

LOVERS WILL GO VISITIN'.

nade
irit-
to
al
J
hed
otel
the
use-
the
again
faults
I hope

"There, Kate, you've dropped the dish cloth now!
Oh, what a naughty girl!
Bringing me company today,
And things in such a whirl--
I'll have to put the churain' off
And stir a cake for tea,
I never knew that sign to fall--
I wonder who 'twill be!"

"Perhaps, Aunt Jane, the Farringtons."
Spoke Kate, "or else the Greys."
"Such folks don't go a visitin', child,
These busy summer days,
Who ever heard this time of year,
Of taking teams right out
Of hayin', and of harvestin',
To gallivant about!"

Then Aunt Jane went to beating eggs,
While Kate, with eyes of brown,
Looked down the road. Could it be Jack,
Coming that day from town?
The old brass knocker later on,
Resounded through the hall,
And Aunt Jane said "I told you so,
That dish cloth's brought a call."

I'll just peek through the parlor blinds--
Wait Kate--it's--let me see--
That city chap; I'm glad enough,
It's nobody for me.
Well, that's the way; all lovers will
Go visitin' when they please,
But I do wish they'd stay at home
In burryin' times like these!"
--Susan Twell Perry in Good Housekeeping.

National Flower.

No one can help being in some measure a partisan. Our characters and daily pursuits inevitably influence our decisions. A group of farmers were sitting about in Capt. Morse's store, discussing the events of the day.

The mail had just come in, and, as Capt. Morse was postmaster as well as storekeeper, there was a great unfurling of papers, and much comment on the public "situation."

"Well, Morse, what do you think of all this talk about a national flower?" asked one.

"Hain't seen it," replied the captain, pricking up his ears.

"You don't say! Why, they want everybody to vote for a national flower, and when they've got on it, it's comin' into fashion and never goin' out."

"Sho!" said Capt. Morse. "Well, if they want to know which way to vote, I'm the man to tell 'em. If I do say it, what I don't know on the subject aint wuth knowin'!"

"You don't say!"

"Yes, sir, I do. Give me a first class Hazall every time, for riz bread and everything but pastry--and if you'll walk into the back of the store I'll show you a brand that aint to 'e beat."--Youths' Companion.

A Blind Inventor.

Mr. Herreshoff, the blind president of the Herreshoff Manufacturing company of Bristol, R. I., seems as much out of his element in his present capacity as either the blind sculptor, or the blind postmaster general. Aside from Edison, the government has recognized him as being one of the greatest inventors of the times. Many of the torpedo boats and steam launches now used by this and all the civilized governments on the globe, are the inventions of this sightless genius. His steam launches have made the highest speed with but few exceptions, and his torpedo boats are ranked among the most efficient in use. He works on his models in the quiet of the night shut up in the darkness of his room, but this is all the same to Herreshoff--the brightest midday would be to him as black as the darkest midnight. --John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Will Meet No More.

A German, long resident in London, who left home at 20 years of age, thereby evading service in the army, has sent to the English papers a communication received from the authorities in "the Fatherland" in answer to an application to be permitted to come and visit his father ere he died. "Come by all means," was in effect the austere rejoinder, "but you will have to pay a fine of £3 10s., undergo six weeks' drilling and spend six months in a fortress." This was a little too much for the correspondent's filial instinct. "It would have been a great joy to me to have seen my father," he says, "but under these circumstances we shall meet no more."--London Letter.

She Returned the Ring.

The remains of Tom Whalen, the fireman who was burned to death on Sunday night last, were disinterred this morning and a plain gold ring placed upon his finger.

Tom was to have been married soon, and when his body was taken from under the wall the ring his sweetheart had given him was removed and sent back to her. In the final preparation for interment the ring was not replaced, and the young lady at once made arrangements to have it done at her own expense. She had the body taken from the grave and with her own hands placed the engagement band on her dead lover's finger.--Louisville Telegram.

A Pledge from the Sea Redeemed.

