REMORSE

Not that I grieved you; no remembered thorn Left in your heart frets now my own repose. I only wonder-left so soon forlorn-Whether I could have found you one more rose. -Alice Wellington Rollins in Lippincott's.

JIM POULDER'S MISTAKE.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in it was also blown out, with the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers or burrowed for its own safety in their ears and nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankeap station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man-on a second look he was probably not over 50-with iron gray hair, partly covered by a slouched hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and very pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well fitting, and who was well gloved and well shod.

The observer would have set down the two for a well to do farmer and his daughter who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well dressed and apparently self satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man not quite so extrava gantly dressed, though nearly clad, and not so handsome as the first, though he had an open and intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and, motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then, turning to the young man with the sachel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man booked up, curled his lip supercitiously, and said: "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly removing the gripsack and overcoat and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes." And he sented himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused, and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together. "Thank you," was the farmer's reply, and

the exchange was quietly effected. The two young men were evidently acquainted, for the courteous one said to the other in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you made

a mistake there." "I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger popu ation; but my fortune is already made.

The first speaker said nothing more, but, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened it and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for yours faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket flask. "No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That

stuff is rather too flery for me." "Here goes alone, then. That's as fine brandy as ever crossed the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye on my traps, will you? and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who

The elegant young gentleman shook himself and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling. "Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulder!"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young man; "but he is not exactly a friend of mine, though we live in the same place, and I know kim very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?" "Yes, sir; Unreysburg."

"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?" "Yes, sir.

"His father should deal with him. It would be quite in his line."

"Oh, papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy

"It is a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer. The old man, who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger, and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad of a conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was an interested and, he hoped, a pleased listener. There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenancean inexpressible impress of modesty and innocence on her features. They chatted away, and the elder, so dexterously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the ques tions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious as the other was ingenuous, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of law; but that his father having met with reverses, and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man determined to make his burden less, and had set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffton, a thriving town about five miles from the main line.

"I get but beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "I am only a rawhand; but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer, bluffly. "Most young men would

have talked of their salary. "I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages.

But wages or salary-the terms are indiffer-"My place is within a mile of Griffton." said the old man. "I have a notion that I

knew your father once. Wasn't be at Harvard in his time? "Yes, sir; and so was I. We are alumni of

the same school." "I wonder if he remembers his old chum there-one George Carter-George St. Leger

Carter, as they have it on the rolls. "Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter, you mean. He

lives at Griffion. Do you know bim!" "Um! ye-es! After a fashion." "Papa!" whispered the young girl, but Bolling's quick ear caught her words, "I know the judge better than you do." Be quiet, Puss, will your replied her

father in the same tone. "I am toki," resumed the young man, "that be left the bench, and though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter for him which my father, recalling their youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I

"Why not? He might be of service to you." "Scarcely, sir. You see, if I am to be a one of war's most awe inspiring salesman in a country store, I had better accommodate myself to n.y position. The judge, even if he remembered old college friendships, wouldn't be likely to consider me a welcome addition to his family circle as t visitor. He is rich, and then be is said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who would, no doubt, look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn,

and had better confine myself to it." "Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money! I thought he inherited a fine fortune."

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined. by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no doubt he will. But I am only in his way, or I would have remained."

"Have you ever thought of trying farm-"No, sir. I have no capital, and know

nothing of it." "Do you know more of selling groceries and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; but, you see, I am paid something there while I learn." "Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you

call him, goes to Griffton, too, does hel' "Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about property with the judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation and take in the judge's daughter. Though that is very importment of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasurer" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder. "He can be very fascinating when he

chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, an only son, and his father worth millions, he is at least what elderly ladies call 'a good catch.'" "Did it never occur to you, young man,

that it was your duty to obey a father's orders and deliver your letter of introduc-"I trust, sir, I'm usually obedient. It was

not a positive order. I shall write him and "I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. You are only a trustee in the case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the paper

to the court." "I beg pardon, sir; but I"-

"You want identification. Here, conductor! fell this young gentleman who I am." "Judge Carter," responded the functions ry, a little curious to know what it was all

"Thank you, Phillips. That will do. Now,

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the tter from his pocketbook.

"If you'll permit me," said the judge, as be pened the letter and glanced over the conents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days, flow long did you read law, B lling?"

