NONE BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes To keep the home together: Nobody knows the steps it takes, Nobody knows-but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes Which kisses only smother; Nobody's pained by naughty blows

-only mothe Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed upon baby brother; Nobody knows of the tender pray'r

Nobody-only mother. Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of loving one another: Nobody knows of the patience sought

Nobody-only mother. Nobody knows of the anxious fears Lest darlings may not weather The storm of life in after years, Nobody knows—but mother.

THE LADY OF LONE LAKE.

Nobody kneels at the throne above To thank the Heavenly Father, For that sweetest gift—a mother's love; Nobody can—but mother.

-H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

One beautiful summer evening I was rowing with a friend on one of those romantic lakes in the west of Ireland. The day had been a hot one, and the midsummer sun looked like a ball of fire, as it slowly sank behind the horizon. It was a beautiful scene. The lake lay like a sheet of silver. To the right were high banks fringed with dark trees, and perpendicular cliffs almost hidden by elinging vines. To the left stretched level meadows, dotted with grazing cattle. Above us was the mellow sky, while from the east arose the full moon to replace the fierce rays of the day-god with her mild radiance. In the distance we could see the dark outlines of an old baronial castle, almost hidden by intervening trees. This, my companion informed me, was Larrimoor Hall.

We lay aside our oars, and for a time floated silently over the glassy surface of the lake, enraptured by the beautiful scene. I was a young artist, living in London at that time, and now taking my summer vacation. It was my first visit to the "Emerald Isle," and I had been wandering with delight among the romantic mountains, glens, and lakes, filling my soul with beauty and my portfolio with sketches. My companion was the young Lord of Glendale, whose acquaintance I had made while traveling on the continent. Happening to meet him in my wanderings, he had insisted on my accompanying him to his country seat, assuring me that the scenery around it surpassed anything I had yet seen.

The scenery was indeed charming; but as yet I have been more charmed with my host's fair sister, Nora, who, as their parents are dead, and the heir yet unmarried, was acting as the lady

rocks and meadows with silver. The

After a minute he father repulsed. continued: "It is useless for me to try to conceal my feelings from you, for I feel that you have already divined The appartment was low, but room them. I, also, loved the beautiful lady, though she knew not of my affection. was on friendly terms, and during his lady's last sickness my mother attended her constantly. After her death she this: took great interest in the child, who was about the age of my sister, and used to bring Lucia home with her to stay a week at a time. Then we three would have grand times romping about the hall and playing in the park. Some

times we were allowed to accompany Lucia home and stay to tea; but I never enjoyed these visits. The old hall seemed so dark and gloomy, and its master so stern and taciturn. As we grew older we were together even more. Cantering over the hills on horseback, or taking rambles in the woods. But most of all we

liked to row about on this very lake. My father taught me to row as soon as I was large enough to handle an oar, and I instructed the girls. Lucia became very skillful, and could outrow both of us. Afterwards my mother died, and my sister and I were sent away to school. As long as my father lived we spent our vacations at home. But he survived my mother only two years. After his death we made our five years I returned to Glenciale to find my playmate, whose memory I our seperation, a beautiful and accombut she seemed shy of me, and before I father's cruelty in a watery grave." During this recital we had left the

boat, and were now picking our way along the uneven path waich led to the house. It was quite late when we reached the hall, and we soon separated for the night.

I lay down, but not to sleep. The occurrences of the evening filled my mind, and banished sleep from my eyelids. I longed to fathom the mystery. I had no faith in the supernatural, and I no more believed the boat we believed myself to be a ghost. I could not help but think that it was the unfortunate girl, whom my friend was mourning as dead; and that she was in hiding somewhere among her native surround the hall. rocks, though how she managed to evade posuit and vanish so suddenly, was more than I could make out. My convictions were strengthened by the fact that the body had never been reed large rewards, and every peasant in Before I went to sleep I had formed a

