lost their horses in swimming the Yellowstone.

June 9 Colonel Gibbons, of the Seventh infantry, posted a call for volunteers to run the desperate race from the Big Horn to the camp on the Great Goose. There was a momentary holding back. Then three men stepped forward and answered the call. James Bell, private. Benjamin F. Stewart, private. Evans, private.

Evans is still in the service and has won his stripes. He is stationed in the west.

They expected to have Indian ponies, but this proved an impossibility. So at 5 o'clock in the afternoon they set off mounted on cavalry horses. Each was in full uniform; each of the three carried an infantry rifle; no other arms were worn. Captain Hamilton, of the Second cavalry, who is now in the recruiting service in New York, commanded an escort that led the adventurous three to the lines. By this time it had gone dark, so the three chaps turned their horses' heads up hill and journeyed on like Dumas' three guardsmen.

"It was the meanest country ever white man put foot on," explained Jim Bell: "a mountainous, gullied, hill country, with scrubby bushes and sinking bogs. We had a watch horse ahead all the time to try the ground, and far ahead of him we sent one of the gang to keep a weather eye out for Indians. The red dogs were cringing in the bushes to right and left, and lurking in the gulches and the broken ground. There was no chance for a fight. It was simply a case of dodge and hedge all night."

So this night wore away, a scout ahead piercing from the high peaks, the other two following with the blundering, jaded cavalry horses. The night drifted by, and the next day there was nothing of importance. No fire was lighted. In those days and in those places the raising of fire smoke might have meant the raising of a scalp.

So the second night darkened down. The three thought of camping for the night at the Rosebud. It was after midnight; the horses were "staked out;" the three men fell asleep under the equine feet. Of a sudden there was a stampede, and the horses were out in the brush, mad with terror.

Here the infantile General Sherman Miles broke in, as he tugged at the old soldier's mustaches:

"But didn't you sleep?" "Not just then," Jim Bell laughed. "We chased the horses."

"Indians," suggested young General Miles.

"No, bear—a bear had stampeded our horses, and after we caught them we decided that sleep was a luxury. So we rode on again."

Little Master Miles was grievously disappointed that it was not Indians, but finally agreed to accept bear. Then the square shouldered scout went on:

"Three nights and two days, and the last night was the worst of all. We sighted a blue column of smoke spindling up into the air. This was shortly after midnight, when we caught the dawn glimmer from the hills."

"Indians?" "Friends or foes?" "We lay there, with the horses thrown and blindfold, crouched in the grass. The hours went by; but it seemed that every hour was a generation long. Should we succeed in our mission and put the two armies in connection, or die at the red and tortured stake?"

"The hours crept on until the dawn brightened and broadened. Five o'clock! Then of a sudden we heard the bugles blowing—the falling in—the roll call—and, thank God, the word from Terry to Crook was delivered."

Now that was a good bit of work. Jim Bell gave General Terry his first authentic news of the Custer massacre: Jim Bell put Terry in touch with Crook; Jim Bell ended the war. You don't think much of it? The west is waiting for the poet who shall sing that ride.—Chicago Tribune

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