"A little over two years, sir," "Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir," "Whom did you read with?"

"Spence & Sullivan." "Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy. That's his way, Now, I have been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they'll never make a great success at the bar unless they hange their ways. I want a clerk to man age my office and to boss around while I am off on circuit. I'll give you a living salary, not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to this? "Say to it, sir! What can I say but yes,

and thank you for your offer?" "Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there is our carriage. Jump in. I'll

lrive." The next day James Poulder, Esq., made is appearance at the Carters in a state of legance only matched by that of Capt. Cuttle's famous watch-never equaled and carely excelled. He was ushered into the lrawing room and received by a young lady whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity, When the judge came in the young man's ecognition of the farmer in the car was com He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the judge. Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you mean-

In the office Poulder found Bolling, who vas busy at work on a declaration,

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going nto the grocery business.' "I've changed my mind," said Frank, re-

uming his work. James Poulder stayed his week out and en took the cars to Careysburg.

Frank Bolling did not make the same trip util two years after. Then he went to visit is father, who had got over his pecuniary roubles, and to see his sisters. He had been dmitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge arter, whose favorable impressions time had ufirmed, had taken him into partnership ust before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling ben, was his traveling companion.—Thomas Duan English in Independent.

A Creole Girl's Life.

When the creole girl leaves school she eners society and is never seen there unchaperoned until after marriage. To this event she looks forward as the fulfillment of her destiny, a spinster among the creoles being almost as rare as among the Jews. In her choice of a husband she is influenced by farnily wishes, although marriage among the creoles is by no means simply an affair de convenance, as it is too often with the French. Mamma settles all preliminaries, and then the lovers are left to themselves. From this time until the marriage the betrothed pair are never seen in public with any but each other. She cannot receive attention from any man, slight as it may be, nor can her lover pay to any other woman the petits soins of social intercourse without exciting remark In the scheme of creole etiquette broken engagements and broken hearts find no place. Very soon after her betrothal the creole girl with her mother calls upon all relatives and friends of the two families. Her shyly uttered "Je viens de vous faire part de mon mariage" is her announcement of the impending event. For eight days before and eight days after marriage she must not be seen in public.-Harper's Bazar

A FIELD BATTERY.

SPECTACLES.

Light Artillery in Action-A Crisis in Battle-A Terrible Boom! of Cannon-Charge of the Enemy-Horror-

A battery is needed here at this particular point. The enemy sees the opportunity and throws a dense mass of men against it. The risis is approaching. An aide gallops off to give the order to the nearest artillery. It is over there on the adjacent knoll. aide has reached it; he points with his hand where it is needed. Before he can turn his horse around, guns and horses were all mov-Can they get here in time? We must ing. hold this knoll; it is the key point of this part of the battle, and see, the enemy is advancing for a grand assault. Quick! order up another regiment to support the battery when it gets here. There it comes, flashing at intervals through smoke and dust like a meteor. A long train of guns and caissonssix, eight guns, and six, eight caissons, and six, eight horses to each gun and caisson.

With a tremendous racket, they dash full speed across fields, never turning to right or left, heading straight for this knoll. Drivers all lashing their horses into a fury of foam, officers pointing with their swords, and on the gun chests sit the brave cannoneers, cool and indifferent outwardly, but knowing full well inwardly that in a few minutes more many of them will bite the dust. They hold on to the chest handles for life, for as a wheel strikes a log, the carriages jump two feet in the air. Now they turn slightly with the greatest rapidity to avoid that huge bowlder. they cross ditches, overturn hedges and fences, all the horses galloping in a cloud of dust. Ha! one horse has fallen-yes, struct by a bullet. The men jump down from the carriage, the battery goes on-in a moment the traces are cut, and the poor horse left to die. The carriage, drawn now by five horses, hurries to rejoin the battery. There, they

all go down a hollow, and disappear from view for a moment-the next instant they are up again. See! the captain gives a sign. What a

