E OLD READING CLASS. Carleton in Harper's Magazine. 1

pmb-sider young old reading class in Dis-set Number Three, ow of elocutionists who stood so snight in line said at standard literature with am-

able design.

and spare the energy in which our

and were clad;

ords were clad; ords were clad; the meaning of the text by all the third we had; I fear the ones who wrote the lines garee have recognized their work in strict Number Three.

the snow was smooth and clean—the the snow was smooth and clean—the sinter's thick-laid dust; srn it made the windows speak at sery sudden gust; selgh-bells threw us pleasant words

then travelers would pass;
sple trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
d, the white-browed cottages were
mething cold and numb, graway the mighty world seemed beck oning us to come— rendrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be, at old-fashioned reading class of District

oka hand at history-its altars, spires and flames— uniformly mispronounced the most im portant names; andered through biography, and gave

our fancy play, with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;" a point, at every joint;

will agree, e first time introduced to us in District ollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress, never stopped at any pause—a sort of

day express? stimid young Sylvester Jones, of inconstumbled on the easy words and read the hard ones right? the hard ones right?

Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?

Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?

Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths

were quite a show to see?
we cannot find them now in District d Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow

at each pathetic word is in the prize-fight-business now, and hits them hard, I've heard); them hard, I've heard; al Benny Bayne, whose every tone he mur-mured as in fear— is tongue is not so timid now; he is an auc-Wood, whose voice was just en

deavoring hard to change, at leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range; to his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee. hs! they're both in higher schools than Dis

back these various voices come, though long the years have grown, ind sound uncommonly distinct through memory's telephone; and some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer, and some can smite the rock of time, and

summon forth a tear; t one sweet voice comes back to me, when-ever sad I grieve, d sings a song, and that is yours, O peer-less Genevieve! rightens up the olden times, and throws a summon forth a tear; silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

MADAME MOJESKA'S POEM.

cago Inter Ocean. "The madame is a poetess as well as m actress, is she not, count?" asked the

"If you mean, by that, the verses dited to her in The Denver Tribune some time ago, no. She never wrote them, and has never written any poetry in English. She wrote a number of poems in her native language once, which were collected into a volume and were several years ago translated into English—very badly translated—I ought to say murdered in English by car Wilde. She has written some magazine articles in English, but no poetry. The poem credited to her in The Denver Tribune was without her knowledge.

"Gene Field put it in, and I think it is not original, but has been published before. I have an idea that it was the work of some of the older English poets, and Field published it with her name to try his brother editors. A great many copied it and gave the madame credit for being a poetess. We never knew of the publication until we were in Manitou, and there she wrote to Mr. Field asking him to deny it, but he did not, and we had no other opportunity to make a denial until we reached

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LOST HIS WAGER.

New York Sun. A railroad conductor bet Gorman, of Quincy, Ill., that he could not pick up 100 eggs laid on the ground a yard apart inside of thirty-five minutes. The eggs were to be picked up and deposited in a basket, one at a time, and the basket was to remain stationary at the spot where the first egg was placed. Gorman thought he had an easy walk over; but the railroad man placed the eggs in a straight line along side of the epot and the basket at one end, so that Gorman had to run up and down the line with each egg separately. At the end of twenty minutes he had picked up only twenty-five of the eggs, and had to give up the contest. A local mathematician figured up that it would take about six miles of travel to pick up the 100 eggs.

THE QUEEN'S STOCKINGS.

Chicago Times. Some months ago Queen Margherita asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings as a birthday gift, and gave 20 lire to buy the material. The ueen forgot the circumstance, till her birthday came, when she was reminded of it by the arrival of a pair of wellknit stockings and the maker's best wishes. Not to be outdone, Queen Margherita sent a pair to her young friend as a return gift, one stocking being full of lire pieces and the other of bon bons. They were accompanied by a little note: 'Tell me, my dear, which you liked best?" A reply reached the palace next day: "Dear queen: Both the stockings have made me shed many tears. Papa took the one with the money and my brother the other."

The Continent: A coquette is a woman'thout any heart, that makes a fool o' a man that ain't got any head.

THE DEACON'S VISIT.

