town of Lynn;

And the fisher folks are near,
But I wish they never hear
The songs the far bells make for me, the bonny
bells of Lynn.

The folks are chatting gay, and I hear their The folks are chatting gay, and I have merry din.

But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;

He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier,

To wait and watch him coming when the tide

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the

On, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me,
And I hear his jovial song, and his merry face I see;
And now he's at the pier.
My bonny love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hand outstretched to me.

O my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands are stark and thin! Oh, hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn!

Oh, have you naught to say
Upon our wedding day?
Love, hear you not the wedding bells across
the Bay of Lynn?

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own! For I fear this rising sea, and these winds and waves that moan

But never a word he said! He is dead, my love is dead! Ah me! ah me! I did but dream; and I am all alone— Alone, and old, and gray; and the tide is But my heart's away, away, away, in the old graveyard at Lynn!

SOJOURNER TRUTH'S SAYINGS.

Her Powerful Outburst at a Woman's Rights Convention. [Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Frances D. Gage has recorded

one of Sojourner Truth's impressive outbursts on the public platform in the 'History of Woman Suffrage." Was at a woman's rights convention at Akron Ohio, in 1851. During its sessions old Sojourner—for she was 80 years of age then-"sat crouched against the wall on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her sun-bonnet shading her eyes, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting on her broad, hard palms." Few dared have her speak, many implored rs. Gage, who was president Mrs. Gage, who was president of the convention, to prevent her from speaking. They didn't want their cause "mixed with the abolitionists and niggers." But the time came when

Sojourner Truth felt it borne in upon her to speak: "She moved slowly to the front, laid her old bonnet at her feet, and turned her great speaking eyes to me." Hisses came from the audience. But she looked the disapproval down. Nearly six feet high, her head thrown back, and her eyes "pierced the upper air like one in a dream." At her first words there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, though not loud, which reached every ear in the house. Here are some of the words she said, and they will show how powerful

and original a character was this fullblooded African woman, and how justified her fame was:

need to be helped into carriages and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de bes' place eberywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages or ober mud piles, gibs me any bes' place!" And raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And a'n't I a woman? Look at my arm!" (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power.) "I have plowed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me. And a'n't I woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well. And

Dat man ober dar say dat womin

a'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chilern, and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief none but Jesus heard me. And a'n't I a woman?

'Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head-what dis dey call it? ("Intellect," whispered some one near.) Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid womin's rights or nigger's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ve be mean not to let me have my little half measure full? Den dat little man in black, dar he says womin can't have as much rights as men, because Christ wa'nt a woman! Whar did your Christ come Rolling thunder could not from?" have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eves of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated: "Whar did your Christ come from? From God and woman!

Death on a Pale Horse.

Man had nothin' to do wid him!"

[New York Cor. Chicago Journal.] "Death is on a pale horse, racing right alongside of Eole," said a man at my elbow. We were at the Brighton Beach races.

The speaker was a physician. The visible horse that he referred to, Eole, was the property of Freddie Gebhardt, the Langtry-famous young man, and was winning the race.
"What do you mean about seeing

Death as a rider in this run?" I asked "Simply that he is contesting with the jockey who is mounted on Eole," the reply. "That fellow's name is McLaughlin, you say? Well, I was over at the weighing stand when he was preparing to ride. A jockey has to be a light-weight, for horse owners don't care to weigh down their beasts. This is a dreadfully cold day. shivering in thick overcoats, with the collars turned up. McLaughlin has nothing on under his thin silk jacket. He hasn't allowed himself an extra pound in flannels. To all intents he is exposed naked, not only to the low temperature, but to the tremendous wind made by the speed of the race. Every time he rides unclothed like that, he takes a big risk of pneumonia. That's why I say that Death is running a pale his side, and is just as likely

Arkansaw Traveler: Dar's some little truth eben in de bigges' lie, eben ef it is no more den de fack dat it is a

as not to beat him to-day.

INTO THE UNFORGOT- interrupting her; "sit down, please; I've TEN LAND.