change! As if instantly turned to marble every horse and carriage stops dead short Then for five seconds what inextricable confusion! Horses, men, guns and caissons to ge her in a horrible jumble—then all is clear again. There back in the hollow, sheltered are the carssons-a little below the hill stands the line of limbers, and here on the crest are the guns. What a metamorphosis The statuelike cannoneers are now full of life and excitement! Now a cloud of white smoke and red flame suddenly shoots out of the black mouth nearest, a terrible boom rings out, then another and another. Boom boom! boom! the great mouths yell with horrible delight, and at each boom goes down wide swath of men in the advancing col umn, Boom! boom! boom! they roar in joyful giee, and yet at each boom they recol n horror at their own power. Beyond the enemics' lines, away off in the distance, trees split and fall, and houses collapse at some un seen mysterious power. Everything given

way before the terrible storm of iron mis-

siles thrown out at each boom! boom! boom! The enemy for an instant halt, and then reform, on again and charge up the hillside. Will nothing stop them? No, they are determined to have the battery that causes such terrible destruction in their ranks, and though with each discharge wide lanes are opened in them, they do not falter. The brave can noneers are falling fast. Quick! "Limber. rear!" sounds the bugle, while the long supporting line of infantry rises from the hole ow, and pours volley after volley into the determined foe. Ha! he halts-he is checked! No, that is only temporary disorder. See, there he comes again, with a yell! Oh! how terrible! Quick! spike the guns! Hand to hand they fight. See, even as that officer's sword is upraised, the bullet strikes him, and se reels from off his horse. Down goes the horse, kicking and screaming in death agony. Men fighting with bayonets, clubbed muskets, fire their guns in each other's faces blow off heads of men close by. Blood Blood! Blood!

What is that? Thank God! The joyful yell in our rear is from a re-enforcement arrived just in time. The enemy sees it, he gives way, there he goes—what is left of him. That is right; pour volley after volley into him, rush after him; do not leave any on alive. The guas are safe, but what a scene There are piles of dead and wounded to gether. Pools of blood on the ground, and everything marked with blood. Flies are already settling on the dead. What terrible groans and moans, and prayers for water. Broken muskets, torn clothes revealing white skin stained with red blood, canteens, haver sacks, guidons, cooking tins, cannister cartridges, broken wheels, dead horses and men, all together.

Look at that mass! Horses with entrails scattered about; human legs and arms without bodies; bodies with jagged splinters and bones prograding through the flesh. That man's face is already swollen and this one's is turned black. Oh! the despair, the hatred or courage depicted on their countenances! And the strange positions they take-eyes protruding from sockets and tongues from couths. Oh! it is terrible. One can but shudder and sicken, turn faint and giddy Yet it is war—the science that brings out the noblest as well as the worst passions of men, and that is the great civilizer of the world. William R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in Outing.

We generally think of minerals as dead

lumps of inactive matter. But they may be said to be alive, creatures of vital pulsations and separated into individuals as distinct as the pines in a forest or the tigers in the jungle. The dispositions of crystals are as diverse as those of animals. They throb with unseen currents of energy. They grow in size as ong as they have opportunity. They can be killed, too, though not as easily as an oak or a dog. A strong electric shock discharged through a crystal will decompose it very rapidly if it is of soft structure, causing the particles to gradually disintegrate in the reerse order from its growth, until the poor hing lies in dead, shapeless ruin. It is true the crystal's life is unlike that of higher creatures. But the difference between vege able and animal life is no greater than that etween mineral and vegetable life. Linnaus, he great Swedish naturalist, defined the three kingdoms by saying: "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow and feel and move."-Wide Awake.

A lady who has recently seen Mrs. Cleve land says: "Mrs. Cleveland is looking handsomer than ever. She seems to have grown stronger, physically, all the time, and her arms look as if their muscles were most ad mirably developed, though so well covered with flesh as to preserve perfect symmetry, and they look very white, too, even when seen in contrast with a white voolen dress, so often trying to flesh tints. She is full of pleasant chat, and her familiarity with current literature amazes all who know how man other demands she has on her time."-Nev York World.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S VICTORY.

How the Prussian Forces Defeated the Austrians in the War of 1866.

On the 28d of June Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Austrian frontier, and six days later he was joined by the Army of the Elbe They were at Gittschin. On his left the crown prince, with his army, was at Koenig inhof, a day's march away, while the Aus rians had retired in Koeniggratz, ready for battle. The plan of attack was very simple Prince Frederick Charles, with his three orps, was to assault Benedeck with his five. while Bittenfield was to fall upon the lefflank of the Austrians and the crown prince attack their right. But the crown prince was twenty-five miles away, and it was 4 in the morning before Col. von Frankenstein. after a terrible ride, arrived at the crown prince's headquarters with the king's command to join Prince Frederick Charles.

