

WHEN HE HAD RIDDEN ON.

F She was a poor, unlettered maid,
With but one gown to wear,
He, riding down the street, delayed,
To gaze— for she was fair,
He spoke with her, as gallants may,
And then he rode away.
He sighed to see such beauty dress
In garments poor and plain,
Some feeling stirred within his breast,
They were akin to pain,
He spurred his steed and galloped on—
She watched till he was gone.
In time the wheel of fortune brought
The maiden gold and place,
By fashion clothed, by masters taught,
They called her "Queen of Grace."
She heard it with a bitter sigh,
For he had ridden by.
The robes a princess might have worn,
The learning—came too late!
She felt a Cybil's blighting score
For such a tardy fate.
The need of all these gifts had gone
When he had ridden on.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Frank Leslie's.

Gallery of Photographs.

Public galleries given up exclusively to photographs are unknown in this city. Vienna and Paris are said each to possess one, and people who have seen them say they are interesting in the extreme. Prominent art lovers have just formed a plan for the establishment of such a gallery in this country. It is to contain original photographs of all the great statesmen, soldiers, authors and actors of the world, and as far as possible the plates from which the photographs were taken are to be bought by the manager of the gallery, so that prints from them may be identified with the new enterprises. Dead celebrities, like Adelaide Neilson, for example, are to be represented by photographs from the best negative now extant, which is then to be bought for the exclusive use of the gallery.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Glasgow's New Illuminant.

It is quite possible that we have not come to the end of illuminating projects, and that the use of electricity may not supersede all other materials. Glasgow has recently witnessed the test of a new illuminant of extraordinary power. It is obtained by the evaporation of tar, creosote, or other hydro-carbon oils. The flame is pure white, very intense and can be carried up to 3,000 candle power. The expense is two cents per hour per 1,000 candle power. It is in the production of artificial light and heat that civilization has for the last twenty-five years most notably marked progress. It is on the same line we shall move for some time to come. The end will be free fuel and free lights for the people as we now have free air.—Globe-Democrat.

Scandinavians in Minnesota.

In forecasting what sort of a state Minnesota is to be, the Scandinavian is a largely determining force. It is a virile element. The traveler is impressed with the idea that the women whom he sees at the stations in the country and in the city streets are sturdy, ruddy and better able to endure the protracted season of cold and the highly stimulating atmosphere than the American born women, who tend to become nervous in these climatic conditions. The Swedes are thrifty, taking eagerly to politics, and as ready to profit by them as anybody; unreservedly American in intention, and, on the whole, good citizens.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

They All Chew Gum.

It is said that the biggest business on the stands of the elevated railroads, after the sale of the daily papers, is the traffic in chewing gum, which is "chewed" as a supposed remedy for dyspepsia, which seems to be a national complaint, it is always sure of a large sale while it continues in vogue. The day of each nostrum, however, is limited, as novelties in the lines are always coming out. Large fortunes have been made in the manufacturing of dyspepsia remedies since the days of Plantation Bitters.—New York Times.

A Startling Innovation.

Frank R. Stockton, that popular novelist of infinite quaint humor, is held responsible for a most startling innovation in the way of wedding trips, recently introduced in Washington. After a certain wedding ceremony, at which Mr. Stockton was present, instead of the young couple going on a wedding trip, the bride's parents were showered with rice and old slippers and banished on a two weeks' exile, while the bride and groom were left in possession of the house.—Frank Leslie's.

His Contribution to "The Century."

The young man who aspires to be a journalist came around last night and announced complacently: "I've just had one of my contributions accepted by 'The Century.'" When closely questioned he acknowledged that the contribution was \$3 for a year's subscription to the magazine.—Buffalo Courier.

The Jots and Tittles.

A manuscript was submitted for examination the other day and was so peculiar as to be absolutely illegible. Nothing but the i dotting indicated which side was up and which was down. You see how important it is to give the eye all that belongs to it.—Syracuse Christian Advocate.

Children Cry for

NATIVES OF PATAGONIA.

Dress of the Men—Women Do All the Manual Labor—Ornaments.

