

**THE UNEXPECTED**

She was the reigning belle  
Straightway in love I fell;  
Patent became the spoil—  
Too plain for making—  
Then for a time I wooed—  
For her sweet favor sued,  
Till I'd my courage screwed  
Up to the asking.

Out of the glare and heat  
Where to the music's beat,  
Tripped the untiring feet,  
Of the gay dancer,  
Gently I led my fair  
Partner, so debonair,  
Told her the whole, and there  
Waited her answer.



Sweet was the flowers' perfume—  
Weird the eastward glow;  
From the gay, lighted room,  
Sweet strains came faintly,  
Turning, she smiled and blushed,  
Murmured surprise, and flushed,  
Then, in the silence hushed,  
Answered me quaintly.

Doubtless you think she said,  
When she had raised her head,  
That which all lovers dread:  
"She'd be my sister!"  
That's where you've made a guess  
Wrong, as you must confess;  
For she said softly: "Yes!"  
Yes! and I kissed her!

—Frank Roe Batchelder in Life.

**Not Familiar with the Game.**

Citizen—Do you know anything about baseball?  
Stranger—No, sir, I do not. At least, so my friends say.  
Citizen—Then you don't take any interest in the national game?  
Stranger—A little. I'm manager of a club.  
—New York Sun.

**Thoughtful of Others.**

Tramp—Can you give me a place to sleep, m'am?  
Woman—You can sleep in the barn if you like.  
Tramp—Couldn't you give me a bed in the house? I'm a heavy sleeper myself, m'am, and I wouldn't feel right if I should keep you waiting for breakfast.—The Epoch.

**Where It Is Stored.**

"Is there any such thing as law in this country I should like to know?" said an irate individual as he rushed into the prosecuting attorney's office.  
"Yes, of course there is," was the reply.  
"Whereabouts?"  
"Just glance through that copy of the Revised Statutes over there."—Merchant Traveler.

**Calm Advice.**

Enraged Husband—Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!  
Wife (calmly)—Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Terrible Threat.**

"Then you absolutely refuse to marry me?" said he.  
"I do," was the young lady's firm reply.  
"Have a care, Miss Kajones," said the young man, with a dangerous glitter in his eye, "consider the matter well. I am the publisher of an elite directory that is almost ready for the press."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Valuable Instrument.**

A New York man owns a piano which cost \$40,000. It is not stated what makes it so valuable, but probably it refuses to give forth a sound when struck before 7 a. m. or after 9 p. m., or when the neighbors next door have the windows open.—Norristown Herald.

**The Shiftless Swiss.**

Omaha Councilman (traveling in Europe)—What's them bluffs?  
Native—Those, sir, are the Alps.  
"Humph! They need grading badly."—Omaha World.

**Trouble in the Neighborhood.**



Visitor (to Mrs. McMolligen, bruised and battered)—You are not looking very well this morning, Mrs. McMolligen.  
Mrs. McMolligen—No, mum, but hiven rest yer sowl, me leddy, wait till ye say Mrs. Conn Kelly in the shanty beyant.—Judge.

**Weight of Statesmen.**

Nearly all of the United States senators are large men, their average weight running close to 180 pounds. Their entire weight according to a statistical correspondent, is nearly 14,000 pounds.—New York Evening World.

Chicken Thief (to detective)—Hens, horrible shadow, hens!—Boston Commercial.

A process has been discovered for producing photographs on metal.

**SCIENTIFIC SQUIBS.**

Wet rope is only one-third as tensile as when dry, and greased rope is even weaker.

Astronomical photography has succeeded in reproducing stars down to the thirteenth magnitude.

It is predicted that the borings through the Straits of Dover will reveal the existence of extensive coal beds.

Basic slag, the refuse of steel works, when freed from iron and reduced to powder, proves to be a valuable fertilizer.

Medical authority can be found for the theory that it is the early riser who catches malaria if there be any in the air.

Florida promises to become a large producer of opium. Sixteen plants will produce an ounce, and an acre of poppies will yield \$1,000 worth of opium.

It has been ascertained by careful experiments conducted by M. Zoger that poisons lose one-fifth of their toxic power when taken into the system by fasting.

An instrument called the autographometer has lately been devised, which, when in use, indicates the topography and differences of level of all places over which it passes.

Japanese engineers propose to adopt a system of earthwork defenses protected by an iron shield one foot in thickness, and extending twenty-five feet each side of the gun.

