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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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H. H. WELCH.

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

A brown haired, blue-eyed wee one,
Grown weary, and tired of play,
Climbed up on my knee to ask me
In her simple, childish way:
"Have you any friends in Heaven,
That you sometimes want to see?"
Can you guess how the question thrilled me
Like a minor melody?

I thought, as I sat in the twilight,
With that wee one on my knee,
Of my little blue-eyed baby
Whose summers numbered three:
She went from my arms to heaven
One spring-time years ago,
And left in my heart that sorrow
That only mothers know.

I thought how the baby's father
Grew lonesome, and longed to hold
Once more on his breast our baby
With hair of sunset gold.
And one summer eve he left me
To search for our baby of three.
And I know full well he found her
But he never came back to be.

Do I ever want to see them?
Oh! child of the violet eyes,
My heart has gone on before me
To the hills of Paradise.
Some day I shall feel their kisses
Drop balm on my weary heart,
Mine only, and mine forever,
Though earth and Heaven apart.

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Home Visitor.*

ONLY "HOPE."

Why the Blue-Eyed Little Lady Was Christened "Our Hope."

When Hope Harris was born, they said she was a poor little thing and could never amount to much. As to whether they meant "much" in regard to flesh and blood, or the size and amount of brains, was not explained; but they said it with pitying faces and low voices, and mourned with the mother that the child was so insignificant.

Why they named her Hope, is quite as hard to tell, unless in the small endeavor to make her hopeful in some way.

She was little, and weak, and gentle; no one asked for her opinion in regard to anything; no one took it if it was given. She was just "little Hope" to her mother and father and half dozen brothers and sisters—sweetly pretty, with eyes like bits of the skies—deep, unfathomable—hair like the soft, yellow silk of the corn swaying down in the meadows, clear, delicate complexion, and a gentle smile that suited well her wee round figure and tiny hands.

Her big, broad-shouldered brothers laughed at and teased her; her tall, graceful sisters snubbed her unceasingly.

She was "only Hope" to them all.

From childhood she grew to girlhood.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

At home they gave her up as incorrigible, and left her to her own devices. All those small, apparently useless things that slip into the day's occupation of a large household fell to Hope. Up and down stairs went her tireless feet, performing those duties which none of the others would do, as being too mean and trivial for their notice, yet without which the household wheel could not have gone round. If there was a catch in the wheel, or the hubs were loose, it was Hope alone who could mend and oil the machinery. Her fingers were the ones that caught up the dropped stitches in her mother's knitting; her quaint little ballads were the music which soothed her father's heart; her soft words healed many a quarrel between her brothers, even as her needle mended the rents in their clothes. Still, to herself, as well as to them, she was "only Hope," of little account, and less use in the big, wide world.

Her brothers and sisters married, one after the other; the oldest sister with her husband and children came to live at the old homestead, and Hope lived on there, too, without any desire to marry or change her lot. She was quite contented; of little use, perhaps, but then it was *home*—they all knew her, she did not have to explain that she knew almost nothing, was not wise in any way. Yet her brothers' and sisters' children seemed to find no one in whom they confided as in her, even while they, too, fell in with the general custom, and called her "only Aunt Hope."

Time passed on, swinging his scythe and, lo, in his path rose war, loosening the lash from his hounds! In place of the church-bells thundered the cannon, while dense smoke hung, fog-like, over the hills that echoed back the ringing of steel on steel, the snorts of the horses, the shouting of men!

Hope's brothers went out from the corn-fields and laid down the plow for the sword. There were wet eyes and sad hearts at the homestead, but the country called out for her sons, and these broad-shouldered laddies must go, and the wives and daughters, the mothers and sisters, smiled bravely through all their tears.

Hope grew daily silent and thoughtful, her blue eyes wide and wistful.

"What ails you, child?" asked her mother one day, as they all sat out on the shady piazza, busily plying the shining needles through the bands of linen that were to go as bandages to the wounded soldiers far away.

"Nothing, mother," answered Hope, smiling as she turned down a hem and went on sewing.

"But something does ail you," said Mrs. Harris, her aged eyes searching eagerly the fair young face. "You are always quiet, Hope, but lately, a stone could hardly be duller than you."

"You don't play with us or tell us stories either, Aunt Hope," chimed in a childish voice at her knee, "an' I went to your room last night 'cause I couldn't sleep, an' there you was at the window looking out, so I went back to bed an' didn't 'sturb you, Aunt Hope."

