In language I seek for improvement, And strive to the best of my power; And yet I am saying, they tell me, "O Jiminy!" ten times an hour.

I rush into rooms with my hat on I hop on one leg through the hall; I slide down the banisters madly; I roil round the floor in a ball.

I speak while my elders are speaking; And, one thing that greatly annoys-Pm apt in a general fashion. 'To treat girls as if they were boys!

But though I'm a boor beyond question, And want to reform, goodness knows, There seems to be nothing in manners As splendid as people suppose:

For sometimes they're worn, I imagine, To hide what we'd rather not show— They're like a fine jacket that covers A shirt all in tatters below!

Now this is not my case, it's certain.
Although I'm rude, noisy and pert;
The jacket may be very ragged,
But never you fear for the shirt!

#### MUSINGS.

If life were naught but sunshine Would love be half so sweet? If bliss were all unbroken Would pleasure be less fleet?

If sorrows fell above us
And woke no thought of fearIf misery were a phantom
Would true joy be as dear?

Were friends ne'er falsely proven, Were hearts ne'er rent in twain, Would life be worth the living, If once bereft of pain?

Ah, well, what matter? life's but a garb That shields the great unknown, And we must weary of its wearing Bee we kneel beside the throne.

#### KATE'S ADVENTURE.

I am Kate. Of course I can tell my own adventures a great deal better than any one can tell them for me. That stands to nature. I'm not a practical writer, and I don't know how to produce what the fashionable authors call "grand pen-effects," but I believe I can make you understand how it was, and that is all that is necessary.

Leeman had sprained his anklethat's my brother-and he could not go to town with the load of russet apples that was already piled into barrels, and stood waiting under the big red shed. "It's too bad!" said he. "Those russet apples are worth a deal at this time of year-and we shall miss the market

"Can't you ask neighbor Hutton to take them?" said my mother.

"Neighbor Hutton is a deal too sharp a practitioner for me," said Leeman. "It's a hard thing to say about a neighbor, but I can't trust his honesty." "Mr. Hall?"

"Hall would be casting it up in my face for the next six months that I had asked a favor of him," said Leeman. "No, I'd rather lose the apples than lose my independence. But it's too provoking that I must needs have slipped on that piece of orange peel, now of all times in the world. I have been saving up these apples all the winter with a special eye to this particular market day."

"Leeman," said I, "I'll go." "Nonsense!" said Leeman.

"But why not?" said I. "Old Pomp is as gentle as a kitten, and I know every inch of the way perfectly.'

"But there are the Red Swamp Woods \_that desolate stretch of three miles, with never a house on either side of the way, except the deserted cabin where the old negro hanged himself twenty

argued my mother. Who cares for the Red Swamp Woods?" said I, valiantly. "I never was afraid of frogs and whip-poor-wills, and I'm not going to begin now. Lil, will you go out and help me harness,

early in the morning, and-" "Oh, I wish I was going too! Can't I go, Kate?" cried Lil, my hoyden younger sister, with her blue eyes glittering with delight at the idea of anything unusual.

"Stuff!" cried I, imperiously. "Of course you can't. Hasn't Pompa heavy twenty-four dollars. I'm sorry about load enough, without your ninety pounds of mischief loaded on? Beside, you must stay at home and take care of mother and Leeman, and finish the chintz curtain for the big west chamber; for Col. Hay may come home at any

Col. Hay was our city boarder-a gentleman who had been recommended by his physician to try the fresh, pinescented breezes of the Shawaugeenta Mountains, and whom our rector had

We were not rich, although mother and Leeman had managed the farm economically and well since father's death, and the weekly addition to our his brow. income would be something worth considering.

The idea of a city boarder was very pleasant, too, and Icy Spring Farm was allowed ourselves to think of that.

So, after a little, I coaxed my mother and Leeman to consent, and the next morning Lil and I were up long before daybreak, harnessing old Pomp, and getting ready for the day's journey.

