

MOTHER IN THE WEDDING GOWN.

Here's a picture of my mother in her wedding gown. Ah, me, I wonder if there ever was a fairer bride than she.

Not a wrinkle on her forehead, not a line denoting care.

Can be traced upon her features; what a wealth of wavy hair.

Fell away from her fair temples! And the smile she wore that day.

Was the smile of one whose sorrows still were lurking far away.

I can fancy that my father, as he gazed upon her then.

Must have held his head up proudly, favored o'er all other men.

And, beholding the sweet beauty of the face depicted here,

I imagine I can see him, young and ardent, standing near—

I have loved—and I can see him as he caught her to his breast.

When the strength of youth was in him and his lips on hers were pressed.

The picture of my mother, taken on her wedding day,

Shows the face of one whose sorrows were all lurking far away.

And a fairer bride than she has never charmed a man, I trow—

Yet there's one whose smile is sweeter than her smile was long ago,

One whose brows have many furrows, proudly look sometimes on me,

And I see the fondest, gladdest smile a man may hope to see.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BEST OF THE LOT.

THEY were sensible, hard-working girls, were the Thurlows, and every one liked and admired them.

The two elder ones made quite a nice little sum of pocket money by their poultry and vegetables, which they took to the market themselves, and sold right well, for their things were always of the best and found a ready sale.

It was a brilliant June morning and the pony was waiting with the little cart at the door, stamping his little feet with impatience, for it was Monday, and "Jan" was fresh from his stable.

"Angela," cried a fresh young voice, "hurry up, Jan is at the door and the baskets are full. Do make haste; we shall be dreadfully late."

"I'm coming. Oh, wait a moment, Rita; I must take some of those pink roses from the south wall. I'm sure they'll sell."

It was just eight o'clock and a lovely day. Overhead hung a cloudless blue sky, but it was no bluer than the azure depths of Angela's eyes, and the sunlight was scarce brighter than her glorious hair, which coiled round her head in masses of warm color. She was known as the "best of the lot," and she certainly deserved that position in the family looks on this glorious morning, as she came round breathlessly from the south wall, where she had been gathering a large handful of delicious pink roses, all wet with dew.

"Now, then, my good Rita, as hard as you and Jan like," said Angela gaily, as she got into the cart.

And, with a flick of the whip across his shaggy shoulders, away went Jan down the narrow avenue, out into the lane which led into the highroad to the town, four miles distant.

Pats of yellow butter set out on a neighboring table, which was presided over by a fat farmer's wife, made a delicious contrast to the piles of vegetables, baskets of brown eggs and the loose bunch of pink roses which the girls speedily set out in their turn; and there was no lack of customers as the morning went on. Strangers glanced curiously at the lovely face of the girl in the blue cotton gown and the sunbonnet, which half concealed her loveliness; and presently a carriage which was passing stopped and two people—a man and a lady—got out and came slowly into the market.

Possibly they were staying in the neighborhood, which was famous for its scenery and its natural sporting advantages. But they had no time to waste in staring idly at passers-by, for they were besieged by customers, and soon their pile of produce had nearly vanished—all but the pink roses and a few eggs.

"Miss Rita, my dear," whispered the fat woman at the next stall, hurriedly, "will you look after my things while I run out to speak to my daughter for a minute? She passed by, and I must see her at once."

"Of course, Mrs. Radley," said Angela; "and I'll have sold all you've got by the time you come back!"

"Thank you kindly, Miss Angela, dear!"

And Mrs. Radley hurried off, while Angela took the vacant seat at the stall. It was getting hot, and she leaned back against the wall, with a feeling of drowsiness, when she was roused by a voice, saying:

"By Jove! there's a pretty girl! I say, Maude—"

She glanced in the direction of the voice, and saw the two strangers who had noticed getting out of the carriage. They were coming toward her, and her eyes met those of the man, who was looking at her with frank admiration in his handsome face.

"My dear Geoff, do be careful!" said the lady, with a laugh; and then she advanced to the stall where, as a rule, the worthy Mrs. Radley presided over the destinies of her butter and chickens.

"Is this Mrs. Radley's stall?" she asked, with a surprised glance at the girl, who rose from her seat.

"Yes, ma'am," said Angela, with the demurest air. "She has just gone out of the market for a moment, but I am looking after the things for her. What can I serve you with, ma'am?"

The man was still looking at her, but Angela took not the faintest notice of him.