of Glendale. As we floated the glow faded, and the soft moonlight bathed the take and Glendale, he shock his head dubiously, with a light heart, for Nora was my and tried to dissuade me, assuring me lake was quite isolated, being on the bad tried many times to capture door took a border between the estates of Glendale burder but always in ly at Glendale Hall. The hard old Lord musical topics. It has a circulation of wonder between the estates of Glendale burder but always in ly at Glendale Hall. The hard old Lord musical topics. It has a circulation of wonder between the states of Glendale Hall. and Larimoor, and was seldem visited vain, but seeing that I was determined thad long looked upon his daughter as separate boats. I felt that little could changed man. be accomplished by pursuit. It was this mysterious vanishing we must pre- and I are married now, and our home vent if possible. So I determined to is in London; but every summer we take my place near where the boat spend our vacation with the Lord and disappeared. Lord Glendale, who was Lady of Glendale, at their beautiful a rapid rower, was to wait on the opposite side and, at the right moment give chase, while I would stand guard over the mysterious rock. The evening was not as bright as the preceding one had been, for the sky was overcast by filmy clouds which partially obscured the moon. I pushed my skiff as much into the shadow as possible, and waited the ivy-chad rocks. Out of breath I in silence. In a few minutes I heard the sound of splashing waters. It seemed to come from behind the rocks. Presently a boat," rowed by the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, parted the vines which had hung down over the rocks near by, and shot away across the lake and down the stream. I stationed myself at the exact spot whence the boat had emerged, and waited anxiously for my friend to act. At last it came slowly back. Lord Glendale was gain possession of her large estate. on the alert and immediately gave chase, While wooing her he overcame his and pursued and pursuer shot towards keep down my rising excitement. I felt that now or never was the time, and I crouched low, fearing that she might see me and dart off in some other direction. She was evidently wearied with her long row, for my friend was close upon her. She did not see me untill her skiff touched mine. Quick as a flash she turned but we were both close upon her, and, by some unlucky movement, her frail bark was overturned, and, with a wild cry for help, she sank out of sight. Glendale was in the water in an instant. He caught her the first time she rose, and we soon had her in the boat. She was no ghost, but a dripping, halfdrowned, frightened girl. She reproached us for molesting her, and begged piteously to be released. Glendale wrapped the dripping form in my coat, assuring her that we were friends and would be most happy to serve her. She seemed to recognize him, and I felt sure from their conversation that she was indeed Lucia, the lost heiress of Larrimoor. As the other boats had floated away, Glendale explained to her that it would be necessary for us to couvey her to her place of abode, and that we must go quickly, for both of them were dripping wet. To this she seemed reluctant to consent, but, being reassured of our good-will, she showed us an opening in the rocks entirely concealed by overhanging vines. Through this we passed into a shallow channel. It was a very singular place. This channel, enclosed between two high-and rocky banks, was about three rods long and, perhaps, half as wide in the middle, narrowing at each end, its inner wall became continuous with the shore of the lake. Our fair guide directed us to the upper end, where we found a natural landing, which led us up to a door in the rocks. In answer to her call this door was opened by an to a fellow-man in trouble sticks a pin "Oh, yes; many," he replied; "but aged woman. She seemed very much, in the devil.

few dared to approach, and these her | frightened on seeing us; but after a few words from Lucia, she bade us enter, and busied herself making a fire and

The appartment was low, but roomy, and divided by screenes into parlor, sleeping rooms and kitchen. While My parents were the only people in the Glendale dried his drenched garments country with whom Lord Larrimoor and we drank the cheering cup of tea and we drank the cheering cup of tea prepared for us by the old woman, Lucia told her story, which was briefly

Despairing of escape from the hated alliance in any other way, she had appealed to her old nurse for aid. This woman, then nearly eighty years old, was living with her son in a cottage on a neighboring estate, having quarrelled with Lord Larrimoor some years before. She and her husband, now dead, had been servants to Lucia's grandfather. The old woman readily espoused Lucia's cause, and, the day before the wedding, she entered the hall unnoticed and found her way to Lucia's room. She disguised Lucia as a beggar, and in the bustle of preparation they managed to escape.

