...wo Glasses.

...e, filled to the brim,
...rim to rim;
...red as blood,
...as the crystal flood.

...wine to the paler brother,
...ales of the past to each other.
...tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
...the proudest and grandest souls on earth
...under my touch as though struck by blight,
...ere I was a king, for I ruled in might.
...om the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
...m the hights of fame I have hurled men down.
...ve blasted many an honored name:
...ave taken virtue and given shame.
...ve tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
...t has made his future a barren waste.
...greater than a king am I,
...an any army beneath the sky.

...ave made the arm of the driver fail,
...sent the train from the iron rail.
...e made good ships go down at sea,
...the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
...they said: 'Behold, how great you be!
...strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
...your might and power are over all.'
...ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
...an you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

...id the water glass, "I cannot boast
...a king dethroned or a murdered host,
...t I can tell of a heart once sad,
...y my crystal drops made light and glad—
...f thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
...f hands I've cooled and souls I've saved.
...ve leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
...red in the river and played in the fountain,
...in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
...everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
...ve eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
...ve made the parched meadow grow fertile with grain.
...n tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
...rinds out flour and turns at my will;
...ell of manhood debased by you,
...lifted up and crowned anew.
...r, I help, I strengthen, and aid;
...den the heart of man and maid;
...the wine-chained captive free,
...all are better for knowing me."

...e are the tales they told each other—
...glass of wine and its paler brother,
...hey sat together, filled to the brim,
...he rich man's table, rim to rim.

—*Maine Farmer.*

A WOMAN'S SPITE.

My waltz, I think, Miss Neville?" Kate Neville turned at the sound of ...oy Pa.mer's soft voice, and without a ...ord laid her hand on his arm; a ...inute later they had joined the ...ancers.

...s they moved in perfect step to ...bbing music that filled the air, ...e could feel Roy's heart beating ...ily, and the clasp of his hand grew ...and tender.

...complete silence they finished ...dance; but as they paused ...a window, Roy bent down to his ...nion.

...darling, I cannot let you leave ...s," he whispered passionately.

...l thrill ran through the girl; ...son blood swept over her cheek, ...ravely lifted her eyes to his, ...er heart in them.

...a flash of light in his ...le his heart exultingly ...

...e drew a deep breath; he dared not ...ak, but stood with close-set teeth ...tering himself.

...he silence was broken by the ap...arance of a gentleman, who claimed ...te for the next waltz.

Roy watched her as she moved away, ...love plainly shining in his eyes, ...ly unconscious that other flashing ...eyes were watching him.

...st outside the window sat a girl ...clenched hands and set teeth, and ...sick with anger. She had ...passionate whisper, and the ...that the man that she ...had given his love to ...roused in her the wildest ...

..."r! I would like to see you!" ...een her teeth. "If ...r wife, neither shall ...sir, I will wring ...ht—ay, now."

...she called.

...of his name, Roy turned ...young lady who had drawn ...rtain.

...Merrill, how can you re...?" he said, as he stepped ...gh the low window.

...m so tired," she returned. "And ...deliciously cool here, that I ...to rest."

...was mistress of all the arts and ...f a finished woman of the world, ...used all her ... to keep him ...ide.

...and witty, her comments upon ...and people amused Roy in spite ...self.

...there goes Kate Neville!" she ...ned, as Kate appeared in sight. ...beautiful she looks to-night! By ..., what has become of Mr. ...who was so attentive to her ...ter before last? Do you re...him?"

...t his lip; but, forcing down his ...e, he answered:

...w Stanley well, but I never ...at."

...you spend the winter in Men...o years ago?" asked Cora.

...was abroad all that winter," said ...

...ell, I spent two months there. I ...iss Neville everywhere, and Mr. ...y was her shadow, much to my ...e, for I had always credited him ...ore sense."

...at do you mean?" asked Roy.

...hy, I was puzzled to know what ...tion such a girl could have for a ...efined as Mr. Stanley. She ...o secret of her fondness for ...I myself have seen her ...hampagne than many men ...re to take at one time, and ...ley seemed determined to ...

...e succeed?" asked Roy.

...rspiration stood ...d, and his hands ...

...d, if he had not ...nly. No one ever ...t the trouble was, ...t that one of her ...ly disenchant...ery sudden...as followed ...itor. How...n to her, for ...umspect this ...my partner, ...ighted, for I ...rly to extinc...

...laugh, Cora ...y, fully conscious of ...t behind her.

...ll straight into the ...for a moment be...uld deceive him; and ...mpossible that Kate, ...elieved to be almost ...eceitful, bold, and coarse. ...ed the room he came face ...Mrs. Latimer, an old ...

