

IMPRESSION DE MATIN.

The Thames nocturne of blue and gold, Changed to a harmony in gray; A barge with echer colored hay Dropped from the wharf, and chill and cold

The yellow flag came creeping down The bridges, till the house's walls Were changed to shadows, and St. Paul's Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly across the clang Of waking life, the streets were stirred With country wagons, and a bird Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman, all alone, The daylight kissing her wan hair, Lingered beneath the gaslamp's flare, With lips of flame and heart of stone.

—Oscar Wilde in National Review.

How the Pyramids Were Built. A moneyed man, who was looking at the process of laying an artificial stone pavement in front of one of his many properties, startled the friends who were standing about him by remarking, "I believe that the Egyptian pyramids were built in just that way."

"Now," he said, "you must remember that the pyramids are built of stone which bears no resemblance to anything found within 500 miles of their location. It is incredible that the Egyptians of four or five thousand years ago should have possessed the mechanical ingenuity to move these enormous blocks of stone from the granite quarries of Abyssinia or Syria to the pyramids. Is it not a bit more natural to suppose that the ancient Egyptians possessed the secret of making artificial stone, and that the pyramids were constructed by layer upon layer of Nile river mud, hardened by just such processes as we employ to make artificial stone?"

"It is a much more plausible explanation of their construction than the laborious and unintelligent suppositions that the stones were carried across the desert to form the foundation and base of the pyramids. I firmly believe that the Egyptians of the ante-Christian era understood the manufacture of artificial stone, and that they built the pyramids out of it."—Philadelphia Press.

Lake Winnipeg Wolves. In the winter of 1890 deer were unusually scarce in the forests east of Lake Winnipeg. A wet, cold summer had destroyed an uncommonly large proportion of fawns. Consequently, wolves were without their accustomed food supply. Their distress made them forget their fear of human beings.

One morning in January news reached Winnipeg City that a band numbering 100 wolves had slain many Indian hunters along the east shore. This turned out to be true. Several of the men were caught on foot. One climbed a tree and shot twenty wolves. Another clubbed a dozen to death before they pulled him down. One hunter mounted a platform erected on poles for the purpose of keeping skins above the reach of wild beasts and vermin. He had hardly begun firing when the wolves pressed and leaped about the posts in such numbers that they threw down the platform and tore the man to pieces.

The same band had visited other camps. How many Indians in all were devoured could not be exactly ascertained, as more than one hunting party was said to have been completely wiped out.—Youth's Companion.

A BLACKING MONOPOLY.

THE PADRONE SYSTEM HAS INVADED NEW YORK'S FERRIES.

Men Who Control the Bootblacking Privilege on Board the Ferryboats and in Large Business Buildings—A Business That Has Grown.

The unflinching law of business is that wherever there is an opportunity for the profitable investment of capital the money is forthcoming to keep that business booming and to seize upon the most advantageous sites. And so it has come about that capitalists have not disdained to take hold of the bootblacking business. While waiting for a boat outside of the Twenty-third street ferry to Jersey City a Sun reporter got a shine from a remarkably bright and efficient American boy, whose mode of cleaning and shining indicated a good deal of experience.

"Why don't you go inside and pick up business on the boats, where your customers can get comfortable seats?" inquired the reporter. "I wish I could," said the boy, "but they won't let me do it."

"Why, I have seen boys on the boats blacking boots, and they seem to make lots of money." "Yes. They don't see a day that they do not pick up at least a dollar, and from that all the way up to three or four, or sometimes five. But they can't keep the money themselves."

"Why not?" "They have to give it up to the Italian padrones. There are three Italians who have bought the right from the railroad company, and they are the only ones who are permitted to black boots on the ferryboats. They have hired a lot of Italian boys, to whom they pay three dollars or four dollars a week, and the boys are compelled to give up all their earnings to the padrones who hire them. If the boys do not turn in an amount that is believed to be all their earnings the padrones put on spotters and watch them, and see that they do pay up.