["Madge Carrol" in Arthur's Magazine.] Arthur Okill sat in his deceased friend's flice, perusing, in the capacity of executor an epistle directed to Joseph Laux, and signed Ermyntrude Southwayd, Although addressed familiarly "Dear Joe," and overflowing with sentimental reminiscences, it was a business, not a love letter, else he would not have read it. It appeared that the writer's father left Thornton twenty years previous, owing Joe—who had then just en-tered man's estate—money for house rent. Having but recently discovered this fact, the lady, being now possessed of considera property, desired in justice to pay both

principal and interest. Such was the sum and substance of this etter, read in the golden after-glow of one of June's fairest days. There was, however, one line over which Arthur Okill pondered

seriously. It ran thus:
"The story so sweetly begun and so sadly broken off under that roof you know well. of course, Joe Laux knew. queenly Ermyntrude Southmayd broke her engagement with Arthur Okill, all the gos sips in the village got hold of this racy bit of news and rolled it like some toothsome morsel under their tongues. The elders remembered it to this day, although the discarded lover had at different times honorably wooed and won two of their daughters and had buried them, and children with them, under the red and white clover bloom in Thornton's little green graveyard. Folks seldom forget things of this sort. More's the pity. From his rose-draped window he could see across the way the moss-embroidered eaves under which they parted so sadly and so coldly long

written all sorts of hard and bitter things against this beautiful, imperious creature, and had closed and sealed the pages time and again, only to open them once more and re write, although for nearly twenty years her

light step had never crossed his path. Now at last, as the day died in amber reds along the gentle slopes of Thornton, he fell to reading between these fiery lines penned with his heart's best blood, and to wondering whether if he had but refused to have taken that rash girl at her word she would not have been touched and have melted like wax under love's indomitable flame. Sitting there in the crimson and amber sun-glow, with white and pink rose-leaves floating in at the open window like scented, tinted snowflakes, he wished, vaguely, that this thought had oc-curred to him then, and that he had acted upon it. As it was, it was too late. Even would sooner expect to behold those whom he had kissed and laid away come forth in fleshy habiliments than to find that annihilated passion clothed anew and dwelling in his bosom.

"What in the world are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Seth Okill, opening the door of the office from her parlor adjoining. "I

thought you were going out."
"No, I'm attending to a little business," replied her brother-in-law, hurriedly seizing me legal documents and making believe to look them over. "Say, Cad," recalling her as she was about retiring, "you remember the Southmayds, don't you!" "To be sure I do. What was that beauti-

ful daughter's name? Glenwood? Elfenhood? No, that don't sound like it either."
"Try Ermyntrude," suggested Arthur,

drily.
"Sure enough! Ermyntrude. I used to name all my prettiest dolls after her. Nice family, but awful poor and proud, weren't What about them?" 'She's written to Joe from Jersey City

and is coming to see him on business "Poor Joe! And he dead and buried this two weeks!" sighed Cad Okill. "She's pretty old now, isn't she! I'm twenty-eight, and she was grown up when I was a little

his shapely fingers through his own thickly powdered hair and beard, wondering the while how "Empress Ermyntrude's" rare auburn braids stood the test of time. "Thirty-nine and not married!" exclaimed

Mrs, Okill, as if compassing the round of human misery. "Is she after our dear old

'Nonsense! You know all about Joe's love Any way, she always held her head too high for such as he, or, indeed, any one, for that matter. Now that she's rich, she doubtless holds it higher yet."

"Yes, I recollect, she was called the Em press, wasn't she? She was so beautiful and emed to be so grand, I really thought she ruled a kingdom, and often wished I could slip into the house and see her crown and throne. When is she coming?"

"To-morrow noon."
The morrow's mid-hour found Miss Southmayd alighted at the pretty vine engarlanded station, and rapidly pursuing her way toward the well known intersecting streets, on on corner of which was Joe's office, and upon another the rambling, tree-girdled struc she once called home.