[Pipsey Potts in Arthur's Magazine.] Suddenly we heard the gate-latch click, a bustling step along the walk, an "Ahem!" a stamping on the porch, and then a long, pecking sort of rap-ping—a noise like old Tabitha lapping

Lily) opened the door and in bobbed Deacon Skiles. We had not seen him since the day his wife was buried. He looked no older than in the times when he did a-wooing go. There was no out-ward sign of his bereavement, only the wide band of crape on his Leghorn hat -it came within an inch of the top.

I want to see her."

panies the advertisement:

George Peck Wants a Dog.

ing, and use when the water is warm.

season, for myself and friends, of whom

I want you to consider yourself which.

I had rather take a few fellows out and

make them have a good time hunting

Diphtheritic Poultry.

[Chicago News.]

What has got into the animal king-dom? The Texas steer is prepared to

supply pneumonia and consumption at short notice. The frisky pig is

ready to help us out with an early worm. Milk is liable to bring us scar-

let fever. So the scientists say. And

now here comes the innocent chicken

with a whole coopful of diphtheria.

Surely this is our coup de grace. The London Times is responsible for this

new scare, but it charges it back to

Germany, where the scientific imagina-

tion runs free course and is glorified

2.000 fowls were sent from the neigh-

borhood of Verona to Nesselhausen,

and in the end 1,400 of them died of

diphthericis. Last year 1,000 chickens

were hatched from eggs collected from

many different places, and in a short

time they all died of diphtheria. Five

cats took it and died, as also did a par-

death just after inflicting the bite. In

short, all Nesselhausen, where these

things happened, believes that chickens

are the original owners of the diphtheria

patents. Thus science is winding up

all animated nature in her evolutionary

embrace. Either there's a deal of hu-

man nature in almost any kind of beast

or bird, or else there's a deal of hum-

Sojourner Truth.

Wendell Phillips, speaking the other day of Sojourner Truth, said: "Her Meg

Merrilies figure added much to the ef-

fect of her speech. Her natural wit

and happiness in retort I have hardly ever seen equaled. Her eloquence was at times marvelous. I once heard her

describe the captain of a slave ship

going up to judgment followed by his

victims as they gathered from the depth

of the sea in a strain that reminded me of

Clarence's dream in Shakespeare and

equaled it. The anecdotes of her ready

wit and quick, striking replies are num-

berless. She used to say to us: 'You

read books; God Himself talks to me."

Her home in late years has been in a

well-worn hitching posts and numerous

wheel tracks at the side of the unpaved

tors. She was cared for in her helpless

own property, and her income was de-

rived from the sale of her books and

The Barbarians' Milkman.

A Chinese paper contains the follow-ing: "In the barbarian cities of Amer-

ica, where everything is the reverse of

who goes about in a covered wagon, with large tin cans filled with water.

Dying to See Sick Totty.

[Life.]

(N. B.-Totty is a poodle.)

street showed that she had many

pictures.

bug in modern science.

Behold the record of fate! In 1881

than to go to congress. Yours, "Geo. W. Peck."

We all shook hands and laid aside our papers respectfully. He turned to father said, "Well, deacon, how's your Father told him how it soul?" was, and then they began to talk, but about every three minutes the deacon would have to open the door and speak to Jack, his old horse, that was hitched in the street. He would yell out, "You Jack! stiddy there, you old sarpent!"

"Jack! mind me, you pizen critter!" We girls would nudge each other under the table, while we kept our faces clear and smiling. Father wanted to put Jack in the stable stay all night, but he said and he'd " not missed a night from home since Roady's decease," and, as he'd got the hang o' things at home, he didn't know as he could sleep away from there. "I am a little peculioor, Brother Potts," he said. "I have wore the same nightcap for twenty-two years an' have reposed on the same, identical pillera softly one, made of chicken feathersgoin' on thirty year. Habit is a great thing with me, um.

Then father asked him about his dear wife-how long she was sick, how she bore her illness, and if she was resigned in the hour of death.

