I LOVE YOU SO.

my every thought is sweet, monplace because of it. that should I love one whit my heart would cease to beat they have attained the heat will the chemist's skill outwit tem hotter (sooner apt to quit ast so do I, replete you, defy the power of art S love drop more into my heart increaseth its capacity. so, that if I could not be

ore

and

doe

ON OF PARADISE nd Armand was married day terday at St. Clotilde's church

rrived there was a great crowd. emony was going forward. to slip in. The priest was finishtle harangue, and wound it up sentence: fore be united on earth until you

ally united in heaven. not restrain a slight exclamamand's bride was not a young Jeanne de Charmelieu, the widow nd Gaston de Charmelieu. arming widow was destined to

friends happy. Aft Gaston, On earth nothing suld be but above, in heaven, there two aspirants for the eternal ton and Armand, the first and to a brown study. The sentence

e priest probably appeared in ns that conclude the So five years ago, of same promise was made to was told that if he lived and Christian, he would meet his ne again in paradise among the archangels, the principalities

Meantime there was a great on around me. Mass was over. organ gave us Mendelssohn's followed the crowd, which bore vestry room. I shook hands de, and shook hands with the t said not a single word. I was al not to speak, for I had a piece my tongue's end, and if I had all, I don't think I could have myself from saying to Armand: take in the full meaning of ce about the eternal un two candidates, my dear felat eternal union church, I made some calls, I

rse, I dined at the club. I wen a, and still that idiotic perplexll Armand and Gaston settle it

in another and better world?" to bed and to sleep, and here the ns. A dream, othing but a dream. ins. A dream, bear that well

Paradise, at the station. Trains ng in and out; the cars started mas was the station master.

ith him, and he very civilly ex-

ains," said he, "start from the ich at Hell, touch at Purgatory, their terminus in Paradise. We their terminus in Paradise. crowded just at present. The been having rather a bad time of last few years;" (this was in ing the occupation of Rome,) re has been a little atmosphere ution surrounding religion that up the tottering and confirmed rent. We have reason to be satisfied; for the last few

Smallpox has something to an judge for yourself. express is due. Yes, we that comes right through Do you hear the train. Our company which issues shares by pub-n; the bonds are guaranteed

not yet in communication with

number of our passengers for

planets. I want you to his incoming train. You have three classes of cars, l and third: a baggage car and ment for dogs. The passengers ing: watch them, and observe nany people in the second class n't recruit much from among aiddle class-restless, voltairian nking, the lower middle class. d class cars we get crowds: the ally speaking, good. The first are crowded, too. We must that rich people are admirably for achieving salvation. Their their own, and even admitting give Satan the best part of their they always find an hour here from time to time, to make up ions negligences. God is not so he is supposed to be. He is satvery little, do you know? two or three days, you will see dred trains come in, and there ail to be people that you know in them. You'll see how easy it is

mas is a communicative saint. ed away, but for the last few of his discourse I was not listenty St. Clottide widow, Gaston's rmand's wife, had come! I had pretty head at the window of a ar; then, light and dashing, she of the car, showing her ankles but then they were very trim about in every direction, chirping, 's Paradise? Where is it? I have that might touch their wife's neart.
"I was so proud of your beauty,
Jeanne," said Gaston, "and of the sensation it made in society. Luxury for you
was what I lived for. Your diamonds

bered seeing her just like that, at the Compiegne station, leaving hal train that brought the emsts to the chateau. That day attered along the embankment,

Jeanne, your cherry satin room! And then boxes, boxes for all the first nights. Three hundred francs I paid for the first night of 'La Famille Benoiton,' anks! Don't let my trunks be officer of the imperial household to her at the Compiegne station and to her at the Compiegne station and ave no fears, madame la comtesse, I francs, and I gave 500, in 1868, for Patti's I have fourteen

o fears, madame la comtesse, I re of your trunks. I have the benefit St. Peter went to her at the

bers dates. Why, you dined at my table, sir, five days in the week, and you were ation and said: cket, raidone? Will you

always loafing in our box at the opera, you who make such an ado about three or th to show me your ticket?" it is, sir." tly correct; you may go in. wife.

cates of Paradise. the gates of Paradise.

tle friend bowed prettily, and details are too petty."