Despite the changes nearly twenty year had wrought, "Empress Ermytrude. though she pulled her gray traveling veil over her face, half determined neither to se nor be seen, recognized a familiar residen and bit of woodland green and emerald sward. She had not come with any intention of remaining even for one day. There were painful memories connected with the place other than those interwoven with "love's young dream." Then, too, there was really no one she cared or dared see, excepting Joe Laux. The remaining member of th only family whose acquaintance she had kept up removed some three months previous, a were now her neighbors in the city where she

Still, strive as she would, bitter-sweet memories crowded in upon her, and when at length she met Arthur Okill face to face, hers was rapt, dewed like that of a rose in the

flush of dawn. The ripe, red lips still disclosed their seedpearl rosary; there was no thread of silver among those chestnut braids, no trace of a wrinkle on those rounded cheeks. While far ounger women, such as Cad Okill, aged under the metrimonial yoke, and "child-birth pain left its traces on heart and brain," she retained her splendid health, and, although she had earned her bread and met many trials, was even more regally beautiful than in the olden time. In early maidenhood critics had pronounced her "too fat and too The tendency of over-ripeness had been checked, that tropical richness of coloring toned down, and criticism on that score was disarmed.

"Arthur!" she cried, not flushing in the least, yet with all the light of her countenance dying out and a strange gloom overshadowthe warm, brown eyes.

"Ermyntrude!" exclaimed be.

One instant these two, who had wrecked each other's hope, clasped hands, and eye met eye in searching, yearning gaze; then the lady said, quietly enough outwardly:

"This is an unexpected meeting. I regret being so pressed for time; I am obliged to seem abrupt. I came to see Joe on a matter "I know, I know," replied Arthur Okill week would be obliged to visit Jersey City if agreeable, he would be happy to wait upon

omething to tell you.' She sat down and he told her about Joe's death and his reading of her letter. He could not reach the necessary papers for a day or two, he said, and in the course of a

Taught by tears and calmed by time, there was little more said on either side. Mrs. Okill was summoned and chattered for about fifteen minutes after which her brother-inlaw attended Miss Southmayd to the little rose-banked station, pressed her hand, and bade her good-bye.

Miss Southmayd's parlor was not gorgeous it was simply a cozy nook in which to do or to dream great or lovely things. Sitting there, with roseate lights and violet shadows flitting over face and figure, "Empress Ermyntrude's" heart beat true, but she was on her guard against this much-married

tiful, so like the queen of life's unforgotten May, memory failed to produce a record of the hard and bitter things written and sealed against her; later loves and ties were ignored, and, although self-controlled and apparently cool and at ease, he felt the passion of that earlier, better day blossoming redly in his

They parted as they had met, old acquaint-tices; that, seemingly, was all. It was, meal. Moreover, coachmen and grooms ances; that, seemingly, was all. It was, nevertheless, odd what a vast amount of "red tape" Mr. Okill managed to wind about this bit of business. It became necessary he should call again. During this interview, he dashed into the subject pearest his thoughts and heart in a manner which might strike one as

quareled over a dress, which, when she displayed it in triumph as the one she was to the universal, the all-engrossing game. wear at a coming party, he said would front of the low, broad, "extinguish" her; it was too much the color creeper-grown houses of of her hair and eyes. One word brought another, finelly she flashed out:

"If the way I dress don't suit your lordship, perhaps I don't suit you either, and we may as well break our engagement."
"As you please," he had replied, leftily.

Two days afterward they met at the party and did not speak, so the affair became common property. Following close this heart-tragedy came the Southmayds' removal, and like the girls, wear the flat India rubber

'You mistake," she replied; "it was not red, it was cinnamon-brown. They would call it terra-cotta now."

There was a moment's silence. Each had opened the page of life's past and was reading their stories with strained, pained hearts and

They stood near the breeze-haunted bayindow, over which a woodbine strung her scented garlands. Somewhere, a sweet-voiced girl sang "Home, Sweet Home." When the last note died lingeringly on the summer

Nor is there in life anything so sweet as the honey of young love. One may roam the world over, drinking at every spring; the keynote of courtly minds, shines the red night even banquet with the gods, and never nd, nor hope to find, such nectar as he first drank from love's golden chalice Ermyntrude, gathering some fallen white

and creamy blossoms, murmured something about flowers that never freshen, and they stood in silence again, looking into the unforgotten land of youth.

The Hairpin Craze. [Milwaukee Journal.]

"What breed?"

'A very common one just at this time. He's a hairpin crank." What do you mean?"

