

LITTLE PLEASURES.

Why Young Children Should Be Taught to Appreciate Them.

It has been said so many times, that it has become hackneyed, that it is not the great troubles of life that wear one out, but the petty annoyances that continued day after day...

Children should never fail in courtesy to each other; this should be exacted as rigorously as courtesy to their elders. Children should early learn to have things of their own...

It is the little rift within the lute that by and by will make the music mute. Or little pitted speck in the garner'd fruit, that rotting inward slowly molder all.

VIOLIN STRINGS.

Valuable Suggestions for Inexpensive Paquinis and Ole Bulls.

In selecting violin strings it is safe to choose those of greatest transparency. Dullness of color indicates too many threads or indifferent material.

Banker—Your references are all that could be desired. What salary do you expect?

Cochman—Seventy-five dollars a month.

B.—That is quite satisfactory to me, and you can enter upon your duties as soon as you desire.

C.—By the way, I forgot to inquire if you had any marriageable daughters?

B.—I have, but what is the meaning of such a preposterous question?

C.—Because your having such makes it impossible for me to engage with you. The fact is, I can not take the risk of degenerating into a horse-car conductor or hotel waiter.

The original of a long lost letter written by General Washington in acknowledgment of an address from the citizens of Newport has just been found in that city.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

A Quarrel That Might Have Separated Lonnie and Bessie Forever.

These lovers' quarrels are sad, and affairs, resulting, as they so often do, in the separation of young hearts and making withered leaves out of all the fond hopes and golden dreams...

"You needn't deny it," said Bessie, coldly.

"Bessie, I never in all—"

"You did, Mame Blank told me that she saw you."

"Saw me what?"

"Saw you flirting with that horridly horrid Hattie Marsh."

"Hattie Marsh? Bah. Now, Bessie, you know perfectly well that I don't care a snap of my finger for Hattie Marsh."

"No; it looks as if you didn't—flirting with her every time she crosses your path."

"Now, Bessie, you know just as well as—"

"Oh, yes, I know all about it, Mr. Lonnie Marshall."

"Now, Bessie, don't talk that way."

"I will, too."

"Bessie!"

"I don't care, Lon; it isn't right, and I'm not going to play second fiddle to anybody."

"Nobody wants you to, dearie."

"No! It looks as if they didn't, I must say."

"Well, now, Bessie, what if I got mad and said cruel things because you flirted a little with Bonnie Dean or—"

"Ben Dean! I wouldn't wipe my feet on Ben Dean."

"You used to like him."

"Lon Marshall, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live and breathe if you ever mention that horrid affair again. I hate Ben Dean."

"I know it, darling, and I detest Hattie Marsh."

"Yes you do."

"Indeed I do."

"Yes over your left shoulder."

"Now, Bessie."

"If you want your ring back again, Lon Marshall, all you've got to do is to say so."

"O, Bessie!"

"I mean just exactly what I say, sir, every word of it."

"Bessie, Bessie!"

BOTANY FOR CHILDREN.

A Study Which Develops a Love for Gardening and Horticulture.

What would do more for gardening and horticulture, and be more beneficial to the pupils, than to make botany one of the foundation studies in our common schools...

I believe the girls would receive the more benefit from making botany one of the earliest studies of the schools. It is true that the fate of many of them is to become farmers' wives; but a woman is better fitted to be such a "helpmeet" by the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of botany.

We no longer need foreigners to tell us that our women are weakly and colorless, and that this comes of lack of outdoor exercise. When the wife or daughter gets a little leisure, instead of spending it out of doors in the enlivening sunshine and invigorating air...

When peace was restored, and four traveling men had returned the kitten to its owner, the conductor seated himself by Miss Paebe to explain that a passenger must never under any circumstances touch the bell-cord.

Then the boy with peanuts came in and she snarled him into getting some milk for kitty from the restaurant car. The book fiend dropped an armful of burning novels into the seat at last left vacant by the conductor.