The cave had been discovered and occupied by some English fugitives during the troublous times of Cromwell. It was afterward occupied and enlarged by a wizard hermit. But he had been dead for half a century and the cave deserted. Its entrance had been overgrown by vines, and those who had known of its existence, except the old home with an aunt in Dublin, and nurse, were dead or gone away. Even Glendale Hall was closed. After I she had not thought of it for years, unnurse, were dead or gone away. Even finished my course, we spent three til her anxiety quickened her failing years in travel. After an absence of memory. Hither she had conveyed her charge, and hither they had lived in seclusion for five years. A lonely had cherished during all the years of life indeed for a beautiful young woman; but she chose it rather than plished young lady. She and my sis-ter resumed their former friendship; not to reveal her hiding place. We resell herself for gold. She besought us assured her of our friendship, and had an opportunity to open my heart asked permission to visit her again. to her, she sought refuge from her This was readily granted, and we were invited to return again next evening and bring Nora with us.

Great was Nora's surprise when we recounted our adventures to her. At first she could hardly believe us; but, seeing we were realy in earnest, she gladly accepted the joyful news, and

expressed herself anxious to visit her old friend in her strange abode. After that we frequently visited the cave, but always with great secrecy. Indeed, it was seldom that the gathering shadows of evening d d not find Lord Giendale had seen was rowed by a spirit, than I thither, and his radiant countenance gave us assurance that his visits were in vain. As for Nora and I, we loved better to walk in the fragrant garden, or wander among the grand old trees that

I had already extended my vacation to unprecedented length, and was beginning to think seriously of returning to my work, when Glendale, one evening, informed me that on the morrow covered, though the old lord had offer- he would wed the fair Lucia. It was a quiet wedding, in the rocky cave which the country had been on the lookout. had sheltered the beautiful bride for so many weary years. An old priest perplan, and determined to investigate the formed the ceremony, of which Nora, matter the next night; with my friend's the nurse, and I were the only wit-

promised wife. The Lord and Lady of

A MUSEUM FOR THE BLIND.

A curlous and Interesting Exhibition That was Opened Recently in

Paris. A museum for the blind was opened

o-day in the Rue de Rousselet, writes a Paris correspondent of The London News under date of Nov. 12. It has seen established by the blind Dr. Guilseau, one of the professors in the Insti-

ut des Jeunes Aveugles, and contains specimens of nearly all the objects invented for a long course of years for schools (primary, technical and others) blind relatives or friends will on Tueslays obtain any information they may want without books, maps, writing apparatus, teachers, and so on, for their special benefit. Not the least curious part of the exhibition is what is cona ned in the book cases. There is there a large collection of quarto volames, all the printed characters of which are raised on the Bra lle system. This is now more in use than any other in Italy, Prussia. Alsace, and the United States. It is said that it has the merit of being very simple; but to an unaccustomed eye it is as hard to make out as shorthand. The English blind alphabet is quite different. locking like a Ninevite inscription. The letters, according to the Braille system, are made ike the French sign for the acute accent, and are set in squares. The relaive angles at which they are placed one to another give them alphabetical meaning. Blindness is much more the scourge of the poor than the rich. If, therefore, charitable societies did not bring out books for the blind it would be impossible for this unfortunate lass to obtain them. Most of those in the Braille type are for school classes. There are already eight volumes of

Littre's D ctionary, some works of refrence, La Fontaine's "Fables," Florian's "Fables," Boileau's "Lutrin," selections from the great French authors in prose and verse, and a bible which has been printed by a society to further edacation among the blind. But the efforts made in this direction in France are poor when compared with the resuits won in England, although the alphabet used there seems less easy to earn and covers more space than the Braille one. In England there have been as many as a hundred thousand volumes printed for sightless readers, including the bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," Milton's works, and all Milton's works, and all Shakspeare's plays, but, as Dr. Guilbeau says, these facts should not disourage him and his fellow-workers, because the English-speaking peoples form the most reading nations in the

world, or, at least, the nations who give the most business to the printer and publisher. An encouraging fact is the existence in France of three periodicals for the blind. One Le Louis Braille, is monthly, and costs 3 frances year. Its fortnightly edition costs 7 francs, and embraces a great variety of topics, which enter into the common range of journalism. Les Trois Mondes is the second. It appears at Marseilles, where the number of sightless persons is great, and there appears in the same of the strongest man.

about six hundred, and 480 blind per-

THE REPTILE GERANIUM.