The battle began at 8 o'clock in the morn ing, the king, Moltke and Bismarck being on the field. The needle gun worked terribl havee among the devoted battalions of Aus tria, but they kept their ground, and for long time the scales of battle hung prett evenly. For a time it seemed indeed as victory would rest on the standards of th Hapsburgs, and the Prussians looked for the coming of the crown prince as eagerly as Wellington had once looked for the coming of Blueber.

"Would to God the crown prince would come!" Suddenly Bismarck lowered his classes and drew attention to certain lines in he distance. All telescopes were pointed thither. At first the lines were pronounced to be furrows, "They are not furrows," said Bismarck, "the spaces are not equal: they are advancing lines." It was the crown prince's army, that had been delayed by the condition of the roads, which the rains had nade all but impassable. Only twenty-five niles, but it took the arrey nine hours to de the distance, and the crown prince lost 23 per cent, of his men through exhaustion by the way. The crown prince lost not a moment in getting his forces into action. Vioassaulted on both flanks, and flereely pre di in the center, the Austrians began te acken their fire, to give way, and then to retreat. The battle was won, and the honors of naving decided it were the crown prince's Bismarck himself admits how critical was the situation of the Prussians at one point of the battle - Globe-Democrat.

A Duel with Chief Left Hand. Duels were as common in the west in those days as in the south, and the following story s told of Jine Baker challenging Left Hand, the great war chief of the Arapahoes. He was known by that name by the whites as it was remarkable to see an Indian who was left handed. His Indian name was Ni-Wot. A mountain stream and little postoffice near Denver bear the name Ni Wot, in honor of the old warrior. It was early in the sixties, when Jim Baker was living on Clear crock, that he had excited the animosity and leatred of Left Hand. On one occasion Left Hand and a band of his tribe camped near Jim Baker's cabin. Believing that they were bent on mischief and that his old enemy intended o make war on bim, Baker, with rifle in hand, went alone to Left Hand's camp. The Indians were amazed to see Baker enter their camp alone, and much more so when they saw him walk up to Left Hand and say:

"Is Left Hand, the great chief and warrior of the Arapahoes, here for peace or war?" The chief, startled by the nerve and also the abrupt questions of the speaker, hesitated a moment.

"Which is it my Indian brother wants?" ngain said Baker. "Paleface no friend of Arapahoes," replied Left Hand, "Me no afraid of Jim Baker, He shoot rifle like Kit Carson, but Left Hand no nfraid.

shouted out: "Me beap great warrior of Arapahoes; mad fight now," shaking his rifle defiantly.

Angry words followed, and Left Hand

"Fight with rifles?" asked Baker, "Left Hand no afraid paleface rifle; fight

with rifle hundred vards. "Left Hand has spoken like a warrior and I will fight," replied Baker, for he knew that he was more than a match for any Indian with his rifle, and although the only white in or near the Indian camp, he feared them not The hundred vards were stepped off, and Baker and Left Hand took their places; but before either had fired a shot the Indians in terfered and put an end to the intended duel. Baker then threw his rifle over his shoulder and returned to his cabin, and was never afterwards molested by Left Hand.-Denver Cor. New York World.

In Regard to Explosives.

The prevailing opiaions in regard to explosives are, in the main, incorrect. The statement that the main force of a dynamite explosion is downward will go uncontradicted. in almost any company that has not given explosives special attention. But, in fact, there is no shooting upward or downward or edgeways with one explosive more than with another. They all explode alike, and the variety of effect is caused by the difference in their power-that is, the rapidity with which they explode. The explosive power of powder, which, of all explosives, is best understood, is about 40,000 pounds to the square inch, and other explosives are measured as being a given number of times stronger or weaker than powder. The force of that explosive is generally believed to be upward, when, in fact, it is equal in all directions. But it burns slow enough to allow the air to get out of the way.

