IN A LITTLE WHILE.

In a little while, when I shall tie With my face upturned to the bending sky. I shall not hear the wind and rain Beating against the window pane.
I shall not sit as I sit tonight:
And watch the changeful embers bright,
And sigh as I think of the fading years,
And the cherished hopes that were drowned

in a little while, when the grass shall wave it's plumy length o'er my lonely grave; When the sun shall rise, and the sun shall se And none will murmur a fond regret— Then I shall not hear the wild birds' song, Nor heed the hum of the busy throng Who pass me by as I lie at rest, With tired hands folded over my breast.

In a little while, when life is done, And I stand before the great white throne, Whose radiance blinds my poor, weak sight As darkness yields to the morning light— Will rest come then to heart and brain, And case quick follow on haunting pain-shall i know at last in my quiet bed Rest only comes to the shadowy dead?

I shall not heed when the coffin lid Is closed, and the form within is hid From the careless gaze of the careless crowd. Who idly chatter in accents loud. I shall not heed the sods that lie Between my face and the summer sky: I shall only know that tomorrow's sun Wakes me no more. Life's work is done

-Detroit Free Press

A "Pianoist" Who Did Not Use Scores It is well known that American actors are exceedingly fond of New York, while they like other places in varying degrees, down to the "one night stands," which they do not like at all. The reasons are obvious, but a new illustration may be found in an incident of Miss Rose Coghlan's tour of some of the small towns of Pennsylvania. In "Peg Woffington" Miss Coghlan introduces a minuet, and she has an orchestral score specially prepared for it. It is the custom when the company is traveling to send this ahead, so that the orchestra of the theater can rehearse it. In a certain one night stand the advance agent approached the manager on this subject and asked if the orchestra could be called tegether.

"Well, the fact is," replied the manager, "we haven't got an orchestra." "No orchestra!"

"No, only a 'pianoist.' "

What was more, the manager did not think that an orchestra could be had in the town. The advance agent telegraphed back to the town where the company was for instructions. After much consultation it was decided that a piano score must be made from the already existing orchestra score. The leader of the orchestra of the theater agreed to try his best to make this new score. It was a large labor for him, as he was not used to such work, and he staid at the theater for two hours after the performance to do it. Then it was sent forward in triumph to the "pianoist," and the crowning calamity was discovered—the "pianoist" was blind.

In the end a violinist was found who made some attempt at playing the music, and the advance agent began a more thorough system of investigation into the resources of the theater visited .-New York Tribune.

The Temple of the Revolution. Not every one will understand what is meant by the locating of the site of the Temple of the Revolution at Newburg on the Hudson. When the American army was cantoned near Newburg in 1783 there was deep discontent among both officers and men because they could not get their pay. On March 11, 1783, a circular was secretly distributed in order to bring about a somewhat seditious General Gates was thought to be at the bottom of the movement, by which it was intended that the army should arouse the fears of congress and the people and thus get better treatment. The meeting was fully attended, and Washington made an address so patriotic and firm in behalf of patience and loyalty that the result was a series of resolutions promising all that Washington had counseled .- New York Sun.

Age Not the Cause of Gray Hair. The members of a family in Washington, D. C., which includes two physicians, lose the color of their hair usually between the ages of twelve and twenty years: while Mrs. Sally Davis, of Ken-tucky, is cited by Dr. C. H. Leonard, an authority on the hair, as possessing soft. brown, silky locks without a silver thread among them when over seventy years of age.

That hair usually becomes gray as we advance in years is true, but the active of the strange cur and become chummy causes for this change must evidently lie in the organism itself or in the conditions to which it is subjected, and not in the mere fact of increasing years.-Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

One of the old landmarks of St. Louis is the fine stone mansion on Chouteau avenue that was once the home of Thomas Hart Benton. A fact of singular interest in connection with the old house is that it became in war times the headquarters of General Fremont, the unwelcomed suitor who, against Senator Benton's wishes, courted and won his Benton's wishes, courted and won his daughter, now Jessie Benton Fremont.

That the hair is a sort of vegetable appendix to the body is shown in the fact pendix to the body is shown in the fact that it continues to grow as long as it has a soft cell forming matrix at its root, and there seems to be no improbability, in many cases reported, where bility, in many cases reported, where the hair has grown after death. The color of the hair at the time of death is said to be retained in such cases

Take all the sleep you can get, but remember that the necessary amount varies greatly for different persons. Some must ep at least nine hours, while others thrive under six. Only don't rob your self of what you really need. The "mininght oil" is a terribly expensive illuminant to burn either for purposes of labor

WRESTLING WITH A BED.

Experiences of One Man While Transferring the Article of Furniture.

"I moved my folding bed up stairs last week—all the week," he said, "I have had that bed for a year, and I must say that during that time its conduct has been such as to allay the suspicion with which I regarded it. I had come to repose a good deal of confidence in it.