"Why, simply what I said. It's a new craze that has struck all in a heap those peculiarly rattle-pated individuals who have been wont to burn the midnight lamp composing a sonnet to my mistress' eyebrows, nall boy used to gather postage stamps and the wee girl fill up her button-strong, so do these tender-hearted youths collect hairpins. They watch the ladies as they pass along the streets, at parties, balls, and in stores on shopping excursions, and when a hairpin works loose and falls to the ground or floor it is quickly picked up, the lady's name discovered if possible, and the hairpin, properly labeled, therewith goes to swell the collection. The bolder of the hairpin collectors will succeed in picking a loose one from a lady's back h knowing it. I was invited the other evening to inspect a collection of these relics of beauty gathered together by a Seventh ward young man. He had 300 of them, and they all bor the name of the charming wearers, including all the changes of fore and aft on the name Smith, from Arabella to Zola, and from plain Smith, to Schmith and Smyth. One of the pins, my delectable companion informed me, was fro of the city, and cost him \$5 to secure it, a rival collector having obtained the precious trophy and sold out to him." What do they do with them?"

"The same as the boy did with his postage stamps, or the girl with her button-stringskeep them to look at and to admire. craze has just struck the west. It originated mong the dudes of Boston about a year ago and has just arrived. In all probability will die out in a single season, as it seems too foolish to endure long.'

Makes 'Em Respect a Man

[Rockland Courier-Gazette.] "What's this Dead Scott decision about?" queried Mrs. Wigglesworth, looking up from the paper. "Dread Scott—not Dead Scott," corrected Mr. Wigglesworth, with a man's patronizing smile of superiority. 'Well. Dread Scott, then. What is it?" Mr. Wigglesworth was stuck, but he looked wise. Something to do with the Mexican war," he "Gen. Scott, you know, was a terrible fighter, and the Greasers got to refering to him as the Dread Scott. Some decision papers mean." Mrs. Wigglesworth, with a papers mean." Mrs. Wigglesworth, with a satisfied air, folded the paper back and it? It would require a universal consensus; and this is not attainable. self at his having got out of it so smoothly 'All a woman needs," he mentally remarked "is to have a thing explained one way or another. Don't matter what you tell'em, se long as it's something. It's a mighty sight easier than having to answer a hundred questions. Makes 'em respect a man,' too'

California Cotton Raising [Chicago Herald.]

Cotton raising in southern California has not proved as profitable as was expected, and the chief trouble seems to be inefficient labor and its high price. Most of the planters en-gaged Chinese to do the work for them, but one season's experience has proved that, while the Chinaman demands almost as much for his work as the white man, he cannot pick one-third the amount of cotton. A num-ber of negroes are to be engaged to take the place of the Celestials.

Among the 50,000 postmasters in the United States, \$8,000 a year is the highest salary and 5 cents the lowest. There are forty seven who receive \$1 a year salary.

RURAL ENGLAND.

Hearty Old Fashioned Politeness and Fresh Unaffected Country

[London Letter in New York Sun.] Almost the first thing you are told when ou take up your temporary residence in Blankshire, is that your comments must b guarded and your conversation diplomatic, as all the families within a visiting radius of twenty miles are related to each other. And so they are, for a death puts all the country side in mourning, while a wedding calls out universal sympathy. Along the route of the bridal cortege, every cottage or farm house hangs out its little decoration, and in the town every tradesman has his flag, his bunch of flowers, or his bit of bunting, for has he not catered for the wants of the young couple from their christening upward?

Visitors and invitations promptly flow in upon the new comer with a hearty old-fashioned politeness. Dinner parties are not popular. In the summer other gatherings preferred; and in winter or autumn the male portion of the community, the men who have been shooting and hunting for seven or eight hours, refuse to don the tail coat and white hard worked by their attendance on the exacting hunter (meaning the quadruped), turn crusty at being kept out till the small hours for social duties, although they are over ready to turn out at 1 a. m. when it is no cessary to ride eighteen miles to be at a meet

abrupt, awkward, but "very human."