A Slimy Horror of the Vegetable World-Hideous, Repulsive, Yet Strangely Attractive.

"A snake geranium?" "Yes, that is what I call it," said the doctor.

I stooped down to examine the flower. Hideous, repulsive, and yet strangely attractive, the snake geranium seemed to hold me under a spell.

To describe this flower one would have to paint life and motion. Mere color is not enough. As I looked the for sightless pupils. Persons having evil thing glared at me with sinister intelligence. There was nothing remarkable about the stalk and the leaves of the plant. The blossom was what riveted my gaze. Black, sinuous and slimy, it looked more like a snake than anything else. As I changed my point of view the thing changed its aspect. Its scales were a purplish black, then a dirty brown. Two little glassy beads in the monster's head glittered with prismatic hues and looked straight into my eyes. Was I mistaken? I could have sworn that this awesome bloom turned and twisted with the uncanny freakishness of a reptile.

"You know something of botany," said the doctor, "how do you classify

"It is not to be classified, " I answer-"It is a monstrosity. There is ed. nothing like it. Is it poisonous?" "I think so," was the reply, "the old

African who found it called it a 'pizen plant,' but I renamed it."

I have seen nearly every thing worth seeing in the floral world, but this singular plant blooming unnoticed in an obscure corner of a country doctor's garden amazed me beyond expression. From the first the sickening odor of the flower had been terribly oppressive. In fact, it had prevented a close examination. Suddenly my brain seemed to be numbed, a cold chill seized me, and, with a face of deathly pallor, I reeled and would have fallen to the ground but for the doctor's strong arm. I was half sick, or rather in a dazed, half stupefied state, for days after my return to town. One evening a negro called atmy house with a note from my friend the doctor, and a covered basket. The messenger was gone before I could read the note. I glanced at the paper and then opened the basket. I did not know whether to laugh or be angry. Comfortably fixed in a big jar, the snake geranium gave a flirty twist and snapped its wicked eyes in my face.

To have this floral horror in my house was out of the question, and yet I was proud of the monster. I made a servant carry it to a sunny nook in the back yard. She returned with chattering teeth.

"De Lawd hab mussy!" she exelaimed, "dat ting's alive." Hit'll bite, sho's yer bawn!'

Sometime I carried my friends to see my pet. I invariably had the satisfaction of hearing them swear, and generally I had to send them away in a carriage. One whilf of the snake geranium was enough to make a totter-wreck

quently she came over when I was ab-

Birds of Paradise.

Mr. Darwin has said: "Birds appear be the most resthetic of all animals, xcepting, of course, man, and they nave nearly the same taste for the beauiful as we have. This is shown by our ajoyment of the singing of birds, and by our women, both civilized and savge, decking their heads with borrowed dumes and using gems which are hardy more brilliantly colored than the inked skin and wattles of certain birds." With civilized men. at ieast. he rule of personal adornment is the everse of that followed by nature in he birds. Among civiliz d people it is he female who is elaborately ornamentd, but with birds the male wears the nost gorgeous plumage, the most elerant car tufts, the most brilliant watles, the most spiendid topknots, and even the iris of the eye is sometimes nore highly colored in the male than n the female. The object of this is, without doubt, to attract the female. In other cases the male deprived of eautiful adornment, is otherwise procided. He is, as a rule, the sweetest ongster, and when he has neither cocal powers nor attractive plumage, ie is provided with formidable weapons with which to win his bride (or brides) rom his antagonist. Thus the males of gallinaceoas birds are provided with purs and some even have single and touble sets of spurs upon their wings,

is is the case with the palamadea. Male birds of paradise are, without mestion, the most highly favored by ay of adornment of all. The elongatd and golden orange plumes that pring from beneath the wings of the aradisea apoda (and which is not the nost beautiful of the species), when vertically erected and made to vibrate, are discribed as forming a sort of halo, a the center of which the head "looks ike a little emerald sun, with its rays formed by the two plumes." In another most beautiful species the head is baid, and of a rich cobalt blue, crossed by several lines of black, velvety feathers. Many birds of elegant plumage. such as egrets and herons, retain their auptial plumes only during the summer; birds of paradise, the peacock, and Angus pheasant do not east their plumes during the winter. Whether it s the result of their surpassing beauty. or to other causes can not be said, but birds of paradise are great polygamists. he male having generally fifteen wives. There was formerly a superstition that these birds lived solely in the air, but that has long since been exploded, in common with the mediaval notion that a certain species of the goose grew upon trees.-New Orleans Picayunc.

