

TEN ACRES AND MARY,

I'm up an' away
At break o' day,
An' never of work I'm weary;
For I sing this song
As I toil along—
"I've got ten acres and Mary!"

Troubles enough—
For the work is rough,
An' things will go contrary;
But ever this song,
As I trudge along—
"I've got ten acres and Mary!"

No angel bright,
With wings of light;
Of an angel I'd grow weary;
But a woman true,
That's a joy to you—
"I've got ten acres and Mary!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE FACE HE SAW

TWO blind people who love each other.

He, an ungainly, stunted figure, with a very homely face; she, tall, thin, of yellowish complexion and of sickly appearance.

Benevolent people had placed them in a blind asylum years before. There they were brought up.

As children they had played together, and were contented and happy. The pleasures of the world were as strong to them as its daily miseries. They knew that quiet, comfortable house, its large garden—and nothing more. There they belonged. They could know nothing of what was going on outside. One thing only was clear to them and that was—that they loved each other.

A hot summer day. . . .
The two sat on a bench in the garden chatting.

"Paul, I am so glad."
"On what account, Anna?"
"Ah! Don't you know? To-morrow—"

"Yes. To-morrow the famous oculist will be here."
"And he will make us both see."
"If he is really able to accomplish that."

"You are joking. Of course, he will be able to do it. That is his business."
"Then, at last, I shall be able to see your lovely face. Of that I am glad."
"And of nothing else?"

"Nothing."
"Paul," said she, laughing quietly, "do you know that I have a lovely face?"

"Because I have seen you twice already—in a dream. You had golden hair and wings as white as snow."
"Oh! if that were only true!"

"It is quite certain."
"Was I so beautiful?" she asked, seizing him by the hand; "so beautiful? But when I reflect, Paul, I think it would be even better for us to be true to each other than to be able to see. That would be lovely. Don't you think so?"

"I know not," he answered thoughtfully; and then both were silent. . . .
The eventful day had passed. The operation on the eyes had been performed. If not all a delusion, it must prove a success.

"Neither of you must take the bandage off the eyes for fourteen days!" Such was the doctor's order before he left.

On the next evening, after the sun had gone down, the two were again seated in the garden, clinging close to each other.

"Paul, when will we first see each other?"
"In fourteen days!"
"I know, but that is much too long. Eight days would certainly be long enough."

"Less time than that, perhaps; but we have the doctor's order."
"I cannot endure to wait so long. What if the operation has been a failure, and we have rejoiced in vain? What then?"
He was silent.

"For all that, we could—"
"Anna!"
"Only for a moment, dear Paul. It will surely not be wrong."
"You will, notwithstanding?"
"Only for a moment. We will put the bandages on again immediately. You need not be at all afraid. Please, please!"

"Rather let us wait. We have suffered many years. Let us endure it a few days longer."
"No, I cannot wait. If you love me, do it, or I will myself alone."
He hesitated a while, but at length answered calmly: "We will do it."

"When?"
"To-morrow morning early—here at this bench."
"Thanks. You will come at the appointed time?"
"Yes."
"Good-night."
"Good-night. I hope you will have a good sleep."

Morning twilight.
Paul has been long out of bed. He is in dread of the next hour. Anna, of course, is beautiful, but he? Who knows how ugly he may be? Perhaps he is handsome also, but he can never appear before her in this dreadful uncertainty.

"Off with the bandage!"
He tore it loose and stared it on the table. His eyes were still closed. He ran to the cupboard and searched there until he found a small mirror. He then went to the window, where he seated himself and waited. His heart beat violently; his head was in a glowing heat.

In feverish anxiety he sat there, his sightless eyes fixed on the little glass, which his fingers held in a firm clasp. It must now decide his fate. In a few minutes he would have certain knowledge.

Clear daylight came.

He felt the light, opened his eyes slowly and stared at the mirror, trembling all the while with torturing expectation. No, no, no! But see! What is that? Could that be himself? An old, pock-marked, ugly face! He? Those pale, sunken cheeks, that red, tousled hair, those decayed teeth, that long neck? It could not be possible. No; it must not be!