"A dozen eggs, please," said the lady, getting out her purse, and looking about her; "and—Oh, what lovely roses there are on the next stall! Are those yours?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Angela with alacrity. "Will you take some? They are quite fresh this morning."

"Give me half a bunch, will you, please? How much? That is right, I think. Perhaps you could bring them out to the carriage for me?"



The ordinary blue print, or print on ferro-prussiate paper, which is without exception, the most easy of manipulation and quickest made, can be toned to a very rich brown color if as soon as washed the paper is immersed in a solution made up of 5 ounces of water in which has been dissolved a small piece of caustic soda, about the size of a pea. The print upon immersion in this solution will assume a yellow color, after which it should be thoroughly washed and again immersed in a bath made up of 8 ounces of water in which has been dissolved a heaping teaspoonful of tannic acid. The print in this bath will assume a brown color, which can be carried to almost any tone. After having reached the proper tone it should be thoroughly washed and dried.

An amateur sometimes keeps very poor negatives, because they are of subjects he cannot easily duplicate. Such negatives may be much improved, and, if not too poor, converted into fairly good negatives by developing them in old hydrochinon. Make a 10 per cent solution of citric acid and one of red potassium prussiate. Make up a solution of two and three-quarter ounces of used hydrochinon developer, one ounce of the citric acid solution, one ounce of the red prussiate of potassium solution and two and one-half ounces of water. The ingredients should be mixed in the order given. Place the negative, without washing, in this solution, and develop for from three to ten minutes, keeping the tray in motion, as during development. Handle the plate with rubber finger tips or

"Let me take them, Maude," said the man stepping forward. "There is no need to trouble any one to carry your parcels when I am here. Is that all?"

"Yes, you look rather absurd with that basket of eggs and the roses, Geoff; but have your own way. Good-morning."

The man cast a glance at Angela and lifted his hat, as he followed the lady from the stall; and Angela withdrew to her seat with a mischievous smile curving her red lips.

Of course, he thought she was a farmer's daughter, or something of that sort, and she laughed to herself at the queer collection.

He was such a nice-looking, collection. He was such a nice-looking, collection. He was such a nice-looking, collection.

"Now, then, my good Rita, as hard as you and Jan like," said Angela gaily, as she got into the cart.

And, with a flick of the whip across his shaggy shoulders, away went Jan down the narrow avenue, out into the lane which led into the highroad to the town, four miles distant.

Pats of yellow butter set out on a neighboring table, which was presided over by a fat farmer's wife, made a delicious contrast to the piles of vegetables, baskets of brown eggs and the loose bunch of pink roses which the girls speedily set out in their turn; and there was no lack of customers as the morning went on. Strangers glanced curiously at the lovely face of the girl in the blue cotton gown and the sunbonnet, which half concealed her loveliness; and presently a carriage which was passing stopped and two people—a man and a lady—got out and came slowly into the market.

Possibly they were staying in the neighborhood, which was famous for its scenery and its natural sporting advantages. But they had no time to waste in staring idly at passers-by, for they were besieged by customers, and soon their pile of produce had nearly vanished—all but the pink roses and a few eggs.

"Miss Rita, my dear," whispered the fat woman at the next stall, hurriedly, "will you look after my things while I run out to speak to my daughter for a minute? She passed by, and I must see her at once."

"Of course, Mrs. Radley," said Angela; "and I'll have sold all you've got by the time you come back!"

"Thank you kindly, Miss Angela, dear!"

And Mrs. Radley hurried off, while Angela took the vacant seat at the stall. It was getting hot, and she leaned back against the wall, with a feeling of drowsiness, when she was roused by a voice, saying:

"By Jove! there's a pretty girl! I say, Maude—"

She glanced in the direction of the voice, and saw the two strangers who had noticed getting out of the carriage. They were coming toward her, and her eyes met those of the man, who was looking at her with frank admiration in his handsome face.

"My dear Geoff, do be careful!" said the lady, with a laugh; and then she advanced to the stall where, as a rule, the worthy Mrs. Radley presided over the destinies of her butter and chickens.

"Is this Mrs. Radley's stall?" she asked, with a surprised glance at the girl, who rose from her seat.

"Yes, ma'am," said Angela, with the demurest air. "She has just gone out of the market for a moment, but I am looking after the things for her. What can I serve you with, ma'am?"

The man was still looking at her, but Angela took not the faintest notice of him.