"I quite agree with you," said St. Joseph. An intense desire possessed me her into Paradise. Who could haps Armand was dead, and my ould find herself confronted by ould find herself confronted by self-in favor of one or the other, and the first of the first one of the other, and the first one of the other of of the other

I might go in.

husbands raved on. he replied. for an hour, you know," I

St. Thomas if he could manage madame.

hastened to add; "I sha'n't be detained- | you," said Gaston, "I resigned from the shall I be able to go away again? For you know, however delightful Paradise may be, if I have a few more good years to spend on earth I don't care to miss them. Life is only for a time, and Paradise is army because you didn't like living in a garris

"And I joined the Imperialists for you!" cried Armand. "This gentleman had ac-customed you to the riot of Second Empire balls, and, rather than that you should give them up, I scandalized my whole family by showing myself at the Tuileries. I, accepting the hospitality of

'Don't be afraid. They'll let you out.

And he led me to St. Peter.

rived, had already rushed to their wife

her on that side, saying:

had seemed in better taste to her, in the

husband, not to be called by the same

an adorable being, replete with delicacy

of feeling. Armand and Gaston meantim

"Sir, release this lady!"
"I have nothing to say to you, sir.

, couldn't live without each other

The quarrel, meantime, was waxing hot

between Armand and Gaston. Their voices rose. Existence is sweet in Heaven,

but slightly monotonous; so the smallest event attracts as much attention as a run-

away in a country town. The blessed came trooping up from every direction.

Some took sides with the first husband,

and others with the second. Jeanne re-mained passive; she had freed her hands,

and said nothing to either Armand or

Thomas had come within the

'This must often occur," I said to him;

a great many women on earth have two

Very true, the novelty is that the

erally, under these circumstances, the

emulation is as to which husband shall

and there are two wives to a husband?

"Oh, then it's very different;

women always quarrel as to which shall

rather an odd experience the day Napoleon

Ah! You have Napoleon in Para-

Oh, yes. After a little Purgatory, you

know. Napoleon III was so nice to Pius IX that we couldn't, in common decency, leave his uncle in Purgatory. Paradise

was opened to him, and his first word

was: 'How about my two wives?' He was asked if he had a preference. 'I have

We fell back upon Marie Louise, but she

raised the roof. 'I go back to Napoleon!

I, who am living so peacefully with the general! Don't talk to me about Napo-

there stood Napoleon, all alone, and rather put out, when Mme. De Stael came by

'Give Napoleon to me,' she said; 'I'll take

care of him.' And they got on fa-

by a loud cry that arose from the ranks of

It was in fact St. Joseph. He had been

I must here caution the reader not to

attracted by the noise, and came that

St. Joseph was entirely the St. Joseph of the Italian school—brown drapery,

gray hair and beard, a staff in his hand

and sandals on his feet, plus a very impos-

ing aureole, and an air of prosperous,

He paused, asked what was the matter,

"Well," said St. Joseph, "it seems

simple enough. The lady is here as a recompense for her religious conduct and

Christian feeling. She has a right to happiness of the most peaceful character

and largest scope. Let ner pronounce and choose between these gentlemen."

"But," said Gaston, "what is reserved for the one who comes in a bad secondr"

his earthly pilgrimage, and his abominable slang slipped out even in the presence of

give to him who is not chosen one of the

if you please?
Silent and notionless, Jeanne stood be

tween her two husbands, and both Gaston and Armand alternated like charac-

ters in a Greek play, seeking the words

and lace, your carriages, your horses, your liveries. And then your room,

"Boxes!" broke in Armand, "he talks

"Dates!" cried Gaston. "He remem

ur wretched theatre boxes sent to my

"Two or three! Upon my word such

Jeanne would not speak, and the two

"Remember, I gave up my career for

that might touch their wife's heart.

unclaimed ladies who literally swarm in

Gaston had a very fine stable during

"Never fear," said St. Joseph, "I will

Do not let us lose time,

Make your decision. Choose,

"St. Joseph! St. Joseph!"

forget that all this was a dream.

and was told how things stood.

'How is it when things are reversed.

drew her on that side, saying: "Jeanne, my dear Jeanne!"