Irish Whisky Stronger than Scotch.

Those who are partial to statistics will find food for reflection in a parliamentary paper recently printed "givng the number of arrests for drunkenness within the metropolitan police district of Dublin, the cities of Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, and the town of Belfast, on Sundays, between April 30, 1885, and Apr 1 30, 1886, the city a weekly paper chiefly devoted to A little girl living next door took a arrests to be given from 8 A. M. on

Sundays until 8 A. M. on Mondays.' Till the appearance of this return it was a popular belief that Sunday tippling was Scotland's prerogative; but this is a mistake. Irish whisky is stronger than Scotch, especially in Dublin, where (in the police district) there were 1,092 arrests for drunkenness during the year. The return supplies no information as to the number of Irish inebriates arrested in the district beyond the police supervision; but that may be safely left to the imagination and the whisky-dealers. In Cork there were 351 arrests, in Limerick 134, in Waterford 106, and in Belfast 382, while in all the Irish counties combined there were 8,230 arrests from May 6, 1883, to April 20, 1886. The favorite period for getting arrested is that from 7 P. M. to 12 P. M. There s no favorite time of year for indulging in the luxury-they drink straight on regularly, and as regularly are

by anyone but the members of these two families. To-night we were its sole visitors. Imagine my surprise after floating for some time in silence to see a small boat rowed by a figure in white glide swiftly over the surface. "We are not alone." said I, pointing to it.

"Ah." said my companion, "that is only a spectre. Did you never hear the story of the 'Lady of Lone Lake.' "

"No," said I, "but methinks she rows remarkably well for a spirit; let's give chase." I seized the oars and rowed rapidly after the receding boat. As soon as the rower perceived that she was followed, she turned her boat towards the high banks, and in an instant disappeared mysteriously among dropped the oars and said, "Tell me the story of which you spoke." Mv companion, who had sat silent during my rapid chase, smiled sadly as he began:

"The present Lord of Larrimoor, who lives in the hall yonder, is a very hard, stern man, and he rules everything iu his power with an iron hand. His wife, a beantiful woman, has been dead these many years. He married her to harsh manners as much as his nature would permit. But after the prize was fully his, he relaxed into his natural, icy sternness. She lived a most secluded life, and died in a few years, had one child, much like its mother, only more highspirited. Her father idolized her, and, until she was twenty years old, never crossed her by word or deed. Then his avaricious nature got the better of his affection. He desired her to marry a baron nearly as old as himself. but possessed of vast estates. The high-spirited girl rebelled. The father insisted and, in spite of her remonstrance, preparations were made for the wedding. The daughter said no more and the father thought he was going to have his way. The wedding night came. The guests were assembled. The bridegroom was waiting. The hour came but the bride came not. Complaining of weariness she had retired to her room soon after dinner, promising to appear at the appointed time if they would not disturb her. At last her father sent for her. She was not in her room. The house was scarched, the grounds, the neighborhood; but she could not be found.

"Next day a shawl belonging to the girl was found down by this lake. As it was the only trace of her, people coneluded that, to escape a fate so repulsive to her, she had drewned herself. A little after that the spectre you have just seen began to frequent those waters. Many have tried to overtake it as you did, but it always vanishes among those rocks; and so they think it is Lucia, the lost heiress of harrimoor.