By the time the red, level light of the rising sun touched old Pomp's gray Hay has arrived." mane with radiance, I was driving through the Red Swamp, where the maple trees, from which it took its name, were all aglow with crimson blossoms, and the thrushes and robins called to one another with flute-like but to obey the summons; so I went up notes.

Well, I managed splendidly. I knew where I was going to when I started. sitting-room, and heard mother saying: I gold the six barrels of russets to the man who kept the Park Hotel for four dollars apiece, and that was more than Leeman himself anticipated.

"Be careful you don't get robbed, now," said the man, as he watched me put the bills into my little leather

portemonnaie. "Robbed!" said I, with a laugh. "Why, who should rob me?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said the landburglars around. They're a crop that ally scattered all embarrassment.

don't belong to any particular season of the year.

as things do come back, like a sudden flash across the dark shield of memory -a man who was lounging on the steps looked hard at me.

I colored a little, and thought to myself, "Well, he will know me the next time he sees me," and then forgot all about it: for I had mother's black bombazine to match, and Lil's spring bonnet to buy, and some dinner china to select, and the doctor's prescription for Leeman to fill out at the druggist's, so it was well on to seven when I turned old Pomp's head homeward in the suburbs of the town, with a feeling of elation which was quite pardonable, when one considers my experience in the marketing line and my exceptionally good

The sunshine was warm, and still on the high road, and I was rather glad when at last we came to the cool shadows of the Red Swamp, where the birds were all silent in the noon-heats, be called to from the window for inforthe sweetest of odors came floating up from the tangled recesses of fern, and on either side of the solitary, railed-in

All at once old Pomp gave a sidewise start-his ancient idea of shying-and then I saw a man, pale, dusky and tired-looking, sitting on a fallen log: I was like mother-who would never let the shabbiest or meanest-looking vagabond go past our house without a draught of milk, or a piece of fresh-baked pie, or a slice of her famous home-made bread-cake-and without stopping to think, I drew in old Pomp's rein.

"Are you going toward Lennox Cross Roads?" said I. "Yes? Then jump said I. "Yes? Then jump in; I'm going in that direction, too, and I'll give you a lift."

He thanked me in a silent, drooping sort of way, and seated himself on the board at the back of the wagon, toward which I pointed with the handle of my whip. "You look ill," said I.

"I am not ill," he said, with a smoth-"Only tired with my long ered cough. walk. I didn't know it was so far to Lennox.

"I suppose you are going for work?" said I. many hands just now in his tobacco

"No," said he; "I am not going to work."

like the idea of a man's shrouding himself in mystery in that sort of way; and as I glanced around once more a sudden revelation came across me like a blaze of light. It was the same man who had eyed me so keenly on the steps of the Park Hotel.

Then I remembered my mother's words of caution, Leeman's reiterated exhortations, the landlord's friendly words of warning.

And, in spite of it all, I had deliberately thrust my silly head into the jaws of danger. There was only one thing remaining for me to do-to get out of the scrape as well as I could.

I cast about in my mind how to do this, and presently, with beating heart, I dropped a little paper parcel of blue ribbon into the road.

"Oh," I cried, checking up Pomp,
"I've dropped my parcel! Wouldwould you mind getting out after it?" "Not in the least," said the stranger: and he climbed laboriously out of the

wagon. He had scarcely set his feet on the ground before I laid the whip on old Pomp with a will, and rattled away over the long, straight road at a pace that seemed positively marvelous to me and

So we left our passenger behind, in the middle of the Red Swamp. I could see him standing there, blank and astounded, the sole figure in the long perspective, as I ventured to look back but I only whipped Pomp the harder and never let him 'bate his pace until we were well out of the Red Swamp.

"I've out-generaled him," said I to myself, "and I've saved Leeman's the blue ribbon; but it was only a yard and a quarter, after all, and I can trim Lil's hat with something else."