Four years ago Chili and the Argentine Republic divided Patagonia between them, the former taking the Straits of Magellan, the key to the commerce of the west coast, and the latter the pampas. Thus in the partition the Indians fell to the Argentines, but they kept as far away from their owners as possible, for fear of being impressed into the army. Their numbers have been so much reduced that there are not more than 3,000 of them left, and these remain around Puente Arenas, where they find the society of the Chillanos more agreeable than that of the Argentines further north. They are still mindful of their tribal relations, and have similar customs to those of the Sioux. The term Patagonian is unknown to them and was given by the early explorers because of their large feet. Those who formerly inhabited the lower latitudes had the tribal name of Tehuelches, while further north they were called Chennas.

The native dress of the men is a chirpa or breech cloth, a shirt of calico, which is a modern innovation; leggings of horsehide or the skin of the puna (the pampa lion), and over all a splendid robe of guanaco fur fit for any king. These robes, like the blanket of the North American Indians, are never laid aside, and are worn like the celebrated breeches of Bryan O'Lynn. The leather side is painted in bright colors, with symbol and tracery to represent the achievements of the owner in battle or in the chase, and some of them bear fantastic designs. A well tanned robe is worth half a dozen horses, and is much prized by the owner, who will not part with it unless he is very drunk or thirsty. The best ones are made of the skins of young guanacos, sewed together with the sinews of the ostrich, so that the shape of the animal will appear. The fur is soft and silky, the backs and sides being of fawn color, and the belly of the purest white. One can buy them of the traders at Puente Arenas, but they seldom go to market, as people on passing vessels pick them up for curiosities.

The Indian women dress as the men do, and it is difficult for a stranger to distinguish the sex of a Patagonian native, except from the difference in stature, as the women are short and stumpy and generally have a baby slung over their backs. They do all the manual labor, pitch the tents or tollas, as they are called, skin the game that is brought down in the chase, make the robes, cook the meals and everything else in the way of drudgery, for their lords and masters are opposed to every form of labor that cannot be done in the saddle. Both the men and women are given to wearing loads of solid silver ornaments, much of which is antique, and handed down from generation to generation. The silver comes from the Andes, and is obtained by trading with their neighbors, the Arceanian Indians of Chili. Hunting is their business, and their amusements are gambling and horse racing. They are great smokers, but do not have the calumet of their North American brothers, using cigarettes exclusively, like the Spaniards, from whom they have acquired the habit, and rolling them with the skill and grace of a haughty don.—Philadelphia Times.

Uses of the Willow.

It is an interesting fact that not only is the presence of extensive groves of the willow found to be anti-malarial in its influence, but that from a certain species of this same beautiful tree, of its bark, is derived the comparatively new but well known antiseptic preparation called salicine; it is of a pure, bitter taste, highly febrifugal in quality, is largely used in various solutions, also in surgical operations, and is the most effectual preventive of putrefaction in the system yet known. For these purposes the willow is now being extensively and systematically cultivated. At the end of two years the switches are from four to seven feet long, and are cut and gathered into bunches like sheaves of wheat; in the stripping building they are steeped in water and the bark at the larger ends loosened for a couple of inches by machinery; one by one the switches are placed in the mechanical stripper and with a pair of pliers are pulled through with a sudden jerk, being then wiped off with a wooden cloth, bundled, and laid away to dry. All the leaves and bark are dried and baled, the average yield being a ton to the acre, the willows commanding, when dry, \$300 per ton.—Frank Leslie's.

How the Grouse "Drums."

I have had some experience with the ruffed grouse. The peculiar noise made by them while drumming is usually made while the bird is standing upon a log, but the log has nothing whatever to do with the sound produced. The bird while drumming assumes an upright position and droops his wings until the flight feathers almost or quite touch the log or other perch on which he stands. He then, by an intense muscular effort, makes quick, spasmodic beats with his wings. In doing this the ends of the wing feathers may, and perhaps sometimes do touch the log; but it is the intense quiver of the flight feathers, as they come in contact with the still air, in the short and intensely rapid beats that produce the soft, yet powerful and far reaching sound. No impact of a feather or

Pitcher's Castoria.

misery sunshine; but wait until your dinner comes—hog, hominy, hog, water, hog, dry bread, then more hog. Every-thing swims in pork fat, and the cook throws in sand and cinders by way of seasoning. A troupe that struck a town in Georgia one day when the regular dinner was over could not get a blessed thing to eat but bacon—no eggs, vegetables, bread, butter, coffee, milk or tea—just fried bacon. The star of the troupe glared over the table and went away, followed by the rest, and bought some crackers in a grocery.