He closed his eyes, leaned far out of the window, opened them wide and looked again. His image was still there, unchanged. Still he would not believe it. In horror he kept on staring at the glass until it became clouded. Then a veil seemed drawn slowly over his eyes. It grew more and more indistinct; darkness gathered all about him, and suddenly everything was black. He saw no more.

Despair seized him. He thought he had become insane. He threw the mirror away, stamped with his feet and struck himself in the face. Anna would see him, and she would be horrified. She would forsake him—ugly and blind—and she would go away into the sunny world and forget him. He must remain behind, helpless and alone. All the happiness was gone forever.

He sank into a chair and sobbed like a little child.

Suddenly he started up. A well-known hand caressed his head.

"Is it you, Paul?" he heard her ask in a whisper.

"Yes," said he, breathing heavily.

"Paul, I looked for you everywhere in the garden and could not find you. Then I took off the bandage."

"And do you see me?" cried Paul in deadly alarm.

"I must say that I do not. No, no! It is just as dark as it was before. The operation was a failure. I see nothing whatever."

"And I nothing," said Paul exultingly. "I also took off the bandage, at once everything became quite dark."
"Now," said Anna with a sigh, "we must remain forever blind."

"It is better so," answered Paul with a happy heart; and he tenderly embraced his poor blind friend.

DIVORCES IN VARIOUS STATES.

Oklahoma the Only One that Believes in Making Separation Easy.

With the enactment of the law requiring one year's residence in North Dakota before a divorce can be granted, another State joined the decent majority of those which are not inclined to make things easy for people who wish to be separated from wife or husband.

Oklahoma is now the only State or territory in which only ninety days' residence is required.

The term of residence now required in other States is as follows:

SIX MONTHS.
Arizona, Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota, Texas and Wyoming.

ONE YEAR.
Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington and Wisconsin.

TWO YEARS.
Florida, Indiana, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont.

THREE YEARS.
Connecticut, New Jersey.

FIVE YEARS.
Massachusetts (unless parties are residents at the time of marriage).

During the reign of the ninety-day residence law divorces were sometimes granted on curious grounds. For instance, a woman was granted a divorce because her husband did not bathe frequently enough, thereby causing her great mental anguish. Another man slept with a razor under his pillow, solely to frighten his wife, who was accordingly given a divorce. A third defendant made his wife climb a step-ladder to drive nails in the woodshed; one woman complained that her husband treated her as a child; another got a divorce because her husband enlisted in the navy; a decree was issued to a woman whose husband cut off her bangs.

A Scotchman's Self-Control.
Charles Mathews used to tell a good story in support of the truth of the remark about a Scotchman, a joke, and a surgical operation. When "starring" in Edinburgh, his landlord, who seldom attended any other public meeting save the "kirks," asked Mathews if he would oblige him with "a pass for the play-house."

On this favor being readily granted, the "guid mon," as Ian MacIver would say, donned his cheerful black suit, and witnessed Mathews' two great performances, Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up," and Plummer in "Cool as a Cucumber," both downright "side-splitters."

Meeting his landlord on the stairs as he proceeded to his own room after the performance, Mathews was cordially greeted by that gentleman, of whom he then inquired how he had enjoyed the entertainment.

"Aweel," said the Northerner, "it pleased me verra much, ye ken, and I consider you played unco' naturally; but, heigh, mon, I'd a hard matter to keep frae laughing."

A Novelist's Family.
Robert Barr, the novelist, when asked a few questions about himself and his family said: "My wife is a Canadian of English descent. My daughter is a Yankee, born in Detroit. My son is an Englishman, born in London. I am an American citizen, made one in Detroit."

New Safety Check.
A new safety check has a number of perforated sections diverging from a central point at one end of the check, on which are printed series of dollars from one upward, the sections being torn off until the right amount is reached.

GENERAL J. S. COXEY.

FAMOUS LEADER OF THE COMMONWEAL ARMY.