"I think I never saw you look so well in anything as you did that evening in the red affected girls of Blankshire—seem to exist on lawn tennis, with an occasional trial at in which manly sport they are no creeper-grown houses of the gentry, spread and springy as moss, and across their green expanse are stretched as many nets as the accurate measurement of the courts will balls fly, sent over by strong, supple wrists while the air echoes to reiterations of the tennis slang. The men of all ages and dethat seemed to be the end of love's young soled shoe, for on no account must the addream. game progresses the strangers and the non-players are plied with tea and the thirmest of bread and butter.

At no hour between 3 and 6 can you pay visit in the country without the neat silve o'clock tea complied with. Then you are and gladden her soul by genuine admiration of the rare bits of china, the quaint-carved balusters of oaken staircases, odd recesses curious old engravings, older and more curious books in gigantic bindings and colossal type. Among these, in strange the keynote of courtly minds, shines the red binding of all the peerages and volumes dedicated by Burke, Debret and others to the nobility and gentry. Some are in three volumes, others fat and voluminous like a commercial directory, others only pocket editions of the same. Each family knows its own lineage and descent of every other. What the New Testament was to the old Cov enanters, the printed record of his ancestors is to the British landowner-his vade mecun his guide, his fundamental dogma. Some-times of two brothers one only figures in the "Landed Gentry." The other has lost his claims to appear in the "Livre d'Or," for he has embraced trade and be

[Paris Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] Another "delicacy" in this country is the For my part, I don't cargots, or snails. ike them, and after having once screwed my courage to the tasting point I have ever sin chewing at a little piece of gristle that hore However, the French consider the snail as an edible mollusk, and the nasty, slimy, crawling creatures are sold on the street corners just the same as ovsters and at about the same prices. They are served up pound of butter, parsley, and sometimes garlic, and you are supplied with a sort of picker, with which to extract them. The finest me from Burgundy, but of late years a number of departments have turned their at tention to the breeding and fattening of snails for the Paris market; now it is the department of Ander that ships the greatest quantity. Toward the end of summer the scargots are collected into little inclosures, arranged in the corners of the fields and gar dens, the spot selected being cold, damp and shady. In this corner all sorts of aromatic plants are cultivated, and it is frequently sted to see that the snails do not stray too far away. Toward the end of autumn dry mos and leaves are scattered in the inclosure, and when the snails have built up the opening when the snails have built up the opening of their shells and gone to sleep for the winter they are gathered into boxes and shipped to

The Habit of Hurry.

[London Daily News.] The whole of modern life, whether in the entres of pleasure or the centres of busin is dominated by the desire to do too much and the consequent necessity of doing it with nental habit; we had almost said a vulgar habit. The whole world is in a conspiracy to double, to treble the pace. And what is gained by it? Loss of temper, deterioration of manners, injury to digestion, increase of nervous diseases—these are the natural and inevitable results of that high pressure to which we nearly all expose ourselves and subject each other. Who is made better by it, who wiser, who even richer! Everything is relative in this world; and if everybody gallops nobody is better off than if every-

After the Porpoises.

[Exchange.]
A company has been organized by persons ving in Philadelphia and Cape May to catch orpoises, by means of a net invented for that special purpose, and convert them into oil, leather, and fertilizers. Those products of the sportive porpoise are said to be particularly valuable, but hitherto the difficulty has been to catch the porpoise. The new net with which the company is to make war is capable of accommodating 150 of them at a

Some Additional Signs.

[Courier-Journal.] Lord Bacon's signs of short life are quick growth, fair, soft skin, soft fine hair, early corpulence, large head, short neck, small mouth, fat ear, brittle, separated teeth. other signs are: Going into a saloon at twelve intervals a day, sitting on a railroad crossing, and writing original poetry.

A whaling company with \$1,000,000 capital has been started in San Francisco.

COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE "MIR"-WHY THE NIHILISTS HAVE LEFT THE PEAS-ANTRY.

