When she laugheth, thunders laugh too; When she frowneth, raintows have to.

When she gianceth, all the stars pale pep she dancern, all the waves wail Bright and any sweet and dove like;

Could this fairy e er my love like?

lifenty Nay The blood of lords is in her veins. The throne of empire is her seat; In court and drawing room she reigns.

And fashion a world is at her feet. She speaks and it is quickly done, And no one a Neth, Is it when There seems no law beneath the sun That is not written in her eyes.

Hers is not race or pride of face. Hers is not fomp of wealth or name; A noble grace of mind, in place Of meaner things a heart affame.

Idealy Nay

A pen of fire, an Orphean lyre, A strong command of men who think; With sceptered truth in fadeless youth, She breaks oppression, link on link. Ideal? Nay

Her form is bowed, her eye is dim, and tremulous her toil worn hands;

But she has won the crown of crowns in executing the gave her life that we might live, and then she

lived that we might gain

Some fairer future among men, some honor worthy of her pain. Her Master's law has made her great; she served,

and so we crown her queen.

She rocks the cradle, rules the world; you know your chiefest friend, I ween. Ideal? You. -F. A. Marsh.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.

"He's a nice enough fellow when you meet him at the club or at his own house or at the office, but if you meet him on the street, by George, he'll look straight through you and never say as much as 'How de do.' I don't like that sort of a

"Nor I. I've noticed that about him many a time.

I heard that snatch of conversation the sother day, and happened to know rather intimately the man they were talking about. He was one of the most genial men on earth, but the trouble with him was that he was painfully shortsighted.

He couldn't see beyond the end of his nose to save his life, and on the street all humanity were alike to him until one of them spoke to him. Thus it is that makes no allowance for a shortsighted man. He often gets the reputation of being uppish when, in fact, he is nothing of the sort.

But besides this physical infirmity there is a sort of mental shortsightedness that is very embarrassing to the unfortunate possessor. For instance, I find it impossible to remember faces and mames. I sometimes think that I have met too many people in this world. I have to be introduced to a person about six times on the average before I can remember that I ever saw that person before and then it requires ever so many meetings before I can venture on the name. For the last two years I have attended the baseball games with regularity and industry, yet to this day I cannot distinguish between Hardie Richardson and Jack Rowe, except by their positions in the field; and these two players not only in the Detroit club, but in the whole league.

One day last summer I was driving

Why didn't you take off your hat to that lady?

"Bless me; I don't know her." "Yes, you do. That was Mrs. Brinsmeade.

"Was it? Well, I did not recognize

"You might have recognized her if you tinually bowing to people you don't chisel it out." know and passing by others that you've

that" "The trouble is that you are mentally lazy. The trouble is that you don't take the trouble. You are continually offending people and I wish you would be more

"Oh, I shall make it all right with her next time I see her."

Well, I'll say I did not recognize her that day.

"She'll like that." "Then I'll tell her that I see so many

people that-no, that won't do either, "I don't think it will."

"I see nothing for it, then, but to be extra genial the next time I meet her. I don't quite see how she can resist that.' For the next day or two I bowed indiseriminately to everybody, much to the surprise of most of them, but, all the same, I noticed that many of them bowed back at me and said: "Hello, old When coming to think of it I knew that I didn't know them and they didn't know me, so I imagine that there are lots more people in my fix.

A few days after I happened to pass the Brinsmeade residence and I saw Mrs. B. seated in a wicker rocking chair on the veranda reading a magazine. 1 thought I would stop long enough to remove any impression she might have that I was an unmannerly sort of individual, so I said cheerfully

"Lovely day we're having after the long spell of wet weather."

She looked at me for a moment with

calm disapproval in her eyes, and I saw at once that she was very much offended with me. I thought I could retrieve lost ground, so I plunged on, feeling very uncomfortable.