"Are you at last in love, Hope?" asked one of her sisters, laughing.

"No," said Hope, simply. Then she sat silent awhile.

When she spoke again, her blue eyes were looking across the wheat fields to the distant line of hills.

"Mother," she said softly, "I have decided a question which has troubled me very much lately. Away off beyond those hills lie the battle-fields and the camps where our wounded men are lying, dying day after day because there are so few to nurse them back to life. You have my sisters here, I can be of so little use to you or them, and it is my duty to go and do what I can for our soldiers. Do not try to dissuade me," as they started up in surprise and horror. "My mind is made up to do this thing, and I must go. I have written to one of the nurses, and she tells me gladly to go. You can not miss me, and perhaps as there are so few there, I can be of some little service."

And so she went; unclasping the clinging fingers of the children, smiling back at the group gathered on the rose-twined piazza of the time-worn homestead, over whose threshold her light feet had so often passed and so gaily.

How strange the old home seemed without her! How plainly the big rooms told of the absence of a small, gentle woman, whose voice and eyes not being there, left so little music and sunshine.

"Yet," they said, comforting one another, "Hope was so helpless and weak, she surely can not stand the strain on her strength, or be of any use there in the hospital tents on the battle field, and will soon return."

But the days and weeks went by and still Hope Harris did not return, worn and weary, to the old farm-house, as her parents and sisters and friends expected. Instead, she flitted in and out, to and fro, among the soldiers lying helpless upon the rude beds, like an angel of mercy, with eyes like the skies, and hair like stray gleams of sunshine.

She grew brave in the midst of danger. Her real womanly nature asserted itself as she ministered to the wounded and dying. There she found her work which had slipped past her at home. Her hands were small, perhaps, and slender, but strength lay under the delicate blue-veined flesh, while there reposed in the dainty finger-tips a magic power that charmed away many a headache from broad, manly brows.

A woman's hand is an exquisite poem, with rare, sweet rhythm in curves and lines.

The hands of Hope Harris were small and womanly, but the work they accomplished was a wonderful work.

Two sturdy young men were wounded and brought to the tents one day, the one with his right leg gone, the other minus his left arm.

A nurse was needed. The surgeon called for Nurse Harris, and without one word of warning or preparation, little Hope, white-faced, but steady, bent over the bedside where lay broad-shouldered John.

"Hope!" he cried, amazed, starting up only to fall back helpless among the pillows, the red blood staining the torn blue sleeve, while Hope, her lips trembling, but with steady hands, helped the surgeon in his work of dressing the terrible wound. And when that was finished and the big fellow lying quiet, they went to the other poor soldier, and up into Hope's set face looked the bonnie blue eyes and features, stern from pain—of him who had been his mother's pride and darling—glad-hearted, mischief-loving Jim!

The surgeon said afterward that he wondered how she stood it, so dainty and so small she looked, bending above the painfully set face of the man lying helpless before her, and added, as he brushed something from his eyes, that the hungry look on the big fellow's face as she leaned down to him was enough to make the hardest heart ache. But the recovery of the two young fellows, he said, was entirely due to the untiring care of the gentle nurse. While away off in the farm-house Hope was blessed with tears and prayers for the good that she had done.

And when the battle was over and all met around the hearthstone in the big homestead, bound in rose vines, the hearts of each and all swelled with unutterable love and gratitude to the small, golden-haired, blue-eyed little lady, who ever afterward was tenderly cherished as "our Hope," to never again be "only Hope!"—*F. R. Ludlum, in the Woman's Magazine.*

DENSITY OF POPULATION.

An Interesting Study for Students of the Population Problem.

The following summary will be of interest to those who wish to compare the relative density of the population in different countries in Europe and America. The number of inhabitants given is that occupying a square kilometer, which is about .39 of a square mile.

In Europe, Belgium is the most densely populated country, and in America, Chili. The mean density of the population by countries is thirty-two inhabitants to the square kilometer in Europe. Doubtless the limited extent of territory in Chili give it the advantage of a more dense population, because there is little waste territory.

Belgium	187	Portugal	49
Holland	125	Spain	32
Great Britain	112	Turkey in Europe	26
Italy	96	Sweden	10
Germany	84	Russia	7
France	71	Chili	6.8
Switzerland	69	United States	6.6
Austro-Hungary	61	Buenos Ayres	1.7
Denmark	51	Argentine Repub	1.2

—*The Sanitarian.*

A TOWER OF BABEL.