Translation from Paris Figaro. Every commune, every mir is governed just the way it wants to be. Russian mir is the perfect realization of the perfect commune dreamed of by certain occidental Socialists. property of the commune is indivisible, and as each has always more land than it is possible to cultivate, a regular conference is held every year and a decision made as to what part of the soil shall be planted, and what products shall be cultivated. Every soul in the village is employed in the work, and after harvest the profits are equally divided. The "mir" has the privilege of banishing lazy or worthless characters. If a crime be committed all the inhabitants are held responsible until the guilty party is found. In the same way every member of the community is held responsible for the payment of taxes. But in practice things do not run so smoothly by any means, as the theory of the system might lead one to sup-There are plenty of lazy folk, turbulent and dangerous characters, ambitious men; and over all these tower the employes of the central government who rule tyrannically

Yet, after all, what better condition of affairs could the revolutionary party promise to the peasant? In reality, none. But the revolutionaries did find one vulnerable spot through which the fortunate man rested his cramped limbs peasant brain might be reached and was literally nothing but a heap of excited to dissatisfaction. Alexander damp straw. II. had given a part of the seignorial lands of the peasantry. The Nihilists have persuaded the peasants that the gift was given only as the first installment of a larger one; that all the lands really belong to them, and are due 1,507. A poor bundle. them; that the lords have succeeded in devising means to keep the emperor out how much time it needed to dry one from giving the peasant all the landed of the straws. It needed three-quir estates. They have thus taught the ters of an hour. peasant to believe that the nobility are their natural enemies. Thus have the seeds of social war been sown by the Nihilists. But the Nihilists have not hour sunlight a day—1,961 days. thus been able to win the poor people to the cause of political reform.

make the peasantry pay them heavily

for overlooking certain things or pre-

tending to ignore deficiencies.

the cause of political reform. average, one day in three, he as rived at a total of sixteen years, one ceased their propagandism among the month, one week and six days. peasantry. They at first made it a At the end of six months t luty "to go among the people," as they called it: and they really did mingle with them, lived with them, identified themselves with the masses. But they were soon disillusioned. It is now chiefly among the educated classes, the intelligent classes, that they seek for converts; and they make a great many. It must be confessed that their journal, Land and Liberty, is still published in spite of all efforts to suppress it—published irregularly, it is true, but still published in the teeth of all opposition.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE. Bill Nye in Detroit Free Press.

I remember an incident which occurred last summer in my office while I was writing something scathing. large man with an air of profound perspiration about him and a plaid flannel hirt stepped into the middle of the room and breathed in all the air I was not using. He said he would give me four minutes in which to retract, and pulled out a watch by which to as tain the exact time. I asked him if he would not allow me a minute or two to go over to the telegraph office and to wire my parents of my awful death. He said that I could walk out that door when I walked over his dead body Then I waited a long time, till he told me my time was up, and asked me what I told him waiting for him to die so that I could walk over his dead body. How could I walk over a corpse until life was extinet?

He stood and looked at me, at first in stonishment, afterward in pity. Finally tears welled up in his eyes and ploughed their way down his brown and grimy face. Then he said that I need not fear

"You are safe," said he. "A youth who is so patient and cheerful as you are, one who would wait for a healthy man to die so that you could meander over his pulseless remnants, ought not to die a violent death. A soft eyed seraph like you who is no more conversant with the ways of this world than that, ought to be put in a glass vial of alcohol and preserved. I came up here to kill you and throw you into the rain water barrel, but now that I know what a patient disposition have, I shudder when I think of the crime I was about to commit.'

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF COLOR. John W. Root in Inter-Ocean.

Certain effects of color on domestic animals (ruminants, fowls, etc.) are well known. It is only within a very few years that anything like systematic investigation has been made of color effects on men, but, as far as they have been made, it appears that they can be recognized and rudely predetermined. In the case of certain lunatics, and

other persons of deficient mental control, red and yellow was obviously excitant, blue and green soothing-as with those of us who are not lunatics; while all savage tribes manifest for red and yellow, and for all brilliant and glittering things, a marked and passionate fondness.

A COSTLY RESIDENCE. Millionaire Flood, of San Francisc

s about to begin the erection of what he says will be the handsomest and most costly private residence in United States. It will be of brown stone brought from eastern quarries, and the cost when completed is estimated at \$3,500,000, not including the value of the ground.