When the train reached Newton Center the young lady left it, followed by a meek and submissive crowd. The conductor carried the cat. The brakeman had the sachel. The rest of her luggage was apportioned to the male passengers...

There hasn't been any death here, sir? "There hasn't? Didn't your husband fall down the well?" "No, sir!" "Didn't he get wanderin' round in the night an' tumble down an' drown'd an' break his neck both at the same time?"

A strolling photographer on Western avenue yesterday was taking the picture of a mansion and asked a little girl who stood by to stand on the stoop. She did so, and had her picture "took."

When we are least worthy, most emptied, hardest, unkiindest, let us commend our spirits into His hands. Whither else dare we send them?—George Macdonald.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

Experience of a Young Lady Who Knows How to Help Herself.

It was the first time she had ever traveled alone, and all the family came down to the station to see her off.

"Now, Paebe," said her father, as he helped her on, "don't let any of those young fellows come foolin' round; mind what me an' your mother has allus told you, an' don't have nothin' to say to strangers."

"I won't, father," chirruped Paebe. "Where's the box with my best hat? And the bag with the dried raspberries for Jim's wife? And the kitten? Oh, where's the poor little cat?"

"Here she be," said the mother, showing up with the rest of Paebe's belongings; "and here's the six pairs of stockings I knit Ruben, and the yarn towels, and the—"

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor. "God-bye, Paebe! Don't forget the new cheese in the hand basket! Tell Jim's wife to send me the racket for dyeing cotton yarn a primrose cast. Take care of Kitty, an' be sure an'—"

"God-bye, Paebe! Don't make no 'quaintances with onnybody. As your gran'father used to say, 'the Lord helps them as helps themselves.'"

There was a lot of them—brothers, sisters and cousins—who watched us until the train and "Paebe" were out of sight. Then the young traveler settled down to business. And we all watched her, for she was a very pretty girl.

First, she heaped all her things in the seat facing her. Then she concluded to put some of them in the bracket above.

"Allow me," said the spruce traveling man with a mashing smile.

"Thank you," said Miss Paebe, coolly, "it's kind of inconvenient going anywhere alone."

"G'ing far?" asked the traveling man as he sat down, and we all glanced at him with envy.

"Only to visit my brother Jim in Newton Center. I get there after dark, though, and am awfully afraid they won't meet me."

"I'm going that way myself," hazarded the untrifling traveling man.

"Why, how nice! I wouldn't be a bit afraid of you."

"Mew! mew! mew!" came from a remote corner of the car. Miss Paebe made a dive for her kitten's basket.

"Oh, won't somebody catch the kitty for me? Oh, dear, it will be lost, and it's a real Maltese! Oh, where's the conductor? Won't somebody please ring for him?"

We all started to hunt the wicked kitten, while its excited mistress pilled the bell-cord and stopped the train.

When peace was restored, and four traveling men had returned the kitten to its owner, the conductor seated himself by Miss Paebe to explain that a passenger must never under any circumstances touch the bell-cord.

Meanwhile all the onerous duties of answering questions and reassuring frightened old women devolved on the brakeman.

Then the boy with peanuts came in and she snarled him into getting some milk for kitty from the restaurant car.

The book fiend dropped an armful of burning novels into the seat at last left vacant by the conductor.

"Have you 'How H. Won Her,' or 'Love on a Rail-car'?" she asked, sweetly.

He sat down to explain that he was just out of that, but had "Divorced at Sight," or "A Romance of Chicago."

Then the only man in the car who had not been down on his knees a-co'd, haughty, soulless man, with a cynical sneer, opened his valise and handed her "How H. Won Her."

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MODERN JERUSALEM.

The Poverty and Unsatisfactory Condition of Its Inhabitants.

Jerusalem has no wealth. Fifty or one hundred years ago, it could boast of some wealthy families. Their property has, however, been scattered and reduced, until their descendants of the present generation are either poor, or possessed of barely enough to support them.