"A dozen eggs, please," said the lady, getting out her purse, and looking about her; "and—Oh, what lovely roses there are on the next stall! Are those yours?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Angela with alacrity. "Will you take some? They are quite fresh this morning."

"Give me half a bunch, will you, please? How much? That is right, I think. Perhaps you could bring them out to the carriage for me?"

HEAT FROM THE EARTH.

Scientist Tells How, He Thinks, Steam May Be Obtained Underground.

Certain scientific men now believe that the enormous internal heat of the earth may be utilized for some practical purpose. Prof. William Hallowell of Columbia University expresses, in the World's Work, the opinion that the plan is feasible. He says:

It is not merely a question of getting steam; it is a question of the quantity of steam that can be had. Near Boise, Idaho, hot water is now drawn from a well, and used to heat a dwelling. The Pittsburg and Wheeling wells are capable of heating the water left in them overnight; but even if their depth were sufficient to turn the water to steam, it would require so many hours' waiting as to rob the process of all commercial value. In other words, there would not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining steam from the interior of the earth, because that involves only a little extra labor in boring into the hot area, and it is almost as easy to bore ten thousand feet as six thousand; but in order to give the steam commercial value, a method must be provided for dropping the water to the hot area, allowing it time to heat, and yet having it returned to the surface as steam, without interrupting the flow.

"Two holes might be bored into the earth, twelve thousand feet deep and perhaps fifty feet apart. There would be a temperature far above the boiling point of water. Then, if very heavy charges of dynamite or some other explosive were lowered to the bottom of each hole, and exploded simultaneously, a sufficient connection might be established between the two holes. The rock would be cracked and fissured in all directions, and shattering it thus around the base of the holes would turn the surrounding area into an immense water-heater. The water poured into one hole would be heated and turned into steam, which would pass through the second hole to the earth's surface. The pressure of such a column of steam would be enormous; for aside from its initial velocity, the descending column of cold water would exert a pressure of at least five thousand pounds to the square inch, which would drive everything movable through the second hole. The problem is therefore a mechanical one, concerned chiefly with connecting the two holes. This accomplished, the water-heater would operate itself, and establish a source of power that would surpass anything now in use.

LOUISIANA LEVEES.

Thirty Millions Spent on Them by the State Since the War.

If you picture in your mind an enormous sickle, having a handle also at the hooked end, you will have the Mississippi river as it flows in yellow swifts past the city of New Orleans.

A hundred miles to the southwest it pours through its many mouths into the broad blue gulf. In the crescent of the sickle, which gives to the city its name, lies New Orleans, and no sharp blade in the hand of the husbandman thrust into the ripening grain was ever surer of its destructiveness than would be this vast crescent of the Mississippi when once it should be given away.

Sometimes when the river is at flood its surface will rise twenty feet above the level of the city's streets. In the center of the stream it will be nearly 200 feet deep, with a powerful current, which will not stop for the protruding levees about the city. It must sweep everything before it. This giant river, which has made this city possible, drains an enormous basin, its watershed being greater in area than that of any other river on the globe.

There are now nearly 1,500 miles of levees on the lower Mississippi, and Louisiana alone has spent since the Civil War nearly \$30,000,000 on the river, while it costs the State \$1,000,000 annually to maintain its levees.

Large as it may seem, the deadliest enemies of these great earthen embankments are the insignificant crawfish and the muskrat; for, once the slightest hole is made in the levee by either of them, the relentless river finds its way through and vast loss ensues.—Ainslee's Magazine.

The Accordion.

Emile Gautier has written a plea for the despised accordion. He calls it the poor man's piano forte, and wonders why it should be so overlooked outside of Russia, where it is the national instrument. There all the regiments have their accordion players, whose lively notes relieve the monotony of long marches.

The instrument is in every sense an artistic one, because it embodies the required qualities; it gives accurate and melodious sounds in conformity with the rules of music. The keyboard is extensive enough to bring forth the most delicate shades of tone. It gives even an octavo effect in small compass.

Under the measured action of the bellows, which plays the part of the bow, it affords all the inflections and modulations of the violin in its upper register. In the lower register it resembles the violoncello.

Of course the warmth of praise belongs to the instruments of the best French make, not to those which are hastily put together for an indiscriminating market.

Seventy-three years ago the accordion was invented in Vienna by a man named Damian. The invention embodied a wonderful knowledge of music, together with an astonishing calculation and skill. When the instrument came out it was a triumph, but the public soon regarded it with indifference.