"I suppose you are reading Mr. How-ells' story. You always were very fond of Howells." There was more of surprise than dis-

oproval in her giance this time. After oment's besitation she said: "Yes, I am very fond of Mr. Howells' writings, but this is The Century Magazine. I believe he writes only for Har-

"Oh, that's so. I had forgotten about that. By the way, Kennan is writing some bright articles on Russia just now."

"Yes. He made quite a strike on

A solemn pause. "Curious that fashion we have of takg off our hats after—well, to a lady, u know, after she has—after she's gone , isn't it." "I don't know, I'm sure. I never no-

idiot, but I couldn't stop myself. That's what I was saying. The lady never knows you take off your hat because-unless she turns round-and they don't generally—ah—turn round, you know Then, of course, how is she to know you do take off your hat? I think that-very often they-ah-don't know, you know Sometimes they think-they -sometimes think that a person doesn't recognize-that is, doesn't take off his hat when he does-after they've gone

by."
By this time Mrs. Brinsmeade was looking at me with both fear and aston-If I could have shaken myself clear of the front gate I think I would have bolted down the street, but I clung to it with a sort of despairing helpless ness, always hoping to retrieve myself. and always getting deeper into the diffi-

"For instance, I recognized you the other day on Woodward avenue."

'I am surprised to hear it.' "Well, yes, I suppose you are. Most people are surprised when they hear I recognize anybody, but 1-1 am not very good at knowing people, but I would always recognize you. Yes; the trouble is that I am a very poor driver-very poor, indeed-and it takes most of my attention looking after the horse and trying to persuade him to go where I want to go. So I sometimes pass people on the street without knowing who they are. I've run over some of my best keen the horse.

At this moment the front door opened and a lady came out. The moment I saw her I wondered how I could have been so stupid as to mistake anybody

else for Mrs. Brinsmeade. "Why, how do you do?" she said with that kindly smile of hers. "Let me introduce you to my sister, Miss Beaconstreet, of Boston. Gertrude, this is Mr. Sharp, a friend of ours. Gerty just arrived today on her first visit to Detroit." -Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

The Western Bullet.

Some years ago Wyatt Earp was a law unto himself, and his revolvers were his is after generals; nevertheless, she beexecutioners. When his brother was gan to overhaul Jordan almost immedicity marshal of Tombstone, A. T., Wyatt kept him company, partly for fun and partly for profit and glory. After the big battle with the McClowrys, in which the Earns killed seven or eight men, the latter spent most of their time dodging bullets. Friends of the dead men had sworn vengeance, and it was not long before they had it.

One night Morgan Earp, still another brother, was assassinated in a saloon in Tombstone. No one saw the murderer, the bullet coming through the window, but Wyatt made up his mind that the culprit was Frank Stillman. The next morning Stillman took breakfast at 9 o'clock in Tucson, some ninety miles tion of his family. His mother had died away. The second morning after the of a broken heart, in extreme poverty, tragedy Wyatt Earp, Doc Halliday, On her deathbed she made him swear to Texas Jack, and two or three others rode into Tucson. Stillman was found at the train. The pursuers opened fire as soon and clothes for his sister and himself depot, where he was preparing to take a had twenty bullets in him. At the in- memory. He knew that Jordan would quest the fact that Stillman had appeared come back to Buenos Ayres some day, in Tueson the morning after the killing and he watched carefully for news of don't look so very much alike either.

Some folks who have not been so industrious in their application to baseball

Wyatt held that a ride of ninety miles in their application to baseball

Wyatt held that a ride of ninety miles in video, where young Casas, as a reporter, can tell at sight the name of any player. | twelve hours at night was nothing for a relays of horses. This struck the jury Buenos Ayres. with the lady who has the legal right to tell me what she thinks of me, when she a justifiable homicide.—San Francisco

One Saturday noon Gen. Lopez Jordan stepped from his house into the most Dispatch.

Angels Everywhere.