...you are just the one I want! ...o with us in our yachting...not intend to take a refusal. ...sappointed ... Mr. Stanley ...us as h...d."

...op... ...im to es...

With a supreme effort she concealed her unhappiness; with witty repartee and merry laughter she hid an aching heart.

But in the privacy of her own room she gave way to her grief.

"Oh, why did I let him look into my eyes and read my secret?" she cried in an agony of shame.

And the poor girl burst into a passion of tears.

A few days later she heard that Roy had gone away for some time.

As the weeks glided away, if Kate's lovely face grew thinner and paler, no one suspected the cause.

The season was drawing to a close, and she rejoiced at the prospect of leaving a city where she had suffered so much.

With a heavy heart she dressed for the last reception she expected to attend.

The rooms were crowded when she entered, and in the moving mass of humanity she failed to see Roy Palmer whose eyes never left her face.

Poor Roy! He had trained his heart for weeks, and it rose in rebellion the moment he saw the girl.

He started like one shot as he noticed a young man push his way to Kate's side.

It was Stanley.

He bowed over Kate's hand with great *empressement*, and she welcomed him warmly.

With compressed lips Roy turned away, sick at heart.

Later in the evening he met Stanley in the dressing-room. In some way Kate's name was introduced, and Stanley spoke of her in terms of great admiration.

"She is an old acquaintance, is she not? Roy asked.

"No; quite the contrary. I have only known her a few weeks."

"Do you mean to tell me you were not acquainted with Miss Meville two winters ago?" demanded Roy.

A crimson flush spread from Stanley's collar to the roots of his hair.

"I expect you refer to a distant relative of this Miss Neville, who was here two winters ago, and who is a very different kind of a girl."

And with a hasty "good-night!" Stanley disappeared, without noticing how his information had affected Roy.

The floor and ceiling seemed to meet before the eyes of the young man, and the things in the room chased each other in the wildest way.

Giving himself a shake to restore his scattered senses, he turned and went swiftly downstairs.

In a few minutes he was beside Kate.

"Miss Neville, this is our waltz?"

With a little gasp, Kate turned at the sound of the voice that four long weeks before had addressed her in almost the same words.

The suddenness of the attack was too much for her; unresisting, she allowed him to lead her to a small reception-room.

He closed the door, and then all the man's control left him.

"Oh, Kate, can you ever forgive me? Can I ever make you love me? Believe me, I have been mad!"

And he certainly gave her good cause to think he was still in that unhappy condition.

Keeping her hands locked in his, he poured forth his story—incoherently, perhaps, but it left no doubt in Kate's mind of his love for her.

Carefully she kept her face averted.

"Ah, my darling, is there nothing I can do to win your forgiveness?"

"No," she answered in a low tone. "You forget I am a woman——"

"Kate, do not break my heart!" he interrupted, catching his breath desperately.

"And to a woman who loves there is nothing to forgive," she finished in a whisper, hiding her face on his breast.

Straining her to his heart, he laid his lips to hers, softly and tenderly, and in that moment was vouchsafed to them a foretaste of heaven.

In Great Good Luck.

A Detroiter who was looking for lands in southern Kansas got off the train at a little town at midnight, says the *Free Press*, and in trying to find his way to a hotel he went astray and brought up against a man who held the muzzle of a shotgun against his breast and said:

"Now, then, if you move a foot you are a dead man!"

He moved his tongue instead and asked what was wanted. Two more citizens joined him, and he was then marched to the lock-up and told that he was a prisoner charged with attempted burglary the night before. Two of the men positively identified him as the man they had seen running away from a jewelry store. Seeing it was no use to talk he kept still, and they went through him. They found nothing suspicious, but held to their case, and he was locked up and left alone. Early next morning a fat little justice of the peace came puffing in and called out:

"Why didn't you tell us we had got the wrong man?"

"It was no use."

"It wasn't, eh? You'll have to pay for all this!"

"But it wasn't my mistake."

"Yes, it was! Here you've gone and laid us liable for a suit of false imprisonment, and I won't stand it."

"If the officers don't know their business I can't help it."

"Well, I find you to be a disorderly person, and I fine you $5 and a month in jail! If you'll get out of town I'll remit the jail part."

"And I must pay $5 because your officers made a mistake?" queried the Detroiter.

"Certainly. While we were fooling with you the man we wanted got away. Any more hesitation will be contempt of court and a hundred dollars fine and six months in jail. Train is about due, and my buggy is outside."

He rode down with him, and as the train moved off "his honor" said:

"You got out of this mighty lucky, old fellow! There is only one lawyer in town, and he was calculating to charge you $50 for advising you to take the dirt road out of this and strike a gait of ten miles an hour!"