The landlady's husband suggested that we'd better take it apart. He said he knew how-it was very easy. So we agreed that after dinner we'd take it apart. After dinner he stepped out for a few minutes. While he was gone Podley came in. Podley means well, and he's my friend, but I will say that Podley's got no more head for surements than a horse.

"Podley looked over the staircase and hall, 'Pshaw,' he said, 'you'n I'll take hold of that and shake it up there while

you wait.'
"I laid off my coat and lifted up the end
of the bed. That was about half-past 6 last Monday evening. Going up stairs I took the lower end. When we got up high enough the tall, ornamental back of the bed jammed into the ceiling. It plowed a jagged furrow in the plastering and the jar hurt me a good deal. That reminded Podley that he'd have to lower his end. He lowered the bed so the top cleared the ceiling and the bottom struck on the next Then we lifted the bottom to clear the stairs and the top got tangled in the plastering. Podley thought I might lift the bottom real quick, while he held down on the top and got it by that way. Finally, after we'd lifted and twisted and perspired enough the combination came right and we got it by the jog.

"It was easy enough then until we got it to the top of the stairs, where the banisters turn. Of course it was too broad to turn

"Podley rested his end on the top step and leaned over the banisters and en-couraged me while the bed slowly tore the flesh from the palms of my hands and crunched my shin bones. Podley fanned himself and got facetious. Just at the last gasp the landlady's husband came in. He flew to my relief. We lifted the bed clear over the banisters and set it down in the narrow hall. But we could neither turn it so as to get it through the bedroom door nor get it back on the stairs again.

"After that bed had finished me and Podley up and reduced the landlady's husband, who is a fleshy man, to a mere soggy, palpitating mass, we pushed it into a room at the head of the stairs and quit.

"Tuesday evening the landlady's hus hand came up smiling and confident. headpiece, he said, lifted right off. We opened the bed and lifted. Then we shut it up and stood it on its head and its side and its stomach. The landlady's husband eyed it critically in each position and shook it and thumped it on the back. But nothing came of that, so we opened it and got the landlady to sit on the bedpost while we lifted on the headpiece. When we got tired of doing that we shut it up and examined it some more.

"Wednesday I dropped in at a furniture store and asked for an expert with a crow-bar to come up and take my bed apart. The man said there was no need of sending a man. He'd show me that a child could Then he opened a bed like mine, told me where to lift, and it came apart as easy as anything. I went home and laughed at the landlady's husband. After dinner I went to show him-but I didn't.

"Thursday I sent for the expert again. Thursday evening I went to dinner. The landlady's husband was sitting on the porch. He was a deep lobster color. His collar was nothing but a yellowish rag, and he drew his bandkerchief ever and

anon across his brow.

"'Yes,' he said dejectedly, 'your bed's apart, but it isn't in your room. The man says he'll bave to saw the headpiece in two; it's too tall for the door. The man,' he der to bring about a somewhat seditious continued, 'just went away. He came here meeting at what was called a temple, a about 1:30. One of your gears was sprung.' Ittle log building newly erected there.

"Friday I sent for the expert and his saw and Friday night I had the great happiness of seeing my folding bed in my room. "There,' in the ungrammatical language of the poet, 'let it lay!' For I'll lodge in an ash barrel before I'll ever attempt to move it again."-Chicago News.

Why the Law Will Take Its Course. Allegheny boasts two "Jack the Ripper" dogs. They are the property of a very charming young lady. For some months they have been developing their murderous propensities, and much as it grieves their fair mistress she has decided to let the law take its course with them. They are very clever dogs, and many of the brother and sister dogs now owe their position in the happy hunting grounds to their efforts.
They are "pals" in the murdering business, and slick ones too. The smaller one is the decoy, and when he sees a strange dog near the yard he wanders out and wags his tail and shakes his head and uses every possible means to gain the confidence

with him.

He seldom fails to accomplish his object, and when success crowns his efforts he en-tices the victim into the back yard. Once there the other dog—an immense one—sets upon him and takes his life in the most fiendish manner. The poor unfortunate is literally torn to pieces and his remains are scattered over the entire yard. The young

Improvement in Teeth Pulling Perhaps no other branch of the "healing strong, muscular ogre, whose aim in life was to terrify the rest of the community by deciding that "this root must come out," or that "snag has got to be pulled." But what a change today!

At present in the big cities teeth are picked out by specialists who don't do anything else, and these experts become so practiced that a single twist is required, where years ago three or four horrible, straining endeavors would have been necessary to extract a big molar.—Philadelphia Record.

No one should play games who is incapable of concealing the fact that he has lost his temper. There was once a man who continued playing, in despite this maxim, till he lost all his friends but one. Now he plays patience, and when things go badly, is for days not on speaking terms with that one—which is himself.