In China there are over 400 species of plants used for food, and in the world probably ten times that number. Sawdust in Sweden is used in bread and found digestible.

A light, silicious earth is found in France and Germany, from which are made bricks that will float in water. Such bricks are mentioned by Pliny; they were also made in Tuscany in the Eighteenth century.

A Nuremberg inventor has produced a shoe sole composed of wire net overlaid with a substance resembling India rubber. These soles, which cost but half the price of leather, have been tested in the German army, and found to be twice as durable.

A new double pointed nail is the invention of an ingenious woman. The points turn in opposite directions. They are especially useful for invisible nailing in wood work. It is simply two nails joined firmly, the sides of the heads being placed together.

Professor Schmidt, of Gatz university, has hit upon the plan of cutting off pieces of living sponge and planting them in a suitable place in the sea, as if they were willow twigs. In this way he has succeeded, at the end of three years, in producing 4,000 sponges at a cost of \$45.

Dr. Worms, of the Paris Academy of Medicine, has ascertained that bees, ants and wasps show a marked dislike to the new saccharine. To the human palate there is no difference in the taste between it and sugar. It has been shown, however, that its use disturbs digestion.

A physician of Philadelphia analyzed a black japanned hat band worn by a patient suffering from headache, and found it contained three grains of one of the lead salts. From this case he concludes that many headaches are often due to the absorption of the lead in the hat band.

Supervising Inspector Lubbock, of San Francisco, having reported to the treasury department that petroleum is not safe fuel for large boilers, has been instructed by Secretary Faischold to withdraw all permits heretofore given for its use except in the case of small steam launches.

In drilling glass, stick a piece of stiff clay or putty on the part where you wish to make the hole. Make a hole in the putty the size you want the hole, reaching to the glass, of course. Into this hole pour a little molten lead, when, unless it is very thick glass, the piece will immediately drop out.—Tradesman.

Both in China and Japan soapstone has long been largely used for protecting structures built of soft stone and other materials specially liable to atmospheric influences. It has been found that powdered soapstone in the form of paint has preserved obelisks formed of stone for hundreds of years which would, unprotected, have long ago crumbled away. For the inside painting of steel and iron ships it is found to be excellent. It has no anti-fouling quality, but is anti-corrosive.

A writer in The Economist Francais estimates the total loss to France from the ravages of the phylloxera since 1875, when this scourge of the French vineyards first made its appearance, at the enormous sum of 10,000,000,000 francs, or about \$400,000,000. This estimate is based upon French official statistics giving the aggregate area of vineyards destroyed in the country at about 2,500,000 acres; and on the assumption that, in addition to the acreage of vines thus utterly destroyed, the extent of vineyards more or less infected with the phylloxera amounts to about 500,000 acres; making thus together 3,000,000 acres.

**CURIOUS THINGS OF LIFE.**

An altogether unprincipled thief in Macon, Ga., stole craps from the door of a house.

William Sherwood, of Baltimore, Md., will spend one year in prison for stealing a Bible. At Tilton, Ill., there was a man who lived out doors under an umbrella all last winter, even when the thermometer touched 23 degs. below zero.

A queer flower which grows in Yucatan is the manito little hand of the guarumo. It is in the exact shape of the human hand, with four fingers, thumb, nails and knuckles all complete.

Miss Kate Bishop, an actress in Australia, wears a silver bracelet on the left arm night and day. Her only sister locked it there before she sailed for America to get married. The ship went down with all hands, and the key is with the drowned girl.

A remarkable case is reported from Michigan. Three years ago Miss Hattie Cotton, of Constantine, lost her voice and surgical treatment for its restoration was of no avail. She went to western Iowa and her voice returned. Going back to Michigan, her voice again failed. This experience has been repeated three times, Miss Cotton's voice failing at home, but coming out strong in Iowa.

Quite a Difference. Citizen (to small boy outside the Polo grounds)—Are the New Yorks playing ball to-day, sonny?  
Small Boy (witheringly)—Naw, dey ain't playin' ball; dey jest thinks dey're playin' ball.—New York Sun.

**The Colonel and the Soldier.**

Col. Stephen A. Walker is now United States district attorney at New York city. Walker had served the Union in the innocuous position of assistant paymaster. One dark day while Mr. Walker was sitting in his office wondering how long he would be compelled to "loaf," on account of the inability of Uncle Sam to pay his boys in blue, a private soldier walked in, and confronted him. The soldier belonged to a Connecticut regiment. Imagine the paymaster's surprise when the following conundrum was put to him by the soldier:

"Say, when do you expect to pay us men, anyway? We haven't had a cent now in three months."

