QUICKLY WOULD THE SHADOWS FLEE.

[Mary Torrence in Demorest's Monthly.] Mary foreness in leaders's a monthy, j if you should come all suddenly and let the soft, sweet glory of your eyes light up the darkness of this sombre room, and chase away the drearness of this day of

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gloom, And grace it with the dawning of a glad sur-

nd grace it would the shadows flee, prise, low quickly would the shadows flee, and looking out, amazed, I'd say; O beautiful, bright, happy day, Jow could I think you dark and cold. When in your heart such joy you hold, O fair, sweet day?"

o'er this heavy, dingy tome our gentle hand should wan ier swift, low quickly would each lear be edged with

and every shining page would hold A message sweeter than a fairy gift, And down through long dead years would

come fhe far faint echo of the sage's vow, In music sweeter than the world hath known, And looking up surprised I'd say: I wonder why this gloomy day So fair hath grown.

If while the wind is making moan Through leafless branches of the trees, And I am trying, all in vain, To shut away the sob of pain, Your voice came floating on the breezs, How would its long-remembered tone, In music sweet fall on my ear. And I no more the mean would hear, But your voice my heart would fill With its music and its thrill And its choces clear. And its echoes clear.

ELI PERKINS' BOOK AGENT.

Short Marrative Embracing a Remarkable Chain of Circumstances.

[New York Star.]

A Philadelphia book agent importuned ames Watson, a rich and close New York an, living out at Elizabeth, until he bought book-the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. to get rid of the agent; then taking it un-r his arm, he started for the train which es him to his New York office. fr. Watson hadn't been gone long before

Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book agent saw her, and went in and suaded the wife to buy another copy of same book. She was ignorant of the fact at her husband had bought the same book the morning. When Mr. Watson came ek from New York at night Mrs. Watson d him the book. "I don't want to see it," said Watson,

wning terribly. 'Why, husband?' asked his wife.

Because that rascally book agent sold me

same book this morning. Now we've got o copies of the same book—two copies of "Early Christian Martyrs,' and——"

'But, husband, we can-"" 'No, we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. atson. "That man is off on the train be-re this. Confound it! I could kill the fel-

Why, there he goes to the depot now,' id Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the win-ow at the reireating form of the book agent king for the train.

But it's too late to catch him, and I'm ot dressed. I've taken off my boots and,

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. itson, drove by, when Watson pounded on e window-pane in a frantic manner, alost frightening the horse. "Here, Stevens!" he shouted, "you're

ched up; won't you run your horse down the train and hold that book agent till I

ne? Run! Catch 'im now!" 'All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up is horse and tearing down the road. Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the

nductor shouted "all aboard!" "Book agent!" he yelled, as the book agent

ped on to the train. "Book agent! hold Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" re-eated the seemingly puzzled book agent. Oh, I know what he wants! he wants to buy of my books; but I can't miss the train to ell it to him."

"If that is all he wants," said Mr. Stevens, Iriving up to the car window, "I can pay for t and take it back to him. How much is it?" "Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Mar-

rs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for e money and passed the book out through car window

we rapped. Just then Mr. Watson arrived, pufling and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance. "Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "just

510 Unfinished Man- a fetid atmosphere instantly, or the soluscript.

Arkansaw Traveler.

he finally consented.

would.

the heart."

suicide.

No answer.

Another rap.

story

in the ink when a noise in an adjoining

in wretched health and had committed

"Do you ever expect to finish the

"I expect to try again. It is impos

sible for me to remain superstitions.

even though I may have a powerful

Come up and see me start off."

young man. One night I sat in my

library writing a story for a magazine. I was in good health and had cause to

feel elated over the success I had just

attained by the publication of a small volume of sketches, but still I felt the

ntion thrown down a drain or over a heap of rubbish will produce a like result. Clothing worn by a patient with infectious disease, or bed linen, can be put at once into this solution without injury to the material, thus destroying Some time ago the writer visited Prof. Gailnet, of Little Rock, Ark., and while sitting in the library, engaged in the risk of infection for those persons conversation with the entertaining genwho wash the clothing. Although it is tleman, observed a roll of manuscript tied with a strip of black cloth. We a strong poison taken internally, it does not injure the skin. A room could be scrubbed with the solution, and would asked him if it was something designed for publication. "It will never be published," he said, be sweetened at once by the process.