BOOTBLACK PRINCES. "Well, why don't you go in and buy the right to shine boots on the boats?" "Me? Why, do you know what those padrones pay for the right to black boots on all the boats? They pay over \$2,000 a year, and keep the men's cabins clean. A poor boy hasn't much chance to get that job. I used to work for them, but I find I can make more money by standing outside and catching some of the customers before they get on the boat. Then all I get is clean profit, and I don't have to pay over to any padrone."

On all the steamboats and steamships and railroads, at the hotels, in front of saloons—in fact, everywhere where men go there are to be found capitalist bootblacks who hire the best places, or there is an arrangement by which the owner of the boat or hotel or barber shop hires some one to do the bootblacking and takes the money himself. There have thus arisen several bootblack princes, such as the enterprising Italian who has the monopoly of the bootblacking at the Produce exchange, or the happy colored gentleman who does up the business in the Equitable building.

Many of the bootblack princes have wives and families and nice homes, and they dress well and live well. At the big hotels the income from the privilege of blacking boots is a considerable part of the revenue of the house. It has long ceased to be a perquisite of the servant. A chair in a good place will yield five dollars a day for bootblacking; and on extra occasions a good deal more. The bulk of the work is done by men. It really requires considerable bone and sinew to black a pair of boots well, and the man who has once noticed the difference between the way an average boy does it and the way a man takes hold of the work will not care to risk the boy's work again.

AIT IN BLACKING BOOTS. There are a good many points about blacking boots that give scope to the genius of the workman, as in all manual occupations. The bootblack who once establishes a reputation for quick and good work has his fortune made. Men will go out of their way to meet him, and will wait their turn as for a favorite barber.

On hot days bootblacks' chairs are very tempting on the street corners in the shade, and many a man stops and takes a shine just for a rest. The summer is the bootblacks' harvest, because there is so much traveling and so much dust. Some saloon keepers exact rent from the Italians who have chairs for bootblacking in front of their saloons. Others are content to use the Italians' services in cleaning up the place or for running errands. Sometimes the proprietors come out and occupy the chairs as lounging places, to the great chagrin of the Italian owners.

Some time ago it was pointed out that a good many women would get their shoes cleaned and shined as men do if they could have the same facilities. Nobody seems to have acted on this suggestion yet. But it seems likely that there would be money in it. When one man finds out that there is money in it others will follow. As it is, many women are ashamed of their shoes, and long to get up on the chairs and have a shine. Occasionally a venturesome girl does so, but she generally finds herself an object of considerable curiosity.

Improvements may be seen in the evolution of the bootblacking business. Fancy chairs, better blacking, a man at each foot, the use of chamois bands for finishing, little points of attention to dress, the varnishing of russet shoes, the oil shine—all these show that the bootblacks are in harmony with the spirit of the age; that they have their eyes open to the necessity for keeping pace with the progress that is going on in other departments of human activity. When the chorus of the nations calls upon each business to show what it has done of importance in the evolution of society the modern bootblack will take no subordinate place, but he will shine like one of his own most polished shoes.—New York Sun.

Pimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they gave potash. Thus all the old Sarsaparillas contain potash, a most objectionable and drastic mineral, that instead of decreasing, actually creates more eruptions. You have noticed this when taking other Sarsaparillas than Joy's. It is however now known that the stomach, the blood creating power, is the seat of all vitiating or cleansing operations. A stomach clogged by indigestion or constipation, vitiates the blood, result pimples. A clean stomach and healthful digestion purifies it and they disappear.

Thus Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is compounded after the modern idea to regulate the bowels and stimulate the digestion. The effect is immediate and most satisfactory. A short testimonial to contrast the action of the potash Sarsaparillas and Joy's modern vegetable preparation. Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of 400 Hayes St., S. E., writes: "I have for years had indigestion, I tried a popular Sarsaparilla but it actually caused more pimples to break out on my face. Hearing that Joy's was a later preparation and acted differently, I tried it and the pimples immediately disappeared."

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A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of green teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring them with black dyes by gilding or facing with Brazilian Black, cambric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found its color to be just between the artificial green tea, that you have been accustomed to and the black tea. It draws a delightful emerald color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

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