"Mand, my dear Mand!"

name the first had made use of.

showed no intention of giving up.

"I am your first husband"

what gossips say were believed!

gates of Paradise when I did.

husbands should claim their wife.

Gaston.

St.

general!

St. Joseph

Paradise.

am your second husband!"

"My rights are incontestable!"

Come with me.

"Make a note of this gentleman," he said to him. "He is a visitor—he only wishes to go in and look about and come No polities!" said St. Joseph firmly. "Above all, nothing derogatory to Napo-leon III. Suppose he should withdraw his troops from Rome, what would be-Pass in, sir; pass in. I shall know

his troops from 's...' come of the pope?"

"I shall obey you," said Gaston. "I have stronger claims than mere political have stronger claims than mere political affiliations. Our love, Jeanne! Remematiliations. Our love, Jeanne! Our walks en I was in Paradise, and in the nick of time. Armand and Gaston, who had been scanning the passengers as they aron your father's estate. Those shady little paths, when your head sometimes Gaston had taken her right hand, and Armand had taken her left hand, and when we came to my home, our home, a midnight, that bitter cold weather. ground was white with snow, do you remember? What a roaring big fire was at the chateau to welcome us! She had two Christian names, and it

still the room was, how frightened we both were! interrupted Armand, "your

reminiscences are in execrable taste. Very possibly, sir, but I may certainly be allowed to recall my confidence. My confidence was simply unbounded. How many of my friends came to me perfidiously to say, 'Keep an eye on Armand'meaning this gentleman. 'Keep a watchful eye on Armand. He is very fond of you, we all know that, but there's some body he is fonder of, and that's your wife

I disdained their gossip."
"I have my own record on the ground of confidence," said Armand proudle."
"Later, sir, when in my turn I was the not know you!"
He didn't know him! Why, they were intimate friends on earth when they were alive, called each other by their first husband, little calumnies were buzzing about. It was M. de Sericourt that they told me to watch, Sericourt, my best Armand, the second husband, almost lived at Gaston's house, so much so that gos-sips said—but where should we all be if

friend—how ridiculous!"

I observed that Jeanne could not control a little start when she heard the name of M. de Sericourt. I observed it, but Armand observed nothing, and

"And when Sericourt was killed in Mexico, and you, my dear wife, permitted the upchecked outburst of your natural and proper grief, I received an odic anonymous letter: 'Your wife,' it sa 'Your wife,' it said, sheds more tears for the friend than she will ever give the husband.' mentioned the letter to you. Suspect you! Suspect Sericoura!"

"Who is this Sericourt who has got mixed up with all this?" said St. Joseph. "Is Sericourt a third husband? I am very much perplexed."

"Just one word, St. Joseph, just one, but a clincher. The day I married this lady, a priest, an excellent priest, promised me at St. Clotilde's church that our temporary union on earth should be fol-

'But St. Joseph," cried Gaston, "the day I was married, at the Madeleine, a bishop—see!—not a priest, a bishop, made me the self same promise in the self same keep the husband. Women are wild to be married, even in heaven. Still, we had

"This is becoming very embarrassing." murmured St. Joseph, "very embarrassing indeed. Our representatives on earth sometimes act very inconsiderately. come, madame, I revert to my first decision; it is for you to choose. You have not spoken. Speak! on the little widow, rosy and much

"If you are infinitely good, St. Joseph. you will permit me to rejoin M. de Sericourt, who is over there in that little
cloud on the left. He has been beckoning
to me for the last quarter of an hour."

I turned my head, and perceived Sericourt, in fact, at the left, in his little
cloud, expressing his affection and inter-

moved, said:

was asked in he had a preference. I have indeed. I want Josephine. A cherub flew and told Josephine. 'Napoleon's there. He's asking for you.' I am exceedingly sorry,' said Josephine, dryly; 'but after what occurred in 1809, never!' cloud, expressing his affection and wishes in highly sentimental pantomine. Sericourt! Another of my friends!
This charming woman was, I repeat,
destined to contribute even, to all
eternity, in this world and the next, to

leon. Let him take back Josephine!' Neither would change her mind, and the happiness of my friends. "Why didn't you speak at once?" said St. Joseph; "this solves everything. Make your arrangements with M. de Sericourt. What do I wish, myself, except that you may be happy in Paradise, since you have been a good Christian?" Right here St. Thomas was interrupted

Whereupon I awoke with a start, this rejoinder struck me as so sprightly on the part of the excellent St. Joseph.—Trans-lated for the Argonaut from the French of Ludovic Halevy.