Poor man! he tipped his hat back oft by one of our kind of fellows, that is his shelving forehead, fixed his milk- as good as they make, young enough to blue eyes on father, and said, with emphasis:

"No. Brother Potts, she wa'n't overly resigned, only partially, you may say; but you see she couldn't help herself go she must. She tried to eat all she could so as to give strenth to her waters of the Wolf and Fox rivers, frame, hoping to get well again. She'd and lakes Winnebago and Povyan, make me go to the butcher's for liver about sixty miles north of here, next every few days-Mike allus gives the liver without pay—an' we'd fry it an' roast it an' grill it an' steam it an' parboil it with roached egg drapped on it, an' it never seemed to give her no sort o' strenth or viggor at all, at all! No; Roady wa'n't extraornarly reconciled, but she was a good woman, an' the Profit says, 'Her husband is known in the gates an' he sets among the elders o' the land,' an' you know that's so, Brother Potts; I allers set with the elders, um. My consort was sick off an' on, for nearly a year. She hated powerfully to give up. At the time she was taken bad, she milked four cows an' sold over 'leven pounds o' butter ever week. Butter was butter: it brought a good price; but as soon as we had to keep a hired girl the cows began to dry up and slack off a-giving milk, and twa'n't long till we only had enough to do ourselves. That grieved Roady-she took on about it powerfally, an' says I, 'Roady,' says I, 'tisn't no use of frettin'; 'twont mend matters: things allers go so when the woman's sick. If the Good Man sees proper to afflict you, all we can do is " here he ran to the door and hailed out, "Jack! you old renny-get!" I come there, sir!"

panion, says I 'we're in the hands of a jest an' wise One, the head supervisor of all things, an' we must keep cool an' be rationt with the panion of the rational supervisor of all things, an' we must keep cool an' be rational with the rational supervisor that the panion of the rational supervisor of the rational sup "I told Roady, says I, 'Dear com-

an' be patient, um.' "Well, well; it's a lonely old stub that I am now, Brother Potts. neither kith nor kin, chick nor child; nobuddy to wash, patch, darn, cook, comfort, or build fires, how. Nobuddy says, in the airly mornin's, 'Come, my love!' nobuddy says, 'How's your corns? or 'How's your coffee?' none to comb my hair an' braid my cue an brush off the dander of a Sabber day mornin'! It's lonely, um. Goodness knows 'taint nice now: I am an orphan—" here Jack piped out a whinny, and the deacon hailed. "Jack! you oneasy cuss, you! if I come out, I'll—I'll—I am an orphan—no father, no mother, no wife, no brother, no sister—a lonely pine! a chestnut-tree smeared with lightnings of the

fervent elements, um! He leaned down and looked at the floor. Father didn't know what to do. Presently the deacon said: "Could a creetur git boardin' with

you, Brother Potts?" And the answer was, that the girls were going to be absent for awhile and likely the house would be shut up; and and then the old deacon smiled in a skirts of Battle Creek, Mich. Two dreamy way, and, looking at our pa-

pers, said : "What hey you writ lately, Miss Pipsey? Your assay at the institute was proper good. I think you teched 'em up 'bout right. They was my sen-timents; I allers said that." Taking off his hat, he looked at it and sighed. Roady told me to wear a scarf on my hat one year. She asked it as a favor,

Lily remarked that the crape was

very becoming.
Turning to father, he said: "We've allers been friends, Brother Potts; we 'ficiated together, me an' you, many a time. I've allers calculated on your sympathy and brotherly good will an' you've never gone back on me. How does the sow and pigs prosper that I

Father said he'd raised every one of sold you?" the pigs and none of them were given coting or jumping fences or lifting rails with their snouts.

"Just so," said the delighted deacon; "that sow was a little mite of a pig when I gave it to my sainted Roady It wa'n't wuth one dime-it's chance for life was very slim; but that noble woman fed it with a teaspoon, day after day, with a little denim bib round its It growed terribly. There was a real human love between them, an' it would toddle 'round after my woman,

sque-a-l-i-n-g, it would." Here Jack, hearing the voice of his master, whinnied again. The deacon rose. He put on his hat and tied it "Two teas for Gen. Harrison," yelled down with a silk kerchief and drew his the waiter.