They were delighted at my proviess when I related my adventure at home. the idea of the desperate tramp alone Red Swamp; Lil declared that I was a

"Wasn't it a good idea for Kate to recommended to the Icy Spring Farm. drop the blue ribbon, and send him after it?" said she.

"Kate musn't go by herself such a

long distance again," said mother. I drank my cup of tea and rested myvery levely spot, although we seldom new brood of darling little yellow chicks which Old Speckle had brought off the

nest during my absence. I was on my knees in the hen-house. feeding them with scalded meal from the palm of my hand, when I heard adelphia Times.

mother calling me from the house "Kate! Kate! come up at once! Col.

"Col. Hay?" I started up, looking with blank dismay at my calico dress and the meal-

stains on my hands. However, there was nothing for it to the house. A sort of blur seemed to come before my eyes, as I entered the "Col. Hay, this is my eldest daughter,

And then the blur cleared away, and I knew the man I had twice before seen that day-the pale, tired traveler whom I had so recklessly abandoned in the middle of the Red Swamp.

I-I beg your pardon, Col. Hay, I cried out impulsively. "I thought you were a thief!

"There's always tramps and from every inmate of the room effectu- dred per cent. will pay him for leasing

That was my adventure. And Col. e year."

Hay has long since forgiven me that unkind desertion of him. In fact—this at the time, but it came back afterward, is quite private and confidential, mind -we are to be married soon, and I am going with him to Florida, to try the effects of a southern climate on his health. That is all. Isn't it enough?

# ENGLISH RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

train is unloaded very rapidly. There is nothing whatever of the annoying delay that we have in getting in and out peradoes of Southern Colorado. at stations. It is all done at once and There is, therefore, no bother of continually showing a check to the coneach place, and the guards can always mation. The guards are uniformed and station men are more elegant yet. At Hereford, for instance, which is but a small, quiet town, our baggage was taken possession of at the station by an elegant and stately gentleman, wearing a stove pipe hat and a suit of dark blue made up in a long coat fashion. It seemed like a favor for him to consent to accept a sixpence. But they all do Some excellent American, Hawthorne I think, remarked that his only regret in thinking over his experience in England lay in the fact that e hadn't offered the high chancellor a shilling. At every railway station, suppose you wish to stop over, there is a "baggage" room where, for four cents (tuppence), they take care of your baggage. Every station, too, has a capital book-stall. It is not merely like ours, a newstand, but it has good literature, and a plenty of it. Then, too, each important station has its restaurant. Every restaurant is a rum-shop! There is every facility for a good meal, but besides that, certainly on some roads, the opportunities for getting drunk surpass anything we know in America. Pocket "Deacon Brierley has a good bottles, thin but copious, are spread out on the counters for sale, containing rum, brandy, whisky, gin, sherry or port, etc., and boys go from car to car offering these There is nothing done on the I asked no more questions. I did not sly; and at the lunch counter there is often a regular bar, always presided over by a neat and tidy girl, who sells the strongest liquors with the mildest expression of countenance. Apparently nobody is ashamed to drink. They all do it openly and make no secret of it. In London, indeed, so much of it is done that they sell champagne by the glassa liquor which is supposed to spoil by opening. "Champagne, one sixpence a common sighn there. Great attention is given to the English railway stations. At Shrewsbury, for example, a city of half the size of our Hartford, or say 25,000 inhabitants, the station cost \$500,000. Along the route a grade crossing is scarcely ever seen; when it is, the gate is kept shut, except when someone wants to cross the track. Its normal condition is to be closed. Tunnels and bridges are frequent. Over these in many places ivies are growing, and other climbing vines; and at many stations the cultivation of flowers stimulated by prizes offered by the companies, has been carried to an art. Crossing the tracks at stations is not feasible, and walking on the tracks through the country is forbidend. Look from the car window half a day and you will see no one on the track except an occasional railway employe. The whistle scarcely blows except at stations. guard notifies the engineer that all is