Description of the Queer Structure Planned for the Paris Exposition.

No feature of the plans for the great exposition of 1889 is so much talked about as the gigantic tower, one thousand feet high, or twice the height of the pyramids of Egypt, designed by M. Eiffel, engineer of the Department of Arts and Manufactures, to decorate the Champs de Mars.

As the workmen will soon begin digging the foundations of this tower, a description of the plan will be of interest. The base of iron is composed of four pyramids, each one square, fifty feet a side, and diminishing towards the top, which is twenty feet a side. These four pyramids are separated from each other by a space of three hundred feet, and for stability they are anchored in solid masonry. Two hundred and thirty feet above the ground these pyramids are united by a gallery fifty feet wide. This gallery, which is covered with glass, will be used for restaurants, soirees, etc. The next story has a room, covered with glass, one hundred feet square. At the summit is a glass dome, with terrace, and from this terrace the exposition will be lighted by electricity.

Visitors will reach the dome by means of elevators. Four of these elevators, constructed like the Swiss railways, will be placed in the four pyramids, and we can go seven times as high as the Column Vendome and stand six hundred feet higher than the top of Mont Valerien. The eyes can sweep the horizon for a hundred miles, and Compiegne, Rheims, Fontainebleau, Chartres, Dijon, with the little villages lost in the woods, and the rivers, wandering through the valleys, will all seem a continuation of Paris. Ten departments of France will be at our feet. There have been no accidents with this system of railway, because the car is drawn by a cable and the axle attached to a steel hook, so if the cable breaks the car remains fastened to this hook. That is the system for the elevators, and in addition to the four placed in the pyramids, a fifth will take visitors from the center directly to the summit.

In the cupola astronomers will be established with their telescopes, pluriometres, etc. This observatory, fitted with a metallic armature, destined to receive all the atmospheric electricity, which will be surrounded by a paratonnerre. Experiments heretofore impossible can be made here; atmospheric electricity, speed of the wind, Foneaults experiment to demonstrate that the earth revolves, all can be studied. Spectroscopes, destined to analyze the light of the sun and stars, and an enormous telescope, to follow stars which could hardly be perceived from the other observatories, will be placed in this cupola. Another interesting study will be that of the variation of temperature, with altitude. The tower will form an immense paratonnerre, and when there is a storm everybody in the tower will be struck by lightning and not feel any effect. To produce this result the conductor will be interrupted for a distance of two yards and the lightning will jump from one section to the other, with continual explosions.

The iron used in the construction of this gigantic monument will weigh about 7,000 tons. Of course the critics are very busy prophesying the failure of the work. "The tower will never be finished; it can not be scientifically utilized, for at the slightest wind there will be an oscillation preventing all observations." M. Eiffel answers by saying that, with an impetuous wind of seventy feet a second and a pressure of a hundred pounds on every square yard, the tower will not sway more than four inches. With a tempest—the wind a hundred feet a second and a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds a yard—the oscillation will not be more than six inches. The oscillations will be very slow because of the great length of the part which vibrates, and it is certain that it will be much less than in columns of masonry, where the elasticity of the mortar is the chief cause of marked oscillations.—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

STARCHING COLLARS.

How to Obtain a Gloss Superior to that Imparted by Laundrymen.

Allow a teaspoonful of good starch to each shirt and collar; use just enough cold water to wet the starch, mash it free from lumps, add for each shirt a a piece of sperm or white wax as big as a pea, and a quarter of a spoonful of clean salt to three spoonfuls of starch, pour on boiling water, stirring slowly all the time; boil hard for fifteen minutes without scorching, skim and strain while hot; this can be done only by dipping the strainer in cold water, while the starch is in the bag, and squeeze it immediately before it becomes hot. Wet bossoms and collars in hot water, wring very dry, and starch while damp; rub the starch well in and wring in a dry towel, and remove all starch left on the outside; spread out evenly, rub down with a dry cloth, and roll tightly together; let lie two or three hours and then iron, and you will have a gloss on your shirts and collars equal in appearance and perhaps better in quality than if it had been done at a Chinese laundry.—*The Household.*

—"I heerd to-day," remarked Mrs. Bangwhacker, "thet young George Sampson, who has only ben to college a year, writ home thet he is wedded to his Alma Mater. D'ye know who she is?" "No, an' I don't want to know," said Mrs. Whackbanger, "arter the way he carried on with them Nipper gals las' summer, an' all the time prob'ly engaged to thet Almy What's-Her-Name. It's enough to make a body weep."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HENRY CLAY.