Honor Belongs to Service.

Education is not first or chiefly the mere learning of certain facts or principles; it is such a development and training of faculty as makes one master of himself and his conditions. Our present definition and popular use of the word is alto gether too parrow. There is something absurd in calling some practically incapa ble man, some useless member of society, educated because he happens to have h a parrot like knowledge of Greek or French drilled into him; while another, whose eye or hand is trained into fitness for rendering grand service to the world, is spoken of as uneducated. Honor belongs to service, and if we wish it to go where it belongs we must honor the training which fits one for it. A boy whose genius is in the direction of handwork, artisanship, should be able to graduate with an honor equal at least to that which attaches to one who is to fill a clerkship." Rev. M. T. Sayage.

Not to Be Slighted.

"Do net call a man a politician as if it were a disgraceful epithet," Senator P. said. "The greatest men we ever had were politicians. Jefferson, Washington," Madison, Mouroe, Henry, and other men who laid the foundations of our government were politicians. So were Webster and Clay, Lincola and Seward, Horatio Seymour and De Witt Clinton and Samuel J. Tilden. An honest and competent politician, who renders faithful service to his country, merits the regard even of those who speak slightingly of his voca-tion."—New York Sun.

Advice to Young Writers. First of all, do not write unless you have something to say, and the more thoroughly you understand your subject, the better is your chance of success. Secondly, if you have something in your mind, but from fatigue or other reason your ideas do not seem to flow smoothly, put down your pen. Otherwise your article will be forced and jerky, and will not be a credit to you. All writing is, more or less, an inspiration. Wait until the "spirit moves."—Cor. Writer.

Requisites of Authorship. The Rev. E. P. Roe says that those who prove the possession of a good average mind by acquiring a fair education can usually train themselves to write, if suf-ficiently resolute. Authory Trollope went further than this; he said that a pile of paper, a bottle of ink, and pens were all that was necessary to make an author.—

Harper's Bazar.

A Physician's Fantasy

There is a very well known physician in town who believes in the transmigration of souls. His theories in fact are not unlike those of the Buddhist, who believes that his soul has climbed to its present estate through successive dwellings in the bodies of brutes. The doctor is convinced that during his last incarnation he was a cat. Therefore he pays his respects to cats in every manner possible. His house is the asylum of "strays." He binds up their wounds, he restores their coats, he feeds and pets them and he has them by dozens.

When the house becomes overrun he will consent to let "good and reliable" families take some of his pets. In addition to these unfortunates the doctor has some aristocratic cats-cats with a pedigree. These are marvels of beauty and of pride, varying in color from the one of ebony coat to the lithe maltese and the tortoise shell, whose mew is musical above all others.

The scarf pins of the physician are cats made out of moonstones or agate, with ruby or topaz eyes. His cuff buttons are cats, and a sort of conventionalized cat presides over his stamp in the blank saves of his library rooms. It is indeed his coat of arms, and silver and china both bear it. But the crowning curiosity is the enormous Persian cat which, stuffed, sits in a niche in the hall to remind the doctor of a perished pet.

It is but fair to say that this admira tion for eats is no affectation on the part of the physician, who is a very sincere and simple man, but is really the result of a deep conviction. He has a theory concerning each of his friends. and the animals which he considers the ancestors of their souls are not always those which would be chosen if one had an opportunity of choosing. -Chicago Herald

Talk about the intelligence of the noble horse! A fish dealer on Third avenue has one of the best organized equines in this big town. The animal referred to is a sorrel, not a high step-per, nor a thoroughbred like Salvator. Neither is it a swayback like Tenny, but a good, common, every day horse that attends strictly to the fish trade when regularly fed.