TRUTH AND TRADE.

coat-collar up about his neck, saying:
"Well, the best of friends must part,
so good-night, folks. I can't ask you to come an' see me, now; but I'll drap in once in a while. I want to see that sow A Worldly-Wise View of Every-Day an' pigs, an' I want to look at your cow Business Methods, an' the barn, an' I want to ask after your religion an have a real spiritool talk and conversation. It will strenthen

In Which It Is Made to Appear that me. Let me see; three o' the pigs were black, one sandy, an' four o''em Truthfulness Lacks Something whitish. I remember them. Yes; I'll call again, I allers did love that sow 'an of Being the Best

[New York Times.] George W. Peck, The Sun man, ad-"If a storekeeper wants to starve in busi-ness, let him tell the truth." This sentence, vertises in The Turf, Field and Farm for a dog. The following letter accomoverheard as it dropped from the lips of a man apparently well versed in business methods, led to an attempt to discover to what extent the business code of honesty has been "MILWAUKEE, Nov. 17 .- My Dear Frank: I know you to be a well posted sportsman (I do not use the word in deliberately adopted among shop-keepers. The inquirer met at length, however, a philosopher with whom he had previously had a any John L. Sullivan or faro chip manner). I know that you like to shoot, and are well posted on all that belongs slight acquaintance. The question being put,

the reply was a lecture. to shooting. I am also a "shooter"— spare my blushes! I am a chap who "I believe," said the philosopher, who was rather a handsome man, about 30 years had rather stand up to my arm-pits in mud and shoot ducks than to get drunk of age, well-dressed and wholesome looking, "that you have asked the right question of on champagne cider, and I had rather the fatal man. I had occasion a few years ago to look up the practical ethics of various eat fried pork and eggs, after a hard day's work duck-shooting, than to dine with Oscar Wilde at Delmonico's. Well, branches of business. I believe that business men are, at heart and in intention, honest. I have got everything except a dog. I The customer, however, frequently drives him The customer, nowever, frequency drives min-to practices in which the suppression of un-pleasant and unprofitable fact figures to some extent. In following these practices the shopkeeper does not lie outright. He could make affidavit to that. But his experience is want to get a setter that is broke; a ready-made, lock-stitch, stem-winding dog that has a nose that understands all about quail, chickens, woodcock, and snipe, and is perfect at re-trieving ducks. I don't want such a like that of a man who has been often on the witness stand, and knows that if he attempts to tell the whole truth both sides may be dog to freeze to death on late ducks, but one I can treat like a human bedamaged. The customer is nearly always a man uninformed and prejudiced. He is un-prepared to form a correct judgment of what he is purchasing. He may believe that in I do not care particularly for a long pedigree on a dog that isn't worth a continental darn except to look at. I buying he has only to see for himself, order, don't want a dog broke by a dude that don't know anything but to "To-ho!" I pay and receive. Or he may deem it best to leave his order with the shopkeeper and trust to the latter's honesty to give him a fair article at a fair price. If, with the first want a dog that has been brought up described customer, the shopkeeper let drop some unfortunate word in describing the have several years of service in him. goods, exciting the customer's prejudices, he might lose the opportunity of making a sale. You know what I want, and you may know where he can be found. Think He therefore adopts a Fabian policy in dealit over at your leisure and let me know. ing with him, and withholds all information. I am going to put a steam yacht, fitted

"With the second his policy is to deliver an article sufficiently good to secure his trade in future. In either case the shopkeeper's brain is busy calculating the profits, which has a tendency to make him put the highest figure possible on his goods. You know, of course, that in almost any store you enter you buy a piece of goods at a certain price, while beside it lies another equally good, but not quite so fashionable, marked at a price perhaps only half or three-quarters as much as the first piece. Fashion, the shopkeeper will tell you took a fancy to the design of the first piece; it has become scarce, and consequently, dear, the seller charging for it all he can get. Now, with human fallibility, the shopkeeper may fall into the belief that pretty much all his goods are fashionable and scarce when a customer appears who is able and willing to pay a good price for what he orders, but when bargain-driver is facing the shopkeeper he may have his doubts as to the scarcity and dearness of goods el ewhere, and let them go at a price less than he charged the other customer. You see, he thus transfers to his shop the methods of a board of trade, apparent

supply and demand governing transactions. "The tailor who measures you for a suit of clothes may tell you he is too busy, that you must wait a week or two before it can be made. At the end of the time agreed upon you call upon him and he brings out from a drawer a suit made from the cloth you ordered. You think it a handsome, wellyou pay your cash and go away satisfied. Your folks at home congratulate you on your nice clothes, you admire them and your figure in them in the glass, and then you go on wearing them for whatever time you usually wear a suit, when you put them off rot which hung in a cage in the house. theria. The hen died an accidental your feelings toward that tailor if you were made aware of some little facts that he withheld from you? The suit of clothes was another man's misfit, it was made a month before your measure was taken, and it was lying in a drawer in the shop when you were waiting for it to be made. Moreover, when you expressed to him your pleasure with his promptness in delivering them, and with his artistic skill in making them, his modest atti tude and his professions of honest work were a part of the sham of his business.