## ready by blowing a shrill little whistle which he carries in his pocket.

CARLYLE'S OLD HOUSE. A correspondent of a Glasgow paper has been to Chelsea, and finding Carlyle's old house "standing empty, very dismal looking, rather delapidated, ticketed to be let or to be sold," breaks out into the following exclamation: Will Scotchmen allow this to continue-will they allow to go to wreck and ruin this house, in which for seven Leeman declared I was a capital little and forty years he lived?" The manmarket-woman; mother shuddered at ifest answer to this is that Scotchmen will most likely do just that thing. with me in the tangled wilderness of the Carlyle's house in Great Cheyne Row, in which "he lived for seven and forty years," was never a house for anybody. Thomas worked hard there and scolded harder. Jane used to leave the wedges out of the windows, the windows rattled "Kate was a goose ever to let him get into the wagon," said Leeman, knitting about Thomas to her friends. Carlyle's immortal genius is something superior to houses and wives. The old house has few, if any, pleasant associations, and it self, and went out afterward to see the might as well go under the hammer or be taken by the people who will live in it almost as happily as Carlyle himself. And as for turning it into a Carlyle Club, as has been suggested, why the club itself would die of the "blues."-[Phil-

> HERE WILL WE DRAW THE LINE .-"A Nebraska widow with twenty-one children is advertising for a husband. There is great virtue in printers' ink it has brought fortunes to men and women; but we don't believe a double countralivertisement, inserted next to reading matter every day for six months would bring a husband to a widow with twenty-one children-unless the latter are kept in the background, or underground, or somewhere. We dislike to go back on advertising, but the line must be drawn somewhere.

A wicked young man says that he never will, upon any consideration whatever, really believe that a pretty girl knows what a kiss means till he has it from her own mouth.

Now is the time when the seaside The burst of laughter that followed landlord wonders if a profit of six hunthe old ranch for another season.

## FEMALE DESPERADO.

Lynched.

Broncho Lou was a well-known frontier character in the recent history of trimmed. This one is allowed to grow Colorado. A woman of perhaps 25, until it looks like the claw of a beast. with considerable pretensions to beauty, We have thought that the long nail was the annoyance of the compartment system of railway carriages, but it has its her ferocity, or as gentle as a lamb, or this may be a mistake for there are advantages. Each compartment opens as soft as an angel in her devotion to independently of the others, and so a those she liked. With her is somehow active motion as the long-nail man, but linked the history of many of the des- a love for solemn facts compels us to

In the years 1881 and 1882 cattle and without confusion. As for tickets, you stock stealing was carried on to a large exhibits the claw as though it were a do not give them up until you arrive. extent, besides numerous highway rob- jewel of great price. He is proud of it beries, which did not stop at murder, and he does not intend that you shall ductor. The names of stations are not were of almost daily occurrence. At called out, but they are very plainly last one of the communities most cursed a grocery store. He cuts off a thin marked in a dozen different spots at by these outlaws determined upon an piece of cheese, takes up a cracker, organized effort to "wipe them out." nibbles the cheese and the cracker A posse of citizens was raised, who, alternately, and fastidiously scratches look very well, but the porters and armed to the teeth, started out in quest his cheek with the nail. This perof the desperadoes. After proceeding formance, he seems to think; will pay about six miles from town they were for any amount of cheese, and his com found encamped to the number of six, mendation of the article is past any as hard-looking ruffians as could be possible remuneration. He carries a found anywhere. No attempt at hiding little pearl-handle knife, and when the had been made and the citizens rode in winds of business have been blowing the center of the camp with pistols his way, he scrapes the nail like a foxdrawn and demanded the surrender of hunter does his horn, and carefully the outlaws. This request was an picks the little shavings from his waist swered by a volley, in which one of the coat. He is full of information, and death of two of the offenders, and the neighborhood of "fifty-four." having made his escape. The fight oc- does, no one seems in authority to state prisoners were taken to town and put to help himself, he helps himself. He have been left to their well-deserved worthy of better objects, they all resupposed to be more secure quarters to manhood, men wither into old age, flown, with the aid, as was afterward ascertained, of Broncho Lou, who had furnished them with tools to escape and also horses, which she obtained from some of their friends. Simultaneously fled with them. A hue and cry was again raised, stim-