He Is Now a Quarry Operator, and Is Rapidly Piling Up a Fortune—Food Supplied to Every Tramp, but He Must Work for It.

Gen. Jacob S. Coxe of "commonweal army" fame, is no longer dealing with theories, but with facts. From the day that he was ordered off the grass at the national capital he became a new man. He turned his attention from politics to finance, and is now making money at the rate of four figures a day. He is operating a stone quarry

five miles from Massillon, Ohio, which is as profitable as a small gold mine. Setting up as a large employer of unskilled labor, Gen. Coxe had a chance to demonstrate the practicability of his commonweal theories. His son, Jesse Coxe, a stalwart young fellow, has also figured extensively in the solution of the great "hobo problem."

It is the policy of Coxe not to turn away any man who wants work. There is a steady run of men who come and go from the quarry property. At present there are 50 employees at the plant, and among these are only two of the "hoboes" of the original commonweal army. But there are plenty of recruits from the ends of the earth. The story of Coxe's quarry has been circulated among tramps all over the country. They are sure of a welcome, a day's rations, and a chance to leave when work becomes too onerous.

"De ole man's easy, but keep yer eyes peeled for Jesse," is the word lately passed around.

Clad in a great fur coat, a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, and carrying with him an air of bustling activity, General Coxe, the quarry operator and wealthy mine owner, is a different man from the Coxe who marched on Washington with his army of tramps five years ago. He owns extensive lead mines in Missouri and is preparing to put up a steel plant soon.

"Politics?" queried the General. "I'm not in politics now. Not that I have changed and do not hold the same principles as I did, but for the present I have dropped politics. I have too much work on hand." But Coxe has with him relics of his political canvass. On the switch near his profitable quarry stand four coaches. The one, a Pullman palace car, is used by Jesse Coxe, wife, and little daughter, as a dwelling place. A second car is used as kitchen and storeroom for workmen at the quarry. The dining-room is in a third car, the one used by Coxe in his political tour over the United States. The sides of the car are decorated with attractive printing, telling of the principles advocated by Coxe on no-interest-bearing bonds, good roads, and other questions. But the interior of the car has been changed.

A long table of plain boards is in the center of the coach. This is to seat the hungry men as they come to their meals. Tin cups and plates are always spread ready for meal time. There is little style when the hoboes and other

workmen eat, but they seem without to be a happy set and fairly well contented with their lot. This non-interest-bearing car is also used as a sleeper. Every man has his bunk. There are lower and upper berths, plain, but warm, and, no doubt, comfortable to the man who has swung a big sledge for ten hours in crushing stone. The clothing on these beds is of plain grade, but the beds are kept in cleanly condition, and the men express themselves satisfied with their sleeping quarters.

Coxe's home, at present, is near the quarry. He has a combination frame and log dwelling house. It is well arranged, and the appointments are such as to make it comfortable throughout. He is five miles from Massillon, Ohio, and half a mile from a railway station.

Only two of the men of the old Coxe army are at work in the Coxe quarry. Pat Keenan was the color bearer of the army that marched to Washington under the banner that was raised by Coxe. He is to-day a fireman at the quarry. "Jack," another workman at the quarry, made the march to Washington with Coxe. Both have settled down to steady work and stand by their order, but refuse to discuss the great principles of the once-famous "commonweal."

CLO-TIME TARS ON DECK.
Promised Revival of Sailing Vessels in the Carrying Trade.

Are we coming once more to a day of all spars, belying sails and "reality ruly" jack tars instead of machinists and freight handlers in the foreign trade? That is the prediction that is freely made at the Philadelphia Maritime Exchange. Within a few years,

It is believed, the tramp steamship will have virtually disappeared from the oriental carrying trade and its place will be taken by the square rigger of towering masts and mazy cogger. Already, indeed, the movement from steam to sail is said to be under way. That far-seeing corporation, the Standard Oil Company, has for a year or two been securing desirable sailing ships for its trade with the east until at present it has quite a considerable fleet. As illustrating how the prices of ships have gone up two years ago the American clipper Eureka, in good condition, was sold for \$20,000. She was transformed into a barge. A vessel of similar tonnage and in no better condition was sold recently for \$50,000.