The assistant paymaster glared at his visitor, and told him neither politely nor religiously that it was none of his business. This was far from satisfactory, and the soldier proceeded:

"But it is my business, and that is why I am here. The men are not treated with the slightest justice, and if the United States ain't able to pay them, why you can have a draft on a New York bank for the amount due my regiment."

Of course there was no alternative left to Col. Walker but to regard the Connecticut private as a crank. It remained only to be sure just how dangerous a crank he was.

"You'd better get back to your camp at once," said the paymaster. "Who gave you permission to come here, anyway? Come now, get out, or I will call the guard and have you placed under arrest. Git!"

Suiting the action to the word the doughty paymaster arose and proceeded to "fire" the private.

"Hold on a minute; take your hands off! I tell you I mean what I say. I belong to the—th Connecticut, and I can afford to pay my regiment, if there's no objection. Something ought to be done, and I'm willing to advance the money. My name is Elias Howe."

This gave an entirely new aspect to the case, and Paymaster Walker grew quite deferential. The man who stood before him was the famous inventor of the sewing machine. He could pay his regiment all the money he had, and he had the money too. Col. Walker thought an apology was demanded. The apology was given and Elias received it with the air of a man who had but little to forgive.

"Well, colonel," said he, "when this trouble is over I want you to step down to New York sometime and see me."

The "colonel" lived then in Vermont, and when the war was closed he managed to find himself in New York. He had started a law office; that is to say, he helped to occupy the office of a few friends of his. Business was not specially active. One day Walker thought he would step in and see whether Elias Howe recalled the misadventure of the war. Two years had then elapsed. Elias Howe was there and his memory was good. They sat down together and talked. Howe was from Massachusetts, Walker from Vermont. The Howe Machine company had just been organized. Walker was appointed its attorney. With an office in every city, town, and hamlet in the civilized world, no wonder the Howe Machine company was the foundation of Walker's fortune.—St. Paul Dispatch.

**A Charming Girl She Was.**

"I had a little experience once," said the young analytical philosopher.

"You don't seem to have kept it," said his friend.

"I had a strange experience once," he went on. "You know I'm passionately fond of music. I went to a musicale in New York some years ago, and after some austere classical performance—a young, pretty, blue eyed girl sat down at the piano and sang. She had a pensive far away, dreamy look in her eyes, and her whole soul seemed to go into the ballad she sang. She had one of the most glorious voices I ever heard. It touched my nature and I never was so deeply entranced. I made her acquaintance, and by a little deft maneuvering I obtained an invitation to call upon her. I did so. She was alone to receive me."

"She was a silent, shy, reserved girl, with little to say, but she was perfectly charming. We had little conversation before she went to the piano and began to sing. She sang everything I asked her, and I could not restrain myself from little tender pressures and loving glances. She took them all kindly and even reciprocated them. It was a case of love at first sight, and I fell madly into it. She seemed so deeply affected, and later, when I took her in my arms and pressed my lips to hers, our spirits seemed to meet. It was very serious. I went off in the very seventh heaven of bliss. This was the ideal of my dreams. The love of my life had come at last. I was flattered, too, to win this thing of beauty at first meeting. A day or two after I met the lady who had introduced me to her. "What a charming girl she is!" said I. "Yes," she said, "she sings charmingly, but isn't it a pity she's not quite right in her head?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

It is well to remember that too much bluing renders clothes yellow after a time. Inexperienced or careless servants think the more bluing in the water the better for the wash, and it is a difficult matter to convince them that the clothes will look far better if only a small quantity is used.

If, when obliged to be on your feet all day, you change your shoes several times for a fresh pair, you will be astonished how much it will rest the tired feet, for no two shoes press the foot in the same part.

Turpentine mixed with carbolic acid and kept in open vessels about the room will, it is said, greatly lessen the risk of contagion in scarlet fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases.

Nice tablecloths and napkins should not be allowed to become much soiled, so that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or in hot water.

Soap should be bought by the box, taken out of the wrappers and stood in a dry place, as it improves by keeping.

A small bag of sulphur kept in a drawer or closet that is infested with red ants will quickly disperse them.

To clean windows, try baking soda on a damp cloth. It is also said to be excellent to clean glassware.