The young lord seemed greatly movthe sad story he had just related. and I could not help but feel that he had taken more than a passing interest in the unfortunate girl. After a moment of silence, during which he began to pull for the homeward shore, I said: "Hed the lady no other admirers?"

to go, he was too gallant to refuse to dead, and was so overcome to receive accompany me. About sunset we took her again that he forgave her entirely, our way to the lake, and embarked in and became from that time forth a

All this happened years ago. Nora country seat .-- Mary Keim, in The Current.

An Edwin Forrest Anecdote.

statue of Gen. Jackson on a balancing horse, now in Lafayette square, Edwin Forrest, then playing an engagement at Washington, asked permission to witness the casting of a large part of this museum display great ingenuity, it. On the day appointed for casting the statue Mills notified Forrest, who with other gentlemen and ladies assembled within the inclosure. The party gathered around the pit, while Forrest placed himself on a plank laid directly across the pit. At a given signal Mills removed the plugs from the furnace, and the molten bronze began to pour out from the furnace into the mold below. Unfortunately, some wame with incredible rapidity. I tried to ter had got into the mold and a terrible explosion took place; the earth, sand, and molten metal flew in all directions. Mills was knocked heels over head; one of the sides of the inclosure was blown out; half the guests were knocked down or covered with earth; some were seorched, the others fled in dismay. When the smoke and steam had cleared away Mills rose from the earth and discovered Forrest still standing on the plank across the pit. "Great heavens?" exclaimed Mills, as soon as he could get his breath. "Mr. Forrest, I hope you; are not burt." "Hurt," replied Forrest, "what is there to hurt any-body?" "Thank God," cried Mills. "But ain't you frightened?" "Frightened," replied Forrest, "why should I be frightened? I thought this was a part of the performance."-Boston Budget.

Multum in Parvo.

A bachelor's miss-shun is not a misstake.

Oaths are passwords to Hell's outer door.

A false-hood never covers an honest head.

Memory is the storehouse of much mental rubbish.

Elasticity of imagination often gov erns the grade of merit. In life's great army you can find the

bummers at the front. Kind words are like an oasis to a man

in the troubled desert.

To think you can do another's task better than another is human. Hope is an incentive to action-and

the froth on the cup of life.

A ship is often saved by its anchor, but men are as often lost by their ran COUF.

The person who speaks a kind work Window .- Cincinnati Telegram.

sent and spent an hour at a time fondsons subscribe to it. When sight goes ling the plant and looking at it. Of all in youth the sense of hearing bethe persons who saw it she was the comes intensely acute, and music is a only one not affected by its peculiar source of the deepest pleasure. The odor. Sometimes I fell into a deep sense of touch acquires such delicacy study over the mutual attachment existand power that the blind may be said ing between my monster and the girl. not only to see with the tips of their I call it mutual because it was impossiown fingers, but with their whole ble to view my snake geranium without bodies. Those who recover sight are giving it credit for life and intelligence. a long time learning how to use their eyes. According to Dr Gulbeau, The girl was a queer little creature, who to-day was at the museum with midnight hair and velvety eyes. of the Rue Rousselet to give any She had a certain impish beauty that made me shudder. Between the girl When Clark Mills was casting his information visitors might want, such persons often, when told to fetch and the geranium I came near being deviled to death. objects which they have already seen and learned the names of, instinctively

As the weeks passed on the girl continued her visits. She grew thinner shut their eves and feel for them. variety of maps for the blind shown at and paler, and her eyes grew larger and blacker. More than once I overheard the servants whispering that the and the cost prices of them are low. snake geranium was killing the child. Among them are celestial atlases. This alarmed me. and one day I told There are no more steady and ingenious my young neighbor that the plant was benefactors of the blind than the poisonous, and that she must not go brothers of St. Jean de Dieu, who denear it. She rather shrank from me. vote themselves to the sick and infirm and, with a sorrowful look, sped homeof their own sex, and have won a name for the intelligent care with which they ward without saying a word. attend to eye diseases. When M. I came home unexpectedly one day. Sarcey, the famous theatrical critic, and found the girl paying a surreptitious visit to the flower. I went to her was threatened with loss of sight he full of wrath, but was disarmed by placed himself in the hands of his what I saw. The poor thing had faintbrotherhood. I should not forget the