The reason for the change of motive power is not far to seek. It lies in the increasing difficulty of securing coal at Algiers, Port Said, Colombo and other way stations to the orient. At present the prices of coal are so high as to be almost prohibitive and ships leaving Philadelphia or New York for China are compelled to sacrifice anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 tons of carrying capacity to their coal supplies.

Heretofore they have taken on only 500 tons of coal, or enough to carry them from one coaling station to another. Thus freight work was economized. But with coal prices soaring and the stocks at the stations being only sufficient for the regular liners and the warships the freighters are compelled to change their plans. British shipping merchants have taken steps to anticipate this coal question by changing many of their ships in the China and Japan trade to oil burners.

Ten years ago it was practically impossible to operate a sailing ship in the oriental trade profitably—the steamers had driven them out. It is predicted by a Philadelphia shipping man that "ten years hence it will be practically impossible to operate a freight steamer in the oriental trade profitably—the sellers will drive them out." The new clipper, however, are to be a vast improvement upon the old. They will be of steel. Within twelve months, according to the belief of the shipping man quoted, the building of steel clippers for the eastern trade will be begun on the Delaware, and hundreds of such vessels will be constructed within the next dozen years. "They are the only class of craft that can carry goods to and from the far east at a profit."—Savannah News.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.
Libelous publication about a deceased person is held, in *Bradt vs. New Nonpareil Company* (Iowa), 45 L. R. A. 681, to give the mother of the deceased no right of action.

Employees working more than eight hours per day in violation of a statute are held, in *Short vs. Bullion, Beck & Co. Mining Company* (Utah), 45 L. R. A. 603, to have no right of action for the extra services, either on the contract or as a quantum meruit.

Owner of premises dangerous to trespassers is held, in *Cooper vs. Overton* (Tenn.), 45 L. R. A. 591, to have no liability for injuries to trespassers, even if they are children, unless they are induced to enter the premises by something unusual and attractive placed upon it by the owner or with his knowledge and permitted to remain there.

A communication made in good faith in the course of his duty, by the cashier of a bank, by indorsing on a dishonored note held for collection that it was a forgery, is held, in *Caldwell vs. Story* (Ky.), 45 L. R. A. 735, to be a privileged communication which does not create any liability for libel, though it is intimated that the maker may be liable for slander if he falsely declares that the note is forged.

A statute reviving a barred remedy so as to impair a title to property which has vested under the statute of limitations is held, in *McEldowney vs. Wyatt* (W. Va.), 45 L. R. A. 609, to be unconstitutional as a deprivation of property without due process of law; but it is held otherwise with the revival of a cause of action which does not affect any vested right of property. With this case there is a note discussing the other authorities on the question of vested rights in defense of statute of limitations.

Oyster a Foot Long.
If reports are to be believed, we are soon to have something entirely new in the culinary line. The Yezo oysters of Japan, which have as much of a reputation in Japan as blue points have on this side of the globe, are to be transplanted to America. These oysters grow to a foot in length, and they will work a revolution in the culinary departments of American households.

For some time good cooks have been in the condition of the small price who, having everything that mortal could possibly need, had only one wish—something to cry for. That is the way it has been with the housekeeper who has rung the changes on familiar dishes until there seemed nothing new. Though it sounds somewhat impossible, the serving of twelve-inch oysters on the half shell—yet it is probable that the Japanese themselves eat them raw, for they eat a great deal of their fish in that way. It is not a long step from raw oysters to fish, and but for the prejudice other people might agree with them. But we are not to get the big oysters in this part of the country so soon that we need speculate upon what we will do with them. They are to be planted in the tidewaters of Washington and Oregon, and it will be some time before we shall have Yezo oysters shipped with our California fruits.—Chicago Chronicle.