Then there are the hours. You get through your play at 11, go to your hotel, rise at 4 or 5 to catch a train for your next stand, get there at noon, have something to eat, skimpish around for properties, perhaps rehearsal, eat your dinner, go to the theatre and act and often have to take your next train directly after the performance. But there—from these grumbings one might fancy an actor's life to be all shadow and no sunshine. I have not dwelt on the pleasures of the life because they are more apparent, and everybody knows them—the kindly appreciation of the public, the good words one has from press and people, the odd and interesting sights and adventures one meets in traveling, the information that even the dullest picks up when he knocks around the world for some years, the friends one makes and the intervals of ease and comfort that come when an actor has established his reputation and his play has become popular. An actor's life, like most men's lives, has more pleasure than pain it.—W. J. Florence in New York World.

Blacks of the West Indies.

On the road we met barefooted darkeys, plodding steadily along, who gladly returned our salutations, and turned to stare at us as long as we were in sight. They carried everything with which they were encumbered on their heads—coconuts, jugs, coffee pots, cups, bottles—all as securely balanced as if those articles were a part of the anatomy of their bearer.

The children, mere pickaninnies, toddled along with caps and calabashes of molasses, yams, bananas, oranges, or what not, as firmly fixed on their cranial domes as if they had been wens. A Martinique boy will stow away as many personal effects on the top of his head as a Yankee boy will find room for in the pockets of his trousers.

We saw one youngster with a large grass mat, several feet in diameter, which he wore as jauntily as a chip hat. From a distance he looked for all the world like an animated mushroom out for a stroll—an object, by the way, we should not have been at all surprised to fall in with during our travels in this land of sensitive plants, and ferns as tall as full grown cherry trees.—Down the Islands.

Not Ready for That.

A Mrs. Blank was spending the summer in the country, and was very anxious to catch a certain train. As that event seemed, from the leisurely gait of the horse, extremely uncertain, she urged the country driver to make the best go faster. The coachman plied whip and reins with no apparent effect, while the lady alternately examined her watch and encouraged the driver. At last, however, her patience became completely exhausted, and, spying a place in the harness had chafed, she cried out vehemently: "Hit him on the raw, Mr. Caseboom! Hit him on the raw!" "Ma'am," responded Mr. Caseboom, with unmoved gravity, "I'm a savin' the raw till we come to the hill."—Boston Courier.

Marvelous Instance of Make Up.

One of the most marvelous instances of artistic make up ever seen upon the stage was that of the late Charlotte Cushman in "Meg Merrilies." To those in the audience she looked like an ordinary wrinkled old woman, but see her close to upon the stage and one could not but be surprised at the amount of labor and fine artistic powers displayed in bringing out the desired effect. In the work of making up her face, Miss Cushman would spend at least an hour. Close to, the touches of varying and various coloring here and there would look broad and uneffective, while the remarkable lines running all about the face and neck were coarse and unmeaning. At the distance of a few feet, however, they all blended into one harmonious whole, and formed such a network of delicate wrinkles, out of which the deeply sunken eyes shone forth with a species of dying brilliancy, as to be a perfect picture of old age, and as startling to the beholder as it was highly effective in a dramatic point of view.—Boston Herald.

Five Diamonds of Manila.

Mr. Alexander R. Webb, United States consul at Manila, Philippine Islands, thinks the Manila fire fly far ahead of any lightning bug he ever saw in St. Louis. "The Manila lightning bug," he says, "is really a gem in his way. He gives a continuous, twinkling light that looks almost as large as a hazel-nut and resembles an electric spark. There is a peculiar kind of tree here that grows in wet places, for which these bugs have a preference, and sometimes they almost cover them, so that the tree resembles a cone, dotted thickly with large electric sparks. The sight is a very beautiful one. I am told that sometimes ladies attend balls and receptions with numbers of these bugs on their heads, covered with a thin veil, and that they shine like diamonds in the dark corners of the room."—St. Louis Republican.