The Great Orator's Formal Farewell Speech in the Senate.

Henry Clay rose in the Senate on the 31st of March, 1842, to make his farewell speech in a chamber which he had entered forty-two years previously, although he had not been in continuous service since then. The Senate chamber presented a magnificent spectacle, perhaps, upon the whole, a more brilliant one than had ever before been exhibited there. Every seat was filled, and every avenue approaching the chamber blocked up. Two hours before Mr. Clay began to speak, an exit or an entrance were equally impossible to those within or without. Perhaps so limited a space was never so well filled. The gentlemen filled the straight gallery, which was better known as "the Calcutta black hole," to its utmost capacity. The railings of the seats, and the seats themselves were all crowded, and the people seemed to be literally piled one upon another. The ladies' gallery was filled almost entirely with ladies, and the circle there presented as much of grace, elegance and dignity as ever adorned any public assembly. It was a scene which might well have called forth the admiration of the sterner and the coarser sex below and around. The chamber, before Mr. Clay rose, was literally wreathed in smiles and beauty, and it was a scene beautiful to look upon, until the event which had called so many together took place, in the earnest, sweet-spoken final farewell, which came from the lips of the orator and reached every heart. Along the central entrance to the chamber the crowd was equally dense, and upon either side here, though far out of sight, and out of hearing, too, ladies were seated, all anxious to catch a tone of a voice which for so many years had always told like the sweetest notes of the lark in the ears of the whole female sex. Senators of all parties gave the most respectful attention, while the representatives flocked in from the House and occupied the privileged seats round about the chamber. Then came the address—for it was more of an address than a speech—the published report of which is only the body of a beautiful oration without the soul. The spirit which kindled, the fire which burned, are not there. Words are as cold as marble without the divine afflatus which could almost give life and action to the dead. The picture presented in such a congregation of people was not only fair enough and perfect enough in all its proportions to charm the eye, but it was a scene which might have given, either in the sympathy created or the pride excited, a feeling but little less than one inspired. The ladies, who were all hope and buoyancy a moment before, were now, "like Niobe, all tears." Mr. Clay in speaking of himself, of his friends, of the noble State of Kentucky where he had been received as a son forty-five years since, was himself quite unmanned. Others were much more affected, and many of the oldest Senators were in tears many times while Mr. Clay was speaking. Mr. Clay left the storm and turmoil of public life, as he thought forever, with an enviable reputation for statesmanship, for patriotism and for eloquence, and his last act was to present the credentials of Mr. Crittenden as his successor, and to speak of him in the most excellent terms. Seven years later Mr. Clay returned to the Senate and served until he died.—*Ben: Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

FRONTIER LAW.

How Judge Muggins Decided a Very Puzzling Mule Case.

A legal adjustment of differences was sometimes very difficult for a man to obtain in the early days of California—as it is elsewhere at times—owing to local peculiarities.

Two Mexicans who had been lucky in digging, disputed the possession of an aged mule, not worth her keeping. The case was brought before a learned magistrate named Muggins, who, before listening to the trial, demanded that each claimant should pay three ounces of gold-dust for "cost of court."

Each party was then allowed to state his side of the case in his native language, of which Judge Muggins did not understand a word. This done, his Honor informed them, through an interpreter, that the case must be decided by a jury.

Two ounces more having been paid to meet this "extra expense," twelve good men and true were summoned. These persons decided that the evidence was so conflicting that neither man owned the mule, but that, in strict justice, the plaintiff and defendant should draw lots for the bony beast. The foreman furnished the straws without extra cost, and mid a breathless silence, the Mexicans drew lots.

The die was cast, and the case decided, but when the winner went proudly forth to claim his quadruped, it was discovered that a more subtile "Greaser" had stolen the mule.—*Youths' Companion.*

—Mrs. Sudden Rich is the name of a lady who resides in Boston.

—Mrs. Sarah West, who recently died in New Washington, Ind., aged ninety-nine years, was never fifty miles from her home, where she was born and died.

—Miss Kitty Austin, eighty-three years old, stepped over from her home in Clarksburgh, Md., to Rockville to call on some friends. These villages are just fourteen miles apart.

—Mr. Benoni Austin, of North Woodstock, Conn., ninety-five years old, stands at the head of five generations, having a living son, grandson, great and great-great grandsons.