Michnel Angelo (poet, painter, sculptor-three men in one-a trinity of genius) stood one day with folded arms, in wrapt contemplation of a block of marble. Presently a pupil stepped to his "I am Aurelio Casas, son of Maj. side and said softly: "Master, what seest Casas, whom you murdered sixteen had taken the trouble to. You are awful thou?" "Hush!" replied Angelo, "I see careless about such things. You are cone an angel in the stone, and I mean to There is an angel in human nature-

ows of fallen womanhood; in that cut- and shot Gen, Jordan in the throat. Gen. throat, crawling under the gaslight; in Jordan did not move. Casas fired a secthis little girl, adrift with bare feet on the icy pavement; in the diminutive arab of the street, born in iniquity and rocked careful. I am sure Mrs. Brinsmeade felt to sleep with curses. Yes, the angel is there, in slum as in parlor, in squalor as in retinement, in vice as in Casas, who remained beside his victim's virtue. Fall to, and bring it out! John body. "I have merely killed the man Wesley, the founder of Methodism, saw a criminal led forth to execution. "There goes John Wesley," exclaimed he, "but for the grace of God."—Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

Mr. Worthington G. Smith, the eminent microscopist, finds that genuine York Sun. honey can be readily distinguished from manufactured honey by the microscope The former has few or no sugar crystals and abounds with pollen grains, while Every member of the race has a horror the imitations have little else than these of death, because no gypsy lives who crystals, with rarely a trace of pollen has faith in a hereafter. They cannot grains. The honeyed taste of the manufactured article, he thinks, may come from honey comb or beeswax being mashed up with the article used in the Borrow in his many years of Bible and manufacture. Each class of plants has missionary work among them never its own specific form of pollen grain, claimed to have converted one. In all and Mr. Smith says that any one con- countries, as is true of a goodly number versant with this branch of botany could of other folk, they occasionally profess tell from what part of the world the a sort of attachment to the ruling creed. honey came by studying the pollen grains that it might contain.—Public

Quite Impossible.

What is this wild talk which is now temporaries as to a surplus of Kentucky women? There are many things of which Springfield Republican. there can be too much, and many persons afflicted with superfluity, but how there can be too many of the glorious women of Kentucky we do not affect to understand. Nor do we understand how any of them of marriageable age can remain unmarried save from choice or freakishness.-New York Sun.

Mr. Lightpurse—My dear, I see that in London the 5 o'clock tea has been suc-ceeded by 4 o'clock. Couldn't you advance a step further and have your 5

Mrs. L.-I've been thinking of it.
Mr. L.-I wish you would. Three o'clock is so soon after lunch that folks can't eat much, you know.-Philadel-

Cherry county, Neb., with an area larger than several eastern states, hasn't a practicing physician within its borders. THE KILLING OF GEN. JORDAN.

& Violent Man, and the Sudden Death That Overtook Him at Last.

A dramatic sequence of events lay behind the recent assassination of Gen. Lopez Jordan in the streets of Buenos Ayres. Jordan was a violent, venturesome, unscrupulous man, w o had experienced all the ups and downs of an adventurer's career. He was born in Concepcion, Uruguay, in 1822. He was educated in the Jesuit college, in Buenos Avres, and in 1841 entered the Argentine army as a lieutenant. In the revolutionary times of 1849 he was commandant of his native town. He was unpopular, even among his own people. He was quarrelsome, imperious and insolent, and always ready to meet any resentment which his conduct excited with a challenge to a duel. In the disturbances of 1851 he took sides with the tyrant Rosas against the rebellious Gen. Ugurila

Under the protection of his chief he committed all sorts of misdeeds. His most atrocious crime was the murder of Maj. Casas. In the shadow of this crime occupant. he passed the last years of his life, and in consequence of it he met a violent death. Casas was the prefect of the city of Palmas, in the province of Entre Rios. He was a landed proprietor and a cattle man of great wealth. In 1873 he made a trip through the province for the purpose of selling 1,000 sheep and a large friends through trying to recognize somebody else. It costs me more every year to pay for those I run over than to pockets he passed through the region held by Jordan's troops. Jordan heard of his presence, and ordered that he should be arrested. It was done. Jordan received Casas in his tent, questioned him as to his possessions, and then, without a word of accusation, complaint or explanation, commanded that he should be executed. Casas was tied to a tree and slaughtered like a sheep. Jordan seized all the money found on the dead man's body, and afterward stripped his victim's family of all their property.