long before the trail of the fugitives was blow eternity's awful blast, discovered, marked as it was by a num- doubtless be nibbling cheese and scratchber of fresh outrages. Not a ranch or ing his cheek with the long-nail. small settlement near which they had passed but had suffered at their hands, HOW THE BATTLE HYMN WAS WRITTEN. and the pursuing party constantly reinal population of New Mexico. Broncho | cantonments.

way we do it." don't make it like I thought you ded," she continued, blushing.

"How did you think it was done?" "Why, I—I—thought you took hold He is trampling out the vineyard where the grapes of wrath are stored," etc. of a silver thingumbob and kinder pumped it out, but you don't. You ust took hold of that there do-good and ust milked it out jest like I milk old Cherry, only you put in some strippin's stirring." first. It's awful good truck though—if it hadn't so much belch in it!"

Mr. Frederick Gebhardt (Mrs. Nilson's brother) drives a dog-cart and roan in the absence of Mrs. Langtry.

#### THE LONG NAIL MAN.

Why the man with the long finger-Who Saved Three Men From Being nail was not killed by the first gun at Fort Sumpter, and as for that matter, why he was ever born, is something we shall not attempt to explain. Every nail on every finger but one is carefully some people who are as indifferent to admit that the majorify of them are which he had perched himself. paralyzed. The long-nail man has many annoying characteristics. He lose sight of his greatest attraction His formation and training of a ballet? best exhibition is shown when he enters

leaders of the citizens fell mortally always begins a narration by giving the wounded. Then followed a short but date. "In forty-eight," he begins, and decisive battle, which resulted in the he generally closes somewhere in the capture, although badly wounded, of dresses well, but how he manages to three others, the sixth man somehow pay for his clothes or whether he ever curred on the site of an abandoned rail- When he visits an editorial room he road camp, and was known as the bat- wants a few old exchanges, and when tle of the grade. The three wounded the editor, deep in business, tells him under a heavy guard, as threats of takes the best; not that he really knows lynching were freely made. So indig- which are the most valuable, but because nant were the people, however, that the a devilish fate seems to guide his enwounded men would have died for want terprise. When invited, he always of attention had it not been for Broncho takes an expensive drink, and if he can Lou. Without her these men would get hold of a cracker and a piece of cheese at the lunch counter, he scratches fate. She, however, assumed their his cheek with the long nail. He will

whole care, and devoting herself to drink with you all day, and after you them with a humanity and tenderness are laid out, bless your checquered life; he is as fresh as the mint that nods in covered and were placed in what was the spring branch. Boys grow up to await their trial. One morning their he remains the same. His claw has jail door was found open and the birds many a time closed around the silver handle of the coffin, but when the death-grip is relinquished, he is again ready to eat cheese and scratch his cheek with the long nail. No one knows his father. No one has ever seen his with their escape Lou disappeared, and mother. He came to the country, he it was rightly supposed that she had thinks, in thirty-nine, but people who lived in the neighborhood previous to that time knew him. He may die, but ulated by the offer of a heavy reward by the chances are against such a fortunate the town authorities, and it was not event, for when the silver trumpet shall