HEROIC BRAVERY.

The Noble Steed Which an Ague Sufferer Was About to Brave.

I had never been on a horse in my life, and when the doctor proposed to change his mode of treatment from quinine to horse-back exercise I was a little dubious as to the outcome.

My bump of caution is very large, resulting in a rare development of my running qualities. I, like so many other self-made men, do not know what fear is, but I always have a precipitate inclination to show a dangerous foe how my coat fits in the back, and am always very generous in lending enchantment to the view, distance being no object, just so there's enough of it between us. Contrary to report, I am *not* reckless, but when close pressed by a too inquisitive dog, I have been known to scale a ten-rail fence with an abandon that would reflect glory on a survivor of the noble Six Hundred.

Now the time had come to show my nerve. The change from two-grain pills to a full-grown horse would have dismayed most people, but my great grandfather landed on Plymouth Rock just a trifle ahead of the May Flower, didn't like the soil and came west, and I resolved not to disgrace him. Our neighbor owned a horse whose daily business consisted in running a wood-sawing-machine, and I resolved, despite my wife's entreaties, to borrow the animal on the following Sunday. The contract was made without trouble. I took every precaution to have things go right, and, under pretense of watching them saw wood, I narrowly scanned the actions of the horse in the box. He was a picturesque looking animal; a beautiful range of hills running along his back while the landscape on either side was much broken and diversified. He had a good steady gait, and making my calculations from the number of revolutions the wheel at the saw made, I judged he could make the mile post in 2:29. That seemed like pretty quick time, and when I told my wife about it she begged me not to go. But I remembered Plymouth Rock, and went next day to gain more pointers. The horse was a "diamond in the rough." I think you could have scratched a plate-glass window with most any corner of him. I always noticed a peculiar gleam in the eye of the soap-grease man when he looked at him, and he was a connoisseur. The horse had a pathetic droop to his upper lip, and must have had a history. On his right flank was a brand of an ark with a rainbow in the background, indicating great antiquity. I took him an ear of corn one day, and when I held it up to his good eye, he did not recognize it. They were plainly strangers, and the horse jumped back as though he thought it was loaded. As I watched, the possibilities in that horse grew, as likewise did my admiration. Traveling, as he always did, up-hill, the sections of his back-bone had kind o' settled towards his tail and seemed to have little life in them. But just let the saw strike a knot in the log, and the way he'd couple that train of bones and start up grade would ring a cheer from a six-driver locomotive. I think he dissipated on "anti-fat," and when he'd gather up his forces for a final spurt he'd make Haverly's "bones" green with envy.

My wife, meanwhile, was busy preparing for my Sunday excursion. She had a life-preserver rolled up to put under the tail-board of the saddle, some bandages and splints, a canteen of cold tea and a bottle of patent liniment. I suggested, scarcastically, that a fog-horn would add to the general effect of the collection, but she said the almanac said Sunday would be a clear day, so I subsided. These preparations for war looked so much like reality that I began to inquire into the habits of the horse more closely. They said he got loose one night and ate up a tub of soft soap; ate all the bristles off of the hog's back and the brush end of the broom. All this from pure viciousness, for they had given him a pintcup level full of oats two days before. He snapped a straw hat off of the preacher's boy's head and swallowed it—buckles and all. It was considered utter recklessness to leave kindling-wood or shavings within his reach. From this time on I had no peace. Could I, as the head of a family, even in an attempt to regain my health, risk my life on such a steed?

Saturday night I slept but little, but Sunday morning brought relief. Some bad boys had broken into the horse's stable the previous night and poured a peck of oats into his feed box. They found him dead and the oats untouched. The verdict of the soap-grease man at the post-mortem examination was that he came to his death from palpitation of the heart superinduced by fright. In all his long life he had never seen so many oats before.—*Cor. Peck's Sun.*

An American Drama of To-day.

The Actress—A new play? Pray don't ask me to read it. Can't you give me a synopsis of the most striking incidents?

The Author—With pleasure. In the first act there is a corn-colored silk costume. In the second there are two dresses, including the very latest wraps and parasols. The interest in the third act falls off to a riding habit, but in the fourth and fifth acts there are no less than three complete costumes, and all made by Worth. I think it will be a success.

The Actress—Name your price, sir. I'll take it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Three young men of Boston recently rode their bicycles from that city to New Orleans, a distance of one thousand seven hundred miles.