Justice is pretty leaden footed in the Argentine Republic, especially when she ately after the despoliation of the Casases. One by one his crimes were turned against him until in 1878 he was imprisoned in Parana on the charge of murdering Casas and Gen. Urquiza. By bribing the guards he made his escape from jail and left Parana in the disguise of a beggar on the arm of his daughter. He concealed himself over the border for ten years. After the amnesty of 1888 he

returned to Buenos Ayres. In the meantime the young son of Maj. Casas had become a man. He had seen many black days since the despoliaavenge his father's murder. A keen struggle with the world to obtain food as they saw him, and in two minutes he kept this oath fresh in young Casas' frontiersman who had an Earp after was making a fair living for his sister him, and was able as Stillman was to get and himself. Casas went at once to

crowded street of Buenos Avres for his midday stroll. Some hundred steps from his door a young man sprang before him and asked:

"Are you Gen. Lopez Jordan?"

"Yes.

Gen. Jordan stood quite still and spoke a few words of apology. Aurelio Casas in every jailbird; in yonder shape of did not heed them. He motioned back been introduced to half a dozen times." in every juilbird; in yonder shape of did not heed them. He motioned back "Well, you know the trouble is painted shame, fully attended by shad- the gathering crowd, drew a revolver ond shot. It passed into Gen. Jordan's heart, and he fell dead to the ground.

> Some one shouted "Murder!" "I am no murderer!" shouted back who killed my father." Then he threw down his revolver and walked away. Subsequently he surrendered himself to the police. The body of Gen. Lopez Jordan was carried to his palace, which had been built and furnished with the proceeds of the crime just avenged .- New

Do Not Believe in a Future Life. When a gypsy dies that is the end.

of death, because no gypsy lives who ine gypsy ever accepted Christianity. For instance, we hear of a "gypsy exhorter" in Ohio, and the other day a good bishop of Delaware was allowed to christen a gypsy child in a camp near Wilmington. But these little hypocridisfiguring some of our esteemed con- sies are all in the way of gypsy thrift.-

Clinton A. Snowden, of Tacoma, saw bees going and coming from a hollow tree. He built a tire, smoked out the bees and cut down the tree to get the hopey. He found a great lot of it; but, better still, a large quantity of gold was in the hollow trunk. It had evidently been deposited there by nature, and the wise men out there think that it was "gradually washed up every year by the flow of sap, and in course of time accumulated into a solid mass." Mr. Snowden got over \$7,000 for the gold. - New York Sun.

The American Iron and Steel association report that the production of pig iron in the first six months of 1889 was larger than in any preceding six months in the history of the American iron trade, A FEMININE ASHONAUT'S NERVE.

It Carried Her Safely Through a Period of Awful Peril.

Fully 1,200 persons assembled at Jackson Mound park yesterday afternoon to witness the balloon ascension and para chute pamp by Miss Dessa Garrett. Miss Garrett is a small but compact and well knit woman, and of light weight, and this fact, as it proved later, saved her

from a frightful fate. At 5 o'clock the monster balloon was fully inflated, and the eager throng of sightseers mounted benches and tables to get a good view of the start. The ropes were released at a given signal Professor Robinson cried "All ready!" and up shot the aerial ship, with its occupant hanging to the trapeze bar. Un went the balloon till the aeronaut could hardly be distinguished, and a hush set tled on the crowd below as the awful consequence of a fall from that dizzy height presented itself to their minds. Many of those present had opera and field glasses through which they viewed every movement of the balloon and its

