

OLD TIMES.
There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Because man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
A piety all-supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had
Tough school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

A LATIN LESSON.
It was a year since he had left Chicago, and in all that time she had heard nothing from him. It seemed strange! There had been such friends—indeed, more than friends, for he had seemed to like her much, and had sought her society on every possible occasion. The day before he was to leave he had come by appointment to see her. She had noticed with concern that his manner was chill and constrained, but had had no opportunity to dissipate that chill by her own cordiality. Although it was not their regular reception day, the drawing-room was full of people, and her sister, who was apt upon occasion to monopolize his attention, never left them alone for a moment, although he prolonged his stay until after the last visitor had left. "Surely he will write," she had said to herself, and for weeks the postman's ring had caused a quick fluttering of the heart which subsided into the dull ache of disappointment when the longed-for letter never came. She had heard of him often from common friends, of his success socially and financially in



HE HAD NOT BEEN MISTAKEN; HE HAD LOVED HER AFTER ALL.

the distant city which he had made his home, and had slowly and unwillingly resigned herself to the conviction that their friendship had been but an episode. And now she held in her hand the announcement of his marriage to another woman. She felt glad that the family had regarded him as her sister's admirer.
Slowly she went upstairs to her room and unlocked her desk, taking from an inner drawer a small stack of treasures—a dozen notes, some daisies, candy box, ribbons, and other souvenirs equally trifling. She must destroy them now, she was too old-fashioned to preserve such memorials of another woman's husband. Violets and ribbons were soon in ashes on the hearth, but each note in the packet was opened and read before being sacrificed. She was naturally methodical and they came in correct order. She smiled bitterly to herself to see how little there was really in them. Even Mrs. Bardell's lawyer would have been puzzled to find on those pages anything tender or committal. What a fool she had been! She finished the holocaust and turned to replace the empty drawers. It struck and had to be pulled out again. Looking for the obstruction, she found another note—the last one—which she had mistook as lost. Now she remembered that she had put it away, after reading it hastily, for there were people waiting below. It announced that he was coming to see her that afternoon and requested that she would not fail to be in. Just above the signature was a sentence in Latin, rapidly and illegibly written—his handwriting at its best was difficult to decipher. She started as she remembered that in the hurry of that long-ago afternoon she had put off translating Latin. He knew that she had studied the language, for he had once asked her, seemingly apropos of nothing, but she had not told him that she had forgotten nearly all of it since leaving school. She rushed for the dictionary and read understandingly for the first time the neglected message. The girl, as it proved, of the whole: "I love of mine; my bleeding heart lies at thy feet; deign to accept the offering of thy slave."
She had not been mistaken; he had loved her, after all, but why did he—how could he—trust a living story to a dead tongue? And what had she, however hurried, left a word of that letter unread?

The letter was clutched convulsively, the lexicon dropped to the floor, and her head went down on her arm in a passion of futile tears.—Philadelphia Item.
M. GALLIFET AND HIS FISH.
He Caught It in the Presence of Napoleon III. and It Made Trouble.
In the etats de service of Gen. Gallifet, the present War Minister of France, there is a curious note which should endear him to the hearts of all fishermen. After paying a just tribute to his abilities, the note reads: "But, unfortunately, he selects extraordinary companions."
Thereby hangs a fish story. Long ago, in the days of the second empire, Gallifet was the aide-de-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear, and the surrounding scenery was beautiful; but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instincts of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart a-drobbing.
The big fish was the private property of the Emperor. Consequently, for Gallifet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast the line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.
Here the lieutenant's run ended and his trouble began. The fish landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water, and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.
The Emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window, and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold; so he tossed it into the bed and covered it up with the bed clothes. When the Emperor entered the room he noticed immediately the quivering bed clothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the flopping fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost Jim-jamie expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took the entire situation, saluted, and left the future War Minister to meditate upon the mystery of a fisherman's luck.