A GORGEOUS SCREEN. New Orleans Times-Democrat. All the best needle-workers in New

York are engaged on a gorgeous screen for the Vanderbilt mansion. It is be made at Mr. John La Farge's studio under the supervision of Mrs. Tilling-hast. The gold thread alone used in this embroidery cost \$30,000. Such a "Now, look pleasant, please, and dot screen as that should cover a multitude

THE PRISONER'S TASK

[Swinton's Story-Teller.] He passed the first ten years of his imprisonment without doing anything just time to turn himself round, settle down and get into the ways of the

place. ace.
Then, as he still had twenty years to serve out, he said to himself one fire morning that it was shameful to lead so lazy a life, and that he must fad some occupation worthy—not of a free man, for he was a prisoner-butsimple of a man.

of a man.

He devoted a year to reflecting, to weighing the different ideas which passed through his head, and examinate the description. ing what should be the definitive ob ject of his life.

To train a spider? That was very old, well known! Copy Pellison, peugh flat plagiary!

To count on his fingers the wrinkles on the wall? What! that was a ridicelous and useless amusement; nothing worth while. He said to himself: "I must find something which would be at once

curious, profitable and gratifying to my desire for vengeance. I must inventa task which will make the time pas which will produce some benefit and which will have the value of a protest" A fresh year was spent on this discovery, and finally success rewarded so much perseverance.

The prisoner lived in a veritable dungeon, where the sun entered only for half an hour a day, and then only be a thin line like a single hair of light The wretched pallet

"Now, then," he cried with energy,"I

He first of all counted the stalks He next made an experiment to find

This made then, altegether, for the

1,307 straws, a sum of 980 hours and fifteen minutes; or-taking it at half an Assuming that the sun shone on a

At the end of six months this was what remained for him to do.

He set to work then. Every time that the sun shone the prisoner held one of the straws in the ray and thus utilized all his sunlight. The rest of the time he kept warm beneath his clothes what he had been

able to dry. Ten years passed away. The prison had now only a third of his damp bundle to sleep on, and had his chest stuffel with the two other thirds which had gradually been dried

Fifteen years passed. Oh! joy, our 136 stalks of damp straw left! Four hundred and eight days more and the prisoner would be finally able to stand erect, proud of his work, victor over society, and cry with the vengeful voice and satanic laughter of insurgents:

"Ha! ha! You condemned me to damp straw in your dungeon! Then weep with rage! I lie on dry straw! Alasl cruel fate was waiting in am-

bush for its prey! One night when the prisoner was dreaming of his future happiness, in his ecstasy he made furious gestures, knocked over his pitcher, and the water fell on his chest.

All the straw was wetted.

What was to be done now? Begin again the Sisyphus task? Passanother fifteen years in getting bits of sun into straw.

And his discouragement! You, the lucky ones of the world, who give up a pleasure if you have to take twentysteps to get it, dare you throw the first But, you will say, he had only a yest

and a half to wait! And do you reckon for nothing his

wounded pride, his abortive hopes! What, this man shall have worked fifteen years in order to sleep on a bundle of dry straw, and then consent to leave his prison with bits of damp straw on his hair! Never! There is nothing be tween self-respect and lying down in the gutter.

Eight days and eight nights hede bated in anguish, struggling with de-spair, trying to find a footing again in he annihilation which overwhelmed

He ended by surrendering and confessing himself vanquished. He had lost the battle. One evening he fell on his knees,

crushed, despairing.
"My God!" he said with tears, "I ask Thy forgiveness for being without courage to-day. I have suffered for thirty years, I have felt my limbs decay, my skin with er, my eyes wear away, m blood become pale, my hair and teet fall out. I have fought against hunger, cold, solitude. I had one desire which sustained my efforts, I had one ject in my life. Now my desire canno possibly be satisfied. has fled forever. Now I am dishon ored. Pardon me for deserting my post, for leaving the battle, for running away like a coward. I can no more Then in a fit of indignation he re

"No," he cried, "no, a thousand time It shall not be said that I have lost my life for nothing. No; I am not conquered! No; I shall not desert No; I am not a coward! No; I will not lie a minute longer on the damp stras of the dungeons!

not get the better of me!"

And the prisoner died during the night, vanquished like Brutus, grand s

He had died of an heroic indigestion He had eaten all his straw.

Force of Habit.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.] Photography is being used to de termine the height of clouds, but the photographers cannot break the forces habit, and when they point their can stir.