"You perceive how far reaching is honesty, do you not? Well, if you attempt to handle any one of the various classes of goods which are sold in our city shops you will find that the public is not educated up to a point which will permit the shopkeeper to tell all he knows about his stock. If a shopkeeper told damaging facts about his own goods, and yet could assert with truth that they were as good as his neighbors', his customers would want him to take something off his prices. Ignorance is bliss with the average customer. Take coffee. You buy it ready ground. You don't know whether it is half coffee or three quarters something else. You don't know whether the green coffee-beans were not somewhat damaged by sea-water. If you like the taste of it, you buy it and think it good coffee. But if told by your grocer that it was damaged or adulterated, you might be

"Take cigars. What smoker can gauge the value of each of half a dozen cigars of different prices, ranging, say, from 15 to 30 cents? Yet the man who always smokes a 25-cent cigar would be made un-happy if told that a bunch of 20-cent cigars age by her two daughters, Elizabeth and Diana. The house was Sojourner's had been worked off on him. Take shoes. There are certain seams in shoes which to the knowing bring down their value, as they are not regular made. Yet they will wear well enough, and if you don't know where to look for these seams you will rest contentedly in the belief that you wear first-class shoes. Then there is the special last idea. Many a shoemaker is enwhat it is in our cities, there is a man abled by a customer's belief that his feet are of a shape entirely different from the com-mon run to charge a high price for shoes He carries a hideous bell, which he made for him on his own lasts, whereas the clangs at every house until a girl with shoemaker knows that very probably his cus-tomer would find as good a fit and as strong large feet comes out with a pitcher, a shoe at a ready made shoe stor, without difficulty. But no end of people, my friend, love to be humbugged in the direction of their vanities. Take drug stores—to say and then he fills it with the water. He is allowed to talk to the girl. When there is a sick person on the square, this water-man rings his bell very loudly. Strange to say, the barbarians nothing of the veil which druggists draw over their dealings by the use of Latin labels do not call him a water-man. They call him the milkman." or of the prices they charge for water and sugar when put up in a nice little bottle; think of the drug stores which are now palaces of beauty, but which would be almost Old lady (indignantly): "Just to think of that horrid man daring to as naked as assorted lots of Venuses if stripped of their dummy jars and bottles. Yet the public is to blame for the encourage preach such a long sermon when I was ment of such shams. The public, I say, car not in its present stage of development with stand such a shock as honesty in busines dving to get home to poor sick Totty. would give it. The individual in "Two cups of tea," said a gentleman who intends to tell the whole truth always, plain and unvarnished, and who intends to to a waiter as he seated himself with a pursue a course of the strictest honesty, se himself down in a maze which the brevity life forbids his following to the exit."

FASCINATED BY FUNERALS.

PEOPLE WHO ARE MOURNERS REGU-LARLY, AND FIND COMFORT IN SC New York Sun.

"Do you see that nice looking little old lady over by the stained window?" asked a fashionable undertaker of the reporter. "I mean the quaint, respectable looking little personage, with the black satin dress and black crape shawl."

The reporter saw her. "Well, continued the undertaker, with an appreciative smile, "she's as fine a regular attendant as any establishment in this city can produce. I send her an invitation to all my nice funerals, and I have sometimes sent a carriage for her when I knew mourners would be scarce. She is never really happy unless she is at a funeral. She won't touch weddings, as most women will; her sole amusement, so to speak, is a first-class funeral;" and the undertaker looked over to the old lady with a tender profes-

sional interest. "I have some other nice people or my list," he went on. "One of my most graceful mourners lives in Fortyeighth street, and seldom gets down this way, but she hardly ever passes a day without a funeral, and I never saw her at one she couldn't shed tears with the best of them. She's one of the heart-brokenest ladies I ever had for a 'regular.' Does she really feel badly? Well, I should say she did, most decidedly. She always has a word to say to the family, if she thinks they need comforting, and is very careful to learn, all the particulars. Why, ful to learn all the particulars. she can tell me all the details about some of my own funerals that I had forgotten years ago. She's as good as a set of books.