Dynamite, on the other hand, explodes so rapidly the air cannot be displaced in time to prevent its force downward being much greater in proportion than that of powder, It is because dynamite will break a stone beneath it that the people think its greatest power is in that direction. To prove that it is not, suspend a large stone in the air and suspend the dynamite charge to the under side of it. The work of destruction will be as complete as though the stone had been underneath.

Sun and Fire Symbols. There are to be found occasionally upon the walls of old brick houses, at about the line of division between the first and second stories, flat pieces of iron five or six inches in length, and shaped somewhat like the letter S. The use of these articles was clearly brought from England, where it is still continued, and a writer gives a curious account of its origin and menting

The writer says that the figure in question is an early symbol of the sun. It is still used in Herefordshire and other parts of England. He once asked an old servant of the familya Gloucestershire man-the reason for the particular form of these irons, and the reply was that "they were made thus in order to protect the house from fire as well as from falling down,"

If one will examine into the antiquities of the Isle of Man, he will find the seal of the government shows a curious combination of this figure. The same was on the official seal of Sicily. We can trace its use to the oldes countries of Asia, but its origin was earlier than history gives any record.-Nature.

When a girl gets to be 25 or more, it's just as well not to give her any birthday presents.

YOUNG STUTTERERS.

TO PREVENT OR CURE DEFECTIVE UTTERANCES IN CHILDREN.

Sensible Advice from a Competent Autherity-Importance of Early Correction - Proper Respiration - Value of Vowels and Consonants.

It is altogether useless, nay -en in a high degree injurious, to scold, or, worse still, strike a child for a defective utterance or stuttering. It is requisite that those who surround such a child should be most centle and calm, for everything harsh or abrupt startles, and nothing is more adapted to promote stuttering than terror and fear,

With grown up persons or with children between 8 and 12 years explanations or prescribed rules may exercise a beneficial effect; with children below 8 years this is altogether useless. Here only the means that nature prescribes can be applied-that is, imitation and habit. Whatever a child of such a tender age sees or nears it imitates, and very often with surprising fidelity. Hence the creation of a diasect which is spoken by the children just as by the parents, The persons surrounding the child are everything in its development, and it depends principally on them how its natural abilities are developed and what defects make their appearance. Persons in contact with a child of this age ought not to have defects of any kind, as, for instance, in breathing, in the production of voice, in speaking and in language. They ought not to speak too rapidly, too hastily or in detached phrases; the child, forced by nature to rely on imitation, will assume all these defects. Hence let the family be very careful that the child hears only good speaking.

As soon as a mother perceives that a child has the habit of repeating, and quickly repeating, syllables or letters, or, indeed, of incorrectly prenouncing words or syllables or letters, she must not let this pass by unnoticed, or even, perhaps, laugh at the matter in amusement, mimicking the incorrectly spoken words and exaggerating the defects but she must with the greatest calmness, and without startling the child by too sudden interruption, slowly and distinctly utter in correct manner the wrongly pronounced word, syllable or letter, and cause the little one to repeat it in like manner. Let the mother, owever, be careful not to do this with a forced distinctness of utterance, for, as the child will imitate her, it will now fall into the error of affectation, which will increase just as much as any other defect. If the mother has failed to understand the child, let her cause it slowly to repeat its words, always, however, without startling it by too sudden or violent commands, and let her make it a rule never to comply with the wish of a child which it has not clearly and distinefly uttered. A story is told of a mother who cured her child of stuttering by forcing it to pronounce everything in a long drawn, almost singing, manner. For instance: 'Pl-ca-se l-e-e m-e h-a-ve a-n a-pple." Not until the child had thus spoken was its wish complied with. Such positive determination is absolutely indispensable to mothers and teachers.

Though, as I have already said, rules and laws are of no avail in the case of a child of from 3 to 6 or 7 years, yet it must be accustomed to a certain fixed manner of utterance. Above all, it must be accustomed always to take breath before beginning to speak, whereby it gains air, time and tranquility to speak. When a person wishes to speak he must first take breath. This the child usually fails to do; it begins with half filled, sometimes with nearly empty lungs, to express its thoughts, and hence, of course, is forced after one or two words to take breath convulsively in order to continue to speakfor instance: "If you (a pant for air) want to go there, etc." This injurious manner of respiration is very prevalent among vivacious children of from 3 to 5 years. If this defect of speech be not broken, many defects, principally among them stuttering, will ensue in time. It is, therefore, just at this age that a child requires to be treated with the greatest attention, love and patience, and must not be left to itself in the development of its speech.