But, poor as people and city are, rents are exorbitantly high. Since the houses are built of stone, there is no danger of loss by fire. Hence families having a little money on which they are dependent for support will build a house with it, because the investment is the best one they can make.

Only a well-to-do family can occupy an entire house. In hundreds of cases a family numbering four or eight persons will occupy but a single room. In a house of six or eight rooms, there will be as many families. They all cook and wash in a large open court, to which each family has access.

This fact will give an idea of how crowded some of the houses are. The people are obliged to live in this way, because they have not money enough to hire more room.

It is very expensive building houses in Jerusalem. The first step is to dig a cistern. This costs so much that the owner will dig only a small cistern, when he should build one five times the size.

All the families in the house use water from this cistern. During the rainy season there is sufficient water; but by May or the first of June at the latest, the cistern is dry.

Nor rain falls until November or December; consequently, these people must buy water for four or five months. Water is brought in skins, holding on an average three pailfuls each; and for a skin of water one must pay from five to ten cents.

For poor people this is a very great hardship; consequently, the least possible amount of water is used, and it need hardly be said that indescribable filth abounds.

Houses are invariably built of stone and are much more expensive than one would suppose. Stones have to be quarried, transported on the backs of camels, cut into proper shape, and finally built into walls.

If the house is two stories high, and the rooms are large, the walls have to be two, and sometimes three feet thick, in order to support the great weight resting upon them.

A vast amount of stone and mortar is consumed in making the arches that support the upper floors or the roof, and likewise in the roof itself. The amount of water used in preparing the mortar sometimes costs alone several hundred dollars, if the house is a large one.—Dr. Sarah Merrill, late U. S. Consul.

SWORDS OF INDIA.

Deadly Weapons Carried by the Sepoys, Persians and Afghans.

Among some military trophies I once saw a very rude, rusty teghat—locally worth a shilling—which had clearly decapitated a raw recruit, severing coat collar, brass buckle and caste necklet of hard enamel beads.

The nimble village rebel had sprung on the Sepoy from ambush while trimming his flintlock after a misfire. This and all the low-priced teghats and tulwars are of very soft metal, capable of being bent and straightened across the blade, while the arch or cutting portion, with razor-edge, offers immense resistance in the hands of an expert, who, behind his shield, can watch and measure his opportunity.

Only the straight thrust of British bayonets or dragoon blades can reach them.

The metal and finish of cutting arms improve when we enter North India. Hard steel of fine temper and high workman-ship used to be common until two Sikh wars and the great mutiny abolished the demand for such deadly weapons.

The skillful Mohammedan craftsman had to emigrate for a livelihood, or to often dwindle into a blacksmith of baronless occupation. I remember in the good old times of the East India Company itinerant sword peddlers, Persians and Afghans of great stature and big turbans.

"Do you want any swords?" "Yes; but where are they?" "Here;" and the vendor's hands were lifted to his head-cloth, where they groped awhile. Out sprang three or four shining steel stakes, elastic blades, unhandied a la mode, £20 to £30 each in value, sometimes more.

Then the dealer put them through various severe tests to satisfy his customer, packing them away again in their hiding place should there be no sale, and going on his road. But there were many shapes and sizes and sorts of dimeters of great price, harder and less flexible, both plain and damascened. The black steel of Khorassan, very rare in the market, reputed to cut off the neck of an anvil—an Eastern anvil, of course; the Parisian and Central Asian specimens, elegantly watered in circular veins, seem so light that a girl could use them, others so heavy that height and length of arm, with breadth of chest, were needful gifts of nature to utilize them—men like "Rob Roy" or "Mahmud Ghuzni," whose hands hung below their knees. The latter notable carried an awful steel mace in preference to a sword, and smashed idols and idolators with his own arms on all occasions.—English Mechanic.

ENGINES OF DEATH.

The Wonderful Progress in the Arts of Slaughtering Men in Battle.