His Word Was Good.

Reuben Lloyd tells the following story, as printed in the San Francisco *Examiner*:

"During the lifetime of William C. Ralston it was the habit of that genius for speculation to buy and sell property in the names of his friends with no record or writing to show his connection with the transaction. After his death I happened to be one of the committee appointed to try to find out what had become of about $11,000,000 worth of property that was supposed to be thus distributed and concealed under the names of his friends and associates.

"Of all the men in San Francisco who thus held his property the only ...ne who came forward and delivered it ...was Maurice Dore. He said: 'This ...t mine. It belongs to the Bank of ...ornia.'

...There was not a scratch of a pen, ...a line or word anywhere in the ...vate accounts of Ralston or of the ...k to show that Maurice Dore was ...the owner, and he might have kept ...property for his own without being ...stioned or even suspected by any ...n earth. Yet, unsolicited and ...hesitation, he stepped forward ...ered into the hands of that ...property that brought to the ...$400,000 in cash."

Forty Years.

Married, how long ago? Count the years by the slim, old wedding-ring,
Once thick and heavy. How fast they fly, the winters that melt in spring!
And youth goes with them; so love, sweet-heart, is the only lasting thing!

We two, ah, what did we know of love when roses of June were red?
When you wept sweet tears at a song, or sobbed at some thoughtless word I said,
And blushed if I only pressed your hand or a kiss on your fair brown head.

Our hearts were light as bright bubbles blown. Like children in fairyland
We wandered down where the daisies grew to that wonderful golden strand
Where all the dreams of the heart come true, and lovers walk hand in hand.

Since then, since then, O, the long, long road we have wandered through calm and storm,
When leaves flew by us and snowflakes whirled and we watched the swallows form
In winged clouds, sweeping down the sky to lands where the sun was warm.

There was always brightness for you and me and over the tears we wept
For life's sore losses and hurting pain a rainbow of hope still crept,
And deep in your sweet, tear-clouded eyes my sunshine forever slept!

Look at me, dear, with your true, kind eyes beaming under your soft white hair;
They are far more beautiful now, sweetheart, than when morning and youth were fair;
And far more lovely your pale, worn cheeks than when blushes were burning there.

I talk like a lover? Of course I do. What else should I talk like, pray?
For a man is never a lover true to the girl of his heart, I say,
Till he's lived as her husband forty years and seen her grow old and gray.

—*Judge.*

THE ART OF FLYING.

We May Have the Air-Ship Within the Next Decade.

From the earliest historic time flying has been a means of locomotion which has had a strange fascination to mankind, says the Boston *Herald*, and probably as early as man found himself able to increase his natural power by adapting to his uses the forces of nature, attempts have been made to fly through the air, though in no case has there been any conspicuous success. It is, perhaps, discouraging to give time and attention to the work of developing something upon which so much human time, energy and ingenuity have been wasted, but there is still much to be said in defense of those who are seeking to devise and perfect flying-machines, that modern science and invention have surrounded their efforts with more favorable conditions than have hitherto existed.

The would-be inventors of flying-machines are always abnormally sanguine and invariably believe that if they had a sufficient sum of money to perfect their plans they could quickly solve the problem of air navigation. But some quite as confident as any who now live have had the needed money and have wasted large amounts of it without achieving success. Still, it should be pointed out that although these failures are well known to all of those interested in the study of aerostation, the members of the aeronautic societies of England, France, and Germany, many of them of scientific attainment and who have given patient study to the subject of air navigation, are strongly of the opinion that we are on the eve of great discoveries in this respect and that at any time the world may be startled by an invention which will perhaps be more remarkable than any which has hitherto been made; that is, the discovery of a means of safely, economically, and successfully flying through the air.

These hopes of a great development in aeronautics rest on this scientific basis: that experience has shown that under certain conditions the resistance of the air is as great as the resistance of the earth, and assuming the proper conditions, it should be just as easy to maintain a body in the air or propel it through the air as to rest it upon the ground. As an illustration of air resistance, it is pointed out that if a quantity of gunpowder, freely exposed to the air, is exploded upon the surface of a rock, the result is merely a bright flame and a puff of smoke, the gases generated passing off harmlessly into the air in consequence of its light resistance when compared with the resistance of the rock. On the other hand, when giant powder or dynamite is exploded under similiar conditions the rock upon which the explosion occurs has great fissures made in it, because in this instance the resistance offered by the air is greater than the resistance offered by the rock, and the force of the explosion is driven downward rather than upward.