Appropriate Text.

"Hit surtingly do fill die ole heart ob mine wif joy," began the Rev. Flat-foot, as the last wall from the wheezy organ escaped through an open window, "ter see so many strangers present in this glorious sabbath mornin'. De good book hit say: 'He war er stranger an' Ah took him in.' De deacons will now proceed ter take up de collection."

Her Own Hair-Dresser.

Mrs. Sweller—Do you employ a private hair-dresser?

Mrs. Gorlickwick—No, I always do up my hair myself.—Ohio State Journal.



One man and a deadly torpedo floating about beneath the surface of the water. The torpedo charged so that it will blow a great warship to destruction; the man provided with means by which to discharge his dangerous weapon in a way to do the most harm. Such is the latest of all torpedo boats—a one-man affair, not larger than a large fish, and yet as effective in its purposes, if the theory of its inventor is correct, as one of the Holland submarine boats.

The man who has perfected this offensive and invisible destroyer is Thomas J. Morarity, for many years the mechanical expert in the employ of the United States Government at the torpedo station at Newport.

Mr. Morarity was long ago impressed with the idea that the only way by which to make the action of the torpedo actually certain was to put an experienced operator inside it, for, while its automatic machinery operates with almost human intelligence, there is no certainty that it will on long ranges do exactly what is required of it. From the idea of putting a man inside it to that of placing a man outside it, the transition was easy; and it then became a problem to give him a safe shelter, means of locomotion, of submerging and of discharging the projectile.

To accomplish these essentials he has devised a cigar-shaped boat of bronze plates, about ten feet long, three feet deep and five feet wide. Beneath this is suspended the Whitehead torpedo in a frame, and it is propelled by compressed air when the operator has approached near the mark.

Designed for Great Exposition by a Chicago Man.

Mr. Joseph Husak, of Chicago, is prepared to out-Ferris Ferris at the St. Louis exposition, or at any other exposition which may come along and make room for his "iron elephant," 300 feet long and 250 feet in height, or for his "Jonah's whale," 50 feet long and big in girth in proportion.

The "iron elephant" is the chief feature and creation of Mr. Husak's inventive faculty, and he purposes to adapt the metal beast to more uses than the Indian beast is capable of in the flesh. The body of the animal is to be four stories in height, the floors to be reached by elevators running in the legs of the creature. The first floor is to be used and rented for small show rooms; the second floor for a cafe and restaurant, and furnish entrance to the

ing for that reed and harness when if she only had them she could make such good progress with her web. Her husband owned the "smartest 4-year-old colt in town," and this lively animal, nothing daunted, she mounted with her baby in her arms, taking the other child on a pillow behind her.

"Soon after her arrival," writes her great-granddaughter, "there were signs of a coming tempest, and she had to hasten. The reed and harness, at least four feet long, were bound to the colt and she turned toward home.

"My Great-great-uncle Cate said that when she passed his house she was going like the wind, the sky was black with the coming storm, and the thunder and lightning were terrible. As soon as it cleared off he saddled his horse and followed, 'expecting,' he said, 'to find Tabitha and the children dead in the road. But I went clean over all the way, and there she was, getting supper and singing, as lively as a cricket!'"

She was not even wet; for the smart 4-year-old, urged to the utmost, had succeeded, in spite of his queer and cumbersome load, in racing the shower and beating it. Supper over, Mrs. Sanborn, with a tranquil mind and the proper implements, was able to resume her uninterrupted weaving.

Men Stenographers Scarce.

"There is one feature of the government service that puzzles me," said a chief of division in the Treasury Department, "and that is the lack of men stenographers. I don't see why men who have ambitions to enter government work don't equip themselves along this line. I do not mean to disparage the efficiency of women typewriters, for they do all that is expected of them, and more, too. But there is a limitation to their usefulness, no matter how expert they may be. There are certain confidential relations which a superior must always have with his assistant, which cannot be shared with a woman. Oftentimes we have to rely on the judgment of an inferior, and are not always willing, and, in fact, would be afraid, to trust to the discretion of a woman.