The death of Herr Krupp, the proprietor of the great steel works at Essen, removes from the world one whose greatest fame was won in carrying to the highest point of development the manufacture of the implements of human destruction. Although the Krupps have for generations carried on the business of making steel for peaceful uses, tires, engines, shafts and the one hundred and one articles called for by the complicated machinery of modern manufacturing, yet they are best known by the effective artillery they have furnished to the armies and fortresses of the world.

To the lover of peace the Krupps seem elevated to a bad omnidence among those who have provided the machinery of slaughter demanded by the Titanic methods of contemporary warfare. And yet the Krupps have only relatively done more than others to make modern war more dreadful than the wars of the last century. They have developed the art of cannon making beyond that reached by their competitors, that is all.

The wonderful modern progress in the arts of slaughtering men on the battle-field began about thirty years ago, and in this dreadful development the United States was one of the leaders. The Dahlgren gun, invented by the late Admiral of that name, was a wonder to the artilleryists of thirty years ago. It was the most effective of guns until Louis Napoleon developed the idea of rifling cannon. Up to the close of the Crimean war the sixty-eight-pounder was the heaviest broad-side gun in use, and the majority of men-of-war still carried thirty-two-pounders in their batteries. Our civil war brought forward the Rodman and Parrot guns, and ten and twelve-inch pieces frowned a warning from the turrets of monitors to the powers of the Old World not to meddle in the affairs of the United States.

At the close of the war of the rebellion the Dahlgren, Rodman and Parrot guns made the United States the most powerfully armed of nations. England had the Armstrong gun and the Whitworth, but possessed of these she had no desire to try conclusions with American ordnance.

Our war was the last great contest fought with muzzle-loading small arms. The war of 1866 demonstrated the great superiority that breech-loaders gave their possessors. The needle-gun, now regarded as a very primitive weapon, destroyed Austrian leadership in Germany. Then came the dreadful slaughtering matches in France in 1870, when both sides were armed with breech-loaders and the mitrailleuse came into play. Then it was supposed that the very highest development of arms making had been reached, but since then cannon and small arms have been manufactured, but happily not much used in the field, which made the contemplation of future battles simply dreadful. How long is this competition among the nations in aiming to continue? No sooner is a ship launched by one of the powers sheathed with plates deemed impenetrable and equipped with guns that surpass in power of penetration any heretofore known, than another power puts into the water a vessel that exceeds the first in both the powers of injury and resistance. No sooner is the army of France furnished with a rapid-firing rifle, than that of Germany is equipped with the Mauser, the fire of which can be thickened at will.

Men to-day can be shot dead at ranges which twenty years ago could not be covered by the most powerful rifles then known. Where shillings were expended for military purposes by the great European powers, half a century ago, pounds are put out to-day. Meanwhile the strain of militarism on the physical vitality of foreign nations is something of which we fortunate Americans can form but a faint realization. France proposes to sweep into the army the only sons of widows, a class heretofore exempt; substitutes are to be no longer allowed, and the richest and poorest are to be put into the ranks. In the long run the demands of militarism must defeat themselves. The dragon will bite himself in his fiery rage, and die. It is simply impossible for human nature to endure for another generation the exhausting process now in progress in the continental European powers. Unless disarmament is sooner brought about by the shuddering remorse of the nations, after some dreadful cataclysm, it must be reached by the sheer exhaustion of treasures and of men.—Boston Transcript.

Dealer (to clerk)—What did that young lady want, James? Clerk—She asked for anatomical Brussels carpets, and I told her we hadn't such a thing.

Dealer—Great Scott, James, that young lady is from Boston! She wanted body Brussels, and we've got an overstock of 'em.—N. J. Sun.

A volume, entitled "Plus d'Angleterre," after the style of the "Battle of Dorking," has been published in Paris. It is another account of a successful invasion of England. The French forces land at Hastings after vanquishing a British squadron at sea, and after transporting one hundred and fifty thousand men rapidly and having cut the telegraph cable. A great battle is fought southwest of Tunbridge.—Philadelphia Press.

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A Mighty Stupid Clerk.

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