Now, why this difference? Merely because, in one case, that is, gunpowder, the explosion is a slow process, while in the other it is a quick one; therefore, the conclusion is drawn that, providing motion is sufficiently rapid, a resistance can be encountered in the air amply sufficient for the mechanical work of lifting upward and driving forward. Assuming then the existence of a comparatively light body, supplied with machinery which can drive propellers at an exceedingly high rate of speed, and the conditions would seem to be present which are needed to assure safe air navigation. We have in aluminium a metal which fully supplies the needed quality of strength and lightness, and, with improvements, there is reason to believe that in a few years more this metal will be quite as cheap, if not cheaper, than copper. We have in petroleum a concentrated fuel which may be used to generate a large amount of power with the minimum of weight and waste. It is also possible that in a short time more we shall have light batteries in which large quantities of electricity can be stored, to be drawn upon whenever the force is needed.

These are all possibilities of the near future, and they, one and all, hold out the promise of enabling some one, even in this generation to solve a problem that has defied the utmost skill of man in past ages. When one considers that the discovery and utilization of a safe and economical means of air navigation would imply the more or less speedy abandonment of almost all of our present means of land and water transportation, the tremendous economic and social revolution that would result from the discovery we have referred to can be perhaps faintly imagined. The successful trial of an airship would in twenty-four hours' time cut down by half the value of all the railroads and steamships in the world, because it would afford an opportunity of cheapening to an incredible extent the cost of transporting both persons and merchandise. It may be that this generation will have passed away before this discovery is made; but, on the other hand, it is not impossible that this great invention will be brought into public use before the close of the present century.

What His Father Would Have Done.

A story is told of a young Irish officer, who, while dining at a banquet in connection with some great military display, was grossly insulted by a supercilious young Cockney officer, who contemptuously alluded to him as "a verdant bog-trotter." The young fellow rose in his place like a shot, and dashed a glass of wine full in the face of his insulter, who sat directly opposite him.

A grizzled old colonel, who chanced to be sitting next to the spirited young Hibernian, and who had been a quiet spectator of the incident, gave him an approving pat on the back, and exclaimed, encouragingly:

"First rate, my boy, first rate; but if it had been your dear father, who is in heaven, he would have let the miserable puppy have the decanter."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

MISSING LINKS.

After a long absence the turnover collar is coming back again.

Seattle, Wash., charges from $200 to $1,000 per day for licenses for circuses.

The original mask of Napoleon, taken after death, at St. Helena, is for sale for £6,600.

Dr. Sequard claims that his elixir has cured intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy.

The five New England states have built, so far this year, sixteen miles of railroad. North Carolina has built 226.

A Vermont legislator has introduced a bill for the punishment and suppression of the persons who caricature politicians.

The greatest city park in the world is Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, containing over two thousand nine hundred acres.

In a biographical dictionary of Russian authors recently issued 1,000 pages are devoted to those whose name begins with A.

A Jewish boy in Russia who stole a pear was brutally punished. The word "thief" was branded on his forehead in three places.

At Eichweiler, in Germany, a lady left instructions in her will that when she died she was to be buried in a splendid ball costume.

"Old Sacramento," the cannon taken across the plains by General Fremont in his first expedition, is an object of interest at the Kansas State Capitol.

A miller at Oothcaloga, Ga., found the wheels in the mill clogged so that they would not work. After taking 360 pounds of eels out the wheels turned once more.

There were 8,295 houses in Philadelphia which were closed during the summer; 5,605 were reported to the police, and of these four only were entered and robbed.

The total length of the streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays and thoroughfares of Paris is set down at 600 miles, of which nearly 200 are planted with trees.

That hypnotism is becoming dangerous is proved by the issuing of a prescription for escaping the hypnotizer. The best remedy would be, first, never become hypnotized.

A. J. Welch, of Hartford, Conn., was a bootblack not many years ago. Then he began to follow the races, and to-day is worth $500,000, all of which was made on the race course.

An innovation in the methods of landing green fruit at the port of New York is about to be put in practice. The new arrangement consists of a steam-heated wharf, 56 by 184 feet in dimensions.

The Academie de Sciences has submitted a new system of musical notation in which twenty-seven characters replace the 203 symbols now employed to represent the seven notes of the gamut in the seven keys.

The British South Africa Company, it is reported, has proposed to its employes that any servant discovering a mine in the country covered by the company's charter will be made a co-proprietor of it with the company.

Of thirty pedestrians injured on the streets of Cincinnati in one month twenty-five owed their injuries to the carelessness of female drivers; and, as a result there is a call for an ordinance to prevent any woman from driving horses in that city.