"To my mind the scarcity of men typewriters is largely due to the fact that women have bluffed their masculine rivals or would-be rivals from the field. The latter evidently think that the craft has been monopolized by the women. To tell the truth, there is no field so much open to men, as far as the Uncle Sam is concerned, as that of the typewriter, and in few is there held out such prospect of advancement. For instance, Secretary Cortelyou is an extenographer, and not so much of an 'ex' at that, for he was, and always will be, a skillful hand at the typewriter. But he is a Cabinet possibility, and he rose from the opportunities held out by his calling."—Washington Post.

No Fitting Time.

There are many poor correspondents who would doubtless like to make the excuse given by a boy who was spending his first year at a boarding school. The first letter, anxiously awaited by his parents, was not received for more than a week, and then it was short and to the point.

"Dear people," wrote the boy, "I don't believe I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see when things are happening I haven't time, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to write. You'll understand how it is, won't you, father? And, mother, you just ask father to explain to you how it is. So now I will say good-by, with love to all. In haste, George."

The world is improving. There are more sudden deaths every year, and fewer cases of long suffering.

Everyone has a kin problem he can't solve.

Some queer customers are seen at New York hotels. An old farmer from the country tells how he got ahead of one of the clerks: "I walked in," he says, "asked the young man at the desk: 'What are your prices?' 'American or European?' he asked me. Now I wasn't going to tell where I was from until I had seen the lay of the land. 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'If American,' he answered, 'it's \$4 per day; if European, \$1.50.' I thought a moment, and then an idea struck me how to get ahead of him. I walked up boldly and registered from London, England."

Inrequent Birthdays.

The members of the Berlin Society of Leap Year Children—to which none are admissible unless born on Feb. 29—will keep their common birthday in great style in 1904. They have had no opportunity for eight years, and in 1900 the extra February day, according to the rules of the reformed calendar, was omitted. Herr Montour, the president of the society, is to-day a septuagenarian, but in the seventy years of his life he has only had seventeen birthdays. He hopes to celebrate his eighteenth birthday and seventy-second year of his life in the midst of his colleagues on Feb. 29, 1904.

No Difference how well you play the game of life, you are sure to lose.

A HEROIC CHINAMAN.

His Bravery Attracted the Attention of Congress.

Charley Tong Sing, whose home is in Los Angeles, Cal., is the only Chinaman who ever received a medal from Congress for bravery.

He is a naturalized citizen of the United States, and as thoroughly Americanized as his thirty years' residence here can make him. Charley was a member of the Greeley relief expedition of 1884, commanded by Captain (now Rear Admiral) Schley, but he has a greater distinction than having been a member of this expedition. He is one of the three survivors of the Jeannette expedition. He was steward of that ill-fated vessel when, in 1879, she sailed on a voyage of exploration in the Arctic seas. His splendid physique and natural hardness were all that brought him safely through the hardships, exposures and horrors of that terrible experience.

Charley joined the Jeannette expedition at San Francisco. He was then an experienced sailor, having served aboard American merchant ships in various capacities. He acted the part of a hero during this trip, and when he returned he presented the Jeannette expedition to the Navy Department, in recognition of his services, presented Charley with a handsome medal. Upon it is inscribed: "Charley Tong Sing, Arctic Steamer Jeannette; Fidelity, Zeal, Obedience." On the reverse side is a picture of the old frigate Constitution, and the words, "United States Navy." By special act of Congress, September 30, 1890, another medal was presented. It bears the date upon which the act was approved by the President, and around it the words, "Jeannette Arctic Expedition, 1879-1882." On the reverse side is presented the Jeannette in the ice, with the crew waving her a farewell. The medal depends from a clasp held in the beak of a silver eagle. It was not a great while after the Jeannette adventure when Charley Tong Sing started with Capt. Schley on the Greeley relief expedition. After his return from that voyage he served in the navy on the Tennessee, and then he decided to abandon the life of a sailor.

ascertained Facts by Sherlock Holmes' System of Deduction.

Sherlock Holmes has a promising rival in a barber known to the Philadelphia Record. He astonished one of his customers the other day by asking him if he were not left-handed. The man admitted that he was, and suggested that the barber had probably seen him hang up his hat.

"No," said the barber; "I have other ways of finding out such things. I see, too, that you are a bookkeeper."

"Yes," admitted the customer, "your guesses are correct. How do you know?"

"It's easy," said the barber. "In shampooing your head I noticed ink on your hair at the left temple. This ink, I concluded, must have got there from a pen resting on your left ear, which indicated that you were a person who used a pen a great deal, as only such persons use their ears as pen-racks."