A very good means of training a child to speak properly, as indeed to concentrate its wandering thoughts, is to tell it stories. Let the mother relate little stories to the child, using only easily understood words, short sentences, which can be comprehended by the child, and let her, ere coming to the end of the tale, cause the child to repeat part after part slowly and distinctly, being careful to notice every mistake of the child in breathing and speaking, as well as in the language itself, and to correct every phonetic defect in a pleasant and gentle manner, not allowing the slightest mistake to pass unnoticed. In this manner, relating and being related to, let the story be brought to a close If it is particularly difficult for the child

to utterly correctly certain words, syllables

or letters, let the mother repeat these slowly,

oudly and distinctly (though not in a forced manner) until the child can pronounce them correctly. Let the mother be careful that the vowels are always pronounced clearlythat is, with the correct vowel shades and with the necessary duration-and the consonant sounds are made short but decided. The letters of the alphabet (vowels and cononants) require a certain time for their formation and must have a certain duration in speech. The vowel is the carrier of sound; on it we must tarry when it becomes necessary; upon it we must put every degree of emphasis, every shade of accent, for it is the expression of our feeling. It is the body of the language. The consonant is only the dress. Both must be rightly produced in order to obtain the right results, and, as a beautiful body in an ugly dress loses much of its beauty, aye, is often disfigured, so it is with a syllable or a word the vowels of which are falsely or defectively created. The greatest faults in speaking are too great an expenditure of strength and too long a duration of time in the creation of the consonants, and too short a duration of time, lack of strength and neglect to give the vowel shades in the creation of the vowels. It is very injurious to a child inclined to stutter if its questions-and it puts manyare either not answered at all or very impatiently. The child finally becomes imbued with a sort of reluctance to put any questions, withdraws into itself and forgets to question and consequently to speak at all. Persons whose task it is to be with children and instruct them must in such cases never become impatient and irritated, and repel the child in a quick and angry manner, but must give a loving and clear explanation to its queries. It will, perhaps, be said that it is not always possible for a mother to do this, and yet thousands of mothers—mothers truly worthy of imitation—have done it, and thou-sands will do it in time to come; for the future of a child is based on the first eight years of its life, which lie altogether in the mother's hands. If this part of a child's life (from 3 to 8 years) be allowed to pass with-out proper education in the utterance of speech; if the child, who at first shows only slight traces of stuttering, be suffered to de-velop fully into a stutterer, then it will have to undergo the long, tedious cure which requires six, ten, fifteen months and even more time, and which is infinitely troublesome and wearisome to pupil and teacher.—Oskar

PICTURE OF JAMES W. RILEY.

The Indiana Poet Talks About His Art and His Method of Work.

James Whitcomb Riley, the western poet and humorist, took the intellectual audience by storm the other afternoon at Chickering hall when he recited his quaint lines entitled, "When the Frost Is on the Punkin." Even James Russell Lowell could not repress a smile, and Bunner, Eggleston, Cable and Richard Henry Stoddard laughed aloud. Those who have read Mr. Riley's poetry would almost instantly recognize the poet, if it were possible for ideas to picture in the mind's eye their creator. Riley is quaint and almost homely, until he speaks. Then the veil is lifted and mirth and humor illumine his features. He has a large, strong, smooth shaven, mobile face. It is a humorous face that retreats fore and aft; in other words, it curves from forehead to chin. His large Roman nose plays a strong part in the ensemble of features. Large blue eyes, rather sunken, give a beaming expression to thin, radiating wrinkles. When he smiles these lines fairly glow. His hair is so thin and close cropped that it is not easy to distinguish its color. It looks a pale sandy. He is snugly built, of medium height, and has great suppleness in the shoulders.

Mr. Riley is a ready composer. Maj. Pond asked him for an autograph, when he sat down and immediately wrote these lines: It hain't no use to grumble and complain,

It's jes' as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rais, W'y, rain's my choice. After he signed his name, a large, bold

handwriting, some other person desired his autograph, and this is the verse he immediately wrote:

We say and we say and we say.
We promise, engage and declare,
Till a year from to morrow is yesterday,
And yesterday is — where?