ENGINEERED CUT OF TOWN.
How West Virginia Liquor Men Got the Best of the Prohibitionists.
"I reckon we're got the oddest town in our State that there is in the United States," said a West Virginia man. "Ever hear of Culloden? I don't mean the clans of Culloden described by the poet Campbell. I mean Culloden, W. Va. Well, sir, about half the population of the town doesn't live in the town, and can't vote in the town, although they are right in the town."
"I'll explain. The good people, and they are in the majority, too, are down on saloons and liquor in any shape. They got up a temperance meeting and purposed to drive the liquor men out of the town. When you find a West Virginian who believes in liquor you find a man who is ready to fight for it. The liquor people got together and in some way got the confidence of the town engineer. I do not know whether he was a liquor man or not, but they got him on their side. The engineer discovered that the town was not laid out right, and he got authority to change the metes and bounds. When he finished the job the temperance people found out that they lived just outside of the line of the town, no matter what part of the town their houses were in. A man could stand in his back yard and talk to the man whose place was right up against his place and who was a voter, but the first man had lost his vote.
"The lines of the engineer excluded, as I have said, the temperance people. It took in the license folk all right. The map of Culloden as it now is looks a good deal like a sheet of paper after a fly with ink on its feet meanders across it. You can tell how a citizen of Culloden stands on the liquor question by the place where he builds a house, if he builds one, which doesn't often occur. In spite of its zigzag boundaries, however, Culloden is a contented community."—New York Times.

Not to Be Outdone.
James Russell Lowell was a great student of dialect. One day while in England he entered a South Shields restaurant, and down opposite a barefooted Shields yokel, who had been speaking, and whose feet were tired.
"Waiter," he said, "bring me a steak and fried potatoes."
The yokel leaned his elbows upon the table. "Bring me yan, tee," he said.
"Bring me a cup of coffee and rolls," continued Lowell.
"Bring me yan, tee," said the yokel.
"And, John, you may bring me a boot-jack."
"Bring me yan, tee," added the yokel.
"Why, what on earth can you want with a boot-jack?" asked Lowell, surprised into asking the question. The yokel nearly took away his breath. "Gan away, ye fule," said the yokel; "d'ye think I canna eat a boot-jack as well as ye?"—Glasgow (Scotland) Times.

Fifty-two Years Without a Drink.
Some animals can live many years without water. A parakeet lived fifty-two years in the London zoo without taking a drop of water. A number of reptiles live and prosper in places where there is no water.
It's unwise to judge a man by the umbrella he carries until you find out who owns it.

WOMEN AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.
In One Section of Canada They Are Harnessed to the Plow.
Like the squaw of the American Indian, on whom her lord and master lays the task of taking the place of a beast of burden, the women of a colony of Russian settlers, who came to Canada a little over three years ago and located on the bleak prairies of the great Canadian northwest, are slaves of the most mental kind. Not only do they take the places of horses in plowing, but they also perform other heavy work that in most sections is reserved for lower animals and the men do the lighter work.
Plowing both spring and fall is done by "bees." The head of the family issues a call for a plow bee at a table and food. The food is coarse, but substantial. At the conclusion of the meal preparations for the field are begun. The party is divided into three reliefs. To the beam of the plow is attached a long rope, into which are tied stout sticks equal to half the number of women in each relief. As draught animals the women go to their places, dividing on either side of the rope, and the day's work is begun.
The owner of the land, holding the handles of the plow, gives a grunt. The women bend forward to the yoke, the plowshare enters the ground, and at a rapid rate the first furrow is turned over. For four hours each relief works. As fast as returned the women are privileged to go home. During working hours not a word is spoken. The women are as dumb as the animals they represent.
Last year the Canadian mounted police, in order to assist the impoverished settlers, gave them several small contracts for hay. In the execution of these contracts the women again played an important part. Harnessed to small wooden silky rakes, they could be seen daily during the summer toiling up and down the prairie meadows harvesting the hay. The men did the loading into the police wagons.

WORSE THAN A WATERSPOUT.
British Forces in South Africa Suffer from "Sand Devils."
The English forces in South Africa have suffered severely during the dry season from the sand-storms, or "sand devils" as the natives call them, which

THE "SAND DEVIL" IN A SOUTH AFRICAN CAMP.
rage frequently on the dry and dusty ground. Just as sometimes pieces of paper and bits of paper are caught up by the wind on a street corner and kept twisting round and round in the air, so on the great African plains great columns of sand are raised high into the air, in shape and in motion like waterspouts. Sometimes the "sand devils" are driven at a high rate of speed by the wind, and people who get in their way come out of the inter-view looking and feeling as if they had been thoroughly polished with emery paper. With the coming of the rains, of course, the sand is laid and danger from sandstorms is over.