A height of fully 5,000 feet was at length attained and the balloon commenced to slowly descend, and still Miss Garrett did not make the leap. She was seen to attempt to puil the parachute toward her, but something was evidently wrong. As the balloon descended the parachute expanded, and when about 4,000 feet from terra firma Miss Garrett let go of the bar of the balloon and intrusted herself to the parachute. The latter, however, did not detach itself from the balloon, and the two continued slowly to descend. A few were heard to remark when they saw the apparently easy and safe descent, that it was done by prearrangement, and that the acronaut did not intend to make the jump when she made the ascent.

Such people and the crowd generally were not aware that Miss Garrett was, by very reason of the parachute not detaching itself, in most deadly peril of being dashed to atoms. Professor Robinson knew it, and his cheek blanched as he awaited the threatened catastrophe. Mr. J. J. Hogan was aware of it, and went into the ticket office to avoid seeing what he thought was inevitable. So also did a few others who knew enough of the relation the parachute bore to the balloon to be aware of what result might be expected.

The parachute is fastened with a cord to the side of the balloon. In one place the cord is almost cut in two, and when the aeronaut places his or her weight in the parachute the cord is broken at the weak spot and the parachute is freed. In yesterday's ascension the cord became twisted, thus giving it double strength, and when Miss Garrett swung out on the parachute the jerk was insufficient to part the line. It was at this juncture that the danger was most imminent. The cord being attached to the side of the balloon the weight on it caused it to careen, and a puff of smoke was seen to issue from it. It turned half over, but

lapsed, and its weight of 300 pounds would have come down on the parachute, and in a few seconds later Miss Garrett would have been dashed to the earth. The danger was not over till the balloonist was in jumping distance of the ground, but she made the descent in perfect safety about a mile south of the

Miss Garrett fully understood her awful position as she hung suspended in midair, uncertain at what moment she would be dashed to pieces, but she is true grit, and never faltered. She knew that all she could do was to hang on and hope for the best, and she hung on and was saved where a weaker woman's heart would have failed her, and she would have fainted and met an awful death. - Memphis Avalanche.

A Will with Queer Provisions.

The will of the late Thomas Nesmith, of San Diego, is a curious and interesting document. Among its provisions is one giving a fund of \$5,000 to remain on interest for 150 years, the total at that time to be mostly used in building and equipping the Nesmith lyceum; one setting apart \$60 to run for the same time, the proceeds to be finally used in planting trees, building water troughs and picking up loose stone, and one giving Julian \$3,000 for a fibrary, this fund to be available at once. The result of the first named benefactions will be that San Diego, A. D. 2039, will have a lyceum with an endowment equal to that of many colleges, and the improvement society an available fund which will line the road between the lyceum and the Julian library with the most approved form of shade. - Exchange.

A Battlefield National Park. It is proposed by the Chickamauga Memorial association that the ground on which the celebrated battle of Chickamauga was fought be bought by the association and converted for all time into a national park. This project will be pushed at the annual reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, when it is held at Chattanooga on Sept. 19. Efforts are being made to secure the attendance at this reunion of members of the Confederate army who fought in the battle of Chickamauga. - Exchange.

Mrs. Stephen Danforth, of Manchesterby-the-Sea, is another victim of the tothough she does her own work and looks after her husband, who is old and infirm, she is rarely without a lighted pipe in her mouth. She smokes twelve pipefuls daily. Mrs. Danforth will be \$7 years old on her next birthday.

Grand Rapids, Mich., offered a bounty for the killing of English sparrows, and up to date boys have slaughtered over 10,000 of the posts. In addition, the boys have filled a horse with bird shot, punctured the leg of one of their number with the same and put out the eye of anOur Latest and Greatest Premium Offer:

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