A reporter asked him how he worked and how he went about selecting something suitable for his particular style. He replied: "I have no trouble whatever to find something to write about. I cannot throw a stone but that I hit a subject. They are everywhere about, wherever I go, and I take them as I find them. I have no special system to work by. I always write as I feel, and that perhaps is the only system I have. It is useless to force anything; it must come forth with natural feelings and then it will strike the right chord. A writer cannot tell every time how he selects a theme to write about, at least I cannot. Nature is spread out before us, and somehow I stumble over things that awaken within me the instinct and feeling to write. That is finding a subject,

"In writing your dialectic poetry do you put it in good English and then translate it, so to speak?"

"No, I do not. I imagine that the old farmer is talking, and I for the time am the old farmer, writing down the thoughts that come to me in a homely, easy way. The spelling and all, as the old farmer would do it, so do I, and I find it satisfactory as to resnits."-New York Mail and Express.

Inner Circles of Swelldom.

A census of "good society" has just been made in this city, and it is found that of the population of nearly two millions-counting in the metropolis and its suburbs-only 700 are qualified to rank with the best. In a republic where the notion is outrageously goneral that behavior is the true test to worthiness, it requires an authoritative edict once in a while to squelch the leveling tendency. The Patriarchs have done the job this time. They are an organization of intensely swell gentlemen who give annual balls at Delmonico's, and they put what they regard as their minds to the drawing of the line distinctly between "society" and common people. The Patriarchs' next ball is to occur this month. Ward McAllister, an old beau of unquestioned standing, is the high mogul. Every autumn he maks out a careful list of ninety nine other real gentlemen, making 100 in all. They constitute the Patriarchs,

They are assessed \$50 apiece for a fund with which to pay the ball's costs of music and supper. Upon them is placed the awful responsibility of issuing invitations, for the documents are substantially credentials of tite highest possible character, proving that the holder is "in society." Each one in the 100 names seven persons. The number is based on a careful and critical estimate that there are no more than 700 men and women in all New York quite worthy of the glorious distinction. The separate lists of seven are sent to LicAllister, who calls a secret meeting of the entire 100, to whom the names are read, and a single vote against a candidate is sufficient for exclusion, all of which is funny to the reader, but very momentous to the small coterie of persons concerned. When Mrs. William Astor gave a notable ball two years ago she extended her invitations to 800. and was by her friends considered liberal, considering how sacred are the precincts of 'society." Thus you will see that so far as New York is concerned there may be an 'upper 10,000," but towering altitudinously bove them are less than 1,000 positive superlatives.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Offer to a Yale Professor. A few days previous to the Thanksgiving game a young man who wore glasses, and bore the appearance of being a Yale student, entered a local ready made clothing store and asked for a suit of a fair material and price. He was quickly fitted. Then came

"Shall I send the bill to your father?" inquired the salesman. "Let me see, you live in Buffalo, don't you? I'll fix it-say \$40 or \$50. I can give you the balance in three or four days anyway; or, if you are hard up, Fil advance it now.' The figures named were double what the

suit cost, and the customer, who is one of Yale's youngest professors, asked the clothier what he meant. The clothier explained; "Oh," he said, "I

do a great deal of that sort of thing now for the boys, and I am willing to accommodate you if you want it." The professor thanked him, smiled and said

he thought he'd pay. The merchant was, at last accounts, unaware that his customer was a professor, and not a student. The professor thought the story too good to keep and told it to some of his friends. Its cruel publication may end a clever scheme to deplete the parental pocketbook.—New Haven News,

Alcoholism in Persia.

Dr. Jablonowski, who has contributed some sanitary notes on Persia to a Polish medical journal, states that the use of alconolic liquors (brandy and wine) has of late become greatly extended among the upper classes, alcoholism in various forms being now a very frequent affection, as those persons who have taken to drink scarcely pass a single day without becoming intoxicated.— New York Post.

An Old War Horse. Probably the only survivor of the horses that took part in the rebellion is old Chub, the horse ridden by Col. Galligan, of Rlinois,

during the war and still in the possession of Mrs. Galligan at Genesco, Ills. Chub is 30 years old and in daily use as a carriage horse,-New York Evening World. To make a long story short—Send it to the scitter of a newspaper.—Burlington (Va.)