The Siamese.
The gentle siamese is a gibbon and so monkey, says a writer in Black-wood's Magazine. In assemblies on the treets live the siamese whooping through the octaves, calling to their friends from miles away, and swooping off to meet them, racing steepchases with the winds. I have seen, and hope to live and see again, a pack of the siamese going through the jungle—a long black arm and a small crumpled body swinging wildly from it like a pendulum run mad, then a suicidal fling, a crash in the covering green, and so they are gone. Tame they are the gentlest of creatures. The Malays catch the young ones and bring them to our doors, knowing that buy we must. It is not among the possibilities for a Mem to resist the forlorn small speechless thing, when it winds its long arms and fingers round her neck, and

His Baby's Future Quite Apparent.
"Augh waugh!"
It was the baby. He had repeated this remark sixty times in the last hour.
Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.
"G'waw ahmb wowd'gow alwagh!" added the baby, while people across the street got up and closed their windows.
Mr. Newleigh ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in his pillow, "that I should grow up to become the father of a railway porter!"—London Tit-Bits.
A man who lacks sense, bitterly objects to it in others.

hides its black wrinkled face of an old woman, with round unhappy eyes, in the softness of her morning gown. Or it lurches across the veranda on a pair of very bandy little legs, balancing itself with outstretched arms. But they always die. They who have weathered torrential rains under the open heaven die in captivity of consumption, and cough out their ill-comprehended souls like Christians, huddled in a blanket.
They Gradually Disappeared.
"Why don't you use after-dinner coffee spoons?" asked a woman at a first class up-town restaurant at a first class prior the other evening, finding it somewhat inconvenient to use a large spoon with her small cup. "We did have them when we first opened," answered the proprietor. "We had six dozen, but they gradually disappeared until now only three are left, and we

Mechanical Curiosities.
The Le Droz family, of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, were famous makers of mechanical curiosities. One of these was a clock, presented to the King of Spain, having a sheep and dog attached to it. The sheep would bleat in exact imitation of a live one, while the dog was placed in a custody of a basket of loose fruit. If any one removed the fruit, he would growl, snarl, gnash his teeth, and endeavor to bite, until it was restored. Another was an oval gold snuff box, about four and one-half inches long, three inches broad, and one inch and one-half thick. It was double, as though one box were placed on top of another, with a lid for each. One contained snuff. In the other, as soon as the lid was opened, there rose up a very small bird of green enameled gold, sitting upon a gold stand. Immediately this minute curiosity shook its wings, wagged its tail, opened its bill of white enameled gold, and poured forth, minute as it was, being only three-quarters of an inch from the base to the extremity of the tail, such a

Success Came Too Late.
Death Robs a Southern Claimant Just When His Hopes Are Realized.
"The big cotton claim which was left as a legacy to the Toure Orphan and Jewish Orphan's home reminds me of a curious story," said a prominent New Orleans lawyer to a Times-Democrat writer. "One of the many people who lost cotton through confiscation during the war was a Mississippi planter, whose name I would rather not mention for fear of hurting the feelings of somebody now living. He had been a rich man, but after peace was declared his bill against the government for his cotton was practically all he had left, and he went on to the capital to press the matter personally.
"He found it a bigger job than he anticipated, and eventually he became one of the great army of chronic claimants who form such a pathetic element in Washington life. I used to encounter him during the occasional sittings, and he always assured me that he was on the point of securing a settlement. I think he had a small income from the remnant of his estate—just enough to keep soul and body together—and it was easy to see that he was desperately poor, but he was a gentleman to his finger tips, and he never made the slightest reference to his straitened circumstances.
"Fully fifteen years went by in hope deferred, and the old man was beginning to fail rapidly in health, when at last, in 1884, a special commission appointed by President Arthur ordered a compromise of his claim for \$22,000. That was less than a fifth of what he asked, but he immediately drew the entire amount in currency at the treasury. I suppose he wanted to feel the actual money in his hands, and if so it was the only good it ever did him, for that very evening, while he was unlocking his bedroom door in a cheap Washington boarding house, he dropped dead of heart failure. To cap the climax of utter futility, the money for which he had suffered so patiently and bravely for so many years was stolen in the confusion that followed, and never recovered.
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Porcelain Tower.
This was one of the architectural boasts of Nankin, China. It was reared in the ninth century before Christ by King A-yon, and has been twice rebuilt—once in the fourth century of the Christian era and again in 1413 by Hoang-li-Tai. The tower originally attained a height of 350 feet. It consisted of nine stories surmounted by a great mast bounded by a spiral cage and crowned by an immense globe. A hundred and fifty two large bells were hung from the roofs of the nine stories, which were ornamented also with 128 lamps. The cost of the original edifice was estimated at between \$35,000,000 and \$40,000,000. It was made of white brick and the walls and roofs were brilliantly ornamented with porcelain. The great porcelain tower was destroyed by the British during the Tae Ping occupation of the city.