But when its meals do not arrive on time it organizes a strike, and is always successful in getting its demands. Early one morning the owner of said horse had an unusually large amount of business to transact, and a boy, who attends to the animal in a stable in the rear of the fish store, rushed the horse out into the avenue and bitched it up to a wagon.

The fish dealer gayly stepped into the vehicle, and seizing the reins yelled "git up!" The horse did not "git up" a little bit it stood still. The driver

tanked. ed its backbone and whispered something into its left ear. The horse pricked up the right ear and answered in the negative by staying right there. The boy bethought himself that the horse had not had its breakfast, and unhitching the animal led it back to the stable, where it was fed a pailful of oats. That horse was not going to work until it had had its breakfast, and as soon as it had eaten sufficiently it went right off to business. Moral-Feed your horse before you send it to work. - New York Telegram.

A Soldier in Time of Peace.

One of the many advertising schemes in New York is that of having a man dressed in a soldier's uniform march up and down on the top of a building in a part of the city crowded with women who are out shopping. He apparently has not the slightest objection to making a ludicrous exhibition of himself, and he is ridiculous, for more than half the people who stop to look at him burst into laughing at the sorry figure he cuts. The helmet, the belt, the military trousers, the blonse, the musket and the bayonet at his side are all there, but they do not seem to fit. They were probably cut for a real soldier. At any rate, the man must serve his purpose, for people do stop to look at him, but, as a little girl said after staring at him with round blue eyes, "He ain't half so funny as my brother's painted soldiers." - New York Tribune.

How to Take Care of the Brain. The brain stands most abuse of any organ in the body. Its best tonic and stimulant is success. The worst and most depressing thing to it is failure. The most injurious effects come by using stimulants in early life. Young people should never use liquors, tea or coffee. The latter two may not exactly do harm, but they are conducive of no good. They act mostly on the brain and injure its growth very materially. Abundance of sleep is neces-Eight hours is not more than sary. enough. Sleep is the time of relatively lowered expenditure and increased re pair. - Ladies' Home Journal.

Served Him Right.

George Schmidt, a Brooklyn man, was mad at a Newark man, and so he wrote him: "When from your body your breath goes, on your grave will I spit." He was arrested under the postal laws and fined \$250, and his mouth has been so dry ever since that he couldn't even spit over his shoulder .-Detroit Free Press.

To clean mirrors, sponge them free from all dirt, drying with soft cloths, and when dry rub a little powdered blue over the glass, polishing finally with a soft old silk handkerenief.

STYLES IN STATIONERY.

Here Is the Proper Thing in Note Paper

and in Visiting Cards. Styles in stationery have not materially changed from last season, though some of the distinctions are a little more marked. New varieties of note caper with florid decorations, eccentric dimen sions, and conspicuous tintings are pro duced, but fail to become standard. The most elegant as well as genteel paper sold is a heavy cream white sheet This ing once into a square envelope. sheet may have a rough finish and the curiously mottled appearance of coarse wrapping paper, by the irregular arrangement of water lines, when it is known as Grecian antique. It may be smoothly finished, with no gloss and very heavy and silky in texture, when it is called "kid finished."

It may have a rough cloth finish or a peculiar rough effect known as "parchment vellum." Quite the latest paper is a so called "etching paper," which has a rough surface with various irregular depressions, and rougher still, almost like Bristol board, is the so called hand made parchment, A new variety of paper has broad water lines stamped across the paper horizontally, and diag-onally applied to the envelope.

The same styles, too, are carried out the thin lined papers for those who like a thin paper for the purpose of letter writing. In all notes of invitation or regret and formal correspondence the heavier varieties are employed. The one new tint produced this year is a very delicate violet shade, which is sometime nsed by æsthetic people. Another shade known as azure, which is in reality a dull, soft blue, is also somewhat popu-Dull stone color and chocolate are also sometimes seen, but the conservative woman of good taste selects always a plain cream tinted paper.

At the top of the page, and in the cen ter instead of the corner, is her address stamped in colored letters, surmounted by her monogram, or coat of arms if she has one. The monograms are much more used this season than they have been previously, and the fancy is to stamp them in embossed letters colored with metallic colors. The three initials in script are sometimes used instead of the monogram. For ordinary use the letters and accompanying monograms are of a clear scarlet or blue, printed smoothly upon the paper.