A historical table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad station in Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyeyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial. The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington and Baltimore railroad station in Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyeyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial. The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington and Baltimore railroad station in Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyeyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial. The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyeyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial, The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyeyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial, The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyeyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial, The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington and Baltimore railroad station in Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyeyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial, The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington and Baltimore railroad station in Wilmington. It is the table on which the being conveyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial, The table is doing service in the waiting room of the Philadelphia Wilmington and Baltimore railroad station in will be being conveyed to Springfield, Ilis., for burial, The table attracts little attention, we want to A Historical Table.

A TRAMP'S SONG.

Wanderin' in the June time, down around the Outen hearin' o' the world, a-dozin' under kiver O' the alders an' the willers, all a-drippin' in

O'the aiders an the willers, an a-drippin in the water, Kinder seems to me like livin'; but they tell me how I'd oughter Be in the sun a-workin', 'stead 'o watchin' daisies growin', Be a-whetin' up a reaper, an' a-sweatin', an' a-

whetin up a mowin' Of 'em down to dry.

Of 'em down to dry.

I'd somehow rather watch the beauties bobbin' an' a-growing'.

But I can't tell why.

Wanderin' in the flower time, up 'long the valley. Watchin' little grasses grow, an' Nater's gor-

geous rally
From the wind storms o' winter: medders
growin' yeller,
The brooks a-singin' happily, the sky growin' meller, thin' up reflections o' the bues the earth's a-brewin'. Kinder gawkin' at 'em meetin' in the dis

wooin', Or a lovin' here to lie, Listenin' to the pigeons a-nestin' an' a-cooin'. But I can't tell why.

Sneakin' up an' down the creek, a-peakin' at Runnin' over in my head a lazy lot o' wishes— Nothin' much to talk about—wish 'twasalways summer, Er every skeeter et I'd catch ed turn a part-

ridge drummer—
Then jes' a-layin' down again, hands flappin'
in the river,
Outen hearin' o' the world, breathin' blessings

to the giver O' the earth an' meller sky, Contented like an' happy, jes' to watch the water quiver,

But I can't tell why.

-Walter M. Hazeltine in Good Housekeeping.

The Earliest Child's Book. As might be supposed, the earliest book that is assigned to the child is the Latin grammar. Boys' Latin grammar for several centuries were mere text books compiled from the larger works of Donatus and Priscian, and they were commonly known by the name of Donates or Donets, a term which occurs in Piers' "Plowman." The word grammar, on the contrary, was used more in conjunction with Latin studies generally, and science, as well as even magical power, was sometimes spoken of as grammarye. A very commonly used school book in monasteries seems to have been the 'Consolation of Philosophy" (in the original, of course), by Boethius, of which at least a fragment "would most probably be found even in the most meager convent library.

The earliest book in existence written expressly for boys is here stated to be Aldhelm's "De Septenario, de Metris, Ænigmatibus, ac Pedum Regulis." which probably appeared about the end of the Seventh century. A great part of it consists of dialogues between teacher and pupil, in the style which was still popular in the first half of the present century, and may be found in such works as Mrs. Markham's History. The Venerable Bede is also claimed as a writer for the young.-London Saturday

Grandma's Cure for Dandruff. We often scoff at the ancient grandmother remedies," said an up town phywe are much better off on the whole now than were our sires, but we forget a great many of the little things. Now I notice that you are troubled with dandruff, and I'll wager that you have spent many dollars on different alleged cures. many dollars on different alleged cures.

Nervous deblity, Mrs. J. Lamphere, 735 Turk St.,

S. F. and looked away as one who accepts chastisement in a Christian spirit.

you commenced. Let me give you a 'grandmother' prescription that never fails. Go to a drug store and buy five cents' worth of salts of tartar. Dissolve Sick headaches, Mrs. M. B. Price, 16 Prospect half of it in warm water and wash the Place, S. F. head thoroughly. Repeat this at intervals of three months for a year, and you more."-New York Recorder.

> Humanity Runs in Streaks. Peculiar humanity runs in streaks. On certain days you will notice a surprising number of tall people. Sometimes it's cross eyed people. On other occasions innings. Then one day somebody equally observant will say, "What a remarkable array of the crippled, the lame, the maimed, the dwarfed, the generally deformed there are out today?" And while

you are commenting on it another comes along and then another and another until the idea makes you thirsty.-New York

Dislikes Elevators.

ft is a peculiarity of Mr. Clarence A. Seward, president of the Union club, that he will never ride on the elevated road. He prefers the conservative street car, and when the street cars are not running he walks. Mr. Seward also has an aversion to passenger elevators in tall buildings. It is said by some of his closest friends that the only elevator that he will trust himself in is the one in the Union club. His office in Nassau street is on the third floor, and there he walks up and down stairs.—New York Times.