"Oh, no, there's nothing hysterical about these cases at all. I've got some men that do just the same thing. There is one now. He's a curious customer. I sometimes lose sight of him for six months, and then all of a sudden he'll turn up and not miss a funeral. Of course, I couldn't ask the women folks why they came, but I asked him one day. He said he couldn't describe exactly the kind of feeling it gave him but he thought it sort of quieted his mind and soothed his feelings like. He made one remark about it that I could not quite get the hang of, though I dare say it had a certain sort of meaning for him. He said, 'I haven't get any friends at all myself, and so I like to go to funerals.' A lady volunteered almost the same kind of remark to me once after she had been to four or five of my best funerals. She said, 'It makes me feel kind of friendly, you know, and then they are so kind to me; and, besides, I feel afraid and solemn, and it always does me good.

A NEW FUEL IN MEXICO.

The Mexican Financier gives an account of a new fuel invented by a member of a commercial house in the city of Mexico, and for which a patent was obtained from the Mexican con-gress in May last. The article is called 'turbato," and consists principally of bog peat, of which there are immense quantities in Mexico, mixed with a proper proportion of bitumen or chapo-pote. The fuel is made in five different classes: For locomotives, stationary engines, smelting purposes, smiths' fires and household purposes. It burns freely and without much smoke, giving a higher dynamic equivalent of than the same amount of woods, and in Mexico at a price considerably below coal or wood, and, looking at the daily increasing demand for fuel, the augmentation in the price of wood and its growing scarcity, it is safe to pre-dict, says The Financier, a large and successful market for "turbato." the ingredients necessary for its manufacture are found in inexhaustible quantities in Mexico, it will create a new and important industry in the republic. With a good and cheap fuel, it does not need a wizard to foresee the immense impetus that will be given to Mexican manufactures of every de-scription. Arrangements are said to be making for the manufacture of "turbato" on a large scale, so that it will be shortly brought before the public.

DOMESTIC INFELICITY. Texan Siftings.

Two negro women met on Austin

"Has yer heard from husband Gabe since he done luff yer?"
"I got one letter from him outer de

"I s'pose, after the way he bused and beat yer, dat yer sent it back to him widout openin' it?" "You jes bet I didn't open de letter

after de way he treated me. No, indeed, I didn't. I'd see him in his coffin fust. "But dar mout hab been a \$5 bill in

"No, dar warn't no \$5 bill in de let ter -de low, mean, wufless, yaller "How does yer know dat, ef yer didn't

open de letter? "I got my sister to open de letter. He wanted me to send him his razor and his stovepipe hat—de low, mean, wuf-

TRUCKLING TO BOSTON.

Mr. Joaquin Miller says that he sighs for a city where "the cruel civilization of modern empires is unknown," and where there is "rest and quiet and peace to suit the hour of dreams;" a city "hedged in from bustle and feverish rush for gain;" a city "placid as a moonlit lake and natural as a maiden's blush;" a city where "a poet may seek and find congenial ears and healthful hearts;" a city where "ambitiou slum-bers and nature wields the sceptre over all." Mr. Miller is evidenally truckling for a pass to Boston.

lately buried his fourth wife, was ac- out with a brave heart to make it. costed by an acquaintance who, unaware of his bereavement, asked: "How is your wife, Cap'n Plowjog-

To which the captain replied, with perfectly grave face:
"Waal, to tell you the trewth, I am kinder out of wives just now."

AFTER THAT THE GLORY.

I saw a shadow fading out
Where light sought light in greeting;
A veil consumed between two worlds
Where this and that were meeting.

My care touched silence where the song Of ocean ceased its moaning; 'Twas only where the sea beyond Began its deep intoning.

Thus sings and paints for thee, O soul, Life's sad, exultant story; The veil dissolves, the music dies, But after that the glory.

A GREAT FEAT IN SHORTHAND.