various means for enabling the blind ed, and wriggling and squirming over to write and correspond with each the side of the jar was that d abolical other and with persons who see. In geranium! I took my visitor home and told her the former case they use the Braille mother all about it. We spoke with characters and in the latter the ordinary Roman characters, but the pencil with some severity to the little offender, but we thought it was for her good. I an agate or other point moves from lines of strong thread stretched on a monster. No words can express the horror I piece of cloth, beneath which there is a felt the next morning when I heard that sheet of paper. When the paper is my girl neighbor was dead. She had taken out and turned the words that have been traced are in relief, and to been found lifeless and cold in bed at be read from left to right. The chess an early hour. Her appearance, I was boards differ little from those used at told, was that of a person who had been sea by naval officers. The playing poisoned. On the pillow was a slimy mark that resembled a serpent's trail. eards have all tiny marks in relief on When I heard this I rushed frantical the inside corners, which on being felt by a blind player enable him to underly out to the corner containing my gerhis partner or opponent has played. my purpose and followed me. In the The sightless thus can play rubbers of jar we found the stalk of the plant with whist with persons who are not sightless. Marseilles, because of its hot and rible blossom, where was it? glaring aspect, and perhaps its fre-The snake geranium was gone. quent relations with Egypt, is greatly could not utter a word. I had no inafflicted with eye diseases. So is Prussia, for different reasons. Alsace no explanations. I ran back to the is the region on this side of the Rhine house, but I heard the old negro cry where there are the most sightless out:

children. The cities of Italy most un-"Hit's gone! Hit done crawled ober fortunate in this respect are Milan and into de next yard. I see hit's track .--Florence, and in the United States the Atlanta Constitution.

Wouldn't Help a Fool,

Mendicant .- "Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Old Porter .- "Well, I don't know but I might. Are you married?"

Mendicant .- "Yes, sir." Old P .- Poor devil! I guess Pl have to give you a half dollar.

Mendicant .- "Yes, s.r. I have been married twice." Old P. - Well, then, you just ski along. I'm not wasting money on blamed fool."-Chicago News.

The Utility of Hobbies.

they arrested .- Pall Mall Gazette.

With a hobby the poorest clerk or the wealthiest millionaire is supplied with a defense against depression and wory which is priceless. Take the case of a bookkeeper who is confined to his desk eight or ten hours a day. If he can cultivate a taste for botany or geology it will give him an opportunity for regular excursions into the country, while he can analyze and arrange his specimens during his liesure hours in the evening. If he has a talent for mechanics, woodcarving, carpentry, pottery, or right to left. Its course is marked by never once thought of destroying my any of the hundred pursuits into which enter deftness of hand and quickness of eye are open to him. The hours which would hang heavily on his hands were he without any hobby seem all to short for the pleasant work that he comes to with a feeling of relief. He has a resource against business worry that will add ten years to his life and that will stand in good stead should misfortune or loss of loved ones come upon him. It is the same with the rich man, save stand his own hand, and know what anium. One of the servants divined that he has opportunities to develop his pastimes entirely beyond the reach of the poor elerk. Practically, however, a few leaves attached to it, but the hor- the two must stand on the same footing. They must cultivate a taste for simple and wholesome pleasures which do not depend on money for their gratquiries to make, and I wanted to hear incation .- San Francisco Bulletin.

Another College Rebellion.

Omaha Girl--"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?" Returned Pupil--"Yes, indeed. "The girls just made up their minds they wouldn't stand it and left in a bunch." "What was the trouble, dear?"

...Why, you know last term a cooking school was added to the departments. "Yes, I remember. You spoke very highly of it."

'Yes, everything was just splendid, and we did have such fun. I can't see what got into the principal, but I guess she is a little crazy.

"Why, what did she dop" "Would you believe it, she actually

insisted that this torm wo must out the things we cooked !" - Omaha World.

Editor (appealingly)-"But, my dear,

ous big lock-out and----Wife-"All right, you've got news of another now," slamming down the

Another Lockout. Editor's wife (from second story window)-"You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as

large New England towns.

I was necessarily dotained at the office. You see we had late news of a tremend-