

How to Make a Poem.

"Pray, tell me truly," I said to a sage. The master of my steps a sage...

JOHN HARVEY'S MISTAKE.

A life was passing away, softly and gently it was gliding into eternity. No eminent physician watched its decay...

He looked at her and smiled. What counts all women are! And Bel, beautiful Bel, was as fickle as the rest.

As he approached the cottage his attention was attracted by the figure of a gentleman walking before him—

In a few seconds more John Harvey gazed at the gate, and, pausing outside, looked once more over the familiar scene.

The girl raised her head and looked at him, then, grasping the back of her chair, slowly rose to her feet.

Gently and tenderly he led her to the garden seat, and, seated there, their voices became an indistinct murmur to John Harvey, and he heard no more.

With an impetuous still on his lips he turned his back on the scene of his happiest hours.

At ten o'clock was striking when John Harvey returned to "The Griffin," and half an hour later he had left Sutton forever.

Two days after his departure Bel Urmon held in her hands a letter from him bidding her farewell and telling her that, though he could not but gratefully appreciate her endeavor to love him, yet knowing as he did now that she had decided to adopt the only course left open to him and go away.

With a pale face and trembling fingers Bel read the letter, then she folded it up and laid it away in her desk.

At ten minutes to 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of June, five years after Mrs. Lester's death, the bell over the porch of the village school at Chippendale rang out its summons.

Boys and girls rushed together, pushing, laughing, shouting, striking out at each other as one or the other gained a momentary advantage in the race to be first at school.

The voice was full and pleasant, and the smile broadened into a grin on the little face as the speaker left her desk and came toward them.

"I don't think he liked it, Clara, he looked so disappointed, but he said very little. But I do love him, and he has no cause for jealousy. But he is jealous—jealous as Othello!"—and with a light, careless laugh she turned away.

"I promise. To the utmost of my power I will be good to your darling." "Thank you," she murmured as her sister and the nurse made their appearance.

He looked at her and smiled. What counts all women are! And Bel, beautiful Bel, was as fickle as the rest.

As he approached the cottage his attention was attracted by the figure of a gentleman walking before him—

In a few seconds more John Harvey gazed at the gate, and, pausing outside, looked once more over the familiar scene.

The girl raised her head and looked at him, then, grasping the back of her chair, slowly rose to her feet.

Gently and tenderly he led her to the garden seat, and, seated there, their voices became an indistinct murmur to John Harvey, and he heard no more.

With an impetuous still on his lips he turned his back on the scene of his happiest hours.

At ten minutes to 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of June, five years after Mrs. Lester's death, the bell over the porch of the village school at Chippendale rang out its summons.

Boys and girls rushed together, pushing, laughing, shouting, striking out at each other as one or the other gained a momentary advantage in the race to be first at school.

The voice was full and pleasant, and the smile broadened into a grin on the little face as the speaker left her desk and came toward them.

"I don't think he liked it, Clara, he looked so disappointed, but he said very little. But I do love him, and he has no cause for jealousy. But he is jealous—jealous as Othello!"—and with a light, careless laugh she turned away.

"I promise. To the utmost of my power I will be good to your darling." "Thank you," she murmured as her sister and the nurse made their appearance.

A TURKISH WEDDING.

All weddings in Turkey, among Turks, whether in provinces or cities, are arranged by old women and are complicated, tedious affairs.

"What do you mean?" she said gently. "Tell me what you mean?" "When Lieut. Heywood came back to claim his own what could I do but abdicate?"

"Perhaps not later," he said and laughed. Then, becoming suddenly grave, he continued: "I wish you would try to understand me without forcing me to be more explicit."

"I know him now," he muttered between his clenched teeth; "Lieutenant Heywood—the old lover."

With an impetuous still on his lips he turned his back on the scene of his happiest hours.

At ten minutes to 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of June, five years after Mrs. Lester's death, the bell over the porch of the village school at Chippendale rang out its summons.

Boys and girls rushed together, pushing, laughing, shouting, striking out at each other as one or the other gained a momentary advantage in the race to be first at school.

The voice was full and pleasant, and the smile broadened into a grin on the little face as the speaker left her desk and came toward them.

"I don't think he liked it, Clara, he looked so disappointed, but he said very little. But I do love him, and he has no cause for jealousy. But he is jealous—jealous as Othello!"—and with a light, careless laugh she turned away.

"I promise. To the utmost of my power I will be good to your darling." "Thank you," she murmured as her sister and the nurse made their appearance.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The Males Attractive by Their Adornments and Their Voices.

Mr. Darwin has said: "Birds appear to be the most esthetic of all animals, excepting of course, man, and they have nearly the same taste for the beautiful as we have."

Male birds of paradise are, without question, the most highly favored by way of adornment of all.

There was formerly a superstition that these birds lived solely in the air, but that has long since been exploded, in common with the medieval notion that a certain species of the goose grew upon trees.

Would Rather Run the Risk.

There is a law which compels hotel proprietors to have some sort of fire escape in every upper-story room in their house.

Police Dictation in Rochester.

Despite the most careful training of the part of parents and teachers the boys and girls of the present day, and especially the girls, are not so well behaved as those of former years.

How Germany Treats Spies.

The Paris *Matin* gives its readers the following information respecting the treatment to which persons arrested as spies are subjected in Germany.

A curious lawsuit is in progress in a small town in Saxony. A man caught a rat, tied a small bell round its neck, and let it go again, as he had heard that such a rat would scare every other rat out of the house.

On the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea a curious change is in progress. The Kara Bobaz is an estuary nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet.

MRS. POTTERS' VIEWS.

HER CONTEMPLATED TRIP TO PARIS.

An Interview with New York's Favorite Amateur Actress—A New American Poem.



MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

"Yes," said Mrs. James Brown Potter, a few days ago, "I am going to France for the winter."

Male birds of paradise are, without question, the most highly favored by way of adornment of all.

There was formerly a superstition that these birds lived solely in the air, but that has long since been exploded, in common with the medieval notion that a certain species of the goose grew upon trees.

Would Rather Run the Risk.

There is a law which compels hotel proprietors to have some sort of fire escape in every upper-story room in their house.

Police Dictation in Rochester.

Despite the most careful training of the part of parents and teachers the boys and girls of the present day, and especially the girls, are not so well behaved as those of former years.

How Germany Treats Spies.

The Paris *Matin* gives its readers the following information respecting the treatment to which persons arrested as spies are subjected in Germany.

A curious lawsuit is in progress in a small town in Saxony. A man caught a rat, tied a small bell round its neck, and let it go again, as he had heard that such a rat would scare every other rat out of the house.

On the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea a curious change is in progress. The Kara Bobaz is an estuary nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet.

HOW ANTS LIVE.

Their Love of Cleanliness and Their Modes of Burial.

In spite of the multifarious duties and tasks that are imposed on them, tiny burglars, they still find time to clean and adorn their worthy little persons, says a writer in the *Cosmopolitan*.

But the conveying away of their deceased brethren, whose dead bodies they appear to regard with the greatest antipathy, gives them more trouble than anything else.

It is only the corpses of their fellows, however, that they treat in this manner. Dead strangers they throw out like something unclean, or tear the body in pieces.

The American Exposition Building in London is to be 210 feet wide and 1,000 feet long. There are to be several smaller structures, including an art gallery capable of holding 3,000 pictures.

King Menelik of Shoa, a vassal of King John of Abyssinia, makes all the priests at his capital wear the uniform of Italian grenadiers, and his favorite amusement is playing with paper balloons and blowing penny trumpets.