If they found, as they generally do, that the field was land which had been confiscated at the Revolution, they broke off the negotiation at once. The title, they declared, was insecure; for the Bourbon government of Louis XVIII did not recognize the legality of the act of confiscation.

Their acts and words spread throughout France the rumor that the Bourbons meditated the resumption of all these lands—the chief part of France—to restore them to the former owners. The rumor, thus artfully started and spread abroad, caused thousands of peasant proprietors to welcome Napoleon's return, because thereby the downfall of the Bourbons would occur.—Youth's Companion.

Fity the Poor Woman.

A State street physician gives it as his opinion that four-fifths of the earnings of his profession are derived from women, though in this estimate he does not include the very large and prosperous class of specialists whose services are required by men only. It is a sad commentary upon the morals of the community the existence and prosperity of hundreds of such specialists for men, and the picture is less encouraging on the other side, where so many women with health impaired by foolish dressing, improper diet and violations of the laws of nature, maintain an army of medical practitioners. It is only among civilized peoples that women are less healthful than men. Let doctors and the common surmise tell why this is so. The fact remains that there may be seen on the streets of Chicago twenty strong, handsome men above the age of 30 to one woman. The woman who is able to retain her youthful comeliness beyond 30 is the exception. Good looking men of middle or even advanced age are as common as flagstones, while a handsome matron is almost a curiosity.—Chicago Herald.

Pastel Painting in England.

Pastel painting is once more finding patrons in England. The splendid portraits which Alfred Stevens lately exhibited in Brussels were enough to make fashionable people eager to revive the art. In Paris there is a society of pastel painters. One of the members, M. Laccze, has discovered a process by which permanency is insured to the colors, and it has received the official approval of the society. Hitherto a fixing process has always diminished the beauty of the colors, and hence pastel painting, having to depend on the crayons alone, was restricted to countries where there are fewer atmospheric changes than in England.—Home Journal.

AT THE ONE NIGHT STANDS.

Actor W. J. Florence Gives Some of His Experiences at the Cheaper Theatres.

The one night stand is commonly made in a theatre owned and managed by some fairly successful bill poster or alderman or real estate speculator, who knows as much about a play house and the way it ought to be run as I know about the Sanskrit originals of Mr. Arnold's poems. A good many of these theatres are on upper floors above shops and offices. They are approached by flights of narrow and winding stairs, and I never go out of one without thanking my stars that there has been no fire or panic during the night. Queer things happen in these up stairs places once in a while. John McCullough was playing "Hamlet" in a theatre of this sort some years ago. Just beneath the stage was a furnace, attached to a bakery or something of that kind. I believe, and when the trap was opened for the grave digger to get in, a gush of hot air came up that was stifling. The curtain went up, and you can wager that the grave digger made lively time getting that pit ready for Ophelia. The sweat poured from the poor man in streams, and he pined his little song and whistled his little speech and got out of there with a jump. When the queen came to scatter flowers on Ophelia's coffin the hot air caught them up and wafted them into the flies, for they were made of tissue paper. The curtain cut off that scene with a roar from the audience.

In these cheaper theatres the manager does not attend to business, but lets the house "run itself," and whatever you need in the way of properties you must beg, borrow, or buy, for he cannot be looked to, or, at least, relied on, to furnish a sofa, a fire screen, or a pitcher of water. The only time that he is punctual is when the business man is counting up receipts. The "stage" in these theatres is usually small, the scenery bad, the picked-up orchestra set your teeth on edge, the programmes are cheaply printed and full of errors; lighting, heating, ventilation and cleaning are subjects that the proprietor has not brought himself to consider, and you begin your night's work under most discouraging circumstances. You change your clothes in a perfect sty of a dressing room, with cold air whistling through partitions of unpainted boards; you wash in a battered tin basin; you "make up" with a light on only one side of your face, and there is no lock on your door. Then you go to your hotel—and there's another precious circumstance.

Hotel life in cities, as a rule, is not bad, especially if you have your pick of rooms and make your hours for meals, but you should see some of the hotels out west, and, worse still, down south. To all appearances they are comfortable and clean, and a glimpse of the dining room, with white cloths and porcelain and black waiters in place, is like a promise of

assistance—especially a moss covered bog—could ever make a sound capable of being heard for a quarter of a mile. The air seems to be filled with the sound, soft as it is, and it seems to come to you from every direction, so that it requires a quick and practiced ear to locate it correctly. This is proof positive that it is produced by vibratory action in the air, and not by the impact of two solid substances.—Cor. American Field.