Charles B. Tallman, of Portsmouth, while out after menhaden with his crew, sighted a bottle afloat, and as it appeared to have something in it, he proposed to pick it up and examine it. Some of the crew ridiculed the idea, but he pushed off for it and took it in. Upon examination it was found to contain a note stating that if the finder would forward it to Providence to an address that was given, stating when it was picked up, he should receive a nice watch chain. Mr. Tallman was a little incredulous, but thought he would try it, and so the note was sent as directed. On Saturday evening he was highly pleased to receive the chain.--Providence Journal.

ER.
ngs ann
atcher is
lead, it is
connected
department.
od telegraph
al knowledge
movement of
deal of confi-
Train dispatch-
who have served
rators and have
al experience, a
s different depart-
road. Among the
of knowledge a dis-
osess are the follow-

ow all the grades, curves,
le-tracks and location of
offices on his division;
the hauling capacity of all
s running on his division.
putation of all engineers and
rs for "making time." His
onsist of issuing telegraphic
o trains to meet each other or
one train the right of track
another. All railroads have
duje, on which all trains have a
time to make a trip over
division. The schedule also
s the time each train is
to pass all stations. Trains
classified (varying on different
ads) as follows: First class, passen-
r trains; second class, regular
freight trains; third class, "wild" or
"extra" trains. The trains take pre-
cedence over each other in the order
named. Also north or east-bound
trains have the "right of way" against
trains moving south or west, provided,
however, that first-class trains moving
south or west having the right to use
the track against second or third-class
trains moving in the opposite direc-
tion. First and second-class trains
are shown on the time card, while
third-class or irregular trains can not
leave a terminal station without first
obtaining an order from a dispatcher
on duty. Train dispatchers work eight
hours per day each. The first trick
man reports at eight a. m., second
trick at four p. m. and third trick at
twelve midnight. The chief dispatch-
er's hours vary, he being required to
be present whenever his presence may
be necessary.

As each train arrives and leaves a
station the operator reports it by using
the signal os os os, which attracts the
dispatcher's attention and he carries
the time on a sheet called a train
sheet. Thus he is enabled to keep
track of his trains, knowing just where
they are. If trains could only be on
schedule time his work would be light,
but as it is they are generally late,
especially freight trains. When a train
having the "right of way" becomes late
and another train having arrived
at the designated meeting point on
time, the dispatcher changes the
meeting point by issuing an order to
both trains to that effect. These or-
ders are delivered to the conductors
and engineers and they, after reading
them, sign them, to signify their un-
derstanding. The operator then sends
the signatures by wire to the dis-
patcher who, after indorsing them on
the order book, "O. K." the order,
giving the signal that it is correct.
There are other forms of orders is-
sued, such as giving a train a given
time to make a station against a train
of a superior class or having the right
of way against them; giving a second-
class train an order to run ahead of a
first-class train; giving a train orders
to carry signals for a "second section"
of the train receiving the order,
etc., etc.

It requires the greatest watchful-
ness and care on the part of the dis-
patcher to keep the trains moving and
from trying to "pass on a single
track." The duties are very hard and
a constant strain is kept upon the
mind, but by faithful devotion to duty
they in time are promoted to be train
masters, superintendents and so on up
the ladder.--Omaha World-Herald.

"What a houseful of children you
have, uncle," said a gentleman to an
old negro, whose cabin swarmed with
children of all ages and sizes. "Yes,
sah, yes, sah," replied their father,
proudly, "thirteen in all, sah; en not
one too many. Couldn't spar' one. All
boys but two, sah, en chances fo' de
las' one ob 'em to git into Congress.
Yes, sah! 'Taint many men has de
chance ob bein' fader to 'lebe de Con-
gressmen--no, sah!"--Youths' Com-
panion.

been known where the arm and shoulder have swollen frightfully and the lungs been so affected that breathing became difficult. In twenty-four hours after this experience the sailor is well again.

It is on record that a sailor who had heard of the poisonous nature of the Portuguese man-of-war, and who, refusing to believe the story, proceeded to cook and eat one, died in a few hours in great agony.

Fish sharps affirm that the jelly fish, by means of the long, poisonous tendrils beneath it, paralyzes fish that come in its way, and thus render them a helpless prey. Fishes have been found in its stomach half digested. It will not endure long confinement. After great storms in the tropics Portuguese men-of-war are often found stranded on the beach. Sailors declare that the appearance of Portuguese men-of-war so far north forebodes something perfectly awful, but what it is they don't divulge.--N. Y. Sun.