An English company with large capital has bought the petroleum fields near Payta, in Peru, and expects to furnish oil enough for the whole of South America, Australia, China and Japan. Immense tank ships are being built for the business.

The watercress is a plant which has resisted all efforts at improvement by cultivation. Under artificial treatment it loses the faint, piquant mustard flavor that is its special charm and assumes much of the hot, pungent taste of the horse radish.

The general concensus of opinion seems to be that it would be better to send Ireland food than money at the present juncture. The fear is that it may result, if money is sent, in its being turned over to the landlords in payment of rent, which is by no means what is wanted.

Lady Dilke, wife of Sir Charles Dilke, is taking active interest in labor organization in England, and has recently addressed crowded meetings of women. She urged them to form unions, but warned them against deserting the cause as soon as their wrongs had been righted.

"The Cost of Drunks" is the interesting theme to which Toronto newspapers are now devoting some space. It is figured out that the 5,441 drunken men arrested in the town last year represented a deficiency in wages lost, etc., of $191,682. No wonder a Toronto editor deplores the prevalence of drunkenness "in our midst."

A member of the British South African Company reports the discovery of an ancient ruin in Lundi, Mashonaland, of which the race there now has no record. It was there when their forefathers came to the country. It is a circular and massive building, with walls of wrought stone, in some places ten feet thick. It is supposed to be a fort.

The Edison phonographic doll has now got up to 135 words in speech. For a long time only 70 words could be packed into the compact little frame, and it was therefore deterred from saying a great many things. In course of time the wizard of Menlo Park may make his dolls talk as freely as human beings. It is all a matter of combination.

The law office of ex-President Andrew Johnson, in Greenville, Tenn., is still standing, and is used as a storage-room by a patent medicine company. The little shop in which he worked at his trade is on another street, and the sign is still on the door, "A Johnson, Tailor." The property is owned by Mrs. Patterson, Andrew Johnson's daughter.

A young lady in a far Western State recently sent the following inquiry to some one in Washington: "Will you inform me where the navy of the United States is, and how many men do they keep there, and what else do they keep there, and what do they keep them for? Do the men-of-war stay there? How many guns, cannons and shells do they keep there, and what do they keep them for?"

T. B. Harned, of Camden, N. J., gave a dinner to Walt Whitman recently. "I publish my own books," says the venerable poet, "and have done so ever since my first little volume entitled 'Leaves of Grass,' was returned to me unnoticed by every leading newspaper in the country save one. Things have changed since then, and scarcely a day passes in which I do not receive a request with satisfactory honorarium to write for some leading newspaper or magazine. But I have to go slow, and only work on days when the spirit moves me; for you know I am half a Quaker, and go a little on the light within."

A Massachusetts man has taken out a curious patent for a funeral carriage. It is built like an old country omnibus with a compartment on ... roof ... the coffin. There i... notion that is startlingly new, but the patent has been issued specifically for an endless chain and pulley arrangement which lifts the coffin from the hands of the pall-bearers to the place designed for it on the top. About a dozen varieties of air-tight coffins have been patented since January, each being graced with some particular quality. In one the air is pumped out through a small hole after the coffin lid has been closed, and the hole automatically closed by an apparatus inside the air exhausting machine.

A TRIP TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

In a Few Years Such a Journey Will Be Common Enough.

The latest news from the Congo states that the railroad to connect the port on the lower Congo with Stanley pool, where navigation of the upper Congo begins, is now in process of construction, and that everything is progressing favorably. The entire length of the line is less than 300 miles, and only twenty-five of these present engineering obstructions of any difficulty whatever, and these have already been overcome. If all goes well the line ought to be completed in three years, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. By that time express steamers will be put on the Congo, so that a trip to central Africa will be easily made by every summer tourist.

Thus we will suppose a Philadelphian desires to visit Stanley Falls, the headquarters of Tippoo Tib, situated directly in the heart of the dark continent. If he is in a hurry he can plan his trip about this way:

	Days.
Philadelphia to Southampton	7
Southampton to mouth of Congo	12
Over Congo railroad	1
Stanley pool to Stanley falls	4
Two weeks at the falls	14
Return trip as above	24
Total length of trip	62

Thus one can leave home July 1, see all the wondrous beauties of the African continent, spend two weeks hunting elephants and visiting the natives, and be back at his desk Sept. 1 after having crossed the equator six times. We shall expect very soon to see the country flooded with circulars of the Tippoo Tip African Tourist company (limited), which will issue round-trip tickets for the journey, furnish guides and all useful information, attend tourists on little hunting side trips, and secure front seats at cannibal feasts. All this can be easily accomplished for $500, the great point in cheapness being that the shops of central Africa are not such as to tempt the tourist to unload his wealth. Ladies particularly will not return with their trunks full of central African costumes.