ceived large accessions until it formed quite a respectable company. Riding writes Miss Maud Howe, in her biography "It was in the first year of the war, night and day for several days, they of her mother, Julia Ward Howe, "that finally came upon fresh tracks made by Dr. and Mrs. Howe, Gov. and Mrs. their game. Profiting, however, by Andrew and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Whippast experience, the approach was made cautiously and soon the scouts reported Washington." The visit was full of that the objects of their search were in deep interest, and every moment brought a deserted cabin standing in a dense with it some new experience of the ter grove of aspen trees. Cautiously sur- rors of war which shook the seat of rounding the cabin and covering every government. One afternoon the whole point with their revolvers and Winches-party drops out to the camps outside of ters, the inmates were ordered to come Washington to visit Col. William Green. out and hold up their hands, which During the visit, their host turned to they quickly did, and were soon mount- Mrs. Howe and said: "Madam, you ed on extra horses and securely bound, must say something to my soldiers. with the exception of Lou, who was al- To a woman who had never made a lowed the freedom of her hands and speech in her life, this request, almost feet. After a short consultation it was like a command, was, indeed, startling, decided to settle the desperadoes' fate Three times she ran away and hid herthen and there. An open place was self, but the Colonel found her each sought and preparations made for time, and persisted that she should lynching them. Just as a rope was be- speak to the soldiers. Finally, she ing adjusted around their necks, Lou, yielded to his solicitations, and made a with a sudden move, took from a place short address to the company of men. of concealment in her dress a keen Some days after this, Mrs. Howe and knife, and before the astonished gather- her friends were present at a review of ing could recover from their surprise troops, which was interrupted by a the three men and woman were gallop- movement on the part of the enemy. ing off into the timber at a rapid rate. Reinforcements were sent to a party of They were never caught so far as known Union soldiers in the neighborhood. although their course being south, there who had been surprised and surrounded. is no doubt but that they formed a con- The review was abandoned for the day, siderable accession to the already crim- and the troops marched back to their The carriage in which Lou was never after heard from. Cer- Mrs. Howe rode, moved slowly, sur tainly she was one of the queerest spec- rounded by what seemed a river of armed imens of womankind that ever graced men. To beguile the time, she began or disgraced a community. An expert to sing the John Brown song, on hearing horsewoman, she always rode as a man; which the soldiers shouted; "Good for an excellent shot, she was credited with you." Mrs. Howe now spoke to her the death of two husbands in this man- friends in the carriage of the desire ner; an experienced gambler, she was which she had felt to write some words well known as a dealer in stud poker, of her own which might be sung to this who always drew largely and made big stirring tune, saying also that she was winnings for her employer. With her afraid she should never be able to do it. associations and employments there can Her wish was soon fulfilled. She lay be no doubts that her end will be a vio- down that night full of thoughts of battle, lent one .- Denver Rocky Mountain and awoke before dawn the next morn ing to find the desired verses imme diately present to her mind. She sprung "Law sakes alive! Is that the way from her bed, and in the dim gray you make soda warter?" said a green light found a pen and paper, whereon country girl to the clerk in Fuller's drug she wrote, scarcely seeing them, the store in Newman, the other day, as he lines of the poem. Returning to her gave her her first drink of soda water.
"Yes, ma'am," said the polite clerk, not until she had said to herself: 'I as he washed the glass; "that's the like this better than anything I have

astonishment, as she tasted it. "You one thing of Mrs. Howe's that will be gold watches, dress suits, and silk hats. handed down to posterity:

> "It may not be the best thing she has it is the most notable and the most fense of suicide in certain cases as "an

The greatest of all the world's fashion-

## THE BALLET DANCERS.

Where They Come From. and How are Trained.

"One, two, three, four. Then you

did it right. Six, seven, eight." "You-Miss Brown, you're rather late."

So on went the performance, the singing of the professor being extensively interlarded with ejaculations, some very forcible, until, out of breath, the balletmaster descended from the box upon

"I suppose," he remarked, "you are astonised. Well, I have been rather rough, but it's all professional."