A HINDOO GIRL'S DAY.

The School Composition of a Little Worshiper of Juggernaut.

The following document has been translated by the London Queen into English from the vernacular Indian dialect in which it was written by a young girl of about sixteen. At the examination of a girls' school in the Deccan by the local committee of managers the pupils were requested to write the story of their daily life and avocations. The exercises which they produced were very similar in many points, but this was one of the best:

"After getting leave from school on Saturday I went home and put away my slate and books. I next took off my school dress, and after having put on other clothes, I attended to household work. When evening came I lit the light in the house, and taking my beads I went to worship our god Juggonath. Having prostrated myself before our great Lord Juggonath, I went into the house, and taking my book sat down to read. When the night was somewhat advanced I put away my book. Then having taken my food and washed my face and hands, I spread my bed on the ground and sat down. Then I gave praise to the great Father and supreme Lord, and went to sleep. In the early morning I got up, and, having performed my household duties, I took my book and sat down to read. When the sun was well up I anointed myself with oil and went out to bathe. Then I came home and

poor and mean a light as when they are quarreling. A family quarrel is among the most sorrowful and vulgar of all displays of human infirmity.

Among people living in the same house, sitting three times a day at the same table, being together in the evening, working together in the daytime, all possessing a nervous system and a tender self-love, it must needs be that offense come. Irritating words will be unintentionally spoken; expected attentions will be omitted; the material of a quarrel will frequently be created. Two things should be borne in mind by every inmate: one is, that it takes two persons, at least, to make a quarrel; the other, that the quarrel usually dates from the second word.

Tom--What did you take my bat for?
Charles--I didn't take your bat, and you know it.

Tom--You are a liar!
In this case Charles made the quarrel, because he met the merely irritating first word with a grossly insulting second. Put down the brakes hard upon the second word.--Youths' Companion.

The Future Life.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses as at 20 years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song--I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It is a light to open with the

the
one, and during
ed to be asleep. When
it was with an exclamation
and he dashed around so lively that
Colonel asked him if he'd been stung
by an insect.

"No, sah--no sah!" was the vigorous reply.

"Do you always wake up that way?"
"No, sah, but I dun figgered it out and I want to be kicked."

"What is it?"
"Last April," said the man, as he turned to us, "I was a-drivin' my ole mawl and cart along that road down thar, and when we come to the railroad that mawl quit on me. He jist stood right thar and wouldn't pull a pound."

"I see."
"I heard the train coming and I pulled and pushed and whipped, but it was no use. He stayed right thar and let the mawl hist him half a mile high."

"Well, what have you figured out?"
"Why, sah, I orter onhitched that mawl and driv' him off the track, and then backed the cart off. I hev felt all along that I skipped a cog somehar, but I couldn't tell whar. I see it now. I kinder fell into a doze as I see thar, and it cum to me like a flash. Thar I stood with mouth wide open and my legs a-shakin' and saw a \$75 mawl flung sky-high, to cum down among the splinters of a \$50 cart, when I might a-saved both as easy as pud. Gentleman, please excuse me, I'm a-going around to the co'-boys to find an oncery eggger and give 'em that mawl's share to kick mawl over South Carolina."--Detroit Free Press.

SADDER THAN DEATH.

Telegraph Messenger Boy Threatened With the Loss of His Inertia.

Last Friday afternoon a district telegraph messenger boy, who was speeding along the road with a telegram valued at \$100, was run over by a blind man injured by a blind man. Standfast is a cripple with a wooden leg. He had dug off to rest it while he sat on the side and begged, and some young boys had taken the leg. Standfast missed it, was on the sidewalk feeling for it, and he fell directly in the way of a messenger boy's wagon. Several people saw that he would run the wagon, shouted to the latter that the man was after him, and the driver, seeing his peril, made a desperate effort for his life and for a few feet on his pursuit, but before he could reach the man he was run over. The boy's injuries were very serious, and he fell upon his back. The man who had taken the leg of the messenger boy, when he saw that it was