A DEFINITION OF ART

and began to unroll it. "See how it ends," and glancing at the bottom of WHICH A LITTLE CHILD GIVES TO THE

the last page we read the following: "While he sat alone, deeply musing, a hearse passed the house, and—" here EDITOR OF THE CONTINENT. The Continent The Concord school of philosophy is the sentence broke off. Requesting, alreported to have listened to a definition most imploring, the professor to tell us of art, evolved from the inner conscious the bistory of the curious manuscript, ness of one of its leaders, which runs as follows "I came to Arkansas when I was a

"Art is the endeavor to make actual and apprehensible to sense and understanding in existing material furnished by the physical universe, for sight and sound, an ideal of beauty or sublimity or some essential charactistics of the ultimate and perfected beauty." We can beat that. The little child

heavy weight of melancholy depression. I arose and walked out, but soon rewho leads the conductor of The Contiturned, not experiencing any change. I bent myself to the work of writing a nent by the nose, is most unfortunately a girl, whose life has been passed so dreary story and worked with surprisclose to the untrained barbarism of nature as to render her almost insensi-TUT ing rapidity until I wrote, 'A hearse passed the house and-' Here I stopble to the esthetic refinements which ped. A strange presentiment told me that I would never finish the sentence. masquerade under the name of art, but whose young soul has been stirred with Next day I took up my pen to finish it, but I had not touched the paper with the pen when a piercing shrick caused undefined yearning for the beautiful. Not long since she was called upon to officiate as hostess pro tempore to a me to spring to my feet and rush from couple of artists who were engaged in the room just in time to see a horse, atsketching in the vicinity of her home tached to a buggy, dashing wildly to-ward my gate. A frightened woman was in the buggy and I rescued her. I After a day or two of close observation and innumerable questionings, she sought the presence of her sire and put my manuscript away and devoted gravely announced :

myself to my new acquaintance; our friendship grew into love and finally "Well, papa, I believe I have finally found out what 'artistic' means." we married. Then followed ten years "Indeed, my dear," said the parent.

stopping his pen to smile at her earn-estness; "then you have discovered what few ever learn. What is it, pray?" "To be 'artistic,'" was the serious reply, "anything must be dead or ugly. It is compared in removed in removed in removed. of happiness. I did not tell my wife of the unfinished manuscript, but one day she found it and begged me to finish it. I did not like to confess my foolish fears, and finally I told her that I

The next night, after my wife It is so," she continued, in remon-strance against a chuckle; "all the It had gone to bed, I took down the story and read it over. I would finish it for pretty trees and green slopes and sunny her sake. I took up the pen and was just in the act of touching the paper when my wife called me. I ran to her nooks, they say, are either 'tame,' or 'conventional,' or 'uninteresting distance.' But every old, gnarled, rotten, dying tree, or bare rock or shingly beach, with only weeds and bits of and found her in a dying condition, having been attacked by rheumatism of drift upon it-these are 'artistic.'"

"Have you ever attempted since to finish it?" THE ARTISTRY OF SILENCE. "Yes. After my wife had been dead 'J. S. M." in Boston Courier.

for several years I determined one night to finish the story. I went to the desk, but had no sooner dipped my pen Was it sincere admiration or flexile iron that dictated Sydney Smith's exjuisite remark about Macauley's talk He has occasional flashes of silence, room attracted my attention. Hurrying into the room I found my son lying on the floor dead. He had always been says the wit, "that make his conversa-tion perfectly delightful." Let us assume, then, that much of the

point and pleasantness of a person's talk depends on its intermittance, giving opportunity to others either to suggest or question, to corroborate or deny; and, furthermore, give them the chance to catch more firmly the "good things" said, if any. This last regards the talker's benefit, rather than that of cause for doing so. Of course, all this would have happened even if I had not begun the story. I think that next Tuesday night, if I feel like it, I shall the listeners, and leads to considering the gain to a converser who practices the artistry of silence.

devote myself to the completion of the Let us notice some of the conven-iences of silent hesitation. When appeal work, for I desire to see it in print. s made to our better judgment, as may We were busy when Tuesday night frequently happen, assuming that we are not universally looked upon as dulcame, and-cowardly confession-were not sorry that something kept us away. lards, there is certainly a gain result-ing from the externals of careful de-liberation. The man who anxiously Early Wednesday morning we hurried to the house where for years the pro-fessor had lived. The horrible thought seized us that he had taken up his pen requests your opinion on some under-taking or investment that, to him, at to finish the story and had fallen dead. Some time elapsed before we had the least, is serious, will far more willingly take to heart your slow, measured ad-vice than an off-hand, seemingly courage to knock at the door. At last thoughtless suggestion. To allow sev eral moments of stillness to elapse be fore making a reply is to convey the impression of earnest reflection, gratifying to the questioner and conclusive to a reputation for shrewdness. This kind of reputation, by the way, is often quite as efficient as the real possession of that quality.



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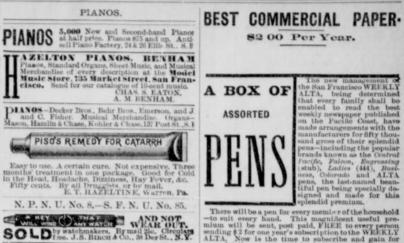
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silhouette pictures as they appear from issue to issue. They will be pleased with the collection.



it, and that's all

"Got what?" yelled Watson. "Why, I got the book-'Early Christian Martyrs,' and-"

"By-the-great-guns!" moaned Watson is he placed his hand to his brow and swooned ight in the middle of the street.