A new method of annealing small pieces of steel is to heat them as slowly as possible, and when at a red heat put them between two pieces of dry board and screw them up in a vise. The steel burns into the boards, which, coming together, form an air tight charcoal bed. When cool the steel is found to be thoroughly annealed.

Some have so charming a manner as to lead you to think that you are, for them, the, only person of interest in the world. Observation of their way with others may make you modify your opin ion of the manner which once seemed so

Andrew Carnegie has the short, thick set figure that characterized Grant, Meis sonier and many other notable "little men. He wears a full gray beard, and his eyes are gray and kindly.

The London mother places a book under the head of the new born infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into its first bath to guarantee it' The Newest Thing in Refrigeration.

The latest elaboration of the refrigeration process is a new thing entirely. A plant has just been established near Washington market from which there is to be plied a current of cold that will chill all the refrigerators in the stalls of the market—over 300 in number. One of the men who have worked for some years to perfect the scheme has said: "The com pany proposes to do what the great steam distributing companies are doing, with a difference. What they are doing is to dis-tribute and sell plus units of heat. What we are doing is to distribute and sell minus units of heat."

The only sense in which this is new i that it is done on a larger scale than ever before. It is like applying the principle of the telephone to the long distance tele-phone. As has been already explained, the idea of refrigerating an icebox or a house is not new. The idea of doing it from a central plant, and supplying minus heat or positive cold through pipes is new. It does away with the handling of ice at each box owned by a customer, and enables the butchers and other dealers in the market to keep their wares as long and as well as if they were packed in ice. In one up town hotel, where the plan has been in operation for nearly two years, the saving has been found to be over 75 per cent. of the former cost. It is distinctly one of the great stans forward in made in the market in t great steps forward in modern progress Harner's Weekly.

The First Departure for the World's Fair. A small, rosy cheeked girl picked up her doll and her doll's trunk and trudged a mile or more over frosty roads until she reached a railway station. There she boarded the first train that came along and contentedly settled herself and her doll into a vacant seat.

By and by the conductor appeared. He looked down at the little woman, who was pointing out flying trees and other objects of interest to her traveling companion, the doll.
"Where are you going, little one?" asked

the big man with buttons. "Why, I'm going to the World's fair, o The conductor coughed.

"Aren't you rather early?" he asked. "don't believe the doors are open yet." "Dear me," said the child in alarm

"Perhaps you had better go home and ask your mother," suggested the conductor. And she did. She was loaded with pretty things by interested fellow passengers, and returned to her mother in safety. We may reasonably expect that she will be among the first visitors when the World's fair opens its doors.—Golden Days.

Winkle-How did you like that girl you had on the beach yesterday? Nodd-First rate. I came very near pro-posing to her until I found she had on a ready made necktie.-Cloak Review.

The great Lick telescope reveals about 100,000,000 stars, some of which are relatively so small that they would need to be magnified by 30,000 diameters to be visible to the naked eye.

women.

The common afflictions of women are sick-headsches, indigestion and nervous troubles. They sician the other day in conversation with crise largely from stomach disorders. As Joy's a patient, "but our forefathers used to Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel regu get a power of comfort from them, never-theless, and cheaply too. Science has effective than any other Sarsaparilla in those progressed wonderfully, of course, and troubles. It is daily relieving hundreds. The

Nervous debility, Miss R. Rosenblum, 232 17th Stomach troubles, Mrs. R. L. Wheaton, 701 Post St., S. F.

Sick headaches, Mrs. M. Fowler, 327 Ellis St., S.F. Indigestion, Mrs. C. D. Stuart, 1221 Mission St., S. F.

won't be annoyed with dandruff any Constitution, Mrs. C. Melvin, 126 Kearny St., S.F.

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A Necessity.



creases every year in England, Russia, and the principal Euro-pean tea-drinking countries. But it does not grow in America. And not alone that, but thousands of Europeans who leave Europe ardent lovers of tea, upon arriving in the United States gradually discontinue its use, and finally cease it

This state of things is due to the fact that the Americans think so much of business and so little of their palates that they permit China and Japan to ship them their cheapest and most worthless teas. Between the wealthy classes of China and Japan and the exacting and cultiva ed tea-drinkers of Europe, the finer teas find a ready market. The balance of the crop comes to America. Is there any wonder, then, that our taste for tea does not appreciate?

In view of these facts, is there not an im-

mediate demand for the importation of a brand of tea that is guaranteed to be un-colored, unmanipulated, and of absolute purity? We think there is, and present purity? We think there is, and present Beech's Tea. Its purity is guaranteed in every respect. It has, therefore, more inherent strength than the cheap teas you have been drinking, fully one third less being required for an infusion. This you will discover the first time you make it. Likewise, the flavor is delightful, being the natural flavor of an unad liters ed article. It is a revelation to tea-drinkers. Sold only in packages bearing this mark:

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