Nut-Growing Industry.
In commenting on the excellent quality of nuts this season a New York paper says: Since the cultivation of nuts has become such a great industry in this country it is marvelous to see their improvement in size. From the little nut not much larger than the hazel nut, the filbert now assumes surprising proportions, and it is the same with the hickory nut and English walnut. They are twice as large as they used to be, and their flavor is much improved. American nuts now rival any of the imported ones. In prices they are lower than ever before. Nuts that used to cost 25 cents a pound, may now be bought for 15 cents.

The Six Hundred.
This is the name popularly applied to the British soldiers that immortalized themselves in the battle of Balaklava, in the Crimea, October 25, 1854, when the handful of soldiers gallantly charged the whole force of the Russian infantry and cavalry. The charge occupied less than half an hour, and only about a third of the attacking party survived. There were 670 men, all told, in the Light Brigade, and Tennyson's poem gave them enduring fame.

HER "SECOND SIGHT."
She Locates a Dead Body in the Bottom of the Illinois River—Claims that, in a Vision, She Saw the Woman Drown.
When the sullen waters of the Illinois River gave up their dead in the person of Mrs. Lucy Sommers, some time ago there was not only cleared up one of the deepest mysteries that has ever occurred in Peoria, but at the same time there was evidence established corroborating a most extraordinary case of second sight.
One night early in January Mrs. Lucy Sommers, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Craig at 822 Fayette street in Peoria, suddenly disappeared. She had been ill and suffering at times from

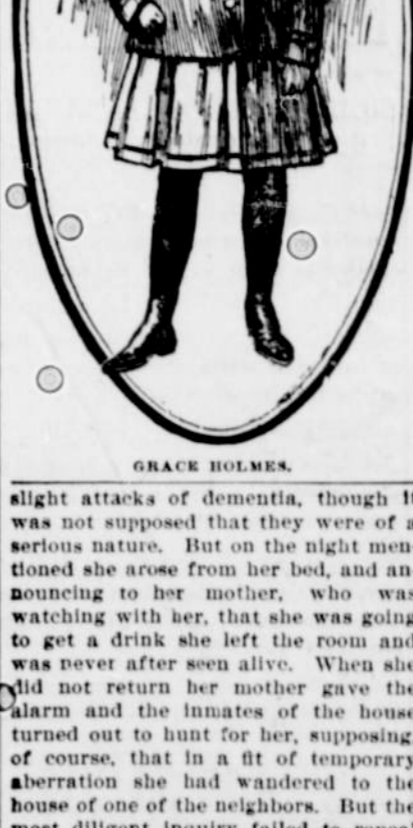
WOMEN TAKE THE PLACE OF HORSES AT THE PLOW.
work. They arrive early in the morning, and are at first placed at a table and fed. The food is coarse, but substantial. At the conclusion of the meal preparations for the field are begun. The party is divided into three reliefs. To the beam of the plow is attached a long rope, into which are tied stout sticks equal to half the number of women in each relief. As draught animals the women go to their places, dividing on either side of the rope, and the day's work is begun.
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Grace Holmes.
slight attacks of dementia, though it was not supposed that they were of a serious nature. But on the night mentioned she arose from her bed, and announcing to her mother, who was watching with her, that she was going to get a drink she left the room and was never after seen alive. When she did not return her mother gave the alarm and the inmates of the house turned out to hunt for her, supposing, of course, that in a fit of temporary aberration she had wandered to the house of one of the neighbors. But the most diligent inquiry failed to reveal her whereabouts and then the family became genuinely alarmed. A search