A Man With a Silver Skull. [Chicago Times.]

One of the queerest curiosities on the globe a man with a silver skull who is now visag in Louisville, Ky. During a fiercely intested battle in the late war this interestg individual was struck in the head with a ce of shell, which tore away the entire top of his skull, leaving the brain most horribly sposed. Strange to say, he survived the rible wound and a noted surgeon who was te of the physicians in attendance upon the te lamented Garfield, succeeded in fitting some pie.

silver plate over the opening which ielded the brain, equally as well as the

all. This plate is about the size of a man's nd and works on hinges, and may be sed up and down at will. The re-skulled in does not experience the least pain, and he wears a wig all evidence of a shattered all is concealed.

A Rint on Chimneys. Industrial Chronicle.

It is well known that the round form is the t for chinmeys in workshops. It facilitates than those used for fastening down attings, in the place of wooden that the wind, besides requiring less material r construction. Round chineys are, how-er, difficult to build, and in some places the er, difficult to build, and in some places the er, difficult to build, and in some places the retailers, through neglect or ignorance, int of workmen to make the round kind s compelled the adoption of square or octanal forms. To obvinte this a European n makes bricks in the shape of wedges some unfortunate diner is well-nigh id corresponding with the radius which the mney is to have.

A Joke on Ingersoll.

[Chicago Times.] An aged colored woman of Washington, t city recently, was so overcome by the thodist sound of Ingersoll's voice that she pain. Thorough mastication will, of can the general routine of gymnastics comused in camp-meeting-viz: jumping and down, droning out a hymn, and keep time to the tune by the gentle pit-a-pat her pedal extremities. She had mistaken ial star-route attorney for a minister the gospel.

Experiments are in progress in Ohio for

No answer. With blood almost at freezing point, and with hair standing erect, we shoved open the door. The old man sat leaning back in his chair, eating pie.

"Come in," he said cheerfully. "You see I have just finished that story, and it gave me an appetite for pie. Pie's a good thing to eat after you finish up a story, but you want to wait until you

are through writing." "Did you hear any strange noises?" we asked, "when you began to write." "Well, yes. A calf over in the ad-joining yard bawled for a while. Oh, es, you are thinking about that story I told you some time ago. Why, my dear fellow, you should not have been so foolish as to have believed me. never was married you know. Have

TACKS IN BEEF. New York World.

Housekeepers and others should carefully inspect the beef they pur-chase for home consumption. A new danger has arisen, from which very serious consequences may be appre hended. The shippers of dressed beef in the west have begun to use a small double-pointed tack, somewhat larger

than those used for fastening down mattings, in the place of wooden skewers for more firmly binding toretailers, through neglect or ignorance. fail to remove the barbed wires, and choked by their lodgment in his throat. Two Philadelphia ladies met with just such an accident, and the services of physician were necessary to remove the wires, which had become firmly embedded in the epiglottis, causing, as

course, disclose their presence in the ment; but the average American rarely indulges in that preliminary operation.

A VALUABLE DISINFECTANT. New York Sun.

A disinfectant introduced to the medical profession by the late Dr. Goolden has been used in London eight years. ing palmetto leaves into paper for news L. It was the material used for Bank of be dissolved in one pint or more of boiling water, and two drachms of com-

THE FLATHEAD INDIANS NOT FLAT. HEADED.

New York Sun.

About seventy miles from the northern boundary of the United States, in the territory of Montana, between the western slope of the Bockies and the more westerly chain of the mountains known as the Cœur d'Alene, and, as you travel further south, as the Bitter Root, lies the reservation which has been assigned to the tribe of Indians called the Flatheads; and probably no tribe have adapted themselves more to the manners of civilization at the expense of their former customs and habits Why they are called Flatthan these. heads no one in their part of the coun-try seems to know. They do not flat-ten their children's heads, nor is there any trace or tradition among them o uch a custom having been practiced formerly; and as their Indian name i Selish, it is probable that the name o Flathead was given to them, as often happens in this country, through the unaccountable freak of some traveler.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

French Paper. An interminable train, packed like a arpet bag, enters the depot. An Enghman to an employe:

"Where are all these travelers go-

'To Paris, to see the fetes."

Another train, not less long nor less crowded, arrives at the same moment from the opposite side. "And those, where do they come

from?

"From Paris to escape the fetes!" The Englishman looks up at the roof with a dreamy expression.

A VASTER PILE. Orleans Times-Domocrat

St. Paul, Minn., is proud and happy in the prospective possession of a new million-dollar hotel, more imposing than the Grand Pacific of Chicago and a vaster pile than the far-famed Potter Palmer of Chicago, which cost \$2,000. New York Commercial Advertiser: "Why beak of these stocks as 'securities!" asked a road street operator; why not call them 'in-courtities!"

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