The women have to take so many scoldings from their preachers in church that it is too much to expect that they also take scoldings from their husbands.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

It is not a pleasant thing to be the plain sister of two beautiful girls, and Patty Chilton found that out before she was four years old. Not that Patty was really plain, but her candid answers had made no secret of the fact that she was not to be compared, in point of looks, with Berenice, her sister of seven, and Mabel, the little beauty of two. Nor was she as bright as Berenice they said.

"Berenice is so like the Westovers!" was their frequent remark, and the greatest possible praise they could give—these Westover splinters.

So Patty grew up with the feeling that she was a very poor sort of creature. Her visits to her Grandma Westover's were never pleasant, and but for the unfeeling kindness of grandma herself, would have been wholly painful; for she was systematically snubbed, while Berenice and Mabel were petted and made much of by their two aunts. Their bright sayings were quoted, and their beauty openly praised.

Patty was not jealous or envious of her sisters, but sat and admired them silently, only wishing in her sore heart that she were like them, or else a boy. She often wished she had been a boy. One day her mother asked her why.

"Because then it would be all right to be ugly."

"Why, Pattle?" said Mrs. Chilton, to whom her children were pretty—alike. "What makes you think you are ugly, my dearie?"

"That old, mean-looking-glass says so," was Patty's answer, and she would never admit that she had gathered the idea from any other source.

No one ever guessed how all the fine arrows of ridicule pierced and tore that sensitive heart, for it was a pet theory of the Aunt Westover that Patty was "thick skinned" and phlegmatic. In other words, she was not a Westover, but a Chilton. It was only Berenice and Mabel whose tender sensibilities were to be always considered.

Of course poor Patty was never her natural self in the presence of those who so totally misunderstood her. She was silent, and they thought her dull; she was sad and heartsore, and they said she was sulky. And so it went on, and the girls grew fast. Berenice and Mabel lost none of their beauty, but, thanks to the unwise compliments upon which their vanity had been fed since their babyhood, they lost one of the sweetest charms of girlhood—simplicity. They knew they were pretty, and they dressed, talked and acted for effect. Patty walked with the careless grace of nature, while her sisters minced in the way they supposed to be the most ladylike and fetching. When Patty spoke it was in a downright, earnest way, and her big, sweet smile warmed the hearts of every one but the two Misses Westover.

Not so her sisters. When they spoke it was with the *Delsartean* expressions and gestures—sweetly or haughtily, archly or sedately, sadly or merrily; and oh! such lowering of long eyelashes, such heavenward castings of azure blue eyes, such shakings of golden curls, such graceful turnings of fair necks! Of all these arts and banishments the two pretty sisters were past mistresses at a very tender age.

When Patty was about fourteen, Miss Lincoln took board for the summer at Grandma Westover's pretty old place, and then Patty enjoyed her visits to her grandmother's, for Miss Lincoln "took" to Patty, and Patty loved Miss Lincoln. She was an artist, and Patty could show her all the pretty spots in the lovely old town; Patty knew where all the wild flowers grew, and the haunts and habits of all the "little people of the woods." In return for her helpfulness Miss Lincoln gave her daily lessons in her art, and the aptitude and interest of her pupil surprised her.

"With her love of nature, her wonderful power of observation, and the natural genius which I really believe the child has, I should not wonder at all if your little Patty is not a famous woman some day," she said to Miss Minnie Westover.

"I must confess such a thing would surprise me a great deal."

"Well, wait and see," said Miss Lincoln. "I intend to talk to her father and mother before I go away. If she is given the proper opportunities, she will surprise you."

And Miss Lincoln proved a true prophet. Years after, when the two pretty sisters had lost their youth and beauty, and were the commonplace wives of commonplace men, Patricia Chilton Fleming was a name known the world over. "Patricia Chilton Fleming" in the corner of a painting would give it a large price, and was the adored wife of one of the most distinguished men of our times.

And Aunt Minnie says:
"Who would ever have guessed poor Patty would do so well? She is more Westover than I thought."—Waverly.