Showing Where the Body Would Be Found.
ing party was organized and they set out to find her. The ground was not frozen and they soon came upon footprints in the mud and going from the house.
They followed as far as they could be in the darkness, when the party returned home to await the completion of day before renewing the search. When the morning broke, however, the earth was frozen hard and the trail abandoned the night before was hard to follow. New parties were added, and a reward offered for the discovery of the woman dead or alive. The country was scoured for miles in either direction, but always without result.
Sometimes they fancied they had discovered the broken trail, but these fragmentary discoveries led to nothing tangible. At last, in despair, the relatives invoked the aid of bloodhounds. The trail they followed was a devious and winding one, running from the Craig home, on Fayette street, north by northeast to Ten Oak Park, thence in a westerly direction to Bradley Park, outside the city's limits and on its western border. Here the trail grew faint and it was only with difficulty that it was continued to the Easton farm, where it was lost, and the dogs stopped and never after did they get any further.
At this juncture little Grace Holmes appeared on the scene. She is a child about ten years old and especially bright for her age. Her parents are uneducated people and not in the best of circumstances. She declared that while lying in her bed at home more than a mile from the Craig house she had seen the unfortunate woman come out of the house, climb over the fence and make her way stealthily to the river, where she had plunged into an opening left by the logmen the day before.
This statement was borne out by the parents, who asserted that she had told the story identically as repeated on coming downstairs in the morning, and that this was long before she could possibly have had an opportunity of learning the facts in the case from any source whatsoever. The child was questioned closely, but she stuck to her story with a persistence that began to disarm suspicion. She described the garments worn by Mrs. Sommers at the time of her departure, and to the surprise of her listeners her description proved to be entirely correct.
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river. She started from the house accompanied by her father and others and followed the streets she claimed to have seen Mrs. Sommers follow until she came to the foot of Spang street. From there she pointed out the exact spot at which Mrs. Sommers had gone down. She said that she walked calmly into the water and went down, down, down, until finally she disappeared altogether. The next night she saw the body again. It rose slowly from the bottom of the river, being caught in an eddy, and after whirling around several times moved away slowly down the stream, sometimes floating and sometimes rolling along the river bed. Once, according to her story, it stood erect in the water, but did not rise to the surface.
At her request she was then taken to a point at the foot of Fayette street. By this time the news of the child's attempt had become noised abroad and the river bank was lined with thousands of spectators eager and anxious to see what the outcome would be. After sitting quietly in her place for a few moments she rose quickly and with hurried gesture pointed to a spot a few hundred feet from the shore, explaining as she did so: "She lies there."
The multitude broke up and a dragging party was at once put to work searching the hidden depths to wrest from them their secret. The hour passed, the afternoon and the day, but nothing was brought from the lake. In strict justice it must be said that the dragging process was not carried on according to her directions. She now declares that the net never touched the body reposing on the bottom of the lake.
When it was known that the dragging had been unproductive those who had based their faith on the child's judgment began to waver and she was denounced as a fraud of the most pronounced type. Under a severe cold spell set in and the lake was locked in ice and the matter began to fade from the public mind. Not so the little girl. It was useless to tell her that she must be mistaken.
She declared that the body was still in the water, that she could see it and persisted in going to the river at intervals. During these visits she made the acquaintance of Captain Hefele, of the steamer Gazette. She went to the captain and solemnly asserted that the body was fast to a snag in the bottom of the river. The captain paid no attention to the child, regarding the whole thing as one of her hallucinations. Again and again she went to him, begging him to go and release the body. Nothing would put her off. She declared that she could see the body and would not rest until it was released.
At length there came a day when the waters of the staid Illinois were far above the banks. The wind was blowing a squall and when the occupants of a cabin boat on the Tazewell side of the stream looked out of the window they saw what looked like a ball of some kind floating in the water among the willows in which

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