**DESERTS OF AMERICA.**

The Mud Plains of the West in Midwinter—Uncomfortable Dust Columns.

A desert is generally considered as a barren waste of sand; probably on account of our familiarity with descriptions of the sandy deserts of Egypt. The American deserts, however, are flat mud plains, the beds of ancient lakes, and are but seldom covered with drifting sand. During the dry season, when not a drop of rain falls on their surfaces for four, five or even six months at a time, they become dry and hard, and broken in every direction by intersecting shrinkage cracks. At such times they bear a striking resemblance to some of the old Roman pavements made of small blocks of cream colored marble.

When in this condition one may ride over them without leaving more than a faint impression of the horse's hoofs on their smooth, glossy surfaces. In the stillness of night—and no one can appreciate the stillness of a desert until he has slept alone with the boundless plain about him—the hoof beats of a galloping horse ring out as on the pavements of a city. As the summer's sun dries the desert mud, the salts that the waters bring to the surface in solution are left behind, and gradually accumulate until they are several inches thick, and make the deserts appear as if covered with snow. This illusion is especially marked when one traverses the deserts by moonlight.

During the long, hot days of summer, when the dome of blue is above the deserts without a cloud, the strange delusive mirage transforms the landscape beyond all recognition, and makes it appear tenfold more strange and weird than it is in reality. At such times bright clear lakes, with rippling surfaces and willow fringed banks, allure the unwary traveler, and would lead him to destruction should he believe them real. The mountains around the desert are also deformed by the mirage and made to assume the most extravagant and fantastical shapes.

During hot summer days the monotony of the desert is varied by dust columns, formed by small whirlwinds, which some times reach such magnitudes as to be decidedly uncomfortable to the traveler who chances to be in their path. Many times these columns are 2,000 or 3,000 feet in height, and have an approximate diameter of from thirty to fifty feet. The fact that they are hollow whirling columns of dust is indicated, even from a distance, by their spiral appearance and by a light line in the center of each. These bending and swaying columns moving here and there across the desert landscape, impart a novel feature to the plain and call to mind the genii of Arabian tales. Such in brief are the deserts of the far west during the arid season. In winter they change and become impassable mud plains.—Israel C. Russell in Overland Monthly.

Emma Abbot on "Artistic Sense."

"Can you define the artistic sense to which you referred?"

"Ah, there is the thing. That is what no opera singer can get on without. To define it would be to define art itself. It includes taste and a thousand other things which are indefinable. You know the best of everything is indefinable. But what is the use of defining it? The person who has the artistic sense knows what it is without a definition and the person who has it not can not understand any definition of it. The person who has it in the greatest degree becomes the greatest artist, the roundest and most symmetrical. Michael Angelo had it, and therefore he was a great painter, a great poet, a great sculptor and a great architect. If he had a voice he would have been a great singer. Adelaide Neilson had it, and therefore was a great actress. Nature gave her about the ugliest pair of hands I ever saw on a woman, but it gave to her also the artistic sense to learn so to use those hands as to make them seem to look perfectly beautiful. If I were to attempt a brief definition of this sense I should say it is that in us which prompts us to make beautiful everything with which we have to do. The opera singer must have a beautiful voice, beautiful manners, beautiful costumes, beautiful stage settings, and she must have the artistic sense to know what constitutes these."—Chicago Times Interview.

**An Excellent Recommendation.**

"Could you direct me to some restaurant?"  
"Yes, sir; go up the street two blocks and you'll find the best place in town."  
"Best in town? Really?"  
"Yes, sir. I board there myself."  
"Is that a recommendation?"  
"I should say so. I'm the owner of the establishment."—Nebraska State Journal.

**Retiring to Primitive Simplicity.**

Oppensky, a popular Russian writer, recently found a river steamboat in the Caucasus piloted by a youth of 17, who, although he was possessed of remarkable intellectual qualities, had abruptly abandoned his studies for manual toil, with intent to put Count Tolstoi's doctrines into practice. Many Russian families—people of standing and education—are taking their children from school, abandoning the deceptions of so-called civilization, and retiring into remote country districts, where they propose to realize some vague ideal of primitive simplicity. This strange movement is vigorously supported by Count Tolstoi. The count divides each day into four periods separated from one another by a meal, and he indulges in hard labor and in literary work alternately. He has thus become accomplished in bootmaking, expert in wood splitting and a very decent agricultural laborer. Whenever he visits his estates he assists his farm hands in plowing, sowing, and getting in the crops.