Gentlemen's visiting cards are a trifle longer and quite as narrow as those of last year, and have the address in the lower left hand corner. The lady's visiting card is large, square and imposing, and engraved in large script, especially if the name is a short one.

Wedding invitations are in every respect the same, engraved on a sheet, note ze, which folds once, to be inclosed in the envelope. This envelope contains sometimes three cards besides the invitation proper-the card to be presented at the church door, another for the reception at the house, and a third which may give the future at home day of the bride. A card is sometimes used for church weddings indicating the hour and train, and which is practically an invitation to see them off on the wedding journey.-New York Sun.

Lady and Woman.

Mrs. Lynn Linton calls attention to the curious fact that whereas fifty years ago gentlewomen said "mamma" and were called "ladies," while humbler people said "mother" and were called women." we have now made a kind of verbal somersault. What used to be the sign of dignity has become the shibbo-ieth of vulgarity aping gentility, while for fires Could we transfer some of our the old badge of the common folk has been adopted by the upper classes. The philosophy of the matter lies, we are told, in the strange desire to be thought socially better than we are, which leads in time to the universal adoption of a

title that once had a definite meaning. The inevitable consequence is the re turn of the higher to the simple conditions abandoned by the lower, for "the fine fleur" always separates itself from its immediate imitators and prefers to adopt the style and manner of those who are too far removed for the possibility of confusion. "Woman," in Mrs. Linton's opinion, is taking an almost Juneic symbolism-grand, supreme, all embracing, while "lady" has fallen to the ground like an overripe plum in the heart of which the wasps have been at work.—

Possibly a Sample of Many.

I met a lady acquaintance a few days ago who walked as though she was seriously lame. I sought the cause. first glance the symptoms would indicate that the trouble lay in her shoes, as she was large enough to take a No. 5 shoe, but still she wore No. 4. She limbed along painfully, so I inquired what aile I her. 'It is my nerves," she replied. 'Nervousness is my great affliction, and now my feet are so affected that I can hardly

"Nerves, eh?" I rejoined. "Do you usually experience the same sensation when you take off your shoes?"

"Oh, no." she said. "but if I take them off in the day time and put on my slippers, I find that I cannot get my shoes on again; my feet seem to swell. I had no more remarks to offer.-Ex-

Red Dresses Popular

Dresses of vivid red English serge are very popular this season. These make bright and becoming gowns for youthful women. When trimmed with black velvet ribbon, black fur, or black passementeries, the color is toned down considerably. Astrakhan is much used upon these dresses. Some imitations of this short curly fur are quite good, and wear extremely well. In gray and black mixtures it is common looking, but made entirely of silky black wool the effect is entirely different.-New York

Miss Mary F. Seymour, the editor of The Business Woman's Journal, proposes soon to organize a woman's business college. She says it will be the outcome of the Union School of Stenography and Typewriting.

Legal Protection for Working The Working Women's Protective ion, which has its office in Clinton plays organized twenty five years ago, was named before the word 'unimeant what it does now and is, therefore in some degree misleading. It is not union in the sense of being a labor or ization officered and directed by work people, but it is a society of those recognize that working women good or people, but it is a society of those recognize that working women deed at thing they do not get, a society of helmen and women, who by their impeated and capital protect their more and hard working sisters against o bearing and brutal employers. By ming a complaint at the offices of the or ization working women, with the second ization, working women, with the excep-tion of those in household service, have their wrongs inquired into and their rights their wrongs inquired into and their rights procured even if the law has to claim them. Statistics show that over 11,000 applications for help have been made during the last year and claims upon unprincipled employers, even to the small sum of \$1 have been wrung out of them by means of the law. These things are accomplished without cost to the applicant. Lawyers and directors, give their services.

complished without cost to the applicant. Lawyers and directors give their services to the cause but there are many expenses connected with the organization which reach the sum of \$5,000 a year. This is subscribed for in small amounts. Ten dollars makes the donor a member for one year. The payment of \$50 during any one year makes the subscriber a member for life. It hardly seems credible that ladies in society, who live luxuriously, drive out daily in their own carriages, and have attendants at their beck and call to gratify every whim, can be oppressors to gratify every whim, can be oppressors to their own sext but this has been proven over and over again by the books of the society and the actions of the lawyers. These very women, perhaps only from thoughtlessness, certainly from carelessness if not a more ungenerous spirit, turn away, or cause to be turned away, the hard worked seamstress or the tired out dressmaker with her bill unpaid.—