How McElhone Reported the Congressional Bediam of "Counting-In" Days. [New York World.]

John J. McElhone, the chief of the official stenographers of the house, has been in the service of that body as an official reporter since 1849. He was an expert stenographer when a mere boy. When he was 18 years old he was re-

porting the official debates.

Mr. McElhone explained the other day his way of working. It will probably be a revelation to the average reporter. He pays no attention to the mechanical part of his work. He writes the Pitman system in its simplest forms. When he is reporting a speaker he follows his every sentence, criticising it and taking in fully its sense, while his hand follows his thought like a bit of exquisitely trained mechanism. The result is that he has never yet met a speaker who can talk too fast for him. When he meets a man who can think when he meets a man who can think faster than he can, then only will McElhone be at a loss. He says that in the last house the three hardest men to report were Thompson, of Iowa; Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Ranney, of Massachu-

The hardest piece of reporting ever done by McElhone was during the exciting incidents of the counting in of Hayes by the house of representatives. When Beebe, of New York, immortalized himself by jumping upon his desk, perfect bedlam appeared to have been let loose. To report what was said, with twenty or thirty members apparently talking at once, must have seemed almost an impossibility. In less than a second McElhone saw that his reputation as one of the greatest of living reporters was at stake. He seized his note-book and dashed right into the centre of the excitement. The voice of every member was familiar to him. Without turning his head he stood erect amid the wildest confusion and caught with rigid accuracy the words of the most distant speaker. He was very nervous over the result, because if any member at that time had by chance been omitted from the page of history of that day McElhone would have been the subject of many a row. None of the members believed that he had been able to get them all, yet when this re-port came out in The Record the next day not one had a single word of fault to find. In fact, it is the only perfect picture of that exciting period. It was one of the greatest feats of stenographic reporting ever done in congress. When McElhone had finished he was bathed in perspiration from head to foot and was as weak as if he had been running in a ten-mile match.

A New View of It.

[Youth's Companion.]
Two gentlemen met in Washington last winter and passed a week together. They had been classmates in college; one was now an obscure farmer, the very nearly as great as the best Eng-lish coal. It can be manufactured and affairs, and has been a candidate for the

After observing his friend carefully for some days, the farmer said, "I honestly believe that your fame is only

honestly believe that your fame is only an annoyance to you."

"Suppose, G.—," was the reply, "you were to enter a street-car full of strangers, vulgar, gossiping folk, and that they should call out your name loudly, and state that you had an idiot brother, and that you had been suspected of stealing in your youth, and that your son, was going to the dogs. Should you like it? Well, the country is only a hig streeters, and fame in it. is only a big street-car, and fame in it is just such personal gossip from vulgar mouths."

This was a new and startling view of the subject to the farmer that he took home to think over.

Something New in Leather. [Croffut's New York Letter.]

I wonder if our fashionable "wall paper" is hereafter to be of leather? A part of William K. Vanderbilt's walls are hung with leather, as is one room in Henry Villard's new mansion. The walls of Victor Hugo's drawing-room, where I attended a reception in June, are hung with leather, heavier than sole-leather. It may have been tanned tiger skins, or the bark of a drove of young elephants. It was not arranged smoothly on the wall, but hung at will, in loose folds and heavy corrugations, as if it grew there, and had just peeled off. I d'd not inquire, but very likely it represented the tanned trophies sent to the venerable poet by his admirers hunting in India and Africa.

How Wilkle Collins Works.

[Chicago Tribune.] Wilkie Collins, when working regularly, writes about 1,200 words a day, covering with them three large pages of letter paper. He writes slowly, and cut and scratches, and rewrites and interlines, and adds sentences in the mar-gin, and sprinkles blots everywhere, until the manuscript looks like a Chinese puzzle in a nightmare. Nearing the end of the book he gets excited and scribbles away like a madman, writing for twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch without stopping save now and then to jump around on the floor and act out the situations.

Near Enough.

A Michigan girl told her young man that she would never marry him until Boston Commercial Bulletin: A vig-orous old fellow in Maine who had be was worth \$100,000. So he started "How are you getting on, George?" she asked at the expiration of a couple of

"Well," George said Lopefully, "I have

saved up \$22."

The girl dropped her eyelashes and blushingly remarked: "I reckon that's near enough, George."