**Light Depth of Arctic Snow.**

The comparatively light depth of snow in the north frigid zone is a curious instance of consistency between it and the snow in the former case we really have seasons when the snow falls in summer and autumn—the intensely cold storm of winter being as unfavorable for snow as the summer storm is for rain. In fact, I have seen a snow storm every winter of which I could not say that the Eskimo plainly recognize the seasons of snow storms, and have different names for the spring and autumn snows.

During the winter there may be drifting packs, so that a person out in such a gale would think at first that he was in a first class snow storm; but, nevertheless, none has here and there, this has been piled from the ridges and hillsides, and average depth is the same as before. This, too, the natives have a name, will inform you that at that time the snow falls. In Greenland observations have been carried on many years by Danish meteorologists. Dr. Rink, the best authority on the region, says that "in north Greenland amount of snow annually falling is inferior to that of south Greenland; this law seems to be general. In the heaviest fall of snow is not so frigid no more than in the torrid zone but somewhere between the two."—Frederick Schwatka.

**Crossing the Muddy Street.**

I stood at a corner on Main street the other day and watched the people on their way across the muddy street. You ever notice how differently they are done by different people.

There is the lady who pauses momentarily in dismay, then gathers her skirt with one hand and daintily picks her way, striving to step where some man's brogan has left its imprint, but failing.

Then comes the well dressed man never deforms his shapely feet with mud shoes. He glances down at his well polished boots, mutters an imprecation of the street commissioner, and walks on his heels, maintaining his balance with difficulty and losing his temper altogether.

The old resident who is used to the mud of thing, and who would not feel at all with a clean pavement in the spring does not permit the muddy crossing to delay him, but with a skill, born of experience, takes advantage of every projecting dry spot that the pavement affords and doesn't get very muddy after all.

But the man who produced the strongest impression upon me, the man who you will at once recognize, was the one whose unpollished boots and invariable dirt enabled him to disregard the mud. This man sets his foot down like a driver, or yanks it through the liquid like a snow plow and liberally bespatters everybody and everything within a radius of five yards. You have met him; his body has met him. He has splashed you with mud; he has splashed everybody else. He should be abated as a public nuisance.—Kansas City Journal.

**Americans in England.**

Americans cannot understand the habit, almost universal with our people of wearing costly clothing, of calling luxuries (unusual with Europeans) those of assured fortune, such as fine bedrooms, unlimited gas and coal, great variety of food at every meal, best seats at the theatres, constant being instead of walking, etc., and them to be looked upon as rich activities whose efforts to reduce expense, and retain all the comforts, must be frowned down, as unworthy gentlemanly ladies. On the other hand, if our pay on the guinea scale without a murmur, they are treated with the exaggerated deference which the lowly fish yield to their social superiors. Fortunately, that is the one lesson—so dear to the English "class" themselves—which our people as a rule care nothing about. Sometimes this civility is offensive to Americans.—Logan in Kansas City Journal.

**Destroying Weeds With Vitrol.**

Where such plants as dock, plantain, dandelion are growing in lawns, they can be effectually destroyed by the application of oil of vitrol. The vitrol should be in an old bottle with a wire around the neck to hold it by, so as to keep the fingers from the liquid. A stick long enough and thin enough, to go into the hole, the only other necessary; the stick should be slightly cut at the end to allow holding the vitrol better. One drop vitrol off the end of the stick dropped at the center of the weed should destroy it at once; one dip ought to destroy them four weeds.

We hear a good deal about the silliness and inhumanity of landlords who rent flats to people with families of children but after all there may be another side to the story. In a house agent's office I came to an argument between the agent and a man who wanted to rent a flat from me. It was a flat that I happened to have in a quiet house, filled with nice people. The argument was going on, another agent came in on some business or other, when he saw the woman beckoned him away from her, whispered something to him and went off. The woman then got her lease and went away in high glee. The agent said to me:

"That is a sample of the people who rent flats to people with families. Brown was just in, rented her a flat. She is in it yet, but must move by the 1st. She has six roomed flat, and in it she and her live, with their two husbands, eleven children, three cats and two big dogs, and also board two young clerks that work for their husbands. One of the roomed kitchen, so that these seventeen people mention the menagerie, are actually living in five rooms, a respectable living where their noise and dirt make them a nuisance."—Alfred in New York Sun.