"Can I tell you anything about the Well, I suppose I ought to be able, after being at it all my life. The principal difficulty on this side of the Atlantic is in getting the right material. The American ladies do not take to it as a profession as their English and continental sisters do, though I assure you they are by far the best suited for the profession in beauty, agility and grace. Just look at those three young ladies. Did you ever see more graceful forms'

"Where do you recruit your corps from?" asked the reporter.

From all classes. High and low. rich and poor present themselves, wishing to get on the ballet. Some are ladies of wealthy families, with a theatrical craze. Others are disgusted with working for wages that will only keep body and soul together. While of course, we have a few who are to the manner born," and would not be happy unless before the foot-lights.

Well, will you give some points in relation to the training of a lady for the ballet?"

"It's hard work, let me tell you, for all concerned. Come with me and I'll show you.

The professor led the way into an apartment down either sides of which ran hand-ralls, with the floor sloping toward one end like a stage, furnished at intervals under the bars with little holders or cleats.

"Those," said the professor, pointing to the cleats, "are used by the ladies for putting their toes against for side practice, or, as we call it, 'turning out,' which means that the ballet-master or mistress has to take every lady by the leg and turn each joint into a graceful position. Now this is a matter requiring great skill on their part, for many in attempting it have ruined the girl for life by twisting the joint the wrong way.

"After this a lady is taught to throw batmans,' which means bringing the limbs alternately to the front, side and back in graceful motion, returning to the original position without moving, and in the swiftest possible manner. This is followed by an exercise which we call 'ruchosson,' or giving the foot and ankle a spiral motion. This, I must tell you, is very hard work, and requires a great deal of patience and perseverance if the postulant wishes to be-

come a premiere danseuse. "The next two steps are the 'Pas Bas' and 'Glissa.' After several months' practice of this sort she is placed in the back row of the ballet, whence she gradually works herself to the front. Of course a great deal depends

on the lady herself. "I am speaking now of what we call legitimate ballet. The so-called dancing of the Maiiltons, Gerards, Cobblers and Lorellas, is nothing more than old school

Whom do you remember as the leading ballet-masters and mistresses of your time?"

"Madame Louise was undoubtedly the greatest ballet-mistress in England. John Milans, John Cormack, for many years ballet-master at Drury Lane, who was remarkable for the size of his feet, and M. Espinoza, a man of very amall stature, but who possessed a nose which completely overshadowed his face. He was a magnificent dancer."

Some of the ballet have made very fortunate matches, have they not?"

"Oh, yes. Some of the nobility of England can trace their origin back to the foot-lights. You remember the case of the Duke of Edinburgh falling in love with a dancer in the Alhambra called 'Lardy Wilson?

"The American school has not yet developed any prominent danseuses? 'Yes, a few. Mme. Flindt is an American, though she finished on the other side. She is, you know, a leading

premiere for the Kiralfys." Whom do you consider the most cessful dancers of the present day?" The French, by all means; next ome the Italians. But I believe, as I said before, the American lady will lead the van in a few years."-[New

### York Journal. STRAY WAIFS.

The crop of cigarettes is estimated at eight hundred millions. A highly-educated Maine girl has just

nished shingling her father's office. An Indianapolis woman who wears a No. I shoe claims to have had sixteen

offers of marriage on account of her foot. ever written.' And so the Battle Hymn sented with scarf-pins by the bride-"Waal, I never!" she exclaimed in of the Republic was born. It was the grooms, now think they ought to have

> Prayer books bound in white velvet "My eyes have seen the glory of the coming and gold, costing \$25, are shown as the of the Lord; kind made for brides to hold in their hands at the nuptial ceremony.

Quite a controversy has been provoked written, from a literary standpoint, but by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher's de act of supreme considerateness and generosity.'

"Does her hand-writing denote charable dressmakers is bald. Ladies will acter?" he was asked. "Certainly; on be pleased to learn that such is the effect caused by brain work in their bebalf.

acter?" he was asked.

yes, of course," the other answered.

obut I'm blessed if I can make out what the characters mean.'