"That didn't convince me that you were a bookkeeper, however, because a literary man might stick his pen behind his ear for convenience. I learned of your profession when I applied the lather. This made the ink on your hair wash out, and I discovered two shades of ink—red and black. Nobody but a bookkeeper uses red and black ink, so it was easy to class you as a bookkeeper."

"I knew you were left-handed because the ink was on the left side—the side that a left-handed writer would involuntarily use when sticking his pen back of his ear."

"Wonderful, wonderful," said the customer. "Now, suppose you stop talking for a while, and finish shaving me."

Died of Improvements.

An uptown physician tells of a German friend, a poor journeyman baker, who sent his wife to a local hospital when she fell ill. The physician always asked with interest after the condition of the sick woman when he met the German, and was told in reply: "Well, doctor, they say at the hospital there's improvement." This reply did not vary from day to day for a month or more, and was always spoken by the German very stolidly, as though he really did not see in the report any grounds for hope. Then one morning, meeting the physician and being asked the usual question, he said:

"O, she's dead, doctor."

"What do you say she died of?"

"They didn't say—they didn't have to," answered the German. "I knew, she died of too many improvements."—Philadelphia Times.

The European Plan.

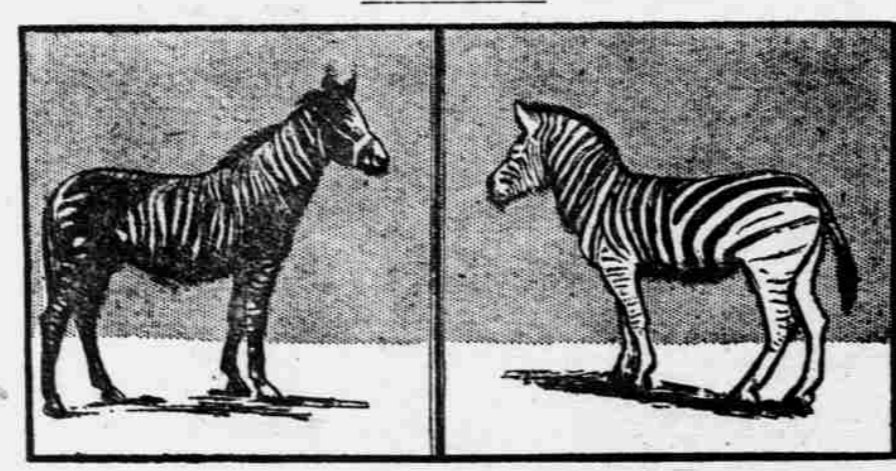
Some queer customers are seen at New York hotels. An old farmer from the country tells how he got ahead of one of the clerks: "I walked in," he says, "asked the young man at the desk: 'What are your prices?' 'American or European?' he asked me. Now I wasn't going to tell where I was from until I had seen the lay of the land. 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'If American,' he answered, 'it's \$4 per day; if European, \$1.50.' I thought a moment, and then an idea struck me how to get ahead of him. I walked up boldly and registered from London, England."

Inrequent Birthdays.

The members of the Berlin Society of Leap Year Children—to which none are admissible unless born on Feb. 29—will keep their common birthday in great style in 1904. They have had no opportunity for eight years, and in 1900 the extra February day, according to the rules of the reformed calendar, was omitted. Herr Montour, the president of the society, is to-day a septuagenarian, but in the seventy years of his life he has only had seventeen birthdays. He hopes to celebrate his eighteenth birthday and seventy-second year of his life in the midst of his colleagues on Feb. 29, 1904.

No Difference how well you play the game of life, you are sure to lose.

THE ZEBRA MULE NOT A SUCCESS.



Some efforts have recently been made to cross the zebra on the mare and thus produce an animal of the mule type, having some of the attractive characteristics of the zebra. The efforts have not met with encouraging success. In the first place the zebra is wild, vicious and apparently not disposed to intimate association with horses. Nevertheless some of the efforts have been successful. The illustrations show tamed zebra that is the sire and one of the zebra mules. It will be seen that the greatest attraction, the beautiful markings of the zebra, are lost in the cross. This practically determines the cross as of no value. The small size of the zebra will always make impossible any great size in his colts, and size is absolutely necessary in a mule.

Her Own Hair-Dresser.

Mrs. Sweller—Do you employ a private hair-dresser?

Mrs. Gorlickwick—No, I always do up my hair myself.—Ohio State Journal.