The above estimates of time and cost may seem overdrawn, but it is probable that before this decade is ended they will be found to be too high. And after Americans once get into the way of taking a jaunt into central Africa goodness knows what development may take place in that benighted region.

Death of a Famous Rattlesnake.

The largest rattlesnake ever seen in Georgia was killed Saturday in Lee county upon the plantation of Secretary of State Gen. Phil Cook. The snake has terrorized the neighborhood for years, and its death Saturday was the occasion of a jubilee celebration among the darkies in that vicinity. Even the white people joined in the general feeling of relief that so dangerous and dreaded a neighbor was rid of at last. The snake, by actual measurement, was a little over eleven feet long. It had nineteen rattles and a button.

The snake has been hunted for years, and traps innumerable have been devised for its capture. Its den is an impenetrable section of the Kinchafoonee swamp. Near this is a cypress pond, and between the swamp and the pond is the road. Hundreds of times its track has been seen across this road. People who had not seen it were loath to believe the stories told about it, but the truth finally became established, and the Lee county rattlesnake became famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The snake has swallowed young pigs, chickens, rabbits and other small animals, and was dreaded by the negroes like a ghost. It was difficult to induce them to travel the road at night.

Last Saturday the snake was found across the path near the pond by Mr. Phil Cook. Without disturbing it Mr. Cook went off for help, returning with three or four negroes armed with hoes and clubs. Stealing up near the snake the negroes fell upon it, and with the hoes and clubs finally killed it. It was cut open and in its belly was found a full-grown buck rabbit. This probably accounts for the dormant and comparatively helpless condition of the snake and the ease with which it was dispatched.

The snake was then thrown across the shoulders of one of the negroes and carried to the house. Though the negro was a stalwart, muscular man, he staggered under the load.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Woman's Revenge.

For some time past girls employed in one of the departments of the Bridgeport Corset Company's shop have been greatly annoyed and delayed in their work by the machines constantly being found out of repair when started in the morning, says the Hartford *Times*. At times three or four hours would be required to put them in shape for the work.

This state of affairs continued so long that many of the old hands left and new girls were taken on. On this particular work there is only so much to be done every day, and as it is all piecework the breaking of a machine causes a loss to the one operating it, and at the same time give those fortunate enough to have perfect machines a chance to make extra pay.

There was one woman working in this department who kept constantly busy, her machine never appearing to get out of order, thus giving her a larger share of the work. Finally the machinist of the shop became suspicious that some one was tampering with the machines and set a watch. Early one morning of last week he got to the factory about 6 o'clock, and, hiding himself, waited for developments. He had not long to wait, for the woman in question arrived, as she was always the first to appear every morning. After looking around and seeing no one in view she took a screw-driver, and, going to one of the girl's machines, began to disarrange its gearing. The machinist stopped her and reported her at the office. She was immediately discharged.

Simple Remedies.

Never breathe through the mouth unless it is impossible to breathe through the nose.

For an aching tooth, saturate a piece of cotton with ammonia, and lay it on the tooth.

Constipation may be relieved if a cupful of hot water, in which a teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved, is taken every morning before breakfast.

For stomach worms in a child, mix one teaspoonful of powdered sage in two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and give a teaspoonful every morning.

It is said that to drink sweet milk after eating onions will purify the breath so that no odor will remain. A ... of strong coffee is also r...m...

—*House...*

CHINESE GIRLS NEGLECTED.

Education Denied Them Because They will Get Married.

A writer in the *North China Herald*, in an essay on "The National History of the Chinese Girl," has some interesting remarks on the lack of education of Chinese women. When the child grows up to what we should call a young school girl her friends begin to be very uneasy about her. This has not the smallest connection with her intellectual nature, which, so far as any culture which it receives is concerned, might as well be non-existent. Unless her father happens to be a schoolmaster and at home with nothing to do he never thinks of teaching his daughter to read; it would be preposterous. It is like weeding the field for some other man, or putting a gold chain around the neck of some one else's puppy, which may at any moment be whistled off, and then what becomes of the chain? One of the underlying assumptions of Chinese society is that it is the body of the girl for which the parents are responsible, and not the mind. To almost any Chinese it would probably appear a self-evident proposition that to spend time, strength, and, much more, money in educating the daughter-in-law of some one else is a sheer waste. "But," you say to him, "she is your daughter." "Not after she is married," he replies; "she is theirs; let them educate her themselves if they want her educated. Why should I teach her how to read, write and reckon when it will never do me any good?" With which utilitarian inquiry the education of most Chinese girls has been banished from human thought for the space of some millenniums.