Facts About Berlin.

A lover of the "curious in number" has arrived at some interesting facts about Berlin. The city has 210 miles of streets, so that a person might walk ten days in the capital without retracing his steps. If the 1,400,000 inhabitants marched in double file they would form a line nearly 750 miles in length. If the citizens determined to start upon a journey at the same time, all the cars of Germany would accommodate but two-thirds of the number.—New York Tribune.

Too Strong to Resist.

Sick Man (to wife)—If I should die, would you marry again?
Wife (sneaking)—Oh, I think not, John; but your life is insured for \$20,000, you know, and no doubt I should have very strong pressure to resist.—The Epoch.

Cure for Epilepsy.

In certain parts of Scotland the hard headed Scotchman drinks from the skull of a suicide for the cure of epilepsy. To make assurance doubly sure, it is directed to pulverize a portion of the skull and swallow it.—New York Sun.

Statistics Concerning Public Libraries.

Some library statistics show that the European country which possesses the largest number of public libraries is Austria. In Austria there are no fewer than 577 public libraries, containing 5,475,000—without reckoning maps and manuscripts—a total which comes out at 26 volumes per 100 of the population. France possesses 500 public libraries, containing 4,528,000 volumes and 155,000 manuscripts, or 12 volumes per 100 of the inhabitants, Italy ranking next with 403 libraries, 4,345,000 volumes and 350,000 manuscripts, or 16 volumes per 100. In Germany the public libraries number 528, containing 3,640,000 volumes and 58,000 manuscripts, or 11 volumes per 100 of the population. Great Britain possesses only 200 public libraries, according to these statistics, the volume number being 2,871,000 and the manuscripts 20,000. There are 145 libraries in Russia, with 952,000 volumes and 24,000 manuscripts, or a fraction over 1 volume to 100 persons.

It is noteworthy that in Bavaria alone the public libraries number 160, with 1,368,000 volumes and 24,000 manuscripts. Reviewing the principal libraries separately, it appears that the most considerable in Europe is the Bibliothéque Nationale, in Paris, with 2,078,000 volumes, while the British museum, with its millions of books, assumes the next place. Then comes the Munich Royal library, containing 800,000 volumes; the Berlin, Dresden and Vienna libraries taking rank as follows in the same order: 700,000, 500,000, and 420,000 volumes. The Oxford and Heidelberg universities each possess about 300,000 books. At the Vatican the manuscripts attain almost as large a total as the printed works. The latter number 30,000, while the manuscripts are returned at 25,000.—Home Journal.

English and American Kitchens.

A Philadelphia lady who has just returned from a long visit in London was recently discussing certain domestic points peculiar to England and comparing them with relative matters here. "We all know," she said, "as housekeepers, the worry we have if our kitchens are in the basement, though they have elevators and dumb waiters, stationary washbasins, hot and cold water, are carpeted and fitted with every conceivable convenience. In a London house the kitchens are always in the basement—no elevators, no washbasins, and by no means any 'frivolities' in the way of conveniences. But an English kitchen is a picture, nevertheless. The bright tins and coppers, the burnished dish covers ranged in sizes, the well stored cupboards, the many tables for every conceivable purpose, the range of the most perfect make and large size and the entire absence of the dirty part of the kitchen work, which is confined to the adjoining scullery, make a contrasting picture of aggravation to us, who, while we adore all these kitchen virtues, seldom arrive at them. Though our kitchens in Philadelphia be large and airy, our help, as a rule, are incapable of sustaining the dignity of an English cook, who is a person of dignity and respectability. We pay high wages, give great privileges and are not allowed to order our own dinners and, at any rate, are not expected to reorder the remains."—Philadelphia Press.

A Trick of Napoleon's Partisans.

Archbishop Whately, commenting upon the effects produced by rumors, mentions the great influence of one report which preceded Bonaparte's return from Elba.

When the return had been plotted, and just before it was executed, Napoleon's partisans went through France seeking land to purchase. When about to close the bargain for a field, they would ask to be shown the title.