Just a Common Baby.
Mabel—Say, ma, you know them Italian folks on the corner that have a little baby? Well, their baby ain't Italian after all.

Mrs. Wilkins—It isn't? How can you tell?

Mabel—Why, I heard it cry to-day and it cried just exactly like our English baby.

Fishes Can Be Drowned.
Fishes, like other animals, need air. If they could not get it they would be suffocated just as you would if you were locked up in an air-tight trunk.

When the sea is frozen for miles, as in the Arctic Ocean, the fishes find it very hard to come to the surface, and must then "breathe" the air which is dissolved in the water. You have often seen the tiny bubbles which collect on the inside of a glass which has been standing full of water over night. Well, that is the air which has been dissolved in the water, and after the glass has been tapped, so that all these bubbles come to the top, fishes could not live in that water. In other words they would drown.

Kind to Sister.
Baby Ronald (as sister enters the room)—Here, Sissie! here's a bootiful biscuit for you!

Sissie holds out her hand to receive it. Baby (suddenly taking back the biscuit)—I'll eat it for you, Sissie!

Playing at War.



SHE SCRUBBED VENUS,

And Was Grieved that the Result Was Disappointing.

One of the Lares and Penates of a family in town is a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo, says the New York Times. She was a treasure in spotless white until one day when the owner of the armless lady had the misfortune to read in a household magazine a prescription which showed that by a coating of oil the humble plaster Venus might be changed into a glorious bit of old ivory. The prescription was tried, but it was not altogether a success. The Venus, sure enough, took on a deeper tone in face and drapery, but her complexion had more the atmosphere of Jersey mud, certain plain-spoken people said, than ivory. However, she was cherished still and lived happily despite her uncertain eastern tints and adorned a conspicuous place modestly and worthily.

That was until within a day or two when the family to which the Venus belonged took it upon themselves to change their place of abode. There was some confusion, as there will be at such occasions in the best-regulated families, and for a few days the Venus stood around the house waiting to be packed quite as if she was not a beauty and model woman. There is a moral in this story which shows that if even superior people resort to commonplace practices they will be treated like commonplace people.

One of the other treasures of this particular family in addition to the Venus was a nice honest *Hibernian* lady, devoted to the scrubbing brush, and with opinions of her own concerning many things in general and Venuses of Milo in particular. The time came at last for the Venus to be packed, but she was missing and investigation led to the kitchen. There—strangely assorted companions—were found Venus of Milo and the *Hibernian* lady together, the one standing in front of the sink with a worried look on her comfortable countenance, while the Venus, with her usual *de ve* de expression, was lying back in the dishpan, which was filled with foamy suds, while the *Hibernian* lady scrubbed her with a will.

"Me heart's near broke," exclaimed the *Hibernian* lady as she looked up to see the expectant members of the family. "It's scrubbing her I've been this two hours and she's no nearer plene now than she were in the first place."

But if the Venus had not changed her complexion her haughty plaster exterior begun to soften during her long, hot bath and she will never in the future occupy the honored place in the family that she had before.

Injurious Fungi.
Those who have made a study of the lower orders of the vegetable kingdom tell us that of the large group of mushrooms, which includes a multitude of species, only a few are poisonous. Unfortunately, ignorance of this class of vegetables is so profound that few are able to distinguish one species from another, and hence we make use of the one species with which we are so familiar, and in some cases with the common puff ball. The fact remains, however, that a very large majority are beneficial to mankind.

This is true also of the more minute classes of the vegetable kingdom known as bacteria. There seems to be no end to the number of species which those who make a study of them are constantly discovering and naming; and yet it is as true of this class as among the mushrooms that only a very small percentage are injurious, while a vast majority are beneficial to mankind. It is amusing, if the results were not so serious, to read the accounts in daily papers and magazines, which should know better, as to the awful light in which we should look at these minute organisms. The very name bacterium is used to frighten people into all sorts of expensive and useless measures. To read—as we all do almost daily—of the evil doings of bacteria, one may feel a surprise that there is a living being on the earth.—*Meehan's Monthly*.