The anxiety which all her friends begin to feel about a Chinese girl as soon as she attains any considerable size is exhibited in the inquiries which are made about her whenever she happens to be spoken of. These inquiries do not concern her character or her domestic accomplishments, much less her intellectual capacity, of which she has, theoretically, none to speak of; but they may all be summed up in the single phrase: "Is she said?" meaning by the term "said" betrothed. If the reply should be in the negative the intelligence is received in much the same way as we should receive the information that a European child had by some strange neglect been allowed to grow to the age of 16 without having been taught anything whatever out of books. The instinctive feeling of a Chinese in regard to a girl is that she should be betrothed as soon as possible. This is one of the many points in regard to which it is almost impossible for the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon to come to terms. As soon as a Chinese girl is once betrothed she is placed in different relations to the universe generally. She is no longer allowed such freedom as hitherto, although that may have been little enough. She can not go anywhere, because it would be "inconvenient." She might be seen by some member of the family into which she is to marry—than which it is hardly possible to think of anything more horrible. "Why?" the irrepressible occidental inquires, and is quenched by the information that "it would not be proper." Why it would not be proper no one can ever tell, except that it never was proper, and therefore it is not so now, and therefore never will be. The imminent risk that the girl might at some unguarded moment be actually seen by the family of the future mother-in-law is a reason why so few engagements for girls are made in the town in which the girl lives—an arrangement which would seem to be for the convenience of all parties in a great variety of ways.

Cheap Living in London.

A once famous American disappeared from New York some years ago and months afterward was recognized in London. He told me that he lost consciousness here and regained it there, everything between the loss and recovery being a blank in his mind. He awoke one morning in a queer little bedroom, with chintz curtains and a grate fire and a comical bed and ancient furniture, built, like everything portable in England, to resist time and to strain a cartman's back. He arose, and seeing a bell-cord, pulled it. A little woman in a mob-cap and apron responded. He asked her where he was, and what she understood his name and business to be, and how he spent his time. Finally he said, "What do I usually do when you come up, as you say you do every morning?"

"Well, sir," she replied, "you usually order a penny roll, a pennyworth of tea, and an egg or a chop for a penny. Then, sir, I bring you a plate, cup, and saucer, a penny pat of butter, and a knife and fork and napkin."

"Well, bring me what you think best," said he, and he gave her fourpence, as she suggested.

In half an hour or less, he says, he was seated at a table with a steaming pot of tea, a picturesque fried egg, two or three slices of toast, a plate and knife and fork, and (as is the rule in England) a tiny pat of butter on a plate almost as big as the one he was to eat on. That, he says, is the way needy bachelors live in the modern Babylon.—*Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.*

The Young Italian Woman.

In the middle classes fine dressing out of doors has to be combined with an ability (real or supposed) for keeping house, says the *St. James Gazette*. Fond mammas regale young men with stories of their daughters' prowess in a manner worthy of Goldsmith's Mrs. Primrose, and have even been known to set the hopeful young women to sweeping and cleaning as soon as the expected ring was heard at the door, in order that the hesitating aspirant might be brought to a declaration by the sight of the girl's capacity as a menial servant. Under these circumstances marriage becomes simply an escape from intolerable dreariness.

The idea of choosing a husband to whom she can prove a faithful wife rarely enters the girl's head. She must be married that she may be free. Some man of her acquaintance thinks she makes a good figure in the society he frequents, finds that her dowry is sufficiently large, and tired of "living" or desirous of settling down proposes for her hand. The young wife, if she belongs to the upper classes, finds herself suddenly in the possession of unbounded liberty. Her chief duty is to act as a sort of clothes' peg, that the world may praise her husband's liberality. She can now go out alone and, having little to do at home, spends most of her time calling, promenading and gossiping.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Daniel O'Connell was at one time defending a man accused of murder at Clonnel. The circumstantial evidence was so strong against the prisoner that the jury had already determined upon their verdict of guilty when the man supposed to be murdered was brought into court alive and unhurt. The jury was desired to return their verdict at once, and they did so, but it was one of "Guilty." "What does this mean?" inquired the Judge, "if the man was not murdered how can the prisoner be guilty?" "Please, your Honor," said the foreman, "...'s guilty; he stole my bay mare ...ears ago."

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NOT AT ALL AFRAID.

A Farmer's Wife Who Could Tell Angels When She Saw Them.

One summer evening an old farmer sat on his door step smoking a pipe before going to bed, says the Mifflinburg *Times*. Presently a tramp approached and said:

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening," answered the farmer.