Chains for Russian Prisoners. A point on which false information has een spread relates to the manner prisoners wear their chains, which some, like the author of "Called Back," would have the author of "Called Back," would have
us believe is under their trousers. But
this is purely a hoax. I have in my possession pairs of Russian handcuffs and leg
chains, and a prison suit which I obtained
in Siberia, where also I saw scores, not to
say hundreds, of leg chains. The last
consist each of two rings, to be riveted
around the ankles, and attached by a
chain thirty inches long, which, for convenience in walking, is suspended in the venience in walking, is suspended in the middle by a strip of leather from the waist Between the rings and the pris-oner's skin there is worn first a coarse woolen stocking and over that a piece of thick linen cloth, then come the trousers, over which is bound round the shin a leather gaiter How, then, could the chains be worn under the trousers? T chains in my possession weigh five and a quarter pounds, the handcuffs two. but of these latter I should observe that in going across Siberia and through its pris-ons I saw only one man manacled, and he a desperado, who, to the crime for which he was judged, added that of murder in -Henry Lansdell, D. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Parisian Lack of Comfort Each day that I live here, certain things strike me more forcibly in this great city. and just now I am trying to solve the problem of why the French people have not the many comforts about them that not the many comforts about them that we Americans have in our so much younger country. To begin with, they are only beginning to have gas put into their houses from garret to cellar, telephones in private homes are few and far between, and the messenger boy system is not even known. You can get a messenger, it is true, but he is not the bright, artie American boy, but a man grown old. agile American boy, but a man grown old with hard work. Then he is called by the dignified name of commissionaire, and expects to be made much of accordingly, and never half does his work. I have people would fairly marvel at such a won-derful institution. Then, again, the general use of elevators is only just mak-ing headway, and a hundred other things that have become second nature to us as have become second nature to us are still to be heard of in the city of cities. --Paris Cor. The Argonaut.

Air of a Smoking Car. "Here is a curious thing." said a doctor, as he walked through an Erie railroad train the other day "This smoking car seats fifty persons, and yet there is seldom a chance for a seat after the train starts out of New York. The men in this car have gone into the country at considerable expense and disadvantage for the sake of their healths. The only time they spend at home is at night, and most of it in their bedrooms in heated houses where the air is very little different from that the air is very little different from that in a city bedroom. They spend from two to four hours of the only leisure they have in this car, where the air is so vitiated with tobacco that though I am an old smoker. It makes me as sick in fifteen minutes as did my first cigar. It is safe to say that the health of these men would have been better guarded had they stayed in town."—New York Sun.

The foung Art Critic.

A bright soungster who visited the Corcoran art gallery the other day apparently very deeply impressed with that famous little example of Italian sculpture. "The Forced Prayer." It will sculpture, "The Forced Prayer." It will be remembered that the statue represents a small boy in a very abbreviated gar-ment who holds his chubby hands to-gether in front of him in an attitude of prayer, while his small face represents every possible shade of disgust and r lion. But our youngster had a diffe explanation of the motive of the st statue, which he tersely stated to his father, on his return home somewhat in this wise: "An', papa, I sawed a little image of a boy wha; had been chasin' a little chicken in his night gown. An he des catch de little chicken up in his hands an' he squoshed it."—Washington Hatchet.

New Artestan Well at Paris The artesian well of Place Hebert. at Paris, has just been unished after twelly two years' work on it. It was necessary to bore to a depth of 2,360 feet to reach water, and such depth was attained only with the greatest difficulty. The work had to be stopped several times, either on account of the hardness of the strata traversed or of the crushing of the metallic tubing caused by the pressure of the earth. The new well is the third of the ablic wells of Paris, the others being nose of Grenelle and Passy Its diameter about 880.000 pounds. The temperature of the water that it furnishes is 34; dega. The cost of this important undertaking was \$500.000.—Scientific American.