"I have been walking a long distance," said the tramp, "and if you will permit me I'll sit a few minutes on your doorstep."

"All right," was the answer.

The two men fell into conversation, and as the farmer discovered his guest to be an intelligent man, their talk was continued until a late hour.

"Would you mind giving me a mug of cider?" asked the tramp, at length.

"Not at all," said the farmer. "I will do it with pleasure."

The cider was procured and disposed of in a summary fashion, and then came the next request:

"I've traveled a good distance today, and I should like very much to lodge with you, if you have no objection."

"All right," answered the farmer, "I can accommodate you."

Meanwhile the wife, who had long before retired and was listening to the conversation from her bed-room, called out:

"No, you won't; I won't have him here. Come, husband, it's time for you to come in and lock up."

"Madam," said the tramp, seriously, turning in the direction of the voice, "you should not speak so abruptly to a stranger. You might be entertaining an angel unawares."

"I ain't a mite afraid," returned the old lady, calmly, "angels don't come around begging cider after dark."

The Antics of a Boy.

He comes out at the front door bright faced and happy. He comes out for no particular reason save that he wants to be moving about. He is full of physical action and he must get some of it out of him before bedtime or he won't be fit to sleep. He doesn't know this with his head, but his body knows; for after all the body does a great deal of its own thinking, independently of what we call consciousness. He stands on the step and looks up and down the street. He doesn't know what he is looking for. Indeed, says the Washington *Capital*, he is not looking for anything. He just looks with a sort of undefined hope that he will see something suggestive to him of what to do. He jumps down the steps and goes to the gate, hangs on it a moment, makes a few sounds with his voice such as nobody but a boy can make, and nobody else would make if he could. They don't mean anything. He makes them because—well, because he is a boy. As if he had suddenly thought of something to do, he bangs the gate open and rushes down the street yelling like a young Indian. But he has not suddenly thought of something to do. He has simply done that because he couldn't think of anything to do, and he must do something. Then he picks up a stone and fires it at a dog, and cringes and feels sorry if it hits the mark. He doesn't want to hurt the dog. He throws the stone because he and the dog and the stone are there and it is handy to do so. For a few seconds he stands and looks up into a tree—at nothing. Then he breaks into a run again, and suddenly sits down on the curbstone as if he had accomplished something and was content.

Kissing as Medicine.

Joe Brooks was sitting in his barber shop recently, says the Monongahela *Republican*, when two ladies entered, evidently mother and daughter, the younger carrying a babe, and both strangers to the proprietor. Mr. Brooks, with that Chesterfieldian bearing for which he is noted, arose and gave them a cordial greeting. The mother of the babe, after replying to the salutation, said to Mr. Brooks: "I have a favor to ask of you, and, although it may seem a queer one, and you a stranger, I hope you will grant it. I'm sure if you do it will be of great benefit to my child."

"What can I do for you, madame?" replied Joe. "If it is anything reasonable I presume I can grant it."

"I have heard," continued the lady, "that if a colored person will kiss a baby twice in the mouth it will assist it in teething and make this otherwise troublesome period to children very easy to bear."

"I guess I can accommodate you, madame," replied Joe, and, suiting the action to the words, took the child from its mother's arms and gave it two as sweet and resounding kisses as he was capable of bestowing—and Joe is an expert in that direction. He has the mouth.

When this was done the mother took the child, and both ladies left the shop, apparently perfectly satisfied the operation would give the infant relief from that pain incidental to teething. They seemed to be ladies of refinement, and from their actions firmly believed that caresses from a colored person would have the effect desired.

Mr. Brooks says he has heard it is good for neuralgia on older girls, say sixteen to twenty years of age.

What His Father Would Have Done.

A story is told of a young Irish officer, who, while dining at a banquet in connection with some great military display, was grossly insulted by a supercilious young Cockney officer, who contemptuously alluded to him as "a verdant bog-trotter." The young fellow rose in his place like a shot, and dashed a glass of wine full in the face of his insulter, who sat directly opposite him.

A grizzled old colonel, who chanced to be sitting next to the spirited young Hibernian, and who had been a quiet spectator of the incident, gave him an approving pat on the back, and exclaimed, encouragingly:

"First rate, my boy, first rate; but if it had ... your dear father, who is ... let ...

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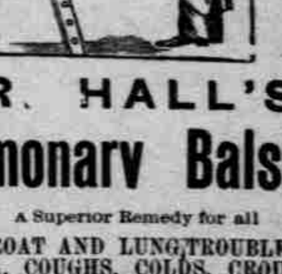

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